ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1972 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

playmate of the year

Break out the Gilbey's Gin, boys, and keep your collins dry!

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 90 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., DISTR. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., N. Y. C.

The man who lives on the left owns a sports car. The man who lives on the right fixes them.

If the guy who fixes your sports car seems to be living beyond your means, maybe we have a solution.

It's called the Karmann Ghia.

And it was built for people who want to answer the call of the open road without making a lot of expensive pit stops along the way.

That's why we started with the guts of a Volkswagen. The same advances that went into the Beetle to make it so monotonously reliable, went into the Karmann Ghia.

Next, we turned things over to the Ghia Studios of Turin, Italy. (And you know how the Italians are when it comes to great bodies.)

Then the Karmann Coach Works translated the Ghia design into a reality.

At that point we had a beautiful sports car that was as economical and trouble free as a Volkswagen.

So we stopped right there.

© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

The Volkswagen Karmann Ghia

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

© 1972, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

PLAYBILL IN A MATTER OF WEEKS, it will be three years since the episode that has come to be called simply Chappaquiddick. It was the night that finished Edward Kennedy as a Presidential candidate. Or so everyone said, and his televised nonstatement on the subject, in which some listeners thought they heard a definite Checkers tone, only confirmed the feeling. But now, as we're nearing another election, there's as much talk about Kennedy as about anyone who's running. In *Kennedy Rising*, Jack Newfield argues that over the past 36 months, Teddy has managed somehow to free himself from the specter of tragedy and begin to act with a new, if fatalistic, independence—the independence of one who realizes that a third Kennedy in the Presidential spotlight could provide an irresistible temptation for an Oswald or a Sirhan to perform what Newfield grimly calls "the hat trick for psychotics."

In Europe, racing-car driver Jackie Stewart is nearly as well known as Kennedy, and as revered by his fans. Stewart is a talker, and a good one, about his glamorous—and risky—life; so we sent Larry DuBois to conduct a *Playboy Interview* with him. DuBois, who accompanied Stewart to a Grand Prix race in Argentina—which he won—writes of the experience: "In a way, the start of the Grand Prix reminds me of an Apollo launch, with all this incredible force straining at an earsplitting noise level to get off from ground zero, and with an audience mesmerized by the spectacle. It's great drama and it makes me dream about the future, when the Jackie Stewarts will be driving cars powered by Saturn Vs and having their Grand Prix races in orbit."

Stewart, like all drivers, travels the world to do his job. So does the new breed of film makers who make up the so-called New Hollywood, herein examined in a two-article package: *Hollywood's Second Coming*, by Brad Darrach, and *Chasing the Bucks*, by William Murray. Darrach came close to defining not only the New Hollywood but the old when he told us: "There's a very luxurious menagerie—a rental agency for film animals that I talk about in the story—that has a rule: Once an animal has appeared on film, he's kept around forever. So one huge pig, having outgrown his TV role, waddles about, assured of a lavish home for the rest of his life. Obviously, such compassion doesn't extend to human actors." The business of hunting for fun and profits outside the U. S. is further explored by Friedel Ungeheuer in his article *The Worldly Americans*. Says Ungeheuer: "I wanted to show that Americans are too deeply involved with the world today to draw back into isolationism. Besides, the assignment gave me a chance to catch up with a lot of old expatriate friends."

Just as America seems to be leading the way into the future in many parts of the world, it also remains a magnet for great talents from abroad. Architect Paolo Soleri, whose thought and work are the subject of *In the Image of Man*, by Associate Articles Editor David Butler, was born in Turin, Italy, has become a U. S. citizen and is shaping the future in the desert north of Phoenix. Butler urges readers infected with some of his enthusiasm for Soleri's experimental city to write for details to the Cosanti Foundation at 6433 East Doubletree Road in Scottsdale. J. Paul Getty, our Contributing Editor, Business and Finance, believes that a skillful business manager can be as creative as any architect. In *The Fine Art of Being the Boss*, Getty shares with us still more of his remarkable administrative insight.

June's lead story, *Falling Rocks, Narrowing Road, Cul-de-Sac, Stop*, was written by Sean O'Faolain, who is generally considered Ireland's greatest living fiction writer. "While I was writing it," he told us, "I thought it was marvelous stuff. When I finished it, I couldn't decide whether it was lousy or accidentally good. What do *you* think?" Obviously, we think it's superb and believe that the element of chance had nothing to do with it.

One of O'Faolain's characters is an incorrigible amateur Freudian analyst. It would be fine if mental tampering and pigeonholing were solely the stuff of fiction, but according to Carlton Brown in his first-person report, *Memoirs of an Intermittent Madman*, there are many fully licensed practitioners in the mental-health field who act not only as analysts but also as wardens, with society's sanction. Further, Brown finds that many precepts of psychiatry are based on fundamental misconceptions about mental illness.

Like us, you've probably never read a poll that reflects what *you* are thinking. Now there is one: G. Barry Golson's scientific sampling of public opinion, *The People—Maybe!*, accurately reflects the country's mood of emphatic indecision. Scot Morris' *You're Kidding?* is another breakthrough: facts and footnotes that add nothing to anyone's sense of history.

Additionally for June: *A Gentleman's Game for Reasonable Stakes*, Stan Dryer's account of a tennis match played by two men, neither of whom can decide if he really wants the first prize. This story is strikingly illustrated by Don Ivan Punchatz. Also: Philip Norman's *Blues Next Door*, about a played-out jazzman and his adoring family; *Playboy's Gifts for Dads & Grads*, photographed by Don Azuma; Robert L. Green's *The Age of Aquarians*, a collection of swimwear for the fashion wave maker; *Those Sexy French Literary Ladies*, shot by David Hamilton; and, on our cover, Playmate of the Year Liv Lindeland, a very sexy lady, indeed.

O'FAOLAIN

NEWFIELD

PUNCHATZ

GETTY

HAMILTON

DARRACH

MURRAY

UNGEHEUER

MORRIS

GOLSON

NORMAN

BUTLER

BROWN

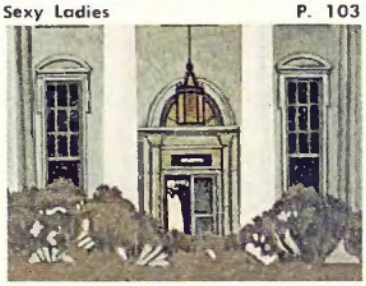
AZUMA

vol. 19, no. 6—june, 1972

PLAYBOY

Falling Rocks P. 96

Sexy Ladies P. 103



Kennedy Rising P. 108

Top Playmate P. 156

New Swimwear P. 138

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		19
BOOKS		20
DINING-DRINKING		36
MOVIES		40
RECORDINGS		50
THEATER		52
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		57
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		65
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JACKIE STEWART—candid conversation		77
FALLING ROCKS, NARROWING ROAD, CUL-DE-SAC, STOP—fiction	SEAN O'FAOLAIN	96
A GENTLEMAN'S GAME FOR REASONABLE STAKES—fiction	STAN DRYER	100
THOSE SEXY FRENCH LITERARY LADIES—pictorial essay		103
KENNEDY RISING—personality	JACK NEWFIELD	108
PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS & GRADS—gifts		111
HOLLYWOOD'S SECOND COMING—article	BRAD DARRACH	114
CHASING THE BUCKS—article	WILLIAM MURRAY	116
LOVE FOR SALE—pictorial		121
THE WORLDLY AMERICANS—article	FRIEDEL UNGEHEUER	125
SEEWORTHY—playboy's playmate of the month		126
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		134
YOU'RE KIDDING?—article	SCOT MORRIS	137
THE AGE OF AQUARIANS—attire	ROBERT L. GREEN	138
THE FINE ART OF BEING THE BOSS—article	J. PAUL GETTY	143
VARGAS GIRL—pictorial	ALBERTO VARGAS	144
BLUES NEXT DOOR—fiction	PHILIP NORMAN	147
THE BIG FREEZE—food	THOMAS MARIO	150
THE PEOPLE—MAYBE!—satire	G. BARRY GOLSON	153
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—pictorial		156
THE SHE-BEAR—ribald classic	GIAMBATTISTA BASILE	165
IN THE IMAGE OF MAN: PAOLO SOLERI—article	DAVID BUTLER	166
CHINO TAKES COMMAND—attire	ROBERT L. GREEN	169
MEMOIRS OF AN INTERMITTENT MADMAN—article	CARLTON BROWN	171
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI		196
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire	HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER	257

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1972 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE, MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DEPOSEE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER: MODEL LIV LINDELAND, PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: PIXIE BURGER, P. 3; MARIO CASILLI, P. 157; ALAN CLIFTON, P. 3; BILL FRANTZ, P. 3; HAMILTON & GRIFFIN, P. 3; BOB HARMON, P. 3; SERGIO HERNANDEZ, P. 77; CARL IRI, P. 3; RON MESAROS, P. 3; FREDERICK MOORE, P. 123; JANIE EISENBERG NEWFIELD, P. 3; DICK NORTON, P. 3; ORLANDO, P. 121-122 (6); J. BARRY O'ROURKE, P. 3; VERNON L. SMITH, P. 3 (2).

PLAYBOY, JUNE, 1972, VOLUME 19, NUMBER 6. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILL., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., $10 FOR ONE YEAR.

JUSTERINI
Founded 1749 & BROOKS

EXPERIMENTS IN PLEASURE

If a good scotch offers unlimited opportunities for enjoyment, imagine the possibilities with a great scotch.

J&B RARE SCOTCH
The Pleasure Principle.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1972 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

Picture by the artist.

In a city of millions, two men share a moment in time. Composing through a 55mm normal lens, Jeff Jones spotted the scene and quickly switched to a 135mm telephoto to squeeze the dock, fog, and figures together.

Portrait of the artist.

For one year of study at the *Germain School of Photography* in New York City, 25 year old Jeff Jones has advanced quickly. Meticulously graphic in his approach, he is still searching for individuality in his photographs. "When you've got a recognized style, you've got an autograph."

Part of the artist.

The Minolta SR-T 101 doesn't become an obstacle between you and your creativity. To set both shutter speed and lens opening, you simply align two indicators in the viewfinder. So you can frame, focus and adjust exposure without looking away. Nothing interrupts your photographic stream of consciousness. The Minolta SR-T 101 (shown) starts around $265, depending on normal lens. The Minolta SR-T 100 is priced around $220. Find out more. Write: Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

Minolta

When identified by a factory-sealed "M" tag, Minolta 35mm reflex cameras are warranted by Minolta Corporation against defects in workmanship and materials for two years from date of purchase, excluding user-inflicted damage. The camera will be serviced at no charge provided it is returned within the warranty period, postpaid, securely packaged and including $2.00 for mailing, handling and insurance.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *executive editor*

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *managing editor*

MARK KAUFFMAN *photography editor*

EDITORIAL

SHELDON WAX, MURRAY FISHER, NAT LEHRMAN *assistant managing editors*
ARTICLES: DAVID BUTLER *associate editor*
FICTION: ROBIE MACAULEY *editor*, SUZANNE MC NEAR, STANLEY PALEY *assistant editors*
SERVICE FEATURES: TOM OWEN *modern living editor*, ROGER WIDENER, RAY WILLIAMS *assistant editors;* ROBERT L. GREEN *fashion director*, WALTER HOLMES *fashion coordinator*, DAVID PLATT *associate fashion editor;* THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor*
STAFF: MICHAEL LAURENCE, ROBERT J. SHEA, DAVID STEVENS *senior editors;* GEOFFREY NORMAN, REG POTTERTON, FRANK M. ROBINSON, DAVID STANDISH, CRAIG VETTER *staff writers;* DOUGLAS BAUER, WILLIAM J. HELMER, GRETCHEN MC NEESE, CARL SNYDER *associate editors;* LAURA LONGLEY BABB, DOUGLAS C. BENSON, TOBA J. COHEN, ARNIE WOLFE *assistant editors;* SUSAN HEISLER, BARBARA NELLIS, LAURIE SADLER, BERNICE T. ZIMMERMAN *research editors;* J. PAUL GETTY *(business & finance),* NAT HENTOFF, RICHARD WARREN LEWIS, KEN W. PURDY, RAY RUSSELL, JEAN SHEPHERD, BRUCE WILLIAMSON *(movies),* TOMI UNGERER *contributing editors;* MICHELLE URRY *associate cartoon editor*
COPY: ARLENE BOURAS *editor*, STAN AMBER *assistant editor*
ADMINISTRATIVE SERVICES: THEO FREDERICK *personnel director;* PATRICIA PAPANGELIS *rights & permissions;* MILDRED ZIMMERMAN *administrative assistant*

ART

H. MICHAEL SISSON *executive assistant;* TOM STAEBLER, KERIG POPE *associate directors;* BOB POST, ROY MOODY, LEN WILLIS, CHET SUSKI, GORDON MORTENSEN, FRED NELSON, JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant directors;* SALLY BAKER, VICTOR HUBBARD, JOHN KJOS *art assistants*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI, ALFRED DE BAT, BILL SUMITS *(technical),* HOLLIS WAYNE *associate editors;* BILL ARSENAULT, DAVID CHAN, RICHARD LEGLEY, DWIGHT HOOKER, POMPEO POSAR, ALEXAS URBA *staff photographers;* CARL IRI *associate staff photographer;* LEO KRIEGL *photo lab supervisor;* JANICE BERKOWITZ *chief stylist;* FRANCINE GOURGUECHON *stylist*

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO *director;* ALLEN VARGO *manager;* ELEANORE WAGNER, RITA JOHNSON, ELIZABETH FOSS, GERRIT HUIG *assistants*

READER SERVICE

CAROLE CRAIG *director*

CIRCULATION

THOMAS G. WILLIAMS *customer services;* ALVIN WIEMOLD *subscription manager;* VINCENT THOMPSON *newsstand manager*

ADVERTISING

HOWARD W. LEDERER *advertising director*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

ROBERT S. PREUSS *business manager and associate publisher;* RICHARD S. ROSENZWEIG *executive assistant to the publisher;* RICHARD M. KOUF *assistant publisher*

PLAYBOY, June 1972, Vol. 19, No. 6. Published monthly by Playboy, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Beautiful tan today.

Young looking skin tomorrow.

Coppertone helps more people get a magnificently deep fast tan than any other suntan product in the whole world.

And Coppertone does even more. A special ingredient in Coppertone actually helps keep your skin looking young while you get a great tan.

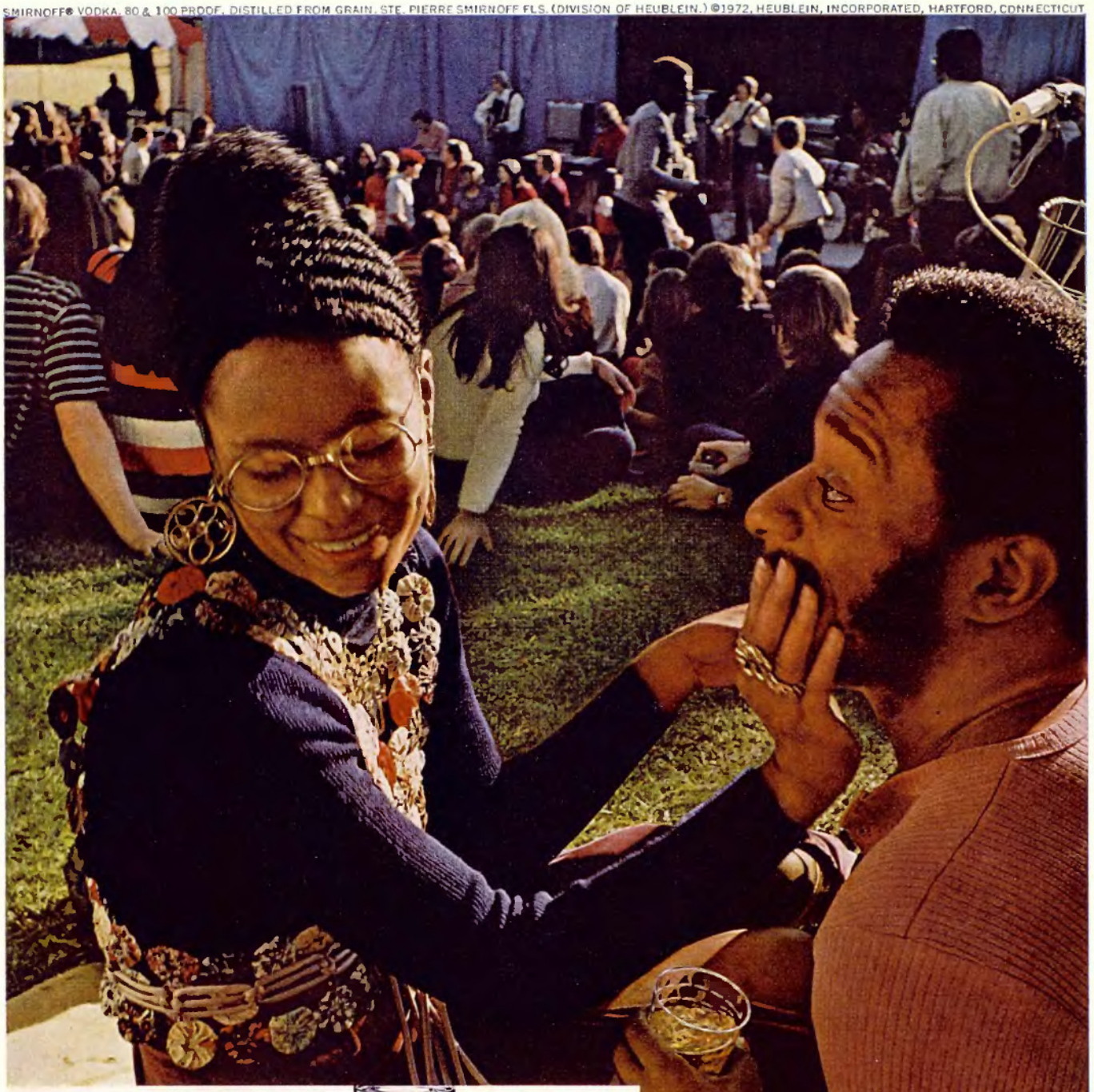
So this summer get more from the sun—with Coppertone...now also in new foam.

SELECTED FOR USE BY U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM

5 of 12 great products.

Official Sun Care Products of Florida's Walt Disney World.

SMIRNOFF® VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FILS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN.) ©1972, HEUBLEIN, INCORPORATED, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT



Adam's Apple, 1972

(A do-it-yourself temptation)

Ever wonder what the apple tasted like that started the whole man/woman thing back in Eden? It's a cinch your everyday MacIntosh is pretty pallid by comparison.

Thinking about that one day, we got this wild idea. If we added an ounce or so of Smirnoff to some good old unforbidden apple juice in a tall glass of ice, would thunder shake the earth? Lightning flash? No, actually, none of that happened.

We did, however, discover

a pretty swell drink. The name, Adam's Apple, is something of an over-promise, but drink it in the right company and maybe you can make your own thunder and lightning.

Smirnoff leaves you breathless®

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

PEPPERY SAUL

Your interview with Saul Alinsky (PLAYBOY, March) showed us a man of immeasurable talent and fortitude. His successes, gained against the most powerful opposition, are incredible, and you are to be commended for showing the public the most unglamorous aspects of the have-nots' battle against the haves. As a former employee of Saul's, involved in the Eastman Kodak struggle, I cherish my work with him as experience that will live with me forever. That confrontation saw people commit suicide; it saw good whites leave town; it saw church people turn their backs on the religion they preached and it saw blacks persecuted with unimaginable intensity.

Ronald Jones
Chicago, Illinois

Knowing there are men like Alinsky fighting to help the people of this country is a wonderful feeling, particularly after coming in contact with those trying to bring the world to its knees. I'm certain that if Alinsky lives to see the younger generation grow up, he won't have to worry about the impact of his work, because, offered the choice, this generation will give up material possessions for real personal and social freedom. On that Alinsky can rely.

Charles Tawney
Ohio State Reformatory
Mansfield, Ohio

Never have I read such a bunch of baloney. Are you trying to tell me that Alinsky has been working for the poor people since 1937 for nothing? Crap. The poor need help, but not from such as Alinsky.

John R. Scott
Paradise, California

There is no truth to Alinsky's statement that "Rochester [New York] is a classic company town, owned lock, stock and barrel by Kodak." Rochester is a diversified city with many light industries. Kodak no more "owns" the city than does the gigantic Xerox Corporation, whose offices are there. Alinsky also calls Rochester "Smugtown, U. S. A.," which is very tidy but unoriginal. Smugtown was a nickname coined by Rochesterians because the city has a reputation for giving cool receptions to strangers. Also, the riot to which Alinsky refers was not a race riot. The disturbance was confined to two black wards and there was never any confrontation between black and white citizens. Kodak was in no way involved in the incident and to say that the city was "almost destroyed" is absurd.

Alinsky speaks disparagingly of the "establishment" as the oppressor of the common man. In fact, it was the establishment, in the form of the Rochester Area Council of Churches, which represents most religious denominations—not just a "predominantly white body of liberal clergymen"—that invited Alinsky to come to Rochester in the first place. However, instead of improving relations, he used the invitation to create an atmosphere of hate and suspicion that erupted into violence at a level never before experienced in this peaceful town with the benign sobriquet of The Flower City. "Have trouble, will travel" is more than Alinsky's personal motto. It is his creed.

Russell J. Ferris II
San Francisco, California

Could you please provide the address of Alinsky's organization? I'd like some additional information.

Charles Mayfield
Houston, Texas

The Industrial Areas Foundation is located at 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60603.

DINNER CONVERSATION

When I finished *The Chef's Story* (PLAYBOY, March), I hungered for more: more of that delightful chef, more of that lovely and inquisitive journalist and more of that splendid creation, Sauce Maugron. It was enough to make me want to throw away my warmed-over pizza.

Ed Riccardo
Des Moines, Iowa

BLUES FOR MR. SPACEMAN

Senator Alan Cranston's timely and thought-provoking article, *Aerospaced Out* (PLAYBOY, March), reveals our waste of America's most gifted intelligentsia. The Senator accurately documents the plight of the aerospace engineer, and how so many years of study and sacrifice

PLAYBOY, JUNE, 1972, VOLUME 19, NUMBER 6. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES, ITS POSSESSIONS AND CANADA, $24 FOR THREE YEARS, $18 FOR TWO YEARS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE ADD $2 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: VICTOR LOWNES, DIRECTOR OF CREATIVE DEVELOPMENT; NELSON FUTCH, PROMOTION DIRECTOR; LEE GOTTLIEB, DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; JULES KASE, JOSEPH GUENTHER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGERS, 405 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022; SHERMAN KEATS, CHICAGO MANAGER, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611; DETROIT, WILLIAM F. MOORE, MANAGER, 818 FISHER BUILDING; LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 BEVERLY BOULEVARD; SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 110 SUTTER STREET; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE & BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT ROAD, N. E., ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30305.

Chantilly
can shake her
world.

HOUBIGANT

Quelques Fleurs
The beginning of a
beautiful past.

PERFUME FROM $10.00
EAU DE TOILETTE FROM $4.50

can turn him into George Florea, a department-store Santa Claus working for $2.50 an hour. The prospects facing today's college student, while not nearly so dim, are nonetheless similar. What's most ludicrous is how the Government tells him to stay in school when, after graduation, he's lucky to find a job as a deli clerk or shoe salesman. As a recent college grad, my own experience has convinced me that accumulating degrees no longer ensures a glowing future but rather, a prominent place in an unemployment line.

David Carter
New York, New York

Lockheed appreciates the fact that Senator Cranston and others in responsible positions are so deeply concerned about the future of the nation's engineers and scientists. Hopefully, this concern will lead to programs that will make full use of the reservoir of technological talent that now lies idle.

G. M. Mulhern
Director of Public Relations
Lockheed Missiles & Space Company
Sunnyvale, California

I am a resident of California, one of the few people still making a living in aerospace. I'm also a registered Democrat. Why you clutter up your fine magazine with an article by Senator Cranston is beyond me. His writing on aerospace unemployment constitutes the ultimate in hypocrisy. He has dedicated his liberal, welfare-oriented political career to creating the very problems he now pays lip service to solving. He has consistently and deliberately sabotaged his constituents who earn their livings from the aerospace, military- and commercial-aircraft industries. He made a negative issue out of Lockheed's C-5A financial problems, voted against the SST and, I believe, he'll be right in there with Senators Proxmire, Fulbright and Tunney to stop the space-shuttle program. His record shows he would prefer to spend more tax dollars supporting people on welfare than to support a salable, revenue-earning product such as the SST. To retrain aerospace people to become ecologists or geologists is not feasible, because it would take four to six years per person. A better idea would be to retrain them to become politicians; that would take only a few hours.

J. A. Fabbri
Northridge, California

I can't get very exercised over the plight of a bunch of overtrained specialists who were paid a lot of my money, for too damn many years, to design and build things that have utterly no relevance to the plight of mankind on this earth. As far as I can tell, the only usable spin-off from our entire aerospace effort has been the Teflon frying pan. A useful breakthrough, but is it worth 400 billion dollars? Department-store Santas may not have much going for them, but at least they make little children happy.

Allan Smith
Los Angeles, California

GREY'S ANATOMY

Isn't it true that the simplest pleasures make up much of our memories? Reading Anthony Grey's tongue-in-cheek *Himself* (PLAYBOY, March), a story with a man's cells as the characters, lingers as that kind of pleasure. Thank you for it.

Nick Buckeridge
Andover, Massachusetts

LONG LIVE THE *DEAD*

Never before have I realized that words, strange glyphs on sheets of white, could relay, via the ear and mainly the eye, such intense sensations to the farthest reaches of the human soul. Ed McClanahan in *Grateful Dead I Have Known* (PLAYBOY, March) has taken the beating, thrusting, vibrating environment of an extraordinary rock performance and literally put it on paper. He has taken true, living, breathing, warm personalities and made them the closest things to personal acquaintances. As I read his story, I was astounded to find myself tapping and gyrating to unheard music. I was warmed and aroused by feeling the sincerity of people I have never known. I found myself surrounded by the hot frenzy of the mob, and strange blue odors were strong in my nostrils and the tingle of excitement was stronger than ever. I was there. In every paragraph, every line, every word, I sensed the very presences of those I read about. Never will I forget the experience you and McClanahan gave me. The man has got to be something else. I mean, he's got to be far fucking out!

Brenda Bennet
Del City, Oklahoma

Grateful Dead I Have Known is a fantastic and excellent piece of work put together in fine fashion. I loved it all and I'll soon read it again—straight. Keep on truckin'.

Jack Pine
Vancouver, British Columbia

I was pleased to see that you had finally picked up on the Grateful Dead. But after reading the article, I almost wished you hadn't. Ed McClanahan indulges himself in a horrendous style—no, not style, it's too derivative for that—in Tom Wolfe/Norman Mailer mannerisms that have none of the depth or insight of the originals. I could've forgiven such gaucherie if the article had not so totally misrepresented the music of the Dead. In the accompanying *Playbill*, McClanahan is quoted as saying, "I don't actually know shit from apple butter about music." He proved it. His first passage on Dead music concentrates on *Love Light* from the album *Live/Dead*, describing it at length in such war metaphors as "suicide squad of assassins." Later he shifts images to apocalyptic pseudoprimitivism: "savage, animal, tribal," and concludes with a grisly surgical phallic flourish: "Whining like a brain surgeon's drill, the music bores straight through the skull and sinks its spinning shaft into the very quick of my mind." McClanahan sounds like some kind of yo-yo whose skull has long since been scrambled by reds, speed and Grand Funk. *Live/Dead* is as far from a battlefield as one can get. McClanahan again falls flat on his face when he describes the Dead in concert, using every garish adjective he can dredge up to insult the music, the personnel and the audience. My only consolation is that the Dead's music will survive long after McClanahan's article has been forgotten.

Dr. John J. Mood
Assistant Professor of English
Ball State University
Muncie, Indiana

As an ardent Dead freak, I chuckled contemptuously upon reading of your upcoming article about the Grateful Dead. Realizing the impossibility of capturing the essence of the Dead's live performances, I looked forward to a bunch of meaningless superlatives that would, I felt sure, fall far short of what I had actually witnessed three times. But much to my surprise and delight, Ed McClanahan has come as close as is humanly possible.

Stanley A. Glassman
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MUNICH REMEMBERED

In his eloquent *Encounter in Munich* (PLAYBOY, March), John Clellon Holmes briefly illuminates the contrasts visible to Americans who visit both Germany and Italy. What some of us discover is that Latin cultures are free of the sort of evil that lurks in the German breast, and in our own. There is a world-encompassing totality in the Teutonic form of evil, both in its ambitions and in its capabilities, that paralyzes resistance. There is also a Latin form, of course, incarnated by Mussolini and Franco, but this is a more reassuring kind of evil that recognizes limits to its ambitions, that doesn't intoxicate itself on global ideologies and grand designs, that doesn't take the trouble to mobilize technology in its behalf. Latin evil is vulnerable to overthrow, hence conducive to hope; it is an evil with which the world can cope. But an evil beyond

You get a lot more than a good-looking sporty car when you buy a Javelin.

You get a car that's been road-tested and checked over so thoroughly, we make this promise: If anything goes wrong and it's our fault, we'll fix it. Free.

And, if we have to keep your car overnight to fix it, over 1900 dealers will loan you a car. Free.

Finally, you get a name and toll-free number to call in Detroit if you have a problem. And you'll get action, not a runaround.

Nobody in the business does all this for you after you buy a car.

Which is probably why people who've never bought a car from us before are buying one now.

When you buy a new 1972 car from an American Motors dealer, American Motors Corporation guarantees to you that, except for tires, it will pay for the repair or replacement of any part it supplies that is defective in material or workmanship.

This guarantee is good for 12 months from the date the car is first used or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first.

All we require is that the car be properly maintained and cared for under normal use and service in the fifty United States or Canada and that guaranteed repairs or replacements be made by an American Motors dealer.

AMERICAN MOTORS BUYER PROTECTION PLAN

control, like that of Nazi Germany, required the concentrated power of all civilization to overcome it. In Germany, we see an exaggerated form of what we ourselves could become—and that is why we are terrified by it.

Richard Melman
Woodhaven, New York

Holmes did a damn fine job. I came to Munich as a self-willed American exile and couldn't have chosen a better place to confirm my beliefs about how my own school chums will be rationalizing My Lai in 25 years. The Germans utter not a word of remorse for Nazism; they can only remember how rude the Americans were during occupation. It is reassuring to a lonely lad in self-exile to know that someone of another generation can share the insanity of it all.

Jamie Huling
Munich, Germany

I wonder when Holmes was last in Munich. I admit he writes sensitively, but his is a portrait of Munich in 1949. Today, the town is among the least repressed in Germany—full of ski bums, film people, fashion photographers, gay liberators, Jesus freaks and just plain drunks. Holmes met an inhibited being, striving vainly for human contact, and described him as typical. Perhaps, in reality, that man was the author himself.

G. S. Troller
Paris, France

BOTTLED UP

The wine-bottle cover of your current issue (PLAYBOY, March), depicting a nude girl in the shape of a bottle with a silver Playboy Corkscrew resting at her side, symbolizes a legitimate feminist objection to your magazine. I have never accepted the charge that you harbor a secret hatred for women. Rather, taken at face value, you show a very real affection for beautiful women—the same affection that one might feel toward a fine wine, cigar or sports car. My objection is not to nudity or eroticism but to the marketing of a woman's image as a man's luxury.

Fred Kuhn
Spring Valley, New York

As I understand the symbolism of your March cover, we drink her up after we've screwed her brains out.

Michael O'Donoghue
National Lampoon
New York, New York

Your March cover was hideous.

Alicia Prier
Santa Barbara, California

I'd like to point something out to you male chauvinist fuckers. Your cover was just too much, fellas. I know it's a tough line to walk between obscenity and art, but come on: A nude beauty has taken the shape of a bottle? Ah, indeed, the universal mythology of wine mixed with women, and a Playboy Corkscrew lying contentedly, recuperating from his conquest. I realize that liberalized pornographic media are cutting into your market, but, wow, where's the class side of your rag that's always had aspirations toward quality art? And despite the advent of pubic hair on your glossy pages, I haven't seen much in the way of balls. Let's see if you have any to show by publishing this letter.

Maria Mendoza
Chicago, Illinois

I was, to put it mildly, awe-struck by the similarity of your wine-bottle nude cover and the work of the surrealist master René Magritte, who began painting nudes on bottles years ago. Though I'm not sure of your symbolism, I'm happy to know that the spirit of surrealism is alive and well—in PLAYBOY.

Jack Mouton
Houston, Texas

ANGELIC ART

I was elated when I turned to your *Snow's Angels* parody (PLAYBOY, March) to find that Skip Williamson illustrated it. He is a talented artist and well deserving of your attention.

Philip Mazzara
FPO New York, New York

MAN AND *MACHINE*

After reading Steven V. Roberts' personality profile, *Bill Lear and His Incredible Steam Machine* (PLAYBOY, March), I think a parallel can be drawn between Lear and Thomas Edison. Like Edison's, Lear's inventions assist man and give him pleasure. And just as Edison left his mark in the world, what Lear has done, and will do, guarantees that his mark will be every bit as enduring. Thanks for an enlightening article on this incredible man.

Anthony Young
Pratt Institute
Brooklyn, New York

Bill Lear and His Incredible Steam Machine is listed on your Contents Page as personality. I believe it should have been labeled fiction or fantasy. I've known Bill and I'm not alone in questioning the authenticity of the information Roberts gathered. Like so many others, he claims that Lear is an inventor. As a former Lear employee, I know that this claim is unjustifiable. Lear's engineers invented the vast majority of his patents, and after these engineers served his immediate purposes, Lear would often fire them. Perhaps he takes credit for those inventions because he was able to gather a remarkably creative staff. But even when his staffers pulled him out of severe financial difficulties time after time, Lear continued to exploit them. I know: I was a victim of the Lear touch myself.

Ben S. Bland
Tarzana, California

CONSOLATION PRIZE

In *Poise as a Tie Breaker* (PLAYBOY, March), Bruce Jay Friedman did a great job of covering the Miss New York–World Beauty contest. I'm truly saddened to learn that he didn't make it with any of the entrants. I also find it impossible to believe. And about that Ava Gardner look-alike who seems to linger on like an afterimage in the closing pages of the piece (and perhaps in Bruce's libido as well): I happen to know the real Ava Gardner fairly well, since I was once married to her. I could put in a word with her for Bruce. Although I obviously can't make any promises, I'm sure she could be persuaded to send along a personally autographed photo as a consolation prize. In view of this generous offer, I feel I have sufficient reason for being pretty goddamn pissed off about not being asked to be a judge. After all, as a charter member of the American Association of Dirty Old Men, I cannot accept discrimination simply because I happen to be white. My God, isn't Jewish enough anymore? How high should the dues be?

Artie Shaw
New York, New York

THE NEW WOMAN

I was amused to see Betty Dodson featured in *On the Scene* (PLAYBOY, March). You didn't mention that she worked for me for three years drawing bras and girdles. Her erotic background may have started then.

Bernard Stoll, President
Bernard Stoll Advertising Agency
New York, New York

Unavoidably, I suppose, your story failed to comment on my painting that was featured in the photo accompanying your *On the Scene*. She's a new sexual goddess. She is sitting in a modified lotus position, her right hand raised with the "fuck finger" facing out—reversing the concept of "fuck you" to mean "fuck with me." Her other hand forms the symbol of Om (the universal mantric sound) and closes the circuit of psychic energy for the purpose of meditation. The new sexual goddess is powerful, loving and, above all, "cunt positive," meaning she relates to her open and available genitals as a source of pleasure—not as a bargaining agent. I am sorry my head covered her cunt, because the open

The-Comfort-Shirt from Sears. A neat fit in a new knit.

We know men love comfort. That's why The-Comfort-Shirt has a super-comfortable C-Band® collar, tapered body and extra long shirttails.

But we also happen to know lots of men figure a knit shirt makes the most comfortable dress shirt. So now we're having The-Comfort-Shirt made that way, too—in a knit, Perma-Prest® fabric blended from Fortrel® polyester and Arnel® triacetate.

The-Comfort-Shirt from Sears. The short sleeve knit for warm weather comfort. See all the many patterns and solids at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores, and in the Catalog.

The-Comfort-Shirt and all that goes with it at Sears The-Men's-Store

SUPPLIER FOR THE U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM

Sears The Men's Store

Hitachi has the only tape recorder that stops you when you're too busy to stop.

Some people never know when to stop. They get so caught up in what they're recording they just keep on going . . . even after the tape ends.

That won't happen with Hitachi's TRK 1211 cassette recorder. It has a built-in alarm that keeps you from recording into thin air. When the tape reaches the end and stops . . . the alarm "beeps."

The TRK 1211 comes with AM/FM radio, a battery and recording monitor, plus convenient press and slide controls. There's also a continuous tone control that automatically adjusts the sound to the best recording level.

Hitachi has a complete line of tape recorders with automatic "beep" alarms starting as low as $49.95. Combinations with AM/FM radio start at $79.95.

Find out more about the tape recorders that tell you when to stop. Write, **Dept. P-1, Hitachi Sales Corp. of America, 48-50 34th Street, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101**

RADIO & TAPE RECORDER WARRANTY

5 years on transistors.
1 year on other parts (Accessories not included).
1 year free carry-in labor.

Quality always comes first at
HITACHI

vagina was my primary statement. But then, my head covering it may have been another equally valid statement.

Betty Dodson
New York, New York

THE HOLY GRAIL

A cartoon by Smilby on page 221 of your March issue features a poster on the wall that reads: SON HOUSE, PARAMOUNT 13096. This knocked me out. Eddie J. ("Son") House was working as a Mississippi field hand when his good friend Charley Patton recommended him to Paramount Records. Patton was already an established musician and had been recording for several years. Patton and House went to Grafton, Wisconsin (where Paramount did its actual recording), in May 1930. Son did nine songs and returned to Mississippi, working through the years as a farm hand, playing juke joints on weekends. The resulting records (all 78s, of course) have been cherished by blues collectors, not only because of Son's awesome artistry but because Paramount went out of business during the Depression and most of the masters were lost or destroyed. Through the years, one Son House 78 has been lost. Collectors in this country and Europe have sought it in vain. That record was issued as Paramount 13096. It represents the Holy Grail to collectors. Any of the companies that reissue old blues classics would pay an inordinate bounty to obtain a copy. Is Smilby saying through his cartoon that he's looking for a copy of Paramount 13096—or is he saying that he *has* a copy of Paramount 13096?

Also, may I offer a final smile to Smilby for the record jackets that are lying on the floor in his cartoon. One of them is *Bertha Lee*, who was, of course, Charley Patton's wife.

Dick Waterman
Avalon Productions
Somerville, Massachusetts

Smilby replies:

"I have been a collector of Negro blues 78s for the past 20 years and have what is regarded as the best collection outside the U. S. A. I wholeheartedly concur with the opinion that Son House is one of the finest, if not the finest of country blues singers. I have several Charley Patton 78s in my collection and also have what may be the only unworn copy in the world of Bertha Lee's sole blues recording. I don't have a copy of the Son House Paramount 13096. It is my Grail, too, and I included the number in my cartoon with the wild hope that it might bring a copy of this lost masterpiece to light. All I can add is that if any PLAYBOY *reader should have a copy, I ask on my knees that he get in touch with me before he calls Mr. Waterman."*

Marlboro Beach Offer.

First, the radio is a tough little 6-transistor. A replica of the famous Marlboro Flip-Top Box—only a bit larger. And it comes with an earphone if you want to tune in by yourself.

Second, the giant Cannon beach towel is a big 35" x 66". It's got Cannon quality and Marlboro good looks.

You can get the beach towel for $2.00 or the 6-transistor radio for $6.00. Or both for just seven bucks. But the offer won't last forever and neither will summer. So cut out the coupon and put it in the mail today.

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

Combination Towel/Radio $7.00

Mail to: Marlboro Beach Offer, P.O. Box 7090, Westbury, New York 11590.
Enclosed are 2 end labels from a pack or box of Marlboro.

Please send me ( ) Marlboro 6-Transistor Radio(s) at $6.00 each, ( ) Marlboro Cannon Beach Towel(s) at $2.00 each, ( ) Combination Radio/Towel Set(s) at $7.00 each.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP CODE_____ (NECESSARY)

Offer available only to persons over 21 years of age. Please allow 4 weeks for delivery. Send check or money order only, payable to: Marlboro Beach Offer. Offer good while supply lasts. Offer good in U.S.A. only, except where prohibited, licensed, or taxed.

You are invited to accept this magnificent 8-track stereo tape cartridge player as

YOUR MEMBERSHIP

just for joining Stereo Tape Club of America now and agreeing to purchase tapes you would want to own anyway — six now and one a month for a year; speakers extra.

We would like to introduce you to the newest, most advanced, most convenient way to enjoy music in your home, car or office — with trouble-free compact stereo tape cartridges that play continuously, switch tracks automatically and last practically forever. We are so convinced that you will enjoy this spectacular new stereo sound in a cartridge, that we are willing to give you the player free, as a membership gift, just so you'll buy your tapes from us. And because we are America's largest all-label, all-artist stereo tape cartridge club you can be sure of all the newest, factory-fresh releases direct from all the major recording companies — never at more than regular price, never! In fact, you'll save money, a lot of money, with free bonus tapes you can earn every month and discounts up to 50% and more. The Club Magazine makes your selections easy and exciting.

To make sure we keep you as a tape customer, the Stereomatic player we send you as your membership gift must be good. In fact, it's great! Made just for Club members by one of the finest manufacturers of electronic equipment in the world. It's built with quality

PICK ONE AS YOUR MEMBERSHIP GIFT

NEWEST, FINEST SOLID STATE 8-TRACK AUTOMATIC STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGE PLAYERS

- **COMPLETE HOME SYSTEM** ($119.95 reg. price)
  Complete ready to play stereo system with built-in amplifier and 2 deluxe stereo speaker units in handsome walnut cabinets. THE PLAYER IS A GIFT. We will bill you only special member's price of $29.95 for superb speakers. ☐ check COMPLETE HOME SYSTEM in coupon.

- **HOME PLUG-IN SYSTEM** ($79.95 reg. price)
  Pre-amplified player only. Designed to plug into your existing hi-fi stereo system and use amplifier, controls and speakers of that system. THE PLAYER IS A GIFT. No speakers shipped. Must play through your own system. ☐ check HOME PLUG-IN SYSTEM in coupon.

- **DELUXE AUTO SYSTEM** ($89.95 reg. price)
  New compact design with finger-tip controls; complete with 2 deluxe flush mount speakers (no drilling holes) and easy installation kit. THE PLAYER IS A GIFT. We will bill you only special member's price of $11.98 for the speakers. ☐ check DELUXE AUTO SYSTEM in coupon.

COMPLETE HOME SYSTEM

HOME PLUG-IN SYSTEM

DELUXE AUTO SYSTEM

SELECT ANY 6 TO START MEMBERSHIP

BIGGEST ALL-LABEL, ALL-ARTIST TAPE SELECTION—NEWEST RELEASES!

1384

3389

3397

3392

6324

3412

POPULAR

- ☐ 1363—GLEN CAMPBELL'S GREATEST HITS (Capitol) 6.98
- ☐ 1370—CHAPTER TWO, Roberta Flack (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 1371—SHE'S A LADY, Tom Jones (Parrot) 6.98
- ☐ 1372—CARPENTERS, The Carpenters (A&M) 6.98
- ☐ 1375—LOVE LETTERS FROM ELVIS, Elvis Presley (RCA) 6.98
- ☐ 1376—SINATRA AND COMPANY, Frank Sinatra (Reprise) 6.98
- ☐ 1377—TAPESTRY, Carole King (Ode '70, A&M) 6.98
- ☐ 1378—BARBRA JOAN STREISAND, Barbra Streisand (Columbia) 6.98
- ☐ 1379—SOUND MAGAZINE, Partridge Family (Bell) 6.98
- ☐ 1383—GREATEST HITS, VOL. 2, B. J. Thomas (Scepter) 6.98
- ☐ 1384—TOM JONES LIVE, CAESAR'S PALACE (Parrot) (Twin Pack)... 11.98
- ☐ 1385—THE DIONNE WARWICKE STORY, VOL. I & II (Scepter) (Twin Pk).. 9.95
- ☐ 1386—LIVE AT THE RIVIERA L.V., Engelbert Humperdinck (Parrot).. 6.98
- ☐ 1387—ALL IN THE FAMILY, T.V. SHOW (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 1388—STONES, Neil Diamond (Uni) 6.98
- ☐ 1389—BEST OF SONNY & CHER, (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 1390—THE 5TH DIMENSION LIVE, (Bell) (Twin Pack) 7.98
- ☐ 1391—MUSIC, Carole King (Ode '70) 6.98
- ☐ 2318—GREATEST HITS, Herb Alpert, Tijuana Brass (A&M) 6.98
- ☐ 2319—MAGIC PIANOS OF FERRANTE & TEICHER (Sunset) .. 6.98
- ☐ 2328—BURT BACHARACH (A&M) 6.98
- ☐ 2331—TO LOVERS EVERYWHERE, Mantovani (London) 6.98
- ☐ 2332—SIXTEEN GREAT PERFORMANCES, Doc Severinsen (ABC) .. 6.98
- ☐ 2333—BEAUTIFUL GUITARS, 101 Strings (Avc) 5.98
- ☐ 8307—COWBOYS & COLORED PEOPLE, Flip Wilson (Atlantic) .. 6.98
- ☐ 8321—LIVE AT SING SING, Moms Mabley (Mercury) 6.98
- ☐ 8327—THIS IS A RECORDING, Lily Tomlin (Polydor) 6.98
- ☐ 8330—CHEECH AND CHONG, (Ode '70) 6.98

ROCK AND FOLK

- ☐ 3371—WOODSTOCK, Various Artists (Cotilion) (Twin Pack) .. 17.98
- ☐ 3385—METAMORPHOSIS, Iron Butterfly (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3387—STICKY FINGERS, Rolling Stones (Atco) 6.98
- ☐ 3388—BEST OF WILSON PICKETT, VOLUME 2 (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3389—4 WAY STREET, Crosby, Stils, Nash & Young (Atlantic)... 9.98
- ☐ 3392—THE SKY'S THE LIMIT, Temptations (Gordy) 6.98
- ☐ 3395—TOUCH, Supremes (Motown) 6.98
- ☐ 3396—WHAT'S GOING ON, Marvin Gaye (Tamla) 6.98
- ☐ 3397—SURRENDER, Diana Ross (Motown) 6.98
- ☐ 3401—STEPHEN STILLS 2, Stephen Stills (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3403—EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY, Rod Stewart (Mercury) .. 6.98
- ☐ 3406—IMAGINE, John Lennon (Apple) 6.98
- ☐ 3408—THEIR 16 GREATEST HITS, Grass Roots (Dunhill) 6.98
- ☐ 3409—TRAFALGAR, Bee Gees (Atco) 6.98
- ☐ 3410—IF I COULD REMEMBER MY NAME, David Crosby (Atantic) .. 6.98
- ☐ 3411—SURVIVAL, Grand Funk (Capitol) 6.98
- ☐ 3412—ARETHA'S GREATEST HITS, Aretha Franklin (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3414—LED ZEPPELIN NEW, Led Zeppelin (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3415—BANGLA DESH, George Harrison & Friends (Col.) (Twin).. 14.98
- ☐ 3416—JACKSON 5 GREATEST HITS (Motown) 6.98
- ☐ 3418—REVOLUTION OF THE MIND, James Brown (Polydor) (Twin Pk).. 9.98
- ☐ 3419—HARMONY, 3 Dog Night (Dunhill) 6.98
- ☐ 3420—RARE EARTH IN CONCERT, VOL I (Rare Earth) 6.98
- ☐ 3421—THE BEST OF IRON BUTTERFLY (Atco) 6.98
- ☐ 3422—TEASER AND THE FIRECAT, Cat Stevens (A & M) 6.98
- ☐ 3424—AMERICAN PIE, Don McLean (U.A.) 6.98
- ☐ 8328—TUMBLEWEED CONNECTION, Elton John (Uni) 6.98
- ☐ 8329—MUD SLIDE SLIM & THE BLUE HORIZON, James Taylor (WB) 6.98

COUNTRY AND WESTERN

- ☐ 4322—THE GOLDEN SOUNDS, COUNTRY, Various Artists, Haggard, James, South, Owens (Capitol)... 6.98
- ☐ 4329—I WONDER WHAT SHE'LL THINK ABOUT ME, C. Twitty (Dec).. 6.98
- ☐ 4330—SOMEDAY WE'LL LOOK BACK, Merle Haggard (Capitol) 6.98
- ☐ 4331—ME AND BOBBY McGEE, Kris Kristofferson (Monument) 6.98
- ☐ 4332—I'M JUST ME, Charley Pride (RCA) 6.98
- ☐ 4333—GREATEST HITS VOL. II, Johnny Cash (Columbia) 6.98
- ☐ 4334—RANGER'S WALTZ, Moms & Dads (Crescendo) 6.98
- ☐ 4335—YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT COUNTRY, Loretta Lynn (Decca) 6.98
- ☐ 4336—THE WORLD OF LYNN ANDERSON (Columbia) 7.98
- ☐ 4337—WOULD YOU TAKE ANOTHER CHANCE ON ME, J. L. Lewis (Merc).. 6.98

JAZZ

- ☐ 5307—THE BEST OF WES MONTGOMERY (Verve) 6.98
- ☐ 5323—THE BEST OF RAMSEY LEWIS (Cadet) 6.98
- ☐ 5330—THE BEST OF CLARENCE CARTER, C. Carter (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 5331—MONGO'S WAY, Mongo Santamaria (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 5333—QUIET FIRE, Roberta Flack (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 5334—PUSH, PUSH, Herbie Mann (Embryo) 6.98
- ☐ 5335—LIVE AT NEWPORT, Eddie Harris (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 5336—PAIS TROPICAL, Sergio Mendes & Brazil '77 (A & M)... 6.98

SHOW AND CLASSICAL

- ☐ 6321—LOVE STORY, Original Sound Track (Paramount) 7.98
- ☐ 6323—PARTRIDGE FAMILY ALBUM, S. Jones, D. Cassidy (Bell) 6.98
- ☐ 6324—JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR, A Rock Opera (Decca) (Twin Pk).. 12.98
- ☐ 6326—SHAFT, Original Soundtrack, Isaac Hayes (Enterprise) 9.98
- ☐ 6328—BLESS THE BEAST & THE CHILDREN, Carpenters (A & M) .. 6.98
- ☐ 6329—FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, Orig. Soundtrack (U.A.) (Twin Pk).. 9.98
- ☐ 6330—HAIR, Orig. London Cast (Atco)..... 6.98
- ☐ 7303—GERSHWIN RHAPSODY IN BLUE, Lon. Fest. Orch. (Lon.) .. 6.98
- ☐ 7320—TCHAIKOVSKY 1812 OVERTURE, Zubin Mehta (Lon.)... 6.98
- ☐ 7325—PETER RABBIT & TALES OF BEATRIX POTTER, Orig. (Angel).. 7.98
- ☐ 7326—FAVORITE OVERTURES, Arthur Fiedler, Boston Pops (Polydor) .. 6.98
- ☐ 7327—THE BLUE DANUBE, Herbert Von Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DGG).. 6.98
- ☐ 7328—RAVEL: BOLERO, Herbert Von Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DGG)..... 6.98
- ☐ 7329—FINLANDIA, Jean Sibelius (DGG) 6.98

If coupon removed write to: **Stereo Tape Club of America** • 1480 W. 178th St. • Gardena, Calif. 90248 • †Trademark ©1972 Stereo Tape Club of America

GIFT

to last, to give you brilliant stereo sound for many years of trouble-free service. We know you'll be delighted. That's why we are willing to send it to you at no risk or obligation on your part. If you like it, KEEP IT. It's yours as a gift just for buying stereo tape cartridges you would want to own anyway. If not, return it and your membership is cancelled. You pay nothing and owe nothing. It's the most fabulous new membership offer ever and all you have to do is fill in the coupon and mail it.

SEND NO MONEY—JUST MAIL COUPON TODAY

Stereo Tape Club of America

1480 W. 178th ST., GARDENA, CALIF. 90248

Please accept my membership and send FREE Stereomatic 8-track tape cartridge player checked below:

☐ **COMPLETE HOME SYSTEM** (speakers $29.95)
☐ **HOME PLUG-IN SYSTEM** (no speakers)
☐ **DELUXE AUTO SYSTEM** (speakers $11.98)

Also send 6 cartridges I am buying now to start membership. (Select 6 and print numbers below.)

Bill me for these plus shipping and handling. I may pay in 3 monthly installments if accepted. If not 100% satisfied, I may return player and tapes in 10 days and membership is cancelled. I owe nothing.

CHARGE TO MY CREDIT CARD:
☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard
☐ Master Charge ☐ Diners Club

Acct. No. _____ Expires _____

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Home Phone _____ Area Code _____

Business Phone _____ Area Code _____

Employer _____

IF MILITARY: Rank E- _____ Date Discharge _____

Serial # _____

MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST: (check one) ☐ Popular ☐ Rock & Folk ☐ Country & Western ☐ Classical

In addition to the 6 cartridges I am buying now to start membership, I agree to buy one a month for a year at regular Club price plus postage and handling. (Tapes you'll want anyway, thousands to choose from.)

SIGNATURE (REQUIRED) J62P

The Hertz automobile and meal deal.

You rent the automobile, she gets the meal.

© HERTZ SYSTEM, INC., 1972

Now, at participating Hertz locations in over 100 major cities, whenever you rent a Ford or other good car from Hertz, we'll give you a Hertz Dining Bonus certificate.

With this Dining Bonus, when you take someone to dinner, Hertz will pick up their tab. Excluding tax, tip, and alcoholic beverages. All we ask is that you pick up your tab, and that it's at least as much as your guest's.

The Dining Bonus is good for up to 10 days after you rent the car. And you can use it at over 600 fine restaurants around the country.

So you can actually rent the car in one part of the country, and use our certificate in another.

She may get the meal. But considering you'd probably be paying for it you're getting the deal.

Hertz

The Hertz Dining Bonus

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

The soul, we've always thought—and, for that matter, still think—is a spiritual concept that doesn't lend itself to scientific proof one way or another. But we're willing to reconsider, if $297,000 can prove otherwise. As you might have read in the papers, a 71-year-old Arizona gold prospector named James Kidd flat disappeared in 1949 and left a handwritten will awarding his poke to whatever individual or organization might produce "research or some other scientific proof of a soul of a human body which leaves at death." Predictably, the court executing his will was inundated by over 100 claimants assuring that they could fulfill Kidd's conditions; but after several years of legal wrangling, the money was awarded to the American Society for Psychical Research of New York, which persuaded the court that it was "best qualified and most suitable to carry out the trust expressed in the will of James Kidd." An appeal on behalf of one of the disappointed claimants is still pending, but in the opinion of the society's counsel, it is "totally without merit."

What probably swayed the Arizona judge was the reputable history and modest claims of the Psychical Research people. They organized about 1885 and have enjoyed the support of such academic notables as William James; and they intend to use Kidd's money to hire more researchers and develop special instruments to detect the "spatial separation of psychic events from the physical body"—an endeavor that strikes us as sufficiently exotic, costly and harmless to qualify for a Federal grant. Luckily, the society doesn't have to produce an actual photograph of the soul, which is mainly what Kidd wanted; it need only supply the court with a plausible plan of research, and it seems quite capable of doing that. For starters, the society wants supersensitive instruments to measure any temperature changes in the room of a dying person, plus infrared photographic equipment and photoelectric beams that might register *something* when the subject shuffles off this mortal coil.

While we don't want to sound like a skeptic, we must report what we learned by calling an electronic-engineering friend of ours and asking him about this sort of metaphysical technology. Being the scientific type, he at first overwhelmed us with wasted explanations of the principles of everything from electron microscopy to spectroscopic analysis. When we finally got him down to the nuts and bolts of detecting souls leaving bodies, however, he conceded inexperience in this field and was not encouraging. He pointed out that in a room of any size, a cooling body would affect the society's sensitive temperature-measuring devices; likewise, infrared equipment, honed finely enough to record the heat differential of a departing soul, would also record a burp. As for photoelectric instruments, he wrote off any type of light beam as better suited to catching burglars than souls.

We inquired about using rays other than light and he couldn't give us a very confident answer, except to say that X rays and nuclear particles, even electromagnetic radiation (as in radio and TV), tend to go right through things, probably including souls. Radar? Only if the soul possessed the physical qualities of an airplane or a large rain cloud. Then we came to laser beams and he paused thoughtfully for a long time. Confessing that he knew next to nothing about holography and other laser technology, he allowed as how lasers just *might* be worth a try. Whereupon he began to wax enthusiastic over the possibility of building a laser of his own ingenious design, which he assured us could be developed for a little under $297,000 and which almost certainly could detect the human soul, no matter how sneakily it might depart the human body. If he succeeds in obtaining the necessary funds from the American Society for Psychical Research, we've agreed to buy the pictures at our usual rates.

•

A U. P. I. report from Thailand relayed this tale of woe: "Police battled a gang of bandits in southern Thailand Saturday. One bandit was killed. A police spokesman said the battle began when the bandit gang, disguised as policemen, challenged a group of policemen disguised as bandits."

•

In its TV listings, the *Chicago Daily News* inadvertently printed what must be the last word in Method acting: "WTTW, Channel 11, has a two-hour version of *Anna Karenina*, the Tolstoy novel, scheduled for Friday night at 9:30. You can see Sean Connery, who is tired of playing James Bond, portray a Russian cunt."

•

Who's the deadpan comedy writer doing WANTED BY THE FBI posters? The description of a fellow sought for jail breaks reads, "Scars and marks: Tattoos, 'Pat,' 'Born to Love,' upper left arm; 'Wanda,' back of left hand; 'Pete,' right arm; 'Joyce,' right forearm; 'Dan,' back of right hand. Remarks: Described as 'loner.' "

•

This clear-cut attempt at unlawful sexual discrimination appeared in the classified section of the Kellogg, Idaho, *Evening News*: "For rent—four-bedroom unfurnished house. No big dongs."

•

All the culinary news that's fit to print: A *New York Times* article quoted this appetizing paragraph from a paper on the nutritional value of cannibalism: "A 50-kg. man might yield 30-kg. edible muscle mass if well and skillfully butchered. One man, in other words, serves 60, skimpily."

•

From Vail, Colorado, we received newspaper pictures showing participants in the Tijuana Invitational Golf Tournament. Included among the photographs was one of a lovely lass, reigning over the tournament, whose banner proclaimed her MISS TIT.

•

All Heart Department: The U. S. Postal Service has issued a memo reading, "Approval has been extended for special service awards to the families of employees who die before the

mandatory retirement age. Employees to receive such awards must, however, prepare requests for such awards three weeks prior to death."

•

At last, just what America needs—a pro-crime publication. According to the press release, *Mobster Times* "will reassure one and all that we are not living in an especially decadent era, that our decade is just as crooked as the past. The same types of crooks are running things now, just as they've always done. But *Mobster Times* won't knock this state of affairs. No, indeed, *Mobster Times* finds it admirable." The release goes on to promise portraits and biographies of the great gangsters, from John Dillinger to Lyndon Johnson; descriptions of great crimes and heists "step by wonderful step"; plus regular do-it-yourself crime features, such as Crime Tips and Crime-of-the-Month awards. The more we read, the more we noted a familiar combination of outrageousness and put-on. And, sure enough, a line at the bottom of the press release revealed that this latest contribution to low-camp journalism is being made by the publishers of New York's notorious sex tabloid, *Screw*.

•

We take pleasure in awarding our *coupe de grâce* prize to the Volkswagen minibus scooting around Los Angeles bearing the label VAN ORDINAIRE.

•

The men's auxiliary group at Cradock Emmanuel Church in Portsmouth, Virginia, calls itself the Prayboy Club.

•

The Orlando, Florida, *Sentinel* headlined a story about a causeway bridge thusly: "MELBOURNE BRIDE STUCK OPEN, TRAFFIC BACKED UP FOR TWO MILES."

•

Our Truth in Advertising Award this month goes to the People's Republic of China. According to an A.P. dispatch from Peking, if you go into the People's Drugstore, you'll find, along with the ginseng root and powdered horn, a laxative called Many Times.

•

Finding himself accidentally locked in his Las Vegas hotel room, Ricki Dunn, a professional magician and escape artist, had to phone for help.

•

A sign spotted at a Virginia construction site read, ALL MEN ON THE JOB MUST WEAR SAFETY HATS. To which someone had carefully added, REGARDLESS OF THEIR POLITICAL OPINION.

•

Department of Women's Liberation, Peerless Logic Division: Florida State University's women's lib group, setting out to demolish the notion that a woman's place is in the kitchen, decided to raise some cash. So the members held a bake sale.

•

Fringe benefits? Ad placed in the *Berkeley Barb* by San Francisco's Mitchell brothers, producers of pornographic films: "Casting—$50–$100 a day—and all you can eat."

BOOKS

A couple of big publishing houses still have red faces over the Clifford Irving–Howard Hughes imbroglio—but one is smiling. That is Fawcett, which has just rushed into print a paperback edition of ***Howard,*** from the manuscript of which Irving apparently lifted certain anecdotes that lent the aura of credibility to his own creation. But even without that publicity bonus, this biography by 83-year-old Noah Dietrich—for 32 years chief executive of the Hughes empire—and his collaborator, journalist Bob Thomas, is absorbing in its own right. Written by a man who for three decades was privy to the intimate workings of Hughes's mind and the intimate details of his personal and business dealings, the book carries the stamp of authenticity. Dietrich was a self-taught accountant when the 19-year-old Hughes hired him in 1925 and quickly established himself at the youth's right hand. From then on, he was the person Hughes called upon to make the deals, solve the problems, straighten out the blunders and do the dirty work—of which there was quite a lot. As a result, Dietrich is a storehouse of almost incredible anecdotes about his ex-boss. In Thomas' workmanlike rewrite of the Dietrich memoirs, we see Hughes pouring millions into bad movies in order to maintain liaisons with stars and starlets; courageously test-piloting his own experimental planes and setting world speed records; writing a long memo outlining how Jane Russell's bra should be redesigned to emphasize her nipples; indulging in political chicanery up to the White House level; becoming progressively more reclusive, demanding and vindictive. Dietrich and Thomas make no attempt to psychoanalyze Hughes nor to assess his motivations; the book is a pell-mell outpouring of anecdotes. Why did Dietrich put up with it all for so many years? Well, there was that half a million a year plus the perquisites of a maharaja—though Hughes never gave Dietrich the capital-gains arrangement he wanted. What seems to have kept him going almost as much as the money is what keeps the nation so preoccupied with Hughes: the fascination of wondering what bravura scheme will next come out of that locked, antiseptic—and, somehow, pitiable—room at the top.

•

Lechery, cowardice, nimbleness of mind and brazen charm characterize the dashing Flashman's progress through America in ***Flash for Freedom!*** (Knopf) as vividly as they did his progress through Afghanistan and Germany in two earlier installments of his spanking "papers." The latest exploits of this improbable antihero, in George MacDonald Fraser's telling, drive along with the same panache. Disgraced at the card table before Benjamin Disraeli, his hopes of a political career dashed, Flashman is hustled out to sea by his testy father-in-law and into the clutches of a ferociously eccentric Oxford don turned slave trader who might have stepped out of Smollett. After a grisly apprenticeship to the trade that takes him from the terrifying jungles of Dahomey to the Caribbean slave markets, he finds himself in Washington trying to convince a shrewd backwoods Congressman named Abe Lincoln of his abolitionist credentials. Thereafter, to avoid the embarrassment of having these put to the test, he heads for the Deep South and there plunges from adventure to adventure, acting parts on both the slave and the antislave side of things with customary skill and heartlessness and dodging the deaths prepared for him by enraged racists, a cuckolded husband and sundry others. Fun cannot but set up disquieting reverberations in a story that dwells without mercy on the theme of the black man's degradation; yet Fraser has caught the period detail, together with the tone—both brutal and refined—of those slave-trading times, and it is the nature of a cad's-eye history to reveal rather than heal. Flashman, for all his vices, is no hypocrite, and his moral emptiness only facilitates his task of sweeping some of history's more unpleasant episodes from under the mat.

•

It's been nine years since James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time*, a wildly lyrical, raging attempt to shock the citizenry into recognizing how deep a racial divide was before us. The book received wide admiration, but the message didn't really get through. In ***No Name in the Street*** (Dial), Baldwin examines what's happened to himself and his country in the years since he sounded that warning bell. His tone now is more sober, more reflective. Baldwin tells of his relationships with Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Medgar Evers—all cut down—and of his own realization that the issue for American blacks is simply power, not justice. He has no blueprint for attaining that collective power, although he

United's surfing, skiing, hiking, biking, loving, eating natural Hawaiian experience. $69 a week. Believe it.

The price is slightly incredible. But what you get for the money is the real mind-blower.

It's Hawaii. With all the natural beauty and not so much of the frills. We planned it that way. We've hired the most mellow people in the world to show you how to surf, ski, laugh and enjoy. They're native Hawaiians, and they do things more for love than money.

They're just part of our natural Hawaiian experience. The rest of it includes things like:

Seven days in Paradise. Seven days of doing what you want to do, not what we want you to do.

Your lodging. (Like a fine Waikiki hotel or a hotel/cabin combination on the island of Kauai. Or both. If you want both islands it'll cost you just a few bucks more than the $69 quoted above.)

A personal guide book listing the places to hit and the places not to hit.

A choice of surfboard with surfing lessons or admission to a real good rock club.

A free Surfing Lodge Membership card which gets you 10% to 50% discounts on surfboard and lessons, snorkel gear, bicycles, camping equipment, a bunch of good restaurants (including health food places) and appropriate discotheques. Not to mention admittance to Hawaii's own Woodstock—the Crater Celebration.

That's what you get for $69 per person, double occupancy. Plus 4% tax. If there's a cheaper way to make Hawaii we want to hear about it.

Now the $69 (plus 4%) is only for your ground arrangements. You still have to pop for air fare. But we've made that painless, too. Below, you'll find samples of our super-low excursion fares to Hawaii.

United's natural Hawaiian experience.

To get it, give your Travel Agent or us a call. (Ask for "Hawaii Naturally.") Or send in the coupon for more information. (If you're interested in a similar deal in California ask about our "California Naturally.")

The whole thing may sound too good to be true, but it's true.

Sample fares:
Los Angeles/San Francisco/San Diego* $202.63
Denver* $263.85
Chicago $326.88
New York $387.30

Ask about our even lower group air fares, with specific departure dates to Hawaii.
*Economy Jet off-peak fare.

United Air Lines
111 N. Canal St., 12th Floor, Chicago, Ill. 60606

Please send me more information on United's "Hawaii Naturally"

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

CITY_____

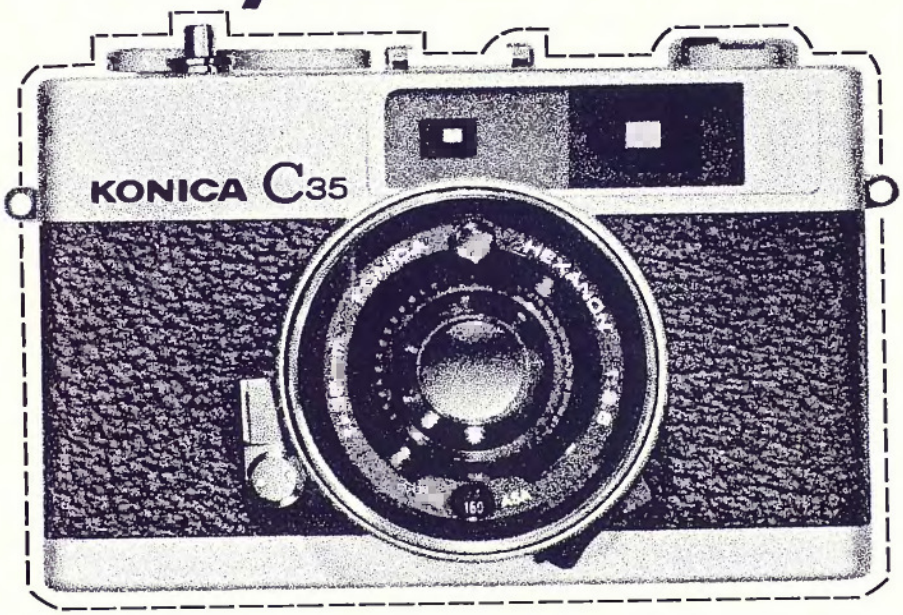
MY TRAVEL AGENT IS_____

PB-6

Your land is our land.
United Air Lines

ACTUAL SIZE.

Try'em for size.



The incredibly tiny Konica C35 camera and X-14 electronic flash. Together, they just may make the smallest 35mm outfit your pocket can carry. (Cut them out and try 'em for yourself.)

But don't let their size and simplicity fool you. The C35 camera offers features and performance usually found only in large, expensive cameras.

Like automatically exact electric-eye exposures, range-finder focusing, a superbly sharp lens, and an automatic system for shooting flash pictures—without calculations.

Just slide the tiny X-14 onto the C35, and fire up to 200 flash photos from two penlight batteries. You'll never need flashbulbs again!

KONICA C35

The simple camera system from the professional camera people.

Konica Camera Corp., Woodside, New York 11377

DIVISION OF Berkey PHOTO INC

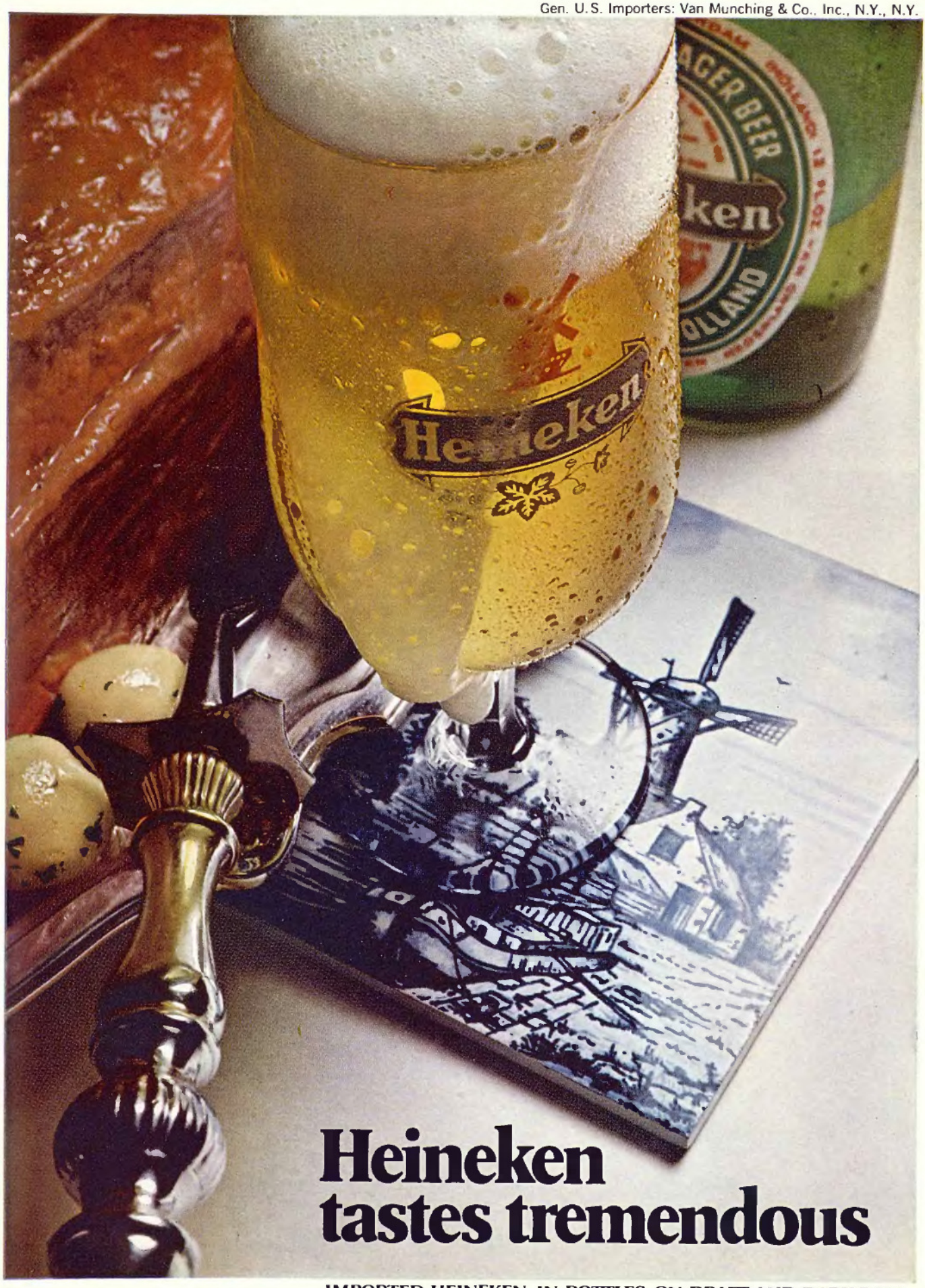
In Canada: Garlick Films Ltd., Toronto

sees a beginning in Black Panther community organizing. (Yet the sharp decline of the Panthers since this book was finished underlines how elusive black power still is.) Baldwin's value, however, is not as an ideologue but as an insistent witness of this country's resistance to those who would humanize it. He rarely preaches any longer; instead, he simply tells what he has seen, what he has been through and why he has come to the point at which, though he will not carry a gun, he will kill if he has to. Self-described as "an aging, lonely, sexually dubious, politically outrageous, unspeakably erratic freak," Baldwin, in middle age, is as powerful in his unsparing lucidity throughout this book as he was in *The Fire Next Time*. His eloquence then was put to the service of avoiding the apocalypse. His eloquence now is primarily a way of keeping himself reasonably intact. At this stage of his journey, he is speaking to blacks because he no longer believes that most whites are capable of understanding a black Jeremiah. And so his vision is that of ruin—after which some kind of new world may arise.

•

An elderly nobody is found dead in his Bronx flat, a possible robbery victim stabbed by unknown attackers, who leave no useful clues. Mostly through luck, the police "solve" the crime by extracting confessions from three Puerto Rican youths, two of whom end up serving sentences of life imprisonment. The crime, the victim and the accused might be remembered only in legal files except for Morton Hunt's discovery of the case as a springboard from which to launch a study of crime and punishment, American style. In ***The Mugging*** (Atheneum), Hunt restores to life one hapless Alexander Helmer and then thoroughly three-dimensionalizes the slum-bred punks who may have killed him —or may not have killed him, despite their initial confessions—the cops in the case, the lawyers and the members of two juries who must agonize over the fate of three confused and terrified young men on the basis of circumstantial evidence and conflicting testimony. This part of the book is lively high and low drama, from police station to courtroom. The remainder is a perceptive and comprehensive analysis of how, and how well, our criminal-justice system works. Hunt intersperses his narrative with commentaries on everything from victimology to judicial psychology, with emphasis on the system's built-in dilemmas. He demolishes one social and legal myth after another, yet finds enough inherent virtues to justify the efforts of legal reformers. By the end, the reader himself is a juror weighing

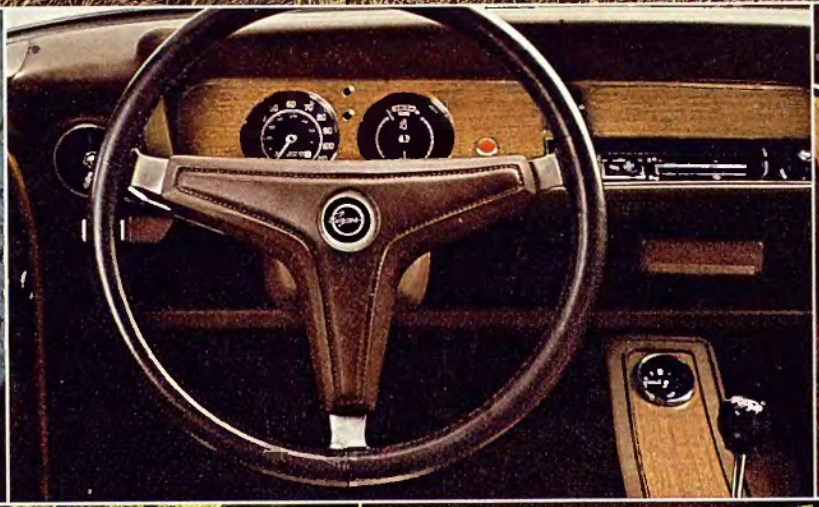
Gen. U.S. Importers: Van Munching & Co., Inc., N.Y., N.Y.

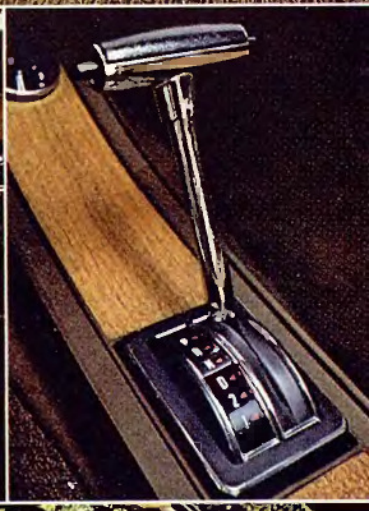


Heineken tastes tremendous

IMPORTED HEINEKEN. IN BOTTLES, ON DRAFT AND DARK BEER.

Capri Sport Coupe





CAPRI

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

Ford

Capri.

The first sexy European under $2600.

Sticker price. Destination, title, dealer preparation, taxes and options extra. Decor group option as shown $118.

Up to now there was only one kind of sexy European car.

The expensive kind.

Capri has changed things for the better. By being decidedly sexy and authentically European—for under $2600.

And what Capri includes in that $2600 tag is enough to make the *expensive* sexy European cars blush.

Radial tires are standard. As are power front disc brakes. Styled steel wheels. Precise rack-and-pinion steering. And a silky smooth four-speed floor shift.

That's for starters. Capri goes on to give you front bucket seats in soft, soft vinyl that looks and feels like real leather. A sophisticated European dash with rocker switches and the rich look of woodgrain. Full carpeting underfoot. Flow-thru ventilation. Room for four adults. Small-car gas economy and easy maintenance.

Options? Sun roof. Vinyl top. Automatic transmission. And the decor group interior.

Capri also comes in two other models. The Capri 2000, with an overhead cam four. And, newest, most passionate of all, the Capri 2600 V-6.

But the sexy thing about Capri is what you get without spending extra.

That's why Capri sold more cars in its first year here than any other import in history.

Imported for Lincoln-Mercury.

the volumes of evidence and trying to reconcile his gut feelings about crime with the need to preserve certain imperfect but vital safeguards that may one day shield *him* against the delivery of a wrong verdict.

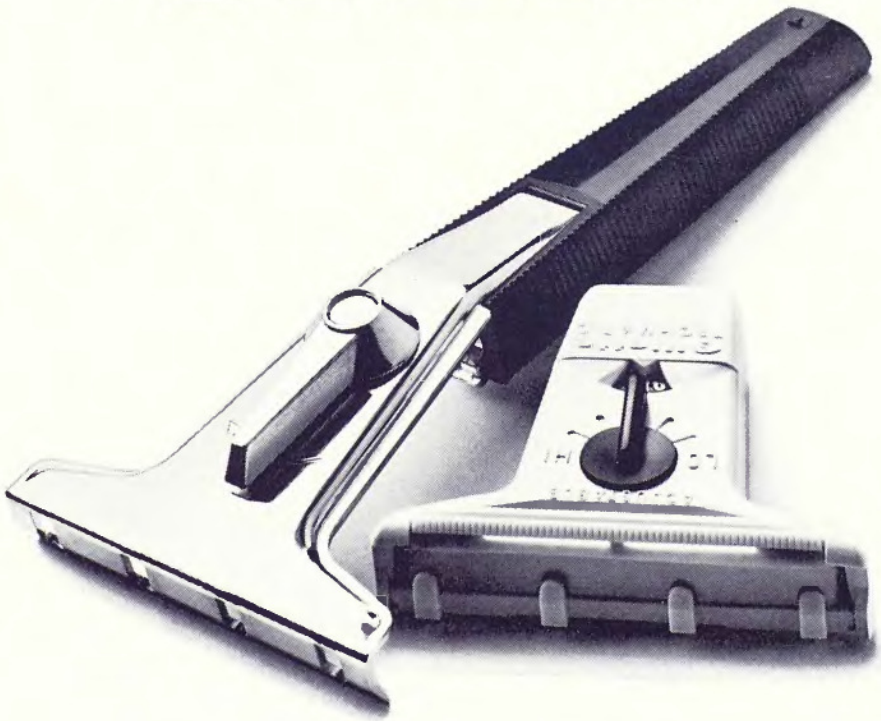
•

Usually, the novels writers leave unpublished should remain that way, especially when the authors are no longer around to raise objections. But Albert Camus was an exception to many rules, and the posthumous publication of his first novel, ***A Happy Death*** (Knopf), can be read both by scholars and the rest of us with pleasure and edification. Camus's story, true enough, is rather thin and disjointed, many of his characters are a bit pallid and his theme is far from rigorously expressed. Yet the engrossing reality of the central character, the young Algerian Mersault, his strangely thoughtful sensuousness brilliantly caught by Camus's style, and his desperate attempt to win happiness and defeat death, add up to a haunting and compelling tale. Some readers may even conclude that a whole spontaneous and charming side of Camus was lost when he gave up straight novel writing for the higher abstractions of French intellectual life. Certainly there's nothing in his later novels to compare, for evocative writing, with the rendering of Mersault's love affair with a beautiful young girl and his subsequent agonies of jealousy, nor the descriptions of nature and untrammeled physical pleasure that fill so many deeply felt pages of this book. It is a work that will linger in the memory long after the last page has been turned.

•

The long-quiet controversy over UFOs —unidentified flying objects—is likely to be revived by Dr. J. Allen Hynek's ***The UFO Experience—A Scientific Inquiry*** (Regnery). Hynek, one of the nation's top astronomers, was the official scientific consultant to the U. S. Air Force's Project Blue Book during the years it was investigating UFO-sighting reports. In this sober work, Hynek maintains that the existence of UFOs has not been disproved and suggests ways in which open-minded scientists could attempt to determine what actually may be going on out there. He discusses more than 60 UFO sightings—from nocturnal lights to actual physical contacts—that he believes were made by noncrackpot observers and for which no logical explanation has yet been forthcoming. He denounces what he considers to have been the obtuseness and foot dragging of Project Blue Book's halfhearted efforts to assess these incidents; and he attacks leading scientists for their seeming unwillingness to admit that there may, indeed, be phenomena beyond our present understanding. Finally, Hynek

Save your skin.



GilletteTechmatic.®

It's tough on your beard.
Not on your face.

©1972, The Gillette Company, Boston, Mass.

proposes a three-pronged method that might, once and for all, settle the UFO question. This includes a sophisticated statistical approach to sightings; the use of trained, objective investigators to establish the motives and veracity of those who report UFO incidents; and a computerized UFO data center, under UN auspices, to correlate all facts and probabilities. Hynek admits that after spending 20 years with the problem, he has "few answers and no viable hypothesis." What he *does* have are many valid questions that science has not yet adequately answered—and a belief that it is man's duty not to discard seemingly extraordinary facts merely because he is unable, at the moment, to explain them.

•

Donn Pearce's ***Pier Head Jump*** (Bobbs-Merrill) is one of the season's odder entertainments. Get this for a plot: The lookout of a merchant ship spots what looks like a corpse floating on the water. Turns out to be a lifelike Japanese sex doll. Unscrew the navel, pour in warm water, apply Vaseline—she's all set. "Cynthia" is passed from compartment to compartment, and soon the men are fighting over her. One sailor deliberately doses her with his gonorrhea, for reasons never made clear. The ship runs into foul weather off Cape Hatteras and the more superstitious salts begin to wonder if the dummy isn't a jinx. Finally, the captain decides that only one man can own her. Lots are drawn and seaman John Vytas, a loony Latvian, wins a permanent bunkmate. Complication: The bosun, having developed a morbid letch, manages to sneak in unto the doll and adds injury to insult by biting off a nipple in the throes. The captain, sick of the whole squalid mess, threatens to chop Cynthia up and make erasers out of her. There's more, but why spill it all? Veering from eerie to hilarious to downright disgusting, the one thing this book avoids throughout is dullness and predictability. Pearce captures superbly the vivid, jarring merchant-seaman lingo, yet seems to have found it impossible to decide whether his tale is funny, creepy or tragic. The reader has to provide his own slant on the proceedings.

•

Written under the pseudonym William Aaron, ***Straight*** (Doubleday) is an autobiographical account of how, after 20 years as a homosexual ("absolutely and nothing but"), the author became a happily married heterosexual with children. *Straight* suffers from being square; it is clearly the work of a nonwriter, a patchwork of memories narrated in uninspired and occasionally hackneyed language, and it remains oddly unmoving despite the inherent drama of a human being struggling to understand the sources of his homosexuality and to

THEY TELL IT LIKE IT IS.

After you've been lied to, cheated on and humiliated enough times, you finally face the truth. Your watch is a hopeless case.

And there's only one thing to do about it.

Forget the past. Form a new, meaningful attachment with an Accutron® watch.

It has a tuning fork movement guaranteed to tell the truth to within a minute a month.*

It'll remain faithful, month after month, without any winding.

And with every look at its honest face, the bitter memory of your former watch's deceit will slowly fade away.

Time heals all wounds.

ACCUTRON® BY BULOVA

From left to right: Accutron Astronaut Mark II "H". Tells the time in two different time zones simultaneously. Calendar. All stainless steel. $195. Accutron "261". Brushed stainless steel case. Calendar. Black calf strap. $150. Accutron Date/Day "A". 14K solid gold case with 14K solid gold band. Gold applied Roman numerals and markers. Date resets instantly. $700. Accutron Date/Day "AU". Satin finish stainless steel case. Black turtle strap. Date resets instantly. $175. Ask your dealer to show you the many Accutron styles from $110. *Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase.

ERINMORE MIXTURE.
AS FRESH, RICH AND FLAVORFUL
AS IRELAND ITSELF.

Open the tin. Enjoy the distinct aroma as you fill your pipe. Now draw slowly. And savour the quiet, yet rich, satisfying flavor that makes Erinmore Mixture one of Ireland's most popular exports.

The secret is simple. Eight generations of experience in blending good, rich tobacco to the original recipe created by Murray's of Ireland. Plus a bit of Irish magic.

IMPORTED FINE TOBACCOS SINCE 1810

You can't expect great music unless you have great equipment.

Pioneer components are matched for the finest, most natural sound in music. AM-FM stereo receivers . . . speaker systems . . . record players . . . tape decks . . . stereo headsets. We make them all. Regardless of which Pioneer units you select, they combine to perform the best and most authentic music reproduction.

Ask your Pioneer high fidelity dealer for a demonstration.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 178 Commerce Rd., Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072

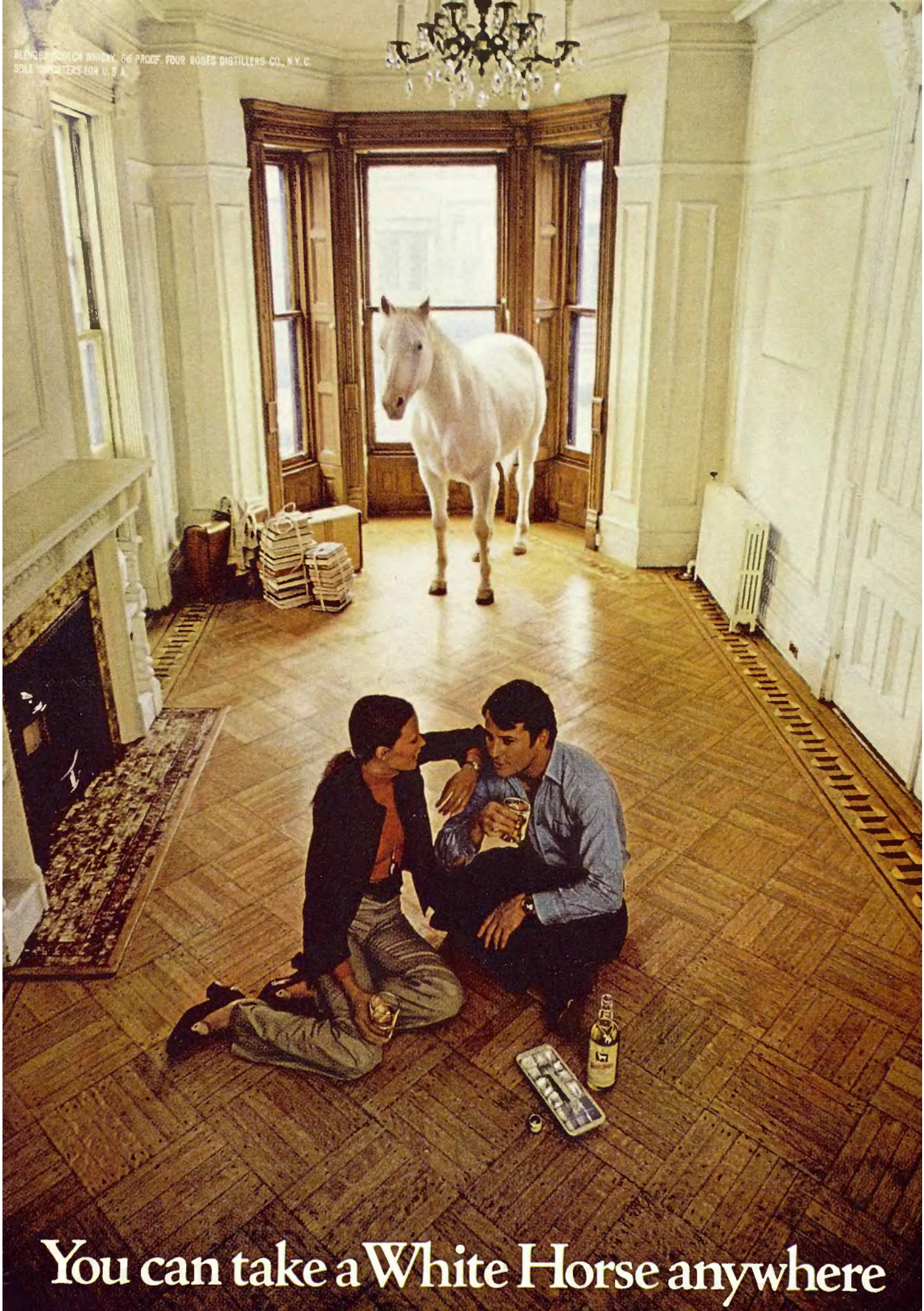
PIONEER®
when you want something better

West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 / Canada: S. H. Parker Co., Ontario

reclaim his heritage as a male. But precisely because it is what it is—one man's honest testimony—*Straight* possesses a kind of integrity, and Aaron's message cannot be easily dismissed by the homosexuals to whom it is addressed. For some of them, at least, he affirms there is a choice. In his own experience, he "demolished forever that colossal deception: *once gay, always gay*." Looking back at the gay life, he sees it "not as a social evil but a personal tragedy," a life in which "fidelity is almost impossible . . . danger is essential . . . sexual contacts are impersonal and even anonymous." An opposing view is presented in ***The Gay Mystique*** (Stein & Day) by a Columbia University graduate, Peter Fisher. The gay life, he insists, is often genuinely gay; the love that binds homosexual couples isn't really different from the love that unites man and woman; and he himself "wouldn't want to be straight for anything in the world." Although Fisher draws on somewhat romanticized personal experience to illustrate his points, his book is fundamentally an objective examination of social discrimination. With cool logic, he dissects society's irrational fear of the homosexual and dispels a host of myths about male homosexuals—how they feel about women, the risks they run in seeking pleasure, the dangers they pose to the young, the roles they play in intimate relationships, the nature of their sexual behavior and the goals they seek through political action. Fisher is no missionary: "There are some people living their lives as homosexuals who would be happier if they realized they are heterosexuals. There are some people living their lives as heterosexuals who would be happier if they realized and accepted the fact that they are homosexuals. But everyone will be happier accepting himself as he is in the present and letting the future take care of itself."

•

In 1968, when he was in his mid-20s, Joe McGinniss wrote his first book, *The Selling of the President 1968*. It didn't do much for the subject, Richard Nixon, but it did very well, indeed, for the author—over 150,000 copies sold in hardcover. Now McGinniss has written his first novel, and he has aged considerably. ***The Dream Team*** (Random House) concerns a best-selling author who spends a week at Hialeah in the company of a hard-crusted semipro handicapper and a girl reporter who strikes such phrases as, "It was in New Zealand that I gave the gift of my virginity." She gives a similar gift to the celebrity-author while the celibate handicapper reads *The Morning Telegraph*. But nothing turns out right. The author gets beat down by both the horses and the girl reporter (out of Elaine May, by Joan Rivers and Margaret Dumont). But without her


You can take a White Horse anywhere

"We make one thing perfectly clear– our water."

It's how Gordon's keeps its gin up.

We could use ordinary distilled water. But when you take the minerals out, you also take the air out. And that takes all the taste out. At Gordon's, we take the minerals out but we leave the air in. It's as close to pure spring water as you can get. So if you want a gin with an impressive name, but you also want a smooth, crisp, super-dry taste, you should be drinking Gordon's.

Biggest seller in England...America...the world. Super-dry is why!

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

Combine Europe with a new Mercedes-Benz.

This coupon will bring you, free, the Mercedes-Benz Guide to European Delivery.

How to order a Mercedes-Benz here, pick it up there. The advantages of touring Europe in your own car. The facts on shipping it home.

Plus a full-color brochure, factory-delivered prices and a work sheet to figure costs.

Mr. Peter Grassl
Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc.
158 Linwood Plaza, Fort Lee, N.J. 07024
Please send me the Mercedes-Benz Guide to European Delivery.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____
PY3-6

there would hardly be a book. The author and the handicapper are stationary creatures around whom she swings and stirs up whatever life there is to the novel. McGinniss occasionally displays the fine ear that served him so well when he was an observer of the Nixon TV campaign of 1968, but his material here is too thin. This time out, McGinniss comes a cropper.

•

In his new book, ***Roots of War*** (Atheneum), Richard J. Barnet is an effective critic of the Vietnam horror, but he isn't given to the shrillness or simplistic denunciations of some critics. He dissects "the men and institutions behind U. S. foreign policy." Although his analysis of the economic aspects of the anticommunism crusade is clear and persuasive, most readers are likely to be more fascinated by his analysis of the men. He finds them to share a passion for power, for winning, for success. They are the kind who want to be number one, to use a term that's a favorite of President Nixon's and is used by Barnet with effective irony throughout. Relentlessly, but without malice, he strips away the pretensions of those who were once the most powerful and respected men in America—the Lovetts, the Achesons, the McNamaras, the Bundys, the Rostows and the other "national-security managers," with their pieties, their arrogance, their capacity to abstract human suffering into bloodless numbers. He turns his sharp intelligence, too, on the multinational corporations that so influence our foreign policy and our defense industry, but doubts that a socialist America would be any less imperialist, pointing out that the national-security establishments of the U. S. and Russia are remarkably alike. Nor do the press, organized religion, the labor unions, Congress or intellectuals escape his astringent notice. After this book, many famous men will have only their bruised egos left with which to comfort themselves.

•

With the publication of Hank Messick's ***John Edgar Hoover*** (McKay), the nation's top cop may officially be declared an *ex*–sacred cow. Past attacks on Hoover, by muckrakers like Fred Cook or former FBI agents like William Turner, have zeroed in on the director from the left—blasting his obsession with The Red Menace or his avoidance of black agents. This veteran crime reporter's contribution to the burgeoning library of anti-Hooveriana, while somewhat buckshot, disorganized and written in the same uninspired journalese that characterized his six previous books, contains one wholly original and sensational element that is above—or beneath—politics: the charge, hint, hypothesis, suggestion that Hoover's lackluster performance in the anti-organized-crime field is traceable to personal links

A good way to cut yourself less is to lubricate more.

Edge lubricates better than foam. Any foam.

Shave cream helps protect you from nicks and cuts by lubricating the blade's path across your skin. We made Edge® a lubricating gel instead of a foam, because as a gel Edge gives you much more lubrication than foams. But Edge isn't greasy.

With Edge, to cut yourself you almost have to try.

Edge starts as a gel made of soap that puts down a lubricating layer on your skin.

Then the gel quickly turns into lather that's richer and wetter than any foam to set up your beard for a close shave.

But *underneath* the lather, the gel's lubrication is still on your skin gliding the razor for a smoother, closer shave.

Edge is a trademark © 1971 S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wisc.

NEW DISCOUNT CLUB!

NOW SAVE ON EVERY RECORD... EVERY LABEL...EVERY ARTIST!

Exclusive money-saving way to buy records—Citadel, world's lowest priced record Club, lets you average nearly 60% savings on your favorite records right away: Choose 10 top albums for just $1.87 today—PLUS YOUR FIRST SELECTION FREE... then take great discounts on 12 more albums within the next year-and-a-half. Choose freely from all records in print...over 35,000 albums...all artists...all companies!

Earn FREE records, with every discount album you buy, after your trial membership. Upon completion of this remarkable money saving enrollment agreement, take as many or as few records as you want, always at famous Citadel savings—then choose an equal-value record FREE from huge Club magazine for every record you buy at discount! This means you save nearly *60% now, even more later!* Your average cost, after completing your enrollment agreement, for regular $4.98 albums...as low as $1.95; your cost for $5.98 albums...as little as $2.34!

Rights and privileges of membership: In each issue of the Club magazine, DISCounts, sent FREE every 4 weeks, you will find a review of the Selection-of-the-Month in your musical division—plus more than 450 other top albums from which you may choose. To receive this selection, you do nothing—it will be shipped automatically.

To receive alternate or additional albums ...or no album at all...simply mark the convenient Selection Notice appropriately and return it by the date specified. You always have at least 10 days to make your decision, and you are *guaranteed* discounts on every regular $4.98 and $5.98 album in print.

From time to time, the Club will offer some special albums which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided, or accept by doing nothing. THE CHOICE IS ALWAYS YOURS!

All discount purchases, with the exception of occasional extra money-saving sales, will count toward fulfillment of your enrollment agreement (to buy just 12 records). All purchases fully guaranteed. You must be delighted with every selection or you may return it within 10 days for full credit.

Extra!Vote in nation wide poll to select best musicians for famous Gold Medal Awards. Only Citadel members may vote. Entitles you to audition FREE up to 4 exclusive new albums a year—no obligation to buy.

Choose your 10 records for $1.87, write their numbers on the coupon and mail at once!

SEND NO MONEY! DETACH COUPON AND MAIL TODAY!

CITADEL RECORD CLUB

Citadel Center, Newbury Park, California 91320

Please accept me for membership in Citadel, world's lowest priced record club, according to the above announcement. SEND MY FIRST CLUB SELECTION FREE! Bill me just $1.87 (plus shipping/handling) for my 10 introductory records, plus $1 lifetime membership fee. I agree to buy 12 more records in 18 months, always at discount prices...and I may cancel my membership any time thereafter. If I continue my membership, for each record I buy at discount price, I may choose another of equal value FREE (just 25¢ shipping/handling) from Club magazine. Also enroll me on Gold Medal Awards panel, with privileges described. All orders subject to acceptance at Club headquarters.

IMPORTANT: The music I like best is: (check one)

☐ Popular Vocalist ☐ Easy Listening
☐ Movies & Shows ☐ Country Sound
☐ Classical ☐ Now Sound ☐ Jazz

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Zip_____ Telephone_____

APO, FPO addresses, write for additional information.

Send me this first selection FREE
Send me these 10 albums for $1.87

7F9A - 7F9B*

93929

93802

93877

94021

93955

93355

93501

93921

93967

94307

93296

93493

93972

94264

80875

*93883

94014

80764

*80357

94267

93959

93407

94001

93781

93908

93854

93923

92040

93978

93491

93761

93843

93894

93841

93498

80795

94004

93944

93748

82576

93246

80667

94013

93956

93172

93746

93895

93724

93747

80636

93769

91666

94266

93778

80845

93289

93811

93700

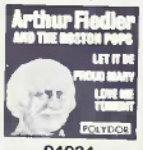
93985

93922

93874

93968

94263



94024

94012

93477

93853

93898

93237

93307

90989

93497

93715

*Electronically re-channeled to simulate stereo

Start with 10 RECORDS for only $1.87

(worth from $49.80 to $59.80)

plus your first selection FREE!

when you agree to buy just
12 more records—always at discount—
within the next 18 months.

PAY JUST $2.11 FOR $4.98 RECORDS!

Never pay list price for a record again! Citadel Discount Record Club gives you enormous savings immediately with 10 records for just $1.87 —plus discounts on every record you continue to buy through the Club! This means you can average an unprecedented discount of nearly 60% during trial membership (based on random selection from over 450 albums offered in monthly Club magazine, not including shipping/handling):

$4.98 albums ..... **average $2.11**
$5.98 albums ..... **average $2.52**

After trial membership, save even more—with ONE RECORD FREE (just 25¢ shipping/handling) FOR EVERY RECORD YOU BUY AT DISCOUNT!

with organized crime. In addition, Messick suggests the possibility that the FBI chief, not to mention Roy Cohn, Joe McCarthy and G. David Schine, among others, while not a card-carrying homosexual, is, at a minimum, a fellow traveler. (The closest thing to a heterosexual love affair Hoover ever had, Messick reports, was his affection for Shirley Temple, back when she was a child star.) Messick's "evidence" of the horse-playing Hoover's ties to Syndicate figures consists mostly of documentation that Hoover is guilty of accepting the hospitality of multimillionaires like the Rosenstiels (Schenley's) and the Murchisons, who themselves have done business with racketeers. Messick even gives his theory a geopolitical dimension when he explains that Hoover's right-wing associates opposed Castro because he "tossed the gangsters out of Cuba, closed their casinos and shut down their plush brothels. Syndicate figures like Meyer Lansky lost . . . a gambling empire that had made millions. . . ." Whenever FBI files surface, J. Edgar likes to point out that the gossip and rumor they contain are "raw, unevaluated data" that the FBI neither affirms nor denies. Messick's book contains a lot of "raw, unevaluated data." Too bad Messick had to descend to Hoover's level.

•

Intuition (Doubleday), the latest book by R. Buckminster Fuller, America's major (geodesic) domo, consists of several long "poetic" discourses about the nature of the universe and man's tentative place within it. Unfortunately, it's hard to *feel* the poetry when one encounters such obstacles as, "Their inwardly and outwardly pulsating and rotating 'teeth' / Consist of multifrequenced circumferential and radial waves / Of 56 great-circle subdivisions of spherical unity." Yet what Fuller has to say is always more interesting than the way he says it. Here he's saying, among other things, that intuition, not reason, is at the heart of the scientific process—the "Key to humanity's scientific discoveries, / Technical inventions, / . . . And production realizations." Also, that we ought to rely on our intuition to find answers for such dilemmas as poverty and pollution, instead of seeking purely political solutions. Indeed, Fuller feels most of us are on the wrong track most of the time. Why, he asks patiently, do we keep saying "up" and "down" when what we mean is "out" (from the earth's center) and "in" (toward the same spot)? He postulates that our thoughts, however murky, are actually short waves that we beam outward: "And there is no reason why / The eye-beamed thoughts / Might not someday / Bounce off some other celestial body / . . . And back to earth / By carefully angled beaming"—and thence

To Dad,

This little bottle's here to say
you've made me what I am today.

Your stories of bankers, your stories
of kings, your stories of conglomerates,
they taught me things.

So today I'm rich, today I'm wiser.
But as this gift shows, Dad,
I'm not a miser.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

ABOUT $10 A FIFTH. PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES. 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y

Silva Thins 100's have less "tar" than most Kings, 100's, menthols, non-filters.

And more flavor than all of them.

16 mg. "tar,"
1.1 mg. nicotine.*

Menthol too.

*Filter and Menthol: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71.

into someone's eye, "Whereby the inadvertently receiving human / Thinks he is thinking / A novel and interesting thought." Bucky Fuller is fascinating. Never mind that he doesn't scan.

•

Tired of reading about the sexual exploits of supervirile writers? Then try Dan Greenburg's ***Scoring*** (Doubleday) for a refreshing change of pubic pace. Though it's subtitled *A Sexual Memoir*, the book is as much a chronicle of Greenburg's failures as of his makings out. He doesn't even lose his virginity until halfway through the text. With commendable frankness, Greenburg admits he was "a kid who couldn't get laid till he was 23 and who got nervous and threw up a lot." And when, finally, he did score for the first time, it was only because he was trying to help a girl with vaginismus overcome *her* problem. Having crossed the ruby *con*, Greenburg lets success go to his head in more ways than one. He becomes, by his own admission, a "master cunnilinguist," and the result is a series of passionate affairs that lead, through various stages of ecstasy and disillusion, to the ultimate score—marriage. Greenburg's path is festooned with hilarious scenes and characters—from the incredibly structured nymphet (whom PLAYBOY readers met in our December 1971 issue) to that bane of every Jewish satyr, the frigid *shiksa*. To any man who has experienced the horror of being stopped cold by an inflexible panty girdle, Greenburg's witty memoir will bring back the bad old days.

DINING-DRINKING

While ***The Coach House*** at 110 Waverly Place in Greenwich Village enjoys a great word-of-mouth reputation, it has never attained superstar status. Perhaps that's because *le patron*, Leon Lianides, minds the kitchen instead of courting publicity. Of course, that's also one of the keys to The Coach House's consistent excellence. Another is the fact that The Coach House doesn't overreach. The menu is eclectic, with American specialties heavily represented along with a smattering of French dishes—plus whatever catches Lianides' fancy. Although you can order à la carte or table d'hôte (the listings under each are quite different), most diners opt for the latter. The Black Bean Soup is deservedly renowned. But the star of the appetizer grouping is the Quiche Lorraine. It's rich, yet not dense, accented with herbs and the bite of pepper, in a flaky, buttery crust. One order is enough for two. A showpiece of The Coach House's menu, Mignonettes of Veal, country style, is available on the dinner at $13.75. Following Escoffier's

Why a sports car with front wheel drive makes sense.

Front wheel drive makes a car corner surer and handle better than just about any other kind of driving system there is.

Because the wheels that steer the car around turns are the wheels that pull the car around turns. (The rear wheels push a conventional car forward. So when the front wheels change direction, the rear wheels have a tendency to keep going straight. Which means you're more apt to skid.)

Because of front-wheel drive the Saab Sonett also has better weight distribution, balance, and traction. Therefore, better handling and control through the turns.

And after all, the whole object of driving a sports car is for the pleasure of *driving* a sports car. For the way it behaves and responds.

Each year, more and more cars are built with front wheel drive. (Cadillac Eldorado, Olds Toronado, Citroen, among others, already have it.) But for now, no production sports car in the world has front wheel drive except the Saab Sonett.

But front wheel drive isn't the only thing that separates us from most other cars.

We have a fiberglass body with an anti-corrosion treated bottom. So you'll never have to worry about salty winter roads and rust.

We have a 1.7 liter V-4 engine, that'll take you from 0 to 60 in 11.5 seconds.

We have front disc brakes for quick, fade-free stops, dual built-in roll bars, retractable headlamps...things you can't get with most other cars at any price.

Saab Sonett. $3795.*

*Not including dealer prep., transportation, state and local taxes if any, and optional road lamps as shown. For the name and address of the dealer nearest you, call 800-243-6500 toll free. In Connecticut, call 1-800-882-6500.

Michelin and Uniroyal.

Respectively, the 2 tire companies in the world with the most experience in making

steel-belted radials.

© Uniroyal, Inc.

A superior type of tire, but more difficult to make.

The steel-belted radial is rapidly becoming recognized in the United States as the king of tires.

Not only does it have the superior performance characteristics of a radial tire, but it also offers substantially greater protection against disabling cuts and punctures than fabric-belted tires, because the belts under the tread are made of steel wire.

Other companies are beginning to produce this advanced type of tire. But bear in mind that the steel-belted radial is a more difficult tire to make because steel is a more difficult material to work with than fabric.

Uniroyal has made more than 20 million steel-belted radials in Europe over the past 12 years, and knows how to make them properly.

In fact, the only tire company in the world that has more experience than Uniroyal in making steel-belted radials is our competitor Michelin.

A leading German motor magazine, Auto Zeitung, tested 13 radial tires well-known in Europe. These 3 received the highest ratings:

Tests: (1971)	UNIROYAL 180 (Steel)	MICHELIN zX (Steel)	PIRELLI CF 67 (Fabric)
Safety and Performance:			
Cornering	10	8	6
Wet skid	10	9	6
Handling	10	8	10
Tracking	8	10	9
Braking	8	7	6
Lateral Stability	9	8	5
Overall Response	8	7	7
POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE)	63 (**90**)	57 (**81**)	49 (**70**)
Economy and Comfort:			
Wear (normal driving)	8	10	10
Thereby % Wear	8	10	10
Wear (fast driving)	8	6	7
Rolling Resistance (low speeds)	8	10	9
Rolling Resistance (high speeds)	7	10	9
Availability	6	5	10
Comfort	7	6	7
POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE)	52 (**74**)	57 (**81**)	62 (**89**)
END RESULT	(**164**)	(**162**)	(**159**)
RANKING	**1ST**	**2ND**	**3RD**

The other radial tires tested, their end result and overall ranking, are as follows:

4th, Conti TS 771, steel (158).
5th, Kleber V 10, fabric (147).
6th, Conti TT 714, fabric (137).
6th, Fulda P 25 Rib, fabric (137).
8th, Dunlop Sp 57 F, fabric (136).
9th, Phoenix P 110 Ti, fabric (132).
10th, Bridgestone RD 11, fabric (131).
10th, Metzeler Monza, steel (131).
12th, Metzeler Monza, fabric (130).
13th, Goodyear G 800 Rib, fabric (128).

Uniroyal steel-belted radials are now available in the United States.

We are pleased to be able to tell you that the Uniroyal 180 steel-belted radial—which won first place overall in the Auto Zeitung test—is now available in this country in sizes to fit most of the popular imported 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.

When you go to buy a steel-belted radial, don't let them sell you just a radial tire or a steel-belted tire. It's not the same thing.

Here is how to tell what you're getting. If the dealer tells you it's a "radial tire", you can be pretty sure it's a fabric-belted radial. If he tells you it's a "steel tire," the chances are it's a steel-belted *bias* construction. (That is, a conventional tire, without the performance advantages of a radial.) If it's a steel-belted radial, you can bet your boots he's going to let you know it!

Would you like to know the name of a dealer in your locality where you can get Uniroyal steel-belted radials? Telephone 800-243-6000 anytime, free of charge. In Connecticut, call 1-800-882-6500.

Would you like to get a complete and unabridged English translation of the Auto Zeitung test report, along with three test reports on radial tires that appeared in "Auto Motor und Sport" Magazine of Germany during '69, '70 and '71? Send 25c to Dept. GP2, Uniroyal, Middlebury, Conn. 06749. When you're finished reading this series of reports you'll know what to look for in radial tires.

UNIROYAL

INTRODUCE YOUR BREATH TO NEW BINACA® FROSTY MINT.

ALSO IN REGULAR.

WHEN BINACA IS IN, BAD BREATH IS OUT.

THE MAGIC WORD IN TRAVEL CHEQUES EVERYWHERE

COOKS

Cooks Cheques are like magic — they're welcomed everywhere you go.

Use them just like cash for anything you want to buy — they're good 365 days a year (366 this year).

Remember, lost or stolen cash is gone forever. But magic Cooks Cheques are promptly refunded if lost or stolen.

Issuance charge, only $1 per $100.

Say the magic word in travel cheques, say COOKS. Buy them at Banks, Savings & Loans, Travel Agents or Cooks Offices.

COOKS
TRAVEL CHEQUES
"The Welcome Money"

dictum, thickly sliced, boned veal loin is braised, not roasted, with mushrooms, whole tiny onions and artichoke bottoms, then finished in the oven with whole glazed chestnuts. Another favorite among regulars is Steak au Poivre—prime shell steak impregnated with crackled black peppercorns, quickly pan-grilled, then flamed with cognac and served with a sauce that includes wine, pan juices and shallots. The Duckling with Brandied Cherries is also good and the Rack of Lamb is exemplary. Desserts are merely sensational. The most celebrated finale, *Dacquoise*, is more a confection than a pastry—mocha butter cream immured between thin layers of a nougatine crust. The Coach House's modest wine list is well selected, reasonably priced and ranges from red and white California vintages at about $6 each to such *grands seigneurs* as Mouton Rothschild, La Tache and Richebourg 1962s and 1966s that go for $35–$40, though one would think the 1966s are a bit premature. Reservations are essential (212-777-0303). The Coach House is open for lunch from noon to 2:30 P.M. Tuesday through Friday. Dinner is from 5:30 P.M. to 10 P.M. Tuesday through Saturday; from 4:30 P.M. to 9:30 P.M. Sunday. Closed Monday. Most major credit cards are accepted.

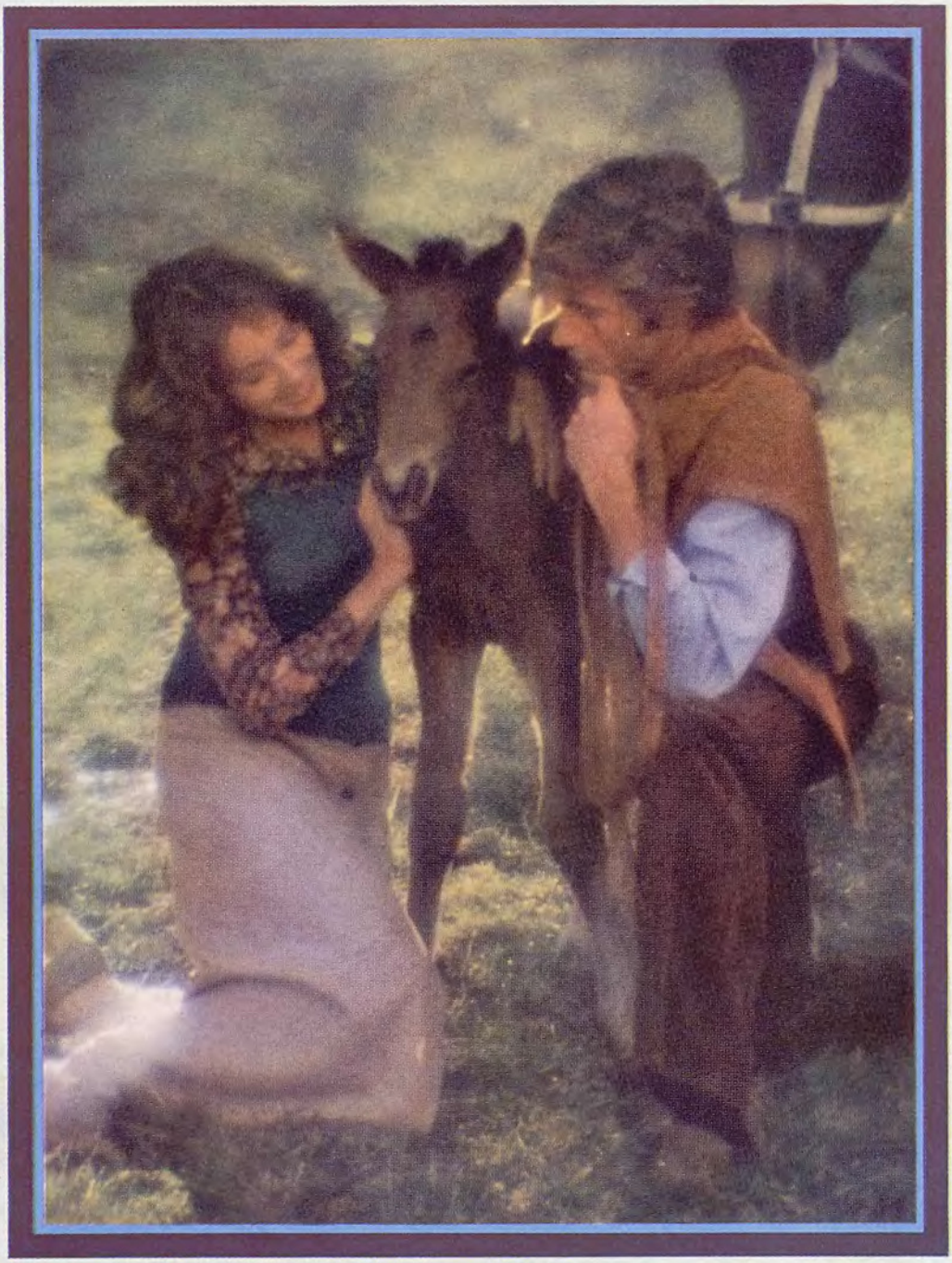
•

Long a fixture in Eastern cities, the eminently civilized custom of spending Sunday morning with a leisurely brunch took root relatively recently at the ***Café Four Oaks*** (2181 N. Beverly Glen Boulevard, Los Angeles), a remodeled 68-year-old inn located in a pastoral, smog-free canyon connecting the San Fernando Valley with West Los Angeles and Holmby Hills. Guests are seated at outdoor tables shaded by tasseled yellow umbrellas on a redwood patio where the aroma of blooming jasmine and pine trees blends with swiftly served cups of steaming coffee laced with cinnamon, a basket of hot *croissants* and heaping scoops of whipped butter. Sympathetic to the presumed overindulgences of the previous night, the waiter gently recites three options that vary each week. On a recent visit, we sampled a delicate finnan haddie, skillfully arranged on half an English muffin surrounded by contiguous mounds of whipped cream, fresh strawberries and brown rice. Other impressive choices were a crusty quiche Lorraine and poached eggs served en casserole, with parmesan cheese, bell peppers and sausage, and topped with a savory blanket of tomato sauce. The brunch is augmented on occasions by a baroque-music ensemble performing in an adjacent arbor. Since diners are seated on a first-come, first-served basis between 10 A.M. and 3 P.M. and the coterie of writers, models and show-business types that frequent the Four Oaks tends to linger, late arrivals are advised to take along the Sunday newspaper to make the wait more tolerable. Licensing restrictions forbid the serving of alcoholic beverages on the patio, but a representative selection is available at the nine airy tables situated inside—where, later in the day (from 6 P.M. to 9:30 P.M.), an estimable $7.50 *prix fixe* dinner is offered in the same informal style. Since only 65 dinners are prepared each night, reservations are essential (213-474-9317). The Café Four Oaks is closed on Sunday and Monday evenings. No credit cards are accepted.

MOVIES

Bad news for the skeptics who predicted that ***The Godfather*** had to be a fiasco. Marlon Brando, of all people, playing the venerable chieftain of the Mafia family celebrated in Mario Puzo's florid best seller? And then all that publicity about a cop-out by Paramount production executives, who cravenly promised not to mention the Mafia by name. Well, doff your hats and stand clear, because Brando as the Godfather is beautiful and the movie itself is the ultimate big-town American gangster epic, a furious implosion of guts, ruthlessness, revenge and treachery. Quite faithfully adapted but notably improved by writer-director Francis Ford Coppola (in collaboration with author Puzo), *The Godfather* is hard as a fist and brilliant to the bitter end, triumphant in every particular—from Nino Rota's nostalgia-tinged music of the Forties to Gordon Willis' superb vintage photography. As for the actors, they are so ideally cast—especially James Caan and Al Pacino as the rising sons of Don Corleone, Richard Castellano as the loyal assassin Clemenza and Robert Duvall as the family's *consigliere*—that the movie's headlong energy never slackens, even during extended periods when Brando is off the screen. When he's on it, he takes over in more ways than one. Aged to look 60, heavily jowled and croaking life-or-death sentences with the weary authority of a patriarch accustomed to instant obedience even when he speaks in a whisper, Brando vividly underplays a role that just about locks up his reputation as the finest American actor, bar none. Yet, good as it is, his performance contributes only what is necessary to *The Godfather*, for director Coppola maintains a rhythmic balance between brutal gangsterism and ironically contrasting domestic scenes with the *mafiosi*, whose private lives are firmly rooted in respect for home, mother and the Catholic Church. There may be complaints that the movie glorifies criminal behavior by stirring admiration for Don Corleone's family of brutes and killers. More often, though, the Italian-American flavor turns poisonous

Promises.
The promise of tomorrow. The fun of today.
Youthful people, youthful ideas, youthful beauty – always in PLAYBOY.
Promise yourself to subscribe today.
And enjoy all the tomorrows.



PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611
Please enter my subscription for:
☐ 1 year $10 (save $3.00 off $13 single-copy price) ☐ 2 years $18 (save $8.00 off $26 single-copy price) ☐ 3 years $24 (save $15.00 off $39 single-copy price)

☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill me later ☐ renewal ☐ new subscription ☐ Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no. ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐

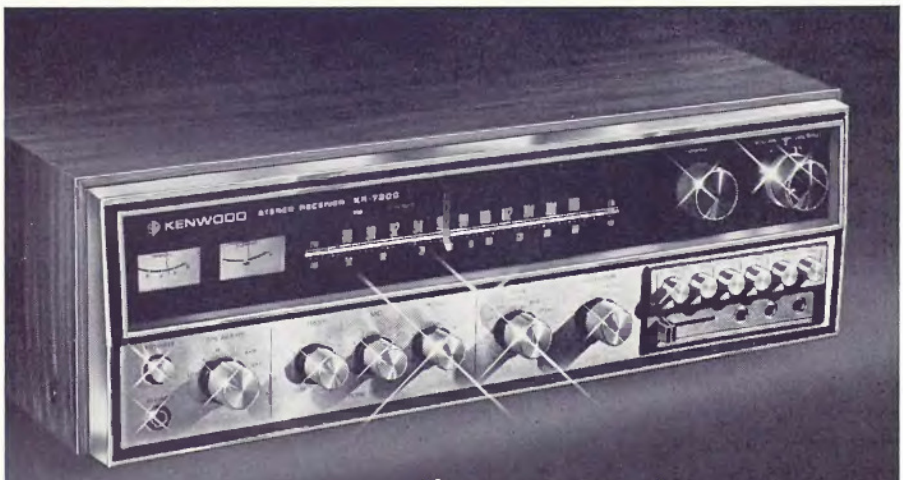
Name _____ Address _____
(please print)
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO only. 7160

Yashica's TL Electro-X isn't just another status symbol.

And that's why you'll want to own it. The TL Electro-X is the world's first fully electronic SLR system camera. The heart of the system is a solid-state electronic brain that times the shutter speeds electronically, measures the light electronically, making it the most accurate and reliable SLR you can buy. Yashica TL Electro-X. It isn't just another status symbol. It's a better camera.

YASHICA
ELECTRONIC CAMERAS...
It's a whole new thing

YASHICA Inc., 50-17 Queens Boulevard, Woodside, New York 11377



the newest
KENWOOD "Super Star"

Introducing the KR-7200, FM/AM Stereo Receiver with 260 watts (IHF) music power; direct-coupled amplifier for deeper bass response and low distortion; a tuner with superb sensitivity (1.6 μV), selectivity (75 dB) and capture ratio (1.5 dB). It's the 'super sound' of KENWOOD with a brand new look!

For complete specifications, write . . .

KENWOOD 15777 So. Broadway, Gardena, Calif. 90248

with truth—as in a remarkable scene at an Apalachin-style meeting of family *capos*, in which Don Corleone and a rival boss, each having lost a cherished son in gang wars, tearfully embrace in the interests of renewed peace and handsome profits. This harsh dramatic portrait of their breed may or may not be accurate, but some of Hollywood's shrewdest professionals have got it all together as a wickedly fascinating legend of our time. Inside stuff on the film and a number of related matters are to be found in Mario Puzo's freewheeling autobiographical ***The Godfather Papers and Other Confessions*** (Putnam).

•

Nearly all the virtues of ***Slaughterhouse-Five*** are traceable to the wit and wild imagination of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. The movie version is best when it sticks close to the original novel or when Czech cinematographer Miroslav Ondricek (who worked on the films of Milos Forman) takes charge, shooting in modern Prague but finding horrific resemblances to the fire-bombed German city of Dresden, where 135,000 people died during World War Two. Billy Pilgrim, the GI hero of *Slaughterhouse*, scarcely needs an introduction to Vonnegut fans. He is a former POW who survives Dresden, marries his dumpy middle-class sweetheart and becomes an upright-uptight prototypical American. His only problem, as he puts it in letters to his local newspaper editor, is that "I have come unstuck in time . . . this morning I was on the planet Tralfamadore." Out in orbit, Billy manages to escape the human condition by living inside a geodesic dome, where he makes it—to wild applause from the cosmos—with a voluptuous movie starlet (Valerie Perrine, seen both on and off the set in last month's PLAYBOY). Despite the vivid wartime vignettes, followed by zesty rest and rehabilitation with Valerie, *Slaughterhouse* itself comes unstuck and seems a curiously disjointed comedy when Stephen Geller's scenario is substituted for Vonnegut's quirky, ultrapersonal prose. As Billy, movie newcomer Michael Sacks is adequate, but not good enough to keep Ron Leibman and Eugene Roche from stealing the limelight more often than they should. What really ails *Slaughterhouse-Five* is that the film almost demands a touch of blazing originality à la Kubrick and just squeaks by in the hands of director George Roy Hill (*Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*), whose sensibility is too prosaic for piloting Vonnegut's flights of inspired madness.

•

Proof positive that horror flicks are big box office can be read in a glance at the credits of ***Tales from the Crypt***, a glossy scream show starring Sir Ralph Richardson as the shrouded old spook

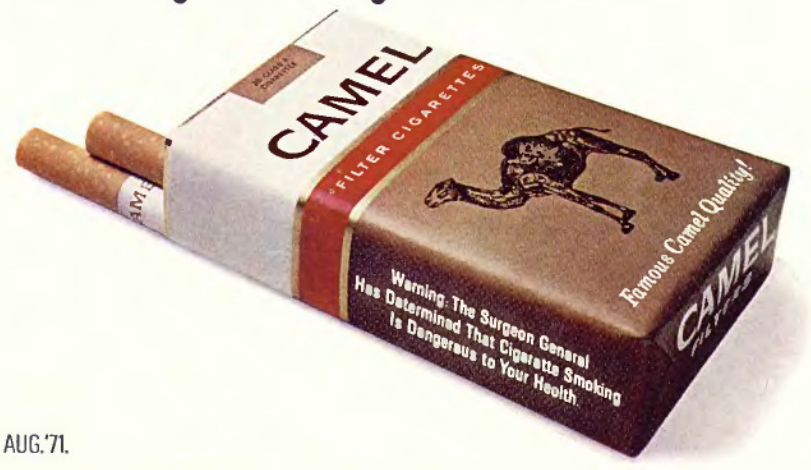
The latest gimmick at Maxine's Massage Parlor is to offer customers her own brand of roll-your-own filter cigarettes.

Now everybody will be smoking Maxine's roll-your-own filter cigarettes ...almost everybody.

©1972 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Camel Filters. They're not for everybody.

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



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

Is Vitabath an aphrodisiac, or what?

People tell us all kinds of things about our Vitabath Gelée.

They tell us Vitabath is an experience — more than a way of getting clean. That it's pure indescribable self-indulgence. That it's moisturizing, smoothing and softening. Refreshing, uninhibiting and inspiring.

Vitabath users tell us they come out of their baths feeling softer and somehow sexier than when they go in.

Make the most of it.

Vitabath Inc. PA
575 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Dear Sirs:
I don't believe in aphrodisiacs. But I would like to try Vitabath. Enclosed is $1.00 for four trial size tubes.

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____
STATE_____ ZIP_____

Also try Vitabath's All Over Body Cologne/ Dusting Powder/Velour Hand and Body Lotion/Bath and Shower Bars

© Vitabath Inc. a subsidiary of Kalvex, Inc.

who portrays your grisly host for an evening of fun and games in the catacombs. There are five tales, all told originally in a series of gory comics published back in the Fifties, before a Congressional committee devised a code of ethics for the genre. Joan Collins, Peter Cushing, Nigel Patrick, Ian Hendry and Patrick Magee have obviously thrown off every restraint, the way they carry on under the direction of Freddie Francis—an old hand at this sort of amiable claptrap and not a man to shrink from the sight of blood. Sir Ralph's guests are forced to witness their own murders by a maniacal Santa Claus, a starved dog and a whimsical ghoul who arrives on Valentine's Day to rip a young man's heart out. Foolish? Well, yes. But *Tales from the Crypt* is presented with a flash of dry wit for onlookers unaccustomed to taking their goose bumps seriously.

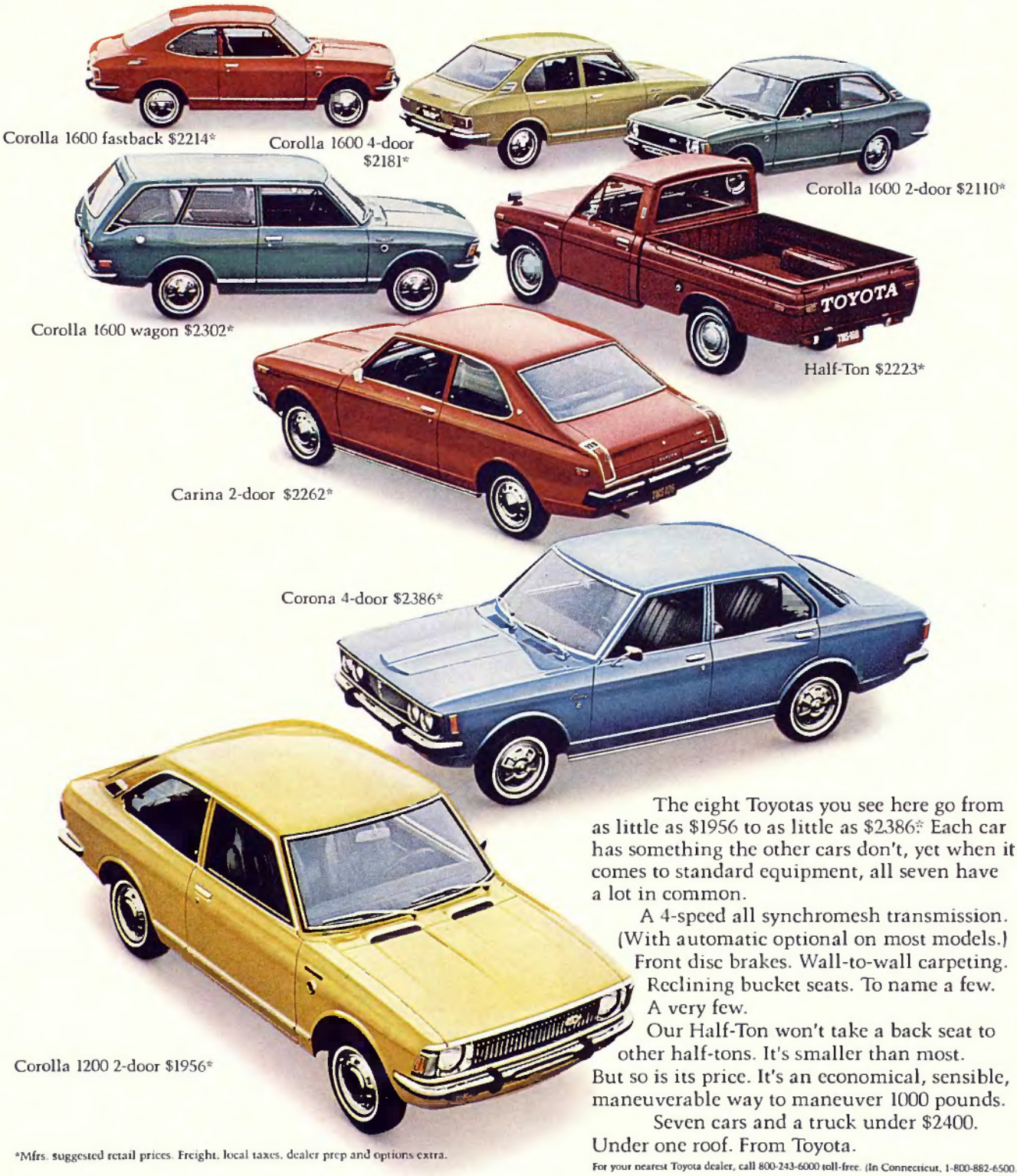
•

Richardson reappears as a slaphappy medium in ***Who Slew Auntie Roo?*** Slithering shrewdly through the material supplied by a battery of three writers, Sir Ralph's manner suggests that he is appearing for charity with a troupe of earnest provincial actors. The nominal star of *Auntie Roo* is Shelley Winters, horribly miscast as the heroine of this quirky English-Gothic thriller about a crazy lady who invites orphans to her gingerbread mansion for Christmas dinner and runs afoul of two young but dangerous innocents (Chloe Franks and *Oliver!*'s Mark Lester, still stubbornly resisting the onset of puberty), who persuade each other that she is the wicked old witch of *Hansel and Gretel*. Sashaying around in crumpled organdy as a dotty recluse, Shelley looks laughable at worst and, at best, projects the desperate energy of a girl gussied up to put on airs as a duchess—though she knows in her heart she was born to play broads.

•

Teaming Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal in a screwball comedy frankly designed to reproduce the brightest comic style of Hollywood in the Thirties sounds like a feasible idea, and now and then it works surprisingly well. But the early rumors that ***What's Up, Doc?*** was the funniest movie in years turn out to be only sad commentaries on what poor comedies we've been getting. Set in a San Francisco hotel, where a studious geologist (O'Neal) from Iowa checks in with his square fiancée—separate rooms—to attend a convention, *Doc* depicts all the ca-razy things that happen when the rock lover tangles with a madcap perennial coed (Streisand) who has been booted out of universities from coast to coast. All the stops are pulled by director Peter Bogdanovich (whose last picture show was *The Last Picture Show*),

We have seven cars and a truck. Each under $2400.



The eight Toyotas you see here go from as little as $1956 to as little as $2386.* Each car has something the other cars don't, yet when it comes to standard equipment, all seven have a lot in common.

A 4-speed all synchromesh transmission. (With automatic optional on most models.) Front disc brakes. Wall-to-wall carpeting. Reclining bucket seats. To name a few. A very few.

Our Half-Ton won't take a back seat to other half-tons. It's smaller than most. But so is its price. It's an economical, sensible, maneuverable way to maneuver 1000 pounds.

Seven cars and a truck under $2400. Under one roof. From Toyota.

For your nearest Toyota dealer, call 800-243-6000 toll-free. (In Connecticut, 1-800-882-6500.)

*Mfrs. suggested retail prices. Freight, local taxes, dealer prep and options extra.

Test price a Toyota.

See how much car your money can buy.

Pay tribute to a legend.

Give him British Sterling. The smashing after shave and cologne that endures. Now strikingly embellished with a free embossed inscription for Dad on Father's Day, or a free "Class of '72" medallion for graduation. Give him British Sterling. Priced from $4.00. So fine a gift it's even sold in jewelry stores.

BRITISH STERLING®

SPEIDEL, A textron COMPANY

a former critic and a fanatical film buff with a yen to remake all his favorite old movies. *Doc* is clearly Bogdanovich's deep bow to Howard Hawks and borrows more than a little from *Bringing Up Baby*, a Hawks classic starring Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. To help him with this authentic antique reproduction—replete with Thirties music and Thirties wisecracks, even though the time appears to be now—Bogdanovich enlisted some top talents, among them cinematographer Laszlo Kovacs and writers Buck Henry, David Newman and Robert Benton. The film's comic climax is a marvelous chase sequence, with Barbra and Ryan piloting a runaway delivery bike through hilly San Francisco—slowed down by several identical plaid valises that contain virtually the entire plot and pursued by cops, jewel thieves, spies, geologists and the long-forgotten fiancée. The rest of the movie is only fitfully amusing, despite the considerable energy expended on noise and pratfalls and tongue-twisting dialog. When O'Neal wins and loses the $20,000 foundation grant that supposedly motivates him, and when his seersucker jacket and his pajama bottoms are torn at an awkward moment, he invites speculation that what *Doc* needed above all was a million-dollar Grant named Cary.

•

The next worst thing to a typical Andy Warhol movie is an imitation Warhol movie, and both kinds—if they are of recent vintage—are apt to include an appearance by Warhol's transvestite superstar Holly Woodlawn, famed for *Trash*. The pseudo-Warhol ***Scarecrow in a Garden of Cucumbers***—written by one Sandra Scoppettone and directed by one Robert J. Kaplan—masquerades as a musical comedy and features Holly as a girl who comes to New York to make it big in show business. Her misadventures are funny for perhaps five minutes. Her name is Eve Harrington, as in *All About Eve*, so in due course she meets a famous actress yclept Margo Channing (who "performs fellatio for $5.95") and also falls in with Mary Poppins (Tally Brown), dirty old men, dirty young men, dirty-mouthed nuns and assorted freaks at Manhattan's Chelsea Hotel. The most cogent criticism of *Scarecrow* can scarcely be topped by Holly himself, who was glimpsed at a press preview of this tacky extravaganza resplendent in white satin and fast asleep on a folding chair. No less soporific is Warhol's own ***Women in Revolt***, wherein Holly shares the limelight with such clean-shaven soul sisters as Candy Darling and Jackie Curtis. For a brief moment at the beginning, *Women* fans one's hopes that Warhol will pull off the ultimate satirical put-down by portraying fanatical women's libbers as what many of them yearn to be—women with penises. But no such luck. Warhol's featured freaks are just another trio of little blue boy-girls on the lunatic fringe of showbiz, acting out their Joan Crawford fantasies as if all the world were a treatment center for advanced aberration.

•

Though Sidney Poitier is a potent presence on the screen, the parts he plays begin to seem more and more alike. His title role in ***Buck and the Preacher*** might be blood kin to his public-defender image as detective Virgil Tibbs: Again, his dark brow blanches whenever he encounters injustice, and he encounters a lot of it as a former Union soldier guiding a wagon train of freed slaves to a new life out West after the Civil War. *Buck*'s modest but distinctive assets finally draw less from Poitier's own performance than from his lively debut as director of the picture (a job he assumed following a dispute about interpretation). As Buck's wife, Broadway's Ruby Dee dominates the screen in a couple of poignant scenes, while Harry Belafonte, as the ne'er-do-well traveling preacher—an opportunist who leeches onto the wagon train in order to exploit his brothers, if he can—conceals his glamor behind snaggly, tobacco-stained teeth and comes through with a very engaging performance, mainly by taking things easy and resisting the temptation to pour forth charm. Lest anyone wonder why two black superstars, in these troubled times, should pool their resources for a conventional shoot-'em-up on hossback, scenarist Ernest Kinoy provides loads of contemporary relevance in confrontations between Indians and lawmen—not to mention fracases with a band of murderous vigilantes hired to drive the darkies back to the cotton fields of Dixie, where they belong. Fact is, the urge to sermonize becomes uncontrollable here and there. But that may be the price of pumping some hot new blood into crowd-pleasing Westerns.

•

Director Tom Gries, a consistently underrated film maker, is in danger of becoming known as the guy who did whatchamacallit a few years ago—*Will Penny*, that neat little Western with Charlton Heston. Yet Gries continues to turn out serious, sensitive, admirable movies that just miss the tricky combination of good luck and good timing by which a solid professional director is elevated to top rank. ***Journey Through Rosebud*** brings out the best in Gries. It has the kind of urgency and underdog sympathy he responds to and is played by a company of fine actors who are just unfamiliar enough to achieve complete conviction. The film's title derives from

LANCERS VIN ROSÉ AND VINHO BRANCO. DINNER WINES. SOLE IMPORTERS, ©1972 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

Lancers® is having a picnic. Join the fun.

Find a special spot. Invite someone you care about. We'll supply The Lancers® Picnic Pack. A $22 value for only $13.95. It includes a spacious basket-weave hamper, four wine cups modeled after the Lancers crock, a twin-lever corkscrew, a special insulator to keep the chill in your Lancers, and a bright red and white checked picnic cloth with 4 matching napkins. Pack everything up with a bottle of Lancers Rosé and a bottle of Lancers new white wine, Vinho Branco, and take off for the not-so-wild-wilds to enjoy the good life.

LANCERS® PICNIC PACK OFFER, P.O. BOX 2050, REIDSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA 27320

☐ The Complete Picnic Pack with 4 wine cups $13.95

☐ Four extra wine cups $3.00

I have checked the number of items I want. Enclosed is my check for $_____ made out to Lancers Picnic Pack.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Make check or money order payable to LANCERS PICNIC PACK. No cash please. Act now. Offer good as long as supply lasts. Void in Kansas, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Tennessee and other states where prohibited. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

Also available in Limited Edition at 101 proof.

90 proof • Star Hill Distilling Co., Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Ky.

the Rosebud Sioux Reservation in South Dakota, where Robert Forster, Kristoffer Tabori and Victoria Racimo join with real Sioux Indians on their own stamping ground to turn out a slight but deeply significant tale of ignorance and official injustice—as seen through the eyes of the red man. To single out a villain from the Bureau of Indian Affairs would have been easy, but Albert Ruben's scenario focuses instead upon a young California hippie (Tabori) who hikes onto the reservation and stays, naïvely imagining that he has found a spiritual home. He finds, at least, one friend in a surly young Sioux (played beautifully by Forster) who has been to Vietnam and back to prove his manhood, but still feels crippled with anger and is compelled to degrade himself in menial jobs. Unconsciously exploiting the outcast Indians as a symbol of his own alienation, the hippie smokes their peace pipes, swings into their ancient tribal dances and ultimately destroys the last remnants of his Indian pal's wounded pride by sleeping with his estranged wife. Few recent films have cut so close to the bone, either as a compassionate essay on the desperation of Indian life or as an incisive critique of America's hung-up, neo-romantic youth.

•

In ***Without Apparent Motive*** (adapted from an Ed McBain "87th Precinct" thriller titled *Ten Plus One*), writer-director Philippe Labro shows casual mastery of the art of adding Gallic flavor to an American-style drama rife with bloodstains, ballistic tests and dogged detective work. Transferring the action to Nice and other spectacularly scenic locations on the Côte d'Azur, he exposes a mess of glamorous women and several dashing men to imminent danger from a sniper—and who could ask for anything more? There is even a cameo appearance by *Love Story* author Erich Segal as an offbeat astrologer, fortunately felled by an assassin's bullet before he gets much chance to act. Otherwise, Dominique Sanda, Stéphane Audran, Carla Gravina, Jean-Louis Trintignant and French pop singer Sacha Distel are among those embroiled in a plot that loses credibility when it turns out that the killer's mysterious motive is to liquidate everyone who participated in a rather unpleasant orgy some years before. But collecting the wages of sin provides *beaucoup* fun and suspense in the French manner. The story has no pious moral whatever, and the performers really know how to perform. Take special note of Trintignant, as detective-inspector Carella, casually undoing a former girlfriend's dress while he interrogates her about one of the dead victims. Or watch Audran (star of *Le Boucher*), who all but steals the show as a glazed party girl trying to explain how one of the countless parties she has attended went from bed to worse.

•

The extra dimension that shows in a movie made as a labor of love touches ***J. W. Coop,*** starring Cliff Robertson, who also wrote, produced and directed (with two collaborators) most of this resonant success story about a modern rodeo cowboy. Rodeo stars loom large among screen heroes these days (for a start, James Coburn in *The Honkers*, Steve McQueen in Sam Peckinpah's forthcoming *Junior Bonner*), but Robertson—who has been beating the bush for a worthwhile role ever since his Oscar-winning performance in *Charly*—can claim a solid achievement whatever the competition. Cliff plays Coop, a rodeo rider sprung from prison after serving ten years for passing a bad check and assaulting a sheriff, and the plot hinges on his personal discovery that the world he knew has been replaced by a success-oriented society in which the only real winner appears to be a rival cowboy with a private plane, a big income from product endorsements and a heavy stock portfolio. Robertson's weaknesses as writer and director produce an occasional lapse into banal art-film effects and a regrettable tendency to editorialize about the ignorance and bigotry of down-home people from California to Texas. Nevertheless, he expresses contagious affection for the tired, transient men who drift from town to town across the desolate landscapes of the American Southwest, and his sympathetic interpretation of the title role is matched by the fine acting of such troupers as Geraldine Page, fussy but affecting as Coop's meandering old mother. Lissome Cristina Ferrare also comes on strong as the hippie who parks her sleeping bag next to Coop's during the early days of his comeback try. Yet much of the film's abundant vitality can be traced to its roster of featured nonprofessionals, notably a passel of real-life broncobusters and circuit riders who speak the shoptalk given to them as if they were inventing it on the spot.

•

A brilliant post-mortem of France under the Nazi Occupation of World War Two, ***The Sorrow and the Pity*** combines rare newsreel clips and snapshots with interviews granted by survivors of that traumatic chapter in French history, focusing chiefly on the industrial city of Clermont-Ferrand, birthplace of the French Resistance in 1942–1943. Amid a flood of images, director Marcel Ophuls (son of the late great French film maker Max Ophuls, best known for *La Ronde*) begins with statesman Pierre Mendès-France, who recalls the era of dangerous innocence before the storm, when Parisian society ladies on a beautification kick planted rosebushes along the

THE TIMEX® QUARTZ WATCH $125.

A micro-computer with over 300 transistors controls its accuracy to within 15 seconds a month.* Only Timex makes a watch this accurate and dependable at this price.

What makes quartz so special?

Quartz is a mineral with unique properties. When it's used in an electronic circuit, quartz will oscillate at a constant rate. This stable quality of oscillation is what makes quartz so special.

There's a quartz crystal in the official time system at the U.S. Naval Observatory.

And there's a quartz crystal inside the TIMEX Quartz Watch.

It splits each second into 49,152 equal parts, enabling the watch to maintain superior accuracy.

How the micro-computer system helps to maintain accuracy.

The quartz crystal is an integral part of a micro-computer system inside the TIMEX Quartz Watch.

This micro-computer system senses any variation in the accuracy of the watch. If the accuracy should vary, the micro-computer system restores the watch to its programmed accuracy.

Why the TIMEX Quartz Watch is so dependable.

The watch is engineered to be as rugged and dependable as you expect a TIMEX to be. And its water-resistant case keeps it protected from moisture, grit and dust.

The TIMEX price.

All quartz watches are more expensive than ours. Their prices range from about $250 to over $2000.

The price of the TIMEX Quartz Watch is $125.

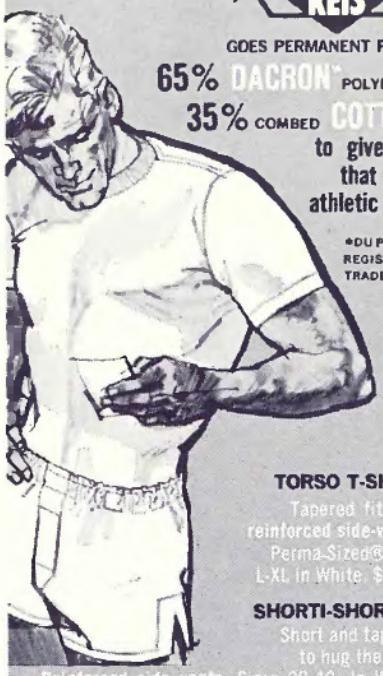
It has always been our tradition to give you the best possible watch for the money. We feel the TIMEX Quartz Watch is a milestone in that tradition.

THE TIMEX® QUARTZ WATCH

MODEL ILLUSTRATED: 976612

* Regulation may be necessary to achieve this accuracy

TAPERED UNDERWEAR
by REIS
GOES PERMANENT PRESS
65% DACRON® POLYESTER
35% COMBED COTTON
to give you that trim athletic look
*DU PONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK



TORSO T-SHIRT
Tapered fit with reinforced side-vents. Perma-Sized® S-M-L-XL in White. $2.00.

SHORTI-SHORT™
Short and tapered to hug the hips. Reinforced side vents. Sizes 28-40. In White, Colors and fashionable Stripes. $1.75

Also BE-KEEN™ BIKINI
100% DuPont stretch Nylon. White, Blue, Gold, Black, Red. S-M-L $1.75.

at your favorite store, or write
ROBERT REIS & CO., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10001

perfect mixer

When there's just the two of you, entertain with the sleek Playboy Cocktails-for-Two Set. Fine for predinner cocktails or a late-date nightcap, the Set is a toast to your good taste . . . a liquid asset for your well-stocked bar. Complete with 16-oz. mixer, stirrer and two glasses, marked with the sign of the Rabbit. Please order by product number MY3020 **$6.** Add 50¢ per item for handling.

Shall we send a gift card in your name? Please send check or money order to: **Playboy Products,** The Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge.

Maginot Line. Hitler and Anthony Eden share screen time with former German officers—one still proudly wearing battle decorations on his daughter's wedding day in 1969—and a Clermont-Ferrand shopkeeper who freely admits having once placed a newspaper ad to assure his customers he wasn't Jewish. A burly local farmer, a Resistance hero who was sent to Buchenwald after a neighbor informed on him, provides telling contrast to wartime newsreel footage of Danielle Darrieux and a bevy of French film stars gaily departing to make movies in Deutschland. One of the most fantastic characters introduced is an English secret agent named Denis Rake, a homosexual who feelingly discusses falling in love with an enemy captain. There are enough heroes and villains paraded here to populate a grand historical novel; the difference is that they are real and alive with human contradictions —less often heroic than self-serving, cynical, fanatic or simply scared. Thanks to flawless editing and his resourcefulness as an interviewer, Ophuls exposes the awful truth about the ways in which people learn to survive and transforms a mountain of research into a work of art. The shortest four-and-a-half-hour documentary ever made.

RECORDINGS

In this day of the country cliché and the bluegrass shuck, it's almost unheard of to find an album that is as musically right as ***Sittin' In*** (Columbia). Kenny Loggins, with Jim Messina and company, has moved beyond countrified rock to something a lot more polished and interesting. Saxes, oboe, steel drums, fiddle, concertina and mouth harp periodically enter into things with such aptness that one can hardly conceive of these songs—all of them inventive and well written—being played differently. Through much of the disc, Loggins and Messina sing together with fine harmonic control; the band plays with a very tight sound, yet it's relaxed. If you've been a nonbeliever, this one should change your feelings about country rock.

•

Everything about Paul Simon's solo album suggests ease and sincerity. Unlike some past Simon and Garfunkel performances, ***Paul Simon*** (Columbia) generally avoids the cryptic, the cute and the catchy for songs of genuine musical power. Paul is at his best in a tune such as *Run That Body Down*, taking a serio-comic detached tone about things, dipping periodically into a relaxed falsetto, clearly getting it off with some of the best musicians in the business, including Jerry Hahn (electric guitar) and Ron Carter (bass). The supporting personnel throughout are superb, even to including Hot Club of France veteran Stephane Grappelli, but it is Simon's production that brings off the special effects of instruments such as bass harmonicas and bottleneck guitars and makes them work. He is becoming a master of such effects, viz., the unison, self-accompanied vocal of *Me and Julio Down by the Schoolyard* and the old-timy sound of *Papa Hobo*. The disc is a joy from beginning to end, because it's both casual and self-assured.

•

Perennial Playboy All-Star guitarist Jim Hall puts all his bona fides on the table with ***. . . Where Would I Be?*** (Milestone). Backed by pianist Benny Aronov, bassist Malcolm Cecil and sensational percussionist Airto Moreira (except on the Cahn-Stordahl-Weston evergreen *I Should Care*, which is a glorious solo performance), Hall demonstrates that overindulgence, overamplification and virtuosity for its own sake are not what guitar playing is all about. Impeccable taste, an unerring ability to produce the right notes at the right time and a little thing called sensitivity, that's The Jim Hall Story—a four-star production.

•

This gawky, improbable-looking guy, friend of Bob Dylan's, George Harrison's, et al., ain't no heavy rock star; he's David Bromberg and he's the freshest, most delightful folk talent we've heard in some time. He takes traditional ballads such as *Dehlia*, rearranges and adapts them to his own excellent taste, writes penetrating lyrics to simple, classic blues, as on *Pine Tree Woman*, and stands you on your ear with wonderfully wry excursions into humor (*The Holdup*, which he co-authored with Harrison). These and more are included in ***David Bromberg*** (Columbia). The high point may well be *Suffer to Sing the Blues*, in which the hero recounts, to suitably hokey accompaniment, a series of incredible setbacks, all ironically justified on the theory that you've got to pay your dues if you want to play the blues.

•

Young, Gifted and Black (Atlantic) is Aretha Franklin's testimony of her new musical image. She has begun the difficult move away from the soul and Gospel singing that have been her trademarks into largely pop material. The result documented here is like no pop singing you ever heard, for it's totally sincere, sometimes very personal, full of musical striving and chance-taking. Aretha's own tunes, such as *Day Dreaming*, are superb and there are four of them. But the interesting thing is her power to reconstitute everything in her own image. The Bacharach-David *April Fools* is given a

rather too cute and intricate arrangement; this doesn't faze Aretha for a minute, as she just naturally dominates it, and the result is richer than could be expected. Elton John's *Border Song* has a different flavor from the original—more reflective, yet filled with Gospel joy. Some of the album doesn't quite make it: Otis Redding's *I've Been Loving You Too Long*, for instance, or *A Brand New Me*, in which Aretha seems straining for an Ella Fitzgerald sound. But when she sings the title tune (for our money, better than the Nina Simone original), no one will doubt her musical assertion: "When you're young, gifted and black, you got your soul intact, and that's a fact."

•

John Prine's lyrics give the listener just about everything that has been missing from folk music since the early Sixties. And that's a feast. His first album, ***John Prine*** (Atlantic)—with a loving liner-note tribute from Kris Kristofferson, who discovered him playing in Chicago—clearly shows his writing talent. One song, *Sam Stone*, is about a Vietnam vet who returns home "with a Purple Heart and a monkey on his back." While the music is for foot tapping, the chorus line keeps repeating, "There's a hole in Daddy's arm where all the money goes." In *Angel from Montgomery*, an old woman looks back, despairingly: "If dreams were lightning and thunder were desire, this old house would have burnt down a long time ago." *Donald and Lydia* will probably be the first masturbation love song to make the charts. Word is that a number of fellow performers, including Dylan, plan to record it. Prine's Kentucky twang is real; his humor, sharp. Get a copy of this album—quick.

•

Sir Adrian Boult's recording of ***A London Symphony*** (Angel), by Ralph Vaughan Williams, splendidly fulfills the promise of its jacket cover, which reproduces a painting of the sprawling capital in all its pre-blitz solidity, the skyline punctuated by ancient church towers instead of concrete office blocks and the whole scene awash in tones of luminous sepia. Vaughan Williams' score is equally radiant and nostalgic. The work may be no great shakes as symphonic architecture, but it succeeds admirably in conveying both the brooding quiet and the jaunty vitality of a great city. The London Philharmonic, under octogenarian Boult, performs the piece with unique authority.

•

If you have any preconceptions about Les McCann's music, forget them. ***Invitation to Openness*** (Atlantic) is McCann Unbound. The three compositions are his and he performs prodigious feats on piano, electric piano and Moog. He also has the services of the incomparable reedman Yusef Lateef and a raft of

What are you waiting for?

You've been meaning to smoke a pipe.

No other smoke gives you the same peace of mind.

No other smoke is as rich, as flavorful or as comforting as a pipe.

Why not start today. After all, what are you waiting for?

KAYWOODIE®
Custom Crafted Pipes
World's finest hand-selected briar. Aged and cured as only Kaywoodie knows how. Hand-shaped, hand-worked to look as good as they smoke. Drinkless fitment condenses moisture, traps tar for smooth, dry smoking. $6.95 to $100.

YELLO-BOLE®
Honey-lined Pipes
No breaking-in. Unique, real-honey-lined bowls give you mild, flavorful smoke from the first pipefull. If you're not completely satisfied, return pipe with sales slip and we'll refund your purchase price. $2.50 to $6.95.

MEDICO®
Filter Pipes
2¼ inch replaceable, absorbent Medico filters trap juices, tars, nicotine keep your mouth clean and cool. Many with guaranteed bite-proof Nylon bits. Pipes: $2.50 to $35. Medico filters (regular, menthol, charcoal) 10 for 15¢.

KAYWOODIE · YELLO-BOLE · MEDICO

For free folders and pipe smoking tips write S. M. Frank & Co., Inc., New York, N.Y. 10022 Dept. PB6

PLAYBOY

Renauld introduces the sunglasses that think for you!

THEY DARKEN, THEY LIGHTEN, automatically as the sun grows brighter or weaker.

Renauld REACT·A·MATIC™ light-adjusting sunglasses

With the exclusive ophthomically ground and polished PHOTOSUN™ lenses by CORNING.

Renauld React-A-Matic sunglasses change with the changing light, smoothly, imperceptibly. Neutral gray lenses won't distort natural color. Vision is always sharp and clear. Your eyes will be fresher, more rested, more comfortable, all day long. And the protective action never wears out.

Styled for men and women $25. to $28.

Oval Aluminaries® shown above

Write for free booklet and the name of the store where you can see a demonstration of the Renauld React-A-Matic Sunglasses.

Renauld International Ltd.
350 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001

top-credentialed rhythm men. But the album's revelation is the complex, delicate subtlety of McCann's musical statements. There is nothing surfacy here. The real Les McCann has stood up.

•

No dubbed-in strings or other contrivances mar the unaffected soul sounds of ***Donny Hathaway Live*** (Atco). The material, etched at New York's Bitter End and L. A.'s Troubadour, includes (among others) Carole King's *You've Got a Friend*, which Donny cut last year with Roberta Flack; John Lennon's *Jealous Guy*, for which Donny switches from electric to acoustic piano; Marvin Gaye's *What's Goin' On?*; and two longish jams, on *The Ghetto* and *Voices Inside (Everything Is Everything)*. Cornell Dupree and Phil Upchurch divide the lead-guitar chores, and Willie Weeks contributes a bass solo that's positively pianistic, trilling his way up the scale, on *Voices*; but the star is Donny, who certainly hath a way with a song and whose ability to sing *and* play puts him, roughly, in a class with Ray Charles and B. B. King.

•

The Staple Singers aren't what they were—success and commercialism have made inroads into their basic sound; their most recent recordings have been embarrassingly overproduced. But they have retained enough of their innate honesty, enough of the nitty-gritty Gospel sound to make ***Bealtitude: Respect Yourself*** (Stax) an LP worth owning. One cut on the album says it all—the lyrics to *I'm Just Another Soldier* are rather maudlin, but in the hands of the Staples they come over straight from the heart. Not a great record, by any means, but the Staples are still one of the best Gospel groups going.

•

Johnny Lytle belongs to that small coterie of current-day vibists who stand head and shoulders above the rest of the pack. A case in point: ***The Soulful Rebel*** (Milestone). Lytle has stayed for the most part firmly attached to roots—*Gunky*, *The Soulful Rebel Suite* (a stunning four-parter) and *Does Anybody Really Know What Time It Is?* all have that earthy quality that has been a Lytle trademark through the years. With Johnny on the session are such stalwarts as bassist Ron Carter, Latin drummer Ray Barretto, a wonderful young guitarist, David Spinozza, Billy Nunn on organ and electric piano, and drummer Jozell Carter.

•

Ry Cooder and this chick are posing in front of a stage-set Thirties candy shop and a 1941 Buick convertible with a flat tire. Which is on the inner sleeve of his new album, ***Into the Purple Valley*** (Reprise), and which you don't get to see until you peel off the cellophane. Which is too bad, because it's such a dynamite idea and would sell a lot of records, since people are so big on nostalgia nowadays. The disc contains music a good deal less jejune and silly than these graphics would suggest; namely, good versions of songs by Leadbelly and Woody Guthrie, traditionals adapted by Ry Cooder (*How Can You Keep On Moving* and *Taxes on the Farmer Feeds Us All*) and a fine bit of irony, *F. D. R. in Trinidad*. Ry Cooder has a lot of talent and has assembled first-class musicians around him. How come he needs all the stage props?

•

Rejoice, there's another Roberta Flack LP. ***Quiet Fire*** (Atlantic) is just that, with Miss Flack ranging from Paul Simon's *Bridge Over Troubled Water* to Gene McDaniels' Gospelish *Sunday and Sister Jones* to Jim Webb's *See You Then* to Carole King's *Will You Love Me Tomorrow?* Roberta's voice and piano are both beautiful instruments; she's done the arrangements herself and she is backed by a superb collection of jazz musicians—Chuck Rainey, Hubert Laws, Grady Tate, Seldon Powell, et al. A marvelous session.

THEATER

The transformation from poem to play of Allen Ginsberg's ***Kaddish*** is not complete. Video-tape projections are used to fill gaps in the narrative. Often these images heighten and counterpoint the excruciating events on stage; sometimes they merely mark time. But whatever category of theater *Kaddish* creates for itself, it's an enormously moving experience. This is the harrowing portrait of Ginsberg's mother, Naomi—fighting despair, "learning" to be mad and finally falling into insanity. It's also the drama of her self-concerned husband and their confused sons—trying to understand and unable to cope. Allen's mother, with her moments of piercing lucidity and of violent paranoia, is larger than life but monumentally human. Even as she swims in and out of asylums, she is full of love and lingering vanity, insisting with girlish innocence that she is "the most beautiful woman in Woodbine." All the actors are fine—but the evening belongs to Marilyn Chris as Naomi. She gives a radiantly painful and poignant performance. The play, first staged at The Chelsea Theater Center, has moved to Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker Street.

•

Remember the late Fifties? Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey do—but not clearly enough. Their rock musical ***Grease***, which began its life in Chicago and has now been produced off-Broadway, is a supposed parody of the Elvis era, when youth floundered between the old repression and the new freedom and adults had not

Cutty Sark comes to New York.

"THE CUTTY SARK IN NEW YORK HARBOR IN 1882" BY A CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ARTIST. FROM THE PRIVATE COLLECTION OF MR. HENRY ALLEN MARK.

South Street today is waking from a sleep of generations. The South Street Seaport Museum has begun to restore this historic area to its original vigor.

Cutty Sark visited New York at least twice in the 1880's. Probably, she tied up among the cream of the clipper fleet below the Brooklyn Bridge at South Street, the "street of ships," which welcomed only the most glamorous vessels and the most exotic cargoes. From one of these visits she made a gale-driven trans-Atlantic passage that claimed a record—ten days from Sandy Hook to the Isle of Wight. Below is her Master that voyage, Capt. J. S. Wallace.

You taste tradition in every sip of Cutty Sark. You taste classic, premium Scots whiskies, astutely blended then allowed to re-mellow for *additional* months. And you taste the reason why Cutty Sark is the Scotch to start with and to stay with. Cutty Sark. It stands alone. You'll know why.

Cutty Sark...the only one of its kind.

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS - NEW YORK, N.Y. - DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND - BLENDED 86 PROOF

Another satisfied customer.

Like a lot of you, Phil here would love an $800 stereo. But things as they are, he shopped around for the best value. And he did just fine, thank you.

He got himself a BSR McDonald RTS-40A component stereo system. The AM/FM multiplex receiver gives him 50 watts of music power and outstanding sensitivity and separation specs. The BSR McDonald 310/X Total Turntable includes a Shure magnetic cartridge, base and dust cover. The SS-2 sealed acoustic two-way air suspension speakers deliver an especially fine bass.

If the RTS-40A sounds good on paper, wait'll you hear it. Send for a free color catalog on all our stereo systems and automatic turntables. BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913.

BSR McDONALD

You can spend more on where you go if you spend less on what you take.

We make inexpensive casual luggage. But we don't make it casually.

It's made of a durable vinyl that you can wash with soap and water. And every piece has extra-strength zippers and double-stitched edges.

Our 8 models of luggage come in 4 colors: strawberry, tourist gold, birchwood and bermuda brown.

You can get the 22" carry-on case for $30 and the 24" pullman case for $35.

And spend the money you don't spend on our luggage on your trip.

American Tourister

American Tourister Casual luggage

©AMERICAN TOURISTER, WARREN, R.I.

yet purloined rock 'n' roll. The show drops the proper names—Kookie, Ricky, Shelley—and the ducktails and the Sandra Dee bobs seem right in period (although it's difficult to believe girls dressed so dumpily). But actions, manners and language veer from the vulgarity of the Dead End Kids to the latter-day cool of the flower children. *Grease* takes place in an urban high school, but it really has no sense of place and only a wavering sense of time. That imprecision is abetted by the fact that the cast looks long out of its teens. Jacobs and Casey have sharper aim with their songs than with their book, perhaps because with early rock it's a short hop from parody to self-parody. *Beauty School Dropout* and *Alone at a Drive-in Movie* are very funny teen wails, the last particularly well moaned by Barry Bostwick as the lanky, finger-snapping hero. He has been deserted in that drive-in by cheerleader Carole Demas, who doesn't do that sort of thing—at least not before the finale, when she suddenly turns flashy and tacky and becomes one of the crowd. *Grease* is both too slick and too shallow. At the Eden, 189 Second Avenue.

•

A suspense drama can sometimes get away with murder. If the play is chilling, one may ignore incredibility. But what do you do with a mystery that manages to be both farfetched and unexciting? Lucille Fletcher's *Sorry, Wrong Number* was an earwitness variation on the theme of the eyewitness to evil who is surrounded by skeptics. In her new play, ***Night Watch,*** an insomniac heiress glimpses a dead body in a tenement across from her rear window and nobody believes her. Her husband and their best friend—a lovely lady house guest—want to ship her off to Switzerland for a sleep cure. The playwright, having nothing to reveal about the three central characters, pads the play with a nosy neighbor, an art-appreciating patrolman, a maid with a bad German accent and a woman psychiatrist who makes house calls. None of these people have anything to do with the plot. The dialog is pregnant with old-movie setups: "Who was he and when did all this happen?" That neurotic heroine grows increasingly tiresome, as does Joan Hackett's performance. In a diversionary move, the set—the living room of a New York town house—turns one notch with every scene, so that by the climax, one faces the window and has a full view of the empty tenement. Suddenly, the playwright springs her single surprise and fools not only the audience but the characters. There is no justification for the trick ending and it demolishes a shaky play. At the Morosco, 217 West 45th Street.

Whatever your plans,
they probably don't include
tire trouble.
Let Firestone put steel between you and tire trouble.
Firestone
500 Steel Belt
the people tire

Benson & Hedges 100's.

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

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

What do you suggest I do about my girlfriend, who has become a Jesus freak? We have dated for many months and love each other, but now—because of her new-found beliefs—she insists that we no longer sleep together. She says that if I wish to bed down with other girls, that's up to me, but I prefer making love to the one I love. How can I convince her to see things my way?—H. C., Atlanta, Georgia.

Short of marrying her, it may not be possible. There is the chance that, with time, she may modify her attitude; but if right now she is dead set against having sexual relations with you because of religious beliefs, we advise you not to press it. The outcome will depend on how long she sticks to her present position and how long you can stick to celibacy.

I've been looking over my wardrobe for spring and would like to add some slacks and a suit. The double knits that some stores have been pushing seem like exceptionally good buys, but before I take the plunge, I'd like to know their advantages and disadvantages compared with traditional weaves. Are they just another fad that will go the way of the Nehru jacket or are they here to stay?—F. M., Kansas City, Kansas.

The double knits are extremely comfortable to wear because the material stretches in every direction, whereas standard woven material stretches only on the bias. In addition, clothing made from double-knit material is wrinkle-free and permanently creased. However, inasmuch as the fabric is made with smooth artificial filaments, it doesn't absorb body moisture very well. Also, in the winter, the smooth filaments do not trap insulating layers of air as do the fuzzier wool and cotton fibers. We doubt that double knits are a fad. The term, incidentally, refers to the fabric itself, which can be tailored in any prevailing style. And the great comfort of double-knit clothing, plus its ability to withstand repeated suitcase packings, makes it a good bet for popularity with people who travel a lot.

My fiancée and I have enjoyed a full sexual relationship for some time now. Recently, however, it seems that one of us has become inadequate. At one time, we enjoyed climax in unison, but now I find it most difficult to hold myself back to wait for her to reach orgasm. It takes some time for me to recover enough to reach a second orgasm for her benefit, and since we each live with our own parents, we usually can't take all the time we like. We feel that the entire act is losing the meaning of love that it originally had and have decided to cease our intimacies until we can find out what's wrong. What can be done to make the sex act perfect?—S. K., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Why bother? Seeking the perfect sex act is a one-way street to frustration and disappointment. Even if you found what you considered a perfect sex act, its repetition would ultimately grow tiresome. Certainly, your search for simultaneous orgasm is self-defeating, primarily because it's so genital and goal oriented. If it occurs, as it has occurred with you and your fiancée, that's fine, but consecutive orgasms are also fine and sometimes sex without orgasm at all can be satisfying. Although you make love under hurried circumstances, there's nothing to prevent your using organs other than your penis —your hands, your mouth, anything at all—to stimulate your fiancée after you've ejaculated. But get your minds off the destination and simply enjoy the trip. It would also be advisable to seek a place away from home where you can both relax, take your time and fully enjoy each other. Take camping or other outings together, use a friend's pad or rent a hotel or motel room and have her visit you for the evening.

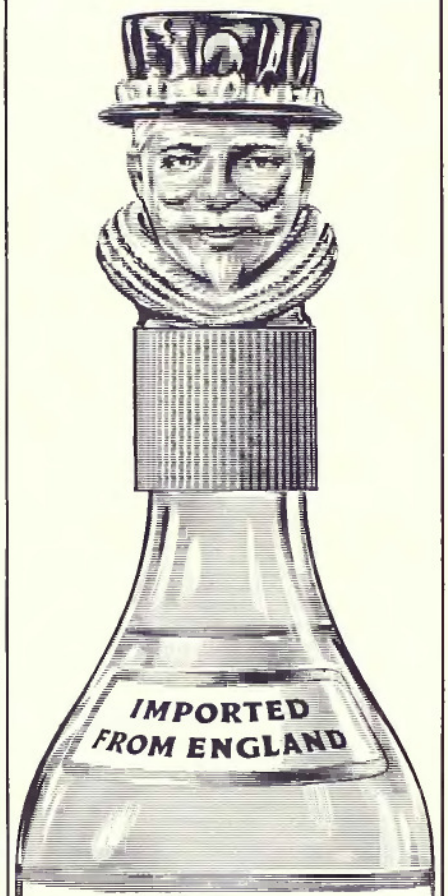
Is it correct to tip an airline stewardess who, upon request, goes out of her way to prepare you a drink or otherwise make you comfortable? If so, what is the expected amount?—F. W., Little Rock, Arkansas.

You don't tip stewardesses. If the service was so exquisite that you can't bear either to let it go unrewarded or, for that matter, to rupture the new relationship, offer to take her to dinner.

When I was out West, I acquired a taste for Coors beer; on arriving home, I was disappointed to discover that it was unavailable. A friend tells me that Coors refuses to ship its product east of the Mississippi. He also claims that it's one of the best-selling beers in the U.S., which I find hard to believe, considering its limited distribution. What's the story on Coors and just how does it rank in sales with other brands?—T. F., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Coors, which has one brewery, in Golden, Colorado, can sell all the beer it makes in its limited distribution area of 11 Western states. Sales statistics are a closely guarded secret of the brewing industry, but the "Alcoholic Beverage Newsletter" published the following sales figures for 1971: Anheuser-Busch (Budweiser, Michelob, Busch Bavarian,

The Beefeater® Pourer



BEEFEATER

Handsome, colorful, hand painted ceramic pourer with new twist-on cap. Made by Wade of England. $1.50 Postpaid.

British Traditions, P.O. Box 4072, Dept. P-6
Grand Central Station, New York 10017
I enclose $1.50 in check or money order for one Beefeater Pourer.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Allow 4 weeks delivery. Offer good only in U.S.A. in states where permissible.

INTRODUCING *FETHERLITE.*

THE MALE CONTRACEPTIVE THAT LETS BOTH OF YOU FEEL MORE.

The thinner a man's contraceptive the more sensitive it is. And the more sensitive it is the more he and his partner are going to feel. When they're making love.

And that's the whole idea behind new Fetherlite.

Thinness. Without sacrificing strength. So you both can feel greater sensitivity.

And to heighten that sensitivity every Fetherlite is coated with a unique semi-dry lubricant called Sensitol.®

We're so sure both of you will like Fetherlite with Sensitol better than the male contraceptive you've been using, we'd like to send you a free booklet that explains the complete Fetherlite story.

New coral colored Fetherlite with Sensitol. You owe it to yourself to try it. And you owe it to her.

For your free Fetherlite booklet send your name, address and zip code to: Julius Schmid, Box 200, 423 W. 55th St., New York, N.Y. 10019.

Sold only in drugstores.

JULIUS SCHMID, INC. MAKERS OF XXXX (FOUREX)®, RAMSES®, SHEIK®, AND OTHER FINE BIRTH CONTROL PRODUCTS.

Air male from Ventura.

Ventura Fast-Paks. The masculine way to get away — quick.
From the Ventura His 'n' Her collection. At better stores exclusively.

For free "Tips on Packing," write Ventura, Dept. P-3, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

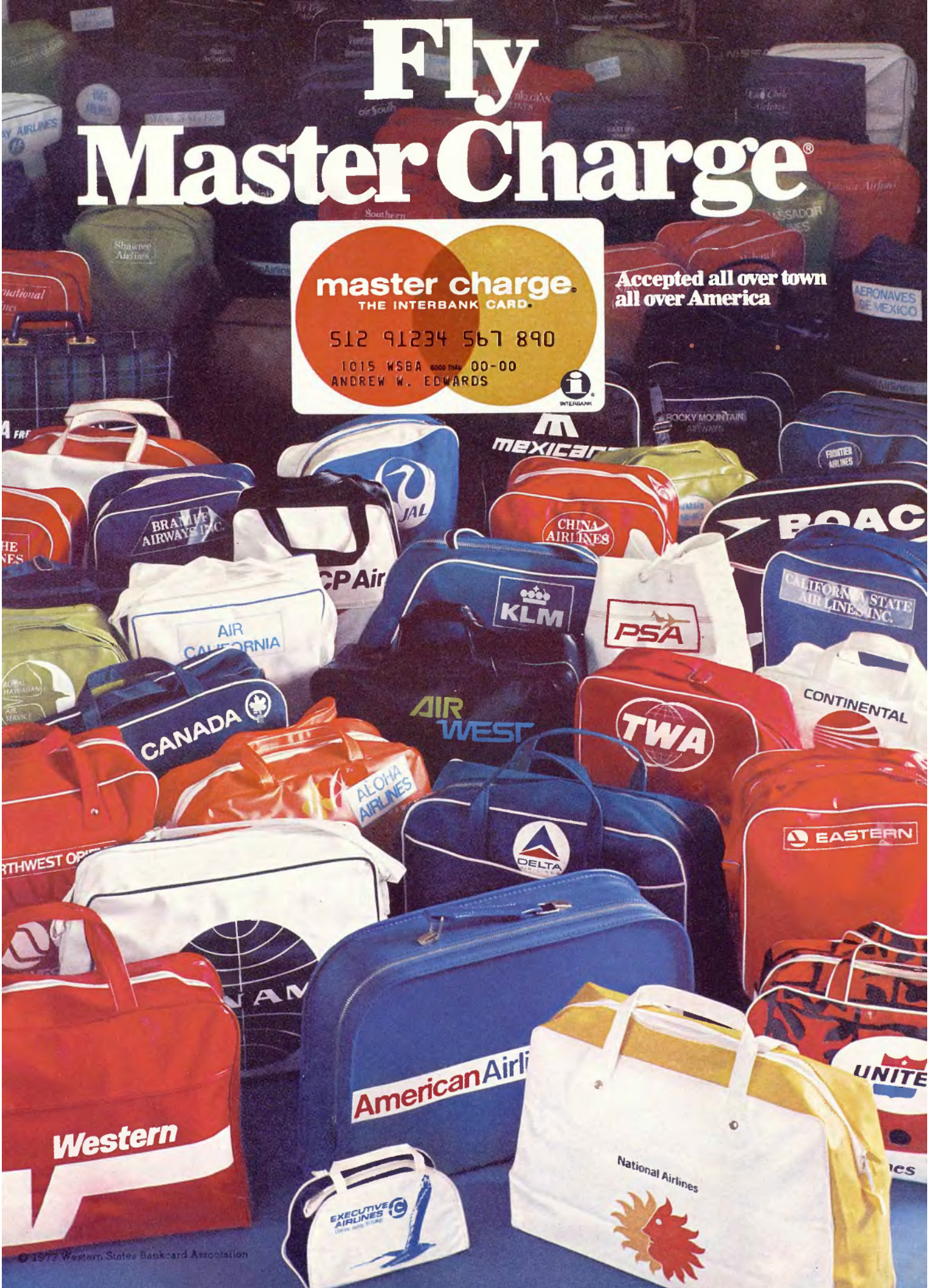
Budweiser Malt Liquor), 21,200,000 barrels; Schlitz (Schlitz, Old Milwaukee, Schlitz Malt Liquor, Encore), 16,700,000; Pabst (Pabst Blue Ribbon, Andeker, Old Tankard Ale, Big Cat Malt Liquor, Red White and Blue), 11,800,000; Adolph Coors (Coors), 8,500,000. By brand, a reasonable guess would make it Budweiser, Schlitz, Pabst Blue Ribbon and Coors, in that order. According to Coors, it has no intention of increasing its distribution area in the near future.

For six months now, I've been dating a wonderful girl here in graduate school. She also has an ex-boyfriend in another city whom she sees occasionally. As undergraduates they almost married, but then he decided to go on to med school and she came here. Lately, he's changed his mind and decided that he's really serious about her. She is less sure, having grown more independent since she's been away from him. Now he's pressuring her to date only him and she doesn't know what to do. I could really go for her, however, I am afraid I would wind up with a broken heart, since the odds makers always favor the old boyfriend. I've done all I could to be nice to her and have fun with her, but I haven't really let her know how I feel about her. She likes me, but I'm not sure how much. What I need is a strategy. Any ideas?—J. P., Los Angeles, California.

A suggested strategy can be drawn from the old saying "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady." If you really like her, let her know it. Her former boyfriend unintentionally helped you get to first base and there's a chance that if he continues to make errors, such as forbidding her to date others, he'll give you additional chances to score.

Bluntly, I get my kicks through drugs—but I'm careful not to overdo it and I stay away from those that are physically addictive. I've noticed that cocaine seems to be getting more popular, though it's expensive and can vary greatly in quality. I've been assured that it's nonaddictive, but is it, really? And what are the real dangers—no bullshit, please—if any, in using it?—D. B., Madison, Wisconsin.

Probably the most expensive of the illegal drugs, cocaine is a white powder derived from the leaves of the South American coca plant. It can be either sniffed or injected; however, sniffing is the more common practice. It's a stimulant of the central nervous system. The user experiences a speedlike high, becomes restless and talkative and frequently feels great strength and intellectual capacity. Cocaine users consider it nonaddictive because there are no withdrawal symptoms (aside from fatigue and depression), but they can, nevertheless, develop great tolerance for it, requiring larger and larger doses to produce the


Fly
MasterCharge®
master charge.
THE INTERBANK CARD.
512 91234 567 890
1015 WSBA 00-00
ANDREW W. EDWARDS
Accepted all over town
all over America
Western
American
National Airlines
EXECUTIVE AIRLINES
EASTERN
CONTINENTAL
TWA
PSA
KLM
CANADA
AIR WEST
ALOHA AIRLINES
DELTA
CHINA AIRLINES
JAL
BRANIFF AIRWAYS INC.
AIR CALIFORNIA
CALIFORNIA STATE AIR LINES INC.
ROCKY MOUNTAIN AIRWAYS
FRONTIER AIRLINES
AERONAVES DE MEXICO
BOAC
UNITE
© 1972 Western States Bankcard Association

Last weekend we went to the beach.

Children's Island, off Marblehead, Mass. It's a YMCA summer camp for over 600 young campers.

It was almost destroyed by savage Northeasters that eroded the beaches and damaged the buildings and waterlines.

The Army Reserve was called in. And the 94th Army Reserve Command and its 368th Engineer Battalion responded by grading the beaches, re-shingling the roofs and patching the waterlines.

In the Army Reserve our job begins at home. We're doing everything we can to make our community and our country a better place to live in.

No matter where we'll be going next weekend. No matter what we'll be doing, we'll be there because we're needed.

Because that's our job.

The Army Reserve
It pays to go to meetings.

Army Reserve Opportunities PL 6-72
P.O. Box 6834, Philadelphia, Pa. 19132
Tell me more about how the Army Reserve pays.

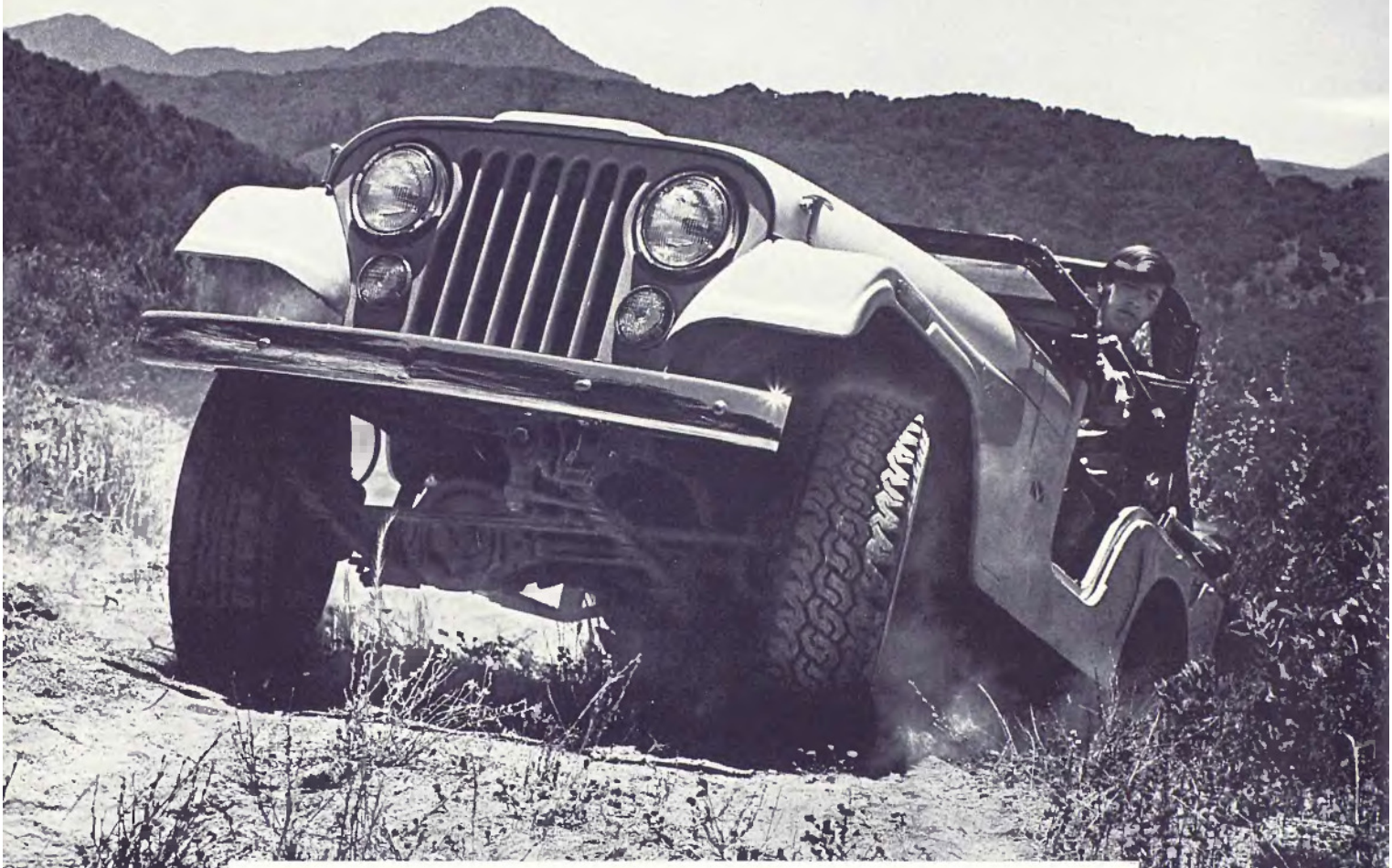
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Phone_____

State_____ Zip_____

For peak performance, now nothing comes close to Jeep® guts.



The Jeep.
It climbs to the top with standard engines even more powerful than before.

The Jeep original climbs like a mountain goat. And no wonder. Now it's got a standard 232 CID 6-cylinder engine to keep on going just about anywhere. And the optional 258 CID 6 and 304 CID V-8 engines are the mightiest we've ever offered. All that extra power will be there when you need it.

But engines aren't the whole story on Jeep guts. We've redesigned the front axle and steering gear to cut 6 feet from the turning diameter. You can turn around so sharply you'll almost meet yourself coming the other way.

Yet this new multi-purpose Jeep vehicle is a couple of inches longer and has a wider track. That improves stability. You've got a 4-wheel drive vehicle you can trust. What's more, the clutch and brakes are bigger. And stronger. So you can go better. And stop better.

Why not stop now at your Jeep dealer? He'll get you going in a Jeep vehicle. To a world ordinary drivers never discover.

Toughest 4-letter word on wheels.

Jeep

Drive your Jeep vehicle with care and keep America the Beautiful.

PHONE-MATE

automatic telephone answering machine

$149.95

A spectacular Father's Day gift!

- **Answers your phone promptly.**
- **Gives the caller your pre-recorded message in your own voice. Change your message whenever and as often as you wish.**
- **Records the incoming message from your caller, accurately and clearly, word for word.**
- **Protects your privacy... let's you hear who's calling, without touching your phone or letting caller know you are there. Great way to screen out unwanted calls from pests, peddlers, pitchmen.**

With Phone-Mate, you will never again miss an important call, or be bothered by phone pests. Your phone will be answered promptly and efficiently when you're busy or unable to answer yourself. Use at your home or office. Perfect for business and professional people, students, busy singles, active housewives...

America's No. 1 seller. More Phone-Mates are purchased each month *than all other makes combined.* Why? Low cost, high reliability, ease of operation.

Hot Line to the factory. Any Phone-Mate owner can call the factory collect for the answer to any question.

Easy to connect and operate. Plugs into ordinary 4-prong telephone extension jack. Or connect yourself following simple instructions. Two knobs control all functions. Compares feature-for-feature with other brands advertised in the Yellow Pages from $250-$500.

Protect your privacy. No need to dash to your phone every time it rings. Let Phone-Mate do your talking. Return calls at your convenience. Protects your home, too, from telephone burglars who look for the *unanswered* phone.

Money back guarantee. Complete satisfaction or return within 10 days for full refund.

SELECT PHONE-MATE AT THESE FINE STORES
or order factory direct with money-back guarantee

Atlanta
Stern's
Citizen's Jewelry
GEX
Baltimore
Hecht's
Birmingham
Loveman's
Boston
Filene's
Jordan Marsh
Charlotte, N.C.
Ivey's
Cincinnati
Shillitos
Swallen's
Cleveland
May Co.
Columbus
Lazarus
Dallas
Sanger-Harris
Dayton
Elder-Beerman
Rike's
Ft. Worth
Leonard's
Hartford
Sage-Allen
Houston
Foley's
Indianapolis
L. S. Ayres
Jacksonville
May-Cohen
Kansas City
Jones Store
Macy's
Long Island
Gertz
Los Angeles
May Co.
Memphis
Goldsmith's
Miami
Burdine's
Minneapolis
Dayton's
Donaldson's
Schaak Electronics
Nashville
Cain-Sloan
New York
Abraham & Straus
Gimbel's
Goldsmith Bros.
Hammacher-Schlemmer
Macy's
Newark
Bamberger's
Oakland
Capwell's
Philadelphia
Wanamaker's
Phoenix
Diamond's
Pittsburgh
Kauffman's
Raleigh
Ivey's
Sacramento
Weinstock's
St. Louis
Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Diego
May Co.
Sears
San Francisco
Emporium
Seattle
Bon Marche
So. Florida
Olson Electronics
Jeffersons
Richards
Tampa
Maas Bros.
Toledo
Lamson's
Tulsa
John A. Brown
Washington, D.C.
Hecht's

TRON-TECH INC
335 Maple Avenue, Torrance, California 90503 ▪ (213) 775-4151

RUSH ORDER BLANK *or call collect (213) 775-4151*

TRON-TECH, INC. 335 Maple Ave., Torrance, California 90503

YES. I want the Phone-Mate automatic telephone answering machine at $149.95 with 10-day unconditional money back guarantee.

☐ I enclose amount in full ☐ Ship C.O.D.
☐ Charge my Account No. _____
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge ☐ Diners Club
☐ American Express

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PL6

same effects, and it is possible to have convulsions and psychoses from heavy use. Longtime sniffers can develop internal bleeding of the nasal passages and perforations of the cartilage between the nostrils; this is due to tissue damage from lack of oxygen, caused by constriction of the nasal blood vessels. Street quality is likely to vary considerably and fraud in street transactions is common. Addiction is only one of many risks to weigh in connection with this and other drugs. No bullshit, coke is a bad trip.

During a heart-to-heart talk, my wife and I each admitted to having had an extramarital love affair of short duration. After a tearful scene, in the course of which we repledged ourselves to each other, we agreed to forget the past. My wife seems comfortable with this, but unfortunately, I've been unable to forget her infidelity. I have a strong desire for revenge against the other man involved and seem unable to resolve the feeling. Can you help me straighten myself out?—J. T., Des Moines, Iowa.

To subscribe to a double standard that makes your wife's indiscretion seem more serious than your own could be dangerous, not only for you personally but for your marriage. Whether you actually wish revenge or whether your sense of pride makes you think you ought to feel this way are moot points, but the fact is that you both have the same right to the same wrong. Historically, efforts to avenge a cuckolding have ranged from the ridiculous to the criminal and we doubt that you want to be laughed at or to go to jail. Forget what's past and, following your wife's example, turn your thoughts to the future.

I'm driving to San Francisco next month for an extended vacation. Everybody I've talked to who knows the city has given me the names of good restaurants, phone numbers of people to call and everything else I'll need to know for an enjoyable stay. But each conversation I've had with a San Franciscan has ended with a warning to be sure my car brakes are in good shape. Are those fabled San Francisco streets really as steep as they say?—R. M., Chicago, Illinois.

Indeed they are. The two steepest blocks among many are Filbert Street between Leavenworth and Hyde and 22nd Street between Church and Vicksburg. Each has a slope of 31.5 percent—meaning there is a vertical drop of 31.5 feet for every 100 feet in length. As your friends suggested, make sure your brakes are in top working order.

In one of the touch-football games that my (admittedly rather literate) co-workers and I play regularly, I called a complicated running play that should have ended in my zigzagging to a touchdown—and would have if I hadn't fumbled beautifully as soon as I got the ball. "Hoist with your own petard," one of the guys on the team said in the subsequent huddle. I managed a weak laugh in agreement, but still don't know what the phrase means. Do *you*?—D. T., Detroit, Michigan.

Sure. The petard, which goes back to ancient times, was a forerunner of artillery. It consisted of a healthy charge of gunpowder inside a bell-shaped container. The poor fellow responsible for setting the apparatus flush against the wall or the gate of an enemy city ran the risk of being blown apart by the short-fused device. In fact, so many were killed that "hoist with his own petard" has for centuries implied disaster caused by one's own weapon or scheme.

What is pressed duck?—A. J., Mesa, Arizona.

A duck that has been cooked or roasted and then had the breast and legs removed. The remaining part of the carcass is sprinkled with red wine and squeezed in a special duck press. The liquid that runs off is made into a sauce and then served with slices of the breast and legs.

My girl recently became pregnant and, for a variety of reasons, has decided to have an abortion. She is understandably nervous about the procedure and both of us wonder what would be the safest time for her to have it.—D. F., New York, New York.

The risks involved, of course, vary from individual to individual. The only rule of thumb we can offer is: the earlier the better. All things considered, the optimum time is before the end of the 12th week of gestation. The period from the 12th to the 15th week is considered quite safe, but the procedure differs and the opportunity for outpatient care is lessened. After the 15th week, the operation is almost always done on an inpatient basis and it requires more complicated methods. Before making plans for the abortion, your girlfriend should have a urine test and a pelvic examination to be sure she's pregnant and to determine how advanced the pregnancy is. Most abortion clinics will not make an appointment without this information, which can be provided by a local Planned Parenthood facility or a private physician.

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

© Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Showroom, 714 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Take-along Stereo.

You don't have to settle for monaural any more when you go to the beach or the park or on a picnic.

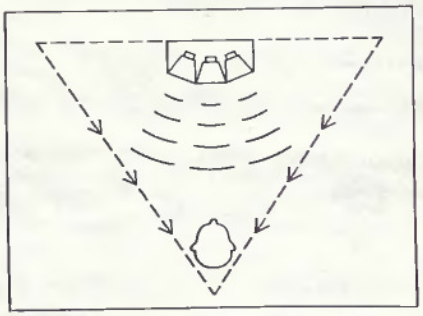
Just take along a Sony MR-9300WA.

It's a portable stereo radio that's as easy to take along as any good monaural, because it weighs less than 6 lbs. with batteries.

And as easy to operate because you don't have to swing out or detach any speakers.

The 9300WA has three speakers, but they're mounted side-by-side inside the radio.

They disperse the sound into the air in front of the radio, eliminating the "hole-in-the-middle" effect, and give you a much fuller sound than is possible from conventional, two-speaker stereo radios.



Why it doesn't need separated speakers to create stereo sound.

Besides three stereo speakers, the all-solid-state 9300WA has FM with AFC to driftproof your station, AM, stereo indicator light, and an AC cord.

Remember, though, it's not the three speakers that make it a great portable stereo radio.

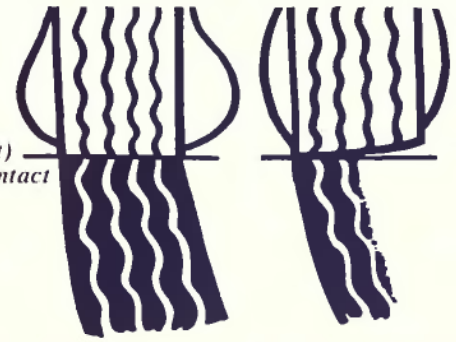
It's the sound.

The SONY® one-piece Portable Stereo Radio

What you should know

First, what are radial tires?

They're very different from the bias-ply tires you're used to. Compare the constructions shown on the right...the direction of the body plies especially. Radial body plies go straight (radially) away from the bead. On other tire types they go at an angle. It makes a big difference.



On curves, the radial (left) gives more contact and traction.

What are their advantages?

Quite a few. For example, the track marks above show one big radial advantage at a glance: *more contact with the road.*

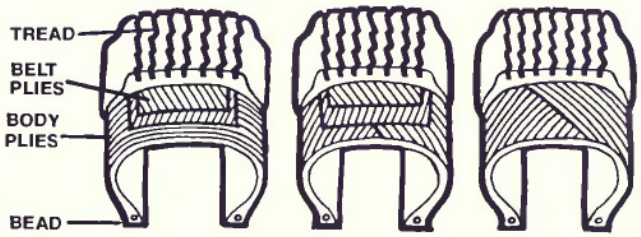
Why? The radial ply sidewalls of the tire *flex*—much more than conventional constructions. Result—the tread won't "lift off" on a turn—it stays on the road. Your car has more stability at high legal speeds; in passing situations; on slippery surfaces.

Now add a tremendous advantage in mileage—long, long mileage—30-35-40,000 miles and better. The belts hold the tread of a radial in a way that limits the "erasing" action—so the tread lasts longer...additionally, the belt and radial plies lower the rolling resistance, and you will get better gas mileage than on bias-ply tires.

Any disadvantages?

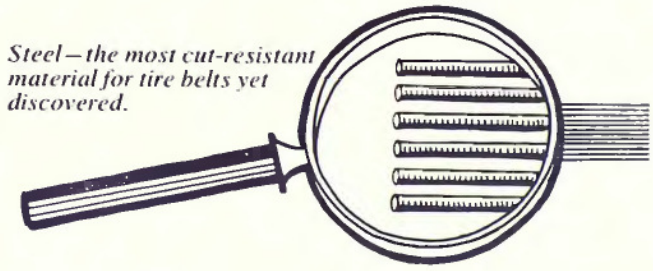
Frankly, yes. At low city speeds, you may feel the bumps a little more—but this is offset by the extra smoothness at turnpike speeds.

Also, because the radial must be built on special complex and expensive equipment, radials cost more.



Which cord is best?

Rayon makes fine tires but lacks nylon's strength. *Nylon* is very strong but flat-spots when cooling. *Fiberglass* is light, strong, doesn't stretch—great for belts and maybe someday for the body. *Polyester* provides the smooth ride of rayon with increased strength. *Steel* is most expensive, but very strong and resistant to cuts—ideal for belts.



Steel—the most cut-resistant material for tire belts yet discovered.

How much do radials cost?

Expect to pay $50 to $90 each depending on size. They cost more than conventional tires, but on a *per mile* basis, they're cheaper. Driving 1,000 miles on a standard-size bias-ply tire costs about $1.85; a radial about $1.60 per 1,000 miles. Your General Tire retailer can estimate comparative mileage costs for *your* car.

Who should buy radial tires?

Putting radials on a car you intend to keep for a while will save money in the long run. But anyone interested in a smooth turnpike ride, excellent steering control and cornering traction will also want radials regardless.

about Radial Tires.

What you should know about the

General Dual-Steel Radial™

Now that you know why a *regular* radial can give you so much, imagine what you'd get from our radial with two *steel* belts in it. We've built our new *General Dual-Steel Radial* with the uncompromising *quality* of the famous General Dual-90®... a combination that lets us *guarantee* our Dual-Steel Radial for 40,000 miles.

DUAL-STEEL RADIAL™ WARRANTY INCLUDING
40,000-MILE TREADWEAR GUARANTEE

If any new General Dual-Steel Radial tire in normal passenger car use:

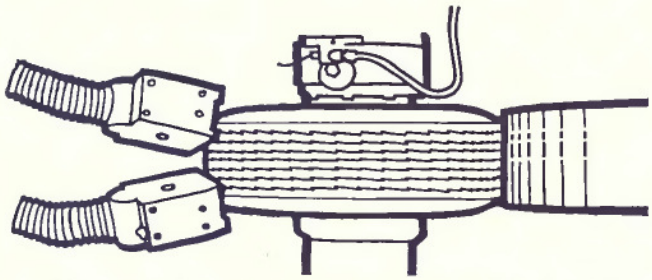
(1) wears down to 2/32" tread depth before delivering 40,000 odometer miles, purchaser will receive, at our option, replacement credit or cash refund equal to the per cent of mileage not delivered.

(2) fails before wearing down to 2/32" tread depth (repairable punctures excluded) purchaser will receive, at our option, replacement credit or cash refund equal to the per cent of tread depth remaining.

Claim must be made by original purchaser to an authorized General Tire retailer, and credits or refunds will be computed on the pre-determined price, which approximates the usual selling price, shown on purchaser's Guarantee Record. Premature wear-out or tire failure resulting from improper mounting, running flat or underinflated, defective rim, wheel misalignment, bad shocks or brakes, or other similar defect, will void this Guarantee. Guarantee not applicable to tires branded "Blem".

The first *polyester and steel radial delivered for Detroit's new prestige cars.*

There's something else you should know about our radial. It's quiet. It should be, because it's *Calibrated*®... a General Tire exclusive. It's designed for *American* cars, proved by our tests to be quieter-running than the most popular European brand.



Calibrated... computer-processed for smooth ride.

Your General Tire retailer is receiving Dual-Steel Radial tires now. Check him for your size ...and join our safe-driver customers for 40,000 miles... guaranteed.

Safe-Driver Discount Program for 16-21 Year Olds

If you're a 16-21 year old driver... or know one ...ask about the General Tire safety-savings discount program good on purchase of tires, auto service and accessories at your General Tire retailer now.

The safe-driver tire company.

MG MIDGET
It's a lot of sports car for a little price.

These days you don't have to look very far to find a small, economical car.

But to find one that's economical *and* a pure-bred, SCCA-winning *sports* car—well, that leaves you a choice of about one.

MG Midget.

Just the right size for you, your friend and enough gear to see you through a weekend.

You'll discover that the real meaning of "sports motoring" has nothing to do with ¼-mile strips at abandoned airports.

It has to do with roads that take to the hills where the scenery and fresh air are. Roads that turn and twist and meander down the other side, faithful to the contours of nature.

That's where terms like rack-and-pinion steering, front disc brakes, race-seasoned suspension and a close-ratio 4-speed gearbox, start making sense to the uninitiated.

And you'll wonder how you ever drove without full sports car instrumentation: an electric tachometer, separate gauges for oil pressure, water temperature and fuel level. There's even a trip odometer.

MG Midget sports other standards like a 1275 c.c. overhead valve engine, mag-style wheels, radial-ply tires, leather steering wheel cover, reclining bucket seats, full carpeting and three-blade windshield wipers.

What do you pay for this small economical sports car? Of all the proven winners now in national SCCA sports car racing, it's the one with the lowest price tag.

A little for a lot of sports car.

For the name of your nearest Austin MG dealer and for information about overseas delivery, dial (800) 631-1972. In New Jersey dial (800) 962-2803. Calls are toll-free.

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N. J. 07605

MG. The sports car America loved first.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

PURITANISM IN OUTER SPACE

The Puritan mentality is alive and flourishing in the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. The space probe that is now on its way to Jupiter and beyond carries, among other things, a plaque with symbols telling when and from where it was launched and what kind of people sent it; the last is indicated by drawings of a naked man and woman. These drawings, however, have been censored; NASA complained that the original drawing of the woman was too explicit, and the artists had to "tone down considerably" the final rendition. Does NASA really believe that whoever might find the probe will have any idea what prurient interest is?

If NASA must have its way in this sort of thing, there remains one addition to be incorporated into future drawings, so that any extrasolar finder may get a truer over-all picture of both the physical and mental make-up of the human race: The noses of the humans should be painted blue.

Paul E. Miller
Falls Church, Virginia

BOOB MENACE

Here in Columbus, a go-go dancer was arrested for exposing her breasts during a performance; she got a 30-day suspended sentence and a $100 fine. A man convicted of driving a motor vehicle while under the influence of alcohol got 24 hours in jail, no fine and $11 court costs.

While an intoxicated driver is known to be highly dangerous, I never heard of anyone being hurt by an exposed boob. Unless, of course, it happens to be on the bench.

James Ayers
Columbus, Ohio

GINZBURG GOES TO JAIL

I have long objected to PLAYBOY and what it seems to stand for in this country. It was gratifying to me to see your essential hypocrisy exposed in the February 28 issue of *New York* magazine, in an article by Robert Stein, which lamented the jailing of Ralph Ginzburg:

> For Ginzburg, the sexual revolution has led to jail. For Hugh Hefner, say, founder of PLAYBOY, it has led to a fortune—$155,000,000 at last count. . . .

Hefner's interminable installments of *The Playboy Philosophy* of sexual freedom have often served as texts for clergymen's sermons, but Hefner himself has been less than assiduous in defending Ginzburg's right to similar expression. Beyond subsidizing one advertisement six years ago protesting the *Eros* decision, Hefner has been silent. Last summer, the Playboy Foundation considered an appeal to contribute to advertising for Ginzburg and finally declined. Earlier this month, the Foundation was not returning phone calls from his supporters.

Bravo for *New York* for zeroing in on PLAYBOY. Like your chosen symbol, the Rabbit, you're greedy for sex but afraid of a fight.

Harold Smith
New York, New York

You and New York *are barking at the wrong Rabbit. Hefner has been far from silent. The day Ginzburg was jailed, Hefner made the following statement:*

> *The conviction and incarceration of Ralph Ginzburg recall the wisdom and warning of Justice Louis Brandeis. In 1928, he said: "Experience should teach us to be on our guard to protect liberty when the government's purposes are beneficent. The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachments by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding." The sustaining of Mr. Ginzburg's conviction by the Supreme Court is an anachronism and a tragic abrogation of First Amendment freedoms. The true "victim" in Mr. Ginzburg's case is, unfortunately, the Bill of Rights itself.*

This statement appeared in a full-page advertisement in The New York Times *protesting Ginzburg's jailing, sponsored by the Committee for a Free Press. The Playboy Foundation was the largest single donor to the cost of the advertisement. Ralph Ginzburg is no stranger to* PLAYBOY*'s pages, having participated in "The Playboy Panel: Sex and Censorship in Literature and the Arts" (July 1961) and having been the subject of the "Playboy Interview" in July 1966, immediately after the U. S. Supreme Court upheld his obscenity conviction. Since then, letters in "The Playboy Forum" and items in "Forum*

Newsfront" have kept PLAYBOY *readers aware of Ginzburg's struggle for freedom. When Ginzburg had used up all possible avenues of appeal and his imprisonment became inevitable, "The Playboy Forum" (October 1971) published a letter reviewing the case from novelist Sloan Wilson, who has been one of Ginzburg's chief supporters. As for the charge that the Foundation has been incommunicado, a letter to* New York*'s editor and publisher, Clay Felker, from Michael Demarest, editor in chief of Ginzburg's newsletter, "Moneysworth," points out, "We at least have had no trouble, at any time whatsoever, reaching* PLAYBOY, *Hefner or the Foundation. (Nor has Sloan Wilson.) Hefner and the Foundation have been consistently accessible, sympathetic and generous." It's sad that* New York*'s condemnation of Ginzburg's unjust persecution and punishment should have been marred by an unfair and unverified sideswipe at* PLAYBOY.

PUBIC OPINION

I read with interest the letter in the February *Playboy Forum* concerning the fact that PLAYBOY now publishes photographs of girls who are actually human (i.e., have pubic hair) and that the letter writer felt he must remove the magazine from his coffee table because children should not be exposed to that sort of thing. For years, the only serious complaint I had about your pictorials was that they contained photographs of unreal people.

We don't have a coffee table, but the magazines in our house clutter every corner and PLAYBOY will always remain available.

Joan H. Sutter
Washington, D. C.

BERATING THE RATINGS

Not long ago, I accompanied my husband to a drive-in to see a double feature of motorcycle movies. Around us were cars filled with kids who were brought along by parents either too dense or too broke to get a baby sitter. In one film, amid the violence, broken bones and innuendoes was a rather nasty torture and rape-murder. However, the people who rate movies—the ones who gave *Blow-up* an X—evidently didn't consider this one unsuitable for the little ones, since it was rated GP.

Melanie Blackwood
South Bound Brook, New Jersey

SKINNY-DIPPING

During a few months spent in the vacation area of the Russian River and the adjacent California seacoast, I enjoyed myself by nude swimming and nude sun-bathing. I also discovered, to my disappointment, the plethora of laws and punishments designed to control nudists. Why does the sight of the human body outrage so many people?

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

BIRTH-CONTROL VICTORY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*The U. S. Supreme Court has ruled that state laws regulating contraceptives cannot discriminate against single persons. The decision struck down the Massachusetts law and voids the conviction of birth-control crusader William R. Baird, who was arrested for giving an unmarried coed a packet of vaginal foam during a lecture at Boston University in 1967. Baird's appeal was supported by the Playboy Foundation. Only Wisconsin has a similarly discriminating statute, but the decision could trigger legal challenges of restrictive contraceptive laws in a number of other states. In the Court's opinion in the Baird case, Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., wrote, "If the right of privacy means anything, it is the right of the individual, married or single, to be free from unwarranted governmental intrusion into matters so fundamentally affecting a person as the decision whether to bear or beget a child."*

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE . . .

KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYSIA—*The national family-planning agency happily announced that many rural Malaysian husbands had been sold on the benefits of vasectomy; then it unhappily announced that many rural Malaysian wives were becoming pregnant, anyway. It seems the women understood that the purpose of the operation was to protect them against pregnancy, but did not understand that the protection was nontransferable.*

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING

QUIRIHUE, CHILE—*Local farmers and their wives have gone on a sex strike in an effort to embarrass authorities into hiring a doctor for their community hospital. One farmer explained that the hospital had been without a physician for three months, and "we have stopped having sexual relations in order to demonstrate our problem to the whole world."*

THE NAKED TRUTH

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Police.
Police who?
Police answer these questions.

LOS ANGELES—*A psychologist has polled a cross section of Californians on their feelings toward pornography and his results strongly contradict those of earlier surveys conducted by the police. One widely publicized police study proclaimed that 98 percent of the public favored government restrictions on nude night-club acts and on films and publications depicting sex or nudity. However, Dr. Stanley Fitch of El Camino College found that only 36 percent wanted such legislation, and among the 18-to-30 age group the figure was a low 12.9 percent. Dr. Fitch attributed the differences to the previous polling techniques. "I do not wish to appear to be anti-police," he said, "but one reason I did my survey is that when the police do a survey they identify themselves as police officers." The psychologist felt that this might somehow bias a citizen's answer.*

POLICE BRUTALITY

INDIANAPOLIS—*Two city policemen appear to be performing above and beyond the call of duty, judging from a report in* The Indianapolis Star. *Columnist Thomas R. Keating writes that the two have been observing the patrons who enter a local brothel and then leaving them the following note on their car windshields: "Does your wife know where you are . . . ? Well, she does now. We've notified her."*

BACK TO THE BEAT

LOS ANGELES—*Citing time and money wasted by police in arresting nude performers, a superior-court judge has issued a sweeping order that may halt further prosecutions under the city's 12 ordinances prohibiting nude dancing in night clubs. The order was handed down after an attorney sued the city to stop authorities from devoting taxpayers' money to arrests and prosecutions that rarely result in convictions now that the state supreme court has ruled that nude dancing itself is protected by the First Amendment. Unless reversed on appeal, the injunction against further prosecutions will remain in effect until tested in a specific case, wherein it could be denied or made permanent.*

In an earlier case, the California court of appeals upheld the conviction of two performers whose "Dance of Love" concluded with actual intercourse on stage. Both were sentenced to 500 days in jail, and the bar owners each received an 18-month jail sentence and a $625 fine. The attorney for the four said he would appeal to the state supreme court.

BACK TO THE PARTY

LANSING, MICHIGAN—*A 22-year-old man has been spared a three-to-five-year prison sentence he had received for fornicating with a consenting female at a drinking party. The Michigan court of appeals*

ruled that sexual intercourse, even in the presence of others, was not a violation of the state's "gross indecency" statute under which he had been convicted. The court noted that the law did not define gross indecency and decided that any such crime would have to be "determined by the nature of the act and is not predicated on whether it is in public or private."

THE SHOW THAT WENT ON

DENVER—*Responding to a lawyer's complaint, Denver police have agreed to confine their picture taking of nude dancers to the strip joints in which they make their arrests. According to the lawyer, the vice-squad men were taking pictures of the strippers in action, arresting them for indecency, then making them strip nude before an appreciative audience of fellow cops at the station for regular police photos. A vice-squad officer said he was only following orders and, besides, "We've been real decent with these gals."*

EQUAL NONPROTECTION

SACRAMENTO—*Arguing that California's present anti-swearing law is sexist and demeaning, a state legislator has introduced a bill that would permit the use of vulgar language in the presence of women. Assemblyman Jim Keysor said that children should continue to be protected against the foulmouthed, but women shouldn't be, and stated that in his own home his wife did most of the swearing.*

FOUR-LETTER EUPHEMISM

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND—*Germaine Greer, espousing female equality during a public debate, used the word fuck and was fined $40 by an Auckland magistrate. Outside the court, a crowd of demonstrators chanted the same offending word that United Press International, in a moment of confusion, described as "a euphemism for intercourse."*

CAMPUS COUNTERINTELLIGENCE

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS—*The student senate of the University of Massachusetts, striking back at police undercover activity on campus, voted 32 to 16 to compile a portfolio of pictures and information on known police informants and to release it to the university community. Supporters of the action said that police undercover work had created "an atmosphere of suspicion and mistrust on campus."*

EXTREME MEASURES

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*The Internal Revenue Service reportedly is going after radicals with the same weapon it once used to nail Al Capone—charges of income-tax evasion. Without specifying which groups or individuals are targeted, an IRS spokesman said that "because of the way some of these people [extremists] behave in their everyday affairs, it's reasonable to believe some of them may be violating the tax laws."*

THE MAD BOMBERS

SACRAMENTO—*Another revolutionary concept seems to have been co-opted into the regular social order. California's Bomb Data Analysis Center reports that of 1084 bombing and fire-bombing incidents last year, only about five percent was politically motivated; the rest was the work of "copycat" crackpots and hostile characters with personal grudges. Colleges, banks and military installations were attacked least often. The most common target was the private home and the most common motives were "marital rifts, pranks, malicious mischief, vandalism and profit."*

POT ISSUE BOILING

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*The first Federal bills to remove criminal penalties for simple marijuana possession have been introduced in both houses of Congress, cosponsored by a number of prominent U. S. Senators and Representatives. Introduction of the bills followed the formal release of the report of the national drug commission, which recommended "decriminalization" of pot. President Nixon rejected the recommendation.*

Support for drug-law reform has been expressed by most of the Democratic candidates for President. Of ten announced candidates responding to a questionnaire sent by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), only Los Angeles mayor Sam Yorty went on record as opposing such a change. Three candidates, Representative Shirley Chisholm, former Senator Eugene McCarthy and Dr. Benjamin Spock, favored complete legalization of marijuana under some system of Government control, and Senator George McGovern indicated that he would at least consider such a move. The only candidates who did not respond to the questionnaire were Governor George Wallace, Representative Wilbur Mills and Senator Henry Jackson.

Meanwhile, organizations in five states are collecting voter signatures in hopes of getting the marijuana issue on the ballot for the November general elections. Voter-initiative campaigns are being sponsored in Arizona by NORML, in Alaska by the Cannabis Law Reform Committee, in the state of Washington by the Basic Liberation of Smokers and Sympathizers of Marijuana (BLOSSOM), in California by the California Marijuana Initiative and in Oregon by Marijuana Education for Legalization in Oregon (see letters in this month's "Playboy Forum").

Why do the authorities so readily support these people? It makes me mad to think that in my own country I have to tread as cautiously as an anthropologist among taboo-ridden savages.

S. K. Rossiter
Petaluma, California

BOOKJACKERS

At John F. Kennedy International Airport in New York, on my return from a brief visit to the Netherlands, I submitted to Customs inspection. In my luggage was a sex-education book in Dutch, which I read and speak, containing 95 photographic depictions of human sexual coupling. Titled *Love*, the book was very tastefully illustrated and beautifully written and did not portray or describe any unusual or illegal sex acts or pay unusual attention to the genitalia. Nevertheless, it was taken from me and I was detained by Customs agents. Six of them, who apparently had nothing better to do, decided they all needed to examine the book. If I ever saw prurient interest dwindle quickly, it was when these men thumbing through *Love* found that it did *not* depict any unusual sexual behavior.

The Customs receipt that I was given for the book read, "One package pornography." Subsequently, the Customs Bureau asked by letter for my assent to administrative forfeiture of the volume, which I declined. I believe that no Customs agent is qualified to decide whether or not a work is obscene; U. S. courts have consistently held this to be a most difficult point to determine. I intend to use all legal means to secure return of my book.

H. G. Merison
Tonawanda, New York

MARIJUANA-REFORM PLANK

The March *Forum Newsfront* mentions that the platform of social and legal reforms proposed in our campaign for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Iowa includes legalization of marijuana. I want to impress on the public that this is not a major priority; the priority issues are the funding of the various public-assistance programs in Iowa at 100 percent of minimal need, the passage of a progressive income-tax structure that would provide property-tax relief and the removal of special-interest control of regulatory agencies. The philosophy of our campaign is based on the idea of people over things rather than things over people.

I made my statement with the knowledge that marijuana-law reform is not a popular position among the voters of Iowa, but I feel it important that I deal honestly with every issue. I stated that I was unable to find any scientific or medical justification for the current criminal sanctions on marijuana use. The issue is not whether people should smoke

marijuana but what response society should make if they do. Clearly, the response of treating marijuana users as criminals has been a costly failure. Marijuana must ultimately be placed under state regulation, perhaps in a manner similar to alcohol, in order to remove it from the hands of those who sell truly dangerous addicting drugs and to assure standardized strength and purity.

Because my campaign for governor offers a social-reform program that challenges the privileged positions of the rich, the corporations and other special-interest power groups, we have built our organization around volunteer workers and small financial contributions.

John Tapscott
State Senator
Des Moines, Iowa

MARIJUANA ON THE BALLOT

MELO, Marijuana Education for Legalization in Oregon, is a group of interested citizens who are committed to collecting approximately 80,000 signatures throughout the state for an initiative petition. If we succeed in getting the signatures by July seventh, then the voters of Oregon will decide for themselves on November seventh whether or not the possession and use of marijuana should be a criminal offense under state law.

In the few weeks we've been working, we've had an overwhelmingly sympathetic reaction from Oregon citizens. Our concern now is to build a broad, well-coordinated state-wide organization to circulate the petition and then to campaign for its adoption once it is filed. The time has come when superstitions surrounding the dangers of marijuana use can be overcome by reasoned, compassionate action. Clearly, all society, not just those who use marijuana, will benefit when the injustice of marijuana criminalization is rectified.

Will Levin
Portland, Oregon

The California Marijuana Initiative is collecting signatures to place an initiative on the November 1972 ballot that would remove criminal penalties for personal use of marijuana. The proposed initiative decriminalizes all aspects of personal use, from planting to consumption, but does not legalize importation or sale. The campaign is not an endorsement of marijuana but a recognition that people should not be treated as criminals for using a drug that has not been shown to be even as harmful as alcohol.

C. M. I.'s educational campaign stresses the many reasons, all familiar to *Playboy Forum* readers, that enforcement of present marijuana laws is harmful to society. We have formed a panel of drug experts to carry this campaign to the people through public speaking and debate. The response has been widespread and enthusiastic. C. M. I. has the support of prominent lawyers, doctors, criminologists, probation officers, clergymen and student leaders.

The June 19 deadline, by which time we must gather 326,504 valid registered signatures, is fast approaching, and we need the help of all persons to whom a more humane approach to marijuana is important.

Bob Ashford
California Marijuana Initiative
San Francisco, California

VOICE OF THE IMPRISONED

In December 1971, a letter published in *The Playboy Forum* informed readers about *The Penal Digest International*; I'd now like to amplify a bit on that subject.

More than 95 percent of the inmates of the nation's prisons return to society, either on parole or at the expiration of their sentences. The experiences of those people while in prison largely determine their chances of becoming productive and law-abiding citizens after their release. Thus, what happens in prison is of critical importance to the nation.

The Penal Digest International is published by the National Prison Center, a nonprofit corporation staffed by ex-convicts. *P. D. I.* serves as a forum in which prison administrators, inmates and interested parties can take an active role in forming and evaluating new ideas in penology. Working together we will find new methods of rehabilitation that may help future prisoners to learn that there are people in this great nation who care about them.

Thomas J. Wolanski
Executive Director, Civic Affairs
The Penal Digest International
United States Penitentiary
Lewisburg, Pennsylvania

DEFINITION OF PURPOSE

I keep hearing about right-to-life groups. I presume these are the people working to abolish the death penalty.

David Benson
El Paso, Texas

NATURAL RIGHTS

In the March *Playboy Forum*, George Harris writes:

> The anti-abortion argument is based on two invalid assumptions: that human beings have a natural right to life that the state is obligated to protect, and that the fetus (since it is a human being) possesses this right at the moment of conception. There is no objective, scientific way to establish that these rights exist in nature.

He goes on to quote the author of *Chance and Necessity*, French biologist and Nobel Prize winner Jacques Monod, who says, "There's no such thing as the natural rights of man," to back up his argument. If Harris and Monod are correct, then capital punishment is permissible. Furthermore, why would our society tolerate racial, ethnic, political and religious groups that disagree with the majority? Millions of people died between 1938 and 1945 because of the theory that man has no natural right to life. I question Harris' idea because it can too easily be twisted into a Hitlerian philosophy.

Jane Nugent
Roseville, Michigan

ABORTION REFERENDUM

A petition drive is presently under way in Michigan to initiate legislation and a referendum on an abortion bill that reads as follows:

> The people of the state of Michigan enact: Section 1: All other laws to the contrary notwithstanding, a licensed medical or osteopathic physician may perform an abortion at the request of a patient if the period of gestation has not exceeded 20 weeks. The procedure shall be performed in a licensed hospital or other facility approved by the Department of Public Health.

Upon the successful completion of the petition drive, which requires 250,000 signatures of registered voters, the bill will go before the legislature, which has eight weeks in which to pass it. If it does not pass the bill, it will be placed on the November 1972 ballot, thereby giving the people an opportunity to vote on the issue.

We believe that the national impact of this effort will be significant. We hope to show clearly that the people now approve of abortion being removed completely from criminal sanctions.

Jack M. Stack, M. D.
Chairman
Michigan Coordinating Committee
for Abortion Law Reform
Lansing, Michigan

FLORIDA ABORTION BATTLE

Florida's supreme court voted six to one to strike down the state's abortion law and a related statute making it manslaughter to abort a quickened fetus. While the state supreme court has thus taken at least an initial step toward reforming our antiquated abortion laws, the legislature may try to reinstate the old law. Remarks by two of our state representatives show why: Representative William D. Gorman said, "You might just as well vote for abortion on command at seven months, because the only difference is the size of the human being that the doctor drops dead into the bucket on the operating room floor." And from representative Jack Savage comes this great insight: "The next

Our little inexpensive economy car can beat your little inexpensive economy car.

Spitfire is a long time winner of National, as well as Divisional, Sports Car Club of America Championships. But taking a title doesn't mean winning just one or two hard fought races a year. It means winning ten or twenty or more hard fought races a year.

Also, don't think owning such a big winner will cost a big price. Because you can buy the Spitfire for a small price. And drive the Spitfire for a small price. (It gets 27 miles per gallon.)

They don't call us Triumph for nothing.

1969

Riverside, 2/15, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Willow Springs, 3/23, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Holtville, 4/13, 1st Place, D. Devendorf
Marlboro, 4/13, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Stuttgart, 4/20, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Cumberland, 5/17, 1st Place, B. Krokus
Watkins Glen, 8/9, 1st Place, B. Krokus
Lake Afton, 8/17, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Salt Lake, Labor Day, 1st Place, L. Mueller
San Marcos, Labor Day, 1st Place, T. Waugh
Bryar, Labor Day, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Gateway, 9/21, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Pocono, 10/11, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Daytona, Thanksgiving, 1st Place, J. Kelly

1970

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

1971

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

BRITISH LEYLAND

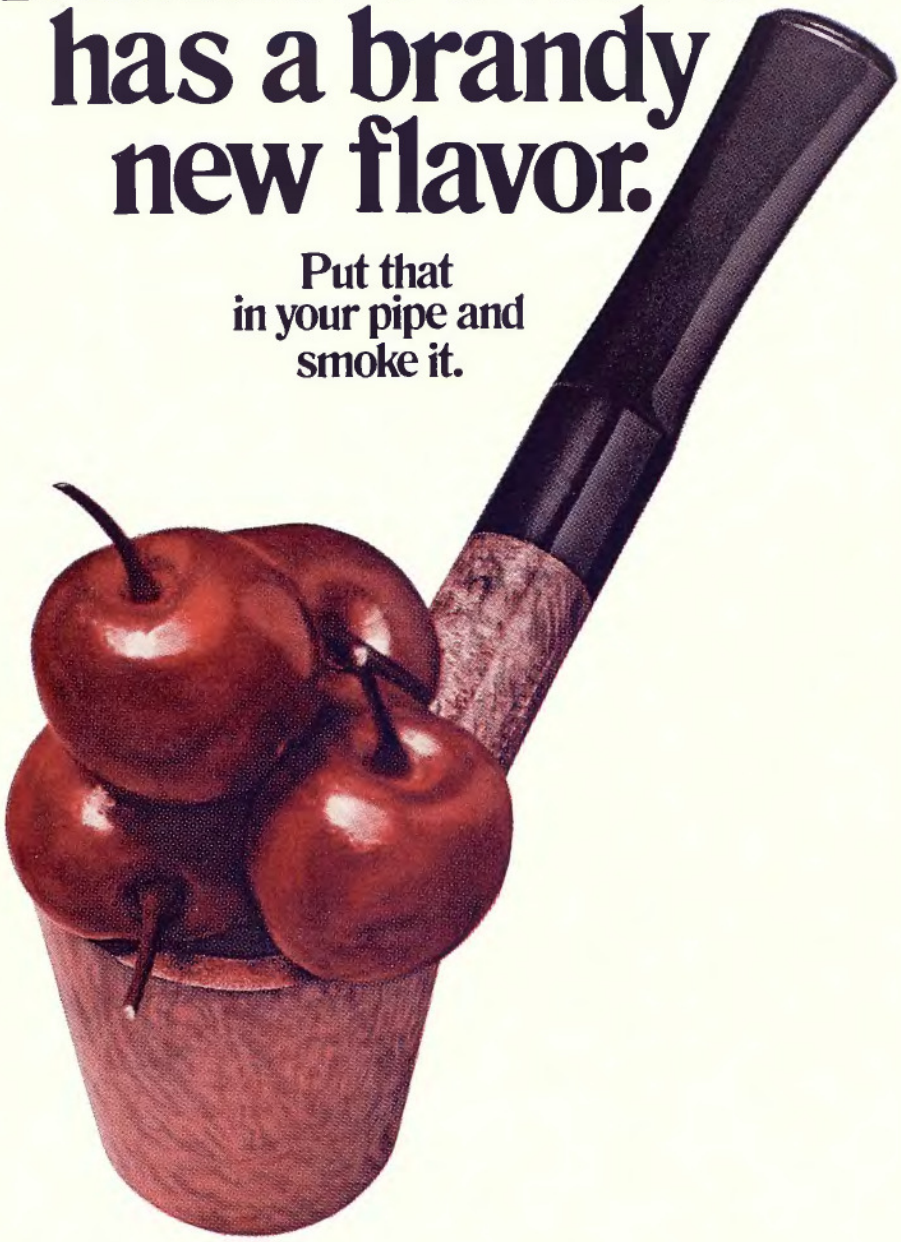
Triumph Spitfire

FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST TRIUMPH DEALER CALL: 800-631-1972. IN NEW JERSEY CALL 800-962-2803. BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS, INC. LEONIA, N. J. 07605

PLAYBOY

Mixture No. 79 has a brandy new flavor.

Put that in your pipe and smoke it.



Pour yourself a pipeful of cherry brandy.

Cherry Brandy Flavor Mixture No. 79. The new tobacco with the flavor and fragrance of plump, juicy cherries. And the richness of fine old after-dinner brandy.

Cherry Brandy Flavor Mixture No. 79. More and more men will be picking it.

Cherry Brandy Flavor Mixture No. 79. Another great men's fragrance.

Sutliff Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va. 23224

thing we'll do is, we'll say that people like myself don't have any rights."

The irony of statements such as these is that if enough people believe them, they become real and rational.

David Jones
Tallahassee, Florida

THE WHEELER CASE

The Center for Constitutional Rights wishes to express its appreciation to the Playboy Foundation for committing itself to undertake the cost of purchasing transcripts in the Shirley Wheeler case. This financial contribution will aid in the proper prosecution of her appeal, and we appreciate your assistance.

Janice Goodman
Center for Constitutional Rights
New York, New York

As we go to press, Shirley Wheeler is free on bond; the Florida supreme court has declared the state's abortion law unconstitutional and has given the state legislature 60 days in which to enact a new law or to allow the issue to die. In either case, after the time limit has elapsed, the Center for Constitutional Rights will file an appeal on Shirley Wheeler's behalf for reversal of conviction, with Playboy Foundation assistance.

WOMEN'S REAL ENEMY

I was amazed to read in the January *Playboy Forum* that the National Organization for Women responded to the Playboy Foundation's offer of assistance with an attempt at blackmail. I'm wholeheartedly in favor of women's rights, but I don't think Hugh Hefner even remotely resembles the Antichrist. I can't see attacking him, or PLAYBOY, wasting energy that could be directed against more tangible evils, such as unequal laws.

If women's lib groups must attack publications, a more suitable target would be the general run of women's magazines, which do more than PLAYBOY ever could to promote an image of women as objects. One went so far as to publish an article by a well-known clergyman who admonished women to return to the will of God (i.e., back to the sink and the bed), thereby giving moral support to every red-neck in the country who robs women of wages and dignity. It is to the advantage of such magazines to keep women in the home, since a career woman has little time for or interest in fancy recipes, running up dear little curtains or reading second-rate literature that extols domesticity and inflicts a sense of guilt on working mothers. Yet, strangely, women's lib leaders are willing to be interviewed by and to appear in these magazines. The real enemy of our movement is not PLAYBOY or even men as a group; it is women who are too afraid

Now you can talk to a tape recorder like you talk to a person.

Shout. Whisper. From up close. Or from not so close. The built-in condenser mikes in these new Panasonic portable cassette tape recorders will take in your every word.

No hand-held mike to inhibit you. No stand. No cord. No fussing around. Just turn them on. And tape. Words of wisdom in a classroom. Music at a concert. Dictation while driving to work. Any sound, anywhere. Because these Panasonics are as at home with batteries as they are with house current.

Your choice of models is as varied as your ways of using them. Like our compacts. The coat-pocket version, the RQ-212S. Or one with piano-key push-buttons, the RQ-409S. Or another with a digital tape counter, the RQ-222AS.

If you want more Panasonic, there's Model RQ-420S. With a 4" speaker. That really lets you hear Mom's a cappella "Mi Chiamano Mimi." And a Safety-Lock record button. To keep you from accidentally erasing it.

Or you can get the RQ-437S with a built-in FM/AM radio. And a built-in sleep switch. That shuts off the unit after you drift off to FM, AM or your own voice singing tenderly taped lullabyes.

Then there's the Language Lab, Model RQ-229S. You can play a foreign language on it. Then record your version. And play both back. One after the other. To see if you parlez avec excellence yet.

These tape recorders have a lot of things in common besides condenser mikes. Like Easy-Matic recording. To automatically give the correct recording level. Auto-Stop. For switching off the unit at tape's end. Fast forward and rewind. And car and boat adaptability.

To get you started, we include batteries. An earphone. And a pre-recorded cassette.

Visit your nearest Panasonic dealer. And talk to our built-in condenser mike tape recorders. They're very receptive listeners.

Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Avenue, New York 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call 800 631-1972. In N.J., 800 962-2803. We pay for the call. Ask about any Model.

SMALL WONDER FOR YOUR BREATH.
BINACA®.

WHEN BINACA'S IN, BAD BREATH IS OUT.

Little camera. Big pictures.

New Kodak pocket Instamatic® camera.

Kodak

or too envious of their liberated sisters to want to change the status quo.

Thanks for your offer of help. Perhaps when the women's movement gets past the windmill-tilting stage and starts going after the real dragons, we can get together.

Barbara A. Townley
New Orleans, Louisiana

WOMEN IN MEDICINE

Dr. Frances S. Norris and Mary Marvin Johnson, protesting discrimination against women medical students (*The Playboy Forum*, March), fail to recognize the merit behind the discrimination. As a physician still in school at the age of 30, I can say from experience that women doctors don't wait to get pregnant or have planned families. They marry just as their male colleagues do, and when they have children, some of them drop out of the medical field. The result is fewer doctors. When those women who do stay in the profession have their babies, they impose severe hardships on their male colleagues. I resent the increase in my patient load, clinic schedule and night and weekend duty, as well as the loss of time with my own family, resulting from a fellow resident's leave of absence to bear children.

I think women in medicine should take two years out, as men in the profession do for military service, and try to have their families. Such planned absences would not overload the rest of us. After the two years, women doctors should have their tubes tied. If they followed this plan, I'd fight for their right to equal opportunities.

John W. Docktor, M. D.
University of Illinois Hospital
Chicago, Illinois

IN PRAISE OF OLDER WOMEN

The letter titled "Sex and the Older Woman" in the March *Playboy Forum* recalled pleasant memories of my own sexual awakening, which was accomplished with the help of an older woman. I was a senior in high school and she was a lady in her late 40s who lived in an apartment across the courtyard. One day, when I was alone at home studying, she rang our doorbell. She said she needed something from the upper shelf of a closet and had no ladder; would I reach it for her? In the privacy of her apartment, I did quite a bit of climbing, but not into closets. Over the course of the 17th winter of my life, she changed me from a masturbating teenage virgin to a relatively mature lover. What I learned stood me in good stead with the coeds during my ensuing college years.

Now I'm a law student with neither the money nor the time to romance indecisive girls my own age or to fence with the possessive ones. I'd love to meet some of those older women, like the ones in Fort Worth, who know that life's too short for preliminaries and who have their eyes on the main event. They wouldn't need male prostitutes. The *quid pro quo* of mutual satisfaction would be enough for me.

(Name withheld by request)
Brooklyn, New York

AMERICAN SEXUAL BEHAVIOR

In conducting a nationwide study for the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, Response Analysis collected considerable data on the sex habits of the American people. We gathered this information not as an end in itself but as a basis for constructing behavioral indices that we could then relate to the consumption of erotic materials. None of this data on sexual behavior was actually published in our report to the commission, however, because it was not a primary objective of the study.

The findings are based on a national probability sample of 2486 adults and 769 adolescents. The data were collected in 1970 by both personal, face-to-face interviews and by self-administered questionnaires, completed in the presence of the interviewer.

Among both men and women, three percent engaged in sexual intercourse five or more times a week. Thirteen percent of the men reported intercourse three or four times a week, while the golden mean appeared to be once or twice a week, with 35 percent of the males and 30 percent of the females in that category. Seventeen percent of all men said they have intercourse only once or twice a month, and 23 percent reported a few times or not at all in the past six months. The percentage of women reporting no intercourse at all—18—was more than twice as high as that for men—seven.

In response to the question "How old were you the first time you had sexual intercourse?" 35 percent of the men reported having had sexual relations at 17 years or younger, as compared with 18 percent of the women. Sexual intercourse appears to be starting at an earlier age for today's young generation than it did for older ones. The majority of men in their 20s reported they first had sexual intercourse at the age of 17 or younger. The majority of men in their 40s reported first intercourse at the age of 18 or older. The pattern is similar among women: First intercourse is reported at 20 or younger by three fourths of the women in their 20s, compared with less than two thirds of the women in their 40s and about one half of the women in their 60s.

The answers to these questions have also been correlated with exposure to erotic materials. This correlation suggests

MARBORO ART SALE

BARGAINS FOR CREATIVE DECORATING

Mail Coupon today for best selection

$1 and up

P89. LIVING IS LOVING. Full Color Photo. 23½"x39½". *Only* **1.98**

P394 NAPOLEON & JOSEPHINE Full color, reds predominate. 35"x26". *Only* **1.98**

P516. "YOU HAVE NOT CONVERTED A MAN . . . Because you have silenced him"; green, black, orange. 33½"x25". *Only* **1.98**

P172. Hoskins: APPLE-JACK BEAT. Full Color Photo. 27½"x39¼". *Only* **2.98**

P83. GIRL WITH LION. Full Color Photo. 29½"x39½". *Only* **1.98**

COPPERTONE. Tuc o'war in Full Color. 24"x30".

P94. BARBARA BOUCHET. Wide eyed. Full Color Photo. 29"x40". *Only* **1.98**

P168. CHAINED. Full Color Photo. 20¼" x 39½". *Only* **1.98**

P803. ON WOMEN'S LIB. Green, brown & lavender. 22" x 28". *Only* **1.98**

P220. SUPER CELESTIAL. Silkscreen; Blinding Dayglo cerise, blue, greens, matte black. 33" x 28". *Only* **2.98**

P882. FLY UNITED. The "only way to fly"; dayglo red & blue on white. 27" x 20". *Only* **1.00**

P80. BLUE LOVERS. Silkscreen; Dayglo blue on matte black. 23½"x36". *Only* **1.98**

P966. MEANEST SOB IN THE VALLEY. 23rd Psalm revise; lithograph in multi-hued Dayglos. 23"x35". *Only* **1.98**

P751. STARS & STRIPES FOREVER? Red, white & blue matchsticks—one afire! 29"x40". *Only* **1.98**

P58. Picasso: ROOSTER: Lithographed in red, blue, yellow & black. 18"x24". *Only* **2.98**

P41. DOUBLE VISION. Alfred Geschwind. B/w photo. 22"x28". *Only* **1.00**

P78. RAQUEL WELCH. Full Color Photo. 29½"x40". *Only* **1.98**

P376. Kishin Shinoyama: TWO WOMEN. Full Color Photo; brown & white on Mucrecen. 49¼" x 27½". *Only* **1.98**

P329. SUPER-PEACE. Silkscreened dayglo yellow, blue, green, orange, cerise, on black. 33" x 26". *Only* **2.49**

P493. ESCAPE. Photo; dark red & gold sunset. 35"x29½". *Only* **1.98**

P333. W.C. FIELDS: "I NOTE THE DEROGATORY RUMORS . . ." B/w photo. 20"x26". *Only* **1.49**

P767. LAURANIE. Full Color Photo. 25½" x 38½". *Only* **2.98**

P668. Bosch: GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS. Surreal 15th century triptych: Creation (left), secular frolic (center), Inferno (circle); Full Color. 37½" x 22". *Special* **4.95**

P949. PATIENCE, MY ASS! I'm Gonna Kill Something! Two evil furies; cerise, yellow, green, blue, orange. 23" x 35". *Only* **1.98**

P22. Picasso: DOVE. (1st Canvas) Morane blue on white. 24"x 18". *Only* **2.98**

P492. SOLITUDE. Full color, deep gold sunset photo. 34½"x29". *Only* **1.98**

P122. COME TOGETHER. Two figures superimposed on peace symbol in vivid dayglo. 24" x 23½". *Only* **1.98**

P995. PEACEFUL DAWNING. Blinding dayglo sunrise. 22"x34". *Only* **1.98**

P86. KEKE. Full Color Photo. 27½"x39½". *Only* **1.98**

P350. AMERICAN GOTHIC. Shirley Chisholm & George Wallace in living black & white. 22" x 28". *Only* **1.00**

P535. REVERSIBLE URSULA: 2-Sided Jigsaw Puzzle. 396 reversible pcs for front and rear views—four of the lady Ursula. 15"x20". *Only* **4.95**

P292. FLAMING LOVE. Silkscreen; in flamme dayglo yellow, and orange on black. 21" x 26½". *Only* **1.98**

P223. Picasso: LES PETITES FLEURS. On Canvas; Full color; silkscreened in red, yellow, blue, green. 18"x24". *Only* **2.98**

P179. PAULETTE. Gorgeous Full Color. More than 6 feet tall x 25" wide—a huge short size poster. *Only* **2.98**

P500. TODAY IS THE FIRST DAY of the rest of your life. Deep red, blue, green. 22"x34". *Only* **1.98**

P189. FIRST LOVE. Full Color photo. 23"x35". *Only* **1.98**

P60. W.C. FIELDS: "IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED . . . Try, try again. Then quit. No use being a damn fool about it". B/W photo. 22"x29". *Only* **1.49**

P498. HE HEARS A DIFFERENT DRUMMER. Red, purple, blue, green on glossy white. 22"x34". *Only* **1.98**

P958. JOPLIN/HENDRIX—WINNER? Capsule in red & yellow. 30"x44". *Only* **1.98**

P224. TORGA. Silkscreen; Dayglo yellow, green, blue. 21"x33". *Only* **1.98**

P72. OLD FASHIONED QUAKER OATS. Matte chrome. 21" x 29". *Only* **1.00**

P562. SUPER LOVE. Dayglo yellow, cerise, blue, green, purple, burnt orange, on matte black. 43" x 28½". *Only* **2.98**

P530. John Pitre: OVERPOPULATION. Surreal landscape solid with nude figures; blues, greens, browns. 30¼"x22¼". *Only* **2.98**

P499. "I DO MY THING And you do your thing". Peris-quote; blue, ochre, red. 22"x34". *Only* **1.98**

P749. ROBERT REDFORD. Black on yellow green. 6 ft. tall x 18" x39½". *Only* **1.98**

P359. SOLILOQUY. Mind map in shimmering Dayglo colors on black. 22" x 27". *Only* **1.98**

P167. WET LOOK. Full Color Photo. 20½" x39½". *Only* **1.98**

P174. Giacobetti: COO AU VIN. Full Color Photo. 27½"x40¾". *Only* **1.98**

P669. FIND YOUR OWN BAG. Full Color; browns predominate. 26" x 34". *Only* **1.98**

P79. NUDE AND SAND. Full Color Photo. 29½"x40". *Only* **1.98**

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

MARBORO dept. PB-41

205 Moonachie Rd., Moonachie, N.J. 07074

Please send me the items circled below. (Please add 75¢ postage and handling on all orders.)

MINIMUM MAIL ORDER $3.00

☐ Enclosed find $ ☐ Send C.O.D.

Charge my: (check one)

Bank name for Master Charge	Amer. Exp.	Diners Club
Bank Number		

& write in your account #

P535. *REVERSIBLE* URSULA

P22	P83	P174	P333	P508	P751
P41	P86	P176	P350	P516	P767
P42	P89	P179	P359	P530	P803
P58	P94	P189	P394	P562	P869

FREE! with order. "COPPERTONE" POSTER

P60	P122	P220	P436	P641	P882
P72	P166	P223	P492	P668	P949
P78	P167	P224	P493	P669	P958
P79	P168	P292	P498	P696	P966
P80	P172	P329	P499	P749	P995

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip Code .....

New Jersey residents add 5% sales tax. A few cents extra for C.O.D.

GUARANTEE: If not satisfied, return order after 10 day examination and money will be cheerfully refunded.

that, in general, people who are more active sexually are also more active in their consumption of erotica. Erotic materials seem to be part of the total sexual experience, rather than being substitutes for sexual behavior.

Although the interviews were conducted over a year ago, we think the findings on behavior are current and useful, because we would not expect significant behavior change in such a short time.

Herbert J. Abelson, Ph. D.
President
Response Analysis
Princeton, New Jersey

We are grateful to Dr. Abelson for making this information on America's changing sexual mores available to PLAYBOY *readers. The collection and dissemination of this type of data are enormously important, in terms of measuring how attitudes conform to behavior and in terms of influencing our legislators to adjust law to custom. To support our belief in this, we have sponsored a survey of extremely comprehensive scope: Its purpose is to completely update the Kinsey male and female surveys of the Forties and early Fifties. The results of this research will be published in* PLAYBOY, *in a series of articles beginning early next year.*

OBJECTIVE LAW ENFORCEMENT

Your response to Charles A. Kanter, who expressed outrage at the reluctance of authorities to prosecute an alleged 16-year-old murderer without more than circumstantial evidence (*The Playboy Forum*, March), has been brought to my attention. I agree with you that Kanter's protestations of concern for law and order are contradicted by his advocacy of unilateral action.

The young man accused of sexually assaulting and then killing a young child is rumored to have committed other sexual offenses, but there is no present testimony to that effect. It is this portion of the evidence that has been labeled circumstantial. And that is not truly circumstantial evidence but supposition and suspicion, which are quite different.

The accused is under observation at our state mental institution to determine his capacity to stand trial. I have no personal interest in the case, only in the record and the correct appraisal of the responsibilities of law enforcement.

Walter L. Allen, Director
Department of Public Safety
State of Alabama
Montgomery, Alabama

CHALLENGING SODOMY LAWS

It was welcome news to learn that the Playboy Foundation has awarded me a grant to aid in the completion of my book, *Sodomy and the Constitution*. This book, begun as a thesis toward my master of laws degree at Columbia University, will be, to the best of my knowledge, the only exhaustive inquiry yet made into the possibilities of a constitutional attack on criminal laws that seek to regulate the private sexual behavior of consenting adults. The grant should make it possible for the book to be published in time to have some effect on important judicial decisions coming up in this area.

That our courts are becoming more aware of the constitutional weaknesses of sodomy laws is evidenced by a dissenting opinion delivered by Judge Lewis R. Sutin of the New Mexico Court of Appeals in a sodomy appeal decided earlier this year. Judge Sutin argued that the New Mexico statute should be declared unconstitutional and void. Here are some excerpts from his opinion:

> Sodomy is deemed sinful and wrongful as a matter of theology. The prohibition is religious in origin and no secular justification exists for enforcement of this religious principle. . . .
>
> Marriage contemplates a right of privacy older than the Bill of Rights, and the sanctity of this relationship must be protected from intrusion. Doesn't it seem odd that the statute allows the state to punish consenting adults for private sexual deviations, and married people for the private use of their marital intimacy even though they seek stability instead of divorce? In denying consensual private sex relations between adults, the legislature makes criminals out of a large section of ordinary, normal people in New Mexico who have left the Biblical text and seek contentment under modern professional guidance. Public policy cannot sanction this type of legislation.
>
> The social revolution on the subject of private consensual sexual relations between two consenting adults has begun legally in the courts and in the legislature. New Mexico should follow this trend.

In my opinion, this enlightened statement discussing the social reasons for amending statutes governing sexual conduct is a harbinger of increasingly humane thinking in our courts. It is my hope that *Sodomy and the Constitution* will help to accelerate this trend.

Walter Barnett
San Francisco, California

BALANCING TERMS

I protest your choice of terminology in the February *Forum Newsfront* item titled "Homosexual Hormones." You refer to hormone deficiency, chemicals that are out of balance and hormone imbalance as conditions found in studies to be associated with homosexuality. These are loaded, negative, judgment-laden, pejorative terms without scientific substance and not indicated by the studies. I have read the original papers and corresponded with one of the researchers. What the studies showed were *differences* between homosexuals and heterosexuals. The item as easily could have stated that heterosexuality is associated with a hormone excess, that the proportions of certain chemicals in heterosexuals are out of balance, and so on. Your choice of terms is illustrative of the kind of pervasive, persistent negativism homosexuals justifiably find offensive. I suggest that PLAYBOY's biases are showing in a most unscientific fashion.

Franklin E. Kameny, President
The Mattachine Society
of Washington
Washington, D. C.

The Reproductive Biology Research Foundation, which conducted the study, verifies the accuracy of our report and defends our use of the expression hormone deficiency. To quote in part from a typescript of the study, "Those homosexuals rated five or six on the Kinsey scale (predominantly or exclusively homosexual) were significantly lower in plasma testosterone concentrations . . . than the heterosexual control group and the other groups of homosexuals. This evidence of endocrine dysfunction is difficult to explain. Whether the defect is testicular, pituitary or hypothalamic awaits further investigation." We reported that the above condition was found only in subjects with strong homosexual inclinations, and we did not feel that the term "deficiency" was pejorative to the general homosexual population.

Your complaint is obviously based on the notion that the difference between hetero and homosexuality is akin to the difference between vanilla and chocolate ice cream: i.e., not one of substance but of flavor. We don't agree, and we've clearly and forthrightly stated our position (our "bias," if you will) many times. Heterosexuality is the normal adjustment to sexual response—we don't think even Dr. Kameny would deny that. If a specific hormonal pattern departs significantly from the norm, then scientists are perfectly justified in calling it an imbalance or deficiency. If this can be correlated with the minority, or deviant, sexual pattern, there is no judgment about the homosexual himself implied in this. It simply means that some have fewer hormones than normal.

"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.

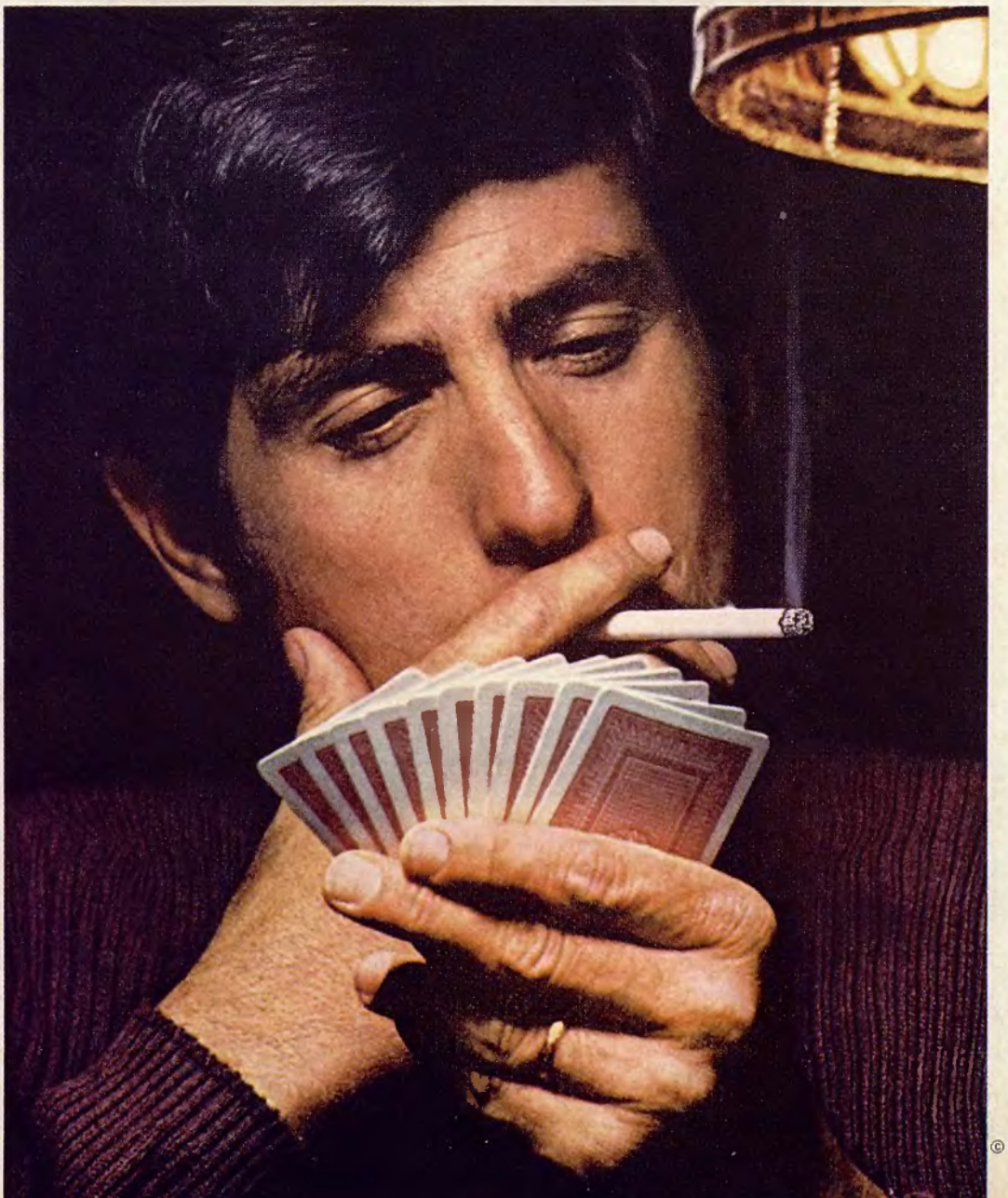
Now. Taylor half-gallon decanters. The economy size. Because you can't serve too much of a good thing. Lake Country Red. Lake Country White. Lake Country Pink. Soft, light table wines. Pleasantly, but not overly dry. Taste the difference Taylor makes.

The Taylor Wine Company, Inc., Hammondsport, New York.

What a good time for all the good things of a Kent.

Mild, smooth taste. King size or Deluxe 100's.
And the exclusive Micronite filter.

Cards 'n Kent!



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

© Lorillard 1971

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JACKIE STEWART

a candid conversation with grand prix racing's two-time world champion

Motor racing may be the most popular spectator sport in the world: In all its forms, from quarter-mile drag races to 24-hour endurance tests, it draws more than 50,000,000 paying customers a year. You could add all the regular season admissions for major-league baseball to those for pro football, counting every ticket sold at every ball park and stadium in the U. S., and still not reach that figure. Only horse racing claims to attract greater crowds and many of them are lured more by the promise of the pari-mutuel window than by the love of horseflesh. In America, the biggest auto-racing event is the Indianapolis 500, which brings out 300,000 people for one day; but for millions of the sport's aficionados, especially in Europe, the name of the game is Grand Prix. It's in a league by itself, with the most demanding tracks, the most sophisticated machines and the greatest drivers, who compete not once a year but 12 or 13 times, from early in the year until November, on four or five continents. The man at the top of that heap, the undisputed champion of Grand Prix racing, is a 32-year-old Scotsman named Jackie Stewart, who earns more money than all but a few corporate presidents. Around the world, he's as famous as any movie star. He's the dinner guest of royalty; when he walks through an airport anywhere in Europe, Africa, Asia or South America, people chase him for autographs. All this, as he himself says, "just for driving around in circles."

In any given season, only about 25 men are ranked as qualified to drive Formula 1 Grand Prix cars—delicately precisioned instruments often consisting of a mammoth 450-horsepower engine mounted in a thin fiberglass shell barely large enough for one man, and then only if he's cramped into a half-lying, half-sitting position. To many people, including some sportswriters who have argued that motor racing should be outlawed, this combination of speed, power, noise, grace and, most important, danger, adds up only to insanity. But for those millions of fans, the sport has created a mystique around the drivers, who routinely face risks—and win awards—that most men can only dream of. The dangers are very real. In 1962, Stirling Moss, one of racing's handful of superstars, was forced to retire after a near-fatal accident. In 1968, Jim Clark—who had been dominating the sport as Stewart does today—died in a race in West Germany. In 1970, three Grand Prix drivers were killed, among them Germany's Jochen Rindt, who was awarded that year's driving championship posthumously.

It was a racing accident, in fact, that almost kept Jackie Stewart out of competition altogether. The son of a Scottish garage owner and Jaguar dealer, Jackie had loved car racing since boyhood. He used to follow his older brother Jimmy, himself a successful race driver, to the tracks—always carrying his autograph book in hopes of meeting Juan Fangio, Moss and the other greats. But Jimmy had a serious crash, and that, combined with severe pressure from his mother, persuaded him to retire. So Jackie—who had dropped out of school at 15 to work as a mechanic in the family business—decided to compete in a safer sport: trapshooting. By his 21st birthday, he had won several European championships and was aiming for a spot on the British Olympic shooting team. But when he narrowly missed qualifying, he decided to return to his first love and began racing—under the pseudonym A. N. Other. By the time his mother found him out, he was a winner.

In 1965, his first full Grand Prix season, Stewart finished third in the World Driver's Championship. The next year his rise was interrupted by a major mishap at the Belgian Grand Prix—but not before he had made his rookie appearance at the Indianapolis 500, where, with only 15 miles to go, he was leading by nearly a full lap when his engine failed. In 1968, he managed to finish second to Graham Hill in the world championship—despite having run out of fuel on the last lap of one Grand

"Modern society doesn't have very many areas where a man can extend himself to the edge of life. Most men are wrapped up in a sort of cocoon, where the risks of life are dulled."

"It's terribly important to demoralize the opposition. You've got to get them thinking that they're competing against you, rather than vice versa, so that they accept your pace as the pace of the race."

"People say to me, 'Why take chances anymore?' The thinking side of me knows they're correct, but maybe I don't have the guts to stop. How do you give this up? This is my life! This is my pleasure!"

Prix and missing three others with a broken wrist. In 1969 and 1971, he did win the championship, each time capturing six of 11 races. This year there are 13 scheduled, and the first of them was in Argentina, which he won. If he continues at the pace he set in those two championship years, he will equal the all-time, 25-victory record of Clark, one of the most illustrious names in the history of auto racing.

Stewart has earned a reputation not only on the track but off, as racing's most articulate booster-businessman and as the most militant—and controversial—crusader for stringent safety precautions in a sport that has always tended to pride itself on an almost cavalier attitude toward its dangers. To explore Stewart's view of his life as the fastest driver in the world—and of the chances he takes to maintain that position —PLAYBOY *sent free-lance writer Larry DuBois to interview him. DuBois reports:*

"Stewart, his wife, Helen, and their two young sons live just outside Geneva in a big, beautiful country home. I caught him there right at the end of a rare interval: He'd been home for most of three weeks, without having to fly off for a race, car test, speaking date, business deal or one of his many promotional engagements. There are months during which Stewart spends only a night or two at home, and he was relishing the unaccustomed vacation with his family.

"From Geneva, we flew to Buenos Aires, where the Argentine Grand Prix was to inaugurate the new racing season. Since he had a race coming up in six days, I was afraid he might be tense, distracted, moody—and perhaps touchy about questions dealing with the risks he faces. Not at all. He was relaxed, open, even-tempered—a delight to work with. At first, noting the determination with which he approaches all his interests—racing, business, golf, good clothes, good food—I thought he was compulsive, a man struggling for some reason to achieve the best of everything. Gradually, I came to see his motivation as simpler: He's merely a highly energetic enthusiast who enjoys himself so much that he just naturally succeeds. He controls his racing cars and his life exactly as he wants to and, in both instances, control is what he considers paramount.

"I saw that control demonstrated the day we arrived in Buenos Aires. The track was deserted, except for a few workmen, so Stewart borrowed a friend's car—a standard model, not a racer—to take a few laps and 'get the feel of the geography,' as he put it. He invited me along. I don't suppose, in the ten laps or so we did, that he ever got over 85 miles per hour; but still it took my breath away, because quite often he was going at that speed up to a few yards before a 90-degree corner. Meanwhile, Stewart was chatting away as if we were sitting in the back of a tourist bus. He says it's a synchronization of reactions that allows racing drivers to handle speeds that would paralyze other people. As we squealed around one curve at top speed, we saw—about 30 yards in front of us—a dump truck blocking all but a few feet of the track. Stewart swerved, accelerated past and sped on—still talking. When I recovered sufficiently to ask 'What about that truck?,' Stewart's straight-faced—and I think sincere—response was, 'What truck?'

"Finally, on the day of the race, even Stewart wasn't able to master all the pressures. Other than 'Good morning,' he had nothing to say to me, nor to anybody else. On the way to the track, he sprawled out in the back seat and stared into space. At the racecourse, the autograph hunters and photographers got none of his usual jaunty responses. He ignored them.

"Stewart had qualified for the front row on the grid, and he beat everyone to the first curve. After that, the real race was for second place. Lap after lap, he pounded along—slicing fractions of a second off everyone else's time, consistently building his lead. By the end of the 95 laps—about 200 miles—he was coasting along with a 26-second margin, which is roughly equivalent to winning a baseball game 9–0.

"When the race was over, Stewart was back to his usual relaxed state: in high spirits, but not demonstrating any special elation. We ran for our lives from the crowd that was waiting for him in the parking lot—it reminded me of those scenes a few years ago when hordes of teenagers mobbed the Beatles—and headed for the airport. At last, comfortably seated on the night flight to New York, Stewart celebrated by taking exactly two swallows of champagne. Then he changed the subject to more important things, such as the fact that after a day's business in New York and one more night flight, he'd be home again for a day or two—before going off to do some tire testing in South Africa. This attachment to home and family didn't seem to jibe with the stereotype of the racer as a swinger off the track—an apparent contradiction I asked him to explain."

PLAYBOY: Much of the public regards racing drivers as a devil-may-care bunch leading very dramatic and, well, racy lives. How close is that to the truth?

STEWART: It may be that way even in the minds of some of the drivers, but it's probably even more so in the minds of the beholders. If that's the case, perhaps that's why we get such big crowds around the world. And so many attractive women! So don't knock that image. Let's build it up!

PLAYBOY: Seriously.

STEWART: Seriously, the truth is that the sport has all these things. It *is* very glamorous, and glamorous people follow it. It's very colorful and is done in colorful places. It's exciting, with the noise and the speed and the danger, and it does attract some of the most beautiful women in the world. This has been part of my life for so long that I don't even notice it except when I take a friend to the track and he says to me, "Hey, Jesus Christ, these women are spectacular, and they're all following the drivers around." Racing has everything the dreams imagine and the films show. And some of the drivers want to conjure up in the minds of the fans and the women the idea that they *are* heroes and gladiators—they're no fools. Well, they're not gladiators, but they're not run-of-the-mill guys, either. They've chosen a very difficult road to travel, a road that's exciting and daring.

But racing has a lot more, and the dreams and movies about the drivers are interested in seeing only one side. I've written a book called *Faster* that's going to show, I hope, the other side, which is an incredible amount of dedication, hard work, exhaustion and sadness. In the book, I'm going to put this good-life aspect into perspective, because it's important that motor racing be portrayed accurately. Of course the drivers go to parties and they attract women. And some of them drink, though few of them drink very much. Basically, we're professionals, and I want to be sure the reader sees us as that, as real people, as serious people, not just as harebrained dilettantes. You know, you have to be quite mature mentally to be successful in this line of work. You need to have more than just natural driving talent. You have to be a thinker, with an almost computerized mind. If you aren't, you might never live long enough to become a top performer. And many of us are businessmen. Many of us look at our careers as carefully as a project would be planned in the board room of a corporation.

PLAYBOY: Some of the old-time drivers have complained about that attitude. They say the young drivers today are unexcitingly competent technicians, more like astronauts than the roguish "gentlemen drivers" they like to remember.

STEWART: Motor racing today is just so damned competitive, the technology is so advanced and the stakes are so high that there isn't much room for dilettantes anymore. The cars are so evenly matched now that if a driver thinks he can play at his racing, he's going to get beaten, and beaten badly. But I don't think people will ever see us as merely competent technicians. The idea that there are men who risk their lives for the sake of winning is exciting. I think, especially in modern society, which is so restricting. There are few activities left

Sears Give-n'-Take Stretchslaks will take you everywhere, except to the cleaners.

As good as Give-n'-Take Stretchslaks look, you can wear them everywhere. And as much as they stretch, you can wear them everywhere comfortably. But aside from all that, they're Perma-Prest® slacks. Which means they come clean out of the washer, and ready-to-wear out of the tumble drier. Give-n'-Take Stretchslaks won't take you to the cleaners. Not when you buy them. And not when you wear them. In Trevira® polyester, Avril® rayon and Lycra® spandex. In Trim Regular and Full Cut. And in most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores, or through the Catalog.

Give-n'-Take Stretchslaks and all that goes with them at Sears The-Men's-Store

SUPPLIER FOR THE U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM

Sears The·Men's·Store

KINGS ROAD shop

that allow a man to extend himself to the limit of his abilities, to put himself in precarious positions, and when the drivers appear at the track, there's always an enormous crowd watching to see what we're like, how we move. They're extremely curious about the kind of men who have put themselves in this position. There is a certain feeling of passion, an emotional thrill, for the spectators. But not for any driver who wants to be successful. Because he knows that emotion of any sort is the most dangerous thing to have in a race.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STEWART: Emotion is the opposite of control, and the senior commodity in this business is control. My life is control. I *exist* because of control. When somebody becomes emotional and allows his heart to rule his head, he starts doing stupid things, perhaps getting overconfident and thinking he's better than he is, misjudging the limits of his ability and the car's. It may be a lovely feeling, but it's not the way to win, because you become the passenger in that car, not the master, and you may start to feel you're demonstrating your courage, and there's no place for courage in motor racing.

PLAYBOY: That's a surprising remark.

STEWART: Well, motor racing *is* dangerous, and if you choose to do it, perhaps you're a different breed from the man who wouldn't stick his neck out, even for the rewards racing offers. If that's what is meant by courage, OK. But not if by courage you mean pushing yourself and the car into that corner just a little bit faster than you know you're both able to handle. That may seem courageous, but it's really foolish. Heroes with bravery like that aren't for motor racing. They endanger not only their own lives but the lives of others.

In fact, the most important thing for a racing driver is honesty. You must be very, very honest with yourself. You have to recognize when you must stop. If somebody is faster than you, you have to be honest enough to say, "I'm sorry, but I can't drive any faster today. But let there be another day!" You have to be willing to admit when you've reached the ultimate of your ability and the car's. You can't start stretching yourself beyond that, because that's when you're likely to have an accident. Now, it's very difficult for a man to say, "I can't go any faster," but there are times when you *must* say it, really believe it and really stand by it, because if you don't, you've lost control. So when I'm racing, I've completely eliminated my emotions.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you at least *nervous* before a race?

STEWART: Of course I am, and the intensity of the nervousness is like that of a person about to go in for major surgery. But by the time the race actually starts, I see things through absolutely cold, crystal-clear eyes, without fear or apprehension of any kind. It's a strange feeling, a feeling of being totally removed from the scene and looking at it from the outside, as though I'm no longer a part of my body. But this is an acquired talent it's taken a long time to perfect, and it helps me immensely. If you ask people in racing, "What does Stewart do best?" I think they'll say the way I start the race. I don't mean just getting the car off the line, but the way I complete the first five laps at a speed that generally breaks me from the opposition or that keeps me close to them if their cars happen to be better than mine. Generally, the other guys are oversharp, overnervous at the beginning and they have trouble settling in and acclimatizing themselves to the car and the track. So on the first few laps, that fine edge of coordination isn't there, and it shows in their cars.

PLAYBOY: What sort of psychological countdown do you go through before a race to get yourself to this state of nervelessness?

STEWART: For me, the countdown really begins the night before the race. Finally, I start to realize, "Hey, we've got something happening." I go to bed at a normal time, around midnight, and I sleep well, but I have to read myself to sleep. Not with heavy material but with a story of some kind, an adventure that will grip me. Alistair MacLean, Harold Robbins, Len Deighton, people like that are big favorites for doing this. I want something that will carry me away on a carpet, get me out of reality, or else I might not sleep so well. I might get really uptight. I'll waken early, maybe at five or six, with a tension about me that I don't understand, and then I'll realize that it's because it's the morning of the race. Then I lie on one side, and I toss and turn, and I lie on the other, and I toss and turn.

The best way to describe me at that point is that I feel like an overinflated beach ball. The ball is much too hard. If you bounced it on the sidewalk, it would bounce back crazily, out of control, and you'd have to struggle to make it bounce back up to your palm and no higher. This I can't have. I have to deflate that ball. So rather than lie there and go on tossing and turning, thinking about where I am in the grid or how I'm going to handle the first corner, I'll climb right back into my book and escape. I'll read myself back to sleep eventually, and every time I wake up that morning, I'll go through this same process again. If the race is at two, I'll get up maybe at 11 and have a massage.

As the morning goes on, I'm constantly trying to reduce this tension I feel, and slowly the ball is becoming more docile. It bounces up to me a little slower now, and it begins to come right back to the palm of my hand. I try to obliterate other people from my mind, to forget everybody else. I don't want to discuss anything with anybody. Gradually, I become almost numb. By the time I get to the track, I've *punctured* the ball. And I'm trying to put a hard gloss on its surface so that nobody can penetrate it. I have to protect my nerves now from all the stimuli around me at the track.

PLAYBOY: What kind of stimuli?

STEWART: It's a kaleidoscope of color and of feeling. You can drown in your own sensations. Every sensation that's possible to have, you can have before a race. The noise is incredible; the engines are revving in short, throbbing bursts all around you. The fans are cheering, and their emotions are so highly charged that when the car of the driver who is the local favorite is wheeled out, you might have 100,000 people on their feet. And then, when the driver himself—this tiny figure—walks up the pit lane, somehow the entire crowd will recognize him all at once and they'll go wild for him. When he actually gets into his car and drives off for the warm-up lap, everybody is throwing their hats and programs into the air, and you'd think they would rush across the track and stampede over you if you told them to. I mean, it's an atmosphere of hysteria. In the pits, the smell of the engines and the grease and rubber is so powerful that it can be nauseating if you're anxious, or as sweet as perfume if you're high on your own excitement. There is an atmosphere of terrific tension and anticipation because of the recognition of such potential power and of such imminent danger.

Occasionally, there is a last-minute problem. A car has a water leak or a petrol leak, or the battery is flat and the engine won't start, and suddenly there are enormously frayed tempers and a grim scrambling for tools. Whatever is wrong, mechanics have got to fix it, and fix it now, and fix it right. And they're operating under pressure that would be unbearable for someone who wasn't used to it. But they're professionals, and they're moving with certainty and coolness, which makes for an even sharper contrast with the hysteria of all the amateurs, the hangers-on who have worked their way into the pits, the photographers who are getting in everyone's way and clicking their cameras, trying everyone's patience. Meanwhile, in a desperate attempt to distract everyone, the glamorous girls, the dolly-birds, are all strutting and letting themselves be seen.

To me, though, all these things have become rather impersonal by now and I shut them out easily. The more difficult part is to shut out the kids, the autograph hunters, the well-wishers who want to get through to me, who want my personal attention, who want to feel they're in there with me. I've got to

Speidel just designed tomorrow's watchband

Link up to Thinline.™ The thinnest, most elegant Twist-O-Flex® watchband ever made.

After years of development, Speidel announces a milestone in the design of fine jewelry. A breakthrough in the link-up of comfort to elegance.

Introducing the new Speidel Thinline watchband. It links new comfort to Twist-O-Flex watchband strength.

Link up to Thinline. Speidel designed it one third thinner than any Twist-O-Flex watchband ever made. With the look of fine Florentine craftsmanship.

Link up to Thinline. Speidel designed it with 50% more links per inch. Thinner links that actually "disappear" to form an almost perfect ribbon on your wrist.

Link up to Thinline.

It's tomorrow's watchband and you can see it today at your jeweler's. In 10K Gold Filled. Just $12.95.

Speidel
...a textron Company

Number one in watchbands.
The only one with Twist-O-Flex watchbands.

THE DOUBLE KNOT IS A TRADEMARK OF SPEIDEL, A textron COMPANY. © SPEIDEL, A textron COMPANY 1972.

work very hard not to be flattered, amused or annoyed by either their persistence or their enthusiasm. That might destroy my balance, my synchronization. I'm sure that if I weren't racing and I witnessed all this energy, color and glamor, I would be very excited by it. But I've been through it so many times that I see it in a flat way. I move right through without feeling anything, and by the time I get into the racing car, which should be the tensest period, that rubber ball is totally deflated.

PLAYBOY: Then the flag drops. What are you thinking about?

STEWART: Your mind has to digest all the elements you're up against—the track, the car and the speed. You've got to be aware in advance of the idiosyncrasies, the undulations, of the track, remembering what happens just over the top of the next hill; maybe there's a stretch that's damp from overhanging trees, and you've got to watch out for that. The car will behave differently, perhaps more clumsily, than in qualifying, because now you're carrying a full tank of gas, so you're mentally readjusting your braking distances. Your mind has to make such an incredible number of such complex calculations that you'll never have time for them if everything is happening to you in a big rush. So the greatest requirement is to eliminate the sensation of speed. Speed should not exist. By that I mean you must synchronize your mind quickly to the speed before the others do, so that instead of a corner rushing up to you, it comes to you slowly and passively. For me, it's like watching a film in slow motion. I can react unhurriedly because what appears to the spectators as very fast appears to me as deliberate and fluid.

I'm always impressed when I see Rod Laver return a serve. There's not a hell of a lot of rush about his actions. Even if you've hit a cannon, he returns it almost as if it were an insult that you should have put such a dribbler into his court. That's what I mean by synchronization, and there's more to it than just having fast reactions. I couldn't even *see* one of those serves. All I'd see is a big blur, like anyone else. In my case, I'm synchronized to a race track, so I can take in much more than someone who isn't; I can see the trees, the flag marshals and occasionally, if I pass a mass of people closely, I can pick out friends among them or even individual faces of strangers. I may see one man who stands out, and he seems to be willing me on in a very special way. I can see the expression on his face; I can almost hear him, he's so vibrant in what he's doing.

You know, I've never taken drugs; there's no place in my life for them. But it's almost as if I understand what people experience on them. I believe I come very close to getting high while I'm racing, the intensity of my sensations is pushed so high on the barometer. It's like having supersenses. When something goes wrong, say a tire is going down, it doesn't just happen. I can feel it beginning like a sneeze coming on, and then it happens slowly, because my senses are living at the same speed as that tire going down, and I can handle it while the effect is still going on.

I even *smell* things more intensely. Once, I was racing the British Grand Prix in an uncompetitive car. It just wasn't going to beat the others for me, and there was nothing I could do; near the end of the race, I was lying in about fifth position. I had my face mask on to protect against the fire risk, three sets of thermal underwear and a set of overalls. The cockpit was smelling of oil and sweat and petrol, and as I came round this corner at about 120 miles per hour —which makes you particularly aware of your surroundings—out of nowhere came the most incredibly clear aroma of new-cut grass. It was very, very strong, like somebody had dumped a lawn mower at my side, and I wondered how in the hell I could ever smell that in those circumstances. But it came in so strong and with such beauty that I knew I wasn't imagining it. Perhaps another driver had spun off the track and rolled across some grass, and this damaged grass had let off its vapor, which had drifted I don't know how far. Anyway, it had come through everything and my senses —or supersenses—had devoured it. It was the first time this had happened to me. Now it happens often. I can only assume that this is the sort of heightened senses that people experience on drugs.

PLAYBOY: Or perhaps during sex? The thrill of driving a racing car has often been likened by writers to some sort of sexual pleasure. Is that a valid simile?

STEWART: It's been said often, but I think it's nonsense. I don't really feel that racing has any relation at all to sensuality. And yet one of my most accurate descriptions of how to make a car do the things you want it to is to compare it to the sex act.

PLAYBOY: What's the similarity?

STEWART: Well, for descriptive purposes, at least, a racing car is very much like a woman. It's a highly bred mechanism—very nervous, very highly strung. To get the best out of it, you must treat it with smoothness and caution. It's so finely engineered that all sorts of things can upset it. Let's take one corner, for instance. You're approaching at maximum speed, maybe 200 miles per hour, and you've got to decelerate sharply to go round. You don't wait until the last second and then stamp the brakes and make the car's nose go diving down. You press them progressively so that the car slows down gently and gradually. And as you're gearing down, you're not banging through the gears, you're taking them smoothly. So you've started her doing what you want her to do, but you're coaxing, not thrashing her into it. You're courting her. You've started caressing her that little bit. She's getting the idea. She knows now that she wants to go into that corner, but she doesn't want to be rushed. She wants to be taken nicely. She's almost taking *you* into it.

Once you get to the corner, you don't abruptly turn the steering wheel in a way that's going to upset this balance you've achieved. Slowly, you put the car into a roll. You're really bringing this woman on now, she's really beginning to enjoy it. This is what she was made for, this is her purpose. You're taking the very best out of her, but it's a unity, because you're also bringing *yourself* to your finest limit. Now you have to take the most important part of the corner, the apex. Here you are, you've brought this car from 200 yards back, and from 200 miles per hour to perhaps 100 miles per hour, to this spot, which can be measured in inches, and this precise spot is the climax. Just before you arrive there, maybe you're going to apply a little bit of power because she's coming, but you haven't really reached it yet; her pace has to be brought on a little bit, and that last bit of extra power does it. The whole car reaches its climax. She's done everything you've asked her to do. She's done it beautifully, and you've done it with her, and the timing has been perfect. You both sort of sit back and sigh. You've achieved unity with each other. You've really enjoyed it.

But that's only part of the problem, because there's an exit to this corner, and the exit is as important as the apex, and if you don't do it right, you're not going to get the best performance on the next straight. So you just don't leave this car at the climax. You've got to be nice to her afterward; you've got to spend more time with her after her climax than you spent before it, so you slowly bring her back into a more level attitude toward the road, without jerking her rear end down. And this same sensitivity, this same precision, has to be achieved not just once but on every corner of every lap. You can't view it as a one-time stand. You have to build a relationship that lasts the entire race.

The fact that the car is like a woman, of course, means that you can do all the right things with her and she *still* may not respond. Suddenly, for no reason at all, that bitch can turn on you with as much suddenness as a woman can, and put you into an embarrassing situation, perhaps even destroy you without any warning at all. You can't conceive that she would do it to *you*, but maybe you haven't been paying absolutely perfect attention to her and that's why she's whipped round on you. Well, you're

Loyalist's Hang-up

"That's no problem."

"Since I tasted Ballantine's
I can't drink any other Scotch."

The more you know about Scotch, the more loyal you are to Ballantine's.

Be a Ballantine's Loyalist

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY.
86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC. N.Y.

losing her. She's not going to do it for you. It's an emergency and you have to apply all your subtleties and skill to bring her back under control again. Sometimes you just have to divorce that corner. It's finished for you there. So you say, "We're not going to make it here tonight. So let's just get out of here, because if we don't, we're going to have a crash." You must remember, though, that at this point there isn't much time for sweet-talking. The whole process I've described might take a maximum of four seconds if you're coming off the fastest straight through to the exit of the corner.

PLAYBOY: That description doesn't seem to make nonsense of the driving-as-sex image.

STEWART: I don't describe it that way because of its relation to sex in any real way, but because sex is an experience people can relate to. It's a good way of drawing a picture they can understand. I assure you I don't think in those terms when I'm on the track. The last thing I'm thinking of then is passion.

PLAYBOY: You were telling us a while ago about your state of mind at the beginning of a race. Do you lay out a careful strategy beforehand?

STEWART: Not really. I just try to get in the lead and keep it, if I can. The whole business of driving a racing car to its absolute limit against a man in close proximity is to embarrass him, to demoralize him, to get onto a piece of track that he wants but can't use because you're on it. It's terribly important to demoralize the opposition. You've got to get them thinking that they're competing against you, rather than vice versa, so that they accept your pace as the pace of the race. I'm lucky enough to be a clean starter and get in the groove immediately, so I try to quickly open up a gap. The first lap is a flier. The second lap you take with caution, but not enough to let them catch up. You have to be cautious here because you were leading the field that first lap and had a totally clear road; the second lap, you don't know who may have had an oil leak or who has put dust or gravel on the track, so you're inspecting. The third and fourth laps are fliers again. The fifth you rest a little and see what they're going to do—retaliate or follow your pace. It's psychological.

Let's say that I've managed to open up a gap of five or six seconds after several laps. It's important that I hold this gap or open it up. Perhaps I drive ten laps within a tenth of a second of each other. This can be demoralizing to somebody behind me, because there aren't very many drivers who can be that consistent, so he might begin to feel I'm not going to make any mistakes he can take advantage of. But he isn't losing ground, either. He's staying with me. So he begins to think, "Aha, I've got a chance." Well, you mustn't let him think that. So you hit him with a fast one and take a half second off him in one lap, and that can be demoralizing, because he thinks, "I've driven my heart out, I've had it right on the limit, and I thought I was going to do it, and shit, there he goes, he's off again." He thinks at that point maybe he'll be satisfied with keeping a safe second place, and if I do that to him, I'm home free if my car keeps going, because I've got him psyched. I've got him thinking that the race will be run at my pace, and if I can do that, I can win races.

PLAYBOY: Is a half-second gain in a lap really enough to be demoralizing?

STEWART: Oh, absolutely. What if I'm back there, right on my limit, and staying even with the leader, who then starts to move away from me? I'm not going to be *encouraged*. A second a lap is a very long time in our business. I won the French Grand Prix last year by less than a minute, which was a hell of a margin. Near the end, I was so far ahead that I cooled it. They started picking up a second a lap on me, which may not seem like much, but for me it was a regular holiday. It was clear enough what I was doing that the crowd reacted with an annoyance so strong that I could sense it. They thought I wasn't putting up my best performance.

PLAYBOY: Did that bother you?

STEWART: No. I just thought, "The bastards, here I am winning the race, doing everything I can." What they didn't understand was that I *was* giving my best, because this was the best way to win. The idea is to win a race at the slowest possible speed; there's no point in pushing the car or being a hero. You've got to learn to pace yourself.

PLAYBOY: Even if you pace yourself, do you sometimes get so exhausted it hampers your driving?

STEWART: I haven't yet, but some drivers get tired after about 60 laps—about two thirds of the race. I can see when that happens, and I'll take advantage of it if I can. A driver who's tired makes occasional errors of judgment. He'll leave his braking until too late, for instance—but not every time, not consistently. If he's doing it consistently, you assume it's an error of technique, not tiredness. People seem to think that sitting in a race car isn't an athletic activity. That isn't true. If I have to do five consecutive laps right on my limit—bang, bang, bang, bang, bang—I'll be out of breath. I lose four or five pounds in a two-hour race. My arms ache, my neck aches, my legs ache. You just can't go 90 laps, say, without taking some moments of relaxation. At Monte Carlo, for instance, there are three spots on the track where I can relax for a few seconds without losing any time, and I really need those few moments. On one lap, I'll roll my neck a little, anything to remove the enormous tension on it, because you're practically in a lying position in the car, but with your head up. Next time, I'll do deep breathing, just to get my lungs working in something other than short, quick breaths. Another time, I'll take a hand off the steering wheel and give my wrist a shake. Other times, I'll use these same three places to catch a look at my dashboard gauges or my rear tires, to make sure their profile is flat. If the profile is in any way concave, this means we've had a loss of pressure, and if I spot that, it can be a lifesaver. These are the sorts of details that people don't realize go on.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the other tricks an old pro learns?

STEWART: I'm a *young* pro; there aren't too many old ones. But you learn how to use landmarks in the most effective way. Some people like to think that racing drivers just have superb judgment about when to brake, when to accelerate, and so forth. But if I left it at that, I wouldn't be able to gain those hundredths of a second I need each lap, so after I've familiarized myself with a track, I'll choose a little crease on the road, or a manhole cover, or a difference in color between road surfaces, or whatever, as the spots where I do these things. You learn things like, if you're going over a hill, don't shift gears on the way up. Shift on top as the rear end comes off the ground just that tiny bit. At that instant, your wheels aren't exerting power to mother earth, so you won't lose any thrust as you shift. You also learn that if the weather is cloudy, you'd better keep an eye on the crowds up ahead of you, and if you see them reach for their umbrellas, you know it's started to rain where you're going, and you're ready for it. That can be a lifesaver, too.

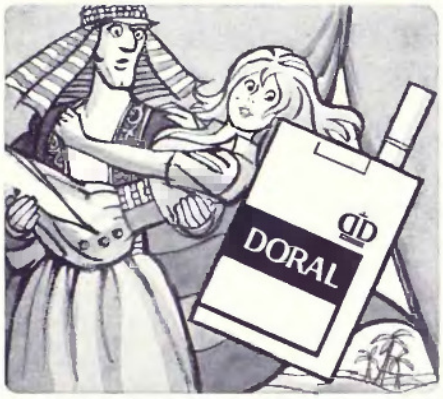
PLAYBOY: You have a reputation for being a good rain driver. Is that a type of race you enjoy?

STEWART: There's a lot of bullshit talk about how so-and-so likes rain, he's praying for rain, because he knows he's more competitive in the rain. Don't you believe it. When it starts raining, he's shaking in his boots like everyone else. Sometimes I'm more competitive in the rain than the other drivers, but only because they hate it even more than I do. There you are, going 150 miles per hour, following the spray from the car in front of you, which you can barely see and hardly recognize in the fog and mist. This has happened to me many times. And don't let anybody tell you they enjoy the sensation. Once I was doing 160 or 170 miles per hour and came up behind another car. I couldn't see it at all. All I could see was his spray, so I knew he was there. I pulled out from behind this spray to pass him

DORAL STARS IN THE SILENTS

Come, rule the desert with me.

No! No! A thousand times no!



♫ ♩ **"taste me" "taste me"** ♫

Who dares to sing in the tent of the Sheik?

That's my Doral– the low "tar" and nicotine cigarette.

Low "tar" and nicotine... a funny-looking filter... and taste too? A mirage!

Taste one, Sheik!

Noble taste! Come, rule the desert with me!

Yes, my Sheik!

Not you... your Doral!

The filter system you'd need a scientist to explain ...but Doral says it in two words, "Taste me"

filter

menthol

© 1972 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

FILTER: 14 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine. MENTHOL: 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG.'71.

and there was an ambulance traveling at about 30 miles per hour right in front of me on the same piece of road I needed. I mean, the *shock*!

PLAYBOY: Did you miss him?

STEWART: Yes, but I'm buggered if I know how. The alarm system goes off in your brain and from there on, it's up to your reflexes. You don't have time to *think* about it. Your adrenaline is working at a pretty high pitch when something like that happens, but you don't panic, because you recognize in an instant what's gone wrong and your body knows how to correct it. I ran one rain race in 1968, the German Grand Prix at Nürburgring, and the fog and the rain were unbelievable. The rain was so heavy that drains were getting choked. You never knew how much water would be on the track compared with your last time around, since Nürburgring is 14 miles long, with 176 corners. If one corner would stay the same for two laps, you figured you had it sorted out, then a drain would choke and minutes later, when you came round again, there would be a river on it that you weren't expecting. I drove the whole race with my internal alarm system going. But I think it was the best race I've ever driven.

PLAYBOY: How so?

STEWART: I won it by four minutes, which is very unusual in this business. And it was a race where I could have been off the road at any moment. Even under the best of circumstances, Nürburgring is the most demanding, difficult, frightening race track in the world. I said earlier that I don't consider courage an important word in motor racing, but I'll tell you, you do need courage at Nürburgring. From the first lap to the last, it's a bloody nightmare.

PLAYBOY: Describe it for us.

STEWART: The entire race is practically impossible. Nobody, in my opinion, has ever done a faultless lap at Nürburgring. And nobody, in my opinion, has ever driven that track really fast. I was the fastest qualifier at the German Grand Prix last year, and I won the race, but I know damn well that I never drove it balls-out for even the full distance of a lap. It's just too much. The long descent to the Adenau Bridge, for example, is a place where I have to clench my teeth to do it quickly. I have a great temptation to take my time down that hill. I'm not sure how much time I would lose: it might not even show any difference on a stop watch back at the pits, some seven long miles away. But you can't do it, because if you let off a little bit on one corner, you'll end up allowing yourself that privilege on other parts of the circuit, and it will add up to an extra 30 seconds per lap. So you clench your teeth. At one point in the descent, you're actually off the ground—and you're going around a corner at the same time! You're going round the corner *in the air!* And the car comes crashing down while it's still under cornering force. I mean, I would just hate to think what this is doing to the car's suspension. You're down at the bottom of the hill before you realize that it seems as though you haven't taken a breath, you haven't let a whisper of air out of your lungs during the whole descent. It's one of the most excruciating moments of motor racing for me, but at Nürburgring, it's just another corner; the whole course is like that.

The wildest corner of them all, though—perhaps the biggest freak in motor racing—is a corner called the Karussell. You approach it up a steep grade at about 140 miles per hour. Going uphill, and lying down low in this racing car, you can't even see the corner. It's like a dog-leg hole in golf, where you tee off without seeing the green. Well, there's this bowl that the car goes flying down into, with a bank of probably 30 degrees. Suddenly, you're in the air, flying into this bowl-shaped semicircle. You knew it was there, because you've memorized the course, but it still takes a lot of faith to just plunge off into it. It's hard to tell when to brake, because as you approach, you're running alongside a hedge, so you've got no braking landmarks—other than some fir trees way off on the other side of the Karussell. You have to aim the car at a certain one of those fir trees; in fact, Dan Gurney was the one who told me which fir tree to use. Once you see this hole in the ground, you're in it, and the car literally drives itself around the corner on its own *g* force. There's no suspension left at all. The car is hard down on its shock absorbers, the whole thing is banging, vibrations are distorting your vision, and there you are, down in the middle of this hole. The car takes the aim you've given it and the forces your course puts on it, and if you come out too early, it can throw you helplessly over the top of the hedge. To go through there is a freaky experience, but you can't give up on it if you want to win.

PLAYBOY: When you're driving, are you confident that you're the best driver and will win if the car holds up?

STEWART: When I go into a motor race, I *never* think I have a chance of winning. Obviously, I realize I'm competitive, but I never think of myself as superior to the opposition. I always think they've got something on me. It's very much my natural feeling to be apprehensive about having success. I think this is basically a Scottish trait. Scotsmen are pessimists about their abilities and they think they have a very good chance of being beaten.

PLAYBOY: It's hard to believe that, with two world championships to your credit, you haven't been forced to concede—if only to yourself—that you're really the best. Isn't that sort of self-confidence a necessary trait in a sport as competitive as racing?

STEWART: I've been accused more than once of not truthfully answering that question, because I always say what I just said. A lot of people have told me, "You're only saying that to create an impression of modesty. You've *got* to be thinking you're the best." Most racing drivers do go in thinking that, but in my particular chemistry it just doesn't happen. And if it begins to, I stop it fast. OK, I'm world champion, but what the hell. There have been a few world champions—one every year. So I don't get infatuated with my success. I did that when I was a teenager competing in the European trapshooting championships. That was my first affair with success, and boy, did I enjoy it. And you know, I got a little big-headed—here I am, better than the other guys and so much younger than they are—and then I lost in the trials for the Olympic shooting team. It was one of the greatest disappointments of my life, but it really made me grow up. It made me realize that when you start saying, "Look at me, I'm the greatest," someone is going to jerk the carpet from under you.

I'll never forget a Formula II race in Spain a few years ago. I had a two-lap lead near the end and I had this tremendous feeling of how the crowd was rooting for me, and I remember nodding my head to them and lifting my hand to acknowledge their cheers. Just then the battery went flat and I lost the race. I always blamed myself for not winning that race, because I'd been thinking, "You're the king of the castle." I've never allowed myself that privilege again.

PLAYBOY: When you finish a race, especially one you've won under difficult circumstances, do you feel elated?

STEWART: Not at all. My reaction is totally neutral. Because I've numbed my whole mental and physical being into nonexistence, when I finish a race, my mind is still numb. I'm still not allowing my sensations to enjoy themselves, and that's why I operate well under strain and pressure. It takes me a couple of days to feel I've really won and I've really done well, and at that point I feel a tremendous high of personal achievement. But at the end of a race, I'm just glad it's over.

This emotional neutrality has another advantage, which is that when I retire from a race early with mechanical failure, I'm not bitterly disappointed. People sometimes ask me how I felt in 1966, the first time I drove the Indianapolis 500, and was leading by almost two laps with only 20 miles to go when my engine packed up on me. That cost me a lot of money—well into six figures—but I wasn't despondent. I remember thinking as I coasted, "Well, that's too bad, but at least they'll remember that I've been here." In some small way, it's a relief

Pierre Cardin decided it takes more than clothes to make the man.

Pierre Cardin's Personal Collection For Men: Man's Cologne $9, $6. After Shave Lotion $6. After Shave Balm $6. Soap-on-a-Rope $4. Aerosol Deodorant $3.50. Aerosol Shave Foam $3.50.

sometimes when something like that happens. I lose. But the race is over, I'm out, I'm safe. Maybe the next day I'll say, "My God, what a disappointment." But when you're walking along after getting out of the car, you think, "The tension's off, you're free, you haven't done anything wrong, you're here, you're in one piece," and there's just this tremendous feeling of *life* within you.

In 1970, I had to drop out of the race in Hockenheim, Germany. It was a hot day and I hadn't been doing very well, but I had been fighting back from behind and I was really exhausted when I had to leave the race. It was the first time I'd been in Hockenheim, which is where Jimmy Clark was killed in 1968. Jimmy was my closest friend in racing. We shared a flat in London for a year; he helped me break in; we were both Scottish. So I had a very bad feeling about Hockenheim. I wasn't frightened; it was just that Jimmy had been killed there, and I didn't want to go. But I had to, because it was the German Grand Prix. The whole week, I hadn't even visited the spot where Jimmy died, although I'd driven past it every lap. It should have been a pilgrimage for me to go there, but I hadn't made myself do it.

My wife, Helen, was there, and when I dropped out of the race, I said, "Great, come on, let's go." We drove immediately to the Frankfurt airport and I got the passenger-service people to get me a place to take a shower; I remember standing under that shower. I had undergone the pressures of a Grand Prix and I was very, very tired. But unlike Jimmy, I had come through the day complete; I had survived. And suddenly life meant *everything* to me. It swept through me like a torrent, starting at my head and going all the way down my body and out my toes. "Oh, my God," I remember saying aloud, "but life's *sweet*!" I wouldn't have been anywhere else in the world but in that shower.

I remember the whole evening. We caught the plane to London and then went to a movie. What a treat for both of us! And walking around town, watching all the people, the frustrated politicians in Hyde Park shouting out their lungs—this, to me, was life. I really was high, and Helen was going along with it, but she told me later that she couldn't quite understand the intensity of the joy I was experiencing. I was seeing people so clearly I could see right through them. I'd gone so deep into this little personal pocket of pleasure that the real world didn't exist anymore. I honestly didn't know what city I was in. And if I can get this height of pleasure even now, out of just *remembering* that experience, then you can imagine how intense it was at the time, this feeling of ecstasy at simply being alive.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us to the threat of sudden and violent death that every racing driver has to face. Is it a difficult thing to do?

STEWART: When things have been down, I've occasionally thought about it from Helen's point of view. I've thought, "Jesus Christ, am I going to come home from this?" But it's something I divorce very quickly from my mind, because I really don't *want* it in my mind. If I spend too much time thinking, I'd better pack up, because I might not be coming back. I'd be better off in another career. I haven't yet arrived at the point where it's constantly bugging me, but if and when I do, then I'll give up racing, because I'm damned if I'm going to live like that. But you see, there's a paradox: I'm very conservative, a real militant about safety on the tracks, and even I wonder how a man could be so concerned about safety and still drive fast enough to win races.

PLAYBOY: So do we. What's the answer?

STEWART: The answer is that I'm a Gemini. I don't follow astrology; I don't know the first thing about it, but I hear that Geminis are supposed to be rather split personalities, and that is certainly true of me. I dissect my life in a way in which I see all the problems and risks, and I do everything within my ability to minimize them, knowing full well that motor racing will never be completely safe, because of the speeds involved. But at the same time, when I seat myself in a racing car, I must drive it to the absolute limits of its ability and mine —because that's my job, that's my satisfaction.

Maybe all racing drivers are Geminis, because we see in the cold, harsh light of an unprotected bulb what our lives really are. We're pawns used by our own pleasure for other people's pleasure. We know all too well the dangers, the fears, the tragedies and sorrows our lives can bring to others. We know that we're like highly paid matadors and that when we're 45, if we're still around, we might have nothing to do—if we haven't managed ourselves well—other than walk down memory lane, which is not an enduring enterprise.

PLAYBOY: So why do you drive?

STEWART: Because it's the thing I do better than anything else in the world. And I don't ever have to come to terms with myself, to face that cold, real world where everyone has to work for a living. *Work!* Not play! Not do the thing that almost everyone would do if they dared, but because they don't, are willing to pay for the privilege of watching *me* do. Here I am, being paid large sums of money—far more than I could get from anything else I could ever do—to drive exotic racing machines that give me enormous pleasure and satisfaction. I travel to all parts of the world, I meet exciting people. I live in a style that few people are privileged to enjoy. Why should I leave that dreamworld for the real world? Modern society doesn't have very many areas where a man can extend himself to the edge of life. Most men are wrapped up in a sort of cocoon, where the risks and satisfactions of life are dulled. But in racing, you feel like you're taking sensations from life that are a little keener than most other men are able to grasp. And you don't want to give that intense pleasure away, any more than you'd want to stop having sex because some doctor told you it could be damaging to your health. You want to enjoy it again and again, and that's what motor racing is all about.

You have to have a way of eliminating the harsh realities or they might become unbearable, and that way is best described as like going under an anesthetic. You sort of give yourself an injection. You know you're going to get it. You know you shouldn't want it, but you say, "Oh, let's have it," and suddenly this cold, cold world, with its nasty sides and edges, dissolves and out of that comes this beautiful vapor that allows you to do things in a beautiful garden of pleasure and plenty without acknowledging what lies beyond it. Every now and again a storm hits the garden and a burst of snow and wind comes in and wakens you from your dream. You experience a tragedy—a friend who's been killed, somebody who's been taken from you—and you see the torture, agony and sorrow that this has brought to you and to people close to you and to him, and you think how hopelessly stupid the whole thing is. You know: "Why, why, why do I want to do this to people?" But then you're so fickle and so infatuated with the whole thing that the easiest and most painless way out is to reach for that syringe and blank it all off from you again. I know it's there, but please don't let me see it. If I don't see it, I don't know any better. I'm having a lovely time, so don't wake me up.

PLAYBOY: Author Robert Daley once titled a book about auto racing *The Cruel Sport*. Some of the drivers criticized him for being melodramatic. Do you agree with them?

STEWART: No. I think it's a good title. A very dramatic title but, to a large extent, an accurate title. He got it from Dan Gurney. Dan once told me that he lay in bed one night and counted the number of friends and associates he had lost in motor racing. The total came to 57. I suppose we've all lost about the same

10W-50

New Shell Super X motor oil is for your car. No matter where, when or how you drive.

Use this coupon to get one quart free with oil change.

Offer good only at stations displaying this sign.

Dear Customer: This coupon entitles you to one free quart of Shell Super X 10W-50 on your next oil change using this motor oil. Coupon to be signed and dated by you. Offer expires July 31, 1972, and void where restricted or prohibited by law.

Customer signature _____ Date _____

Dealer signature _____ Date _____

Shell Dealer: Present signed coupons to your Shell Dealer/Jobber Representative by September 30, 1972. You will receive full wholesale price applied toward your next motor oil order.

P-6

Recommended for use where SAE 10W, 20W, 20, 30, 40 or 50 grade oil or any multi-graded combination is recommended.

SHELL

Change to new Shell Super X Motor Oil

number. If that's not a cruel sport, I don't know what is.

PLAYBOY: Some people argue that it should be outlawed.

STEWART: People also die in football and mountain climbing and boxing and bullfighting. Why shouldn't those sports be banned as well? There will always be people who want to outlaw and restrict everything. But humanity should allow itself a few areas, within a sport, where men can extend themselves to the edge of life. I think it's a worthwhile luxury. Is it foolish to take such risks? Of course it is. But is it worth those risks? Of course it is. Is it a ludicrous profession? Of course it is. But what would be more ludicrous than golf? Why in hell should you hit a little ball, walk after it, take another bang at it, walk after it cursing and swearing, and then tap it into a little hole? But millions of people get enormous pleasure out of doing just that. In my case, I drive around in circles, and I get more satisfaction out of it than I would out of anything else I could be doing.

PLAYBOY: Even after your serious accident at Spa in the Belgian Grand Prix of 1966?

STEWART: While I was in the hospital, I must admit that I thought, "Am I in the right business? Isn't there something better I could be doing?" But that apprehension lasted a short time. If it had lasted longer, I probably would have given the whole thing up then and there, because I don't consider myself brave. I'm basically a coward, so I probably wouldn't have had the strength to go on, just for the sake of proving to myself or anyone else that I could.

PLAYBOY: Do you blame yourself for that accident?

STEWART: I couldn't honestly blame myself, but I certainly couldn't blame my mechanics. It was almost an act of God. The race began under completely dry weather conditions, but the track is about eight miles long, and halfway around the first lap it began pouring with rain. One minute the track was completely dry, the next minute it was awash. On that one lap, eight of us aquaplaned, which is what happens when water forms a wall beneath the tires and you're no longer in contact with the pavement, and we all went off the track. Some spun all the way through the same corner I did, but they didn't hit a thing. It was just how lucky or unlucky you were and how much water happened to be on the track at the moment you went past a certain point.

PLAYBOY: What happened after you spun off?

STEWART: I bounced off a couple of walls and a house. I was stuck in the car with the steering wheel twisted over me, and I couldn't get myself out. I was barely conscious, and I had a broken collarbone, a dislocated shoulder and some cracked ribs. The fuel tanks were full and the car became like a bathtub filled with petrol, soaking me from my waist to my ankles in high-octane gasoline. The dashboard was destroyed, so I couldn't switch off the electrical system, and I could hear all these things ticking away, and I knew that one spark from any of them would set off the whole thing. Luckily, I wasn't conscious all the time, so I didn't realize just how much trouble I was in, but I do remember thinking, "Oh, God, get me out of here." There was a helicopter hovering overhead, and I felt sure it had come to rescue me. But, ironically enough, it was a helicopter shooting footage for John Frankenheimer's film *Grand Prix*. And since seven cars had spun off with me, there were no ambulances available. It was 35 minutes before I got out. Finally, Graham Hill and Bob Bondurant, an American driver, had spun off near me and they came over, but they couldn't get me out without tools. They finally borrowed some from a spectator's car.

By that time, I was literally screaming to get my clothes off, because all this thermal underwear was like a sponge holding the fuel, and if you've ever been soaked in petrol for half an hour, you know how it eats away your skin. You can imagine what it was doing to the most sensitive parts of my body. Eventually, they got me out and took me into this farmyard and laid me out in this old trailer. I was about half conscious and I remember three nuns wandering in and trying to get my clothes back on again. They obviously didn't know what was happening. They'd just wandered in and seen this naked man lying there. They gave me a nasty turn, because I thought, "Jesus Christ, if these nuns have come, it must be bad news." They didn't understand English and I couldn't push them away, because I couldn't move. Then Graham came back in and took off my clothes again. Can you imagine what those nuns were thinking? They probably thought Graham a bit odd, to say the least. Finally, an ambulance came, and six hours after the accident, I was in a London hospital getting the best specialized attention. It was quite an experience.

PLAYBOY: One of your colleagues once said in an interview that the accident took the fine edge off your driving. Do you agree?

STEWART: I think it had an effect on my driving, but I think it was a good effect. I don't think it's interfered at all. It just made me realize I was vulnerable. I think every racing driver, until he has some sort of major accident, thinks he's totally indestructible. An accident, in some respects, is necessary in the maturing of a driver. Until he's had an accident, he thinks that life is made for him alone, and there's no way he's going to be involved in a shunt and maybe get killed. After recognizing that he's vulnerable, he drives a little more within his limits.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned earlier your crusading for safety on the track. Does that stem from your own accident?

STEWART: Since I've always placed a good deal of importance on my own well-being, I was interested in safety from the beginning. By 1964, I was already wearing thermal underwear saturated with fire retardant, flameproof overalls and a crash helmet, all of which were relatively new developments in motor racing. But the accident taught me that the facilities at some tracks were terribly inadequate, and it was after that that I began to take an active interest in the subject. I live quite a busy life, and the number of hours I put in going around race tracks prior to events trying to talk officials into *seeing* hazards takes a hell of a lot out of me, because most of the time I'm just arguing. To me, that is bloody exhausting.

PLAYBOY: What sort of improvements are you after?

STEWART: If I relate them, the reader will find them so simple that he'll have a difficult time comprehending why we haven't already got what we're asking for. The trouble is that too many people in this business, people who have been in it perhaps longer than I've lived, see many things as natural hazards, as part of the game. "If these guys didn't have any dangers, there'd be no excitement," is what they think. Their attitude is that, compared with 20 years ago, we're wrapped in cotton wool. These people are against me, very much against me, both in Europe and in America.

Of course, motor racing can never be 100 percent certain. It will always be dangerous, but my argument is that if a car does go off a road for any of the three reasons that happens—driver error, mechanical failure or factors outside anyone's control, such as oil on the track or another driver having an accident—then the trees or telephone poles and other hazards must be protected by some sort of barrier to slow down that accident. In other words, once the accident has happened, its effects can be minimized. You can't expect a car to hit a tree head on without badly injuring or killing the driver, so you must put up a barrier that will allow the car to take a glancing blow. If that's done, the chances are that the driver will recover. I've also suggested nets in some places, so that the car's velocity is arrested like a tennis ball at mid-court.

If the accident is serious, there should be proper fire-fighting equipment and proper facilities to remove the driver from his car quickly. We've been racing since the turn of the century and cars have been catching fire since the turn of

© Commonwealth of Puerto Rico.

PUERTO RICAN RUM. YOU CAN STAY WITH IT.

You leave the party to share a private moment.

The rum you sip, our rum, still has the light, dry taste it started with. Not by chance. By law.

Puerto Rican Rum is the only rum that must, by Commonwealth law, be distilled at very high proof for purity, aged for mellowness, filtered through charcoal for smoothness.

All under the watchful eye of our government. So there's nothing in it but rum.

And a natural taste you can stay with. **THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO**

For a free recipe book write: Rums of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10019

the century, and yet there's nothing like enough fire extinguishers with proper proficiency at many tracks. A blaze from 50 gallons of fuel sometimes cannot be put out. The bloody air force can put out 2000 gallons of burning fuel in three minutes, while we're talking about not being able to put out a tiny fire while the driver sits there and burns to death with injuries no more serious than a broken leg. The drivers should also have good medical facilities on the scene, because very few people die instantly, and if they can be kept going by someone very skillful who's on hand, then there's a chance of recovery. These are so simple it's amazing they aren't taken for granted. But they're not. I've been to race tracks where the medical officer in charge has been an out-of-work general practitioner or a gynecologist. Now, I know we're a lot of cunts, but we don't need a gynecologist when our car flies off the track. This sort of carelessness is, to me, scandalous.

There is a group called the Grand Prix Drivers Association, and we're just reconstituting it to take a more active role in safety. My feeling is that if a track doesn't meet our safety standards, we should see to it that the race doesn't take place. We'll lose a lot of race tracks, but after that, only the healthy ones will survive, and that's all that matters. I mean, when you start talking about people dying, totally unnecessarily in some cases, that makes me wild as hell. On television last year, I criticized terribly a race track in America. I got letters for weeks saying, "Do you realize you've destroyed this man's life work? He's put everything he's got into that race track and you come here and do this. Who the hell do you think you are?" So I'm blamed for his inability to see that he's left trees unprotected, fall-off areas and places where spectators are likely to be killed in an accident. But that's the way it is. Some track owners don't see these things.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps they do, but they know that your safety precautions would cost a lot.

STEWART: Of course, but what's expensive—life or money? Jimmy Clark's accident wasn't driver error, and had there been a barrier there or some sort of protection, so that he didn't catapult straight into trees at 140 miles per hour, Jimmy would almost certainly be with us today. There are now barriers along that piece of track to protect drivers from the woods. But that's no good for Jimmy, because he's already dead. It might save the next driver, but why wait until a driver dies before you do something? My feeling about this is real bitterness.

PLAYBOY: Part of that bitterness must stem from your personal relationship with Clark.

STEWART: That's certainly what brought it all home. It was the first time Helen and I really felt personal grief, and we weren't prepared for it; we didn't know how to get over it. We just couldn't believe it. Jimmy was never going to have an accident. He wasn't the type of man to have an accident. He was too good, and the character of his driving didn't make it in the cards for him to crash. And then, suddenly, it happened. First to Jimmy in April 1968. Then to Mike Spence in May. In June, Lodovico Scarfiotti died. And in July, Jo Schlesser. It was a very difficult period for me and for Helen.

I was very close to Jimmy. He was a very unusual man, a man of great character, a tremendous introvert who protected himself totally against people. On the track, he made decisions with the precision of a Swiss watch. But off the track, he was the most indecisive man I ever met. He couldn't make up his mind to do anything. The number of meals we lost because all the restaurants were closed before Jimmy decided which one he wanted to eat at couldn't be counted. My favorite story, and it's true, is about when we arrived in Florida once, going to race Sebring together. We were in this big American car with Jimmy driving and we came to this railroad crossing. You could see ten miles in both directions, and we stopped, and we looked right and we looked left, then we looked right again. Finally, Jimmy turned to me and asked in all seriousness, "Well, what do *you* think?" That's my memory of Jimmy.

PLAYBOY: Has the grief of his death—and of the others—made you shrink from making close friends with other drivers?

STEWART: By now, it has. I don't *avoid* becoming friends with drivers, but I'll never get so close to them again. I'll never allow myself the privilege of so totally enjoying them. The simple fact is that I'm frightened, because it's hurt so badly so often, and it's hurt Helen so much. Both of us were very close to Jimmy. We were also very close to Piers Courage, Jochen Rindt and Bruce McLaren, and the wives were all close friends. First, Bruce died in 1970. We hadn't gotten over that when Piers died two weeks later, right in front of us in a race that Jochen won and I finished second. We all saw the car and the fire, and we knew it was him. Jochen, who was a neighbor in Geneva, was certainly the closest to us, and then, at the end of the season, *he* died. By then, we had been hit so many times that we were terribly vulnerable emotionally. You can imagine the depression that fell on us. I'll never forget it as long as I live. In a way, it's even more powerful than if it were a member of your family who died, because it's something that *you're* doing as well, and this is where it illustrates to you what it does to others around you. You feel you don't want to race anymore.

But then it all disappears again. Something happens and that anesthetic floats back in. The day after Bruce's memorial service in London, Helen and I had to attend Piers's funeral, and after we returned to our hotel, a phone call came through from America. The man who ran the Chaparrals wanted me to come over right away and do a race for him in a new type of car, and we made a deal right on the phone. My life just came out of this hole, my emotions came out of that grave and back into the dream-world, and here I was, saying excitedly, "Jesus, I'm going to drive that Chaparral in America." I can remember the excitement of saying to Helen, "Great. I'm going over to the States, and I think you should come with me." I didn't think she should be left alone at a time like that, so we went over together and she spent her time lying by a swimming pool and getting away from it all.

PLAYBOY: She can never really get away from it all as long as you continue to race. Doesn't this life put an unimaginable strain on her?

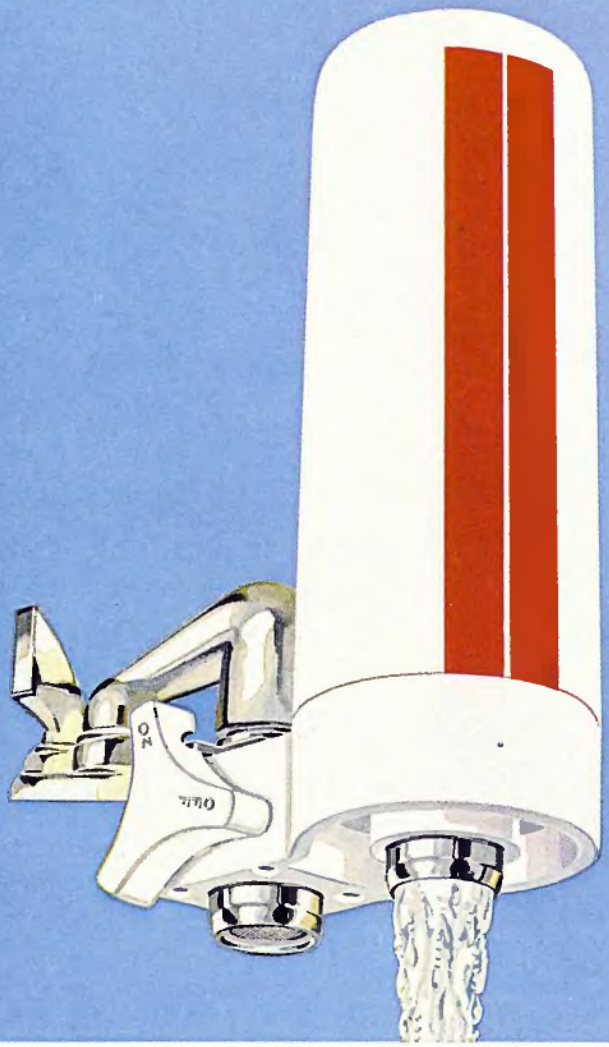
STEWART: I've never met anyone who would be able to come close to Helen. She's very aware of the dangers, but she's handled them in a tremendously mature way, and she's done this naturally, without the help of psychiatrists and without my help, really, because I'm a very selfish person when it comes to things like this. She's learned how to control her emotions, to only let them go ever so occasionally in the case of despondency or sorrow. She's had an enormous capacity to endure this without driving herself or me to some neurosis, which would be easy to let happen. I'll never know how she's been able to do it, because the life of the wife, or the mother, of a racing driver must be about the most torturous that anyone can have. But she didn't marry a racing driver; she married Jackie Stewart, garage hand. So she's seen every step on our ladder; we've achieved it all together. And every rung of sorrow has brought us closer, and we've helped each other get past every rung.

Occasionally, we talk about it. I want her to know why I'm doing what I'm doing, and where I'm going. I want her to feel as secure as possible. She knows I enjoy my life and she knows I don't want to give it up yet—not yet—although for her and our two sons, I know I should. And she has every right to ask me to do it, but she never has—I suppose because she knows there would be nothing worse for them than for me to stop motor racing against my will, before I'm ready.

PLAYBOY: Unless a racing driver's wife is a saint, though, there still must be considerable strain on such a marriage.

STEWART: On the contrary. Our family

This charcoal filter gives you better tasting water.



This charcoal filter gives you better tasting cigarettes.

Filter for better taste the Tareyton way with activated charcoal.

Enjoy better tasting tap water with an activated charcoal water filter. Get this $12.99 value water filter for just $5.00 and two Tareyton wrappers.
Send check or money order (no cash) to: Water Filter, Dept. 20, P.O. Box 4486, Chicago, Ill. 60677. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1972.
Offer limited to residents of U.S.

Enjoy the mild taste of Tareyton with the Activated Charcoal Filter. **King Size or 100's.**

King Size and 100 mm: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71

life is extremely close. When I'm home, I'm intensely together with Helen and the kids. I can't say I get more pleasure from my family than a man with an ordinary career gets from his; I would have no right to say that. But that's the way I feel. I live so close to the edge of life that the pleasures I enjoy with my family are so high and so deep that at times it frightens me.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STEWART: Because how can it be this good? How can it last this long? How can it go on like this? Because if it's so good, something's got to break; and because of the life I lead, that threat is hanging more over me than it would be over an accountant or a bank manager. I'm never far from that threat. I play it down, but it's there. Maybe that's a dour Scot speaking. Or maybe it's a canny Scot. Or maybe I'm just a pessimist at heart.

PLAYBOY: Or maybe you're just feeling as anyone would in your position.

STEWART: Not really. Not anyone. Because to me, my family is the most important of all the things we've talked about. They're my roots, my base, my anchor. They give me something to hold onto, something to grasp. They make me feel like I always have something connected within me. They're what really allow me to be as stable as I have to be in order to be a racing driver.

PLAYBOY: How would you feel if your sons were to become racing drivers?

STEWART: I wouldn't like it. I think one racing driver in the family is quite enough. To be the father of a racing driver must be almost as difficult as being the wife or mother of a racing driver. I wouldn't want to have to watch my son climb into a car that I knew was bloody dangerous. I've come through it this far with what I consider great good fortune, and I've escaped all sorts of things, and I wouldn't want to go down that road again with my sons. I hope they have a hunger for success, but I also hope that they satisfy it by being businessmen or, if they must be sportsmen, let them be professional golfers.

PLAYBOY: Do you sometimes feel guilty about what your career puts your family through?

STEWART: Yes, I do. I feel that I'm unjustly exposing them to pressure, strain and danger that they don't deserve and that I should no longer allow them to suffer. Many people say to me, "You've won two world championships, 19 Grands Prix. Why take chances anymore?" In a way, my subconscious is saying the same thing to me. But the anesthetized dilettante who lurks within me waiting to drive again doesn't want to be asked that question and doesn't want to answer it. The *thinking* side of me knows they're correct, but maybe I don't have the guts to stop. How do you give this up before you're ready? This is my life! This is my pleasure! I'm so bloody selfish that racing still has premier significance to me.

PLAYBOY: Do you rationalize that you're really doing it to ensure your family's financial security?

STEWART: Oh, yes. That's a great excuse, to say that it's for their future. There's truth in it, of course, but do you need one million, or ten million, or 20 million? It's easy to say that I'm accumulating money for them, but if I were realistic, I'd have to say that I already have enough money to almost never work again.

PLAYBOY: In this connection, some of the purists among fans and drivers feel that the increasing commercialization of racing is turning it into a corporate advertising device rather than a sport. As one of the most commercially sponsored drivers, what do you say to that?

STEWART: I say good, because this is the way motor racing has to go. In the past, it was the sport of the wealthy amateur, but it's getting too expensive for him now. When we line up to start the race, there is $2,500,000 in equipment sitting there. So I'm *pleased* that commercialism has come into motor racing with a capital C. We now have race sponsors, team sponsors, driver sponsors, sponsors in almost every area. The racing buffs, the fanatics, will always come out to a race, but motor racing needs a fresh public, the people who've been exposed to it and excited about it because of nationally televised races, magazine ads, and so forth. If we can attract this new public and give them their money's worth, then we're going to increase the prosperity of the whole sport.

It's extremely important to me that these manufacturers see the benefits of motor racing as an advertising and promotional vehicle, because it's extremely important to motor racing. I get very annoyed at some of the drivers who don't take seriously our obligations to the future of racing, such as when a sponsor gives a reception for the drivers and many of them don't turn up for it. To me, that's not only rude, it's unprofessional. I don't think we're allowed that privilege if we're going to build up our sport.

PLAYBOY: From all sources, what sort of income does a Grand Prix driver make?

STEWART: I should think good drivers in Grands Prix earn about $100,000 a year from their retainers and their prize money. They may also drive other races that add to that.

PLAYBOY: And you?

STEWART: I'm retained by Goodyear, by Ford, by Elf, the French petroleum company, and by our team manager, Ken Tyrrell. Besides the Grands Prix, I also drive in the Can-Am series in America.

PLAYBOY: So much for the sources. How about the income from them?

STEWART: I can't tell you. It wouldn't be fair.

PLAYBOY: To whom?

STEWART: Well, I don't know.

PLAYBOY: So tell us, then.

STEWART: All right. I think I might possibly get into seven figures this year. It's a lot, whatever it is. Out of that come various commissions, my office expenses, my secretaries, like any other business. But my overhead is much lower than other businesses because I'm a one-man band.

PLAYBOY: How important is the money as a factor in persuading you to continue facing the risks of racing?

STEWART: I wouldn't race for free, if that's what you mean. But the money itself isn't all-important, even though I've always been hungry for it. I've also always been hungry for success for its own sake. I wasn't particularly well suited to school, and I left at the age of 15. But I was highly ambitious. If I hadn't gone into racing, I suppose I would have worked very hard in the family garage business and built more and more garages until I was a big success. Maybe some of that ambition comes from the fact that my brother was eight years older than I and was a successful racing driver. Maybe that's what drove me to become a successful shooter —so that the family would recognize *I* could do something. Maybe. I don't know. Maybe I'm psychoanalyzing myself too much. I don't do that a lot. Anyway, I don't suppose I ever dreamed of being as successful as I have been, and you know, it's never as pleasurable as it is in your dreams. People who dream of success experience much more in their dreams than I do in reality.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STEWART: Because, in a way, I don't *allow* it to be as good as the dream. I downplay it to myself. I refuse to let it dominate me.

PLAYBOY: You said that the dream of success is better than the reality. How good is the reality?

STEWART: A hell of a lot better than just dreaming about it, if you get what I mean. But I have a new dream, and I'm not sure the reality is going to come.

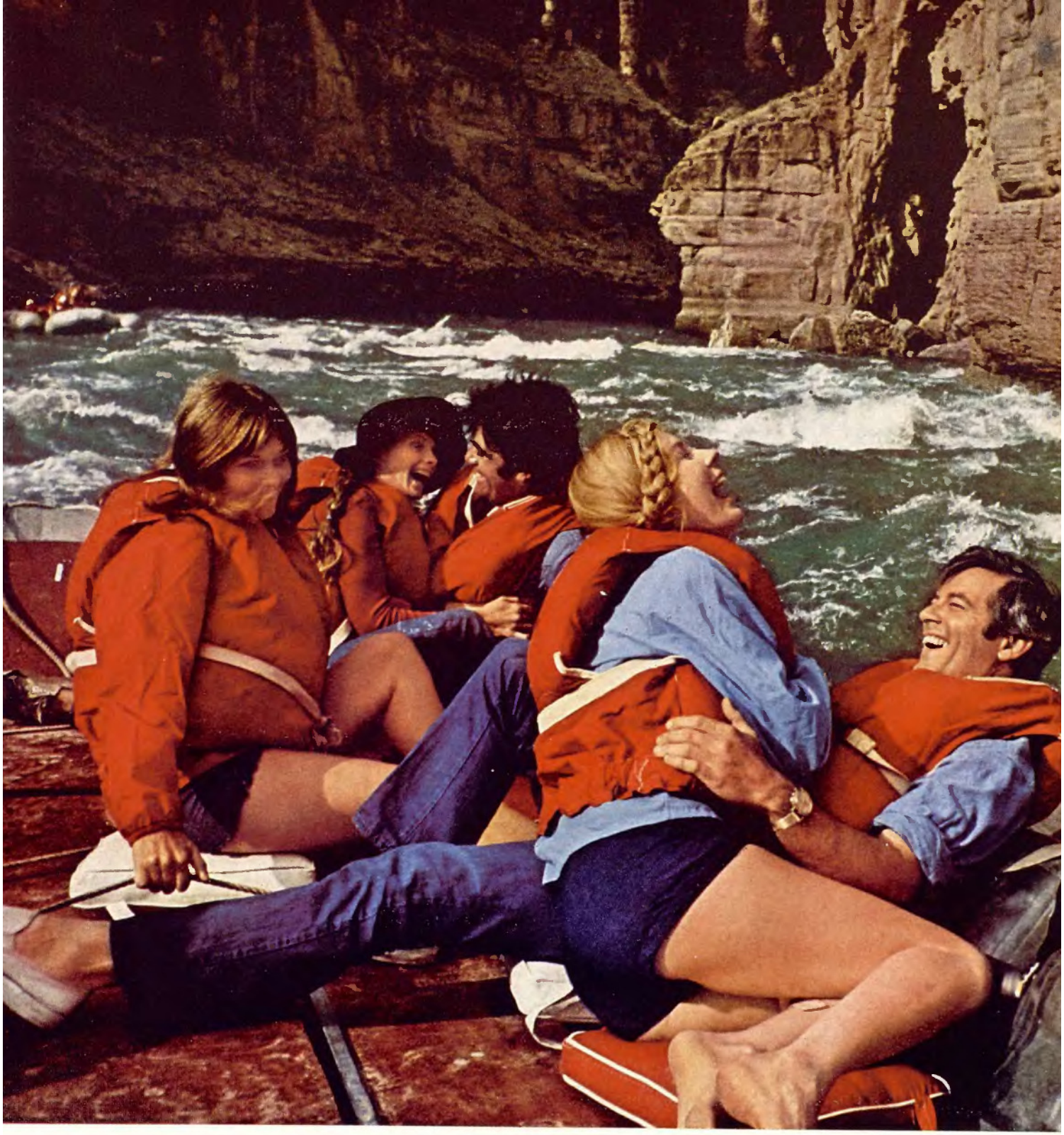
PLAYBOY: What's the new dream?

STEWART: To get richer!

PLAYBOY: To ask what you yourself asked rhetorically a few minutes ago: How much is enough?

STEWART: I want to put enough aside for Helen and the children for the rest of their lives. If anything happened to me, I would want her to live in the manner we live now, and by that I mean she should be able to go to Acapulco or St.-Moritz, or wherever she likes,

(concluded on page 194)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A robust young guy with a thirst for new adventures. And a talent for getting others to join in on the fun. Obviously, this man is much more of a doer than a viewer. Facts: PLAYBOY delivers 66% *more* men under 50—and over 5,500,000 *more* men under 35—than the top regularly scheduled TV sports show. How do you get your message across to this constantly on-the-go market? Put it in PLAYBOY. (Sources: *1971 Simmons* and *Nielsen Television Index, Second Report Nov. 1971.*)

New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Atlanta • London • Tokyo

falling rocks narrowing road cul-de-sac stop

fiction By SEAN O'FAOLAIN

poet, priest and doctor: after a long celibacy, each man was fated to find his woman

The day Morgan Myles arrived in L____ as the new county librarian, he got a painful boil under his tongue. All that week he was too busy settling into his new quarters to do anything about it beyond dribbling over his mother's hand mirror into a mouth as pink and black as a hotel bathroom. Otherwise, he kept working off the pain and discomfort of it in outbursts of temper with his assistant, Marianne Bolger, a frail, long-legged, neurotically efficient, gushingly idealistic, ladylike (that is to say, Protestant) young woman whom he hated and bullied from the first moment he met her. This, however, could have been because of his cautious fear of her virginal attractiveness. On his fourth day in the job, he was so rude to her that she turned on him, called him a Catholic cad and fled sobbing behind the stacks. For 15 minutes, he went about his work humming with satisfaction at having broken her ladylike ways; but when she failed to come

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

trotting to his next roar of command and he went tearing around the stacks in a fury looking for her, he was horrified to find her sitting on the floor of the Arts section still crying into her mouse-sized handkerchief. With a groan of self-disgust, he sat on the floor beside her, put his arm around her shoulder, rocked her as gently as if she were a kid of 12, told her he was a bastard out of hell, that she was the most efficient assistant he had ever had in his life and that from this on, they would be doing marvelous things together with "our library." When she had calmed, she apologized for being so rude and thanked him so formally, and so courteously, and in such a ladylike accent that he decided that she was a born bitch and went off home in a towering temper to his mother, who, seeing the state her dear boy was in, said, "Wisha, Morgan love, why don't you take that gumboil of yours to a doctor and show it to him? You're not your natural nice self at all. You're as cranky as a bag of cats with it."

At the word doctor, Morgan went pale with fear, bared his teeth like a five-barred gate and snarled that he had no intention of going next nor nigh any doctor in this one-horse town. "Anyway," he roared, "I hate all doctors. Without exception of age or sex. Cods and bluffers they are, the whole lot of them. And you know well that all any doctor ever wants to do with any patient is to take X rays of his insides, order him into hospital, take the clothes down off of him, stick a syringe into his backside and before the poor fathead knows where he is, there'll be half a dozen fellows in white nightshirts sawing away at him like a dead pig. It's just a gumboil. It doesn't bother me one bit. I've had dozens of them in my time. It's merely an act of God. Like an earthquake or a crick in the neck. It will pass."

But it did not pass. It went on burning and smarting until one windy, sunstruck afternoon in his second week, when he was streeling miserably along the Dublin Road, about a mile beyond the town's last untidy lot and its last unfinished suburban terrace. About every ten minutes or so, the clouds opened and the sun flicked and vanished. He held the collar of his baggy tweed overcoat humped about his neck. His tongue was trying to double back acrobatically to his uvula. Feeling as lost and forlorn as the gray heron he saw across the road standing by the edge of a wrinkled loch, he halted to compose. *O long-legged bird by your ruffled lake/ Alone as I, as bleak of eye, opaque. . . .* As what? He unguardedly rubbed his undertongue on a sharp tooth, cursed, the sun winked and he was confronted by one of destiny's infinite options. It was his moment of strength, of romance, of glamor, of youth, of sunshine on a strange shore. A blink of sunlight fell on a brass plate fastened to the red-brick gate pillar beside him. DR. FRANCIS BREEN.

The gate was lined with sheet metal. Right and left of it, there was a high cut-stone wall backing on a coppice of rain-black macrocarpa that extended over the grass-grown border of the road. The house was not visible. He squeaked the gate open, peered timidly up a short curved avenue at it, all in red brick, tall, turreted and bay-windowed. An empty-looking conservatory hooped against one side of it (intended, presumably, for the cultivation of rare orchids). Along the other side, a long veranda (intended, doubtless, to shelter Dr. Francis Breen from Ireland's burning tropical sun). He opened his mouth wide as he gazed, probed with his finger for the sore spot and found it.

It did not look like a house where anybody would start cutting anybody up. It did not look like a doctor's house at all. It looked more like a gentleman's residence, although he did remember the American visitor to Dublin who said to him that every Irish surgery looked as if it had been furnished by Dr. Watson for Sherlock Holmes. As he cautiously entered the avenue, he observed that the gate bore a perpendicular column of five warning signs in blue lettering on white enamel. NO DOGS. NO CANVASSERS. NO HAWKERS. NO CIRCULARS. SHUT THE GATE. He advanced on the house, his fists clenched inside his overcoat pockets, his eyebrows lifted to indicate his contempt for all doctors. Twice on the way to the front door he paused, as if to admire the grounds, really to assure himself that no dog had failed to read the NO DOGS sign: A born city man, he feared all living animals. He was very fond of them in poetry. He took the final step upward to the stained-glass door, stretched out his index finger, to tip, to tempt, to test, to press the brass bell knob. (An enamel sign beneath it said, TRADESMEN TO THE REAR.) His mother had spoken of a deficiency. She had also mentioned pills. He would ask this sawbones for a pill, or for a soothing bottle. He would not remove his shirt for him. And he would positively refuse to let down his pants. "Where," he foresaw himself roaring, "do you think I have this boil?"

A shadow appeared behind the door. He looked speculatively over his glasses at the servant who partly opened it. She was gray and settled, but not old, dressed in black bombazine, wearing a white starched apron with shoulder frills. When he asked for the doctor, she immediately flung the door wide open, as if she had been eagerly expecting him for years and years; then, limping eagerly ahead of him, dot and carry one, down a softly upholstered corridor, she showed him into what she called "the dachtar's surgery," quacking all about "what an ahful co-eld dayeh it iss Gad bliss itt" in what he had already scornfully come to recognize as the ducks' dialect of this sodden, mist-shotten dung heap of the Shannon's delta.

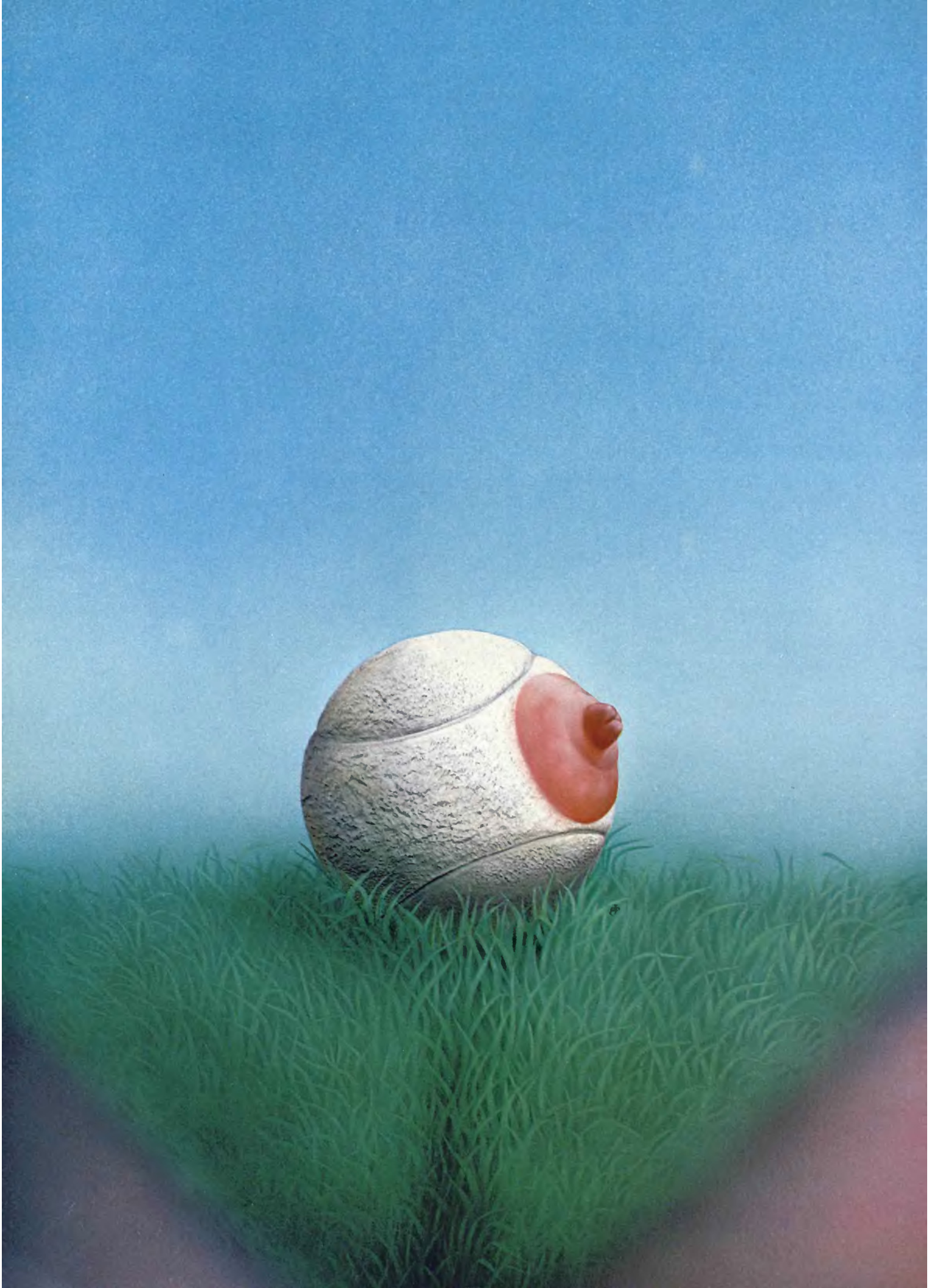
Left to himself, he had time only to be disturbed by the sight of one, two, three barometers side by side on the wall, and one, two, three, four clocks side by side on the mantelpiece; relieved by an opposite wall lined with books; and enchanted by a dozen daintily tinted lithographs of flying moths and half a dozen hanging glass cases displaying wide-winged butterflies pinned against blue skies, when the door was slammed open by a tall, straight, white-haired, handsome, military-looking man, his temper at boiling point, his voice of the barrack square, the knuckles of his fist white on the doorknob as if he were as eager to throw out his visitor as his Bombazine had been to welcome him in. Morgan noted that his eyes were quiet as a novice of nuns, and that his words were as polite, and remembered hearing somewhere that when the Duke of Wellington had given his order for the final charge at Waterloo, his words to his equerry had been, "The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Field Marshal von Blücher and begs him to be so kind as to charge like blazes."

"Well, sir?" the doctor was saying. "Would you be so kind as to tell me what you mean by entering my house in this cavalier fashion? Are you an insurance salesman? Are you distributing circulars? Are you promoting the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*? Are you a hawker? A huckster? A Jehovah's Witness?"

At these words, Morgan's eyes spread to the rims of his lake-size glasses. He felt a heavenly sunlight flooding the entire room. He raised two palms of exultant joy. More than any other gift of life, more than drink, food, girls, books, nicotine, coffee, music, more even than poetry and his old mother (whom he thought of, and saw through, as if she were a stained-glass image of the Mother of God), he adored all cranks, fanatics, eccentrics and near lunatics, always provided that they did not impinge on his personal comfort, in which case he would draw a line across them as fast as a butcher cuts off a chicken's head. More than any other human type he despised all men of good character, all solid citizens, all well-behaved social men, all mixers, joiners, hearty fellows and jolly good chaps, always provided that he did not require their assistance in his profession as librarian, in which case he would cajole them and lard them and lick them like a pander, while utterly despising himself, and his job, for having to tolerate such bores for one moment. But here before his eyes was a figure of purest gold. If there were any other such

(continued on page 170)

"Well, that was an approximation of Sodom—now for a rundown on Gomorrah. . . ."



life at forest meadow tennis club took a sudden upswing when helen became the prize

a gentleman's game for reasonable stakes

fiction
by stan dryer

GEORGE SKIDMORE tosses the tennis ball too far back over his head, arches up awkwardly and serves, the ball just catching the top of his racket. But the ball wobbles over the net. "Geez, the damn thing went in," he says to himself.

His opponent, Harry Seibert, moves to the right and hits the ball with his big powerful forehand. The ball lifts high and lands a good five feet beyond the base line. Fifteen–love, George Skidmore. It is the first point of an important match. George and Harry are playing for George's wife, Helen.

Harry looks over at Helen, who is sitting on the four heavy planks that serve as stands at the Forest Meadow Tennis Club. She is wearing her long blonde hair wound high on top of her head. With her serene face and dark, deep-set eyes, she is, for Harry, a goddess of infinite beauty.

But, at 37, Helen has begun to notice the signs of age—the thickening of her legs that cannot be exercised away, the need for just a touch of toner to cover the first gray hairs. Soon, she has realized, men's heads will not involuntarily swivel with appreciation when she passes. But there are a few moments left, moments she would just as soon not spend with dull, indifferent old George, upon whom middle age already sits like a gargoyle weighting the corner of an ancient church. Thus, at that beautiful moment four months ago when Harry had the courage to show his feelings, taking her in his arms in the breezeway of her house, she had responded as any real woman would.

Now she smiles back at Harry and holds up her hand, making a ring with the forefinger and thumb. It is her signal to him that she knows he can whip the daylights out of George any time he feels like it. Harry grins at her, his mind staggering under the thought of bedding with her, a delight he has not yet tasted. So befuddled are his thoughts that George's next serve bounces lazily past him. Everyone around the Forest Meadow club knows that to take Harry in a match, it is only necessary to get him watching some chick.

A balding bachelor in his late 30s, Harry has an eye for women but, like his forehand, not much follow-through. He had not intended to kiss Helen Skidmore in the breezeway. He was simply on the way to get some cigarettes from his car. She had been getting ice out of the freezer. As he squeezed past her in the narrow passage, she misinterpreted their physical contact as a deliberate overture on his part. But Harry has some reputation to maintain in Forest Meadow. So when she pulled his face down to hers and kissed him warmly on the lips, he kissed her warmly back and agreed to the rendezvous she suggested.

"Were you ready for that one?" George calls across the net. After years of playing with Harry, George knows that he is, on occasion, inclined to daydream. And George wants this match to have every appearance of being a fair contest. In truth, he plans to throw the match.

For George, looking back from the other side of 40, also sees his opportunities slipping rapidly away. All he has in common with Helen, he feels, is an immaculate split-level house and their children, Ralph and Sarah. The latter are thundering down upon adolescence, a prospect that frightens and bewilders him. Helen has surrounded herself with a thicket of committee and P. T. A. meetings. She can seldom find time to come to the club with him, and when they do play mixed doubles, her game is so rusty that he burns with a continuous rage at her sloppy play.

They still speak on most friendly terms, administer to the wants of their children, but have somewhere lost all real contact. When they occasionally make love, it is more out of habit than passion. They entertain their friends, but when George thinks back afterward, he realizes that throughout the evening they never exchanged a word or a glance.

So if Harry wants to take on Helen's weak serve and inadequate backhand, that is fine with George. There are plenty of available chicks around the club eager and willing to play tennis and other interesting sports. Of course, he will put on a good show for appearance' sake, perhaps winning a set. No sense in hurting Helen's feelings by seeming to give her away. But the whole business should be simplicity itself, as Harry takes George in singles four out of five times they play.

"Yeah, I was ready," Harry shouts in reply to George's question.

"Come on, Harry," he says to himself. "You gotta *beat* this guy. Put the old pressure-a-rooney on right from the start." Concentrating, he hammers George's next serve deep into the backhand corner. George has no chance to get near the ball.

With a semiprofessional motion of his hands, palms down, Paul Pursell, the linesman, indicates that the ball is in. The score is 30–15, George. Paul has been practicing tennis-linesman signs all week in front of his bathroom mirror with the door locked. Paul's wife, Laureen, has a very caustic tongue and was opposed to the whole idea of his officiating at what she considered an immoral ritual. But her feelings on the matter have not prevented her from coming to watch the match.

Paul looks up at the stands to see how his call sign went across. Helen smiles and waves at him and Paul grins back. Laureen makes a sharp sign to him with her forefinger. She has not practiced this signal beforehand, but its meaning is obvious. Paul is to tend to his line watching.

It was the idea of linesmen that finally convinced Helen that Harry and George were serious about playing a match for her. The whole business had come in a rush at a party at the Pursells', when George accused Harry of messing with his wife. It was a regular performance that George went through that normally only annoyed Helen. A few too many drinks put him into a state where he had to show his masculinity. Usually, this demonstration took the form of picking a friend at random and accusing him of playing around with Helen.

Unfortunately, this night he picked Harry. In the shocked silence that followed, Harry had summoned up his male ego and told George that it was all quite true and that he and Helen were in love. The other men managed to drag them apart before blows could be exchanged. "There's only one way to settle this," George shouted. "I'll play you for her next Saturday."

"Any time you name," said Harry. "I can take you."

Despite the pleas from the other couples, nothing would stop them. Like true gentlemen, they sat down and worked out the rules, and then asked for volunteers for linesmen.

George and Helen drove home in icy silence, save for one interchange.

"What about the children?" said Helen.

"What about them?" said George.

"What should we tell them?"

"Nothing until after the match," said George. "There is a faint possibility that I might win, you know."

George double-faults his next service but puts the next one in, a softy, just Harry's meat. He drives it solidly down the line past George. The score is 30–40.

Harry's game plan is simple. He will whip George as he knows he can when he really concentrates on his game. Whatever

ILLUSTRATION BY DON IVAN PUNCHATZ

humiliation he can heap on him along the way, so much the better.

The next point is brief. Harry's return of service catches on his racket frame and becomes a little dribble that pops over the net. George's frantic rush is hopeless; he catches it on the second bounce and drives it into the net. Game, Harry Seibert.

As they walk around the end of the net, Harry smiles up at Helen and she grins back. George glowers. The game is not going quite according to plan. It would look better if the first set were more of a contest.

But Harry's serve is the one strength in an otherwise mediocre game. He aces George on his first service, driving the ball down the center line past George's flailing backhand.

Harry was an only child. In back of the big seedy house in Larchmont, New York, where he spent his youth, there was an overgrown vacant lot with the remnants of a tennis court. The court was too full of weeds to play on, but he could practice serving there, whacking the ball by the hour across a net made from a piece of rope and an old blanket.

He did not get along well with his father, a big florid man who ran a wholesale hardware business in New York City. Whenever the pressure between them got too great, Harry's mother, a thin woman full of compromises, would say to Harry, "Your father's tense. Why don't you go out and hit some tennis balls?"

So young Harry would drag his aggressions out to the weedy court and hammer away serves, seeing the fat, glaring features of his father on each tennis ball as it hung at the peak of its arc.

Another service, another ace. George stands and watches the ball whistle past. "The bastard must be thinking about his father," he says to himself.

In his junior year, Harry played on the Larchmont High School doubles team with an insolent youth with heavy horn-rimmed glasses by the name of Elston Gollach. Elston had, Harry figured, been weaned on a tennis ball and learned to stroke before he could walk. He hit every shot clean in the center of the racket, with his feet in just the position illustrated in tennis books.

Harry had two duties on the court; first, to drive in his service and, second, to try to return balls that were served to him. Otherwise, he had been ordered by Elston to keep well out of the way. When Elston served or returned service, Harry sat by the side of the court and watched Elston singlehandedly smash their opponents into submission. When Harry served, he followed through by sprinting for the side lines, giving Elston the full court.

They won every match they played and received the trophy for best show of teamwork. Elston kept the trophy and Harry did not go out for tennis in his senior year.

George gets his racket on Harry's third serve, but it plops weakly into the net. Another ace follows. Score 2–love, Harry.

George serves and Harry hits it deep to George's backhand. George, remembering he is to put on a good show, sprints for the ball and swings. Everything clicks, his feet are just right and the racket comes around perfectly. He drives the ball cross-court so that it just strikes beyond Harry's frantic reach.

"Son of a gun," George says to himself with a certain pride. "Sometimes those damn lessons really pay off."

George's father, Edward Skidmore, was devoted to the game of tennis. He had played it since early childhood, and the living room of his neat home in the Detroit suburb of Lake Glens was jammed with tennis trophies. They covered special shelves built along all available wall space and overflowed onto the side tables and the buffet. The family ate all their salads and desserts from the little pewter plates that some tournaments give for prizes.

George had his first tennis lesson at the age of six. It was the beginning of a long series of agonizing sessions with a series of unbelievably patient young men. It was inconceivable to Edward Skidmore that any child of his could not, with the proper training, become an enthusiastic tennis player. He was in error. Although these lessons gave George the fundamentals of the game, they also instilled a firm loathing for the sport. After nine years of watching him go sullenly through the motions of tennis, his father faced facts. On George's 15th birthday, he gave him the option of dropping the lessons. George instantly accepted. From that day until he met Helen, nine years later, he did not lay hand on a racket or a tennis ball.

He lofts the ball into the air and as he serves, realizes that he must win this set. There is no victory in letting Harry walk all over him. How much more ironic it will be if he, George, keeps control of the match to the very end and then, by deliberately blowing a couple of shots, hands Helen over to the poor bastard.

His serve comes straight at Harry, hard and true. It ricochets off the handle of his racket into the stands. "Those damn tennis lessons are coming back," Harry says to himself, and for the first time, a little tinge of worry grabs at him. George has been known on rare occasions to remember all that was taught him and whip the best that Forest Meadow can offer.

Harry cannot touch him now. George finishes him off quickly with two points, the last one a beautiful half-court volley that Harry watches catch the tape at the corner of the court.

George smiles at the little audience assembled in the stands. He even winks at Helen.

"Good grief," Helen thinks, "he's remembering his training. Of all the damnfool times for him to put his game back in the groove." She remembers another time when George put it all together and won.

Helen spent most of her summers during high school and college hanging around the Lake Glens Tennis Club. She met George at a dance at the club in June following her graduation from the University of Michigan. She had been dancing with a boy who was busy describing why he had lost in the second round of the Detroit Hard Court Open when George cut in.

They exchanged names and then danced for several minutes in silence. Finally, she spoke. "You been playing much this summer?" It was a nice way of giving a strange young man a chance to talk about his current bag of trophies.

"I have not played tennis in nine years," said George. "I happen to loathe the game."

For some reason, she found such candidness most refreshing in a world where playing tennis was almost a moral obligation. They spent a very pleasant evening together. And when he called her the next day and suggested their playing a set or two, she knew that their relationship could become very serious.

At first, George played only as an excuse to be with her. But soon his long-forgotten game began to return and she started to engineer mixed-doubles matches for them. Before long, he was taking on some of the men in singles. Finally, on a hot afternoon late in August, he challenged and defeated his father. It must be admitted that his father had his leg heavily bandaged for a pulled muscle, but it was a victory for George, nevertheless. Edward Skidmore almost wept with joy as he pumped his son's hand in congratulation.

The victory gave George the surge of confidence he needed. That evening, when they were parked in their favorite spot out by Talbert's Falls, George proposed, and Helen quickly accepted.

Now Harry's serve begins to waver and George puts on the pressure. He recalls the voice of Wayne Lawson, his last tennis teacher. "Watch that damn ball, keep those knees bent and move your ass, Skidmore, move your ass."

Move his ass he does, returning every ball that Harry can put into his court. He is a perfect, well-oiled machine and Harry is mere flesh. Only by firing up a tremendous rage at his father is Harry

(continued on page 202)

Catherine Breillat
Excerpt from *L'Homme Facile*

"L. crosses the street, thinking perhaps he may pass a girl worth his notice, and in that case he is quite ready to follow her. Sometimes it is in vain, because, having first caught a glance of her lovely profile, you then meet her face on. And never again can you recover just that first angle, the glimpse that caught her in the act of being beautiful and the object of the chase. . . . And then, after the night of drinking and lovemaking, they tell you their names—probably not their real names. Eva, Sybil, Sylvia, Karine, all those little one-night girls who try to look so innocent and who brag about their titles, their castles, their princes. But you find that it takes no attack on the château, no storming the drawbridge, no battering the gates—their portals are wide open for you to charge through. . . ."

Those Sexy French Literary Ladies

a phenomenon très formidable: gallic beauties who look exotic and write erotic

Photography By David Hamilton

ONCE UPON A TIME, all lady authors had to have horse faces, gray bangs and legs shaped like claret bottles. And authors of erotic novels had to be rheumy-eyed fat men who lived in lonely hotel rooms, kept cats and probably drank a lot. If these notions were ever true, they aren't any longer—as browsers in a Paris bookstore recently discovered when they came across a new-model author in the flesh, Catherine de Premonville, dressed in nothing but the ballpoint pen with which she was autographing copies of her novels.

For living-color proof of this year's style in literary looks, PLAYBOY offers seven glimpses of what's best selling in France—six successful young novelists and a very feminine publisher. Each is individual: Catherine de Premonville has a second career as a popular singer; Catherine Breillat belongs to upper-class society; Michèl Matthys is married to a television and film actor; Régine Desforges is a new force in Paris publishing; Marie-Ange Agnèse writes both film scripts and novels; Béatrice Privat is the daughter of a well-known publisher; Virginie des Rieux divides her time among Paris, fashionable St.-Tropez and a mountain hideaway in the Maritime Alps. One thing they have in common is that their books are raking in francs, lire and Deutsche marks. The other things they have in common will be detected by alert readers.

Virginie des Rieux

Excerpt from *La Satyre*

"One Wednesday afternoon, Monsieur Ballintré was working alone in the director's office over a confidential dossier while an early May storm swept over Mont Valérien outside his windows. Suddenly, Célina, dressed in gray and arrogant in her beauty, came into the room. She halted in surprise. Then she said, 'Ah, so you're here? I can't seem to close my window against the storm. I wonder if you'd look at it?'

"The clerk put his pen on the desk, patted his tightly buttoned vest, rose methodically and followed along to her room. Once there, he examined the stuck window hinge and said simply, 'Hammer.' By the time she had found it and brought it to him, he had removed his vest and shirt and was ready for labor. He had the torso of an athlete. She looked at him and laughed a little nervously.

"When he'd got the window shut, he rearranged the drapes, rubbed his hands together and turned to Célina. It was as if everything had been decided in advance. Not a word was spoken. . . . He began methodically to undress her, laying out her clothes piece by piece and even refolding her skirt three times to make it neat. Célina, stupefied and amused, soon found herself absolutely naked. He lifted her with care onto the bed, where she lay spread out in all her russet beauty. He was like a trained animal going through its routine. She wanted to laugh. . . .

"Suddenly, he was on top of her, beginning his new work with the same methodical persistence. Her little cries and his heavy breathing mingled with the muffled sounds of rain and traffic on the street outside. Then she wrapped herself around him. She surrendered herself as never before in her life as a woman."

Catherine de Premonville

Excerpt from *Jamais sans Jules*

"I am wearing one of Antoine's blue-canvas shirts. Two buttons are missing and my breasts jut out. They look fragile and pale in contrast to my sun-tanned belly. Shuddering, I drop the shirt to the floor, and I realize that this shudder comes from the same bad conscience I felt as a 12-year-old when I first explored the lines of my body in the bathroom mirror. Then I was so troubled at the sight of my almost-hairless pubis that I would shave it in hopes of growing the kind of fleece I'd seen on the older girls at school.

"Now, I steal into the bathroom, take Antoine's razor and shave my tawny hair, leaving just a vertical streak between my legs. . . . When I go into the bedroom, Jules is lying on the bed. I open the creaking closet door and put on my golden, high-heeled Cuban bedroom slippers. In the dressing table's ancient mirror, I can see myself again, and I turn the mirror so that it reflects the bed. Gently, I undress Jules. I kneel on top of him and lick his body. All the while, I continue to watch the reflected image of myself. . . ."

Marie-Ange Agnèse

From the film scenario for *Elle avec Elle*

"Before they go out to dinner, Elizabeth invites Marie-Ange to bathe with her. What grace there is in the encounter of these two exquisite women—the ripe maturity of one and the budding promise of the other. Marie-Ange draws her friend to her, the girl's face against her breasts, the rest of her body abandoned to the penetrating caress of the water. After a few voluptuous movements, Elizabeth sighs and turns off the jade lamp. In the darkness, only the sound of the water is heard. Marie-Ange speaks, in a voice of fulfilled sensuality—but there is no reply. She reaches up to switch the lamp on. With horror, she sees that they are immersed in a bath of blood! A single razor blade floats on the surface and the inert body of Elizabeth is slumped in the water. . . ."

Régine Desforges

She is one of the most recent sensations in French publishing, that traditional home of the spicy novel and the frank memoir. The first book on her firm's list (Irène, by an anonymous author) shocked even the French police into raiding the bookstores. Within a year, she had become one of the best-known Paris publishers of avant-garde and erotic works.
In a Plexus magazine interview, Mme. Desforges says of herself: "I publish a book for its power to disturb; books are my passion. Pornography is the poor man's eroticism. . . . Prostitution is one of my phantasms. . . . Every housewife should have the experience of prostituting herself. By that she would acquire a physical knowledge of men and a knowledge of how to use her body. Pleasure is an extraordinary gift. . . ."

Michèl Matthys

Excerpt from *Le Coeur à la Renverse*

"Sexually satisfied women are supposed to be more tyrannical toward their lovers than unsatisfied women. This seems simple logic to me. The fulfilled ones have something to defend; the empty ones have everything to gain. Eroticism is only a way of consoling oneself. I conceal my disappointment as best I can. Bander, get your orgasm and shut up!' I tell myself when I really have the blues. Deep inside, I rebel through eroticism, almost without being aware of what I am doing. Eroticism is a sign of failure, not in the act of sex but in the thought. . . . I love to be loved as a child, because childhood is the only reasonable state. . . . Tell me, Salvatore, why is the world so unjust? When we do not have the gift to become real adults, why does it deny us the right to return to our own world?"

Béatrice Privat

Excerpt from *Les Vergers de Février*

"Just Mauduit walked into the theater and stopped near Ange Mansfeld, who was tuning his harp and preparing to practice. Ange felt the gaze of the famous man upon him and he felt both pride and a furious exhilaration. He concealed this excitement as he kept his eyes down and ran his hands over the strings, yet in his heart a horse galloped in an April dawn along the seashore. As his own fingers touched the strings, he was conscious of Just's gaze, like spectral fingers, running over his skin. Ange felt himself growing upward, getting as tall as the world, his head reaching the stars. He held the wind in his left hand, the sun in his right. Music always upset him the way hashish did. . . . As for Just, he was quite oblivious of the boy's mood. Just believed neither in his own fame nor in his own powers of seduction—or at least it never occurred to him to think about such things. . . ."

KENNEDY RISING

personality

By JACK NEWFIELD

goaded by a vision of vindication, the senator from massachusetts will seek the presidency—sometime

"Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose."
—Me and Bobby McGee
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON

HE SITS THERE, listening to testimony at a routine committee hearing, pushing his hair out of his eyes, looking a little like Jay Gatsby. Rich, sensual, Irish-handsome, just turned 41, inheritor of the myth—the last Kennedy.

He appears so sure of himself, so in control. The other Senators seem unimportant. All the cameras focus on him; the reporters take down his remarks; the spectators can't keep their eyes off him. At the crowded press table, we try, futilely, to imagine what it's like to be Edward Kennedy and contend with all those ruins of memory.

First the public murders of two of his brothers. Going alone to Arlington cemetery at daybreak last November 22, coatless in the wind-chilled 30-degree dawn, and shivering in silence for 15 minutes—head bowed, arms folded across his chest—in front of his brother John's grave. Then kneeling, making the sign of the cross, walking four steps to another mound of earth and placing one small, white rosebud next to his brother Robert's grave.

And other ruins of memory.

There is the dull, endless ache at the base of his corseted spine from the 1964 plane crash that nearly finished him. There are the indelible images of that July night in the waters off Chappaquiddick. And more private recollections: of a visit to India and the sight of a skeletal Bengali refugee, soon to die, saluting him and begging for help; of the petition from GIs on duty at Fire Base Pace near the DMZ, outlining their opposition to the war and asking him to do something. Memories of being so mobbed by the touchers and seekers after a speech in Denver that he suddenly found himself being rushed out of a hotel—through the kitchen pantry; of noticing a letter to the editor in *The Boston Globe*, asserting that only George Wallace or Ted Kennedy could save America; of listening to one of his closest friends warning him that if he runs in 1972, he will be killed. And there are the responsibilities—the burden of being a surrogate father to Bobby's bruised and troubled children. The gnawing, unanswered question of whether to make a move toward the Presidency this year.

So he sits up there, one moment giving his whole body over to laughing at a joke, the next asking a tough-minded question, with his broad-A Massachusetts twang. Slouched a little now, he drums

ILLUSTRATION BY HERB DAVIDSON

his freckled, stumpy fingers impatiently on the table. He's struggling with his own chaotic life, just trying to get through the day.

• • •

Martin Nolan is a savvy political writer for *The Boston Globe*. He has covered Ted Kennedy for a decade, through each cycle of crisis and comeback, and he believes the current Kennedy is not the same person who went to the Senate in 1962.

"He was a rich punk then," says Nolan, "a spoiled, immature brat. His brother was President. He was the youngest guy ever elected to the Senate. Nothing bad had ever happened to him."

Ted Kennedy seemed, during the mid-Sixties, to be the most conventional and least serious of the brothers. He played by the rules of the Senate's inner club. He worked hard, attended all the committee meetings, was attentive to the small courtesies, made his contribution on little issues and deferred to his elders. He got along with everyone; even Lyndon Johnson liked him. He didn't challenge powerful economic interests. He graciously let Arkansas' John McClellan and Georgia's Richard Russell tutor him in the ethos of the establishment.

Then came Dallas, Los Angeles, Chappaquiddick. After each trauma, Kennedy withdrew deep into himself, brooding, ducking friends, sailing alone day after day, tempted to retreat from public life.

"It's been one hell of a way to grow up, but the kid has done OK," says his funky brother-in-law Stephen Smith.

One night in April of 1971, it became clear to some of us just how much the man who went to Washington as a favored insider was developing an instinct for the outside. Kennedy had believed in our war in Southeast Asia; he had gone to Vietnam late in 1965 and come back enthusiastic about the prospects there. Only when Robert turned against the policy did he change his mind. Now the Vietnam Veterans Against the War were encamped, in defiance of John Mitchell, on the green Mall near the Washington Monument. They had come, some lacking arms or legs, to protest the war and to hurl their honors and medals over the White House fence. Uptight Washington did not welcome them and the Attorney General went into Federal court to evict them. Even dovish Senators—Philip Hart, Jacob Javits—were put off by their bitterness and complained they were giving the peace movement a bad name. They could bivouac in the mud near Da Nang but not in their nation's capital.

At dusk on April 20, with a police bust imminent, the vets caucused around a campfire and voted 480 to 400 not to leave voluntarily. They would stay and dare arrest. That night, Ted Kennedy's instinct told him he belonged with the veterans of the war his brother had begun and he himself had supported so long. He had been thinking about them earlier that evening, as he partied with Hubert Humphrey and Ed Muskie at a $500-a-plate fund-raising dinner.

"I was sitting there at this dull political dinner," Kennedy recalls, "and I couldn't get the vets out of my mind. I had talked to John Kerry that day, and his words kept coming back to me. I was thinking about how little support the vets had in this town after what they had gone through. I thought how comfortable and warm it was at the dinner and how cold and lonely it must be out on the Mall."

Kennedy returned to his McLean, Virginia, home around midnight, still brooding about the veterans. He was having a drink with his house guest, New York lawyer William vanden Heuvel, when he suddenly exclaimed:

"Do you know where we belong now? We should be with those vets."

"I tried to talk him out of it," remembers Vanden Heuvel. "It seemed crazy. It was one in the morning and getting colder. But Ted changed his clothes [from tux to John Kennedy's Air Force flight jacket with the Presidential seal] and we drove right over there. On the way, he said to me, 'I just feel right doing this.' " They alerted neither Kennedy staff nor press.

Arriving at the Mall, Kennedy and Vanden Heuvel groped in the darkness, stumbling over men in sleeping bags, looking for the Massachusetts delegation. Eventually, they found John Kerry and were invited into a tent.

Kennedy stayed with the vets for two hours, singing antiwar songs and drinking cheap red wine from paper cups. The singing was emotional and off key. There was a lot of good talk and even some arguing about a volunteer army. The feeling of camaraderie ran very deep. When Kennedy left, he avoided the clot of reporters who were waiting for police sirens that never came.

• • •

In the intervening months, Ted Kennedy has acted like the freest man in American politics.

"Sure, I feel more relaxed these days," he says. "Everything that can happen to me has already happened. Everything has been said about me. I can't be hurt anymore."

So Kennedy, responding to the promptings of intuition, defends the unpopular May Day tribes from the Government's dragnet arrests and is vindicated when fewer than 100 of the 12,000 arrests stand up in court. He takes on the most entrenched of special interests—the A. M. A. and Blue Cross over his national-health-insurance bill; the oil industry over import quotas, depletion allowances and special tax favors; the National Rifle Association over gun-control legislation. Without fear of offending this group or that one, since he's not a candidate courting or counting delegates, Kennedy swings from issue to issue: leading the fight on the Senate floor to abolish the sugar quota for South Africa, demanding the withdrawal of all British troops from Northern Ireland, opposing capital punishment, pushing a bill through the Senate to fund lead-poisoning treatment.

On September 27 of last year, Kennedy gave an uninhibited and virtually unreported speech at the Harvard Law School. ("I like to save my best speeches for Massachusetts," he says.)

"Richard Nixon lives in a Skinner box," Kennedy said to laughter that dissolved into standing applause. "He responds only to rewards and punishments that his senses can appreciate. . . .

"The war in Indochina remains a monstrous outrage . . . we have only changed the color of the bodies. . . . Today we have a Commander in Chief who goes out of his way to support both Lieutenant William Calley at My Lai and Nelson Rockefeller at Attica."

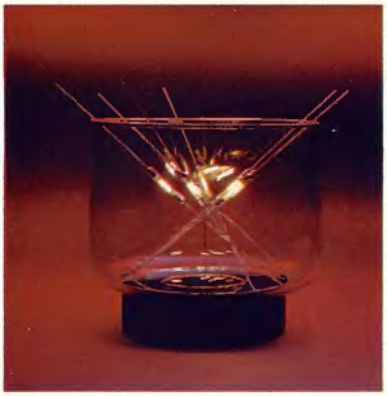
In ordinary conversation, Kennedy isn't that verbal. He talks, for the most part, in a rush of sentence fragments and South Boston slang, accented with shrugs and gestures. Press him on why he acts liberated and he says little you can quote. It's like a parody of Casey Stengel: nouns in search of verbs.

But his friends and staff seem to agree on the basic factors behind his new freedom: the lack of inhibition that comes with not being an announced candidate for President; the fatalism that comes with a run of bad luck; the special responsibility that comes with being the senior Kennedy male of his generation; the maturity and confidence that come naturally with age. There is, in fact, an axiom in Washington that says: "The Longs go crazy at 35 and the Kennedys grow up at 35."

Then, too, losing his post as Senate whip to Robert Byrd turned out to be a blessing. It freed Kennedy from his old illusion that he was accepted by the club and it released him from the dull, time-eating chores of what is essentially a clerk's job. Now he has the time to roam around—holding health hearings in Appalachia, visiting an Indian reservation

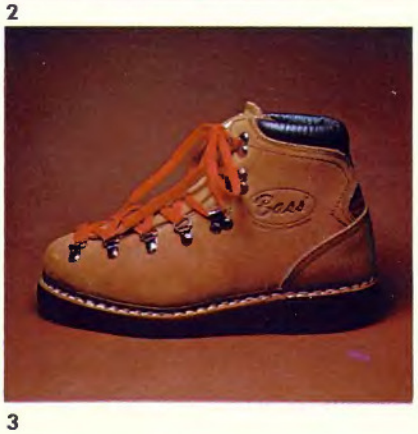
(continued on page 244)

PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS & GRADS



1

2



3

4

5

6

7

Following the numbers: **1.** Waddell Light Sticks, containing doshboord fuses, are placed in a clear bowl so that, when metal fuse holders come in contact with the bowl's chrome rim and base plate, the fuses light, from Georg Jensen, $75. **2.** The Kirkwood, a portable two-speed phono, cassette tape recorder and AM radio, operates on batteries and A.C., by Ponasonic, $79.95, including batteries. **3.** Lightweight men's hiking boots of full-grain cowhide are made in Germany and feoture cushioned tops, leather linings and Vibram soles, by Boss, $3B o pair. **4.** Renegade, a 16-inch-deep suede bag with two large zip pockets and a buckle closure, by Hortmann Luggage, $63. **5.** Five-hundred-watt Air Brush, said to have more drying power thon models currently on the market, offers "style" and "dry" speed/heot controls, styling brush and a dual voltage 120/220 switch for use ot home or obroad; weighs only 14 ozs., by Clairol, $23. **6.** Dice-sized backgammon cube of gold-plated sterling silver, from Cartier, $55. **7.** Shavemoster Model SM7 features easy-to-hold styling, o newly designed head for extra-close shaves ond a sideburns trimmer, by Sunbeam, $33.50.

1

2

6

3

7

4

8

5

9

1. Portable solid-state Model 360 transceiver allows the owner to send and receive communications on aircraft channels, can be used in a plane, auto, boat, etc., and comes with an aluminum carrying case, nickel-cadmium-battery power supply, battery charger and a two-year guarantee, by Radair, $1295. **2.** Giant Boda beer mug holds equivalent of two 12-oz. bottles, from Georg Jensen, $10. **3.** Minutemaster II microwave oven features easy-to-read one-stage timer (0 to 14 minutes), can defrost a 12-oz. steak in 90 seconds, has a removable glass shelf for easy cleaning, by Litton Industries, $399. **4.** Long-sleeved all-wool V-neck tennis sweater with striping at neck and cuffs, by Pancho Gonzalez Enterprises, $38. **5.** Wire-wheeled serving cart of ingrained-oak butcher's block contains six-bottle wine rack, two removable oak trays, a drawer unit that pulls from either side and two fixed storage shelves, from Raymor, $315. **6.** The Spectrum Clock, a kinetic timepiece sculpture that operates electrically and produces polarized light that changes and intensifies as the seconds disk revolves, creating an intriguing light show, from Georg Jensen, $125. **7.** Braun table-model butane cigarette lighter, from Bonniers, $20. **8.** Winged box kite of polyester-coated nylon is one of four aerodynamically engineered models, from Playboy/Rathcon, $52.25 the set. **9.** Reflection II light sculpture designed by Dano Bryan contains a mirror in which the multi-imaged word Reflection blinks in random floshes, by International Polygonics, $75.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

1

6

2

7

3

8

4

5

9

1. Two pieces of Frank Gehry–designed Easy Edges furniture, mode from laminated layers of corrugated fiberboord: a bar stool, $65, and a rocker, $75, both from Bloomingdole's. **2.** Portable LP-gos-fired grill with a 220-sq.-in. cooking areo and fittings for two 14-oz. bottles of gas, by Big Boy, $39.95. **3.** Jesse Dean–designed chess set of polished nickel ond brass, $85, ond a Plexiglas playing boord, $50, both from Raymor. **4.** Pol-ished-aluminum desk-occessory system consists of o cigar box, osh-troy, pencil holder, clock, calendar, clothesbrush, two open contoiners, lighter, by Harvey Probber, $400. **5.** Foom-filled 30″x30″x15″ choir that's covered with a stretch fabric comes with rectongulor bolster, from Design Media, $60. **6.** Gold-ploted light that stonds 12″ high is octivated by your touch; clear-bulb light stays on until lamp is touched again, from Toys for Men, $49.95. **7.** Model 2270 AM/FM stereo receiver hos jacks for four-channel stereo, puts out 140 con-tinuous RMS wotts (70 per chonnel), by Marantz, $549.95. **8.** Italian-made wooden Amsterdam clogs with rubber soles ore cosual slip-ons for the beoch, poolside, etc., from Bonniers, $25. **9.** Gordon/Bell 16mm comero helmet takes a standard 50-foot Eastman film magazine and comes with choice of o 10mm, 17mm, 25mm or 50mm lens; comera adjusts to 35-degree elevotion and helmet is counterweighted for bolonce when worn by the photogropher, by Alan Gordon Enterprises, $600, including power cable, remote switch and bottery pock.

director

ROARING LIKE A STEGOSAURUS, a yellow monster crashed into a green country store and knocked the front out. A church spire tilted silently and fell off like a hat. Bricks exploded, dust hid the sun. With a flash and a boom, a big brass ball put a hole the size of a cow in a medieval parapet. Then the monster reappeared and, snarling its gears, took down a water tower. "You are witnessing," a voice intoned, "the death of the back lot at MGM." I switched off the TV set. I had been in Hollywood less than 24 hours but already I was weary of disasters.

The whole place, people said, was falling apart. Between 1946 and 1971, the weekly movie audience dropped from about 80,000,000 to fewer than 16,000,000 people, and in the same period, Hollywood's yearly production schedule shrank from 378 to 143 pictures. I had heard that the great studios, the dream factories that Mayer and Warner and Zanuck built, were shattered shells, that booming conglomerates had picked them up as corporate coffins in which to bury profits. I had read that the star system was destroyed, that the foreign market had collapsed, that more features were being shot in Tucson than in Hollywood. One out-of-work actor insisted that on the back lot at Universal, five minutes from downtown Hollywood, somebody had seen a prowling mountain lion. The wilderness, he clearly believed, was closing in.

Hollywood loves to play death scenes. It played a great one when silent films died and another when television was born. But this time, it seemed, the victim was in mortal trouble. The walls had come tumbling down on the movie colony, the day of the locust was at hand. What had caused the catastrophe? What was life like for the survivors? Was any new vitality stirring in the rubble? I was there to find out.

• • •

Ulcer time. The rushes were wrong, all wrong! First time out as a movie producer, Tony Bill was facing his first big problem in the first week of shooting. For at least six months, Tony and Vernon Zimmerman, his brilliant young director, partner and close friend, had talked of nothing but *Deadhead Miles*, the Terry Malick script about a truck driver going around the bend; but as Tony watched Vernon's first takes of Alan Arkin, he *(continued on page 124)*

HOLLYWOOD'S SECOND COMING

article By BRAD DARRACH

the star system is gone, the back lots are supermarkets, the studio czars are dead or wish they were—so why is everybody smiling?

WHEN BARNEY ROSENZWEIG got back to L. A. from his European vacation at the end of March 1970, he found the movie business in terrible shape. During the two months he had been away, lazing lavishly with his girlfriend, Jeannine, a delicious little Malibu blonde, from one pleasure center to another, the bottom had fallen out of the economy in general and a policy of tight money was in full squeeze. The major studios, with their huge overheads and age-old concepts of deficit financing, were cutting back drastically on production, the independents were scrambling to find any kind of backing, and the unemployment rolls were swelling. Barney should have been worried. He was out of a job, his personal financial reserves were low and all he had to peddle was the shooting script of a movie called *Who Fears the Devil*, with which he hoped to establish himself as a successful independent film maker.

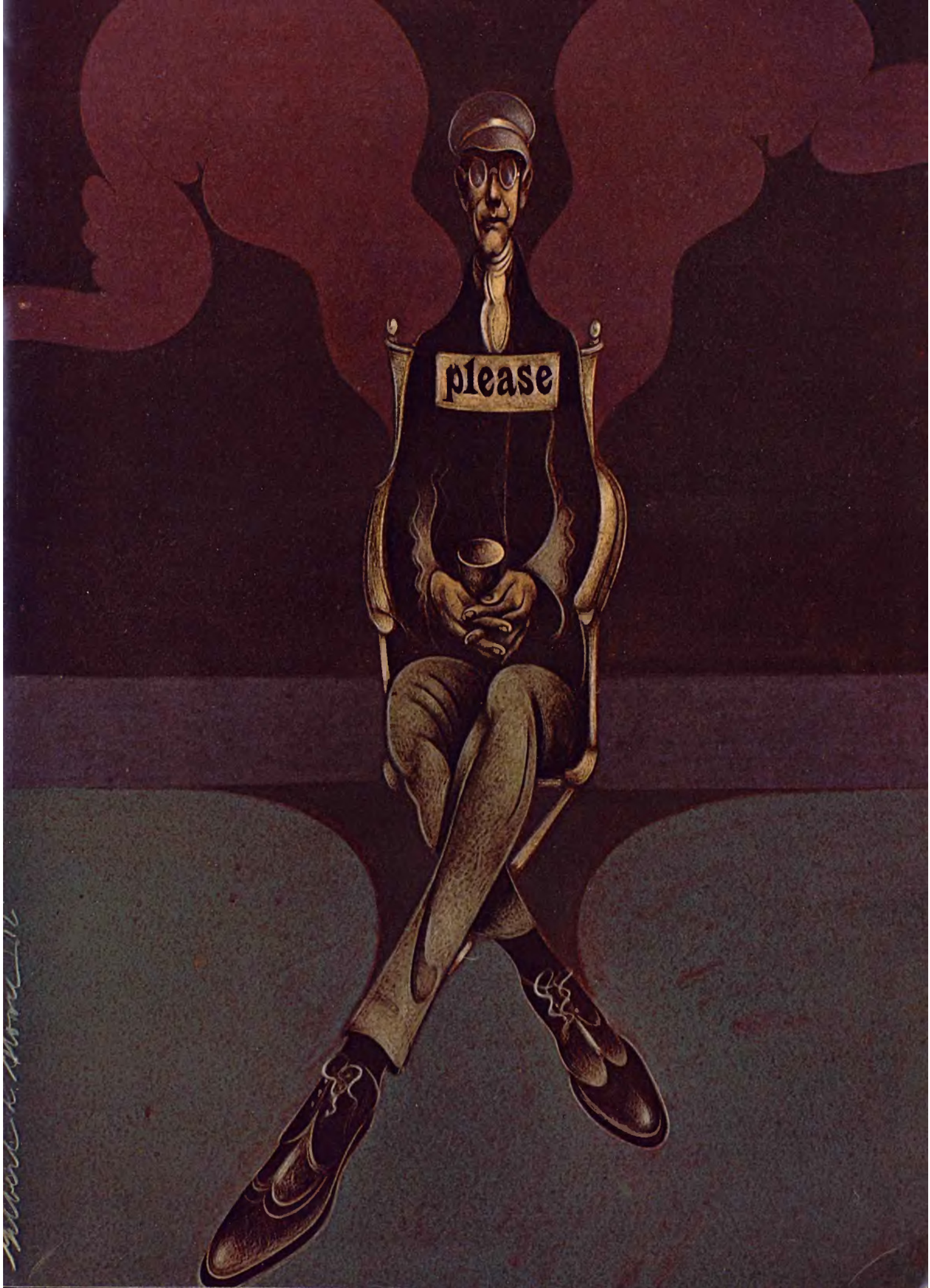
But he wasn't worried at all. In fact, he was optimistic. "I knew movies were still being made," he recalls, "and would always be made, and I was confident I'd find the money to make mine. Sure, some of the sources I'd been counting on had dried up, but I still had plenty of places to go and I figured I had a lot of credit piled up where it was supposed to count." Besides, he reasoned, wasn't this a new day in Hollywood? The day of the independent creative artist, who, in the dawning golden age of the low-budget "now" film, would do his own thing, man, and really get it on for love, truth, beauty and, only tangentially, commerce? Everybody was saying it was and coming up with statistics to prove it. About half of the roughly 120 American movies produced the previous year had been turned out by independents and it was estimated that over half of 1970's product would come from the same source. The film audience may, indeed, have shrunk to about 15,000,000 from a high of 80,000,000 in 1946, but it was a new audience—young, liberal, hip and, above all, affluent.

Yes, some studio potboilers, such as *Airport* and *Funny Girl* and almost anything turned out by Disney, were still big grossers, but what about all the huge eggs the studios had been laying of late, all those odoriferous disasters such as *Star!* and *Doctor Doolittle*? And, in contrast, what about

CHASING THE BUCKS

article By WILLIAM MURRAY

oh, ye of little faith—where were you when barney rosenzweig needed you?


please

Easy Rider, a movie made mostly on hope and lichee nuts and earning millions? The independents, unencumbered by studio overheads, union featherbedding and old-fashioned ideas, were revolutionizing the industry and grabbing off a bigger and bigger share of the 1.1 billion dollars taken in yearly by the country's 4500 drive-in and 9500 hard-top movie theaters. And now the major studios, too, were reportedly shaping up, proclaiming themselves receptive to new ideas and bright young talents. "It was going to be a great day for the creators," says Barney, "an exciting time for anyone with talent and ideas. The feeling was that, with the studios in big trouble, we were all going to be a lot better off. We'd get to make our films in our own way and without compromising." In other words, not Hollywood anymore but Athens, where every man could be his own *auteur*.

Still, what about the money? It had to come from somewhere, either from a studio or a producing firm or an investor. The first thing Barney did when he got back from Europe was draw up a budget for *Who Fears the Devil*. It came to exactly $1,218,895, which made it, by studio standards, a cheapie. "I was quite confident I could make it for considerably less, if necessary," he says, "but that figure included a nice salary for me, $75,000—less money than I'd been making as a TV producer, but I figured this was my first movie and I wouldn't be too demanding." The scripts came out of mimeograph in early April and for Barney it was magic time. He invited some friends over to his Malibu place, read the thing aloud to them and the next day went out after the money. "I decided there was enough of it needed so that I'd go to a major studio. I was very, very confident."

Barney thinks he had every reason to feel confident. After all, he wasn't just some fly-by-night newcomer with nothing going for him but youth and *chutzpah*; he had an impressive track record. In 1967, at the age of 29, he had taken over a TV series produced by 20th Century-Fox called *Daniel Boone*, which was then 38th in the ratings, had never had a good review and was $1,700,000 in debt. Three years and 78 hourlong episodes later, the show had risen to remain constantly in the top 20, had acquired more than its share of glowing notices and was no longer in debt. In fact, it was the only nondeficit-financed TV show in the history of Fox. "I was very big there," Barney recalls. "In those three years, I'd handled over $14,000,000 in production costs and Dick Zanuck had let me know that I'd saved them maybe $2,000,000. I had even been given the equivalent of the Fox Medal of Honor, which was a pat on the back and a thank-you-very-much."

Barney had always been popular around the studios. Before taking over *Daniel Boone*, he had been a press agent and an associate producer on half a dozen features. In ten years in the business, he had worked his way up from $66 a week as an MGM office boy to $1650 as Fess Parker's overseer. "I was very well thought of," he says. "I wasn't pushy and I didn't throw my weight around." This was because he had been brought up in the major-studio era and understood its class system, "about how you deferred to studio heads and got in the backs of cars, things like that." Barney got along well in that atmosphere. He was the only human under 40 at Fox who had ever been invited into the executive steam room. All the more reason to think that when he decided to make his move, checkbooks would flutter open to him. Barney Rosenzweig, Barney reasoned, was one New Wave independent film artist the old wave could trust. He had proved himself within the system and now he had a project of his own, one he believed in totally.

The script of *Who Fears the Devil* had been written by Melvin Levy, a 69-year-old veteran of the Hollywood wars who looks not unlike Santa Claus and whom Barney describes as a "kind of minor poet and a really lovely old man." Levy had turned out some of the better *Daniel Boones* and he responded warmly to the material Barney asked him to adapt—a collection of short stories written by Manly Wade Wellman and based on folk tales about a young hillbilly character named John, who travels throughout the land combating evildoers, devils and witches, his only weapon a guitar equipped with genuine silver strings. After a couple of false starts, Levy had turned out what Barney felt was a really superior script. "The character of John, with his silver-strung guitar, who in his odyssey through Appalachia and America's South encounters the occult and mysticism, is authentic American folklore," Barney was to write in a letter to Richard Zanuck at Fox, while also pointing out where the loot was buried: "The marriage of today's music and the big business of witchcraft in one script with a modest budget makes, it seems to me, this hip *Wizard of Oz* a strong commercial entry."

The first major studio Barney approached was Warner Bros., partly because John Calley, the head of production there, was a friend of his and, more importantly, because Warner's record division had earned $24,000,000 in 1969, with people like Arlo Guthrie, Gordon Lightfoot and James Taylor (then still relatively unknown) on its roster of artists. Barney wanted a Guthrie or a Taylor for his leading role and the tie-ins seemed obvious. So, after a telephone conversation, off went the script by messenger to Calley, who promptly turned it over to the literary department and left for Europe a few days later without having read it.

"It was probably unreasonable of me to insist that John Calley, the head of a studio, read the script himself," Barney says. "I'm sure he's besieged with such requests and has hundreds of scripts on his desk. But I was upset. There's an old studio maxim that no reader ever lost his job by saying no to a project; they only get into trouble when they recommend something." Barney wrote to Calley, calling on whatever reserves of credit he might have with him, and begged for two hours of his reading time.

It was two months before Barney heard from Calley. Sometime around the middle of June, he was summoned to Calley's office. "It was really kind of spectacular," Barney recalls. "I mean, you could barely see him across the room, it was so dark in there, with the Tiffany lamp shades and the furs on the floor and draped over the couches and things. It looked like an elegant bordello."

Both men, firmly in touch with their times, had grown beards since they had last seen each other, so the conversation began with a couple of moments on that, after which Calley said, "Barn, hated the script."

"Oh, gee, John, I'm sorry to hear it," Barney answered. "I was hoping that at least you'd be lukewarm, so maybe I could try and do a sales pitch."

"Nope," Calley said. "Supersoft."

"Well, OK," Barney said. "I'm sorry the project got handled the way it did."

"Oh, the literary department loved it," Calley told him, throwing a reader's report across the desk at Barney. "Here, you can have it. They didn't knock you out. I did. I just don't think it works and I don't like it. I think it's a phony and has some bad laughs in it."

The whole interview had taken less than five minutes. Outside, in the parking lot, Barney read the reader's report. "This screenplay is a delight," it began and went on from there, one encomium after another, concluding with a recommendation that it be produced. "In all my years at various studios, I had never read a report on a property this glowing—ever," Barney recalls. "My instinct was to run back into Calley's office and wave it at him and say, 'What is this? How can you do this to me?' "

But he didn't. Instead, he went home and wrote Calley a long letter telling him, among other things, that he was too hip a cat to play Jack Warner, but he never mailed it. "I thought to myself, shit, this picture may never be made and I may need a job someday and he is

"Out goes the bad air, in comes the good air."

going to read that and ruin me." Besides, Barney reasoned, Calley's judgment was questionable at best. "As sole producer, he had turned out two movies, *The Loved One* and *Catch-22*, that singlehandedly had almost succeeded in grounding two studios, MGM and Paramount." Barney turned elsewhere for his financing.

The rejections from the Hollywood establishment, however, were quick to pile up. *Devil* was also turned down by Fox, Paramount, Disney, MGM, Columbia, Universal, United Artists, even American International, for God's sake. A typical reaction was that of Peter Bart, an executive at Paramount, who told Barney, "I don't know what the hell you're trying to get at in this script." Dick Zanuck at Fox, where Barney had flourished as a *Wunderkind*, wrote Barney a polite rejection note. "In these tough and unpredictable times," he intoned, "I would hesitate to gamble on the fact that the story has what it takes to guarantee its success at the box office."

What gamble? Barney asked himself. Here he was, a bright young man with impeccable credentials and bubbling over with talent, and the studio heads apparently regarded him as some kind of wild nut touting an artsy-craftsy sure loser. "All I wanted to make was a successful motion picture," Barney says. "If I could bring it in under budget and get a G rating, they could bail out just on a TV sale. How badly could they get hurt? Where was the downside risk?" It was months before he realized that the studios were playing their old game of follow-that-trend. It was the era of the antihero; every movie had to be *Easy Rider*, *M*A*S*H* or *Midnight Cowboy*. The studios were open to the bold and daring—just as long as it was also the tried and true. "My leading character was a beautiful naïve boy, a Christ symbol," Barney observes, "and musically, we wanted that James Taylor sound. If I had to sell the picture today, I'd tell these guys that what I have is the story of a modern-day American-folk Jesus Christ Superstar." Barney didn't realize it, but he was ahead of his time. He lopped his minimum budget down to $750,000 and began to look elsewhere.

Meanwhile, he was also forced to reconsider his whole life style. He still had his $800-a-month house on the beach, his Jag, the wardrobe from Carroll's in Beverly Hills, a taste for 65-cent cigars and $50 seats to USC football games. And he liked to entertain and to drink good wine. Other than that, he lived very modestly, playing a lot of tennis and usually furnishing the balls. Austerity, however, was leering around the corner. His monthly expenses also included hefty alimony and child-support payments to an ex-wife and now the income had stopped. He had blown a wad in Europe, where he had indulged himself like Genghis Khan, and by midsummer he was down to his last ten grand. He set aside most of it to meet basic obligations to his ex-wife for a year, gave up his house, sold the Jag and moved into a one-room apartment. Then, with his last $2000, he became a charter member of a very rough Monday-night poker game and, as he puts it, "began playing cards very, very well." So, with the luxuries eliminated and the essentials precariously accounted for, he found himself free to maneuver in the new Hollywood.

There are lots of ways to finance a movie, but the most accepted one is a technique known as packaging. The basic theory behind it is simplicity itself: You get yourself a star and a name director, after which you take the so-called package—property, star, director and producer—to where the money is. The trick, of course, is to convince the people you want to include in your package that everyone else is already committed, because the reality is that almost no big-name director or star will commit on his own to a project simply because he likes it. Celebrities, however, do like to cluster together, on the assumption that it keeps them hot, and a bunch of them all wrapped up in the same bundle will almost certainly attract the requisite loot. Most agents these days think exclusively in terms of packaging, because a really big package, one involving two or three stars as well as a name director and a top writer or two, is the only kind of deal that generates the sort of lucre reminiscent, if only faintly, of the old Hollywood. Agents, needless to say, peel their ten percent off the top of the package. (They used to carve off little chunks from elements inside the package as well, until the unions screamed double jeopardy.)

Lee Rosenberg, Barney's agent, a fast talker with a no-nonsense outlook, was definitely committed to a package. Letters and phone calls about *Who Fears the Devil*, as well as scripts, fanned out to potential packagees, including such establishment figures as Paul Newman and George C. Scott. Almost no one who was "bankable" from the world of folk and rock was overlooked: Bob Dylan, Art Garfunkel, Arlo Guthrie, Jimmy Dean, John Hartford, Beau Bridges, James Taylor, Chris Jones, Glen Campbell, Ricky Nelson, Bobby Sherman, Johnny Rivers, Tommy Roe and John Phillips. And, of course, the name Peter Fonda, the hottest one in the industry at the time, came up insistently. "If you had Peter Fonda that summer," Barney reminisces, "you had all the money you needed and then some."

Larry Hagman, a friend of Peter's, personally took the script of *Devil* to the offices of Pando Productions, Fonda's company, and left it there. Two weeks later, Barney, who by this time was well into developing a number of interminable dialogs with secretaries all over the country, called up Pando and explained to the girl who answered the phone exactly who he was and why he was calling. Yes, the girl said, the script was, indeed, there. Was anybody reading it? Barney wanted to know. Well, the girl told him, there *was* somebody who did come in to read from time to time, but she couldn't really promise anything. All she could tell Barney, really, was that his script was near the top of a large pile on somebody's desk.

Every two weeks for the rest of the summer and well into the fall and winter, Barney talked to the girl at Pando. After the fifth or sixth call, he found out her name was Kathy, and two or three calls after that, she confessed that the script had been misplaced. "That's all right, Kathy," Barney said. "Tell you what, I'll send you another one on the condition that *you* read it."

"Well, OK," Kathy said, "if you send it to me, the Fox, I'll read it."

It took the Fox six months to read the script, after which she offered a few suggestions on changes but also said she'd do her best to get it to Fonda. And every two weeks, for the following six months, Barney kept calling her, just to make sure she was still doing her best.

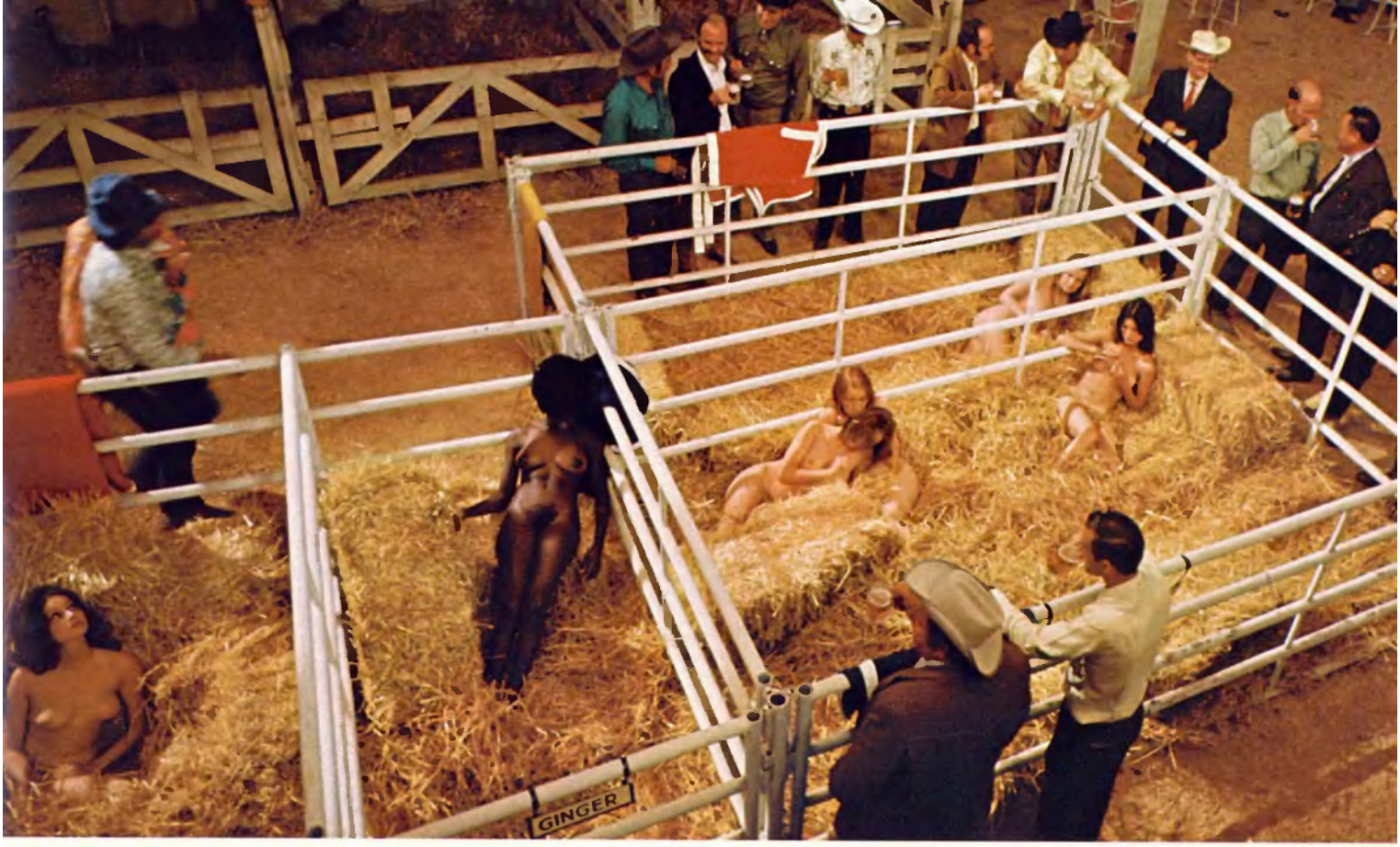
Half of Barney's working day was spent on the phone, talking long distance to managers of acts or to their secretaries. He discovered, first of all, that such men as Albert Grossman, who used to manage Bob Dylan, and Mort Lewis, who handles Garfunkel, are very, very rich and their clients are at least five times as rich as they are. What do they need with a movie? Grossman never answered any of Barney's letters or phone calls and his secretary sent back the script of *Devil* unopened. Once, by accident, Barney got Mort Lewis in person on the phone. "Who? Barney Rosenwhat?" he shouted. Barney quickly went into his pitch. "We've got fifty scripts sitting right here," Lewis said. "Fifty at least."

"Does anybody read them?" Barney asked.

"No," said Lewis. "Oh, Art comes in and he reads what and when he wants to, that's all." And that was that.

When he wasn't on the phone, Barney was seeing people and writing letters. Evenings were spent in night clubs and at rock concerts, hunting down talent. One night, at The Troubadour, Barney and Jeannine caught an act called Hedge and Donna. The male end of it, whose full name was Hedge Capers, absolutely knocked Barney out. "He looked just

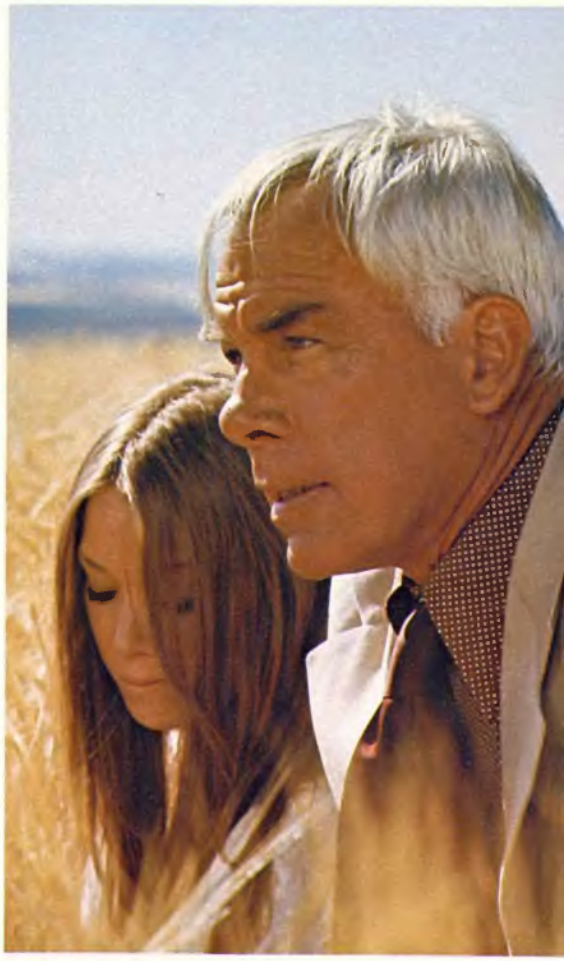
(continued on page 188)



LOVE FOR SALE

lee marvin and gene hackman mix it up in "prime cut," a tale of dope dealing and flesh peddling

A PLACE as prosaic as Kansas City isn't often associated with movies, but the makers of *Prime Cut* chose it for two reasons: Long a center for meat packing, K.C. also shares a problem endemic to other American cities—mobsterism. In the film, Chicago gangland enforcer Nick Devlin (Lee Marvin) is sent to bring a K.C. clan into line. Led by Marion (Gene Hackman), the Mary Ann Meat Company is a front for a drug and white-slavery ring, and most of the "meat" sold by Marion is of the tenderloin variety: Teenaged girls are raised at a phony orphanage for auction to bawdy-houses. While at one such auction, Nick befriends Poppy (Sissy Spacek), a young thing bound for the meat rack. *Prime Cut* features Angel Tompkins (who enlivened our February issue) as Clarabelle, Nick's former mistress and Marion's wife. Suffice it to say that Nick and Marion resolve their personal and professional differences —with all the gentility of a stampede.



Top: Nude and nearly comatose from drugs, teenaged girls await their being auctioned off in Marion's cowpens. Above: "Meat Packer" Marion (Gene Hackman) displays two stallmates to bidders gathered around the ring.

Above: Attracted to one young orphan, Poppy (Sissy Spacek), Nick (Lee Marvin) decides to take her with him back to his hotel room, telling Marion, the confounded auctioneer, to "put it on the account."

Top: Nick, seeking to collect the Chicago cut from Marion's meat-packing racket, boards Clarabelle's houseboat, where he finds her (Angel Tompkins, also seen opposite page) lounging alone. She attempts to rekindle their old flame, but Nick spurns her after she tips him off to her husband's whereabouts. When the producers of *Prime Cut* selected Calgary, Alberta, for some location shootings, they were guaranteed not only ideal weather but a wealth of local talent, such as the trio above. Jerry Tracey and Trudy Willioms (center and right) wound up as orphans sold at auction. For reasons that elude us, Brenda Suffel (left), who also auditioned, won't be seen in the final version.

realized with a clenching gut that Vernon was not going to make the movie he thought they had agreed on. "I saw the picture as a country-and-western comedy, funny in a warm, folksy way. Vernon saw it surreal—in the mood of *Mad* magazine."

What to do? As a movie actor, Tony had often played angry young men; in real life, he was more inclined to see all sides than to battle for his own. "But I believed in that script and I had to fight for it.

"I don't know how you feel about those rushes," Tony told Vernon, "but I want you to know how I feel."

"I have more important things to think about," Vernon replied coldly, "than how you feel." He then shut the door in Tony's face.

Vernon had a right to defend his vision of the film—and so did Tony. But if Tony insisted, he would have to fire his friend and partner in the first week of shooting and either hire another suitable director or direct the picture himself. Strong measures for a first-time producer, and Paramount might not accept them—the top production people at the studio, Bob Evans and Peter Bart, had seemed quite happy with the early footage. Tony decided to stick with Vernon. It was one of those decisions that make all the difference.

• • •

Gordon Stulberg, the new president of 20th Century-Fox, looks like a presoaked Walter Matthau and has a large, vigorous grasp of the whole movie business. In one crammed interview he explained what had gone wrong with Hollywood. "It's been building for 25 years. In 1948 the Supreme Court divorced production from distribution, and in the early Fifties television broke the movie habit. Since then, we've had a galloping disaster. By 1966 or '67 the companies ran out of fat. The old films had been sold to TV, the real estate had been liquidated. Production was the only way to make money, but it was the era of the million-dollar player and the do-his-own-thing director, so production costs went out of sight. At one point in 1968, the companies had a $200,000,000 inventory of unreleased films.

"And all the while the market was shrinking—for a lot of reasons, one of the most important being the high cost of going to the movies. Counting parking and a baby sitter, an evening at the cinema these days can easily run a young couple $15 to $20. So in '69 and '70, the major studios lost 40, 50, 60, 70 million dollars apiece. Naturally, risk capital got scarce. It came to this: Reorganize or die.

"Right off, we scaled production down to the size of the shrunken market. For the first time we decided how big a

(continued from page 115)

share of the market we wanted and how much risk that share was worth. I mean, if you're supplying 30 percent of the film product and getting only ten percent of the gate, you're too far out on the limb.

"We've been trimming everywhere. We're trying to work with independents as efficiently as we used to work with our own production staffs. Film budgets are smaller—we rarely OK anything over three million—and more carefully supervised. We're writing tighter deals with talent. If you go over budget you pay for it now. We've also cut staffs and merged facilities. Columbia, for instance, is sharing the Warner lot. The idea is to turn these huge production plants, which for years have been white elephants, into profit centers. We've also cut back ad budgets and dropped some regional distribution offices. In Europe, where the market is off about 50 percent, companies have merged distribution operations. And all over the world we're getting tougher on the exhibitor. For years he's had the benefit of tax practices that predated divorcement. He's still getting plenty, but we're getting more.

"Will all this add up to a turnaround? Too early to tell. We're all trying to diversify into related businesses with greater stability—communications, leisure time. We're all doing the best we can till we get our next big chance. Cable television."

• • •

All over movieland I heard the wails of the wealthy.

Olivia de Havilland, fresh from a course of beauty treatments at a luxurious spa, called from her suburban mansion and complained in a baritone moan: "I can't see you. PLAYBOY is partly responsible for the mess we are in. Greed and lust are sweeping the land. We are at the nadir."

Carroll Righter, the Hollywood astrologer who for 32 years has read the stars for the stars, flapped his pink wattles and fluted nostalgia. "Gable! Swanson! Crawford! *There* was glamor! Now comes this crummy age when beautiful actresses have dirty fingernails. They've wrecked Hollywood!" Was the industry doomed? "Uranus," said Righter mysteriously, "cut back production. But I have cast the horoscopes of all the major studios and they will survive."

Mervyn LeRoy, 71 and resting on his laurels (*Mister Roberts, Little Caesar* and 73 other movies) in a Bel Air villa the size of a small township, sighed and said: "There's a lot of people in this town now with bad taste. They think you got to show guys peeing in the streets. But the public wants a real story with a lot of laughs. If it's got heart, make it, I always say." What about social life these days? "It's gone to pot. It used to be such fun on Tuesday night at the Coconut Grove with people like Hoot Gibson and Bryant Washburn and Colleen Moore. Now there's so many people you don't know. We stay home a lot. I like TV. We have 12 sets." He also has a couple of Chagalls, a Thomas Hart Benton, a Van Dongen, two Riveras and a stallion by Munnings. He apologized for cutting our interview short. "We're having dinner at General Bradley's."

George Jessel, after 30 years as Toastmaster General in the Mayer and Zanuck administrations, disconsolately gummed his chicken livers in the Beverly Hills Friars Club. "The recent history of the movie industry," he rasped, "reminds me of the little bird that got caught in a sudden freeze. His wings froze stiff, his feet froze stiff, his eyes froze open, his beak froze shut. 'My God,' he thought, 'I'm going to freeze to death!' Just then along came a big old cow and dropped a cow cake on him. The warmth of the cow cake melted the ice on the little bird. He blinked his eyes, he flapped his wings. He stuck his head out of the manure and began to sing, 'I'm alive! I'm alive! I'm alive!' Unfortunately, the song was heard by a big old wolf, who strolled over and gobbled him up. Now there are three morals to this story: Being shit on is not necessarily bad. Being hauled out of the shit is not necessarily good. And when you are up to your eyes in shit, don't sing."

• • •

Peter Bart was in a fury. "Damn it, Tony, you mean to tell me you just stood there and let him take over your picture? Didn't even tell us what was going on—out of loyalty to a man who day by day was spoiling your project? Your project, Tony! Because we expected *you* to be the guiding force! Tony, sometimes I think you're just a spineless prick!"

"Goddamn it, Peter, I did *not* just stand there. I fought tooth and nail for my vision. I did not impose it. Vernon was doing it *his* way, and I figured that was his right as the director. Also, he shot with a consistent point of view. It was only later, in the editing, that he got in trouble. Until today, it was a live possibility that his version might turn out better than mine."

"Well, you see how it turned out."

Tony saw. He had just sat through Vernon's two-and-a-half-hour first cut of *Deadhead Miles* and, like Peter, he considered it a mess. Unlike Peter, he knew that Vernon had not included some of the strongest scenes he had shot. He knew too that his own confidence had solidified in the long struggle of production. When the crew was rubbed raw by Vernon's temper, Tony had soothed it. When Arkin threatened to walk out, Tony had simmered him down. When

(continued on page 216)

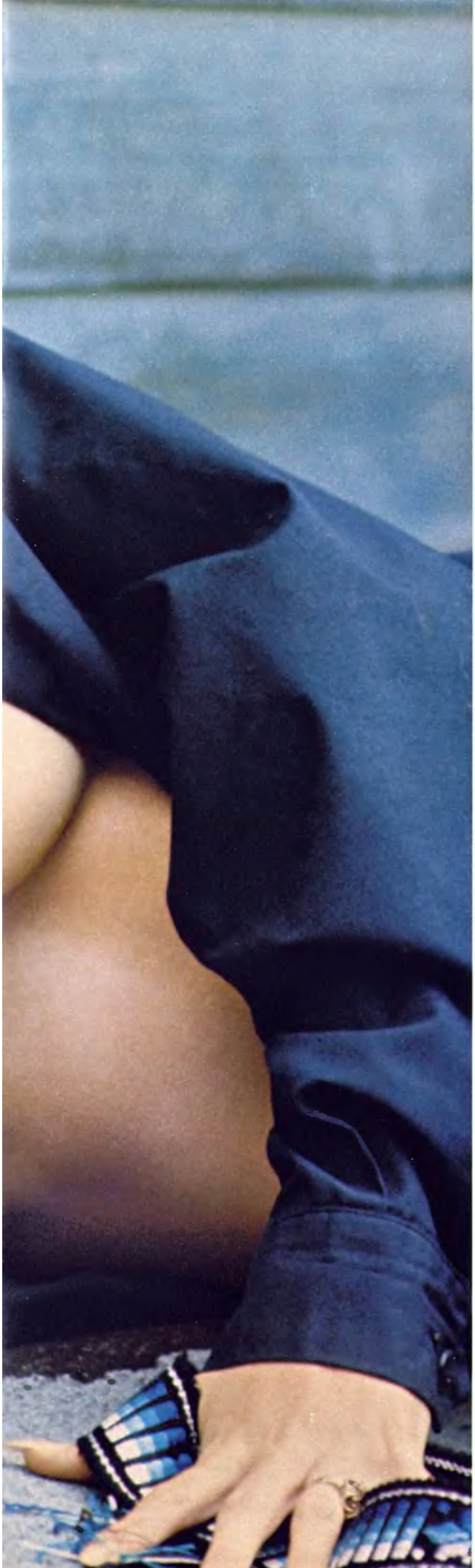
article
BY FRIEDEL UNGEHEUER

THE WORLDLY AMERICANS

not with a bang but a briefcase—
expatriate entrepreneurs are
picking up large pieces
of the overseas action

MOST OF THEM wince when you call them expatriates. Few are genuine *émigrés*. They are Americans, they'll be quick to tell you, Americans who just happen to live or to work abroad. Most intend to return home someday. Many don't remember how they happened overseas in the first place. The familiar American wanderlust took hold of them at some point, but instead of carrying them westward, it guided them beyond the continental U.S.A. Taxes may have had something to do with it. ("If the income-tax exemption for the first $25,000 earned overseas each year were ever revoked, you'd suddenly see a lot of repatriates," an American broker in *(continued on page 136)*

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD COLBORN



SEEWORTHY

june playmate debbie davis shipshapes up as the girl we'd most like to take us for a ride

WHEN DEBBIE DAVIS WAS GRADUATED from Burbank's John Burroughs High School, she wasn't sure what she wanted to do. She toyed with a couple of fairly promising choices: going to college or becoming a stewardess. But what she finally did—looking back, she wonders why—was to go to work as an information operator for Pacific Telephone. Now, at 20, Debbie says, "I don't know how I lasted there almost two years. We were completely locked up inside all day, and I need to be outdoors." Not surprisingly, Debbie spent nearly every off-the-job moment in the California sun. One day last year, picking herself up from a water-ski splashdown near Long Beach, she spied a boat that looked

"I'm just an ordinary person," says Debbie—all visual evidence to the contrary notwithstanding—"except, I guess, that I'm even more bothered than most people by the idea of being cooped up. I always have to be on the go."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL FIGGE

slightly different from the usual mass-produced models—and two men aboard who looked familiar. The boat was a Spectra Marine custom cruiser made of hand-laid fiberglass reinforced with marine plywood, and the men—designer Bud Bailey and company president Ed DeLong—were the fathers of two girls she'd known in high school. At that time, Spectra Marine was a fledgling firm; but within a few months, business had tripled (thanks to a string of racing victories and wide publicity attending PLAYBOY's gift of a Spectra 20 to Sharon Clark, 1971 Playmate of the Year) and DeLong had to expand his staff. So he offered Debbie a job—first on weekends, giving test rides at his waterfront sales office in Long Beach, then as full-time girl Friday. Predictably, since DeLong is a friend and sometime business associate of photographers Bill and Mel Figge, Debbie soon came to our attention. We now commend her to yours.

For an outdoor girl like Debbie, her work as a boat manufacturer's girl Friday is "too good to be true." At top, she demonstrates a cruiser for a pair of prospective buyers, Robert Chrisman and Louis Gantz, offshore at Long Beach.

Back at the baat factory in Burbank, Debbie welcomes twa more sales prospects, Mr. and Mrs. James Coan of Newport Beach. Abave right, she shows them how the craft is canstructed and autlines the calor and upholstery aptians available. Belaw, she enjoys dockside lunch break with a tria of old friends, Rasemarie Anglera, Gayle Martin and John Flocken, wha've stapped by ta see how she's daing in her new jab.

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Day's work done, Debbie hurries home to her Burbank apartment, where she bubbles up in the tub, then tries to decide on a hair style for her date with marketing consultant Don Crowe, whose idea of an evening's entertainment turns out to be—a boot ride.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Four nurses had decided to play practical jokes on a new intern to test his sense of humor, and met to report what each had done. "I stuffed cotton in his stethoscope," said the first nurse.

"I changed the names on some of his charts," added the second.

"I was more personal," giggled the third girl. "I found a package of contraceptives in his desk drawer and put a pinhole in every one of them."

The fourth nurse fainted.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *well-endowed female* as a prowed beauty.

A boy who had been taken by his parents to a nudist camp for the first time expressed surprise at the varying sizes of the male organs he saw and asked his father about it. "Son," he said, "it's all a matter of intelligence. A man with a large organ is smart and a fellow with a small one is dumb."

Later that day, the father asked the boy if he had seen his mother around. "Yes, Dad," he replied, "I saw her five minutes ago back in the woods. She was talking to a dummy, but he was getting smarter all the time."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Italian slum* as a spaghetto.

While attempting to hold up a bank, the would-be robber was seized from behind by a 250-pound detective and choked to death when he continued to try to use his weapon. A gay fellow was strolling down the avenue when he noticed the crowd outside the bank building. "Goodness," he trilled, "whatever happened there?"

"The guy under the tarp was choked to death by a big dick," volunteered a bystander.

"Wow!" said the swish. "What a way to go!"

Of course I adore you, darling," sighed the young man as he opened his penknife and began to add yet another adornment to Lovers' Oak, "but there are times when I somehow wish your name wasn't Virginia Davis."

And then there's the cynic who claims that Xerox never comes out with anything original.

Did you know," announced the statistics freak, "that the average vagina can accommodate eight inches of penis and that the average erect penis is only some six inches long? That means that in New York City alone, there are more than a hundred miles of unused vagina!"

But, Officer," protested the young man in the parked car, "we were only necking."

"OK," said the cop, "then put your neck back in your pants and get out of here."

The star salesman had included an item of "$50 for girls" on his expense account. The boss called him in and confided, "Look, I don't mind you enjoying yourself and entertaining our customers, but let's be more tactful. List those expenses as being for hunting."

So the salesman's expense account included items of "$50 for hunting" pretty regularly after that—until one month the initial entry read, "$200 for cleaning rifle."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *marriage license* as a noosepaper.

During his first leave, a newly commissioned second lieutenant discovered that he had no change with which to make a purchase at a vending machine. Catching sight of a passing enlisted man, he motioned him over. "Do you have change for a dollar, soldier?" he asked.

"I'm pretty sure I do," said the GI as he fished in his pocket.

"Just a minute," snapped the lieutenant. "That's no way to reply to an officer. Now, let's try it again. Do you have change for a dollar, soldier?"

The enlisted man came to attention, saluted smartly and said, "No, sir."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *narcissism* as playing strip solitaire.

A woman who had just been admitted to heaven sought out Saint Peter. "Can you tell me if my husband, Mr. Smith, is here?" she asked.

"I'm sorry, but we have many, many Smiths here," replied the good saint. "Can you be more specific?"

"His first name was Frank.'"

"We have a number of Frank Smiths. Can you tell me some special fact about him?"

"Well, when he was dying, he told me that if I were ever unfaithful to him after his death, he'd turn over in his grave."

"Oh—you mean Pinwheel Frank!"

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.*

"Never thought I'd live to see a young'un of mine who druther give it to a stranger than to her own kin!"

WORLDLY AMERICANS

(continued from page 125)

Paris once told me.) The lure is strongest for professionals and those who manage the foreign branches of American corporations, but the U. S. cash base is just as important for those who choose to live abroad in search of new existential pleasures or a second start in life. Whatever their motive, it remains a remarkable fact that this vast continent, so recently subdued, which only a century ago was still a great magnet for Europe's burgeoning masses, should have grown too small for so many so soon.

First came the Lost Generation. But they were a piddling handful of artistic experimenters compared with the rush that started after 1945. The State Department last year counted 1,048,925 Americans—not including more than 1,000,000 military personnel—who reside outside the U. S. No other nationality is so widely dispersed. This becomes quickly evident to any traveler.

I remember once arriving in Bujumbura. Who would want to visit Bujumbura, particularly during a military coup? It is the capital of a tiny central African mountain state whose only well-known export is the Watusi. The town seemed empty when I arrived. Yet when I settled at a table in the Crémaillère, its only decent restaurant, I soon discovered that three of the five other people in the place were Americans. One had slipped across the border from Tanganyika a few hours earlier; he was traveling across Africa on Stanley's trail. Another was a local diamond dealer who had set up shop in Bujumbura to capture some of the trade in wildcat Kasai gems. The third described himself as an economist based in Nairobi, though more likely he was from the CIA.

These postwar Kilroys no longer bother to scribble their names on latrine walls. They have become very sophisticated and discreet. At the Raffles hotel in Singapore, an American is likely to be indistinguishable from a resident British banker. In Vienna, the place not to look for him is the Intercontinental—strictly reserved for the if-it's-Tuesday-this-must-be-Brussels crowd. In Paris or London, resident Americans are so numerous that real-estate agencies specializing in services for them have sprung up. "And why is it that Americans always find the most attractive apartments in town?" a young *Parisienne* once asked me on the terrace of former *Newsweek* bureau chief Joel Blocker's penthouse. Money isn't the only answer. She herself had just plunked down a respectable sum for a three-bedroom place in the recherché 16th *arrondissement*. Its living room looked down on a bit of manicured green and the bedrooms faced another modern apartment house; the place might have been in Rochester or Boston for all the view it offered. Blocker's vista included the statuary of the Grand Palais and the Pont Alexandre and a glimpse of the Eiffel Tower.

Americans have developed an eye for that sort of thing, even if their name isn't Peggy Guggenheim. A well-known American writer couple, Tom and Claire Sterling, have an ancient town house on Rome's charming Piazza Montevecchio. Everyone in Paris knows that James Jones has done very well for himself on the exclusive Ile St.-Louis, where a friend of mine, Bernie Frizell, a writer with a less-developed sense of real-estate values, now rents small digs from the Duchess of Bedford. Frizell's place comes with beamed ceilings and dormer windows giving directly onto the flying buttresses of Notre Dame. Comfort and convenience usually take second place in an American's choice. Curiously, it is the Europeans who most often concentrate on these qualities nowadays.

Younger Americans no longer seem to have to go abroad to shed puritanical hang-ups. Still, many worldly Americans will insist that on arriving in Europe, they felt a shower of pleasure and release. Bernie Frizell can still recall his own first reactions. He arrived in the mid-Thirties, straight from an Ivy League college, armed with a scholarship to the prestigious Ecole Normale. "I stepped off the train at the Gare St.-Lazare. The sun was out over the rooftops of the city. I could look down narrow streets, angling away in every direction. A friend who had come to fetch me took me to a small bistro on the Left Bank. My first meal in Paris. I'll never forget it. We ate pigeon and *petits pois*. Finished it up with delicious strawberries *en feuillete*. A blonde sitting alone at a table across from ours was eating asparagus with her hands. I couldn't take my eyes off her. I knew then this was the place for me."

When Frizell first went to Paris, its spirit was still lodged securely in the past. Today Americans set the style of the future. The French satirist Pierre Daninos once told me, "We simply expect Americans to be better adapted to our times. They seem to be born with voices that carry well on the telephone. They are more at ease in airport lounges." In his first play, *Look Back in Anger*, John Osborne explodes bitterly, "I must say it's pretty dreary living in the American Age—unless you're an American, of course. Perhaps all our children will be Americans." Virgil Thomson, an American composer and critic—as well as an emeritus of that Lost Generation that suddenly found itself in Paris between the wars—put a much more forgiving slant on it. "In my day, France was very habit-forming. Nowadays it is the other way around. Everybody wants to be like us." The pervasiveness of America's cultural hegemony combines slang with high diction. On the one hand, you have the ubiquity of its pop culture: Woodstock imitated on the Isle of Wight; French Leftists wondering how they can get an underground going, *à l'américaine*; Western clubs in Picardy, and Italians making cowboy films in Tuscany for distribution in Japan. But the pop aspects of our culture are merely more in evidence than the work of serious American artists. William Einstein, an American Jew converted to Catholicism, has been replacing the medieval stained-glass windows of the church of Abbeville in Picardy with his own creations. John Taras had a go at whipping the ballet of the Paris Opera into shape. The playbills of theaters on the Continent are studded with pieces by Miller, O'Neill and Albee. The Living Theater, which toured Europe during its exile from Greenwich Village, had a profound impact on dramatic aesthetics.

The stage is one thing; but where the American influence is felt most strongly is in the movie industry, despite the famous English, French and Italian innovators. Dick Overstreet, a young American director who went to Europe to acquire the rudiments of his craft, believes it was much easier for him than it would have been in Hollywood. "In France I could work as a cutter, a cameraman or in any of the technical departments without a union getting in the way." French film makers have a respect for American craftsmen that borders on idolatry. "You never realize how appreciated we are as Americans until you come over here," he told me, "and, to be quite frank, we all exploit it somewhat." He believes that Raoul Coutard, one of the finest talents behind a camera in the world, was willing to join him in making his first, completely independent feature, "in part because he wanted to work with an American." Not that Coutard needed it. He had made his reputation as Jean-Luc Godard's cameraman.

A few years ago, John Bainbridge coined the word Ameropeans to describe Americans living in Europe. He purposely focused on a few hundred affluent expatriates looking for "another way of living" there. But he nevertheless did point out just how the postwar rush to Europe really began: "After the war," he wrote, "there was a tremendous demand for Americans to go overseas for limited periods of time to administer foreign-aid programs and participate in the expansion of American business." A lot obviously stayed and more have been coming ever since.

According to the U. S. Department of Commerce, foreign affiliates of American corporations spent an estimated 14.7 billion dollars on new investments overseas

(continued on page 238)

article **By SCOT MORRIS**

for the fact freak—
a cockamamie miscellany
of extremely
extraneous minutiae

ALAN JAY LERNER took two weeks to write the last line of *Wouldn't It Be Loverly?* The concluding words are, "Loverly, loverly, loverly, loverly."

• • •

By choosing the right starting points, it is possible to go due south from Arkansas into each of the six adjoining states.

• • •

If an inconsiderate neighbor has his radio turned on too loud, you can retaliate. Find the frequency of the AM station he's listening to, subtract 460 and dial your own radio to this new number. Yours doesn't even have to be turned up; his radio will start to squeal intolerably and he'll probably turn it off.

• • •

When Tolstoy was a boy, he formed a club with his brother. To be initiated, a member had to stand in a corner for a half hour and not think of a white bear.

• • •

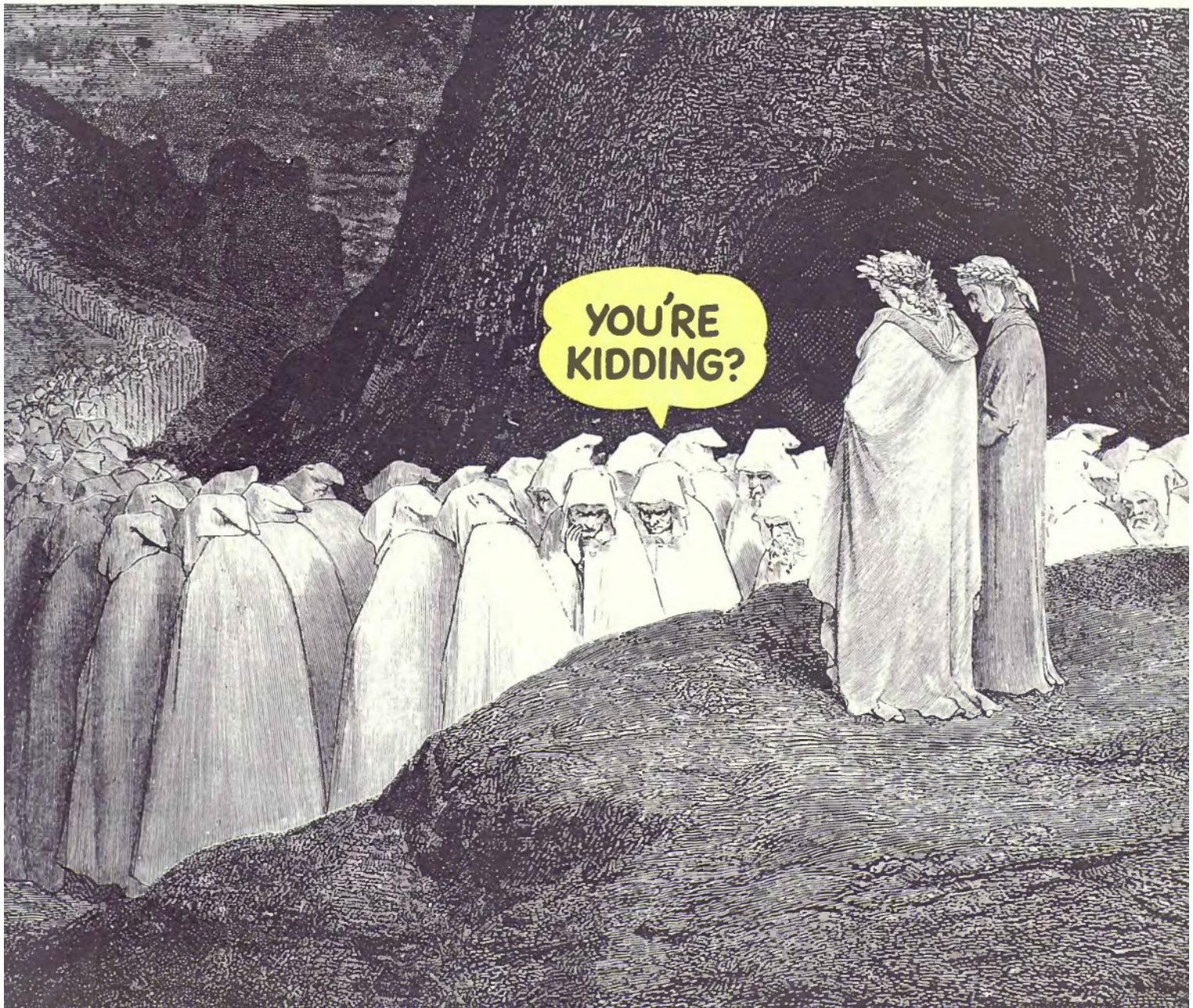
Upon being crowned Queen of England, Victoria's first act was to give her dog a bath. She once owned 83 dogs and knew all their names.

• • •

A Spanish explorer was once lost in the jungles of South America, according to legend. Rather than die a slow death of starvation and fever, he decided to kill himself quickly by eating the roots of the bitter and poisonous cassava plant. He boiled the roots in water, then drank the concoction and said a last farewell. But nothing happened. In fact, the soup was quite tasty. The explorer was the first to discover that boiling destroys the poisonous property of the cassava's milky sap. He survived on his creamy creation and the new food was given a South American Indian name: *tapioca*.

• • •

Artists who depicted the creation once aroused a heated theological debate about whether *(continued on page 184)*



so you're not an olympic swimmer;
you can still make fashion waves

the age of aquarians

attire **by robert l. green**

The most comfortable bathing suit to wear, of course, is the one in which you were born. But as a second choice, consider one of the styles pictured here. They're brief, colorful and quick-drying—and they fit almost as snugly as your skin. Top to bottom: wet-look nylon numbered trunks, by Tenson, $9; floral-print knit bikini, by Catalina Men, $7; cotton textured-knit squared-leg trunks, by Eileen Holding, $8; and an abstract-pattern stretch-nylon suit, by Jantzen, $8.

Three distinctive outfits for following the sun. Left to right: cotton-nylon stretch-terrycloth top with contrasting stitching and matching trousers with an elasticized waist, by Sabre of London, $55 for both; cotton-knit pointelle-work short-sleeved pullover, by Himaloya, $5, and a waffle-effect polyester-knit bikini, by Brentwood Sportswear, $7.50; multi-color cotton-rib pullover with curved shirt bottom, by Strobe, $8, and "YES"-print denim shorts, by Wrangler, $4.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROGER HANE

Yes
Yes
Yes
Yes
Yes
Yes
Yes
Yes
Yes
Yes
Yes
Yes
Yes
Yes

"I knew this would happen if those damned conservationists had their way!"

THE FINE ART OF BEING THE BOSS

HOW AND WHEN THE MAN AT THE TOP SHOULD USE AUTHORITY, DELEGATE RESPONSIBILITY, RELY ON FACTS AND PLAY HIS HUNCHES

ARTICLE **BY J. PAUL GETTY** I HAD OCCASION to choose one man from a list of five candidates for promotion to a top executive position. Accompanying the mass of reports and documents concerning the five men was a covering roster that listed them according to the length of their experience. The first man on the list was far and away the most experienced, in the sense that he'd held executive positions nearly five years longer than his closest rival. Had I been content to use amount of experience as the sole yardstick, he would have been my choice. According to legend, the Roman emperor Hadrian once found himself in an analogous position. One of his generals, the story goes, felt overdue for promotion. He took his case to the emperor and cited his long service as justification. "I am entitled to a more important command," he declared. "After all, I'm very experienced—I've been in ten battles."

Hadrian, a shrewd judge of men and their abilities, did not consider the man qualified for higher rank. He waved a casual hand at some army donkeys tethered nearby. "My dear general," Hadrian said dryly, "take a good look at those donkeys. Each of them has been in at least *twenty* battles—yet all of them are still donkeys."

The point, of course, is that length of experience alone is not an infallible gauge by which to measure a man's executive ability. Although the most experienced man was a capable and, indeed, valuable executive in the post he held, his experience had been limited to a narrow and highly specialized field. Despite the fact that he had been an executive for considerably longer than any of the other candidates for promotion, there was nothing to indicate that he could handle the diverse responsibilities that would be required of him in the higher position. As it happened, I chose a man who stood third on the list insofar as length of experience was concerned. But this man was a proved and skillful manager who had demonstrated his ability to cope with a wide variety of responsibilities.

I am afraid that many businessmen fall into the habit of placing far too much emphasis on experience without really understanding what the term should mean. Experience is qualitative, not quantitative. It's an old personnel managers' saw that many a man with ten years' experience has really had only one year's experience repeated ten times. Experience in doing one kind of work, repeating more or less similar tasks year after year, can certainly improve manual skills. The surgeon who has removed 300 sets of tonsils is far more likely to perform a smooth tonsillectomy than the intern who has yet to perform his first. But beyond a very limited point, one-dimensional, repetitive experience does not achieve the same end when mental processes are involved. In business, the effects are frequently the opposite. Too much time spent doing the same things tends to stultify the mind and petrify the imagination. The result is a poor boss.

It seems to me that many businessmen today—both those on top and those on the way up—have lost sight of the basic ingredients that constitute a good executive. The business schools, especially, in their desire to make business a science rather than an art, have fostered this confusion. By the early Twenties, Harvard's President Lowell was declaring that business administration is "the oldest of the arts and the newest of the professions."

Lowell's words occasioned some understandably ribald comments. They also inspired great rejoicing among businessmen who were still a bit self-conscious about "being in trade." Suddenly, Lowell had liberated them from the vaguely suspect milieu of the market place and conferred a prestige that placed them on a par with such traditional community pillars as physicians, attorneys and theologians.

Personally, I don't see what difference a name makes. If an executive wants to think that business management is a profession, fine—as long as he does his business managing efficiently. In other words, as long as he is a good boss. If press agents can be public-relations counselors and sewer cleaners sanitary engineers, then bosses can be professional business administrators.

The problem is that the word is often father to the deed. Business "professionalism" can encourage bureaucratic corpulence, trapping the manager in sterile formalism and unproductive ritual. The high priests of professionalism are specialists, whom business observer Clarence Randall once described as "the men who, with infinite patience, skill and *(continued on page 146)*

THE VARGAS GIRL

"Now, darling, it's time for you to do your exercise."
Vargas

BEING THE BOSS

(continued from page 143)

learning, have completely mastered one minuscule segment of a business and can do nothing else." To repeat, these are precisely the people who should not be bosses.

Worse, the cult of professionalism has merged into a newer cult of "business science," around which a vast, complex (and at times totally incomprehensible) mystique is forming. Each year, countless executives will spend untold hours in seminars, conferences and study groups, listening to pundits expound on the science of business management. These conferences have a habit of flourishing whenever business is good and the stock market is roaring. The argument presented at these revival meetings is essentially the same doctrine preached at many of our more advanced business schools: that all management functions can be reduced to mathematical equations. This woolly-headed notion holds that executives working in a committee room can somehow concoct remedies for business problems with all the ease of laboratory chemists producing a desired compound by mixing materials according to formula.

But to argue that business management is a science, in the sense that chemistry is a science, is to misunderstand the functions of management and to disregard its most significant element: people. Management—the fine art of being boss—is nothing less than the direction of human activities, obtaining results *through* people. Formal business education can only form a basis on which a man can build. It is not a guarantee that an individual can step forth into the business world qualified to manage as much as a candy store. At least in theory, the trained physician can set a broken leg the day he hangs his diploma on the wall. But no theory in the world holds that a man with one, two or even three degrees in business administration can repair a cracking corporate structure merely because he has a collection of sheepskins hanging on his office wall. Getting results through people is a skill that cannot be learned in a classroom.

Feel, intuition and the willingness and ability to make decisions and then see them through—these are other marks of the top-notch boss. They are also nonacademic traits. And they are most definitely not things that can be plucked off graphs, caught in market-research nets nor dredged from the electronic bowels of a computer. When I first started drilling in the Oklahoma oil fields, the consensus of expert judgment held that there could be no oil in the so-called Red Beds region. The known "facts" and all specialist opinion would have convinced anyone using conventional scientific method to avoid the Red Beds area. Certainly, if a computer had been available and all the existing data fed into it, the machine would have given a loud and one-sided no.

But like so many oilmen, I chose to temper all "analytical" thinking with a healthy dose of nonlogical subjectivity. To me, the area looked as if it might hide oil. Largely on the basis of a hunch, I decided to see for myself. I began drilling in the Red Beds, struck oil and brought in a vast new producing field. I rather suspect that by relying on such nontextbook thought processes, and taking attendant risks, the biggest fortunes have been made—in oil and in other endeavors.

Then, too, the business world would be a melancholy one if all decision making were reduced to mathematical equations. If all the risk—and by that I mean not only the dangers but the zest and the excitement—were removed from business, then the businessman might as well take a civil-service job.

Management is much more than a science. Its skills cannot be systematized, learned by rote nor practiced according to formula. Business is an art—even a creative art. You would think that businessmen would even prefer it this way. I personally derive immense satisfaction from the knowledge that I am practicing an art, that I am creating. After all, the successful boss who builds a business that serves a constructive purpose is no less a creative artist than the painter who produces a fine canvas. The manager who ably directs human activities, who works through human beings to produce more and better goods or services at lower cost for more people is, by any standard, doing creative work. He is creating jobs, comfort, welfare—a higher standard of living. He is leading people to perform constructive work well, for the benefit of themselves and others. The boss who accomplishes this is as much a creative artist as the stage director who brings out the best in a group of actors and inspires them to give memorable performances for the edification of their audiences. I doubt seriously if anyone would argue that the dramatic arts are a science or that directors are scientists. Then why, in the name of all that's rational, insist on trying to make a scientist out of a business executive whose function is, in effect, analogous to that of the director?

I consider myself fortunate to have learned my basic lessons in the art of handling people not at a business school but in the Oklahoma oil fields. It was a school that, if short on management manuals, was certainly long on practical training. My earliest lessons were taught me by the drilling superintendents, tool-dressers and other men under whom I worked while serving my apprenticeship. The experience, in my opinion, was all the more valuable—and left a deeper and more lasting impression—for having been acquired the hard way.

Generally speaking, bosses in the oil fields fell into two categories. Some—luckily, a small minority—were bullies. They relied on the loud, profane bellow to get men working and used the short right to the jaw or the long kick in the pants to provide their subordinates with inspiration and motivation. The majority, while no less demanding, tempered their toughness with reason, understanding and, more often than not, a gruff sense of humor. They, too, expected their orders to be obeyed without delay or argument, but they were not bullies. They realized they were dealing with human beings and used a straightforward and entirely human approach: "Look, we've got a job to do—now let's do it."

Such was the extent of the pep talks in the oil fields. Not much more was needed. The "super" knew not only his own job but also the jobs of every man in his crew. His "technical qualifications," as the modern textbooks on management would have it, were proved. The men who worked under him were acutely aware of this. They also knew he worked as hard as they did.

The men feared few things as much as the opprobrium they would earn from their fellows if they failed to pull their weight. Hence, the good superintendent rarely had to play slave driver. However, if a laggard did persist in soldiering on the job, there was one growled phrase that almost always achieved the desired results: "Get a move on—or get your pay!"

It was by working in such an environment and among such men that I began to understand the fundamental principles of being boss—the how, why and wherefore of getting things done through people. Later, when I went into business for myself as a wildcatter, I had ample opportunity to apply what I had already learned—and to gain more experience. This "postgraduate" process of learning what it meant to be the boss instead of the bossed was not always an easy one. I was young and, I fear, my lack of seasoning occasionally caused me to be impatient, impetuous—and to make errors in handling the men who worked for me.

I recall one incident that, though minor in itself, proved instructive on several counts. My men and I were drilling a well and the bailer brought up samples of sand that indicated we might be nearing oil. About the same time, I noticed a roustabout, named Hank, who wasn't working as fast nor as hard as I thought he should. Impatient and annoyed, I gave him an angry bawling out.

(continued on page 198)

fiction **By PHILIP NORMAN**

the old jazzman was sure of one thing —you get the jive wherever you go

BLUES NEXT DOOR

MODEL A wore gold in his ear, in his teeth, around his cigarette holder; and on the black rhino horn of a finger was his Creole ring. Asked why he chose an English girl 32 years younger than he, Model A once replied, " 'Cause in old age I would prefer to smell perfume than liniment." As for Sandra, her temper did not provide her reasons; she married him. When Georgina was born, like perfect honey but slightly paralyzed, it simply made the two of them hold hands more.

Sandra liked to be able to say, "He's part Cherokee as well, actually." Further than that, no one dared inquire: Her hand, sudden-white on his, locked out all other difference. But she had been known to admit, "Well, at first the language was, you know, a bit much. Because when all them blues musicians get together, it's nothing but mother this and mother that."

People always called her sarcastic. Indeed, the more timid of her relatives could picture Sandra only in retort—hair back-combed from a somewhat angelic forehead, eyes drawn together, mouth puckered to a tart little trumpet. She had been married once before, at 17, and had proved her independence by inattentiveness. Her first husband had been reduced to silence while Sandra painted her nails and hummed a tune.

"Tell us about New Orleans, Model."

"I told you already a hundred times," he teased, " 'bout New Or-*leens*."

"Tell us some more, go on."

So he told her about the street gangs in Indian feathers, the bonfires at early morning, the barrel house where he learned to play, how he came to be called Model A for running faster than the police cars. She could sit for hours listening to all that. But he had his moods as well. Anything might set him

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL GIOVANOPOULOS

off, Sandra noticed; the most ordinary sound of home, like a clack of the wooden dog gate or Georgina's footsteps pummeling across the room above. His mustache would go lumpy, as if he had a mouthful of boiled sweets; Sandra was even a little frightened of the cuts that appeared in his face.

"Forget about all that," she said. "Come on, duck."

"I cain't forget 'bout it. All my life from six years old, all I ever wanted," he mumbled, "to work and save enough money and git enough ammunition and catch them Kluxers in a meetin' and spray 'em and let 'em spray me. Long as I could lie down in the field with a few of 'em, I'd be happy."

She tried to be patient, but she could hardly picture Model A smaller than he now was, let alone picture him watching his father and mother burn. How could it still haunt him, on a council estate? And Georgina was climbing on his knees to reach for the boxing gloves that hung on the wall from another part of his past. "She wants to play the piano like Dadda, don't you? Oh, go on, Model, show her."

"All o' that was buildin' up in me ever' day from six years old. Them Kluxers burn the church, too. Jesus, he came from the Arabs' country, *he* wasn't no white man.

"Christmas, nobody give you nothin'. I used to go to a show on Christmas. Sit up in that show till ever'thing finish. Christmas for me jus' like any other of the days. . . ."

"*Get* on!" Sandra chided. She'd heard this one so many times.

"I mean it. Jus' like any other of the days."

"Oooh!" she exclaimed. "You lousy cow! You *know* you enjoy shopping for Georgy at Christmas as much as I do. Every year it's the rotten same. 'Oh, we're not going to spend so much this year' and we always finish up spending forty pound."

They lived on his savings. Though the house was small for four—Sandra's dad lived there as well—Model A had bought it from the council. That and his van, lettered MODEL A STATESBOROUGH, BLUES SINGER OF NEW ORLEANS, gave them a prestige on the estate because the van was brand-new. They lived surrounded by all that was commonplace to Sandra—bits of dropped food, the spires of nail-varnish bottles, Georgina's socks drying like tiddlers on the cage of the gas fire. Model A liked system, however, and finally he prevailed with it. On the kitchen wall, an envelope hung below the notice ALL THE PAYING-OFF BOOKS IS HERE. He never kept her short. Money had no part of her present exasperation.

The north of England's deepest dislike is for any kind of waste. Sandra's uncertainty as to the precise commodity being wasted made it all the more tantalizing to her: the entreaties by succeeding posts that Model A should go back to playing. The BBC in Leeds even sent telegrams—a telegram meant real urgency—but he would just say, "No, I ain't gonna hire myself to nobody no more."

"Then," Sandra would yell, "you're barmy, aren't you?"

And there were the people who turned up on the doorstep to see him, looking as if they'd walked across the world, which in some cases they had. Sandra would haul them inside quickly before the neighbors saw.

For them, however peculiar they were, Model A always gave in and played the old piano upstairs wedged against the bars of Georgina's cot. They sat in a row on the cot with their mouths open, like baby birds. Since they always looked half-starved, he'd cook a meal for them, too; he was a good cook. Eating ham hocks, string beans and rice and staring at a view across the recreation ground to the power station, their faces changed, as Sandra put it, "from dreamy to plain daft."

But what nettled her most of all was the man who claimed to have every record Model A had ever made, over 200 of them. They were the huge old breakable kind, like those Sandra threw out when Elvis Presley was popular, and no one but the collector himself was allowed to touch them. She'd asked how much they were worth and he'd replied, £80 or £90 each.

Her campaign was renewed that night.

"No, I ain't gonna hire myself no more," Model A said.

"Oooh!" She could shake him. He was little enough.

"It's not of interes' to *no*body," he said.

"They're all begging for you, you great lump!"

Model A showed the gold in his teeth.

"'They,'" he repeated, "who 'they'? Huh? 'They' jus' the jivers and cheaters. All 'they' want to do is jive you after they use you. 'They' 'llowed Blind Lemon Jefferson to die at the streetcar stop."

"Now, don't start mithering on about Blind Lemon Jefferson again."

"He lie next to Classie in a unmarked grave. You know who done put him in there? 'They.'"

"This is different," she urged. "It's England."

Then he said something that really made her wild. "Aah, you white folks is all the same——"

"You'll pay for it, you know that, don't you?" Sandra shouted after him as he went up the staircase, which was lined with pictures of him at the microphone on tropic nights before she was born.

She turned to Mrs. Trolley, their neighbor, who by infallible radar for violence or celebration had just then appeared in a turban at the side door.

"He'll pay for it, he will," Sandra told her. "He always does when he's sorry. I got a new pair shoes out of him last time."

• • •

They'd both had stomach upsets the day Big Sister Oak came. Model A's cure for anything, taught to him by the Italian orphanage in New Orleans 50 years ago, was a hot potion of rum and garden mint. Sandra had spent an unhappy morning on the couch, with little grimaces and curses, trying to bring it up again as wind. Dad was there, too, watching the Persian lessons on television.

Model A started to mend Sandra's electric hair rollers. He was, in every way, clever round the house; he always did the ironing and fed Georgina on Sandra's two mornings at work. Only in ordinary things like this did Sandra feel the twitch of something uncommon in her life. She felt it when he looked over the day's runners at York, his cigarette holder in his mouth, or when he took his shirt off to wash and she saw the glisten of prize-fighting scars.

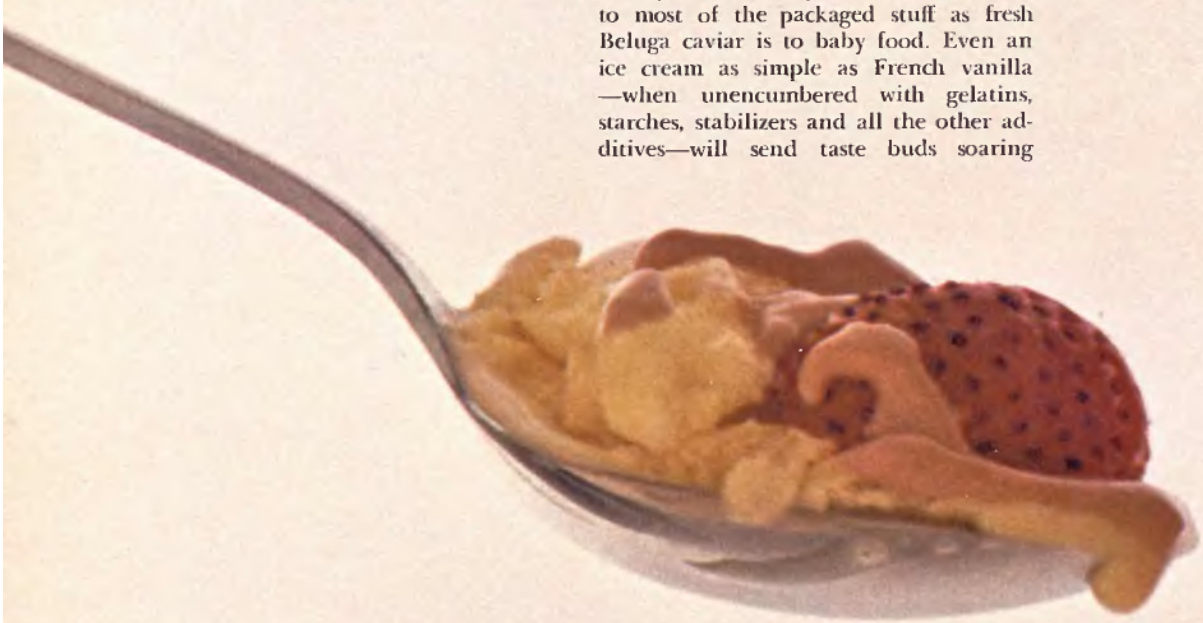
As with all houses in those parts, their side door stayed open to admit *(continued on page 232)*

"That's enough foreplay, Harold!"

THE BIG FREEZE

throwing calories to the wind, the country has gone ice-cream crazy

food **By THOMAS MARIO** Among the rediscovered joys of the past, the coolest at the table these days is freshly frozen ice cream—your own thing, churned in the tradition-honored freezer bucket. This is not to say that store-bought ice cream isn't enjoying a renaissance of its own. Gourmet brands are flourishing and ice-cream parlors are proliferating. But freshly made do-it-yourself ice cream is to most of the packaged stuff as fresh Beluga caviar is to baby food. Even an ice cream as simple as French vanilla —when unencumbered with gelatins, starches, stabilizers and all the other additives—will send taste buds soaring anew. Vary the basic vanilla theme with imported chestnuts in syrup or diced guava shells and you'll introduce your crowd to some of the world's most fabulous desserts.



The ice-cream freezer is particularly suited for outdoor summer fun. If you're providing the food for a picnic, you can comfortably mix the ice cream before leaving home, keep it ice-clad in the same portable freezer in which it was churned and then take it to that poolside party, brookside picnic or outing on the dunes. At an all-day affair, ice cream can be made outdoors several hours before the barbecue fire is lit, giving the ice cream time to ripen while you enjoy fun and games. The job of cranking the freezer won't take more than 20 or 25 minutes, and you can always count on eager volunteers to take turns. Incidentally, it's no more difficult than walking, except for the last five minutes, when some muscle power is needed. Electrically driven freezers are even easier, of course, but you'll miss the special fun of

 PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN

finger-spooning ice cream out of a bucket.

All sorts of recipes have been written for making ice cream in ice-cube trays. Forget it; results are always frosty disappointments. Ice creams and ices, unless continuously mixed while they're being frozen, inevitably reveal a telltale flock of sharp ice crystals. The only dessert that can be still-frozen and turn out velvety smooth is the classic French frozen mousse; the large amount of rich solids in the mousse discourages crystallization. The traditional ice-cream-freezing process is simple: Sweetened, flavored cream, or cream and milk, is poured into a can surrounded by ice and rock salt. As the can is rotated, a dasher inside churns the contents, while the salt outside causes the ice to melt; when ice changes from a solid to a liquid, it absorbs heat from the ice-bound cream mixture and the cream eventually turns to ice cream. You'll need finely cracked ice (not snow ice) rather than cubes. Chipped ice can be made either in ice-chip trays or by placing cubes in a canvas or burlap bag and whacking them with a wooden mallet or some other suitable weapon. It's always a good idea to have at least twice as much ice as is needed for the first filling of the bucket; melting ice must be replaced during the mixing; when the mixing is completed, the can may have to be repacked with ice unless the ice cream is stashed in a home freezer.

Even if you don't make your own ice cream, you can still offer spectacular ice-cream desserts, since not all commercial products are frozen globs of whipped air and additives. When you buy ice cream, the first thing to look for is its weight. Be it pint, quart or gallon, it should be heavy for its size. You want flavors that are vivid but natural. Good ice cream should be rich without being buttery. When it melts, it should have the consistency of heavy cream rather than of watery milk. It should not be sticky, coarse, grainy nor gummy in the mouth.

Note: Your frozen assets shouldn't be *too* frozen. When ice cream is as hard as marble, taste buds are numbed rather than titillated. To achieve the ideal state, transfer hard-frozen ice cream from the freezer to the refrigerator about a half hour to an hour before serving.

VANILLA ICE CREAM
(About 2¾ quarts)

1 quart light cream
1 cup heavy cream
3 cups milk
1½ cups sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons vanilla extract

Combine light cream, heavy cream and milk in saucepan. Over moderate heat, bring it up to the boiling point, but do not boil. Add sugar and salt, stirring until sugar dissolves. Stir in vanilla. Chill to refrigerator temperature. Freeze, following directions with freezer. In place of vanilla extract, 6 ins. vanilla pod may be used. Scrape seeds, after splitting pod, and scald pod and seeds with cream-and-milk mixture. Strain before freezing.

FRENCH VANILLA ICE CREAM
(About 3 quarts)

1 quart light cream
1 cup heavy cream
3 cups milk
1½ cups sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
12 egg yolks, well beaten
2 tablespoons vanilla extract

Combine light cream, heavy cream and milk in saucepan or top section of double boiler. Over direct moderate heat, bring it up to the boiling point, but do not boil. Add sugar and salt, stirring until sugar dissolves. Place mixture over simmering water in bottom part of double boiler. Top section of double boiler should not touch the water. Stir a little of the hot cream mixture into the beaten egg yolks. Slowly stir the yolks into the remaining cream mixture in pan. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture begins to thicken slightly. It should have the consistency of heavy cream. Remove from heat and stir in vanilla. Chill to refrigerator temperature. Freeze, following directions with freezer.

CHESTNUT ICE CREAM Drain two 10-oz. jars chestnut pieces in vanilla syrup. Add syrup to scalded mixture in the recipe for French vanilla ice cream. Just after ice cream is frozen and before it is hardened, stir in chestnut pieces.

GUAVA ICE CREAM Drain 18-oz. can guava shells in syrup. Add syrup to scalded mixture in the recipe for French vanilla ice cream. Cut guava shells into ¼-in. dice. Just after ice cream is frozen and before it is hardened, stir in guava pieces.

FROZEN PUDDING Drain 2 10-oz. jars Nesselrode fruits in syrup. Add syrup to scalded mixture in the recipe for French vanilla ice cream. Just after ice cream is frozen and before it is hardened, stir in Nesselrode fruits.

COFFEE ICE CREAM Use 3 cups double-strength freshly brewed coffee instead of the milk in the recipe for French vanilla ice cream.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM Add 4 ozs. melted unsweetened chocolate to the scalded milk and cream in the recipe for French vanilla ice cream.

BANANA ICE CREAM
(About 2 quarts)

1 pint light cream
1 cup heavy cream
1 pint milk
¾ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
6 egg yolks, well beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup banana purée
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Combine light cream, heavy cream and milk in saucepan and bring to the boiling point, but do not boil. Add sugar and salt, stirring until sugar dissolves. Place mixture in top of double boiler over simmering water. Top section of double boiler should not touch the water. Stir a little of the hot cream mixture into the beaten egg yolks. Slowly stir the yolks into the remaining cream mixture in pan. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture begins to thicken slightly. It should have the consistency of heavy cream. Remove from heat and stir in vanilla. About 4 ripe medium-size bananas will be needed to make 1 cup banana purée. Mash bananas or purée in blender and put through wire sieve. Mix bananas and lemon juice. Combine cream mixture and banana purée. Cool to refrigerator temperature. Freeze, following directions with freezer.

COCONUT ICE CREAM
(About 2 quarts)

1 pint light cream
½ cup heavy cream
1½ cups milk
¾ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
4 egg yolks, well beaten
16-oz. can coconut-milk cream (crema de coco)

Combine light cream, heavy cream and milk in saucepan and bring up to the boiling point, but do not boil. Add sugar and salt, stirring until sugar dissolves. Place mixture over simmering water in bottom part of double boiler. Top section of double boiler should not touch the water. Stir a little of the hot cream mixture into the beaten egg yolks. Slowly stir the yolks into the remaining cream mixture in pan. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture begins to thicken slightly. It should have the consistency of heavy cream. Remove from heat and stir in coconut-milk cream, blending well. Cool to refrigerator temperature. Freeze, following directions with freezer.

COCONUT MACADAMIA ICE CREAM Add 4½ ozs. coarsely chopped Macadamia nuts to ice cream just after it is frozen and before it is hardened.

FROZEN CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
(About 1 quart)

4 ozs. sweet chocolate (baking type)
¼ cup water
1 cup milk
¼ cup granulated sugar
2 teaspoons instant-dissolving flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
3 egg yolks, well beaten
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons sifted confectioners' sugar

(concluded on page 205)

a nationwide opinion poll that reveals a great many things—none of which is the least bit interesting

satire

By G. BARRY GOLSON

A STARTLING NEW POLLING TECHNIQUE developed by Dr. H. B. Harass has cast grave doubt on the reliability of current opinion polls. Dr. Harass, distinguished statistician and president of the National Institute of Band Wagon Mathematics, disclosed the existence of a vast segment of the American public undiscovered by previous polls.

After intensive research, Dr. Harass discovered that in every poll in recent years, those select individuals who made up the "cross section" invariably lied through their teeth. The reason: Respondents were forced to select an opinion from a prepared list of responses. The Harass method of eliciting spontaneous responses allows the public to express its true preference —from the heart.

Dr. Harass also concluded that the old categories used to break down a population sample—Democrat or Republican, Under 25 or Over 60 —no longer reflect the true divisions of a tired, troubled America. He therefore devised a new set of categories for his data:

Conservative: meaning 1890s-style Reactionaries, or, to use a term in vogue, Consciousness I.

Liberal: 1930s-style Do-gooders (Con. II).

Freaky: 1960s-style Counterculture (Con. III).

Undecided: the rest.

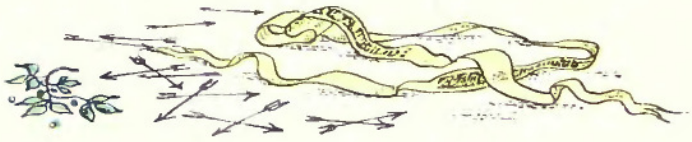
There were worries at first that the Harass method would result in a wide scattering of responses, making it impossible to tabulate the data. But Dr. Harass was pleased to find that responses in all categories showed remarkable similarity and could be boiled down to no more than a few answers per category, with minor variations in wording. The professor explained, "This is what we in the profession might term an amazing coincidence."

But what staggered the Harass team was the breakdown of the responses in the Undecided category. Only 9% responded as Conservative, 12% as Liberal and 8% as Freaky—while 71% answered in the Undecided category. Not only was Undecided the largest grouping by far but it was not Undecided at all: A clear, coherent pattern emerged. What Dr. Harass discovered, in

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN

brief, is that 71% of the U.S. public considers itself neither Conservative nor Liberal nor Freaky but *Catatonic*. Careful analysis showed that this overlooked majority of Catatonics (who might also be referred to as Consciousness Zero) are, in the words of the good doctor, "verging on nervous breakdowns." He characterizes them as "too worn down, too frazzled, too numb to get excited about anything" and contends that this enormous voting bloc has existed in a state of glassy-eyed paralysis since the upheavals of the late Sixties.

Methodology was as follows: With the assistance of several hundred highly trained recruits from Dr. Harass' home institute, the team interviewed a cross section of the U.S. public. Since there were four categories, the sample was held to a total of four persons. All were citizens of voting age and residents of Amarillo, Texas. The results were then statistically weighted and multiplied by a factor of 51,000,000 to reflect the U.S. population as a whole (est. 204,000,000).



IF ELECTIONS WERE HELD TODAY, WHICH OF THE LEADING PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES WOULD YOU VOTE FOR?

	% of Category
CONSERVATIVE	Richard Nixon 37 George Wallace 33 A Buckley, any Buckley 23 Henry VIII 7
LIBERAL	Eleanor Roosevelt 74 Ralph Nader 20 Muskie, Humphrey, Kennedy, McGovern, Jackson, Lindsay each 1
FREAKY	John Lennon (With Yoko as first lady) 2 (Without Yoko) 68 Mr. Natural 21 Raoul Duke 9
CATATONIC	Elections? Vote? The? For? 64 I don't know . . . I've been . . . uh . . . twitching pretty badly. . . . Why don't you just put me down for . . . hell, someone gentle, easy on the nerves . . . maybe like Walt Disney. You decide. 36

WHAT EFFECT DO YOU THINK THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION WILL HAVE ON MARRIAGE AS WE KNOW IT?

	% of Category
CONSERVATIVE	If there's a revolution, I'm against it. 70 The missus and I have done fine for 40 years without it. I wouldn't stoop to noticing today's lush, full breasts and creamy thighs. 17 My son is living with a hairdresser. (approximate) 13
LIBERAL	A healthy development, but we should remember that traditional values became traditional for a reason. 51 It's helped all my marriages. 49
FREAKY	Don't know about anyone else, but our marriage is fine. All seven of us are getting along like bandits. 98 A groove. I'm into deer now. 2
CATATONIC	I . . . uh . . . don't keep up as much as I'd like to. . . . These revolutions keep confusing me. . . . Is this one I missed? 52 I've got a headache tonight. 48

DO YOU FEEL THAT REBELLION AMONG THE YOUNG CAN BE TRACED TO A LACK OF DISCIPLINE?

	% of Category
CONSERVATIVE	Damn tootin'! 146
LIBERAL	God, no, just the opposite. We simply didn't understand our children enough, we didn't try hard enough. 91 I have been re-evaluating Dr. Spock lately. 9
FREAKY	Oh, shit, man. . . . 100
CATATONIC	Youthful rebels? Haven't seen any. Has there been a take-over? 54 Whatever you say. Look, do I seem shaky to you? Here, look at my hand. Used to be steady as a rock. I don't know. I. Just. Don't. Know. 46

WHAT, IN YOUR OPINION, IS THE MAIN CAUSE OF AMERICA'S PROBLEMS TODAY?

	% of Category
CONSERVATIVE	Fluoridation, leading to loss of precious bodily fluids....55 Commie fags....24 Bleeding-heart liberalism of Franklin Roosevelt....16 Bleeding-heart liberalism of John Quincy Adams....5
LIBERAL	Oh, God, need you ask? We ourselves. And the guilt, the guilt!....61 Students and blacks going "too far," though we respect their intentions, of course....39
FREAKY	Bad vibes....68 No more "Whole Earth Catalogs"....19 Altamont....13
CATATONIC	Would you repeat the question?....65 Could we . . . talk about something else. . . . Things haven't been going too well for me lately. . . . Don't get much time to think....35

WHAT STATEMENT BEST EXPRESSES YOUR VIEW OF THE DRUG PROBLEM IN THE U.S.?

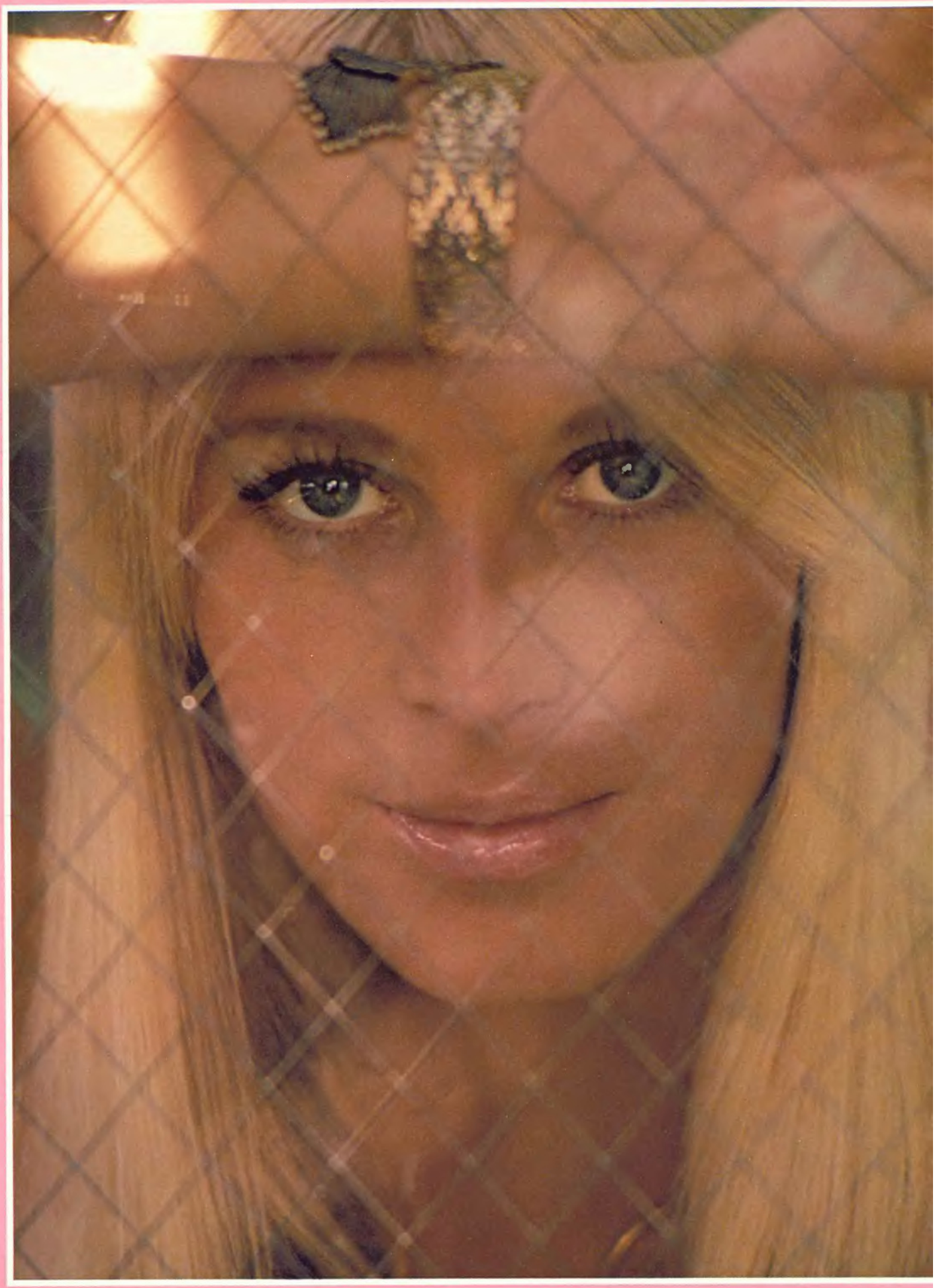
	% of Category
CONSERVATIVE	Anyone tripping on marijooana should be sent to the chair....89 Set fire to Mexico....11
LIBERAL	Laws against harmless drugs should be repealed. Care for a toke?....100
FREAKY	What drug problem? Man, we're into gin! You ever get ripped on gin? Outasight....75 O-wow. Wanna hit on this?....25
CATATONIC	How would I know? . . . Who tells me anything? . . . I've got my bills to pay . . . my kids to watch . . . the Chinese . . . muggers . . . crooked politicians. . . . I can't have an opinion on everything, you know....51 Drugs? . . . Oh . . . you mean trancs. . . . Sure, I eat 'em like jelly beans....49

FROM WHAT SOURCE DO YOU GET MOST OF YOUR NEWS?

	% of Category
CONSERVATIVE	Bald-faced liars on TV....71 "National Review"....21 "Collier's"....8
LIBERAL	Dedicated, objective newsmen on TV....62 Daniel Ellsberg, Jack Anderson....20 James Reston....18
FREAKY	Album-cover notes....7B Rap sessions....12 Test patterns....10
CATATONIC	My bartender....81 I've forgotten what you asked me....19

WHAT POLITICAL SOLUTION DO YOU FAVOR TO EASE WORLD TENSIONS?

	% of Category
CONSERVATIVE	Give Moscow, Peking, Havana and Paris a taste of the Big Nuke....59 Give New York and San Francisco a taste of the Big Nuke....41
LIBERAL	Increased Federal spending everywhere....53 Increased understanding and cooperation among the peoples of the world—except, of course, Greece, South Africa, Brazil and Chicago....47
FREAKY	Subsidized stereos for the Third World....61 Free Huey. Oh, he was?....39
CATATONIC	Pull the plug, I guess....34 You speaking to me? I'll tell you, I just don't know what's going to happen. . . . I mean, life can't go on this way for much longer, can it?....33 Oh, yes it can....33



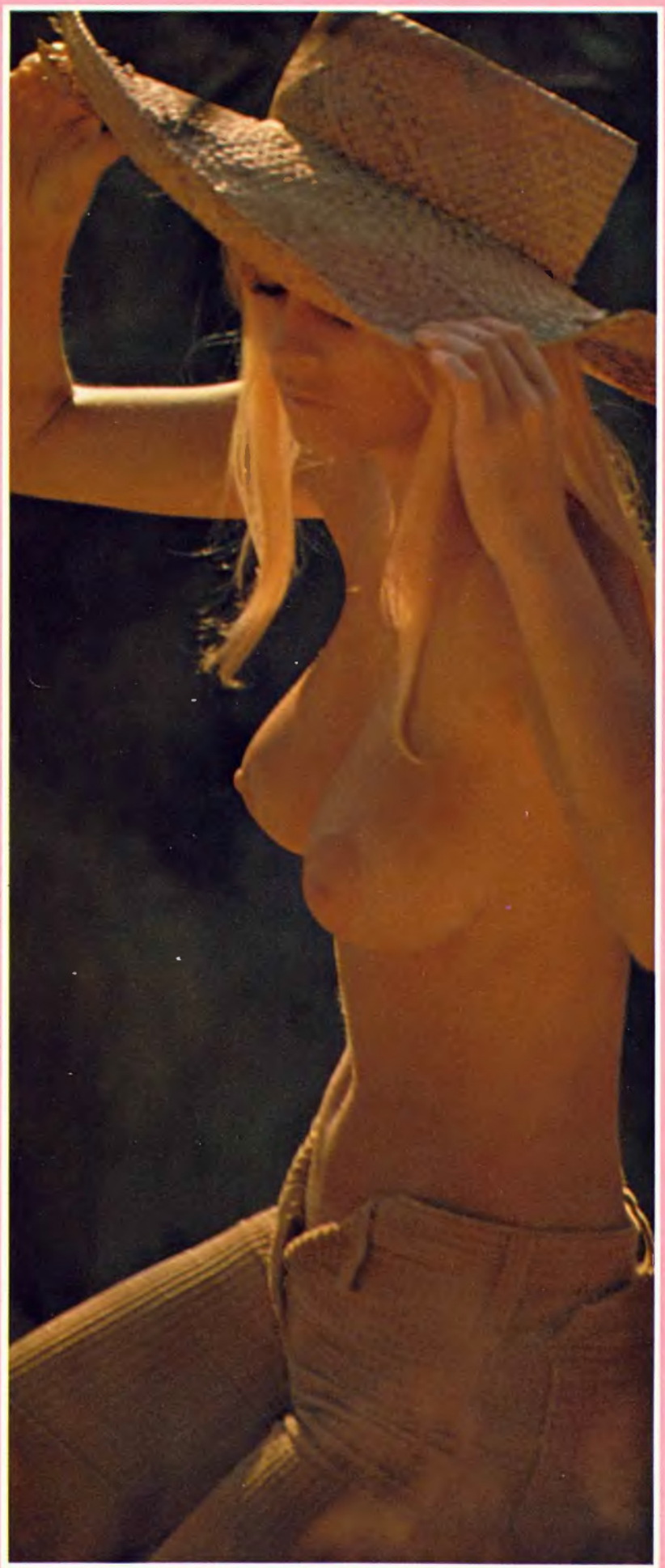
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

january's liv lindeland—outstanding among the past twelvemonth's delightful dozen—reigns as our new gatefold queen

WHEN WE RAN our Playmate story on Norway's Liv Lindeland, we reported that she—like her viking ancestors—had come to America in quest of adventure. In the months since her gatefold debut, she's found it. As our story faded out, the aspiring actress was just preparing to launch a movie career with a role in *The Love Machine*. Since those premieres—in our pages and on film—Liv, whose name appropriately means life in her native tongue, has seen her hopes of Hollywood success more than fulfilled: She has accumulated an impressive list of credits on the small screen (*Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In* and *The Odd Couple*) and on the big one (*The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker* and *Evel Knievel*). Adding to her movie roster, Liv recently completed *Save the Tiger*, in which she portrays Jack Lemmon's Danish mistress, and she's now shooting *Another Day at the Races* with Dean Stockwell. As if all this—plus drama, speech and dance lessons—weren't enough to keep her busy, Liv managed to squeeze in a host of television commercials and loads of personal appearances around the country at colleges, store openings and festivals; one highlight was riding on a water-borne float in the San

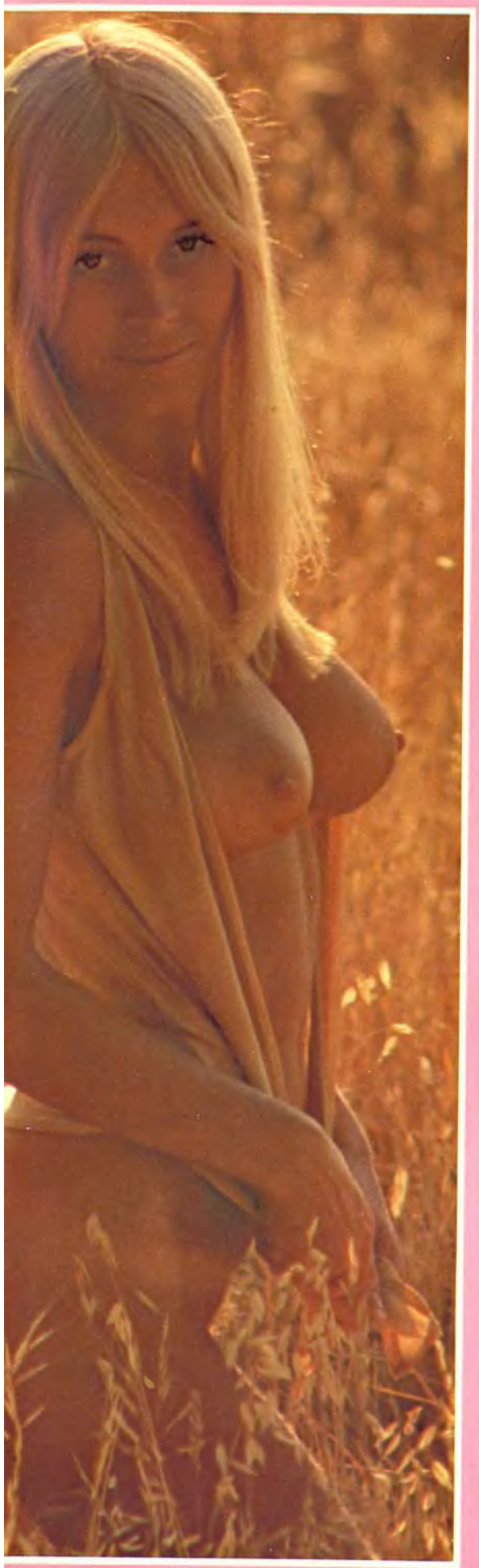
"It's absolutely fantastic," says Liv of the $10,000 Lincoln-Mercury De Tomasa Pantera, below, one of her many Playmate of the Year prizes. "It'll be great for driving around Los Angeles, but I really can't wait to take it to Palm Springs. I often head out there when I have a weekend away from the studios. If only they'd hike the speed limit on the San Bernardino Freeway, I could make it in half the time, because the Pantera will go up to 150 miles an hour."

"When I heard I'd been selected Playmate of the Year, I felt proud and honored, but I didn't really get that excited. However, I'm sure I'll flip out when it's announced publicly. I react to my appearances in films and on television the same way. I don't feel much of anything when I'm working on a movie or a TV show, but when the film's finally released or the show is on, then I'm thrilled to death."



Antonio Fiesta River Parade. More recently, she has represented the famous Desert Inn of Las Vegas as its Miss Desert Inn of 1972. But this seemingly hectic schedule in no way stopped Liv from pursuing another aspect of her acting career. Last summer, in the Hollywood lull before shooting for the new television season got under way, she found time to star on the stage. She had told us earlier that someday she hoped to reverse the customary showbiz route by moving on from films to the theater—and she wasted no time in doing just that, performing for six weeks in an El Paso stock production of *Marriage-Go-Round*. Liv enjoyed acting before a live audience and plans another stock stint this summer, if the right offer ("closer to Los Angeles") comes her way. But as this issue goes to press, we must fade out once again, before she heads back to the stage and before she makes her bow as Playmate of the Year. For the announcement of Liv's selection, a champagne luncheon in her honor was planned for May 16 at the new Playboy Club in Chicago's Playboy Center, where the cohostesses were to be several past Playmates of the Year, including Claudia Jennings (1970) and Sharon Clark (1971). At the luncheon, Liv was to be presented to a corps of press, radio and television personalities by Editor and

(text concluded on page 216)



"I still have my Norwegian accent, even though I've been in America now for several years and I've taken speech lessons. I've tried to mellow the inflection a bit for TV and films, but I don't want to lose it entirely. My accent is part of my personolity and it identifies my heritage."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA

"I enjoy making films, but someday I'd like to get more into legitimate theater, perhaps in London, where it is very well supported. On the stage, more than in films, you're aware of the audience's expectations and of the quality of your own performance, because the people are right there in front of you. And from their applause—or lack of it—you can tell if you're a good actress or just another struggling amateur. But until I decide to make that permanent move to the theater, I'll keep busy in movies and in TV, doing stock just in the summertime."

"For a while, I was involved in Hollywood's social scene, constantly going to parties, but I don't have much time for that anymore. I go to a party only about once a month now, because usually I'm working at the studio, home studying a script or taking lessons in dancing or acting. Of course, I'm not saying I've cut out my social life entirely; I enjoy the company of men too much to do that. But I'm certainly not in any hurry to get married. I like my freedom."

"Look sharply, lads, there're probably two Indians behind every tree!"

the she-bear from *Il Pentamerone*, by Giambattista Basile, 1637

ONCE UPON A TIME, there was a king of Rocc' Aspra who was married to a woman of almost incredible grace and beauty named Nardella. But one day in the 17th year of their marriage, she fell ill of a fever, failed quickly and died. The king, who had always been a headstrong, full-blooded man, seemed nearly demented at his loss. He tore his hair, pulled out his beard and wandered on the battlements cursing the stars.

As time went on, however, he became a little calmer in his suffering, though his courtiers still noticed an odd glitter in his eyes. "Now I am a man without hope," he used to say. "I have a daughter but no son to rule after me. I must marry again for the sake of my line, but how can I, when all women beside Nardella seem like hags and witches to my sight?"

At last, with soothing counsel and sage advice from his chamberlain, he steadied enough to agree on a plan. He sent the public crier into the wide world to publish a ban inviting all beauties to come to Rocc' Aspra to undergo a trial of loveliness; the handsomest of all would become queen of his realm.

Now, vanity is to beauty like warp to weft, and every woman of uncommon beauty believes herself quite alone in the world. Rocc' Aspra was soon full of them—the languorous, the dusky, the peach-skinned, the supple, the buxom. On a certain day, they were all conducted to the palace, invited to strip to the skin and taken into a grand reception room. The king entered, staring like a sultan who seeks the best Genoa stone on which to sharpen his Damascus blade. He strode up and down with a good many loud and disagreeable remarks.

The German girl looked like a heap of cold dumplings. The Neapolitan walked like a peasant. The Spaniard was too olive. The Venetian was a spinning wheel full of flax. The French woman looked like a nutcracker—and so on. Finally, the king sent them all about their business, with one hand in front and the other behind. "My daughter, Preziosa, is more comely than any of them," he said. "She is as beautiful as her mother." This brought an idea to his fevered mind.

He sent for Preziosa and announced —to her horror and consternation—that he had decided to marry her that very evening. "You may as well stop that weeping and agree," he said with a mad smile, "or the least I shall do is to have your ears cut off."

A little later, the old woman who always brought Preziosa unguents, pomades and cosmetics found the princess in her chamber in a state of utter fear. When she had inquired the cause, the old woman said, "Be of good cheer, my sweet, because I have picked up a little magic here and there. Now, take this

charmed piece of wood and when the king comes, put it in your mouth. You will at once turn into a she-bear. Then flee to the woods and hide. Whenever it is safe, you may take the bit of wood from your mouth and you'll return to your naked and natural form."

When the king arrived, full of wine from his marriage feast, everything went as the old woman had instructed. The king was so shocked to see his shaggy bride that he scrambled under the bed and lay there trembling until dawn. In the meantime, Preziosa had fled the palace and had gone to the deepest part of the woods to live with the wild beasts.

One day, the son of the king of Acqua-corrente was wandering alone in that forest. He happened into a little glade and came face to face with the bear; he reached for his dagger to defend himself. But the bear seemed so docile and friendly that he ended up by caressing its head and letting it follow him home. Once there, he ordered the servants to put it in a small enclosed garden of the palace and to care for it well.

It happened that early one morning, the prince looked out a window to see his pet just as Preziosa took the bit of wood from her mouth. What the prince saw was an excessively beautiful young woman, quite naked, combing her golden hair. He ran down the stairs and burst through the door into the garden, only to find his tame bear rambling around and playing among the shrubs.

This little happening preyed so sharply on the prince's mind that he began to behave in strange ways and in the palace it was whispered that he had fled his senses. He would spend hours in the garden talking to the bear, saying such things as, "What evil spell has enclosed you in that hairy hide? Can't you lift it once again to let me see the luxury of your charms? Bear grease, begone! Can't you see I'm dying of despair?"

And, in fact, the prince soon did appear to be dying. He was too weak to leave his chamber; the doctors diagnosed brain fever. His mother, the queen, came to him and said, "Oh, my son, is there no cure for you? The house is darkened and I am mourning."

"Let my bear be brought to stay with me," he replied in a weak voice. His mother agreed to this strange whim. When the bear arrived, the queen was astonished to see the animal go to the prince's bedside and seem to feel his pulse with its paw. She was even more astounded to see the bear pick up a chicken that had been brought into the room to be cooked, scald it quickly in the kettle of boiling water on the fire and begin to pluck the feathers. Then the bear stuck the chicken on the spit, roasted it and, when it was done, brought it to the prince. He had eaten nothing for days, but now he ate heartily and seemed to grow a little stronger.

Then he turned his feverish face to the queen and said, "I want only one thing before I die. Please believe me; I wish to be wed to the bear."

The queen gasped at that. Then she said, in a mollifying voice, "The bear does seem to be a fairly decent cook and it knows something about serving—but imagine what people would say!"

The prince sighed, closed his eyes and seemed ready to expire. Suddenly, the queen changed her mind. She pushed the bear forward to the bedside and said, "Kiss him, kiss him, dear bear."

When the bear and the prince embraced, the little bit of wood fell from Preziosa's mouth and it was time for the queen to be greatly astonished once more. In her rosy nakedness, modesty and shame, Preziosa was quite the most beautiful princess ever to emerge from a bearskin. "I must say," remarked the queen to her reviving son, "we could have saved everybody some discomfort if you two hadn't been so shy about the matter."

And so the prince and Preziosa were married. As for the little piece of magic wood, the queen kept it and used it herself now and then when she wanted to frighten boring ladies who had come to call.

—*Retold by Clement Bell*

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

Architect Paolo Soleri has constructed models for 30 future cities, such as the one he calls Hexahedron, shown in the montage above as it might appear on a coast line. Hexahedron would reach two thirds of a mile into the sky and support 170,000 people.

to build cathedral-cities for a new society—start with one italian genius, a secondhand crane and a stream of flower children turned hod carriers

IN THE IMAGE OF MAN

article **By DAVID BUTLER** THE STUDENTS CLUSTERED around Paolo Soleri have to strain to hear him. His voice never rises much above a whisper, and even after 20 years in this country the accent of his native Italy thickens it. Periodically, light planes pass through the desert sky; motorcycles putter off to town on the road just beyond the low dunes; ceramic and metal bells clunk and gong with the wind. But no one's attention wanders.

"There are two gas stations, a restaurant and a bar, and that's about it," Soleri says, describing Cordes Junction, a little settlement that sits like a bewildered prospector just off a winding superhighway 60 miles north of Phoenix. "The people are conservative. They are the children of the old-timers, the real

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF COHEN

old-timers. I beg you, if you must smoke pot, don't talk about it in the village."

Tomorrow these high school and college students—and dropouts—will begin six weeks of labor at a construction site off a dirt road winding away from Cordes Junction, a privilege for which each of them has paid $340. For now, they are bivouacked here at the very edge of the town of Paradise Valley, which is contiguous with the suburban sprawl of Scottsdale, itself part of the low sprawl of Phoenix. They sit cross-legged and half clothed on the broad shoulder of a raised, free-form swimming pool under a concrete canopy that weighs 20 tons but looks light as tortoise shell. The pool is one of a dozen cast-concrete structures, ranging in complexity from band-shell-like apses to finished houses, that Soleri and earlier disciples have set into this narrow patch of desert since 1956. Collectively, the buildings are called Cosanti, which translates as "against things," or "antimaterialism." The megastructure for 3000 people that the youngsters think they are going to work on up north tomorrow is called Arcosanti. The most important of Soleri's many activities takes place a few yards away, in the drafting room connected to the conventional ranch house in which he lives. There, day by day, he fills the pages of the seventh of a series of sketchbooks where all his ideas take their first form. These remind everyone who sees them of Da Vinci's notebooks, and if the schemes in them are half as important as Soleri thinks they are, the comparison will be appropriate.

Following the admonition about marijuana and a few words on the permanent workers at Arcosanti—a first-day-at-camp briefing—Soleri asks for questions. In response to an early one, he sketches in the history of Phoenix as he knows it: how the construction of the Roosevelt Dam on the Salt River in 1911 was followed by a wave of people coming to the area for health reasons, which triggered a general tourist influx. The dam also created a farming area, but the developing city is eating up the farmland around it. "If you fly over the city," Soleri says, "you see that this area of arable land—which is not very vast—is being taken over by suburbia. The farmers can make more money selling to land developers than growing crops."

The houses that only recently have reached what was an isolated tract when Soleri and his wife came to camp on it 15 years ago are high-priced stylizations of ranch bunkhouses and Spanish villas, and they surround a metropolis the commercial sections of which would have made Da Vinci bug-eyed by their ugliness. Thanks in part to a campaign led by Barry Goldwater, some of the rough diminutive mountains that Phoenix is built against have been saved from development, but their preservation is nearly the only intelligent thing the people of the valley have done for the appearance of their surroundings. One almost never sees Phoenix except from the woolly interior of an air-conditioned car, and then as a grid of broad bare avenues lined with auto agencies, stores, gas stations and branch banks, most of them set off in their own parking lots and heralded by startling signs. The city has little more of the feel of the Southwest to it than U. S. Route 1 in Saugus, Massachusetts.

A student asks what the arcologies—Soleri's compact, single-structure cities—have to do with the problems of existing cities.

"Well, we know what the kind of developments that we are building *now* do," he says. "They gulp land. They isolate people from one another, from the institutions of the city and from nature. They impose an ecological burden that is absolutely staggering. To keep things moving in a city, we are required to pay enormous costs. First, we are required to buy a car every two or three years and to maintain it, feed it, store it. Beyond that there are all the cycles that are initiated and never closed. We are paying by having the skies gray, the rivers going to pieces. Even the oceans are starting to be polluted. An endless waste of price tags. The creatures that are supposed to be served by this physical environment become less and less sane, because they see themselves as prisoners, physically even, of their condition. Beyond that, they see themselves as having jobs that are worse than having no jobs: They work to produce pollution."

The student interrupts: "What I meant were the problems of the city core, which are problems of congestion. . . ."

"No," Soleri says. "They are not problems of congestion, they are problems of *dereliction*. When something goes derelict, you have also congestion. But it's the fact that we never cared about the public aspect of the city. And if you ignore the public aspect of the city, you may as well ignore the city, because the city is made up of what is common among the people. If the streets are abandoned, if the courtyards are abandoned, if the schools are abandoned—all the institutions that have somehow to do with the communal patrimony—then naturally you have the problems of cities. But congestion is just a consequence of physical and mental bankruptcy."

Soleri is perched on an upcropping of concrete that makes a stool, and wears a sleeveless T-shirt, a greenish-yellow stretch bathing suit with a diamondback pattern in the waistband, dark-green anklets and black-and-white sneakers. His ears peak close to his head and his eyes in the sun are black houndstooth checks. His bare slender legs are long-muscled like a frog's and he clasps one knee like a resting dancer. Often many seconds pass before anyone asks a question. Through these pauses, he doesn't fidget at all. He looks at the students with a faint smile, as if trying to guess which will think himself ready to open his mouth.

Someone had asked earlier about ESP; there is a remark now about the beauties of the Eastern mind and the proposition is put forward that the world would be better off if America had been left to the Indians. Soleri says he thinks ESP is a low level of communication. He identifies himself as very much a Westerner ("I agree with Teilhard de Chardin that in order to be really Christian today, you must embrace technology"). And he resists the sentimentalization of the Indian. Yet with each question he is patient and careful, apparently resolved to believe that every student is intelligent, even in the face of the undergraduate fantasies and infatuations of the hour.

A girl tells Soleri that both her mother and her history teacher were appalled at the prospect of living in arcologies; the teacher had met her enthusiasm with the stories about what overcrowding does to rats, an argument Soleri has evidently heard before.

"Your history teacher wasn't being very historical," Soleri says softly. "History is basically culture. You give me a society of rats that has any culture at all and I will eat them all. The rat society is a social system of some sort and human society is a cultural system. It's a quantum jump. To relate the two is shallow and very dangerous. It might well be that we as humans need exactly the sort of conditions the rat cannot stand. In other words, as cultural creatures, we have to crowd.

"Now I'm not suggesting that we shrink living spaces—though I have suggested that we could shrink *people* to a certain degree. Giantism is certainly not the best route for any species to take. But my idea is mainly a matter of taking away the dead spaces. And there are so *many* dead spaces. The largest set of them, of course, is everything that is given to the car. If you took all the roads and parking lots out of the city, it would immediately shrink to half its size."

"I think in the case of my mother," the girl says, "and with a lot of us, the reaction against arcologies is because the only experience most of us have had with very dense housing is slums, the ghetto."

"Again," Soleri says, "the ghetto is a corruption—a degeneration—of the city.

(continued on page 206)

CHINO TAKES COMMAND

for summer maneuvers: a pacesetting safari suit

attire BY ROBERT L. GREEN

HAVING SERVED honorably in the Armed Forces, where it wore like iron and didn't scratch, chino has made the transition to mufti in grand style. At left is an attention-getting example of what's happening with chino today; a white safari suit with stand-up collar and zip-front closure, pockets and jacket cuffs, by Yves St. Laurent, $130. At ease, men.

PRODUCED BY WALTER HOLMES
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA

falling rocks

(continued from page 98)

splendid crackpots in L——, then this was heaven, nor was he ever to be out of it.

"But," he protested gaily, "you are a doctor! I have a gumboil! We are the perfect match."

The old man moaned as if he had been shot through by an arrow of pain.

"It is true that I am, by letters patent, a man licensed to practice the crude invention called medicine. But I have never practiced, I have never desired to practice and I never do intend to practice medicine. I know very well, sir, what you want me to do. You want me to look down your throat with an electric torch and make some such solemn, stupid and meaningless remark as 'You have a streptococcal infection.' Well," he protested, "I will do nothing of the kind for you. Why should I? It might be only a symptom. Next week you might turn up with rheumatic heart disease, or a latent kidney disease, as people with strep throats have been known to do. You talk airily of a gumboil. You may well be living in a fool's paradise, sir. Even supposing I were to swab strep out of your throat and grow it on a culture medium, what would that tell me about the terrible, manifold, creeping, subtle, lethal disease processes that may be going on at this moment in the recesses of your body as part of that strep infection, or set off by it? The only thing I, or any other doctor—bluffers and liars that we all are—could honestly say to you would be the usual evasion. 'Gargle with this bottle three times a day and come back in a week.' By which time nature or God would have in any case cured you without our alleged assistance. I know the whole bag of tricks from the Hippocratic collection, the treatises of Galen and the *Canon* of Avicenna down. I suppose you imagine that I spent all my years in Dublin and Vienna studying medicine. I spent them studying medicos. I am a neurologist. Or I was a neurologist until I found that what true medicine means is true magic. Do you know how to remove a wart? You must wait on the roadway to the cemetery until a funeral passes, and say, 'Corpse, corpse, take away my wart.' And your wart will go, sir! That is true medicine. I believe in miracles because I have seen them happen. I believe in God, prayer, the imagination, the destiny of the Irish, our bottomless racial memory—and in nothing else."

Morgan's left hand was circling his belly in search of manifold, creeping, secret diseases.

"But, surely to God, Doctor," he whined, "medical science can do *something* for a gumboil?"

"Aha! I know what you're up to now. X rays! That's the mumbo jumbo every patient wants. And neither will I suggest, as you would probably like me to suggest, that you should go to hospital. All you would do there would be either to pass your infection to some other patient or to pick up his infection from him. I will have nothing to do with you, sir. And please keep your distance. I don't want your beastly infection. If you want to mess about with your gumboil, you will have to go to a doctor. If you wish me to pray for your gumboil, I will pray for it. But I refuse to let you or anybody else turn me into the sort of mountebank who pretends he can cure any tradesman's sore toe or any clerk's carbuncle in one second with a stroke of his pen and a nostrum from the chemist's shop. Good afternoon to you, sir. You are now in the hands of God!"

Morgan, stung by arrogance and enraged by fear, roared back at him a line fit for his memoirs.

"And good afternoon to you, sir! From one who is neither clerk nor tradesman, higgler nor hawker, huckster nor hound-dog, but, by God's grace, a poet whose poems will live long after," hand waving, "your butterflies have been devoured by the jaws of your moths."

The old man's rage vanished like a ghost at cockcrow. He closed the door gently behind him.

"A poet?" he asked quietly. "Now, this is most interesting." Courteously, he indicated a chair. "Won't you sit down? Your name is?"

"Morgan Myles," Morgan Myles boomed as if he were a major-domo announcing Lord Byron.

"Mine is Dick Breen. Yours is more euphonious. I can see it already on your first book of verses. But a poet should have three names. Like American politicians. Percy Bysshe Shelley. George Gordon Byron. Thomas Stearns Eliot. William Butler Yeats. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. You have a second name? Taken at your confirmation? Arthur? There we have it! *First Poems*. By Morgan Arthur Myles!"

Morgan, like most men who are adept at flattering others, could never resist flattery himself. He waggled his bottom like a dog. His grin was coy but cocksure. Three minutes later, the doctor was tenderly parting his lips and illuminating the inside of his mouth. He extinguished the torch. He lifted his eyes and smiled into Morgan's.

"Well, Doc?" Morgan asked fearfully. "What did you see there?"

"You are not even," his new-found friend smiled, "about to give birth to a couplet. Just a blister." He sat at his desk. "I will give you a prescription for a gargle. Rinse your mouth with this three times a day. And come back to me in a week. But if you wish to get better sooner, come sooner, any evening for a drink and a chat. I have no friends in L——."

"Nor have I!"

Within a week they were bosom cronies.

• • •

From start to finish, it was a ridiculous friendship. Indeed, from that day onward, to the many of us who saw them every day after lunch walking along O'Connell Street arm in arm like father and son, or nose to nose like an aging ward boss with a young disciple, it seemed an unnatural business. Can the east wind, we asked one another in wonder, lie down with the west wind? A cormorant mate with a herring? A heron with a hare? An end with a beginning? We gave their beautiful friendship six months. As a matter of fact, we were only two years and 11 months out.

Even to look at, they were a mismatch: the doctor straight and spare as a spear, radiating propriety from every spiky bone of his body, as short of step as a woman and as carefully dressed from his wide-brimmed bowler hat to the rubber tip of his mottled, gold-headed Malacca cane; the poet striding beside him, halting only to swirl his flabby tweeds; his splendid hydrocephalic head stretched behind his neck like a balloon; his myopic eyes glaring at the clouds over the roofs through the thick lenses of his glasses; a waterfall of black hair permanently frozen over his left eye; his big teeth laughing, his big voice booming, he looked for all the world like a peasant Yeats in a poor state of health. What they could possibly have in common was beyond us. The only one of us who managed to produce any sort of explanation was our amateur psychiatrist, Father Tim Buckley, and we never took him seriously, anyway. He said, with an episcopal *sprinkle me O Lord with hyssop* wave of his hand, "They have invented each other."

Now, we knew from experience that there was only one way to handle Tim Buckley. If he said some fellow was a homosexual because he had fallen in love with his hobbyhorse when he was five, you had to say at once, "But, Tim, why did he fall in love with his hobbyhorse when he was five?" If he said that it was because the poor chap hated his mother and loved his father, you had to say at once, "But, Tim, why did he hate his ma and love his da?" If he then said that it was natural for every child to prefer one parent to another, you had to say at once, "But, Tim, why. . . ." And so on until he lost his temper and shut up. This time, however, he was ready for our counterattack.

"They have invented each other," he said, "for mutual support, because they are both silently screaming for freedom. Now, what is the form of slavery from

(continued on page 248)

memoirs of an intermittent madman

a declaration of rebellion against a therapeutic tyranny that threatens all who find their state of consciousness in conflict with the norm

article by carlton brown

MY NAME IS Michael Kelly Jones, I shall pretend, as I did many years ago in a book called *Brainstorm*, and the writer whose by-line appears on this declaration is serving again, as he did then, as my ghost, my alter ego and guardian of my identity.

In *Brainstorm*, I described an astonishing experience I had gone through in the summer of 1940, when I was 27. Six and a half years earlier, I had married a slightly older woman because I had got her pregnant and was unwilling to let her have an abortion. It would have been her third or fourth. The entire marriage was beset by conflict of frequently violent intensity, but it lasted as long as it did because of my sense of responsibility for our daughter. I began drinking much more than I did customarily and treating my hangovers with bromides, spirits of ammonia, large quantities of black coffee and sniffs of Benzedrine inhalant. Meanwhile, I found myself undergoing a marvelous transformation. I became charged with mounting feelings of well-being, with greatly increased energy and with intimations that I was gifted with supernatural powers and insights into the secrets of the universe. My mind conceived ideas and received impressions with extraordinary ease and lucidity. My body became superbly light, agile, athletic, instantly responsive to my will. At first tentatively, then with mounting conviction, it came to me that I was soon to be revealed as a new embodiment of Jesus Christ, or else that I was a reincarnation of Joseph, who would father a new Christ child—or maybe a large brotherhood of them—under a new dispensation that would allow men and women to enjoy physical love with one another as freely as they chose, demonstrating that the doctrine of Immaculate Conception was simply a symbol for the miracle of all procreation. Out of the hell of my marriage, I was guided through stretches of purgatory, then into and out of enclaves of paradise, and finally to what I took to be an academy where my resurrected being would be given scientific study and final training for its divine mission.

It was, in fact, the psychiatric ward of

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL TROSSMAN

a large county hospital. During the week I was held there for observation, I was given frequent doses of paraldehyde, a fierce-tasting, fiery liquid related to alcohol and ether that was then routinely given to alcoholics as a sedative and hypnotic and that had the effect on me of a triple shot of superbooze. At the same time, the skillful, humoring nurses, attendants, psychologists and psychiatrists sustained my fantasies of rebirth and divine inspiration. When, at the end of the week, I was brought before a judge, I fervently agreed to my commitment to a state hospital, certain that I was being moved up to a higher level in God's hierarchy.

On the night of my admission to the state asylum, I was smoking a cigarette in the toilet when another inmate set off a thunderous slamming of doors in the corridor and then retreated to his room. Four uniformed screws rushed into the toilet and accused me of making the racket. When I denied it, one smashed me across the mouth with the back of his hand. I protested and all four joined in—throttling me, slugging me with their fists, knees and feet, dragging me along the hall and lashing me to a bed under a canvas restraining sheet.

After that beating, perhaps partly as a result of it, my messianic delusions began to diminish steadily and within a week or so had disappeared. I spent the next six weeks in two wards containing a total of 60 or 70 miscellaneous inmates. Among them were two boys of no more than eight or nine—looies, in hospital slang for luetic patients, whose central nervous systems had been permanently blasted by congenital syphilis. A few senile dotards. Others of intermediate age who showed pronounced signs of derangement and alienation. But these were a fraction of the total number. The majority were dried-out drunks, failures at suicide and losers in marital or familial strife. We were the sort of community of the displaced one might find in an Army barracks, a prison or a concentration camp. We played cards and bitched about the miserable food and the regimented routine. We exchanged guesses about how long we might be in for, and one of us spoke for many when he said, "The first thing I'll do when I get out is get myself a quart of rye and a yard of snatch."

Over the next few weeks, in separate interviews with two staff psychiatrists, I was told that I had undergone a psychotic episode, of the "manic-depressive" type. The first of these interviewers told me that I should have been discharged from the first hospital and not committed to this one. He added that my domestic situation had undoubtedly precipitated my breakdown and that I should not think of returning to it. His superior, however, who had final say in my disposition, pontificated: "You've made your bed, now you must lie in it," and continued, "We will not consider you completely cured until you are ready to make the best of your marriage."

My "mental illness" might have continued "uncured," and my imprisonment indefinitely prolonged, if my situation had not allowed me an alternative: release in the custody of my mother.

On my release, I sank into profound gloom and despair such as I had never before experienced, and that lingered for many months. The doctors at the asylum had not prepared me for this reaction and I got no usable advice on dealing with it from the thoroughly misnamed "mental-hygiene clinic" to which I was obliged to report for periodic checks during the following year. What I was able to learn about my "illness" in that time came entirely from books on abnormal psychology I found in the public libraries. Furtively I read every reference to manic-depressive psychosis, fearful that others would see what I was reading and identify me as one who bore the stigmata of that disease. The descriptions of symptoms seemed close enough to mine to corroborate the diagnosis, though as I read accounts of other disordered states, elements of them also applied to what I had experienced. And I recalled that a psychologist at the county hospital had said of me to a nurse, in a marveling tone, "He's everything—catatonic, manic-depressive, paranoiac, schizophrenic." (Later, when I revisited the county hospital and got permission to see my case record, I read the notation, "Final diagnosis: schizophrenic-catatonic. Improved." At the time of my visit, a new director of the county hospital revised the record to read "cyclothymic with episodes.") Altogether, though, the texts convinced me that the extraordinary delusions that had arisen in my mind and the extraordinary behavior they had impelled were not the awesome and inexplicable phenomena I had at first taken them to be but typical manifestations of a distinct and quite ordinary "mental illness," less prevalent than schizophrenia, less severe in its effects and with a higher incidence of spontaneous recovery. I found no explanations of its causes, beyond a general agreement that they were to be found in early psychological conditioning and that a psychotic episode might be brought on by stressful, "precipitating" events. As to treatment, I learned that some authorities recommended psychoanalysis or "psychotherapy" of other kinds; others advocated shock treatments with insulin or Metrazol—later electricity—in both the elated and the depressed phases. The doctors at the county hospital had wanted to give me shock, but my wife and mother had withheld the necessary permission. From what I had seen of others' reactions to it, I judged that the beating I had been given might have produced a comparable effect.

By the time *Brainstorm* was published, at the end of 1944, I had been satisfactorily employed for three years, had remarried and had visited a young Adlerian psychiatrist every week or two for about a year, in search of clues to what had disordered me and advice on avoiding a recurrence.

During those three years, I found that my crack-up had heavily stigmatized me with some social and professional acquaintances but that others did not hold it as a blight on my character and ability. I continued my in-and-out career as editor and writer over the following six or seven years; my second wife bore us two children; I bought a house in the suburbs and I achieved the respectable preinflation salary of $12,000 a year.

During the second year of this marriage, I went through a second course of psychotherapy, with a renowned psychiatrist and author. It lasted approximately a year and seemed to have helped me "adjust" to sexual and emotional incompatibilities that had developed between my second wife and me. However, by the time our second child was born—a daughter, in 1950—and increasingly thereafter, my wife had extraordinary difficulties in her relations with our three-year-old son and virtually refused to have intercourse with me; or, when she grudgingly allowed it, wouldn't respond to my most gentle and prolonged lovemaking.

At last, I entered into a love affair with another woman. At the same time, my immediate boss was planning to launch a publishing venture of his own—enlisting my clandestine aid, while contriving for a younger protégé of his, a step below me on the masthead, to succeed to the editorship when he resigned. Once again, I assumed that I was to blame for the troubled nature of my relationships and began a third course of head candling, this time thrice-weekly sessions of modified psychoanalysis with a young lay practitioner of a revisionist Freudian school. Although he prefaced the course by saying he would make no "value judgments" of my confessions, he ultimately pronounced some memorable ones, among them: "Your prick belongs in your wife." That statement, along with torments of conscience resulting from puritanical influences in my childhood, led me to break off the affair. I tried to return to my wife and to behave as a responsible executive and family man. I failed, again, and resumed the affair.

In the final pages of *Brainstorm*, I had confidently declared that if the premonitory signs of another "manic" seizure ever arose in me, I would be able to recognize and subdue them. This

"Yes, yes, frozen pizza will be fine, Harriet. . . . No, I won't forget to pick up the chianti. . . . Yes, it sounds delicious, Harriet. . . ."

confidence seemed validated on two occasions, when I was under stress and drinking more than I could tolerate. On the first of these occasions, in the year before my second marriage, I experienced hallucinations and delusive thought, and on the second, some nine years later, less pronounced alterations of consciousness that I nevertheless recognized as ominous. The first time, I was able to arrest my course by giving up drinking and getting away from the incentives to it for a week. The second time I did it by getting off the sauce and onto phenobarbital for the first few nights of drying out.

Then, a year later, during a walk in the country on a lovely fall afternoon, my two-year-old daughter riding on my shoulders, I experienced a sense of rapturous unity with the universe that made me believe I might be off on another "manic" flight. I disclosed my fear to my wife and, by telephone, to my analyst. My wife reacted with such panic that our family physician was unable to calm her except with sedatives. My analyst assured me that my feelings of well-being were evidence of a genuine "rebirth." Between the anxiety my wife's panic raised in me, the continuing conflicts that I was involved in and my analyst's encouragement of my illusions, I was impelled to pursue my escape course until it ended with my capture and imprisonment.

This time I underwent ten days' observation in a suburban county hospital and then was transferred to a private sanitarium. To preserve its tax-exempt status, the institution waived its customary fee of $250 a week for one or two favored patients at a time, and through the influence of my boss (by then my ex-boss), I was granted a full scholarship. The subterranean admission ward, lined with barred cells in which we newcomers were lodged, was a worse hellhole than the state asylum had been. But I was soon moved to one and another of the upstairs wards, where I found myself among groups of 20 or 30 displaced gentlemen of whom only three or four appeared more than mildly distraught, living as captives in a celibate country club. There were two types of therapy: hydro- and occupational. The first consisted of high-pressure hosings, very hot and very cold, administered by an avid water gunner who deployed his healing tool with the zeal of a riot-control trooper. The second involved such traditionally sovereign pyschiatric remedies as basket weaving and clay modeling. My doctor tapped his palms together as he talked, as though inviting one to a game of patty-cake. It would have been, I thought, as meaningful as our verbal exchanges.

My commitment by judicial order made it possible for my detention to be prolonged indefinitely. After two months —which I considered then and still do almost entirely unjustified by any psychiatric consideration—my custodians wanted to extend my scholarship for another month or more. At that point, I managed to speak with a state inspector who was making his annual tour. I was released at once. But I was a parolee for a year afterward and forced into a reconciliation with my wife. I felt—as I had 12 years before—that I suffered from an "illness" that originated in my own psychological flaws and must now "adjust" if I hoped to remain at large in the same community.

So I tried. But this second breakdown had rendered me virtually unemployable. I went back to free-lancing, but even in my best years I could earn no more than half my previous income, which had, at its highest, never matched our expenses. There was more anxiety; disagreements with my wife over our steadily worsening financial situation, our children and our increasingly marked sexual and emotional differences. They combined to precipitate five more "psychotic episodes" over the ensuing years.

In 1956, episode three: ten days' observation in the same county hospital as before, followed by 90 days in a monstrous madhouse I shall call Hell Valley State Hospital.

In 1959, episode four: ten and 60 in the same places.

In 1963, episode five: 40 days in (I shall say) Mockrie State Hospital, in another state.

In 1967, episode six: ten days; and in 1968, episode seven: six months—same place.

Total time flushed down the institutional drains: some 18 months out of the past 32 years. I had experienced most of my detentions as profoundly debasing, occasionally brutal and needlessly prolonged punishment; and none had involved anything worthy of the name "treatment." Nevertheless, I assumed that society was justified in locking up its aberrant members until such time as they were again ready and able to conform to its standards and demands.

Then, during the past three or four years, I was introduced to five books in which I found strongly persuasive challenges to all of the assumptions that underlie the current practice of psychiatry and its social and legal applications. These books are *The Myth of Mental Illness, Law, Liberty and Psychiatry* and *Psychiatric Justice*, by Thomas S. Szasz, M. D., a psychiatrist and professor of psychiatry at the State University of New York at Syracuse; *Asylums: Essays on the Social Situation of Mental Patients and Other Inmates*, by Erving Goffman, professor of sociology at the University of Pennsylvania; and *The Politics of Experience*, by R. D. Laing, a British physician and psychiatrist.

These books hold the makings of an urgently needed Bill of Rights for the millions of us who have been, are now or may one day be subject to any of the many conditions of altered consciousness or behavior that our social establishment views as pathological and often insists on "treating"—usually without the consent of the treated—by methods that are of dubious efficacy at best and, at worst, cruelly dehumanizing and destructive. The radical criticisms these writers make are verified by many of my own experiences and observations.

In calling mental illness a myth, Szasz says that the term is "a metaphor which we have come to mistake for a fact" and is based on the false assumption that the conditions to which it refers are analogous to physical illnesses. Mental illness, Szasz writes in *Law, Liberty and Psychiatry*, exists only as a theoretical concept, which "derives its main support from such phenomena as syphilis of the brain or delirious conditions—intoxications, for instance—in which persons may manifest certain disorders of thinking and behavior. Correctly speaking, however, these are diseases of the brain, not of the mind." They are in the province of neurology, not psychiatry, which deals preponderantly with so-called functional disorders having no established basis in bodily malfunctions.

Szasz writes that "psychiatry—in contrast to the nonmedical branches of social science—has acquired much social prestige and power through an essentially misleading association with the practice of medicine." And its function as an agency of social control "is hidden under a façade of medical and psychiatric jargon."

Szasz doesn't offer "a new conception of 'psychiatric illness' or a new form of 'therapy.' My aim is more modest and yet also more ambitious. It is to suggest that the phenomena now called mental illnesses be looked at afresh and more simply, that they be removed from the category of illnesses, and that they be regarded as the expressions of man's struggle with the problem of *how* he should live."

In *Asylums*, Goffman cites the work of other researchers: "Clinical experience supports the impression that many people define mental illness as 'that condition for which a person is treated in a mental hospital.'" Dr. Karl Menninger has said, "At least three presidents of the American Psychiatric Association have publicly deplored the use of 'neurosis' and 'psychosis' as misleading. 'Neurotic' means he's not as sensible as I am and 'psychotic' means he's even worse than my brother-in-law."

Despite the imprecision of these and related terms, and the lack of scientific proof that the conditions to which they refer are, in fact, "illnesses," they are commonly taken to define distinct diseases for which psychiatric treatment is required. The question of whether or

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES. 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.

In all the world who are your favorite bartenders?

1.

2.

3.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to order Johnnie Walker Red, the world's favorite Scotch, from your favorite bartender?

not and how such "treatment" is to be administered to the individual is largely determined by his social status and what sociologists call "career contingencies"—chance factors in his environment and associations. Szasz recalls that when the wife of Governor Earl Long of Louisiana had him committed to a public asylum of his own state, he freed himself by dismissing its superintendent.

In considering the various reasons held to justify such detentions—and to prolong them in the case of those lacking Governor Long's veto power—Szasz points out that "the so-called psychotic state of an individual is neither a necessary nor a sufficient cause for his commitment. Impecunious elderly persons, addicts and offenders are committed; yet, they are not usually considered to be psychotic." A reason commonly given for commitment is that the individual is a danger to himself or to others. But "there is no evidence that mental patients are a greater source of danger to society than [others]," Szasz writes. Goffman states that for every offense that leads to hospitalization, "there are many psychiatrically similar ones that never do." He concludes that "in the degree that the 'mentally ill' outside hospitals numerically approach or surpass those inside hospitals, one could say that mental patients distinctly suffer not from mental illness but from contingencies."

Asylums is based on a year's field work in a public mental hospital of some 7000 beds and on wide reading of other studies of "total institutions." On this basis, Goffman rates mental hospitals as "storage dumps" and "places of coerced exile," whose inmates are reduced to "uniquely degraded living levels . . . it is difficult to find environments which introduce more profound insecurities; and what responsibilities are lifted are removed at a very considerable and very permanent price."

All commitment procedures are based on the proposition that confinement in a "mental hospital" represents "treatment" of the socially troublesome behavior involved. But, Goffman writes, "current official psychiatric treatment for functional disorders does not, in itself, provide a probability of success great enough easily to justify the practice of institutional psychiatry . . . especially since the probability that hospitalization will damage the life chances of the individual is . . . positive and high."

Szasz speaks of "the violence—indeed, the brutality—and also the completely unproved efficacy, of such 'treatments' as lobotomy, convulsions induced by insulin, Metrazol and electricity and, more recently, the chemical strait jackets." These are, of course, the tranquilizers, which—since their introduction in the mid-Fifties—virtually all mental-hospital inmates have been obliged to take. The most potent of these are generally, but by no means invariably, effective enough in relieving such conditions as excitement, confusion, agitation and anxiety. But none of them cures anything, and the forced taking of psychoactive drugs, since they make inmates more easily managed, is more of a service to the staff than to the inmate, as Goffman says in *Asylums*. Though the cruelly dehumanizing operation of lobotomy has mercifully been discontinued, the use of electroshock is still widespread—often, as Goffman writes and I have witnessed, "on the attendant's recommendation, as a means of threatening inmates into discipline and quieting those that won't be threatened."

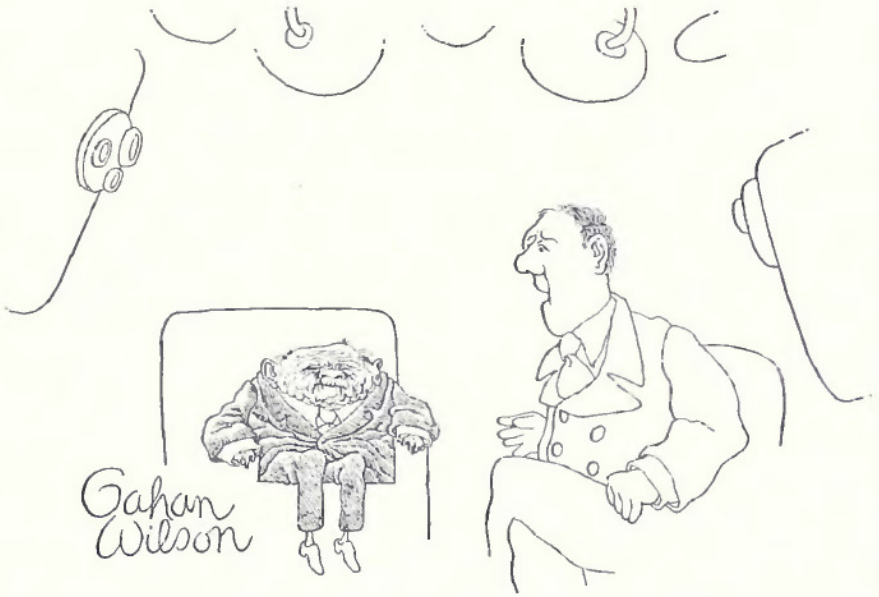
On these grounds, Szasz ranks the "treatment" given asylum inmates, no less than their confinement, as punishment and coercion, not therapy. "Psychiatric hospitals are, of course, prisons," he states, and compulsory confinement in them constitutes "imprisonment without due process of law." Often, according to those who have undergone both, "mental hospitalization is worse punishment than imprisonment in the penitentiary"—a rating that a number of my bughouse buddies have ratified.

"The committed patient suffers a serious loss of civil rights," Szasz points out. "In many jurisdictions he is automatically considered legally incompetent: He cannot vote, make valid contracts, marry, divorce, and so forth. . . . [He] must suffer invasions of his person and body, cannot communicate freely with the outside world, usually loses his license to operate a motor vehicle, and suffers many other indignities as well." In most cases, an inmate held for longer than a limited period of observation suffers the further penalty of being put on parole (generally euphemized as "convalescent leave" or "trial visit") for a year after his release, with his civil and legal rights suspended and his status that of a ward of the state, subject to reimprisonment without necessarily being examined by a physician or psychiatrist.

In a similar summary in *The Politics of Experience*, Laing writes that "the 'committed' person labeled as patient . . . is degraded . . . to someone no longer in possession of his own definition of himself. . . . More completely, more radically than anywhere else in our society, he is invalidated as a human being."

Goffman gives a description of this invalidating process that I find exactly applicable to my own experience. The asylum inmate, he writes, is often confronted by staff psychiatrists "arguing that his past has been a failure, that the cause of this has been within himself . . . and that if he wants to be a person he will have to change his way of dealing with people and his conceptions of himself." He writes further that mental-hospital staffs force the status of patient on a person by "extracting from his whole life course a list of those incidents that have or might have had 'symptomatic' significance . . . seemingly normal conduct is seen to be merely a mask or shield for the essential sickness behind it. An over-all title is given to the pathology . . . and this provides a new view of the patient's 'essential' character."

Goffman continues, "This dossier is apparently not regularly used, however, to record occasions when the patient showed capacity to cope honorably and



"I take it, Senator, you approve of the present seniority system."

Never a rough puff

© 1972, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

Come all the way up to KOOL

Never a rough puff. Not with the taste of extra coolness in Kools. And now, for more smooth sailing, we're offering you the world's most popular sailboat, the Sea Snark. Ordinarily you'd pay about $120 for this portable, unsinkable eleven-foot sailboat. But you can get it from Kool for only $88 (delivered) and one Kool carton end flap (BankAmericard or Master Charge acceptable). So get Kool and stay cool, with the Sea Snark, and the only cigarette with the taste of extra coolness. Kool.

COOL OFFER!

Special bargain price covers delivery of a complete sailboat (pictured at right), including thirty-pound molded polystyrene hull, aluminum mast and spars, forty-five square-foot nylon sail, fittings, lines, rudder, centerboard and sailing instruction booklet.

Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. This offer expires 12/31/72, is limited to U.S.A., and is open only to those 21 years of age or over.

Make certified check or money order payable to: Kool Boat Offer. Mail to Box 3000, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

Please send me _____ SEA SNARK(S). For each boat I enclose a carton end flap from any size KOOL plus $88. ☐ Certified check ☐ Money order ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Acct. #_____ Expires_____

Phone_____

Name_____

Address_____

No P.O. Boxes

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71.

effectively with difficult life situations." The record simply documents in summary terms the value system by which the inmate finds himself judged. Finally, his release will be contingent on his demonstration that he has achieved "insight" into the presumably pathological state that occasioned his confinement—in other words, that he accepts the institution's view of himself—and, usually, that he is ready to attempt again to "adjust" to the same environmental circumstances that he may have every private reason to believe—but must not now declare—*drove* him out of his gourd.

If we who are labeled mentally ill are not "sick," then, how *are* our behavioral deviations, our alterations of consciousness, to be considered?

In *The Myth of Mental Illness*, Szasz proposes that "so-called mental illnesses may be like languages," like "various types of communications" employing both verbal and nonverbal methods; and that understanding their meaning may be like the problem of understanding a person speaking a foreign tongue. Freud, he points out, "regarded the dream as a language and proceeded to elucidate its structure and meanings."

In *The Politics of Experience*, Laing parallels Szasz in holding that "to be mad is not necessarily to be ill." He regards the term schizophrenia (and, by implication, psychosis and its other subcategories) not as one that defines an illness, mental or physical, but as "a label that some people pin on other people under certain social circumstances." He describes the "double-bind" hypothesis, introduced by the anthropologist Gregory Bateson in 1956, which holds that a person might be diagnosed as schizophrenic as a result of being in "an insoluble 'can't win' situation."

Laing cites studies of the families of hundreds of "schizophrenics" by Bateson and other researchers in the United States and by himself and associates in England, all showing that the person so diagnosed "is part of a wider network of extremely disturbed and disturbing patterns of communication." He writes:

> It seems to us that *without exception* the experience and behavior that gets labeled schizophrenic is *a special strategy that a person invents in order to live in an unlivable situation*. In his life situation . . . he cannot make a move, or make no move, without being beset by contradictory and paradoxical pressures and demands, pushes and pulls, both internally from himself and externally from those around him. . . .
>
> Nor is it a matter of laying the blame at anyone's door. The untenable position, the "can't win" double-bind . . . is by definition *not obvious* to the protagonists. Very seldom is it a question of contrived, deliberate, cynical lies or a ruthless intention to drive someone crazy. . . . A checkmate position cannot be described in a few words. The whole situation has to be grasped before it can be seen that no move is possible, and making no move is equally unlivable.

This description of the double-bind, can't-win position applies accurately to the situations in which I found (or placed) myself before each of my flip-outs. I encouraged my ghostwriter to ask in his preface to *Brainstorm* why, in the clash between myself and a complex situation, it had been I and not the situation that had succumbed. This latter formulation, it now appears to me, is nearly equivalent to asking why a soldier, and not the situation he is in, succumbs to combat breakdown. Of course, a soldier has much less freedom in getting into or out of his stressful situation than a civilian, and pressures from within himself can contribute little or nothing to its creation, but his reaction is no less individual a matter.

During World War Two—in which a substantial portion of all U. S. casualties were "mental"—individual soldiers reacted to the stress of combat by displaying one or several of the diverse behavioral phenomena that have been classified as "psychotic." Often, removal from the scene and relief from duty brought about recovery from combat breakdowns in as short a time as a day or two. It is evident that these breakdowns did not represent long-latent "mental illnesses" but temporary reactions that varied according to differences in temperament. It became an axiom that every man, no matter how "normal" or "healthy," had a breaking point; it was presumed that if he didn't crack up under one kind of stress, he would under another.

This presumption would seem to be equally tenable in regard to the reactions of individuals to social and emotional pressures in civilian life, and, indeed, is often stated as a tenet of common sense. But here the stresses involved are normally much less readily identified than those of combat. They are generally much more subtle, complex and, in Laing's phrase, "by definition *not obvious* to the protagonists." The situation that one person finds unendurably disturbing will usually not be experienced as such by others who have contributed to creating and maintaining it. They, in fact, may accept the view that any manifestations of disturbance are "symptoms" of "mental illness."

It seems highly likely to me, from my own experience and from observations of hundreds of fellow snake-pit inmates, that many seemingly irrational immediate reactions to stress might be as transitory as many instances of combat breakdown have proved to be, *if they were treated as such*. However, what happens all too often in civilian life is that such reactions, and even modes of behavior that family members disapprove of, are defined as manifestations of *mental disease* and are used to bring about the person's confinement.

If someone has once been branded psychotic, and has been subjected to the degrading punishment of psychiatric imprisonment, he is under the lasting threat that those close to him may interpret any anxieties he reveals of his fears as indicative of a "recurrence" of his "illness." They may, in fact, so interpret almost anything he does or says, and when they do, they are likely to reveal their attitude and intentions toward him, and so to arouse or increase his fears either of losing his mind or of being incarcerated again. When confinement is brought about against his will, and carried out by the police, as is often the case, the act itself is likely to provoke resistance, if only vocal, that will be added to his list of "symptoms."

This snowballing process seems to me to have been at work in each of my episodes of "manic" excitement. In two or three instances beyond the one I have mentioned, my wife began to show apprehensions that I believe were unwarranted—or, to say the least, premature—and to express them with such suspicion and hostility that I feared that she would have me put away again.

Fear often leads to panic, which produces alterations of behavior, which arouse further apprehensions in others, etc. Fear also releases adrenaline, giving the threatened animal or person a surge of self-protective energy.

In *Ten Feet Tall*, one of his absorbing narratives of medical detection, Berton Roueché writes of the power of the hormone compounds cortisone (adrenal) and ACTH (pituitary) to alleviate a great number of diseases, and also of the potentiality of these drugs to produce highly unpleasant side effects. He relates the harrowing experience of a New York schoolteacher whose life was probably saved by cortisone therapy for a destructive inflammation of the arteries, but who experienced extreme (and classically faithful) "manic" euphoria, overactivity and excitement as a result of it.

I read the story when it first appeared in *The New Yorker*, in the mid-Fifties, and not long afterward found myself incarcerated in the shit wards of the monstrous city of the damned I have previously referred to as Hell Valley State Hospital. I was certain that I had been helped by the cumulative interaction of suspicion and dread I have referred to, and quite possibly by supernormal energy

"Hélène isn't here anymore. She met Mr. Right."

from a fear-induced overproduction of adrenaline. The doctor in charge of the several hundred men quartered in my ward was a Jewish refugee from Germany and quite a humane man, as institutional hacks go. But when I suggested this possibility to him, he reacted with an intense scorn.

"Hah! What is this? You have discovered perhaps a new theory of manic-depressive psychosis?"

Well, why not? I hadn't found an old theory that made better sense. Psychiatrists who hold that "psychoses" are caused by as yet undiscovered biological malfunctions generally believe that these will prove to be glandular or metabolic, and some point to surpluses or shortages of certain chemical substances in the body fluids of "psychotics" as evidence. Researchers have found that the urine of "schizophrenics," but not of normal people, often contains a chemical similar to both adrenaline and mescaline. It is conceivable that the one thing those tested had in common was their state of stress and that the production of the chemical might be a reaction such as normal people would show in a similar situation. At any rate, in the absence of proof that such findings indicate causes rather than effects, their most useful explanation would seem to be Laing's:

> We know that the biochemistry of the person is highly sensitive to social circumstance. That a checkmate situation occasions a biochemical response which, in turn, facilitates or inhibits certain types of experience and behavior is plausible a priori.

Much of what Laing goes on to say suggests similarities between a psychotic "voyage of discovery" and the trips induced by psychedelic drugs. Following the synthesis of LSD, mescaline and psilocybin, researchers observed that these drugs produced alterations of consciousness like those experienced in the so-called psychoses, and it was supposed that further research with them might lead to the discovery of biochemical causes of mental disorders. Though this possibility has been increasingly discounted, it remains indisputable that many varieties of "psychotic" experience have been temporarily duplicated in the varieties of psychedelic experience on record.

Laing describes a "schizophrenic" episode as an entry into "the inner space and time of consciousness," as contrasted to the usual sense of living in "the outer world." It is a "journey [that] is experienced as going further 'in,' as going back through one's personal life, in and back and through and beyond into the experience of all mankind, of the primal man, of Adam and perhaps even further into the beings of animals, vegetables and minerals." It may be "part of a potentially orderly, natural sequence" that, if allowed to, would result spontaneously in the voyager's return from inner to outer and an "existential rebirth." But, Laing writes, "This sequence is very seldom allowed to occur because we are so busy 'treating' the patient." Instead of the mental hospital, he proposes, we need "an *initiation* ceremonial, through which the person will be guided with full social encouragement and sanction into inner space and time, by people who have been there and back again. Psychiatrically, this would appear as ex-patients helping future patients to go mad."

Though this proposal will seem shocking to those who regard madness as a necessarily pathological process, it need not be to those who admit the validity of Laing's and Szasz's view of madness.

Bateson writes that one comes back from a "psychotic" voyage "with insights different from those . . . who never embarked on such a voyage." This observation parallels the testimony of psychedelic trippers that their outlooks and insights have been lastingly changed by the experience. The terms Laing uses to describe the schizophrenic voyage, in the lines I have quoted and in further impressionistic and poetic passages of *The Politics of Experience*, are also similar to those that have been used to describe psychedelic states of consciousness. His recommendation of an "initiation ceremonial" virtually duplicates Timothy Leary's proposal to psychedelic voyagers. "You have to go out of your mind to use your head," as well as the insistence of Leary and others on the importance of the setting and auspices of the trip—and of having a knowing guide—in determining whether it will be heavenly or hellish.

In my "manic" highs, I experienced many of the alterations of consciousness that are produced by the psychedelic drugs. Though these self-generated trips may have represented voyages into inner space and past time, in the sense that they returned me to a childlike, atavistic state of unrepressed thought, emotion and action, they have been directed toward increased awareness of and participation in the outward world, toward a dissolution of the ego and a transcendental unity with the universe. My impulses have been outgoing, generous, expansive, responsive, seraphic and loving. Only when my ebullient acts and expressions have met with suspicion and opposition, with active threats of their suppression by capture and imprisonment, have I reacted with opposition, and then never to a menacing degree.

"So-called mental illnesses," Szasz states, "can be understood only if they are viewed as occurrences that do not merely happen to a person but are brought on by him (perhaps unconsciously), and hence may be of some value to him." He further proposes that "the behavior of persons said to be mentally ill is meaningful and goal-directed—provided one is able to understand the patient's behavior from *his* particular point of view." Similarly, Laing asserts that madness need not be all breakdown. "It may also be breakthrough. It is potentially liberation and renewal as well as enslavement and existential death."

Any individual, whatever his reaction to stress, follows particular patterns and trends of thought, behavior and emotion that are distinctly his own. In *Law, Liberty and Psychiatry*, Szasz makes a comment on some moral implications of this point that perfectly expresses my attitude toward my experiences of madness:

> If psychology and sociology were taken seriously . . . we should have to conclude two things: first, that insofar as it is always possible to regard antecedent events as explanations of human behavior, men should never be blamed (or praised) for what they do; second, that insofar as men are human beings, not machines, they always have some choice in how they act—hence, they are *always* responsible for their conduct. There is method in madness, no less than in sanity.

This statement might seem to support the inclination of institutional psychiatrists, as Goffman has described it and I have experienced it, to argue that the "mental patient" has brought about his own "illness." It does so only if, in the second clause of the statement, the phrase "responsible for their conduct" is misread as "*to blame* for their conduct." To hold one responsible for his conduct is not necessarily to deny that his behavior may have been appropriate to his situation, that it may have been motivated by creditable impulses or that it may be directed toward healthy rather than pathological goals. To blame him for his conduct is, of course, to find nothing but fault in his personality. As this blaming process is applied in institutional psychiatry, it is an instrument of domination and subjection. Szasz's insistence that human beings are *always* responsible for their conduct, mad or sane, corresponds to the emphasis of existentialist philosophy on man's responsibility for creating his own nature and destiny by means of the choices he makes.

It's probable that some of the phenomena of altered consciousness that occur in "psychotic" episodes, like some of those occurring in psychedelic and mystical states, may be untranslatable into verbal terms, and so may be inaccessible to "rational" investigation and

THE ½ HOUR CAR WAX.
It's as weatherproof, as detergent-proof, as any wax on the road.

elucidation. They may thus be comparable to dreams, which often cannot be remembered on awakening, and at best are only partially conveyable in words. Apart from what meaning may or may not be found in them by Freudian methods of analysis, dreams are thought to discharge psychic energy and gratify unconscious needs in a psychologically beneficial way. It may be that many of the experiences of madness are and will always remain beyond the reach of objective investigation and explanation but may nevertheless serve purposes of maintaining balance or awarding satisfactions in the only partially penetrable domain of the id. Existentialist philosophy also holds that anguish and despair are unavoidable elements of the human condition and that reason alone is inadequate to the explanation of man's problems.

The goal toward which I now believe each of my excursions into madness has been directed has been the overthrow of repression, imposed from the outside by social demands and erotic and emotional denials, and from within by the standards and inhibitions that make up the conscience or superego. Oppressed by circumstances of my own and others' making, by failures and insufficiencies and frustrations, I have repeatedly hurled my being into a desperate total thrust outward and upward into joy and freedom—and overshot the mark.

Though at the time of each of my later imprisonments I have felt intense resentment toward everyone concerned with bringing it about, it has not persisted for long. I have come to acknowledge that—lacking the sort of guidance through such excursions that Laing has advocated, and having been unable to cut them short myself as I did in the two instances referred to earlier—some *temporary* restraint of my actions was probably advisable. Although there were considerable variations in the length of time between the onset of each of these excursions and my imprisonment, each of them came to an end within one or two weeks after the jailing took place. What I believe accounted for this outcome was my removal from the disturbing situations from which the flights took off. To allow an acutely troubled person such a reprieve from besetting pressures may, of course, be a considerable service to him. But what benefits it offers are greatly outweighed by the heavy risk of further detention to which he is subjected.

What happened in the last two instances of my confinement is vividly illustrative of this process and its attendant risks. In August of 1967, not long after I had told my second wife of my determination to separate from her and start divorce proceedings, I was carried away, very much against my will, to Mockrie State Hospital, where I had been committed twice before—once involuntarily, in 1963, for 40 days, and the second time of my own volition, in 1964, for one week. (On that occasion, I felt in urgent need of a respite from a tough laboring job and a succession of long, late evenings with friends down for vacations of sunning and drinking.) I'd found the admission building of M. S. H. —in a state to which we had moved in 1960—a fine place of its kind, and learned that the institution had been rated fifth or sixth in excellence among all the nation's public asylums, by whatever body makes such determinations. I had no dread of the place itself that August, but the means of my reinduction into it were atrociously assaultive and needlessly forcible. I felt largely vindicated and vastly relieved when the young psychiatrist in charge of my case authorized my discharge after ten days' observation, against my wife's strenuous protests. Legally, a lawyer friend told me, this meant that I had been found not in need of psychiatric care.

The following April, I'd been separated from my wife for seven or eight months and had asked my lawyer to begin divorce proceedings. The hearing hadn't been scheduled, however, when it appeared that I was losing my mind again. My wife blew the whistle on me once more. This time the doctor told me that I was "less disturbed" than I had been the previous August. The estimate was debatable, but I was not about to debate it. From all he could learn from a telephone conversation with my wife, and from my edited account of the events she described, the worst he could charge was that I had shown "poor judgment." It was enough, along with my status of repeater and some other entirely nonpsychiatric factors, to serve as justification for my being given a "prolonged judicial commitment"—an indeterminate sentence such as has doomed many thousands of people to living out their lives in the miserable shitholes which the back wards of even such a highly rated asylum as this one continued to be.

After two months in the admission building, I was transferred to the oldest —100-odd years—most dismal, dirty and neglected of the institution's eight or nine buildings, above the main entrance of which is still visible in faded lettering its original name, Mockrie Insane Asylum. There I spent four of the most agonizing and heavily degrading months of my life, in the company of 400 or 500 of the state's most wasted and unwanted men and women. I might be among them still if I hadn't been lucky enough to meet what at first seemed an impossible condition of my release: that I find a job in the city two miles from the madhouse and work at it for two or three months while continuing to live in the institution. No one on the staff had any leads to offer, there was nothing I could qualify for in the want ads and I had no money for taxi fares to and from the city.

But I *was* lucky enough to find a job, with a painting contractor willing to take a chance on a certified loony, to hold it for over two months, and then to surmount a further obstacle the doctor put in the way of my release. I made it out and continued working at the least congenial labor I have ever done and living in the most charm-forsaken city I have ever been stuck in in a long lifetime. By the terms of my parole, which ended October 10, 1969, I was free to move elsewhere in the state but not out of it, nor to drive a car, vote, proceed with my divorce or to appear *likely* to violate any "laws, ordinances, conventions or morals of the community" (to quote a statute that Szasz cites as justifying commitment in this and other states).

I accept the tough existential truth that my choices in the past have brought me, step by stagger and lunge by lurch, along the route I have traveled. One's field of choices tends to become narrowed over the years in the best of circumstances, and after a lifetime of making choices that have been judged wrong by supposedly expert examiners and custodians, one's confidence in his ability to make the right ones diminishes.

Nevertheless, in reflecting on the critical decisions of my life, and on the seeming impasse to which the whole sequence of them has brought me, there isn't one I can think of—given the sum of what I was at the time of making them and the alternatives that confronted me—that I could have made differently. I find it pointless to judge any of them right or wrong, good or bad, in terms of what it led to; each was, in the full context of its making, *necessary*. I honor the responsibility that, as I see it, went into each of them and accept the responsibility for the results of each.

Indeed, it was responsibility that dictated my choice of continued exile and isolation and that will guide whatever steps I take out of it. If some unfathomable and irrepressible force should lead me to choose to lose my mind again—or to launch another expedition into madness in quest of it—I want no one I love or have loved to be burdened with the obligation of putting me back into bedlam, where, with less luck next time, I might live out my days with the legions of once-human beings turned into zombis by shock, chemicals and indifference. If the choice must be made, I want it to be unequivocally clear that it has been mine, so that it may be said of me, and I may say of myself, there, now, is a *responsible, self-made* madman.

Come out ahead on a Kawasaki.

We've just pulled something dirty on the competition.

Named the Kawasaki 350 enduro.

For here we are—with a dirt/street bike that's got all sorts of things other 350's haven't got.

Like our exclusive Hatta fork: the fork that lets you adjust the tension, the height, the wheelbase—for any kind of rider, and any kind of riding. And our CDI: the capacitor discharge system that squeezes more life out of spark plugs—and makes points pointless.

Yet for 1972 we've made one hundred—count 'em—one hundred improvements. Improvements in the ride. In the handling. In the looks.

The result awaits you at your Kawasaki dealer. So do the world's fastest production machines, the only 10-speed trail bike, and the whole Kawasaki line-up. See them, compare them—with any other bikes in the world.

Not to get dirty—but we know who'll come out ahead.

Kawasaki MOTORS CORPORATION

YOU'RE KIDDING?

(continued from page 137)

or not Adam had a navel. Some—Michelangelo and Raphael, for example—said he did. But this outraged many of the devout, for it implied either that Adam had a mortal mother or, as Sir Thomas Browne said, that "the Creator affected superfluities or ordained parts without use." Other artists decided to picture Adam and Eve without navels, but a large number intentionally avoided the issue with foliage or strategically placed locks of long, flowing hair. The controversy is still unresolved.

• • •

"There is as much chance of repealing the 18th [Prohibition] Amendment as there is for a hummingbird to fly to the planet Mars with the Washington Monument tied to its tail."

—Senator Morris Sheppard (Texas), author of the 18th Amendment

• • •

Hegel published his proof that there could be no more than seven planets just a week before the discovery of the eighth.

• • •

In his request for sick leave, Nguyen Van Teo, an employee of the United States Army in Saigon, explained:

(1) When I arrived at building T-1640 to fix it, I found that the rains had dislodged a large number of tiles on the roof. So I rigged up a beam with a pulley at the top of the building and hoisted up a couple of barrels of tile.

(2) When I fixed the building, there was a lot of tile left over. I hoisted the barrel back up again and secured the line at the bottom and then went up and filled the barrel with the extra tile. Then I went down to the bottom and cast off the line.

(3) Unfortunately, the barrel of tile was heavier than I was and before I knew what was happening, the barrel started down and I started up. I decided to hang on, and halfway up I met the barrel coming down and received a severe blow on the shoulder.

(4) I then continued to the top, banging my head on the beam and getting my fingers jammed in the pulley. When the barrel hit the ground, it burst its bottom, allowing all the tile to spill out. I was now heavier than the barrel and started down again at a high speed.

(5) Halfway down I met the barrel coming up and received severe injuries on my shin. When I hit the ground, I landed on the tile, getting several painful cuts from the sharp edges.

(6) At this point, I must have lost my presence of mind, because I let go of the line. The barrel then came down, giving me another heavy blow on the head and putting me in the hospital.

I respectfully ask for sick leave.

• • •

In Norfolk, Virginia, a lawyer defending a client charged with sending an obscene publication through the mail called the Justice Department and asked to view a copy of the document in question. The offending material arrived a few days later—by mail.

• • •

A raisin, dropped into a glass of champagne, will rise and fall continuously in the glass.

• • •

The three body segments of an insect do not depend on one another for survival. An insect whose head has been cut off may live as long as a year—continuing to react to light, temperature, humidity and various chemical stimuli—until it starves to death. The abdomen of a female moth, with no head or thorax, is capable of being fertilized and laying eggs.

• • •

It is impossible to sneeze with your eyes open.

• • •

The reason sardines are crammed so tightly into their cans is that the oil used to pack them is more expensive by volume than the fish themselves. Thus, the more sardines a manufacturer can squeeze into a can, the greater his profit.

• • •

Under his powdered wig, George Washington had sandy-brown hair.

• • •

Researchers in Denmark found that beer tastes best when drunk to the accompaniment of a certain musical tone. The optimal frequency is different for each beer. The correct harmonious tone for Carlsberg Lager, for example, is 510–520 cycles per second.

• • •

The word cleave has two definitions: "to split or cut apart" and "to adhere, cling or hold together."

• • •

In May 1918, President Woodrow Wilson and Government officials gathered near the Washington Monument to witness the historic take-off of the world's first airmail flight. The sky was clear blue as the plane passed over Washington on its way to Philadelphia. But, due to some

"Well! You sure kept that sexy little bridesmaid cousin of yours under wraps all these months!"

©Uniroyal, Inc.

PETE MARAVICH WEARS PRO-KEDS BASKETBALL SHOES.

Pro-Keds®: The shoes the pros wear, on the court and off.

A product of UNIROYAL

navigational error, it ended up in Waldorf, Maryland, farther away from Philadelphia than when it started. The mail was finally delivered by train.

• • •

Aimee Semple McPherson was buried with a live telephone in her coffin.

• • •

Natives on the Pacific island of Nauru traditionally drank a strong home-brew made from fermented palm leaves. But after World War One, Nauru was mandated to Australia and prohibition was imposed. Infant mortality rose to the 50 percent level within six months. The reason? The people's natural diet was so low in vitamin B_1 that infants being nursed got the required amount of it only when the mother was drunk. When the natives were allowed to drink again, infant mortality fell at once to seven percent.

• • •

The state of Iowa recently decided to classify the sunflower as "a noxious weed." The sunflower is Kansas' state flower, and the citizens there were understandably offended. Shortly thereafter, the Kansas legislature officially declared the Eastern goldfinch—the state bird of Iowa—"a public nuisance."

• • •

Thomas Jefferson invented the swivel chair.

• • •

Quiz: Its light production has been called the most efficient form known to man. It gives the coldest light of any in the world—only about one percent of its energy is lost as heat. What is it?

Answer: the glowworm

• • •

Henry VIII's second wife, Anne Boleyn, wore gloves to hide a physical deformity: She had six fingers on one hand.

• • •

Romarchite and hydroromarchite are two very rare minerals recently discovered. They have been found only in the form of corrosion on some small tin pans that fell into the Winnipeg River when a canoe overturned sometime in the 19th Century.

• • •

Because Robert Stroud, whose life story is told in *The Birdman of Alcatraz*, was in prison at the time of the movie's release he was refused permission to see it.

• • •

Ray Chapman, former star shortstop of the Cleveland Indians, batted second in Cleveland's line-up. In one game, during the 1920 season, he went to bat twice and got two hits, each a double. He stole two bases and scored two runs. In the field, he made two put-outs, two assists and two errors. In two unofficial times at bat he was struck by pitched balls—twice. The second of these killed him.

• • •

"No sane person in the country likes the war in Vietnam, and neither does President Johnson."

—Hubert H. Humphrey, 1968

• • •

Feeling a temptation to neglect his scholarly pursuits, Demosthenes shaved one side of his head so that he'd feel too humiliated to be seen in public.

• • •

During the mayoral election in Picoaza, Ecuador, a foot powder known as Pulvapies ran an advertising campaign with the slogan, "Vote for Any Candidate, but if You Want Well-being and Hygiene, Vote for Pulvapies." When the returns were in, Pulvapies had been elected mayor of Picoaza.

• • •

The fact that you hold a pair in a poker game increases the probability that your opponent also holds a pair.

• • •

In 1897, while serving a term in the Ohio State Penitentiary, a prisoner helped design, build and install its first electric chair. Years later, he returned to the prison after being convicted of first-degree murder. In 1911, he was executed in the same electric chair. The man's name was Charles Justice.

• • •

There's nothing difficult about selling a refrigerator to an Eskimo. Many Eskimos use them—to keep food from freezing.

• • •

It has been confirmed by the American Heart Association that among persons on a low saturated-fat diet, the death rate from heart disease is 20 percent lower than that of the rest of the population. On the other hand, the death rate from cancer among these dieters is 30 percent higher than in the remaining population.

• • •

Abner Doubleday did not invent baseball as is commonly believed. But he did play a special part in American history: He aimed the first Union shot at Fort Sumter.

• • •

The longest sentence ever published appears in Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*; it is 823 words long and takes up three pages.

Hugo, among others, also wrote the shortest letter. While on a vacation, he was curious to find out how *Les Misérables* was selling. To his New York publisher, he wrote, "?" The reply was, "!"

• • •

The fear of quicksand is unfounded. You'll get wet and sandy in quicksand, but that's all. If you can swim in water, you can swim in quicksand, and even if you can't, there's still no worry. Quicksand is just sand and water, and its specific gravity is so high that at least a quarter of you will remain above the surface.

• • •

While a member of the House of Representatives in 1969, Barry Goldwater, Jr., visited the floor of the Senate during some free time one day. He fell asleep during a speech by Barry Goldwater, Sr.

• • •

Magnesium picks up weight in the process of burning; its ashes weigh more than the metal.

• • •

Brazil used to print a bank note worth one cruzeiro. It was discontinued in 1960, when it was found that it cost 1.2 cruzeiros to print.

• • •

An American soldier was relaxing in a Vietnamese "massage parlor" when the "masseuse" inflicted a painful love bite on a very tender spot. The girl turned out to be a Viet Cong agent, so her oral assault was classified as a "hostile action by the enemy." As a result of this "enemy engagement," the soldier received the Purple Heart.

• • •

Benjamin Franklin invented the rocking chair.

• • •

"Property must not be taken without compensation, but . . . some property may be taken or destroyed for public use without paying for it, if you do not take too much."

—Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his dissenting opinion, *Springer vs. the Government of the Philippine Islands*, 1928

• • •

Franklin D. Roosevelt named the United Nations. He thought of it while taking a shower one day in the White House, and called it out to Winston Churchill in the next room.

• • •

The elephant is the only animal that cannot jump. But it is also the only animal that has been taught to stand on its head.

• • •

When Karl Marx was living in London, according to the Russian magazine *Sputnik*, he received the following letter from his Leipzig publisher: "Dear *Herr* Doctor: You are already 18 months behind time with the manuscript of *Das Kapital*, which you have agreed to write for us. If we do not receive the manuscript within six months, we shall be obliged to commission another author to do this work."

"I love you, Joyce; I'll forgive your past."

CHASING THE BUCKS

(continued from page 120)

right for the part of John and he sang great," Barney recalls. "Also, of all the kids I'd seen, he was the only one with old-fashioned stage presence." Furthermore, probably because Hedge hadn't really made it yet, Barney was able to get the script of *Devil* directly to him. Capers read it, loved it and immediately committed himself to it. The only drawback was his name, which wasn't exactly bankable. He was, however, under contract to Capitol Records and Capitol Records was a bank in itself.

Mike Donohew, director of audio-visual development at Capitol, was a tall, clean-cut, bland-looking young man who came on like an IBM executive, complete with Ivy League suit and attaché case. He seemed, however, to have mastered both the jargon and the milieu of his profession, because he obviously had considerable clout and the conversation in his office had to be conducted over the hard rock being piped in through the walls.

Barney opened by explaining to Donohew that he wanted to star Hedge Capers in his movie and that he needed $1,000,000. "We're not interested," Donohew said. "We don't know anything about movies and we don't want to know anything. For that kind of money we can make thirty albums." Rosenberg got up to go. "But if you want to use Capers," Donohew continued, "we can see some value in that." Rosenberg sat down again.

Barney went into his pitch. He concluded by singling out the recent success of *Alice's Restaurant*, starring Arlo Guthrie, who had been hitherto unknown to the general public. "We'd like to encourage you to use Hedge Capers," Donohew said.

"How much would it be worth to you to have Capers star in a movie?" Barney asked.

Donohew thought it over. "Thirty to fifty thou," he said.

Rosenberg got up to go again.

"Wait a minute, Lee," Barney said. "The hardest dollar to raise is the first one." He waved Rosenberg back into his chair and turned to Donohew again. He explained that, with a check for something like $50,000 in his hand, he could go to anyone with tangible proof of Capitol's interest in the project. He was also ready to guarantee that the check would not be cashed until the film actually went into production.

"All right," Donohew said, "let us read the script."

"It was beautiful," Barney recalled later. "Here was a guy who, by his own admission, knew nothing about making movies and didn't want to know anything about it, but now, for his lousy fifty Gs, he's a script expert."

Sure enough, a week later, Barney went back to Donohew's office and had to listen to a lecture, delivered over the strains of *California Dreamin'*, about why the script of *Who Fears the Devil* could not possibly be made into a successful motion picture.

The only really hopeful development to come out of Barney's involvement with packaging and the rock-music scene during this period had come in the form of a two-A.M. phone call from a musician friend who had promised to get a script into the hands of Arlo Guthrie. Guthrie had read the script, the friend said, and loved it. He invited Barney to a party at his house two days later, where he would have a chance to meet Arlo and presumably talk turkey.

Despite his beard, Barney is essentially a square, and he was mildly alarmed by the party itself, which took place in a secluded hacienda high in the Hollywood hills. Weird people dressed in funny-looking clothes and smoking funny-looking things were sprawled all over. Barney, equipped with a glass of wine from which he hardly dared sip, was led into a room where Arlo and his crowd were shooting pool. The introduction was appropriately casual: "Hey, Arlo, this is Barn. Barn, that's Arlo."

It was about ten minutes before Arlo spoke. He was lining up a shot when he suddenly looked up over his pool cue at Barney, who was standing at the end of the table across from him, and said, "That's a heavy script." Click went the ball toward the corner pocket. A few minutes later, over another shot, Arlo looked up again. "I *really* liked that script."

"Terrific!" Barney said. "I'd like to talk to you about it."

They finally got to it an hour or so later, when some food was served. Barney, with a plate of something in his lap, descended to the floor where everyone else was, and maneuvered himself next to Arlo. "I'm really glad you liked the script," he said. "Is there anything you want changed?"

"No, man, don't change anything," Arlo said. "It's a *great* script!"

"How'd you happen to read it?" Barney asked.

"I'm interested in what people think of me," Arlo explained. "I can tell what people think of me by the kind of things they send me to read. You dig?"

Barney dug. He told Arlo he'd like to make a deal, but it turned out that Arlo had another movie to make first. Barney found out it wasn't scheduled till the following June; it was then only late August. "We have plenty of time," he said, visions of sugarplum packages dancing in his head. But Arlo had an album to cut that would take him through September. "We can shoot in October and November," Barney said.

"Well, that's when I gotta go back to my farm, because I gotta build my barn," Arlo said.

"You gotta build your barn?"

"Well, yeah—I gotta build the barn before the winter sets in or the animals'll get cold," Arlo explained.

Barney could tell by the way Guthrie spoke that it would have been useless to suggest that he'd gladly hire a man to build the goddamn barn for him. "Also," Barney remembers, "there was no eye contact, no enthusiasm, no communication with this guy. It was like talking to Marlon Brando, who is never an easy guy to talk to. But from Marlon Brando you put up with it, because—well, because it's Marlon Brando. But Arlo Guthrie?"

Nevertheless, like a pro, Barney played the string out. He called Guthrie the next morning at his hotel and was told he'd have to talk to Guthrie's manager, Harold Leventhal, in New York. That conversation, held a couple of weeks later, was short but not too sweet. "Arlo talked to me about this picture you want to make," Leventhal began and let Barney get a couple of sentences out before he added, "Yeah, well, I was coproducer on *Alice's Restaurant*."

Oh, Barney figured, *he wants in for his*. "I'm sure we can work something out," Barney said.

"I haven't read the script yet. My secretary's read it," Leventhal said. "She didn't like it very much."

"I'm really not into discussing this project with your secretary," Barney answered. "The point is, your client likes it. I like your client and I'd like to make a movie with him."

"You know, Arlo's not really an actor," Leventhal said.

"I've seen him twice in *Alice's Restaurant* and I think he can do it," Barney said.

Leventhal then asked who was directing the picture and Barney told him he had several very good people in mind whose names would not necessarily mean very much to him, though they were well known and respected in the industry. "My own personal choice would be John Newland, who worked for me on *Daniel Boone* and has a couple of feature films to his credit," said Barney.

"You're right," Leventhal said, "the name doesn't mean very much to me." But he did promise to get in touch with Barney by October 12, then about four weeks away.

October 12, of course, came and went without any further word from Leventhal.

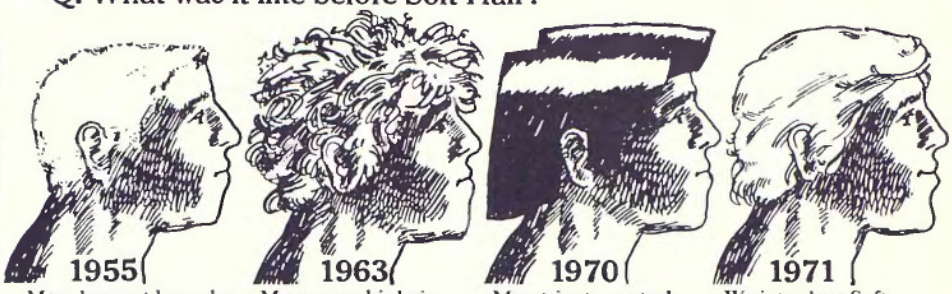
From the relatively glamorous world

Everything you always wanted to know about Soft Hair™*

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

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

Q. What was it like before Soft Hair?



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

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

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

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

Q. How should you use Soft Hair?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Q. Will Soft Hair help bald people?

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

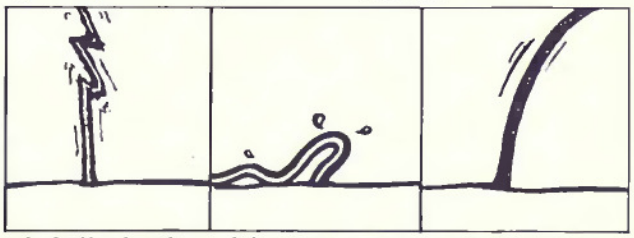
Q. How long should your hair be to use Soft Hair?

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

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

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

Q. Why should your hair be soft?



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

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

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

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

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

of the big-name package and the rock-music star, Barney's descent through the Dantean substrata of the new-Hollywood picture business proved to be grotesque and occasionally painful. Particularly obnoxious to Barney was the take-a-producer-to-lunch bunch, an agglomeration of types, some of them with legitimate amounts of investable capital, who had no intention of getting into any aspect of show business but who got their kicks from feeding the near famous. "Oh, all you need is seven hundred and fifty thousand? No problems. I've got guys waiting in line," the voices would bark into Barney's ear. They'd all want to read the script, of course (Barney estimates that his mimeographing costs must have topped those for *Gone with the Wind*), after which they'd invite Barney to lunch. It would be a good lunch in one of Hollywood's posher eateries, after which Barney would wait for the confirming phone call that never came. He developed a clear picture in his head of what the bunch got out of this procedure. "Hey, remember the *Daniel Boone* show?" he'd imagine them saying to the wife and kids at dinner that night. "I had lunch with the producer of it today. He wants me to invest in some schmucky movie he's going to make, but I'm not going to do it."

One of the low points was the lunch held in the offices of an outfit called Motion Associates, which occupied a small two-story building on the Strip. The hosts were Murray Roman, a disc jockey avowedly anxious to make the leap into film production, and his associate Cliff Bole, an aggressive young man who had once worked for Barney as a glorified go-fer on *Daniel Boone*. "It's a dynamite script," Bole had told Barney over the phone, making it clear that a deal was definitely in the offing; they'd straighten out all the details over lunch.

Barney showed up with Mel Levy, who had made the initial contact with Roman, and his lawyer, Sam Perlmutter, a slight, stringy-haired live wire with a sensitive nose for strange odors. They entered to find themselves faced by a cute little spiral staircase leading up to a loft; to their right, a magnificent antique pool table basked under a huge Tiffany lamp shade. "It's a front," Sam said right away. "We're in trouble."

The lunch itself took nearly three hours and Roman did most of the talking, which, after all, is what disc jockeys do. Barney gleaned two impressions from all the talk. One was that Roman wanted to direct the picture, the second that he was less interested in financing it than in buying into Barney's rights. When at last Barney, Sam and Mel descended the spiral staircase and emerged into the sunshine, Barney said, "Sam, did you get the feeling that that was ninety percent bullshit?"

"Ninety-five percent," said Sam.

Later that day, Roman called Levy and told him he thought Barney and Sam would be difficult to deal with. "Can we get rid of them?" he asked.

As the months passed and Barney's options shrank, so did the budget. He chopped it down to just under $500,000 in an effort to score somewhere. He also changed the title. As *The Defy*, the script made some of the old rounds, bouncing back, sometimes with irritated little notes from readers who had been there before. But Barney was ready to try anything and everyone. He even sent the script off to his ex-father-in-law in Hawaii, H. M. Lang, who, Barney assured him, had "always been one of my favorite millionaires." There was no answer. And meanwhile, Barney continued to play cards on Monday nights with ferocious concentration.

A regular and consistent loser in the poker game was a neighbor of Barney's in Malibu whom we'll call Babe Snyder. Babe was bright, young, unattached, uncommitted to anything and the sole heir to a very large food-packing fortune. He and Barney drove to and from the game together in Babe's silver-gray Rolls. Barney, who saw in Babe a true lost soul, urged him one night to get into the picture business. When Babe displayed some interest, Barney told him that if he'd help him finance *The Defy*, Babe, as an associate producer of Barney's "working right beside me for a year," could learn everything he'd ever have to know about producing a movie. Babe continued to seem interested and every Monday night for nearly a year, Barney continued to work on him.

Then finally, one day, Babe called. "Barney," he said, "I've been thinking over what you've been telling me and I think you're right. I *am* going to get into the picture business."

"Great!" said Barney.

"I've just written a script and I'm going to make my own movie," Babe said.

Miles L. Rubin, chairman of the board of Pioneer Systems, Inc., moved a lot more swiftly and decisively than Babe Snyder. Rubin is a self-made man with fingers firmly planted in a number of succulent pies. The rumor is that he has Indonesia locked up, which isn't bad, considering that most American free-enterprisers would happily settle for a borough or a small county. Rubin is young, personable, a generous host and unsentimental in business. He had never even considered Barney's project, because once, some years before, he had been slightly singed in a movie deal and the experience had slammed shut a door in his head. But now, one day in the early spring of 1971, after a little tennis with Barney on his own court in Malibu, he suddenly asked him how things were going. Barney filled him in. "How much money do you need?" Miles asked. Barney told him. "Why do you need that much?"

Barney began to break the budget down for Miles, but every time he mentioned a salary, a fee or an advance, Miles wanted to know if that payment couldn't be deferred. "If the picture isn't made," he explained, "none of these guys get anything. I want to know what the picture costs in terms of film, equipment, all that. These other guys can wait." Barney told him about $200,000 but added that it wasn't a good way to make a picture, because some deferred costs came to more in the end and, besides, people worked better if they were getting paid. "That's all right, we can overcome all those problems," Rubin said. "I think that's the way to do it."

"What are you saying to me, Miles?" Barney asked. "Are you going to write me a check?"

"I just might."

"Miles, don't jerk me off," Barney said. "We're neighbors, we play tennis together and I've been through a lot this year. I'm very vulnerable."

Rubin assured Barney he was serious and Barney asked him for six weeks to think it over. "I've got two or three other irons in the fire," he said. "And I'd rather make the picture my way."

"Why?"

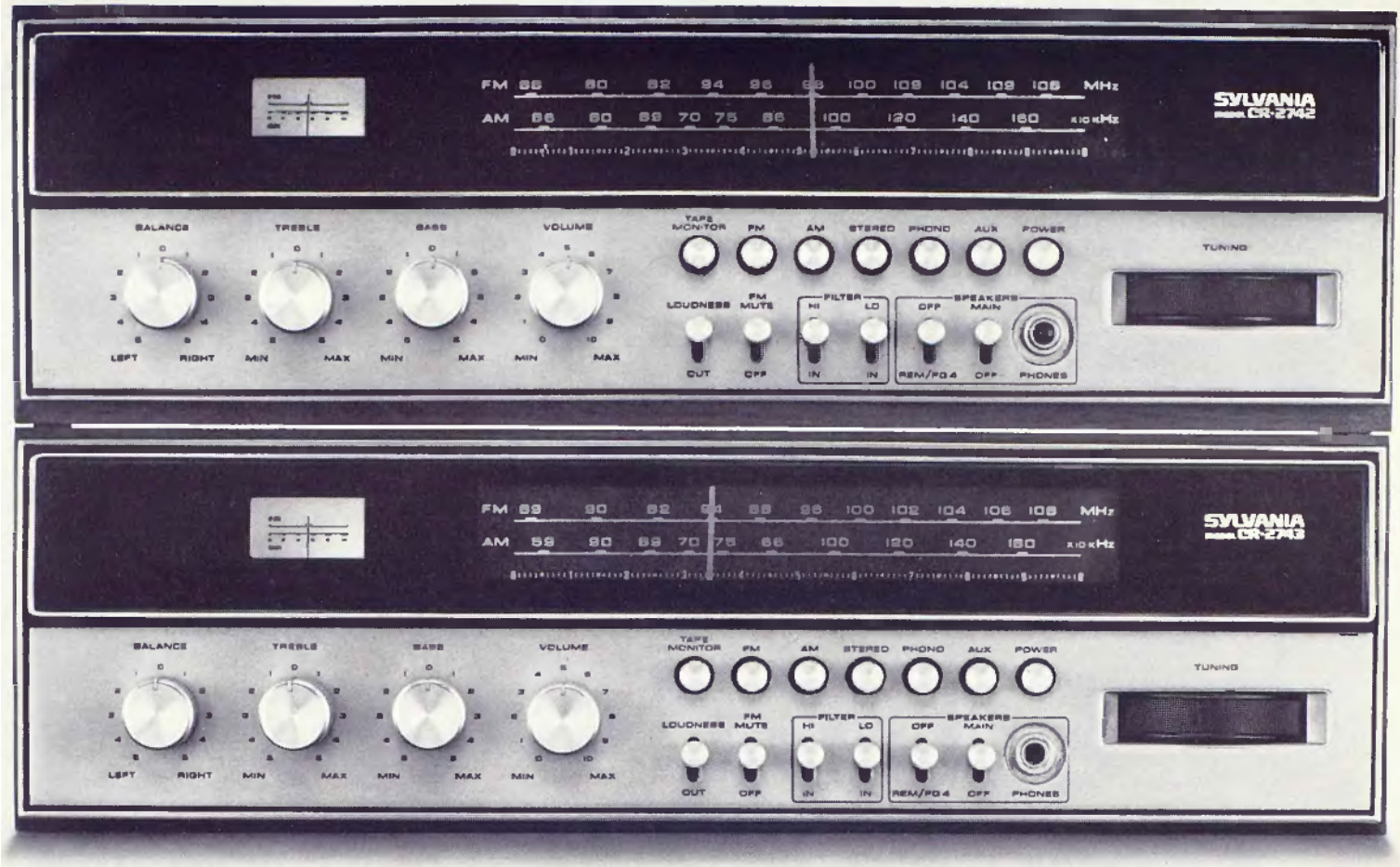
"For the reasons I just told you," Barney said. "And number two, quite frankly, because it enables me to bail out a little bit financially. It gives me some front money."

"Aha!" exclaimed Rubin. "You picture guys are all alike! You go around crying about starving for your art, but when somebody comes along willing to finance your picture, you're just trying to get some money out of him. Barney, you've got to face a fact of life. Either you're an entrepreneur or you're a salaried guy all your life."

That one hit home. "OK, Miles," Barney said, "you've got a deal."

"Give me a copy of your budget," Miles said, "and I'll get back to you in a few days."

Actually, he left on an extended business trip and it was about a month before Miles got back to Barney. When he did, it was to tell him that the deal was almost certainly going to be made, provided Barney would agree to take on a black man as a partner. Barney had no objection whatsoever to taking on a black partner, until he discovered that what Miles meant was that Barney would have to vanish into the background to allow his black partner to



Which is the $270* receiver?

Kind of hard to tell from the picture, isn't it?

Both of these new Sylvania receivers have a lighted slide-rule dial. Both have the same flywheel tuning. The same stereo balance, treble and bass controls. Seven identical push-button functions. Six toggle switches. All the controls are large, sturdy, professional-looking.

Checking out the jackplate won't help much, either. Both have remote speaker jacks, two tape inputs and one output jack, two phono inputs for both magnetic and ceramic cartridges, an A.C. circuit breaker, and a matrix four-channel output with on-off switch to handle the new quadraphonic sound.

It's the side view that gives it away.

The $270 receiver is about 2 inches deeper. That's because it's got more guts. It's rated at 50 watts RMS (80 watts IHF) per channel with each channel driven into 8 ohms for a distortion of less than 0.5%. And at $270 that's a real bargain.

The $200* receiver is rated at 25 watts RMS per channel. Which is still nothing to sneeze at.

Still don't know which is which in the picture? Here's a hint: The one on the bottom is tops.

See them both at your Sylvania dealer.

He'll help you make sure you get the right one. *Sylvania Entertainment Products Group, Batavia, N.Y.*

GTE SYLVANIA

*Based on Manufacturer's suggested list price for CR2742W ($199.95) and CR2743W ($269.95).

figure as the sole producer of the picture. That way Miles felt that, working through the Office of Minority Business Enterprise, he might be able to get some help from the Federal Government in financing the project.

It took Barney a full four seconds to decide. "Miles, I know this doesn't make much sense to you as a businessman," he said. "I know you have parachute factories and your name isn't on any of the parachutes, nor is it important to you that it should be. But this is *my* movie, Miles. This picture may never be done, but it'll always be *my* picture. And I'd rather it would never be made than give it away to someone else. And if you're really interested in helping the Negro, you don't do it by going down to Watts and waving a magic wand over somebody and certifying the guy a producer by virtue of somebody else's sweat. If you really want to help them, help them make their own movies."

Which is exactly what Miles Rubin did, because he is fundamentally a decent and a liberal man. He wound up financing Yaphet Kotto's first film, a black motorcycle epic. But, of course, that didn't help Barney any.

By the early summer of 1971, he had begun to think that maybe the yellow-brick road was leading nowhere—a feeling shared by an increasing number of his friends. But Barney is a hardhead and not used to losing. Besides, there had been one mildly hopeful development. Somewhere along the way that spring, he had wandered into the Hollywood office of a Chicago firm called Mercantile Financial Corporation and submitted his script to the person manning the premises, George Sidney, an old-Hollywood dinosaur who had once directed tons of MGM musicals. Sidney liked the script and recommended to his home office that it finance the picture up to $600,000. The only trouble with the arrangement was that Mercantile didn't really finance movies; what it did was provide "interim production financing," a fancy way of saying that it would *lend* you the money—provided you could get somebody else to guarantee it by putting up a completion bond as well as "a firm and unconditional agreement" to buy the loan plus interest either 18 months after theatrical release or 30 months from the first day of shooting, whichever came first. The basic interest charged was high—14 percent per annum—and all sorts of other odd little gouges tended to waft it upward. It wasn't a good deal. "Mostly bullshit," says Barney, but it did enable him to go back with something fiscally negotiable in hand to a lot of people who had already said no.

What Barney hadn't realized, as he continued his impossible quest, was the extent of the attrition on his judgment and his pride. They had been nibbled away until there was very little left of either. Otherwise, how to account for the major fiascoes of those last few months? The first came in the form of a pudgy young stud in a $300 suit whom Barney and Jeannine met at a party and who talked nonstop about money. He had three names, Norman Kent Storms, and he had just bought a house for $350,000 in the exclusive Malibu Colony. He also told everyone within hearing that he and he alone had been entrusted with investing the $440,000,000 Howard Hughes had realized from the sale of his TWA stock. Furthermore, for tax reasons, the money had to be invested soon.

Later, in a secluded nook, Jeannine got the whole story out of Storms. It read like a pulp romance. Just after World War Two, it went, an 11-year-old waif ran away from his foster home and took shelter from the rain in an archway somewhere in Santa Monica. He was awakened by a burly bodyguard type who led him into the presence of a strange man wearing tennis shoes. For the next 25 years, young Kent hardly ever left Howard's side. Until very recently, in fact, he had been living on top of the Desert Inn in Vegas, right next to Jean Peters and just down the hall from Howard himself. He had grown up a shy, naïve boy in many ways, but not so innocent that he hadn't been able to make a small fortune for himself by guiding Howard's investments and tagging along with a little money of his own. He could triple anybody's money in six weeks, he said, and added significantly that Howard was anxious for him to get married. "What are you waiting for, baby?" Barney said to Jeannine at once. "You want me to wrap you in cellophane?"

Well, she and Barney had a good laugh over that one. What they did do was get the script of *The Defy* right over to Norman Kent Storms and soon the word came back. It was favorable and the consummation of the deal would be celebrated a few days later at a dinner party one of Barney's friends was throwing for him in the Malibu Colony. The party was a gay affair, but Norman Kent Storms was late getting to it. When he hadn't shown up by nine o'clock, Barney called the Colony gate and got Bruce, one of the private guards, on the phone. "Bruce, do you know Mr. Storms?" he asked.

Bruce chuckled. "Oh, yeah, I know Mr. Storms, all right."

"Bruce, that's a very strange reading," Barney said. "Have you seen him today?"

"Not since this afternoon," said Bruce, "when the FBI and the Santa Monica police were here arresting him."

Even then, Barney clung to his belief in Norman Kent Storms. Feeling sure that there had been some terrible misunderstanding, he telephoned Sam, his lawyer, and set him to tracking down the whereabouts of his financier. A couple of hours later, Sam called back. "Hey, do you have a *bumika*," he said. "He's in for grand theft auto and for cashing a bum check." Mr. Storms, it developed, had only recently emerged from a long holiday in San Quentin. His only regret, as expressed to Sam through a grille at the county jail, was that he hadn't had enough time; six months and he'd have put together some very legitimate deals for all those nice rich people out there. He had been done in, apparently, by bouncing a $14 check off a local gas station. So are the mighty fallen.

Equally implausible—but even more humiliating—was Barney's involvement with a group of independent hustlers dug up by Sam's process server, a 21-year-old kid named Pete Hunter whom Sam paid five and ten dollars a shot to hand people unwelcome papers. Pete had dug them up somewhere, perhaps while spraying subpoenas around the city. When Sam heard about it, he again tried to dissuade Barney from attending a meeting Pete had arranged. "Pete's a nice kid, but he doesn't know anything," Sam said. "He knows streets." But Barney would not be put off. He went to the meeting without Sam, who had a date in court, and all he remembers clearly about it is that one man with a badly shaved chin did all the talking while a second one, a gorilla in a blue-serge suit, sat wordless in the background, his chair tilted against the wall.

When Barney sat down to figure the deal out later with Sam, they concluded that they had been left with seven and a half percent of the movie. "Shit, OK. We'll do it!" Barney said.

"That's when I saw him totally eat his pride," Sam recalls. "I saw him eat it in chunks. All because the animal in him had to make that movie." Only by threatening to walk out on Barney was he able to stall the deal.

Barney's great emotional release was the Monday-night poker game and he took a savage delight in beating his friends out of sizable pots, a pleasure quite divorced from the economic necessity of winning. After he'd administered a particularly vicious sandbagging to the group one night one of the players said, "Jesus, Barney, I wish you'd go back to work, so some of the rest of us could win a pot once in a while."

"If you sons of bitches would finance my picture, I'd leave you alone," Barney snarled back.

There was an uncomfortable silence, then someone said, "Barney, don't you know we really want you to make your picture?"

The speaker was Tony Hope, the affable son of Bob Hope, certainly one of the

richest men in America. Tony, a Harvard lawyer and Southern California businessman, had been an executive at 20th Century-Fox and had made feature motion pictures in Australia. He had spent the past year and a half dabbling in real estate while looking around for something else to do. Despite his father's wealth, Tony didn't have enough money in his own right to risk backing Barney's movie the first time around; but now, when Barney came back to him with a slashed budget, he showed some interest. But he didn't commit himself, and more time passed.

Barney remembers the worst morning of all as the one in mid-July when he came across an ad in *The Hollywood Reporter* for a "dynamic person" who would move to Atlanta, Georgia, to "speak to large groups" as well as "direct/act in commercial films," starting pay $300 a week. "It was the worst morning because I intended to answer that ad," Barney says. "And then Tony called the same day to tell me that if I could get a couple of other costs deferred, he'd back the movie himself. It was a gutsy thing to do, because it meant putting about half his net worth on the line."

Who Fears the Devil alias *The Defy* alias *My Name Is John* alias *Who Fears the Devil* again (they settled at last on the original title) finally went into production in early October of 1971. It was shot in six weeks on location near Asheville, North Carolina, and Little Rock, Arkansas. Barney got the director he wanted, John Newland, and the cast, composed mostly of such top Hollywood character actors as Denver Pyle, Susan Strasberg, Bill Traylor, Harris Yulin, Alfred Ryder and a young unknown named Sharon Henesy. He even got Hedge Capers to play John, but not before he had reopened a dialog with Harold Leventhal, Arlo Guthrie's manager, in New York.

Leventhal, once he'd been informed that the film was actually going into production, had revealed that his client might be available, after all. Barney took Tony Hope to a screening of *Alice's Restaurant*. Halfway through it, Tony turned to Barney and said, "I think he's awful." The decision was made to go with Capers.

But Barney gave himself the pleasure of telephoning the news to Harold Leventhal personally. "Harold," he said, "I just want you to know that my partner agrees with what you said a year ago."

"Oh, really? What's that?" Leventhal asked.

"Your client can't act."

So there were one or two pleasurable moments along the bumpy road to the Emerald City, but not many. Looking back on the ordeal as he got ready to go off and make his movie, Barney, his lips once more clamped around a 65-cent cigar, had this to say: "Kicking the old Hollywood is like kicking George Wallace. It's easy. The people I had to deal with over the past year are worse than the old-Hollywood moguls. They have all the weaknesses of an old-fashioned major-studio attitude and none of the studio's strengths. At least when you talked to someone at a major studio in the old days, you were talking the same language. And it was a nice environment, especially if you were on top. Well, maybe something will come along to revive the major studios. They were always saved in the past and at the last minute, like the cavalry coming over the hill. They were saved by sound, by color, by the wide screen, sometimes by a particular movie—*Ben-Hur* did it for MGM, *The Sound of Music* for Fox. That may happen again, with something like cable TV. I certainly hope so. Meanwhile, I haven't got a worry in the world—except the constant, gnawing fear that the film will get made and wind up on the second half of some lousy double bill in multiples, where it could sink like a stone."

But that, as they say, is showbiz.

The great impostor.

It is not a cigarette. Nor is it everybody's idea of a cigar.

It's an A&C Little Cigar. Slim, filter-tipped and devilishly smooth tasting.
It tastes great because it's made with a special blend that includes imported cigar tobaccos. Cured for mildness and flavor.
And it looks great!
Naturally, it all adds up to a very satisfying smoke.
An A&C Little Cigar.

Regular or Menthol.
There are twenty A&C Little Cigars in the elegant crush-proof pack.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 91)*

whenever she likes. If she needs $100,000 a year to live on, she should have it. I've just built a swimming pool, a sauna bath, a projection room and a little apartment onto our house, and that's cost me over $100,000, I suppose. That's expensive for a little extension on the house, but I like it. Our house is getting close to half a million worth. It's very well appointed, and I've made it this way because I want it, I need it, and if I make this sort of money, bugger it—I'll have it, because that's what I *choose* to have.

But I'm not spending foolishly. I don't have a Lear Jet lying around, because I don't feel I can afford a Lear. I'm a Scotsman, so no matter how much I have, I'm still insecure financially. Of course, I could live much more cheaply than I do now, but why should I? I've worked bloody hard, and when I go around the world, I don't want to economize. I want to stay at the Palace Hotel in St.-Moritz and the Villa d'Este on Lake Como and the Sonesta Tower in London. Hotels are my home for much of the year and I choose them well. I choose my travel well. I choose my food and my clothes well. I tend to look after this sort of thing, and that costs money.

I get annoyed with those who write that there's nothing to racing but the good life, but I'd be a hypocrite if I said I didn't love it all. Motor racing in the international set is a life that offers an incredible variety of people and places. I must admit I feel gratified that no matter where I am, there are people who think enough of me to want my autograph. Also, in Europe and most of the world, motor racing is classless in the sense that anybody can become successful in it, and after they become successful, they can enjoy meeting heads of state, monarchs, the tycoons of the world and people of great artistic talents. I have some very good friends in that world. I enjoy these people. They are all wonderfully exciting. They all have something different to offer. I went to visit Roman Polanski filming *Macbeth*. I'd never read *Macbeth*, and Roman literally acted out the whole play for me. He was on the floor, in the chairs, all over the place. It was one of the most impressive things I've ever seen. That's why I like to meet these people. Not because of who they are but because of the kind of people they are. I adore being with Peter Ustinov, because the man is incredible. He is one of the most desirable dinner guests in the world, because he is a supreme conversationalist with the most beautiful and original sense of humor. The point is that there's so much out there in the world, you must really take all you can from it and digest it. It's made my life very enjoyable.

PLAYBOY: How much longer do you think you'll race?

STEWART: If you had asked me that question a couple of years ago, I could honestly have said I didn't know. Now, that's not really the case. I have no ambition to be an old racing driver. I want to be an old *retired* racing driver, and I've realized in the past several months that I have to face the fact of retirement in the not too distant future —one, two or three years, perhaps. I doubt very much that it'll be five years. Right now, my curriculum is so busy that I'm not allowed a lot of free time to analyze the future. And I mean curriculum. I know where I'll be on the 11th of June and the 31st of October. I can tell you the name of the hotel and the phone number, and I can almost tell you the flight I'll be taking. I spend 900 hours a year in an airplane. That's one tenth of my life, more time than most pilots fly. I'm not sure how much longer I want to do that.

PLAYBOY: Have you thought about what you want to do after you quit?

STEWART: Motor racing has meant a lot to me and I wouldn't want to divorce it completely. I'd want to do some things to make it a bigger and better sport. One idea I have is to start a company with the purpose of advancing safety in racing. Driver education is another area I'm interested in. The average street driver is behind the wheel of the world's most lethal weapon and, in most countries, his knowledge of how to deal with that car in an emergency is appallingly slim. A really excellent drivers'-education program, done internationally, could save a lot of lives.

I like business, and motor racing has opened the doors for me, but I know it's because I'm Jackie Stewart. I hope I can present, to people I'll be dealing with, some sort of intelligence and strength of character that will allow them to see that I stand on my own two feet as a businessman and not just the feet of a famous racing driver.

And I'm going to have a serious try at acting. I hope I'm going to be part of an adventure film this year about a racing driver. Alistair MacLean is writing the screenplay and I'm enthusiastic about that prospect. If I turn out to be a good actor, I think I'd like that career.

Whatever I do, I don't suppose I'll reach the great heights of sensation and satisfaction that I've had from racing; few things in the world could match that. But I've *lived* that life. I've loved it, but I've done it. Somewhere out there, there's another life, and I'll find it, because this one is finishing up. One of the nicest things that ever happened during my racing career was when Dan Gurney retired. I remember how happy I was for him, that he had made that decision while he was still on top and in one piece. I wrote and told him from the bottom of my heart that I thought it was the ambition of everyone in racing to do it the way he had done it, to be as well liked around the world as he is, and then to hang up his helmet without anything going wrong. I think it was just great, and I'd like to do it that way myself. And I will.

"Next."

They shaved with today's 3 leading electrics*...

Pilot | Engineer | Bowling Alley Owner

then with the new Schick Flexamatic...

and they got this much more beard off!

* Completely unrehearsed test done for television.

Close because the head is thin
The new Schick Flexamatic's shaving head is extra thin, so the blades come extra close to your skin line (microfine holes allow only your beard through, not your skin). And these are precision Schick blades. 34 of them, to shave as sharp as anything you've ever used before in an electric.

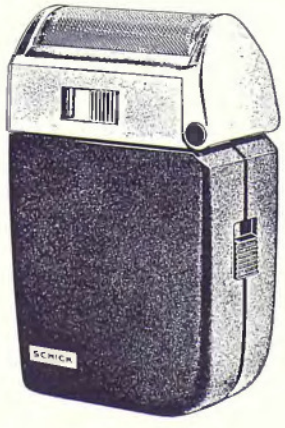
Actual photograph of Flexamatic head

That's why the Flexamatic outshaved the "rotary" type electric, the "fastback," and the one with replaceable blades. And each man got a pile of whiskers that the competition missed.

Comfortable because the head is flexible

But the Schick Flexamatic doesn't just give a closer shave, it gives a more comfortable shave. Because the head is flexible so it fits the contours of your face exactly. Flexible—so it feels more comfortable. Thin—so the blades get in closer.

14-day home trial
Ask your nearest Schick dealer about the money-back 14-day home trial.



Get the new Schick Flexamatic... because a thinner shaving head means a closer shave!

It makes a great gift!

SCHICK

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

HOOK, LINE AND WALLET

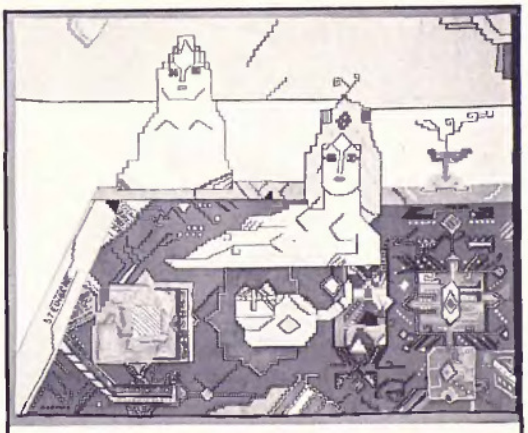
For the wealthy sportsman who's been casting about for high adventure, here it is: a 33-week fishing trip, organized by Safari-Shikar Tours in Chicago, that takes you to Norway for salmon, Australia for shark, Canada for smallmouthed bass, Mozambique for black marlin, Yugoslavia for marble and *zubatec* trout, New Zealand for rainbow and Costa Rica, Mexico and Nicaragua for tarpon—plus more. The cost of the excursion, as you can imagine, is a whopper—about $34,000, including round-trip air fare from New York, all fishing arrangements, licenses, accommodations, meals, land transportation, specialized tackle, guides and private charter boats. No mention of who cleans the catch, however.

BLACK DRAC

Operating, perhaps, on the principle that there's a bloodsucker born every minute, American International Pictures is preparing, for release this month, a vampire movie with an almost all-black cast. Shakespearean actor William Marshall stars in what A. I. P. describes as a retelling of the *Dracula* classic in contemporary terms. Its title, not surprisingly: *Blacula.*

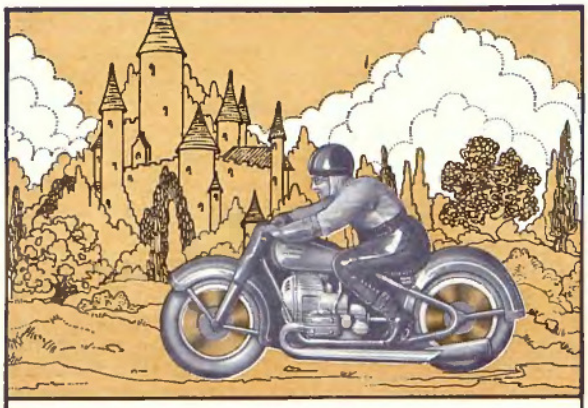
OK, SO WHERE'S THE SEAT BELT?

At left, you'll find undeniable proof that old VWs never die. Yes, recycling has come to Volkswagen, too. A New York firm, Lighting Associates, probably in collusion with a VW parts shop, is marketing through designers, furniture dealers and architects a chair created from a Beetle's hood and fenders. (The built-in headlights, incidentally, are rheostat-controlled, so that you won't blind your guests.) Auto buffs may wish to park their $750 investment next to a stick-shift table lamp and an Eldorado couch.



HANDSOME HANG-UPS

For serious collecting or merely as a sensational wall covering, contemporary art is now being crafted in a centuries-old form—the tapestry. Huge, hand-woven reproductions of the paintings of Picasso, Miró, Warhol, Lichtenstein and other artists, in flat or pile weaves of virgin wool or silk, are now available at Manhattan's Charles E. Slatkin Gallery. Most designs, such as Saul Steinberg's 7′ x 9′ *Persian Rug*, above, are in limited editions. Prices from $1050 to $5000.



VROOM RESERVATION

Can't decide whether to spend your limited bread on a cycle or a trip to Europe? A new firm, Euro-Bike, in Washington, D. C., helps penny-wise vagabonds do both. You order your bike in advance and pick it up duty-free in either Amsterdam or London. While you tool around, your bike becomes used, saving dollars in Customs duties. *Bon voyage*, easy rider.

SPACED OUT

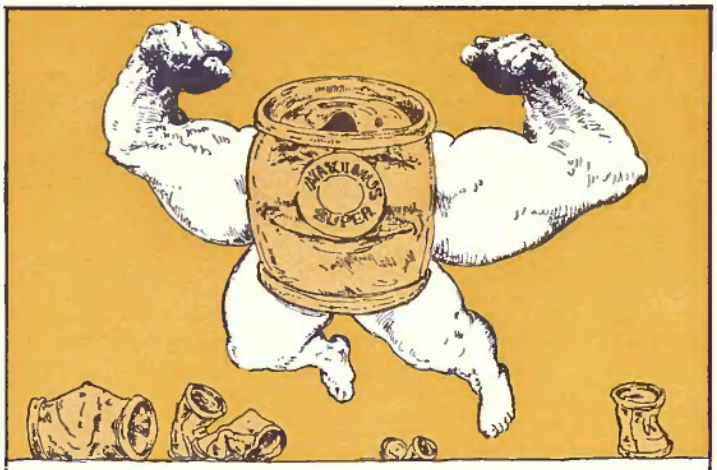
Imagine you're an astronaut zooming through outer space when suddenly, off in the distance, two flying saucers begin blasting you with missiles. So don't just sit there, stupid, shoot back! That's the challenge of Computer Space, a new $1800 pinball game from Nutting Associates. Inside Computer Space's fiberglass cabinet is a digital computer that's the evil guiding genius behind the enemy saucers. To win, you must outscore your opponent, who is programmed to make 25,000,000 calculations per second. Spacemen's luck.

PORE HOUSE

Right now, you're sitting in the Christine Valmy (SPLAT!) skin-care *salon* for men that recently opened in New York City on West 57th Street, getting (KERSPLASH!) a biogenic facial. (SPLONK!) You can be sure that (WHOP! WHOP!) when you get up from your chair (BLURP!), you won't be able to recognize (SQUISH!) yourself. In fact, you'll probably have to wear a name tag (THWAP!), so that friends will know you. Hello, you handsome devil.

BEFORE

AFTER



SUPER SUDS

Beer lovers may consider sipping a sacrilege, but Maximus Super, a new brew from the folks who manufacture Utica Club, is just too potent to chugalug. Although one can of Big Max roughly equals two cans of regular beer in strength, most sudsmen seem to think that M. S. also tastes like a true brew. At the present time, distribution is limited to parts of New England, so until outlets are increased, get a friend from the East Coast to bootleg some for you.

TRAVELING LIGHT

If you've ever wanted to see more of Yugoslavia—and don't mind if the Yugoslavians see more of you—run, don't walk, to your nearest recognized local nudist association. You must be a member of one if you wish to attend the International Naturist Federation's Congress that's to be held on the Adriatic island of Kuvrsada, just south of Trieste, August 2–8. There will be parties (come as you are), sports activities (volleyball, of course), the presentation of scientific papers and a boat trip. Dollink, isn't that John Dempsey over there?

BEING THE BOSS

(continued from page 116)

"Damn it, get cracking!" I barked as a coda to my tirade.

"OK, boss," Hank replied quietly—but he gave me a peculiar look. A little later, I discovered that he'd painfully injured his right hand earlier that morning. He could have taken off to obtain medical assistance, but, because he didn't want to let the crew—or me—down, he'd elected to say nothing and stay on the job. Having learned this, there was nothing for me to do but go to him—and say my piece.

"I'm sorry I went off half-cocked," I said—and meant it. "I'll drive you into town, so someone can look at that hand."

"It's OK. I'll work out the shift," Hank replied. At that point, the drilling super spoke up.

"Let him finish the shift, boss," the super urged.

"Not a chance." I shook my head. "If the hand gets worse, Hank might not be able to do any work for days or even weeks. Besides, a man with a bad hand has no business around drilling equipment—he could cause serious accidents."

Both men stared at me for a long moment. Then they grinned. "You're right, boss," Hank declared, and the super nodded agreement.

On the face of it, the incident might appear insignificant; however, some highly valuable management tips can be drawn from it. As boss, I had made a mistake, one that could have caused resentment among all the members of the crew and thus resulted in lowered efficiency and production. However, as soon as I learned my error, I acknowledged it frankly, apologized sincerely and offered to make reasonable and proper amends by taking the roustabout to a doctor. This served immediately to re-establish a sound employer-employee relationship.

But when the man refused my offer and wanted to work out his shift—and the super chimed in to support him—I asserted my authority and overruled them both. This step was dictated by self-interest as well as a sense of responsibility toward the employee—a fact I made no effort to hide. However, when it was all over and done with, there was no doubt in anyone's mind as to who was the boss.

I believe that most sound and effective employer-employee relationships rest on foundations that are no more complex. I'll grant there are many and enormous differences between being a wildcatting oil operator 50 years ago and being a manager in—or the head of—a company today. Yet, as the French say, *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* The boss still has to deal with people. John L. McCaffrey, former president of International Harvester, is credited with making the wry observation that "the biggest trouble with industry is that it is full of human beings." Therein, of course, lies the biggest universal management problem: how best to direct human beings in order to get things done through them.

Different businessmen have applied different solutions to the problem. Andrew Carnegie, for instance, was a domineering, tyrannical employer who drove his subordinates mercilessly. Carnegie ruled his business enterprise with a mailed fist, which he seldom bothered to sheathe in a velvet glove. He used every Machiavellian trick in the book to obtain desired results. When tongue-lashing, acid sarcasm, threats or similar spurs failed, Carnegie would resort to the classic dictator's divide-and-conquer technique. Pitting his aides against one another in a spirit of blatantly *un*friendly competition, he would stir up bitter rivalries and jealousies among them—so that each man would strive furiously to outdo the next. From an icily practical viewpoint, it must be conceded that these ruthless tactics achieved impressive goals. Carnegie's browbeaten subordinates performed astounding feats, helping him build one of the greatest industrial empires the world has ever seen.

However, when considering Carnegie or any of the famous captains of industry who were his contemporaries, it must be remembered that these men thrived in an era of laissez-faire economic philosophy. Theirs was an age in which the boss was accepted as the unquestioned master of his domains, which, if he so chose, he could rule as a benevolent—or malevolent—despot.

Thankfully, these times have long passed. Although there are still some atavistic examples of the autocratic boss to be found, they are comparatively few, and even these are much circumscribed. In fact, there are signs that the pendulum may have swung too far in the opposite direction. Often we now find that the boss is no longer a figure of authority at all but an individual who persuades rather than directs, who makes many suggestions but rarely gives an order. Glowing with benign tolerance, he is consumed by a mortal fear of giving offense—to anyone, especially his subordinates. My personal feeling is that the emergence of business professionalism and the "science" of business management has played a large role in this weakening of the figure of the boss. The concept of business as science largely rejects that of the forceful individual leader, replacing him with such pale substitutes as the committee—a device that is much safer for "organization men" because it diminishes authority and thereby diffuses responsibility. When a mistake is made, it's easy to fire an individual but difficult to fire an entire committee. However, committee-made policy is almost invariably bland policy. The guiding motto is, "Don't rock the boat."

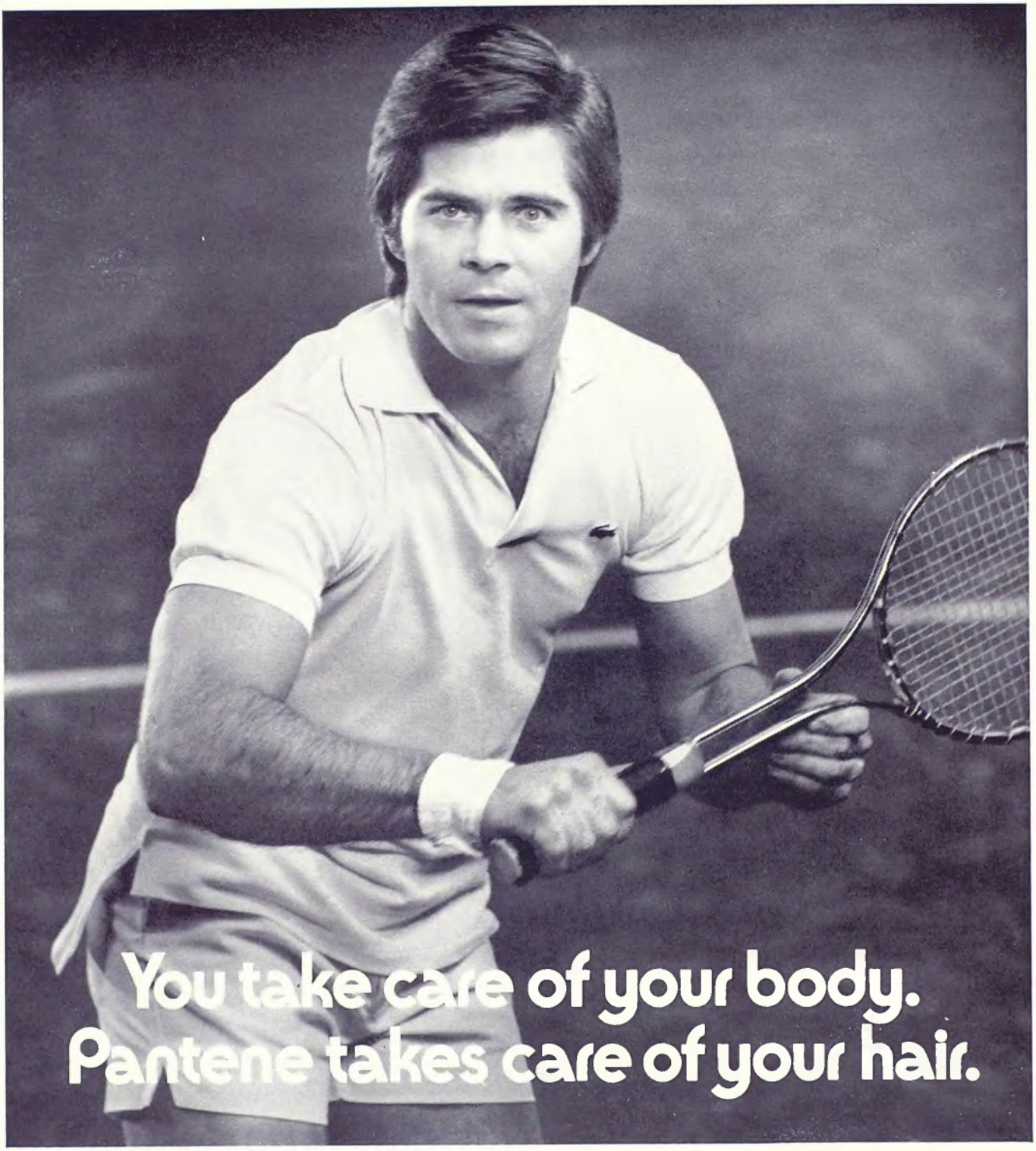
The younger generation of executives seems the most culpable, but the man who gave us the term organization man, William H. Whyte, Jr., has pointed out that youth may not deserve all the blame. "Older executives are partly responsible for the younger man's outlook," he writes, "for they often sound as if the thing they love most is deferring to colleagues, delegating authority to subordinates, and in general submerging themselves in the team."

John Kenneth Galbraith, in *The New Industrial State* and more recent writings, has offered a different theory to explain why many modern corporations seem to be characterized by (in his phrase) "the bland leading the bland." Galbraith's argument is that the modern corporation has obsoleted the supply-and-demand mechanism. Traditional economics says that demand must originate with the consumer, but Galbraith says that modern corporations now create such demand themselves, through advertising and other devices.

Like most businessmen I know, I am suspicious of economic theory. But if Galbraith is correct, it's easy to see why at least some corporations prefer committee rule to individual leadership. If a corporation can control demand for its products (in a sense, it already controls supply), then it need not pay attention to the market place at all. Instead, it can look elsewhere for goals, high among which, I have little doubt, will be the security and enrichment of its own management.

In the business ventures in which I have been involved, I have never had the luxury of being able to control demand for my products. This is one reason I am suspicious of Galbraith's hypothesis. However, I have seen what happens when a company forgets about the market place and tries to cater to internal goals. I once took over a company that, after a period of some success, had fallen into the doldrums. Sales—and profits—had fallen and the concern, although fundamentally sound and with a good potential, simply wasn't showing the old spark.

Only a once-over survey of the situation was needed to determine what was wrong. The company's executives—all the way to the top—had obviously decided that diffusing responsibility, and thus saving everyone's skin, was more important than bearing down and taking aggressive steps to boost sales and profits. I held a series of forthright conferences with these men. "What do you think you're here to do?" I asked them



The Pantene physical fitness program is designed to put the look of new body and health into hair. And our exclusive Swiss Conditioning* agent helps make it work.

Here's the program. First, Pantene Shampoo (one creamy lather does it). Then, Pantene Conditioner helps undo the drying damage caused by sun and wind.

For control, use Pantene Hair Groom. Keeps unruly hair in place, and looking natural. And for bright-looking hair between shampoos, try Pantene Hair Lotion. Start the program. And stop worrying.

The Physical Fitness Program for Hair: Pantene®

*Products made in U.S.A.

in essence. "To create a great big—but broke—happy family or to build a prosperous company?" A few didn't seem to get the point. A few others did but were unable to change their ways. The remainder understood completely and made the most of it. They became bosses in the best sense of the word. They did not abruptly turn into tyrants—and there was no need for them to do that. They merely accepted responsibility and authority and became hard-driving, conscientious managers.

In short, they realized it was better to hold the reins of their departments firmly in their own hands than to have them held collectively by the members of some committee. After all, outward appearances can easily be deceptive; despite apparent harmony among them, not every member of a committee is necessarily pulling in the same direction. In any event, these men and a transfusion of equally aggressive, profit-minded new executives soon had the company in good health.

I would be the last to advocate a return to the despotic, laissez-faire management techniques that prevailed in the business world of my youth. But I certainly think it's time to dump the authority-dodging committee system. It won't be easier to do business in years to come. Competition will always be stiff and companies and men not capable of meeting the challenges will continue to fall by the wayside. There is need for more flexibility, adaptability and, above all, more individual responsibility, and the change will have to begin at or near the top. There must be less blandness, less discussion and less bending over backward to avoid ruffling sensitive feelings. I think the day of the organization executive who can't stand criticism or give a no-nonsense order but who relies, instead, on the conference-room sewing circle is just about over. We have already seen, in the rise of the conglomerates, a return to the concept of management by individuals rather than by committees. True, the conglomerates took their comeuppance in the stock market, but this was not a reflection on their management techniques. The conglomerate structure —lean and hungry companies headed by strong individual personalities under a broad corporate roof—is a sound one. It will provide great management opportunities in years to come.

I doubt if anyone has defined the boss's fundamental responsibility more clearly than Samuel Gompers, the first president of the American Federation of Labor. "The worst crime against the working people," he said, "is a company which fails to make a profit." The first duty of the boss is to ensure that his company will not commit this worst crime. To achieve that end, the boss of tomorrow will be a generalist, not a specialist, with a broad overview not only of his corporation but of the world it inhabits. He will be a man willing—even eager—to accept responsibility for his own decisions and willing, too, to assert strong authority in order to do his job and see that his subordinates do theirs. To my mind, such a man could do far worse than to model himself—as, in a way, I have done—after the old-time oil-field drilling superintendents. These were tough men who knew their work thoroughly, worked hard and conscientiously, made their men do the same —yet were always entirely human.

While on the subject of remaining human, I would like to add something of a postscript. In all my writing about the pursuit of business success—its joys, its challenges and its immense rewards —I have perhaps not emphasized strongly enough that the ultimate goal of the businessman, whether he be boss or trainee, middle manager or entrepreneur, is not primarily to forge a corporate empire but to fulfill himself. I speak from bitter experience and with deep regret at my own personal failures when I say that the narrow-minded pursuit of the "bitch-goddess success" frequently begets serious domestic dilemmas.

Burgeoning work loads and ever-increasing demands on time and energy are almost inevitable corollaries of business achievement—and they greatly reduce the time a man is able to devote to home and family. At ideal best, wife and children understand and adjust and the integrity of the family unit is maintained. At dismal worst—and with five marital disasters to my debit, I'm hardly unfamiliar with this extreme—there is no rapport. Marriage and family disintegrate. All too belatedly, I now appreciate that an ounce of domestic prevention is worth a courtroom full of cure. If I have any hindsight advice to offer, it is of a very humble nature: The businessman should take his wife and children into his confidence—explaining his work, his dreams and his hopes—and he should miss no opportunity to demonstrate that he is not only a businessman but a husband and a father, worthy and giving of love as well as of substance.

"C'mon, Spot, sit up."

© 1972—R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

To the 56,000,000 people who smoke cigarettes.

A lot of people have been telling you not to smoke, especially cigarettes with high 'tar' and nicotine. But smoking provides you with a pleasure you don't want to give up.

Naturally, we're prejudiced. We're in the business of selling cigarettes.

But there is one overriding fact that transcends whether you should or shouldn't smoke and that fact is that you do smoke.

And what are they going to do about that?

They can continue to exhort you not to smoke. Or they might look reality in the face and recommend that, if you smoke and want low 'tar' and nicotine in a cigarette, you smoke a cigarette like Vantage.

And we'll go along with that, because there is no other cigarette like Vantage.

Except Vantage.

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine. It has only 12 milligrams 'tar' and 0.8 milligrams nicotine.

It is not a heavy drag cigarette. You don't have to work so hard pulling the smoke through it that all the joy of smoking is lost. Not that Vantage is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette. (But you probably wouldn't like the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette anyway.)

The plain truth is that smoke has to come through a filter if taste is to come through a filter. And where there is taste there has to be some 'tar.'

But Vantage is the only cigarette that gives you so much flavor with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

So much flavor that you'll never miss your high 'tar' cigarette.

12 mg. 'tar'
0.8 mg. nicotine
FILTER AND MENTHOL

Filter and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71 (Menthol by FTC method).

gentleman's game

(continued from page 102)

able to win one more service. The set goes to George, 6–3.

George grins, radiating his pleasure to the stands as he comes around the end of the net. Gurson, the club pro, is standing at the end of the court. He gives George just a flick of a signal of recognition, raising his hand and moving it ever so slightly with his thumb and forefinger touching. Gurson could care less who gets Helen. As far as he can see, she will never be able to cure her backhand swing and is quite useless, even for mixed doubles. However, he does like to commend someone who is playing well over the ordinary level of his game.

George catches Gurson's signal and delight roars within him. Normally, Gurson simply ignores his existence.

As Harry passes the stands as they change courts, he looks up at Helen. She smiles grimly and gives him the circled-finger-and-thumb sign. Thus encouraged, he manages to hold his first service of the second set. But his strokes have degenerated into little blocking shots and desperate punches at the ball.

When Harry moved to an apartment in Forest Meadow six years before, he took a drive around the town to get familiar with his new surroundings. When he went past the grounds of the tennis club, with the big cool elms shading the courts and the trim white clubhouse, and saw the girls in their tennis whites on the well-groomed clay courts, he knew that he must become a member.

So he began to sharpen his game, much in neglect since high school. He took lessons with the pro at the country club in nearby Barton Village and spent an hour every pleasant evening banging balls against the backboard at the town courts. He carefully cultivated the friendship of Paul Pursell, who worked with him at the bank in the city, and was finally invited over for a few sets of doubles. He was gracious on the court, but with his big serve was able to help Paul to a solid victory over one of the tougher doubles teams at the club. They played together often after that and the next spring Harry was voted in as a member.

He had expected that the club would give him an opportunity to meet some attractive women. But aside from some spinstery girls in their late 30s who were pushed upon him, he met no one who raised his interest except Leanne Tillson. Leanne was a pert little divorcee who, on occasion, frequented the club. She was perfectly happy to play mixed doubles with him, but on the two occasions when he had asked her out for an evening at the theater, she had firmly refused. There were rumors aplenty about the wild life she led away from the courts. Harry supposed that his steady and unimaginative game had led her to believe that he could not show a girl a very exciting time off the court. How he longed to disprove this misconception.

But George has control of the game now. Harry cannot touch his serve and he breaks Harry's second service easily. Harry digs in and holds his next two services, but he is still down 4–3, with George serving.

George has forgotten the score. He is simply exulting in the joy that fills him as he hits one perfect shot after another. He is leading 30–love when he realizes that a silent tension has settled over the stands. "Geez," he says to himself, "I'm going to win the second set."

It is true that they are playing the best of five sets; Helen would have been insulted at anything less. But perhaps it would be best to slack off now. Letting Harry pull from behind to take this set would look a lot more realistic than if he had to hand him the last three sets.

George glances over at Gurson, who smiles and winks at him. The matter is decided. George holds his next two services and takes the set.

Two sets down, Harry is visibly shaken. "Come on, Harry," he says to himself. "You're not playing for peanuts. It's the woman you love who's at stake." He turns his eyes toward Helen, but she is looking at George. He double-faults the first point.

Harry dredges up memories of cruelties that his father has inflicted upon him and slams in the next serve. George hammers it back. Harry, with a desperate lunge, manages to put up a weak little lob. George wanders up to the net and insolently powders it for the point. The pressure is too much for Harry. He double-faults twice. It is 1–love, George.

There comes a point in a tennis match when one player may hold such an edge that it is virtually impossible for him to lose even if he wants to. George has almost reached that critical moment. If he wins this game, it will be most difficult for him to throw the match without its being obvious to the spectators.

So George must lose. The first point is simple. He serves two solid balls into the net. Love–15. But he cannot double-fault the entire set. He taps the next serve over the net, a sure setup for Harry's big forehand. Harry, expecting another smash serve, stands and watches the ball take three bounces up to his feet. Fifteen all.

There is a tight feeling in George's stomach. He may have gone too far. It may not be possible to throw the match at this point. The essential problem is Harry's self-confidence. He must do something to get Harry back to believing in his game.

George glances over at Helen. She should be giving Harry special encouraging hand signals, but she is not. In fact, she is scratching her ear and looking off into space, a sign, George knows, that indicates great inner indecision.

George must lose this one on his own. There's only one thing to do. Feigning overconfidence, he must blow enough shots so Harry can get a grip on himself. Time for another double fault. Unfortunately, he misjudges his second serve, aimed for the top of the net. It whistles over, catches the tape and aces Harry.

Pain stabs at Helen's heart as she watches George serve. "He really wants me," she says to herself. "How could I have misjudged him so?"

His play brings back the memories of the match George played against his father 16 years before. She watched the match with the same excitement she feels welling within her now. There was the same determination in George's motions, the same firm set to his mouth that she sees now.

How wrong she has been to judge him indifferent! Here is her husband doing battle for her and she has had the nerve to cheer his opponent. There is no mercy in the way he is hammering Harry into defeat. She watches as he serves the fourth point and takes a big forehand cut at Harry's return, a shot that slams past Harry's wild dive for the ball. Helen finds herself clapping with the rest of the spectators.

"Damn," George says to himself. He has decided to hit every shot absolutely as hard as he can. Knowing his coordination, such tactics should lose the set in no time. But there is still too much control left. He looks toward Helen. She is smiling at him.

"What the hell is that all about?" Panic pours through him and, unthinking, he puts his next serve into the outside corner of the service box, way out of Harry's reach. It is 2–love, George.

George looks over at his wife again. There is no mistake, she is smiling at him, her face radiant with a new devotion. She touches her finger tips to her lips and tosses him the kiss, a simple motion that he has not seen her make since the blissful early days of their marriage.

Harry, who has observed this betrayal, needs no memories of his father to fire his serve. He slams the first one in on George, who blocks it back ineffectually into the net.

George's head is spinning. Beautiful remembrances of their courtship and early days of marriage come flooding back. Harry's serves whistle past and he makes little stabs at them, occasionally popping them back over the net, where Harry, now a tower of rage, proceeds to cream them into far corners of the

FOR $1,992* YOU CAN DRIVE THE CAR FERRARI DRIVES.

Mind you, we're not talking about the car Ferrari builds.

We're talking about the car Ferrari drives.

For his own personal use, he drives a Fiat 128. And all it costs is $1,992.*

It's not that he feels the Fiat is any better than a Ferrari.

He just feels the car we make is a more sensible car to drive around town in than the car he makes.

However, his reasons for choosing the 128 instead of one of the other fifty small cars sold in Europe are worth mentioning.

First of all, it has front wheel drive. Which gives you better traction than rear wheel drive on things like ice and snow. And better handling because the same wheels that are moving the car are also steering the car.

It has rack and pinion steering. Which, if you've been ogling Ferraris, you know is what they put on Ferraris.

It has self-adjusting disc brakes in front and independent coil suspension.

It also gets better gas mileage than a Volkswagen. (Not that that was one of Ferrari's main concerns.)

And on the inside, where small cars are really small, the 128 is huge.

Even though it's shorter on the outside than a Volkswagen, on the inside it's bigger than an Oldsmobile Cutlass.

(This is due partly to the fact that we've mounted the engine sideways and partly to the fact that we've figured out how to make better use of space than other small car manufacturers.)

It comes with radial tires as standard equipment.

Lastly, the 128 has something sensible in the trunk you won't find in other small cars. Room. 13 cubic feet of room — unhampered by the spare tire, which we've mounted up front with the engine.

And if you need any further proof of its extraordinary qualities, the Fiat 128 has won more "Car of the Year" awards in Europe than any other car in history. And recently, in America, it was elected "Economy Car of the Year" by Motor Trend Magazine.

Now, if you've been trying to choose between the dozen or so small cars sold here in the States, you might keep all this in mind.

You might also stop in at your local Fiat Dealer's showroom, take out a 128, and see how it feels to drive around like Ferrari.

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.

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

"Daddy, this is William—he's an assistant pornographer."

court. Harry takes his serve and it is 2–1, George.

As they come around the end of the net to change courts, George's eyes lock with Helen's. "Finish him off, my love." She speaks the words silently and he reads the meaning in her lips.

George serves, but his mind is far away. For the first five years they were married, George and Helen lived in a cottage on a little lane down behind the public courts in the town of Springdale. On summer weekends, the house was always full of their friends, sitting around in their tennis whites, wandering over to the courts for a set or two, then back to the cottage for drinks. Even when she was six months pregnant with Ralph, Helen would still play with them, laughing at the awkwardness that the weight of the child gave to her strokes.

In a haze of happy memories, George hands his opponent two setup serves that Harry, in a storm of anger, powders away.

But with the baby, the cottage became too crowded. George had just received a promotion and they bought their house in Forest Meadow, leaving all their young tennis friends behind. Of course, they joined the tennis club, but Helen was always too busy with Ralph and then with Sarah for them to indulge in much socializing.

Absently, George double-faults his next serve. He misses Harry's next return as he glances fondly over at Helen and Harry takes the game. There is no touching Harry's service. The score is even. Then, after another game, it is suddenly 3–2 in Harry's favor.

As George comes around the net to change courts, Helen is waiting for him. She looks up at him, her dark eyes full with her new love. "Pull yourself together, dearest," she says. "You've got to win for me."

In a flash, George sees their future bright before them. Ralph, grown by inches and greatly in tennis skills, putting away the last point in the finals of the father-son club tournament and then running to shake his father's hand and punch him in the ribs. He and Helen spending the long soft days of their retirement playing quiet sets with the Pursells and then sitting by the courts watching their grandchildren skillfully volleying with rackets that are still too big for their little hands.

The future is clear and bright. There is just the simple matter of finishing off Harry. But George has not reckoned on an opponent who waits across the net with the cool murder of righteous anger burning in his heart.

George serves, straight and hard. Harry returns the shot, deep to George's backhand. George drives it down the line; Harry lobs, deep; George lets it bounce high and puts an overhead way out of Harry's reach. Both of them are hitting above their ordinary levels of play. The game goes to deuce point three times and then at ad in George slams in a serve that Harry cannot handle. The set is 3–3.

As the match progresses, it is obvious that George is tiring. The vision of what he shall have when he wins back Helen cannot keep his body from beginning to feel the strain, his muscles from tightening just enough to weaken his shots. There is no doubt that Harry is in better shape. If he takes this set, he can then finish off George by wearing him into the ground.

Then, with the score 6–5, Harry, Harry gets up on George's service. He drives back George's first two serves. George blunders the first return into the net. On the second point, Harry follows his return in to the net and smashes away George's feeble shot. It is love–30. George is in serious danger of losing the set.

At this moment, a voice rings clearly over the hushed court. "Kill him off, Harry!" In shocked disbelief at this total violation of club etiquette, players and spectators turn to look at Leanne Tillson, who signals to Harry with a defiant clenched fist. "You can do it, Harry, baby!"

Stunned, Harry stares at Leanne. Has her view of him suddenly changed? What kind of crazy business is this match, anyway? What is he supposed to do if he wins Helen? She is obviously crazy in love with George again. And Leanne, she is really more his type of woman. . . .

"Pull yourself together, Harry," he says to himself. "You are out here to win, to drub that punk. To hell with what it all means."

But doubt cankers his will and blunts the edge of his game. He muffs an easy return of the next serve and does not move fast enough to put a racket on the smash into the outside corner that George next delivers. The tide of play has turned. George takes the next two points easily and the set is 6–6.

Harry's serve goes soft as he forgets his father and dreams of Leanne. George, firm with his resolve, seizes the opportunity. He drives Harry back and forth across the court, hitting the ball deep with the last bit of precision left in his tiring muscles. The game goes to 30 all, and then George slugs a deep shot that skips under Harry's racket and polishes off a short lob to break the service. The score is 7–6, George.

The rest is anticlimax. George's serve is too strong for Harry to handle. Suddenly, George has won the match and Harry is sullenly shaking his hand midst the applause from the stands. Then Helen is in George's arms. "You were just beautiful," she sobs. "My wonderful, wonderful George."

"You didn't think I'd give you up to that bum," George whispers in her ear. "We have too much to look forward to."

As Harry walks off the court, his anger at his defeat begins to lift. A feeling of freedom overwhelms him, as though he has made a perilous escape from a trap of infinite danger. And Leanne is waiting by the steps to the clubhouse. She smiles up at him. "How come you threw the match, Tiger?" she says.

World's Greatest $400 Stereo System for $277

Garrard®

harman kardon

Electro-Voice

Send for our free catalog. You'll quickly find that we offer only name brand, top-notch stereo components at remarkable savings. On the basis of practical experience, and on the findings of our own thorough testing and evaluation program, we have matched the right components to produce compatible, good sounding systems. We offer single components and systems in all price ranges. Stereo Warehouse was created and is run by young people who are well informed and straight forward about what's coming off in the world of audio. We're deeply involved in music, and we dig what we're doing.

In essence, we have offered an alternative to those who are dissatisfied with the service, selection, and price of local retail stereo outlets. We'll be glad to rap with you on the phone, and all letters are personally answered. Here we offer a system comprised of the new Harman Kardon 330a receiver, the Garrard SL55B, complete with base, cover and elliptical cartridge, and a pair of Electro-Voice model 13 speakers. The total retail price of this system is over $430. We offer it complete for $277. You can order this system simply by sending us a cashier's check, or you can put it on a charge card. Call us, or write, and we'll send you our catalog, literature, and complete details, fast. And free.

Harman Kardon 330a: $219.95, including a $20 oiled walnut cabinet. AM/FM Stereo Receiver, 100 watts IHF (45 RMS). Professional controls, sensitive FM section (1.9 microvolts IHF).

Electro-Voice Thirteen: Large, walnut finish, featuring an 8" woofer, coupled with a 3" tweeter. Acoustic suspension, will handle up to 40 watts, extremely good bass response. Variable control on rear to adjust tweeter to match room acoustics. $59.95 each.

Garrard SL55B: Features adjustable anti-skating, and famous Garrard Synchro-Lab motor is extremely dependable, and we include base, cover, and Grado FCE elliptical cartridge. Complete changer package retails for $105.95.

ILLUST. HUGH SLAYDEN

STEREO WAREHOUSE

782 HIGUERA, SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIF. 93401

PHONE (805) 543-2330

SEND FOR DETAILS AND FREE CATALOG.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ Zip

6-72

You're in no big hurry to finish

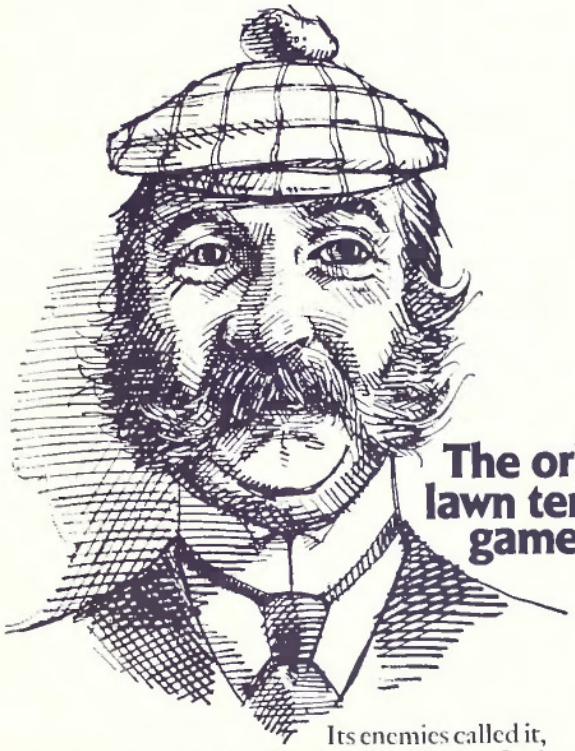
Visitors are always welcome at the Olympia Brewing Company, Tumwater, Washington, 8:00 to 4:30 every day. *Oly *

your beer. Neither were we.

We don't rush our beer. We brew it slowly, and carefully. Doing a lot of things that most other breweries don't do. Like kräusening our beer–a costly secondary aging and fermenting process. And personally selecting our hops. And using only choice barley malt. And pure artesian brewing water. When you're taking it easy with a good, cold Olympia, you probably won't care that we do any of these things. But you'd taste the difference if we didn't. So we do.

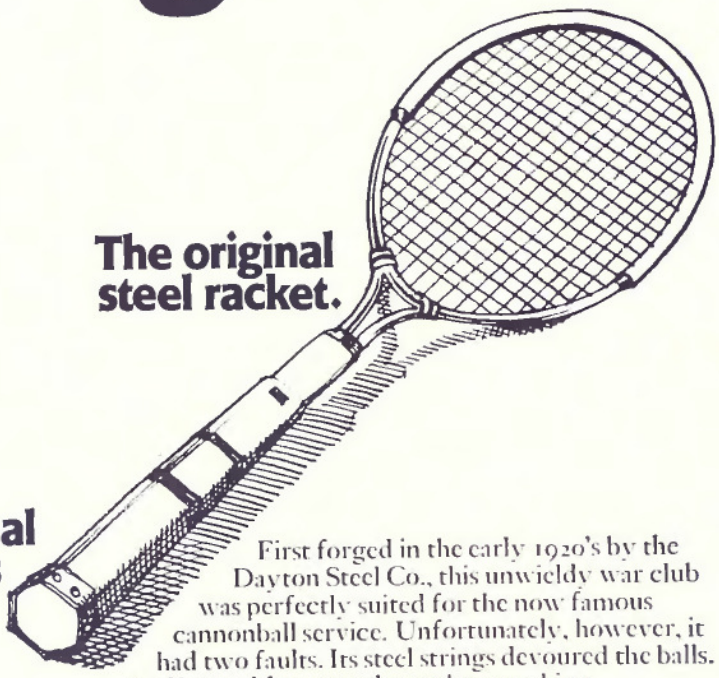
Olympia.
It's the Water. And a lot more.

Tennis originals.



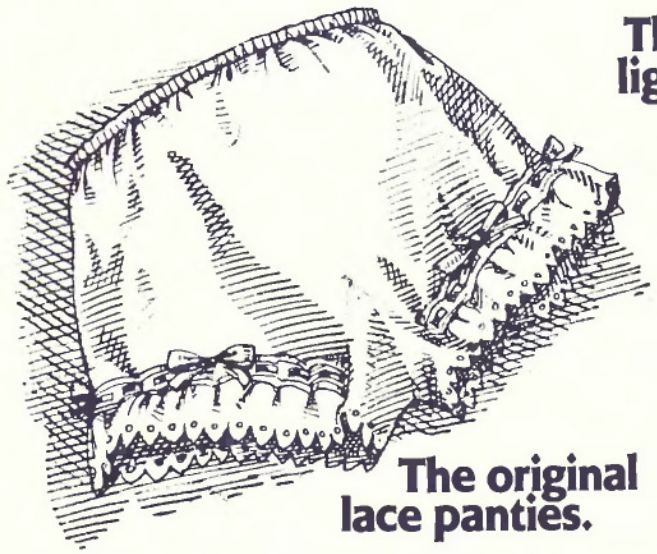
The original lawn tennis game.

Its enemies called it, "Sticky." Its founder, Major Walter Wingfield, called it, "Sphairistike." Later to be known as lawn tennis, the first game was played in February 1874 in England on an hourglass shaped court with droopy nets.



The original steel racket.

First forged in the early 1920's by the Dayton Steel Co., this unwieldy war club was perfectly suited for the now famous cannonball service. Unfortunately, however, it had two faults. Its steel strings devoured the balls. And its steel frame made a rather smashing lightning rod.



The original lace panties.

Perhaps the most colorful moment in lawn tennis history happened at Wimbledon, England in 1949, when Miss Gertrude "Gussy" Moran astonished the crowd by unveiling the first lace panties. Another small step forward for womankind.

The original light Scotch.

Usher's Green Stripe. Long a favorite of tennis fanciers, Usher's may very well have been on hand when Major Wingfield vied for that very first match point. For you see, Andrew Usher had already perfected this superbly light original some 21 years before. Since 1853, advantage, Usher's.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORP., LOUISVILLE, KY. © 1971

Usher's Green Stripe. The 1853 original.

THE BIG FREEZE

(continued from page 152)

Put chocolate and ¼ cup water in top section of double boiler over simmering water. Heat, stirring frequently, until melted chocolate and water are well blended; make sure there are no pieces of unblended chocolate. Set aside. Pour milk into saucepan. Stir in sugar, flour and salt until flour dissolves. Add butter. Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens. Simmer 2 minutes. Add a few tablespoons of the sauce to the beaten egg yolks. Stir yolks into saucepan and cook 1 minute longer, stirring constantly. Stir in vanilla. Combine melted chocolate and sauce, blending well. Chill in refrigerator about a half hour or until cool. Whip cream until stiff and fold in confectioners' sugar. Fold chocolate mixture into whipped cream. Turn into 1-quart soufflé dish or other serving dish and freeze without further stirring. Serve with sweetened whipped cream or whipped cream flavored with white crème de menthe or white crème de cacao.

FRESH STRAWBERRY ICE

(About 1½ quarts)

3 pints fresh strawberries
1½ cups sugar
1 cup water
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice

The quality of strawberry ice depends largely on the quality of the fresh strawberries used. The berries should be thoroughly ripened, sweet and unblemished.

Stir sugar, water and salt in saucepan. Bring to a boil; reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes. Chill to refrigerator temperature. Wash and remove stems from strawberries. Put them in small batches at a time into well of blender and blend until puréed. Force strawberry purée through wire strainer. Add lemon juice. Combine syrup and strawberry purée. Freeze, following directions with freezer.

ICE CREAM WITH STRAWBERRIES CARDINAL

(Serves six)

1 quart French vanilla ice cream
1 quart fresh ripe strawberries, hulled and cleaned
¼ cup granulated sugar
2½ ozs. cherry liqueur
3 tablespoons prepared Sauce Melba
½ cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons sifted confectioners' sugar

Cut strawberries into ¼-in. slices and mix with granulated sugar, cherry liqueur and Sauce Melba. Chill several hours in refrigerator. Whip cream until stiff and stir in confectioners' sugar. Fold cream into sweetened sliced strawberries. Scoop ice cream into serving dishes. Spoon strawberries over ice cream.

BRANDIED-PEACH BAKED-ALASKA PIE

(Serves six)

1½ pints French vanilla ice cream
8-in. graham-cracker piecrust
¼ cup prepared brandied-peach sauce
3 whole brandied peaches, drained
3 egg whites
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
⅓ cup granulated sugar
Sifted confectioners' sugar

Spread brandied-peach sauce on bottom and sides of piecrust. Spoon ice cream into crust and spread evenly. Place in freezer to harden completely. About 15 minutes before serving, cut brandied peaches into ½-in. slices and arrange slices on top of ice cream. Return pie to freezer until needed. Preheat broiler. Put egg whites and salt in electric mixer. Beat at high speed until soft peaks form. Add vanilla. Slowly add granulated sugar and continue beating until meringue is stiff and glossy. Cover pie with meringue, forming swirls with a spoon, or decorate pie with meringue, using pastry bag and tube. Sprinkle lightly with confectioners' sugar. Place in broiler, at least 8 ins. from source of heat. Watch constantly. As soon as meringue turns light brown, remove from broiler. Serve at once.

DEEP-FRIED ICE-CREAM CREPES

(Eight crepes)

6 phyllo or strudel leaves
About ¾ pint ice cream
1 egg, well beaten
1¼ cups instant-dissolving flour
1 tablespoon granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons Cointreau
1 tablespoon salad oil
Deep fat for frying
Sifted confectioners' sugar
Bottled rum or brandy sauce

Phyllo or strudel leaves are available at Greek grocery stores or gourmet shops. If the leaves are frozen, they should be thawed to refrigerator temperature before using. Manipulating the paper-thin leaves requires a deft hand: the recipe should be rehearsed for private consumption at least once before offering the crepes as party fare.

Place 3 phyllo leaves one on top of another on cutting board. Using the tip of a very sharp knife, cut the leaves into 4 piles of 3 leaves each. Repeat the process for 4 more piles. Brush the edges of each of the top leaves with beaten egg. Shape about 3 tablespoons ice cream into a roll about 3 ins. long. Place it at one of the short ends of the phyllo leaves. Roll once, fold in sides of leaves and continue rolling until ice cream is completely enfolded. Repeat in this manner, making crepe ice-cream rolls with remaining phyllo leaves. Place crepes in a single layer in a shallow pan. Cover with clear-plastic wrap. Place in freezer until ice cream is frozen very hard. In mixing bowl, combine flour, granulated sugar, salt, second egg, milk, Cointreau and salad oil. Beat until smooth. Heat deep fat to 390°. Be sure fat attains this temperature before frying —use a deep-fat thermometer to test the temperature or use an electrically controlled deep-fat fryer. Dip frozen crepes into batter, coating thoroughly. Fry a few at a time until light brown. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar. Serve at once. Pass rum or brandy sauce at table.

There is almost no end to what you can create by an imaginative combination of ice creams and toppings, so make "Cool it!" your summer rallying cry.

IMAGE OF MAN

(continued from page 168)

If you take the worst of any phenomenon, you can condemn the phenomenon. I don't know what the background of your mother is, but if she had lived in a successful city—and I'm thinking of a European city—then possibly her outlook would be different. To take a person who was born in the country and who goes into the city only occasionally and then finds things that are displeasing, and to teach this person that the city is possibly a *great* phenomenon is just about impossible. Things of that nature have to be experienced."

He is asked which cities he considers successful. "Until the Second World War, at least, there were many towns and cities in Europe that you could call successful, in the sense that the people living in those cities really were part of a cultural and social system that was giving them something of substance. I would call the city where I was born—Torino, fifty years ago—very successful."

• • •

What was, at least in memory, the integrated, substantive cultural and social life of Turin, Italy, was set in a compact grid of streets and parks and plazas on the left bank of the Po, facing cultivated hills in one direction and the peaks of the Alps in the other. From the time he was five, Soleri was taken to the mountains for weekend hikes, leaving him, he says, with a love for wilderness and for heights. At 18, offered only a course in architecture and one in civil engineering, he chose art over technology. With interruptions for 22 months of service with the Italian army engineers and periods of work for his family and for tuition, Soleri was 26 when he finally got his doctorate from the Turin Polytechnical Institute. But the degree was with highest honors and shortly after receiving it he was accepted as an apprentice by Frank Lloyd Wright. He joined the master at Taliesin West—the complex of low-lined studios, living quarters and geometric gardens set like flagstones into the McDowell Mountains ten miles north of Scottsdale.

The differences between Cosanti and Taliesin today obscure their similarities. Like Soleri in his first years in Paradise Valley, Wright spent his first winter at Taliesin, in the Thirties, camping out. Wright thought of his students as apprentices to the master, and the 30 young architects who pay $2500 a year today to work at Taliesin are the establishment counterparts of Soleri's motlier crews. The two studios even share the problems of blight: While affluent suburbia slowly surrounds Cosanti, the very reason for being of the Taliesin site—the view to the south, toward Cosanti—was marred in 1963 by a procession of high-tension wires marching across the hillside. (Wright was unable to interest his neighbors in a joint venture to put the lines underground.)

But the spirit of radical innovation assuredly resides today at Cosanti, not at Taliesin. The major commission of the prosperous architectural firm Wright left behind is for a palace and a vacation home for the sister of the shah of Iran. And if it can get its hands on the land around Taliesin, it plans to dot the hills with a resort hotel, a motor inn and golf courses.

After a year and a half at Taliesin, it became evident that Soleri was not constituted to work on someone else's designs; he left Wright in 1949 and camped out with a fellow ex-apprentice on nearby Camelback Mountain. Eventually they were tracked down there by Mrs. Leonora Woods, a Pittsburgh socialite looking for someone to design a desert home for her at less than Taliesin prices. The house they built achieved national recognition for its roof—a glass dome with an opaque panel that rotates with the sun. And before it was finished, Soleri married Mrs. Woods's daughter, Colly, who looks more like a pretty clubwoman from someplace like Winnetka, Illinois, than the wife of an underfunded Italian genius.

Following the birth of his second daughter, Soleri returned to Italy, where he thought he might open his own studio. That hope failed to materialize, but during his stay there he won his first major commission—for a ceramics factory on the Amalfi Coast. With an open, dramatic interior and an exterior of inverted cones that reflect and blend with the cliffs they hug, the building is regarded as an unusually successful experiment.

Since his return to the United States in 1954, Soleri has built only one structure—a theater for the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe—besides the uncommissioned structures at Cosanti. He supported himself for years on the income from the sale of ceramic wind bells, the molds for which were holes that he dug with his hands in the desert silt. Today, conventionally cast bronze and aluminum bells have been added to the trade and a younger brother imported from Italy supervises all the casting. And much of Soleri's income, which he channels through the Cosanti Foundation, comes from his lecture tours. Yet he still spends evenings carving Styrofoam forms for the cast arms from which clusters of the bells are hung, and still himself etches the strong designs into the molds that give them their character.

Most of the buildings at Cosanti were as primitively cast as the bells. First Soleri and his apprentices would bulldoze the earth into a low mound. Then they'd cut ridges in it for reinforcing rods and pour concrete over it. Sometimes paint would be spread over the dirt and the concrete would pick up a dull, deeply embedded coloring. When the concrete had hardened, the piled dirt and a few feet of the desert floor were excavated. The resulting structures are exquisitely adapted to their site—providing shade in the summer, when the sun is high, and gathering the warmth of the low winter sun—and the wind bells are among the finest crafted objects in the country. But neither the buildings nor the bells have much to do with the growing international interest in Soleri. That derives from his vision of the universe and man's place in it, and especially from the structures and philosophy of arcology—the word blends architecture and ecology—which, he's convinced, is crucial to the next step in the cultural evolution of the species.

Soleri's thought begins with the Scholastic truth that in the progression from matter to vegetal and then animal life, and finally to the human brain, there is an increase not only in complexity but in compactness. He argues that compactness is the essence of life—"life is in the thick of things"—and that evolution tends toward density, away from dispersion. "In its evolution from matter to mind," Soleri writes, "the real has been submitted to numerous phases of miniaturization so as to fit more things into smaller spaces in shorter times. This process, from haphazardness and dislocation to coordination and fitness, has been mandatory because each successive form of reality carried in itself a greater degree of complexity. Any higher organism contains more performances than a chunk of the unlimited universe light-years thick, and it ticks on a time clock immensely swifter. This miniaturization process may well be one of the fundamental rules of evolution.

"Now that the inquietude of man is turned to the construction of the superorganism, which society is, a new phase of miniaturization is imperative. Arcology is a step toward it." In other words, the philosophy that Soleri calls arcology, and the buildings that that philosophy demands, buildings which he also calls arcologies, are nothing less than a necessary next step in the development of society. For a time in the late Fifties, Soleri turned to the idea of harnessing the energy of the sun in individual reflector-generators on the roofs of spread-out individual dwellings. But he soon decided that the pattern of the broadleaf, while efficient for photosynthesis, is grossly inefficient as a pattern for almost everything else, and especially for the settlements of men. Flatness gobbles land

"For heaven's sake, do I have to go through this whole damned routine every time?"

and greenness. Because people and goods have to be moved great distances in the two dimensions of the horizontal city, transportation networks squander energy. More importantly, the flatness debilitates and suppresses the individual. Once a man is positioned within a square mile of suburbia, he's effectively cut off from nature. Only experiences that can be transmitted electronically aren't hindered by dispersion. All the other contacts that enrich life—nights at the theater, visits to museums, face-to-face encounters with family, friends and strangers—are made so difficult by the spread-out city that we cut them out and surrender ourselves to what the electricity will deliver.

The arcologies that Soleri sees as the sane alternative to today's cities and suburbs are three-dimensional megastructures, usually several hundred stories high and proportionally broad at the base. They look like aircraft carriers, or dams, or gargantuan crystals, and correspond not to plants but to animals. Like the higher organisms, cities can in fact ingest and store concentrated energy from many sources, and the tasks performed in cities are of a complexity and delicacy analogous, Soleri says, to those performed by the organs of the body—specifically, the human body. Thus, the city in the image of man, which is the title of Soleri's first book.

The arcologies would, undeniably, offer great environmental and economic savings. Most of the cost of transporting goods would disappear. All the systems of the megastructures—including the centralized industrial complexes most would have—would be closed, the waste of one process filtering usefully through another. Cars would be used only to get from one arcology to another or to explore the surrounding wilderness. Every institution of learning in the city would be closer—for everyone—than most schools are now for their own students. Medical personnel would walk to house calls the way they make rounds in hospitals. Man would live on the skin of the arcology, facing in one direction a city any part of which he could reach in 15 or 20 minutes by elevator, moving sidewalk or his own locomotion, and in the other the face of nature, marred only by a few access highways and rail systems and, in the distance, the homes of those who choose to live apart.

This is the bare outline of the argument as it leads to arcologies, but no summary can do justice to the richness of the full Soleri intellectual construction. *Arcology: The City in the Image of Man*, which flops open to a width of four feet, includes not only drawings of the arcologies but page after page of diagrams that give graphic shape to a unified metaphysical vision. In one, Fate, which is described as "entropic, statistical, granular, indifferent, static, rational, structural, torpid, automatic and amorphous," is contrasted with "joyful, conscious, harmonious, superstructural, superrational, dynamic, compassionate, pervasive, willful and complex Destiny." In another, a vector labeled "the aesthetocompassionate metamorphosis" soars out of a black puddle representing "anguish reduced to a nonshrinkable residual." Except for someone willing to steep himself in Soleri's thought, this is shorthand theorizing and virtually inaccessible—but great fun nevertheless. All the writing is alternately obscure and powerful, sometimes in consecutive sentences: "It is the naked mind and the desensitized body that find an obsolescent environment to their liking," he writes in his second book, *The Sketchbooks of Paolo Soleri*. But then: "They indeed are alike, both sensing the presence of a dark chasm of senselessness only one step ahead of themselves, as if man's Fall reflected itself endlessly on the sloping bastions of a deterministic and indifferent universe."

There is much rage in the texts, and it is always well turned: "The atomistic nature of suburbia plays the sweetest song to the production madness of 'free' enterprise. Nothing is indeed sweeter than raping nature and getting dollar bills in return, with its concomitant exhilarating power. Forests are transformed into cheap lumber, then cheaper shelters, from wilderness to slums in a matter of half a generation."

And the impersonality of big government is as contemptible to him as the excesses of unbridled free enterprise: "As the city cannot be speculative, so it cannot be a handout by 'authority.' The handout never cares. It is indifferent, just another aspect of the speculative exercise. Any care it may have had at its origin has been lost in bureaucratic meanders and their parasitic agents. Care is a first-person undertaking. The care of the citizen is the sap of the city. But one can care only for that which one loves. Lovableness is the key to a living city. A lovely city is not an accident, as a lovely person is not an accident."

• • •

The question, of course, is whether the arcologies would constitute cities of love or a new architecture of fascism. "As architecture," critic Thomas Albright has written, "Soleri's designs seem reactionary rather than revolutionary in concept, attempting to impose a rationale on the ugliest, most irrational features of urban life—high density, plastic sterility, overcentralization—and freezing them in inflexible monuments whose cost would tend to make them permanent features of the landscape, as impervious to change as dinosaurs. . . . His models look like Platonic or Euclidean ideal forms into which human needs have been arbitrarily poured, edited and redefined—ideal forms for one man's notion of an ideal society."

A couple of ideas are wrong in this: High density isn't an ugly aspect of urban life, it's the rough essence of it. And if Soleri's principles are correct, society would *want* the arcologies to be permanent—that is, if we've retained at all the ability to plan projects intended to last beyond our lifetimes. The men who built Notre Dame didn't worry about permanently scarring the landscape of Paris; and it's hardly a defect in Soleri's vision that young people have adjusted to the thought of living in temporary inflatables in the woods.

But Albright's assertion that Soleri seems to ignore human needs is justified. "Social, ethical, political and aesthetic implications are left out," Soleri writes in *The City in the Image of Man*, "as they are valid and final only if and when physical conditions are realistically organized." The students at the swimming pool wanted to know both how the arcologies would change the people who lived in them and what sort of government Soleri envisioned for them. He answered neither question lucidly, beyond saying that he expects the arcologies to produce surprising and positive changes in people—"they would inspire you rather than frustrate you"—and that no one would be coerced to live in them. When asked directly if he thought the compact city would lend itself to totalitarian control, he did somewhat better, noting that Papa Doc Duvalier had been able to control spread-out, low-technology settlements very well. The systems of an arcology would obviously lend themselves to computerization, but "having the computer take care of the red and green lights is not an imposition on the freedom of man." The smoothly operating systems will, in fact, liberate people, Soleri claims: "If you don't want to take that escalator, you move to the next one. You have more options. There's more fluidity, more choice. And the basic choice is that you can get from one place to another, which is not the choice you have now."

All this is more vague and evasive than it need be. Soleri in fact knows the kinds of changes he expects the arcologies both to produce and to reflect, but they have to be deduced from widely separated, sometimes dense, passages in the two books. "Perhaps a metamorphosis of the protogilded encasement for an asphyxiating society may mean the uncovering of a different set of values, better aligned with the basic tenderness of the human constitution," he writes in *The City in the Image of Man*. The search is for "an urban society seeking to contain the robotization of man." Flesh is tender, and "the burgeoning monster flower of automation must be

The happy vodka. Gordon's.

To a vodka drinker, happiness is smoothness. Smooth mixing. Smooth tasting. And smooth going down.

Gordon's is the vodka with the Patent on smoothness.

That's why Gordon's is the Happy Vodka. So make it Gordon's. And make it happy.

80 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N.J.

handled with great care lest we become robots." Ultimately, the goal is the creation of "aesthetocompassionate man" and an "aesthetocompassionate society," the coined superword hiding the baldness of the real goal: that we rearrange our surroundings in a way that will give us not only more artists but more artists in a just society.

Out of their philosophical context, the models of the arcologies simply scare most people. When the unholy scale of the things was explained to a seven-year-old girl at the Chicago stop of the major Soleri exhibition that's been touring this country and Canada for the past three years, she burst into tears. The models look, people say, like sets for a big-budget production of *1984*.

Soleri will have an easier time convincing the world that his structures are the crucial next step in man's amplification of his humanity as the bright young designers in residence at Cosanti do more details of interior spaces for Arcosanti, something that they got down to in earnest this past winter. Clearly, Soleri will approve only those designs that possess the cavelike warmth and vaulted spaciousness of the buildings at Cosanti. Dimensions for the living units in a typical arcology are usually given as 20 feet high by 40 feet wide by 60 feet deep—"enough room," as writer Richard Register has observed, "to build two floors, move in earth and start a good-sized garden."

Most important, as such details come off the drawing boards, we'll finally get a look at Soleri's ideas for the public places in his arcologies. Cities' open areas—Rio's Copacabana, the Boston Public Gardens, the Champs Elysées in Paris—give them whatever character they have, and the corresponding parts of the arcologies promise to be wondrous. Imagine a ride on a curving, 30-story escalator suspended or cantilevered into the center of an arcology: rising in minutes through a commercial center, then a terraced layer of playing fields, theaters and auditoriums, now a zoo, above it the city senate—all of them festooned with footbridges and elevators and hung in great shafts of light. For the more fantastic cities, the setting would determine the spirit of the place: The arcology called Stonebow is intended to span a canyon, where the successive geological, fossil and floral layers would "remind man of the miracle of life emerging and perpetuating itself in endless ways." Soleri's Arcoindian cities would be cut into great gashes in cliff faces; life would take place in a vast amphitheater facing the desert or the sea under a broad semidome of sky. Novanoah I is intended to float free on the seas, harvesting them in the pursuit of "an all-new and fantastic culture, adding new folds to the human condition."

But what if there's a power failure—or an earthquake or an enemy attack? And won't the arcologies be noisy as Bedlam? Certainly with each miniaturization they would become more vulnerable to breakdown from failed generators, from acts of God—and of the Kremlin or Peking, if one's thinking runs that way. But presumably they'd be built away from earth faults (and in fact would be more stable than slender high-rises). Because they'd be planned from scratch, they'd have at least as much fire resistance and backup power capability as Manhattan has. And they'd be roughly as susceptible to attack as Manhattan is—indeed, as any city is.

All the larger arcologies include plans for airstrips or landing pads on their peripheries, and—the noise of the planes aside—it seems obvious that the guts and workings of the structures would make them hum, as high-rise buildings do. Soleri has confidence that existing and expectable technology can guarantee silence in the private and even the public places of the megabuildings: He refers to the arcaded shopping centers of the Phoenix area as examples of successful sound engineering. These enclosed, colonnaded malls are eerily quiet even when milling with people—"almost too quiet," Soleri says, "for the Latin temperament."

But if noise can be shut out, people can't, and this is the heart of the matter. The actual density in the arcologies is somewhat lower than first appearances suggest, but clearly the essence of the arcological idea is a commitment to living in close, continuous contact with others. It may call for a greater change than any of us is capable of or will ever want to attempt. The first use of real wealth today is the purchase of privacy—in the form of a 30-acre farm in exurbia or a roomy penthouse fortified against strangers by location, guards and remote-control television. If a man who lives in an apartment at the top of Chicago's towering, multipurpose John Hancock Center wants to work at

"Eddie, you're going to have to do better than, 'I'll show you mine, if you'll show me yours.'"

Sears Neets n Grubs.™ They won't turn you into a playboy or make you six feet tall. They're for guys who are confident to begin with.

Aside from being great looking jeans (which you can see), Neets n Grubs are as comfortable feeling as any jeans money can buy.

And not very much money at that.

Of course, if you know about Sears, you know about value.

What you may not know is how come Perma-Prest® Neets n Grubs are so comfortable.

They stretch. And when they're through stretching, they go right back to their original shape. Just like the guy inside.

That's comfortable. That's new looking, old feeling, stretchable Neets n Grubs. In an exclusive blend of Trevira® polyester, Avril® rayon and Lycra® spandex. In Trim n' Tight and Trim Regular. In a variety of patterned and solid colored flares. And in The Jeans Joint at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores, or through the Catalog.

Neets n Grubs and all that goes with them at THE JEANS JOINT in

Sears The Men's Store KINGS ROAD shop

SUPPLIER FOR THE U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM

midnight in his office 20 floors below, he rides down to the lobby, like a Bantu shows a pass to a guard, and then boards another elevator for the ride up to the office. He does so willingly, knowing that the procedure keeps the real Bantus from his sanctuaries.

If we delight in the company of our own children and tolerate the presence of our parents, we surely don't surround ourselves with other people's children, other people's old folks. But Soleri remembers Turin, where all the citizens were "part of a cultural and social system that was giving them something of substance." He writes: "The playground [in today's city] is the act of condescending to playfulness in a habitat where grimness, ugliness and danger are endemic and offer the last measure of unconcern in an adult world gone sour. The playground is segregative. The absence of children in the so-called respectable public places is disheartening. The child has reason to become irresponsible and destructive, caged, as he is, away from the 'other world.' Arcology is an 'environmental toy.' As a miniaturized universe it offers unending elements for surprise and stimulation. There will not be fenced-in playgrounds. The whole city is the place where the child is acting out the learning process, one aspect of which is play."

And on old people: "One of the ravages of 'mobility,' or at least directly accountable to it, is the institutionalized ghetto for the elderly. Following the generalized scattering of things and thoughts, the family has broken down into four main fragments: the young, the parents, the grandparents and the anonymous relative. Aging being common to all (the lucky ones), all will have a taste of the tragic segregation of the aged; the insurance company and social security will not do, lest man become or remain marketable goods. The implications of 'arcological life' are the most favorable for reintegration of the different age groups and thus for the knitting of family strands."

Soleri's intention, then, is nothing less than the destruction of the alienation we feel not only from the underclasses in our cities but from our parents and acquaintances. The project may be hopeless. It may even be undesirable. (One can at least entertain the idea that we should all become more isolated, more mute.) But if life is truly in the thick of things—if contact with others, and the care for them that follows contact, is the stuff of life—then arcology, if only as an experiment, is desirable. And the way Arcosanti is taking shape suggests that, at least on a small scale, the undertaking may be feasible.

• • •

Three days after he met with the apprentices at the swimming pool—this still at the beginning of last summer, Arcosanti's first full building season—Soleri joined them at the site. It's in ranching country, high desert halfway between Phoenix and Flagstaff. When Arcosanti is built, it will straddle a modest-sized mesa that looks down onto a plain traversed by the gulch of the Agua Fria River. You come over the lip of the mesa to get to the work camp below it, at the edge of the riverbank, and the sight is quintessentially Western: The earth is suede gray, mottled with chaparral and cacti. Ash and cottonwoods stand along the banks of the branch, their tops hugely round and kelly green in the sunlight, forest green in the broad angled shadow of the butte.

"It's going to be right on the edge of that mesa," a goofy, insurrectionary staffer named Jerry O'Shaughnessey said, "and it'll look down into this valley, so everyone can sit up there and get stoned and say how beautiful it is." He paused, grinned. "We can all look at the cracks in the cement."

"Why will the cement crack?"

"Because everything Soleri does has cracks in it. It's his touch. It's the Italian touch."

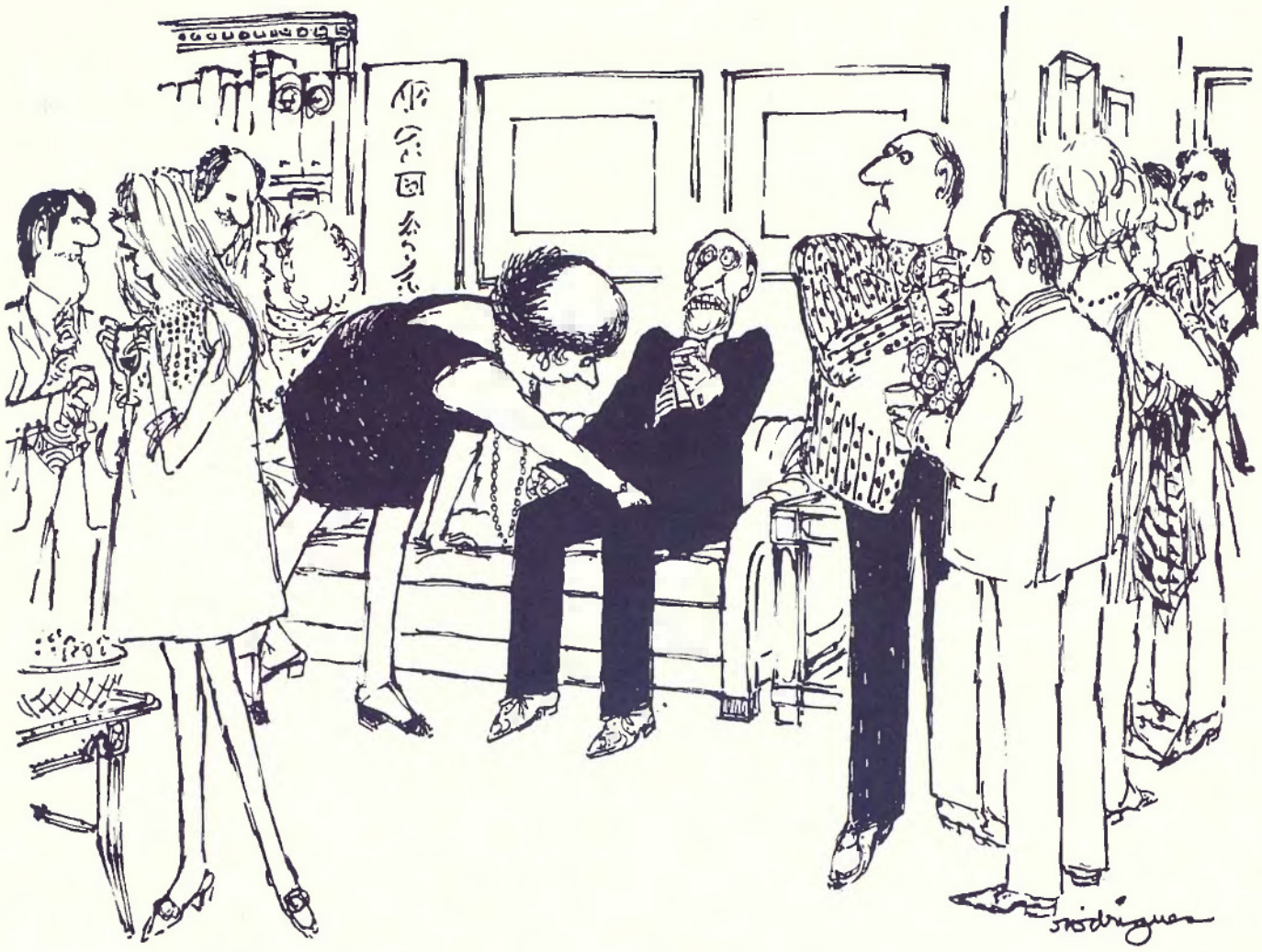
One of the girls from the new group had discovered she couldn't make it without her boyfriend and headed back to the East Coast, but the rest were flushed with sunburns and work. The mesa itself had been surveyed and there'd been some surface excavation, but last summer the main construction was to be at the workers' camp, which won't be attached to the main structure. The kids had been pouring and smoothing concrete in modular slabs that were lifted and fitted together to make cubes with big circular holes in the walls; some of them slept in the cubes, some in a long wooden dormitory. When Arcosanti is built, this area might become a playground. Already someone had hung a 40-foot Tarzan's rope from one of the tall cottonwoods overhanging the gully.

On his arrival, Soleri ran into a problem: A volunteer had spent the morning laying out a 20′ x 60′ vegetable garden in a plot at the edge of the riverbank. On close inspection, Soleri determined that the land sloped in the direction of the tilled rows, although the tilt was nearly impossible to see, less than a couple of degrees. Soleri insisted that the rows be laid out in the other direction, to follow what amounted to an imagined contour of the land, despite the young man's protest that with the intensive French horticulture he'd planned for the garden, even a visible contour wouldn't matter. Soleri would have none of it, for the first time in four days exhibiting an unbending willfulness.

He seemed more himself later in the day, when he led his manual laborers on a trek up the river bed. He'd bought 860 acres of this land from a rancher, with a lease on an additional 3200 acres, and wanted to show the heart of it to his apprentices. The banks of the gulch the Agua Fria has cut rise 30 feet and the trees add another 30 or 40 feet to that. The group walked along the shaded, spacious tunnel of the bottom. (Soleri had hoped to use this river silt as the base for Arcosanti's concrete, but experimentation finally convinced him that he'd have to import standard sand—part of the explanation for O'Shaughnessey's cracks.) Early in the walk, he bent to show the youngsters the water cress that grows in the stream and suggested that one of them come down every day to gather it for their kitchen. Farther along, he stopped to let the straggle catch up with him and pointed above his head to the spot where Arcosanti will rise. He stopped again to indicate the general location of the ranch buildings—which he urged the apprentices not to approach. "They're very nice people," he said. "But they don't like to be bothered."

There was an archetypal fat boy in the group: *Lord of the Flies*' Piggy grown older, pudgier and more nearsighted. In several places, the stream broadened and swung close to a bank, so the file had to leap it or clamber a few feet up the steep, crumbly bank. Heads turned to see if the quiet misfit bringing up the rear would be able to make the jump. Nobody was actively helping him yet—this was only the fourth day they'd been together and his forlorn, stoic expression discouraged it. But heads did turn, concern for him was in the air, and a girl trailed with him—not aligned with him, her expression said, but just as obviously there, ready for him if he fell.

The field trip reached its destination at a stand of smooth boulders near the head of the property. The group climbed onto the broadest rock in the midafternoon sun for another question-and-answer session, this one preceded by a loving, rambling dissertation by Soleri on the land they'd just explored. He told them of the antelope he'd seen on it, insisted on the value of the French Charolais cattle that graze it, apologized for the fact that the rancher has to set poison out for coyotes. He said that he wants to keep the canyon untouched but in fact envisions a service road and pathways cutting through it and suggested that eventually he might want to carve sculpture in the rocky walls. His eyes lit when he described finding the site after years of casual looking in the general area: "It has



"I wish to hell Myra would get over that annoying habit of constantly picking threads off people."

everything—water, accessibility, power. And variety to the land: We have both a top and a bottom, and shade and rock formations. You can really play with it quite a bit."

The first question was from O'Shaughnessey, who last summer was vaguely in charge of integrating the summer workshop groups into the program designed by Soleri and his few permanent staff members: He asked where you catch the bus out. Soleri went along with the laughter and at the same time got across the information that the road connecting Phoenix and Flagstaff was less than a mile away and that a bus stopped at Cordes Junction.

In the course of a discussion about the milk that the camp cook bought from a nearby private school, a girl got Soleri's attention and asked, "Why don't we buy a cow?"

"Yes, why don't you?" Soleri said. A boy volunteered to go out and round up some cows and Soleri said, "Well, you better talk to them first, because they may not know about milk."

More than half this group had come from schools in New York. "I wouldn't know the milking cows from the nonmilking ones," the boy said.

"Well, the first thing to know," Soleri said, "is that it doesn't come from the horns."

Most of the serious questions were about money. After two days of pouring concrete, the young workers had suddenly become obsessed with the discovery that the project they were working on was underfinanced. The foundation is strained to the bottom of its resources by the purchase of the land. Soleri got a used crane for $7500 last year, and there are several salaries to be paid. After the land is paid for, he told them, they might be able to hire a professional who really knows concrete, or a carpenter. He talked about the possibility of getting retired craftsmen to help. But the kids were thinking in terms of major infusions of cash and wondered out loud why the project hadn't gotten support from the big foundations, business or the Government.

Soleri explained that he has no fund raiser because he doesn't have the funds to pay for one. He talked with some bitterness about the developers—there was a group from Dallas that he remembers especially well—that come, and look, and come back and look again, and say they're going to commission or support a major undertaking and then are never heard from again. Finally, he said: "We built Earth House, the first building in Cosanti, in 1956. Every summer since then, production has doubled. The choice was not to build Arcosanti at all or to build it the way we are building it. I could wait until all the millions are flying in or we can go to work now."

Less than five miles away, a Phoenix developer is putting up a patch of conventional second homes, which Soleri is delighted to have so close to Arcosanti

as a measure of the value of his vision. He also thinks the current work at Arcosanti will present the Federal Government with an urban alternative in which the experimental stage has already been completed. But he treated the youngsters' continued insistence on the desirability of a few bulldozers romantically and imperiously. "You shouldn't worry so much about how it will be built," he said. "When they wanted to build a great monastery four hundred years ago, they didn't have machines. They did it with the love and skills of the laborers."

Meanwhile, down in Houston, plans were proceeding for something called the Houston Center, ground for which was broken in January 1972. The center will cover 74 acres in the heart of the city with office towers, hotels, stores and apartment buildings. One guess at the final cost of the project to its developers is one and a half billion dollars. William L. Pereira Associates, the Los Angeles firm that planned it, has separated pedestrian and vehicular traffic, and its low-rise elements suggest an Aztec city. But the 15 towers—slabs and cylinders—that soar out of the life below are vertical filing cabinets. Among the best of the new towns being planned for the desert outside Phoenix is one called Fountain Hills, the principal attraction of which is a plume of white water shooting almost 100 feet higher into the sky than the top of the Great Pyramid of Cheops. Sitting on the boulders with Soleri and his wife and the mix of lost youngsters and tough, accomplished ones he attracts, with thoughts of the other projects in mind—the cautiousness of the designs, the hedged wordings in the hundreds of contracts involved, the spirit in which the laborers work—cynicism about Soleri's naïveté began to seem cheap. If some of the billions of dollars that will be spent on urban experiments in this country in the next couple of decades doesn't flow to Soleri, it will mean that the system determining who gets cash for major undertakings in this society is failing. Funding Soleri surely won't be easy—no matter who does it, there'll be a furious tension between the sponsor and the artist, who hasn't had to answer to anyone but himself through most of his working life. Soleri and Colly will keep the fat kid on the project in one capacity or another, and it's hard to imagine a sponsor standing for that expense. But for all the reasons that can be symbolized by the fact that he *will* keep the fat kid with him, it's time for Soleri's coherent vision to meet the test that adequate financing would provide.

The group had been on the rock for 45 minutes now, and O'Shaughnessey made another joke about the availability of the bus. There was some confusion about which company made the run, and Soleri leaned over as if to touch his ear to the ground. "To tell the difference between a Trailways and a Greyhound," he said, "that takes a real Indian."

• • •

Soleri was one of the last off the boulders as the session broke up, and he called down to a clutch of youngsters, urging them to leave the river bottom but not to cross the grounds near the ranch buildings. They couldn't understand him—in part because of his accent, in part because he knew east from west and they didn't—and one boy in particular kept asking if he was supposed to stay to the left or the right. Finally, Colly said, "He doesn't understand a word you said, Paolo," and Soleri thought he recognized the missing key: "Yes, well," he said, turning to beam down at the boy, who looked like Prince Valiant, "Stay to the east, *man*."

Not the least of the paradoxes about Soleri is the fact of his dependence on the anti-authoritarian, usually anti-city counterculture. The kids not only come and pay him to work for him each summer, they return to school, many of them, and proselytize for his ideas in situations where, increasingly, what the students want to study is what will damned well be taught. In return, Soleri gives them a chance to pick up some construction skills for the cost of approximately three weeks of conventional school and a communal experience in the service of an idea, whether or not they understand the implications of that idea. "I don't know exactly why I'm here," said a young man who had just dropped out of his third year in engineering at George Washington University. "I'm certainly not going to see anything of any dimensions built. But it seems like a good cause, and there aren't that many good causes around."

For all of Soleri's pretensions to Wrightian masterfulness, the atmosphere at both of his work sites is loose and long-haired. Very early in the morning, especially on weekends, when Soleri is most likely to be working alone, the loudspeakers at Cosanti carry a variety of classical music. Later in the day, that gives way to The Rolling Stones, or Steve Stills, or the album of the month. One night last spring, in one of the earth houses the apprentices had camped in, a pot of spaghetti cooking on the stove and Tom Rush on a portable KLH and the indigo sky in low arched windows made a mood you could drown in. And Arcosanti is a cross between a summer camp in God's country and a commune, complete last summer with a boy who saluted the sunset upside down, standing on his head for half an hour.

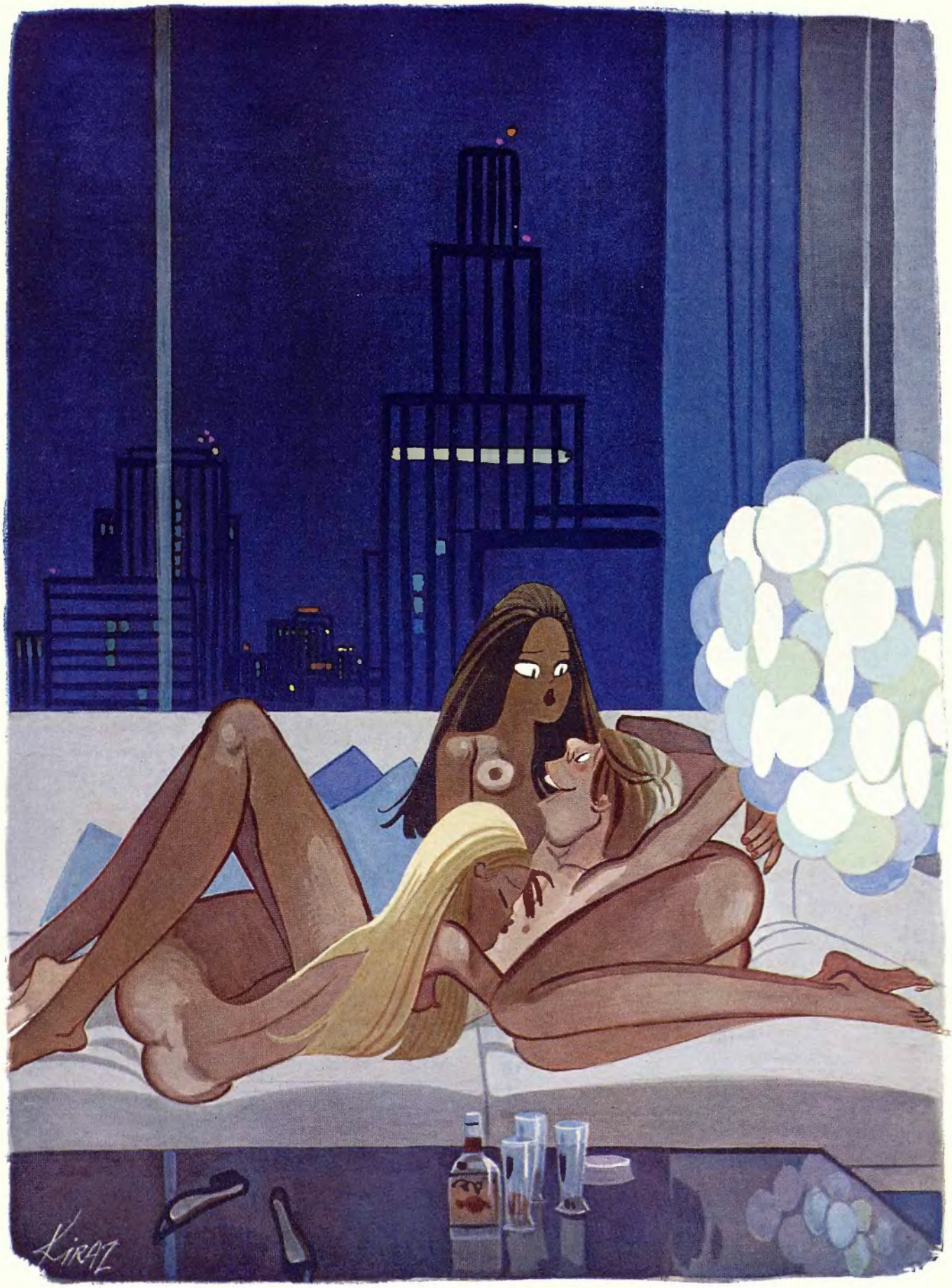
Most important, the experience includes face-to-face contact with the kind of master-teacher we only occasionally produce. Before the walk up the canyon, Soleri sat the group down at the two long tables where they were to eat for the next six weeks and spelled out a few more operating rules. A gentle landlord, he asked that they not paint the concrete but encouraged them to do any other decorating they wished with the inside walls of their cubes. "After a while," he said, "the abandoned, the careless, gets on everybody's nerves. So you might have a wild idea. Fine. But demonstrate that that wild idea is cared for—that you are really interested in doing it, and are not going to abandon it."

Soleri is an innocent. He doesn't know how to approach the foundations for grants, or clients for commissions. His ideas are wilder than the countryside he's adopted and the fantasies of the youngsters he attracts. But he cares for them with a passion, and they assuredly will not be abandoned.

• • •

Through the rest of last summer and, with smaller crews, on through the winter, he accomplished much more at Arcosanti than a skeptical visitor had thought possible. Except for finishing touches, the work camp is now complete. It includes a spacious octagonal meetinghouse, a geodesic dome that has been used as a carpentry shop and this summer will be converted into a dormitory, and its final complement of 24 cubes. More important, the first small pieces of Arcosanti itself have been set into the mesa. By this fall, the structure will house a concrete casting plant, a ceramics workshop and a foundry, as well as a few living areas and possibly a swimming pool. (It's desert, after all, and Soleri wants to build without air conditioning.) He no longer talks about hiring more professionals: There are five architects and an engineer on the salaried staff, and he feels that he's developing a steady supply of competent craftsmen in the workshops.

Standing in Arcosanti's rough concrete foundation, on the edge of the empty Arizona sky, the visitor this spring remembered the walk back to the camp from the boulders. Then it was Soleri who lagged. He stopped to scoop up a sheet of heavy plastic that had blown down into the gulch from the camp—and filled the other hand with bunch after bunch of water cress. The visitor realized for the first time that, if it takes 20 years, Arcosanti will be built, with or without the foundations. And even if the millions do start flowing in, Soleri will continue to police and harvest the Agua Fria, teaching a generation that there are things to be built, and ways to build them, that will outlast even the concrete dream.



"It was a good idea of your mother's, to make you bring along a chaperone."

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

(continued from page 158)

Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, who also was to present her with a special $5000 cash prize from PLAYBOY. The queen's ransom by no means ends there; her bounty includes:

The $10,000 Lincoln-Mercury De Tomaso Pantera, in Playmate Pink, a 44-inch-high 150-mph two-seater from Italy, powered by a 351-cubic-inch four-barrel V8 Ford engine.

A Playmate Pink $600 custom-made three-wheel Easy Rider all-terrain vehicle from Track & Sports, Inc., of Dearborn Heights, Michigan.

A Playmate Pink 1972 Schwinn Super Sport ten-speed bicycle and accessories.

A ski week at Arosa, Switzerland, hosted by Roger Staub, plus private ski instruction from the Roger Staub Ski School.

Air transportation to Switzerland via Swissair.

Lodging at the Alps' newest winter-sports resort, the Tschuggen Hotel, Arosa.

Ski fashions by Roffe.

Ski sweaters by Demetre.

Marco Polo down-insulated ski apparel from Don Shingler.

Promark ski gloves by Wells Lamont Corporation.

Spalding Sideral skis.

Gertsch ski bindings.

Foam-injected Spalding ski boots.

Prismatic ski poles and Bausch & Lomb ski glasses and goggles, all from Collins Ski Products.

Après-ski sweaters from Montant.

Après-ski boots by Henke.

Three-piece set of luggage by Playboy/Rathcon.

A Smith-Corona Electra 210 typewriter.

A Sony portable cassette recorder and player with AM/FM radio from Gramophones and Things of Monterey, California.

A Smasher aluminum tennis racket and Playmate Pink tennis balls by Spalding.

Jantzen swimsuits.

Sunglasses from Renauld International.

Hallmark Jet Set Mirror-Go-Lightly by Victory-Hallmark.

A make-up collection from Syd Simons.

Wigs, hairpieces and eyelashes from Brentwood Bellissima.

Seiko designer watches.

A ruby-eyed gold Rabbit pin from Maria Vogt.

With all that bounty, Liv will be set for fashion, travel and sports. But a career-oriented gift for our very career-minded Playmate of the Year also seemed in order. And since Liv had done some professional singing in Norway, what could be better than a recording contract from Playboy Records?

But that's still not all: To top everything off there's a case of pink *brut* champagne—in magnums—courtesy of Paul Masson, perfect for toasting her good fortune. Here's looking at you, Liv.

"I know all that, Pop. Let's get on to the perversions."

HOLLYWOOD'S SECOND COMING

(continued from page 124)

Vernon threatened to punch a Paramount executive who had come to watch him work, Tony persuaded the man to leave. As a manager he had been effective; now he felt ready to be effective as a creator. After a visit with Arkin, he got back to Bart and Evans.

"Alan and I are sure we can save the picture," he said.

"Save it," said Bob Evans.

• • •

Keith Williams, president of Local Number 47 of the Los Angeles Musicians Union, is a short, square-faced man with a chronic case of negotiator's face. Honest and progressive, he spoke frankly about the current state of the movie unions.

"The position of labor in this town is impossible now," he said softly. "Using a 1960 base, unemployment in most of the film trades is running better than 60 percent. People are forced to take what they can get, and as a result the town is loaded with scab productions. We do what we can to police the situation—in a two-day blitz I turned up 144 violations—but you can't keep that up. Let's face it, we've lost control of our members. Does this mean that union labor has priced itself out of the market? I don't think so. You check what carpenters make in this business against what carpenters make in straight construction—you'll get a shock. But it's true you just don't need the big crews, and what's more nobody can afford them.

"Nowadays, there's a spirit of accommodation in the movie unions. People realize that if they ask for more than there is, there won't be anything for anybody. Helping the industry now is the best way of helping ourselves. So we want to negotiate creatively, but who are we negotiating with? Management's negotiator used to represent the big studios. Now he's talking for hundreds of small companies. Suddenly both sides are rank and file. Our question is, will the contract be binding? Will all these little companies actually do what their negotiator agrees to do?"

Billy Hunt, the hardhanded steeplejack turned movie lawyer who handles the industry's labor relations, gave a straight answer to that: "There's always been a problem of enforcement, and it's harder now—on both sides. Both sides are in flux. We're rejiggering institutions and ways of dealing. The rigid studio structure has already changed. The rigid union structure is beginning to change. Movie unions are craft unions and there are more than 40 of them. Kind of thing where the guy who puts nails in can't pull them out. Also, the contracts require a producer to overhire—in some jurisdictions by as much as 50 percent. All this slows production down

and makes it damned expensive. Relax the work rules, we say, and runaway production will come home again. You'll also get a massive inflow of capital that will benefit everybody. For our part, we've got to provide retraining and other ways of protecting displaced workers. It's a time for statesmanship and the union leaders seem to understand this."

"Statesmanship," said Norman Stevans, president of the Screen Extras Guild, "as usual comes a little too late." Tall and nobly domed, Stevans exudes a subtle aura of prime minister, but he has been a lowly extra for 29 years. "Last year the average extra's income dropped more than a third," he told me. "Year before, it dropped 25 percent. Now the FCC has cut 30 minutes a night out of network prime time. That will cut our income another 30 percent. So we're off more than 80 percent in three years. At $35.65 a day, you can't make a living as an extra anymore. Nowadays we're lucky to get one day a week. There are 12,000 actors in Hollywood, but most of them make less than $1000 a year. Everybody's moonlighting —I sell real estate, a friend of mine is a bartender. It's either that or go on unemployment."

I checked the unemployment office in Hollywood that handles most movie people. "Unemployment's still serious in the industry," a Miss Rasmussen told me. "We're still giving the Federal extended benefit—a maximum of 13 weeks at $65 a week—in addition to the maximum normal benefit of 26 weeks at the same figure. But I think the worst is over. In March of '71, about 7900 movie people were picking up checks at this office. At the start of this year we were down to 3570." As I left the office, I saw John Phillip Law arrive. When *The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming* was released, he was hailed as the new Gary Cooper.

• • •

Chaplin called Hollywood an asylum run by the inmates. I've always found it a place where you can rest from reality. My last trip out had been restful indeed: A year ago, half the people here were stoned. So far this visit, nobody had offered me a joint. What had happened? Nothing dramatic. Hair was still long and only a few top executives wore suits. Streets were still full of beautiful blonde girls in faded blue jeans running you down in shiny Ferraris. But it struck me that I was seeing entirely too many clear eyes this time and hearing altogether too much intelligent conversation. Seeing sanity in Hollywood is like meeting your psychoanalyst at an orgy. It's unsettling. I hurried out and collected reassurance.

In a Hamburger Hamlet, I met Jim Mitchum sitting with a friend. Last time I saw Jim, he was a roaring radical. Last time I saw his friend, he was high on a

mountaintop in Peru. "Hey, man," Jim said dreamily, "did you hear what Nixon said about China? Far out. I really hated that man, but I gotta admit I was wrong. He's really getting it together for all of us. He's changed my life." Eyes shining, his friend agreed. "Right on, man. He's really quelling the demons!"

An actress told me she went to a party given by a screenwriter and noticed that the seven or eight guests who were sitting down didn't move. She spoke to one. He didn't answer. She touched him. He was a store dummy and so were all the others, carefully dressed in party clothes to look like real men and women. When she mentioned them to the host, he looked startled. "I was afraid they'd come," he muttered.

"The movie colony has gone all out for cosmetic surgery," said Dr. John Williams, a well-known plastic surgeon in Beverly Hills. "Since the slump, we've had our hands full. Fewer jobs, more competition. Everybody's trying to look his best. Doing a lot more men now, face lifts and eyelid surgery. An eye job, all four eyelids, costs $750 to $1500." How do out-of-work actors pay for such operations? "Oh, BankAmericard." Breast implants, Dr. Williams explained, are more expensive: "About $1500 for both breasts. Three for $2000."

At Frank Inn's menagerie ("Trained Dogs, Working Cats and Clever Critters"), a trainer named Bob Blair said business had been off. When I asked if he had an unemployed dog I could interview, he introduced me to a small whiskery mutt named Josephine. "Been out of work two years." When I asked how it felt to be unemployed, Josephine instantly rolled over and played dead.

Joe Seide is a 40-year-old ex-heavyweight who looks like Henry VIII from behind but when he turns around it's Al Capone. In 6 years as an actor's manager, he has brought to a rare perfection the fine art of living high while scraping bottom. In 1966, when he met a talented young baritone named Grant Griffin, Joe had $800 in the bank and a Diners Club card, and Grant had an 18-year-old cow pony. With Grant, Joe formed a company called Grantissimo Records and applied for a $50,000 loan at a well-known Los Angeles bank. For collateral he offered the horse. "Is it a thoroughbred?" the bank officer asked. "Yes, indeed," said Joe, reciting an impressive pedigree. He got the loan and later another $25,000.

Joe spent most of the money promoting Grant, and by 1968 Grant was pulling in about $50,000 a year on the night-club circuit—not bad, but hardly enough to keep them both in the style to which Joe aspired. So he took in some more partners and raised another $150,000. He also kept his eye peeled for another client, and one day he found her in an unlikely place: in junior high school, teaching his 14-year-old son.

Dark, pretty, intelligent and traffic-stoppingly voluptuous, Anna Grazziella Boccaccio said she'd love to be in show business. So Joe scouted up some more stockholders, sent Anna to a singing teacher and late in 1968 introduced her to the public as Poupée Bocar in a series of full-page wolf whistlers that appeared in the trade papers. In a few weeks, Poupée began to get TV and picture offers—she's in *The Last Movie* and *Pocket Money* and has appeared in many prime-time series. Grant's career has been coming along, too. Last year, Joe produced a successful Grant Griffin TV special—costarring Milton Berle, one of Joe's stockholders.

For about two years now, Joe has been living real well. So have Grant and Poupée, who last year, at Joe's suggestion ("It's a tax break for everybody"), got married. All three have accounts at all the better restaurants and give five-dollar tips to parking-lot attendants. Grantissimo Records hasn't done all that well by its stockholders, however, and for the banks it hasn't done much of anything. Though his total debt is $285,000, Joe has angled and wangled so shrewdly that he pays interest on only $50,000.

Sam Peckinpah, the Mozart of violence (*The Wild Bunch, Straw Dogs*), has the eyes of Genghis Khan in a Johnny Carson face. Reeling back from a four-hour lunch, he arrived for our appointment with two handsome black girls jabbing their big breasts into his ribs and taking turns swallowing his tongue. "Later!" Sam murmured torridly. Pushing them away, he snatched a wicked-looking hunting knife and hurled it full force at the opposite wall of his office. The blade drove deep into a cork target as the phone rang. Sam answered it and listened for about 20 seconds. "Fuck off!" he roared. "This is the guy I want and you fucking find a way to get him!" One of the girls began to rub against him and whisper pleadingly in his ear. I figured it was time to be going. Sam slammed the door behind me. "Listen, you cocksucking bitch!" I heard him yell as I crossed the parking lot.

• • •

One night Tony Bill was driving Liza Minnelli home on his Honda 350. By a brilliant swerve he avoided a car that had gone out of control; but his bike ran off the road. Liza suffered minor injuries and Tony escaped with a concussion and slight permanent damage to his left arm. To Tony's friends, the incident adds to an impression that he bears a charmed life. "He's truly fey in the old Celtic sense," one of them says. "He walks between the raindrops."

Tony's looks are fey. You can never quite get a fix on him. His dark eyes blur and clear. His features seem rugged one moment and evanesce the next. When he walks he moves subtly, like water. He dresses subtly, too, in odds and ends that quietly agree. In a town that adores aggressiveness, Tony seems a little vague. "But he's more forceful than people think," says his secretary. "He just operates unobtrusively." Things happen when Tony is around, but most people never realize how intense and talented he is. "A beautiful guy" is the usual summation and in fact Tony is natural, kind, witty. "He is also angry," says another moviemaker, "but he doesn't seem aware of it. If he could get hold of that anger, it would drive him to a big achievement."

Tony's talent showed up early. As a boy in San Diego, where his father was a real-estate agent, he was a prize piano pupil. At 14, he was a glider pilot and a skillful painter. At Notre Dame, where he went on scholarship, he flowered as an actor and a poet. At 20, he won a Fulbright for writing, but before he could use it he became a movie star. On a visit to Hollywood, he dropped in to read for the juvenile lead in a Frank Sinatra picture, *Come Blow Your Horn* —and got the part.

Seven years later, seven years of ups (*Castle Keep*) and downs (*Marriage on the Rocks*), Tony was 30 and bored with acting. So he dreamed up *Deadhead Miles*, got Malick to write it, sold the story to Alan Arkin and then took his package to Paramount. Even before *Deadhead* started shooting, Tony had more projects in mind than any man could handle. So last year, after the Arkin-Bill revision of *Deadhead Miles* led to a final break with Vernon, he struck a partnership with a shrewd young New York lawyer named Mike Phillips and Phillips' wife, Julia, a witty, ambitious girl who had been a film executive in New York. The arrangement works well. "It's a swim-together, sink-together sort of thing," Tony says. "More like a literary community, not so lonely. We balance one another out. Mike has this terrific hard legal mind and Julia brings a background in movies and publishing and a complex feminine thing. They pull me up when I'm down and I do the same for them. We widen one another's circle of experience and opportunity. I tend to question myself more than I need to. I'm a classic fallen Catholic and I have a real hard time finding something to take its place. My partners and my wife make me hang in there, substantiate, stay to the end. I never learned to argue till I had partners. It's a great step forward."

• • •

So you want to be a movie star?

"It's a throwaway culture," Paul Newman told me with the look of a man who has had it up to here, "and we're disposable celebrities. Wayne, me, McQueen and a few others hang on, but where do you go from here?" He

Generation gap?
JIM BEAM never heard of it.

Orson Welles is the father. And an acclaimed actor. Rebecca Welles Moede is the daughter. And an aspiring actress.

They're of different generations, these two. But they're very much alike when it comes to the love they share for their craft.

The Beams, too, have a craft. Different but no less compelling—the distilling of Kentucky Bourbon. And for 177 years now, son has followed father with a love for that craft.

It's a proud record.

It's a proud Bourbon. Smooth and light and mellow. With a rich aroma full of promise.

Jim Beam. For six generations; one family, one formula, one purpose. The world's finest Bourbon.

The world's finest Bourbon since 1795.

86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY

finished a tiny can of Olympia beer in one contemptuous gulp.

We were sitting in a sound truck 40 miles south of Tucson, where Newman was doing his last scenes in *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean* for First Artists, the independent production company he had formed with Steve McQueen, Sidney Poitier and Barbra Streisand. There was more white than gray in his hair now, but the blue eyes were still as blue and cold as a trout's.

"I used to care about the money and the acclaim," Newman went on, "but now all I care damn-all about is making the picture. The act itself. At First Artists, we've got complete creative autonomy. Plus"—he raised a forefinger—"an accurate accounting. Brother, when you deal with a major studio, you just try to get an honest statement of what you've spent. Hire an actor for $1000, it never costs you less than $1250. But we'll *know* what this picture costs. No goddamn tampering, no questions asked."

Director John Huston, looking like a Rembrandt grandee with the sunset in his sideburns, tried one more shot, but the day was too far gone. "Forget it," he said, "we've lost it!" Newman grunted. The delay was costing him, but at least he would know how much. He hollered for another can of Olympia.

Burt Reynolds has a problem—we should all have his problem. He longs to be a comedian, but he is doomed to be a sex symbol. "What I really like," he told me at his unpretentious pad just off Sunset Strip, "is sitting in for Johnny Carson. But most of the time I've gotta act. Frankly, I'm a lousy actor. I'm one of those failures who has failed up."

Dinah Shore came in from the kitchen with a tray of hot hors d'oeuvres. "Cut it out, Burt. You did pretty well in *Deliverance*." Burt grinned and dispatched three large meatballs. He works out with weights every morning and looks dangerously healthy.

"*Deliverance* is the first really interesting part I've had. People have always taken me for an animal, and it's really my fault. First big audition I had out here, the phone rang in the middle of it. So I ripped the phone out of the wall and went on reading. Another time I threw an assistant director in a lake. And I've got this bed."

While Dinah fixed more meatballs, Burt showed me his bed. The four posts were as thick as tree trunks and shaped like phalluses, and the mattress was about five feet above the floor. "Once I get 'em in," Burt explained happily, "they can't get out." How did he feel about appearing naked on the centerfold of *Cosmopolitan*? He shrugged. "Stirred up the star-fuckers. But what I'd really like to do next is play *It Happened One Night*, that sort of thing. I mean, since Mitchum, how many actors with balls can be funny, too?"

He wouldn't tell me his real name. "I was a star," he said with shy pride when we met by appointment in a Mexican restaurant. "They called me the Pat Boone of hard core. I look a little bit like Pat Boone, don't you think?" He didn't, really. He had blond hair and a country face that looked wasted. He said he came from Minnesota.

"We had a farm, but when Pa got the kidney trouble, we couldn't meet the store bills. So I come out here figurin' to work in a airplane factory and send money home." He wound up working as a bus boy and sending about five dollars a week home. One night he made it with a waitress who told him, "With that thing there, you could be a star in pictures." An agent had "some glossies of it" made; within a week, the young man was making his first picture.

A star overnight, he soon was shooting every day. "Them directors kept yellin' at me to get it off, get it off!" After losing 30 pounds, he came down with a bad dose, but was soon hard at work again. "I was bringin' in $100 a day by then," he explained, "and I couldn't afford to quit. Finally it went up to $200 a day." Riding high, he rented an eight-room split-level back of the Strip and bought a Pontiac Grand Prix. "It sure was great," he said wistfully, "to walk down the Strip of an evenin' in my stretch pants showin' everything I got an' two chicks either side of me an' everybody sayin' that's him, he's the star of the pornographic movies!"

In less than a year, the glory faded. After many reinfections, he was costarred with "this Filipino girl with the strong jaw." Her action in fellatio was so powerful, he explained, that "she could make me shoot six feet straight up in the air and the directors liked that." He soon developed what he called "a varicose vein in my pecker. It hurts real bad every time I get hard. I had a operation, but it came right back."

In the past year, he said, the market for hard-core films had fallen off sharply, so now he was working as a bus boy again while waiting to make a comeback. "Hell," he said, "I'm only 22."

• • •

On the whole, my experience of Hollywood suggests that it's better to be behind than in front of the camera. Moviemakers seem to have more amusing miseries.

"A producer is everything!" Ross Hunter exclaimed almost ecstatically. "God, psychoanalyst, stud!" Being everything obviously suits producer Hunter just fine. He is inordinately proud of his last picture, *Airport*, which grossed better than $44,500,000; and the mere thought of his next picture, a musical version of *Lost Horizon* featuring ten stars and the year's biggest budget (over $6,000,000), plunged him into a paroxysm of lunch.

Financially, Hunter has not suffered from the industry's decline. In his pink flush of affluence a million tiny blood vessels sang of contentment, and he was wearing a sports jacket you could mortgage. Professionally, he was outraged. "The industry has let the public down. People are starved for entertainment. *Cinéma vérité* and underground films are a pile of shit. We need stars, glamor! Let's get back to glass cages, where people can see but not touch."

Isn't the public today too sophisticated to be taken in by glamor? "Not at all. The real trouble is, the studios don't bother to make stars anymore and everybody else has forgotten how. On top of that, it's hard to be a star and the young actors and actresses just don't want to work that hard. But I treat my stars like stars. They get fresh flowers in their dressing rooms every day. Limousines pick them up and take them to pee. And I *give* them their wardrobes!

"The secret of producing," Hunter summed up, "is really caring. I get so involved that I cry when I see the rushes and I just have to run over to the set and tell everybody how wonderful they are! You've got to care if you want to make a have-to-see picture!"

"Why are kittens cute?" Francis Coppola wondered. "So stronger things won't kill them. The defense of youth is energy, and right now a young moviemaker needs all his energy."

Energy beamed from Coppola like light from the sun. His body was full as a ripe fruit, his face was warm and free, he spoke with easy force and intelligence. He was without doubt the healthiest spirit I had found in this maladive community. At the moment, he was also the most successful director in town. *The Godfather*, which he filmed, was about to become the biggest hit of the year.

"Studio executives," he was saying, "are fixtures of the surface. When the shit hits the fan, they always scuttle. They back projects. They lack the courage to back people, to back a body of work for ten years. Look what happened to me in San Francisco. On the strength of commitments from Warner Bros., I went over my ears in debt and built a studio for young directors. When the crunch came, Warner's dropped eight feature projects and left me to die.

"I didn't," he said, and chuckled at the amount of him that had survived. "Neither did the studio. But it's been a hard three years. The point is, I endured—a lot of us endured together. We had goals and we kept to them. We stuck together and we helped each other hang on to what we believed in. That's

REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVER DIVISION; BRIDGEPORT, CONN. REMINGTON; LADY REMINGTON: TRADEMARKS OF SPERRY RAND CORP. © 1971 SRC
SPERRY RAND

Give her a shaver that won't treat her underarms like legs.

Or vice-versa.

Most ladies' shavers have the same problem. They try to be gentle enough for a woman's underarms yet tough enough for her legs. The result of this contradiction is inevitable. They're neither.

The *Lady Remington*® shaver, however, is different. It's like two separate shavers, because it has two separate shaving heads. A gentle one for underarms. And a tough one for legs.

In addition to heads, the Lady Remington has another thing women will appreciate. Muscle. We use the same motor in it as we use in our most expensive men's shaver. (Because a woman needs a shave that's every bit as close as a man's.)

She also needs a manicure. So this Lady Remington comes with a separate manicure attachment.

But besides putting all this function into our shaver, we put some fashion into it. The new shape of the Lady Remington makes it beautiful to look at (As well as more comfortable to shave with.)

What's more we made it convenient, by making this Lady Remington cordless. (And it's re-chargeable.)

This year why not give a woman a Lady Remington shaver especially for her legs. And one especially for her underarms.

The Lady Remington. The only shaver with two heads.

Available in cord and cordless models starting at about $15.00.

been the trouble. There's a business community in Hollywood, but there hasn't been a strong artistic and intellectual community. That's what I've found in San Francisco. . . . It's important for the creative people to get out of Hollywood, with its incessant gossip about deals and disasters and who's making what for how much. Out into places where reality can touch them and awaken their work."

• • •

"It's *The Lower Depths* as a light comedy!" Tony told his partners excitedly. "It's a Marx Brothers movie with balls!" Julia came right back. "Let's buy it!" Mike decided. So they bought *Steelyard Blues* from David Ward, a laughing young lion who at 26 is one of Hollywood's most promising screenwriters. But between the words on paper and the first image on film, there is a long and sinuous road to travel.

Getting the Package Together is the name of this game and Tony began to play it while he and Alan Arkin were still recutting *Deadhead Miles*. Opening gambit: Tony sent the script to Donald Sutherland, who agreed to play the male lead. Next move: At Tony's suggestion, Sutherland asked Jane Fonda to take the female lead. "I'll do it," said Jane. "How about Alan Myerson to direct?" (Myerson had directed the *F. T. A. Show* that she and Sutherland and Peter Boyle had taken to the Army camps.) Myerson was willing and Peter Boyle accepted the third main role. Now came the crunch: Would the three principals agree to take a severe reduction in salary and gamble on a percentage of the profit? They would, and what's more they agreed to take the same amount as the crew members in expense allowances: about $90 a week. "It was sort of a triumph," said Tony, "that a small independent outfit could make such a deal with stars that major studios were willing to pay top dollar for." Tony took the package to Warner Bros. and two days later the deal was on: $800,000 for labor and materials and a delivery date of April 15.

But Tony knew now that a deal is no better than the director involved. He heard with some trepidation that Alan Myerson—who, like Vernon Zimmerman, had never made a movie before—was suggesting a substantial rewrite of a screenplay that everybody else had flipped for. "Jane's part," he insisted, "isn't long enough or strong enough and the other characters need humanizing—they're too much like comic-strip figures. There's a danger that these people, who are revolutionaries in a very personal and wonderful way, will seem like radical bumper stickers, just a few frayed labels. I want to show them as complex individuals, all very different but all brave and crazy and funny and free."

Myerson knew about revolutionaries—he had gone early to Haight-Ashbury, and his calm brown eyes had looked across barricades. Tony was impressed. So was David Ward. David began to rewrite.

• • •

Adolph Zukor, one of the founders of Paramount, is 99 years old. He travels by wheelchair these days and at a public gathering not long ago Jack Benny, who is 70-what?, went up to pay his respects. "How do you do, sir?" Benny asked, bending over to shake hands. "Who's that? Who's that?" the old man demanded testily, peering through the mists of time. "Why, it's me, sir. Jack Benny!" The old man looked startled. "Benny! Well, hello, boy! You still around?"

After two weeks in town, I was still having the Zukor reaction. So much had changed in the movie industry that it was amazing to find anything the same. The dinosaur had been chopped into a thousand small pieces: film labs, acting schools, special-effects services, camera-rental agencies. "Once I could find out what was happening in this town by making six phone calls," an executive told me. "Now I have to make a hundred." But the more I looked around, the more certain I became that the central power structure had survived dismemberment. It was true that almost all the major studios had changed owners in the last six years. It was true that in the process they had let the heavy scepter of creation fall into the eager hands of several hundred independents. Nevertheless, the studios still held the key to the main vault. Through their special relationships with banks, they had a lock on most of the money flowing into production; and for their money they demanded safeguards that amounted to creative control.

The day is done when the head of a major studio, remembering the awesome grosses of *Easy Rider*, could press $1,000,000 into the icy hand of the nearest speed freak and tell him to go out and make any movie he damn pleased. Harder heads are back in style, and men like Lew Wasserman at Universal, Bob Evans at Paramount, Ted Ashley, John Calley and Dick Zanuck at Warner's, Jim Aubrey at MGM, Stan Schneider at Columbia and Gordon Stulberg at Fox have very hard heads these days. It is these men and their close associates, along with a few strong independents and a handful of ingenious and powerful agents, who really run Hollywood now. There are 30–40 executives in this group. I met perhaps 15 of them. All were

"'Maammmy . . . Maammmy . . . I'd walk a million miles for one of your smiles. . . .'"

demonically bright and energized. Here are some of the more striking.

Bob Evans was driving for a deadline. Two years ago, the Evans production of *Love Story*, starring his wife, Ali MacGraw, made $50,000,000 by offering America a treacle fix. Now he was completing his production of *The Godfather*, which figured to make an even larger sum of money. For about an hour, I watched him work. Pale and small and keen, he lay cranked up in a hospital bed that had been wheeled into his private screening room. "Back's been out for five months," he explained with a wince, then with fierce attention he began to structure the titles for *The Godfather*. "I work differently from other studio heads," he told me later. "I get involved in all the technical details." Though Evans made a fortune in Manhattan's garment district before he moved into show business, he is anything but idle rich. "I work every night till at least 11. Ali and I have no social life. I'm not sure how much longer I can keep it up."

Ned Tanen leaped up as I entered and hobbled toward me on crutches with frightening vitality. He was tall and lean and bearded and burning, Rasputin in a sport shirt. "Goddamn shoulder!" he said at top speed. "Just got the wires out yesterday." The phone rang. A blonde secretary rushed into the room, followed by a male nurse, who fed the patient a pill. While Ned took the call, a three-year-old toddled up, looking like a Goya princess. A pretty Jamaican nurse snatched her away. The secretary gave him three messages. "Back in two hours," said a spectacular brunette in a black-silk slack suit, lounging allure in the doorway. "My wife," Ned explained, and as the phone rang again he lifted his cast-encased leg and plopped it onto the hassock in front of his chair. "Don't mind the pain," he said. "Can't *stand* the inactivity!"

To Ned, a vice-president of MCA, activity means "running about 30 projects at once," among them a film unit that produces four to six pictures a year and a subsidiary that handles *Jesus Christ Superstar*. "I built up so much momentum," he said, "that I couldn't stop. My brakes had gone. When the brakes went on my Yamaha, it was symbolic. I'm 40, you know. Got to slow down a little, pace myself." Whereupon he talked for six hours at high speed and vividly about his middle-class California childhood, his stint in Korea, his start in the mail room at MCA. "I don't want to be just a film maker. MCA is in a lot of businesses. Besides, I'm totally and singularly without talent. I just like to stick my neck out. Asserting myself is my vocation."

Sue Mengers, an agent with Creative Management Associates, is not much over 30, but already she is known as the most powerful woman in Hollywood. Her list of clients is formidable (Barbra Streisand, Ali MacGraw, Ryan O'Neal, Peter Bogdanovich, Rod Steiger, Candice Bergen, Ann-Margret, Dyan Cannon, Gene Hackman, Dick Benjamin, Paula Prentiss) and she wields them like bludgeons to get what she wants. When bludgeoning doesn't work, she has other tactics. Stumpy, dumpy and rumpy, she has been known to stand suddenly in the middle of a conference, hike up her skirt, scratch her crotch in full view of all present, sit down and go on talking business with startled opponents as though nothing special had happened. Born in Hamburg, Sue grew up in Manhattan's Washington Heights and settled for a job as an agent's secretary because she couldn't afford college. She arrived in Hollywood three and a half years ago and took the town by storm with her mad muumuus and feisty style. "Agents used to be flesh peddlers," she says. "Now we're idea brokers, too."

Barry Diller is the most productive production chief in Hollywood; as boss of ABC's film division, he turns out 51 movies a year, most of them for *Movie of the Week* and *Movie of the Weekend*. At 30, he is the youngest and statistically the most successful mass producer; in 1971, 15 of the 15 top-rated television movies were made by his division. Short and supercharged, Barry is as pale as marble from overwork and in profile looks startlingly like a bust of Julius Caesar. Though born rich, he dropped out of college and learned show business by working in a mail room. Like most of his peers, he is intense about his success and feels that there is something magical about it. "In a life like this," he told me, "you don't have the advantage of much sit-back. But I'd rather not analyze too much. I'm not going to mess in the matrix that has put it all together."

Mike Medavoy, at 31 the head of International Famous Agency's motion-picture department, is an outspoken and remarkably calm young man with a large view of the industry and its melancholy state. Born in Shanghai in a family of White Russian *émigrés*, he grew up in Chile and studied law at UCLA. Then he started in (you guessed it) the mail room at Universal, turned agent and went looking for fresh talent to grow up with. He had a great eye for it. In short order, he found Tony Bill, John Milius, Monte Hellman, Michael Crichton, Donald Sutherland, Irvin Kershner, Carol Eastman, Terry Malick, Jerrold Freedman, Henry Jaglom and a dozen others—all unknown at the time, all now names to conjure with in Hollywood. Like no other agent I met, Mike

"No woman alive calls Seymour N. Krotzmeyer, Jr., a bad lay and gets away with it!"

fights for the film business as hard as he fights for his clients. "If the young leaders don't get together and save this industry," he said, "we may find there's no industry to save." In the past few months, Mike has helped raise more than $20,000,000 to develop new productions.

Peter Guber, a darkly handsome man of 29 who less than three years after he left NYU's graduate school of business administration was named vice-president in charge of American production at Columbia, has had no time to set off a firecracker string of hits, but he is plainly marked for an important role in the industry. Son of a Massachusetts scrap-metal dealer, he has a degree in law and describes the life of a movie mogul with the freshness of first acquaintance. "The big thing in these jobs is to stay sane and alive. Anything else is pure gravy. They're incredibly punishing. You're on the firing line all the time. It's like facing a machine that's pitching shot-puts at you every few seconds. If you don't keep catching them, there goes your head. It's the kind of experience you can't buy and the kind of experience you can hardly live with. You're hated by the wrong people for the wrong things and loved by the wrong people for the wrong things and rarely, no matter what prodigies you've performed, does anybody ever say thanks. So after a day of this, when you lurch into your mortgaged mansion with a carefully prepared smile on your face, and your wife says, 'Hi, honey, steak or soufflé?,' you can't answer. You just can't handle that big a problem."

• • •

The explosives had been wired in. The actors were on horseback, ready to gallop off. Six cameras stood ready to roll. In the center of a junk yard lay a battered PBY, the last hope of escape for the little band of outsiders the film was all about. "Ready?" Alan Myerson asked his cameramen. Nobody breathed. It was the crucial scene in the picture, the scene in which the plane blew up, the one scene they could not reshoot.

"Ready," the cameramen called softly.

"Roll 'em!" Alan shouted. The cameras whirred. "Fire one!" Alan shouted. The explosives expert hit the button.

Nothing happened. Then a silly little pop! was heard and a small puff of smoke rose from the plane. And that was all. Cast, crew, director stared at one another, then at the explosives expert, who looked ill. Desperate, he hit the second button. The PBY erupted in a magnificent fireball. The cameramen were so startled that only one camera caught the actors galloping from the scene.

"It figures," Tony thought grimly. Right from the start of shooting, trouble had stalked the *Steelyard* company. In the first week on location, a cameraman had been hospitalized with an eye injury. Then, through a misunderstanding, two actors had been hired for the same part. Jane Fonda soon came down with pinkeye and started throwing snits. Harold Schneider, a redoubtable but short-fused production manager, said she "needed a baby sitter," and when Jane heard about it she blew her stack. All the while, the company was harassed by a Third World union group.

Yet as if by magic everything that went wrong came right again. When the cameraman had to leave, Tony got lucky and signed Laszlo Kovacs, the best there is. After Jane's stack had blown, she hung in like a pro and went back to work. As it turned out, Laszlo even managed to squeak through the PBY fizzle with enough good footage to cover, and after 52 days of shooting the picture came in $75,000 under budget. Tony gives Harold Schneider, the youngest son of Abe Schneider, Columbia's board chairman, much of the credit for that. "He drove the whole show along and stretched every dollar to the size of a bed sheet. That PBY, for instance, could have cost us $30,000, but Harold put it together with spit, Scotch tape, a few old plane parts and a couple of generator motors to turn the propellers."

Tony deserves some credit, too. In *Deadhead*, he had discovered his limits; in *Steelyard*, he developed them into a style. By encouraging Mike, Julia and Harold to fight most of the daily battles, he saved his energy and authority for the big decisions and found that he could make them better if he stood a little apart. "I was finally getting used to the idea," he told me, "that a producer just can't have all those nice warm little fixes of approval that an actor gets. All a producer sees when he gets up in the morning is a long cold corridor of decisions."

• • •

Was this really an industry in eclipse? Everywhere I went, I found action, ideas, struggle, good food, great laughs, spectacular women, colorful furies, the crackle of volted personalities. Nothing in the first two weeks had turned out as I'd been led to expect. The big production lots were dead, but the rest of the place was jumping. If Hollywood was a ghost town, the ghosts were having a ball.

Where was all the organization fodder I used to see, the prosperity types with the bad faces who stood around in expensive suits and laughed heartily because the boss wanted your money? "We took a hell of an enema," one executive had told me, "and got the shit out of our blood." What I was seeing now was the densest concentration of energy and brilliance I had encountered since my last visit to MIT. Hollywood today resembles one of those stars the astronomers call white dwarfs. Its collapse has reduced it to a hyperactive core of creative men and women who really care about making movies. Some of the most creative among them are pressing forceful measures to revive the industry.

I discovered that new and ingenious ways of financing films have been worked out. When banks refuse letters of credit, producers go to Wall Street, to industry, to the big pension funds, to the Eurodollar market, to private wealth. One producer told me he had syphoned $500,000 out of an oil sheik. Another claimed he was holding $100,000 from Nevada's prostitution czar. Once a "nut" is put together, a producer can sometimes persuade a film-processing lab and an equipment-rental service to defer collection of their fees until the film is sold to a distributor. Sometimes a fast-talking producer can presell his product to a big distributor and use the agreement as a letter of credit. Distributor-exhibitors like Don Rugoff are heavy investors in film, and even a few minor exhibitors are getting the habit. All this puts pressure on the studios to compete for projects and gets the independent producer a better deal.

New and more flexible ways of marketing movies have been shaping up, too. When the big studios dismantled, they fired almost all their promotion people. "We led the world in showmanship," one studio boss said sadly, "and now we couldn't sell rice in Bangla Desh. We just don't have the bodies." One of the few top promotion men left, Dick Lederer of Warner's, told me that young producers and directors are beating his door down with fresh ideas. Graphics are becoming more startling, theater trailers more expensively hyped, TV ads more frequent and more fun.

I was told that fresh patterns of distribution are forming—for *The Godfather*, Paramount persuaded Loew's to open the picture simultaneously at five of its top Manhattan houses—and that theater owners are getting some much-needed sass. At a recent meeting, a major independent producer informed them that most of their theaters were "an offense to the eye and a pain in the ass"—badly run down, much too big for the reduced audience and too often located in downtown neighborhoods where parking is nonexistent or overpriced. "The day of the Moorish monstrosity is done," a distributor told me. "What we need are entertainment centers that express the spirit of the times, architecturally daring, a complex of theaters and cafés and promenades, an experience in themselves."

All these initiatives, added to some interesting movies, have given a boost to the box office during the past nine months and moviemakers are pushing the money people hard for a boost in production. The "breakaway picture" is what everybody is after. "To get people

out of the house these days," Bob Evans told me, "a picture has to be an event." After the bath they took with youth films, the money men are buying popular entertainment in the standard genres: big Westerns (*The Cowboys*), big musicals (*Fiddler on the Roof*), big best sellers (*The Godfather, Deliverance*), lusty thrillers (*Diamonds Are Forever*) and the kind of pie-eyed burlesque (*What's Up, Doc?*) Buck Henry writes better than anybody.

Mass production demands a mass audience, and most moviemakers are agreed on the best way to get it back. "If the customers won't come to you," Peter Guber told me, "you've got to go to them. Get 'em where they live." Pay TV is the "profit corridor" most executives want to open, and the corridor has several branches. Master antennae systems could reach millions in apartment houses, hotels, hospitals, jails, barracks. Cable TV, already installed in more than 6,000,000 homes, will have an audience of 100,000,000 by 1980. And transmission by satellite could once again put the whole world in Hollywood's wallet. The day pay TV takes hold in any form will be the day Hollywood reindustrializes.

"The Seventies and Eighties," one executive told me, "could bring a major crisis for free public television and the biggest boom in Hollywood history. It could bring the cost of seeing pictures back to where it was 40 years ago. The whole family could watch the world premiere of a new movie for a dollar or $1.50. Movies would have the biggest mass audience in their history. Think of it. In one night on pay TV, a movie could make $30,000,000. In three nights, it could beat *Gone with the Wind*!"

• • •

"I feel like Crusader Rabbit," Tony said with a wry grin as he took a plane to the final preview of *Deadhead Miles* in Nashville. In Boston and New York, he told me, the previews had thudded—partly because they had been mismanaged. "The picture was shown at the wrong time to the wrong audiences, half the time it was out of focus and the sound was so low people missed most of the funny lines." As for the computer analysis of the preview cards, it was a farce. "At the New York preview, only three people under 16 turned in cards. One liked the picture, two didn't. So the computer gravely reported that 67 percent of that age group disliked the picture."

Nashville was Tony's last hope. "This picture ought to be a natural," he told me, "for the country-and-western audience, which is the largest untapped movie audience in this country." As the lights went down, he sat tense. The pretitle sequence, a truck highjacking, seemed to hold the audience. The sound was right this time and the picture clear; Tony had seen to that. Then came the first gag. They missed it. But three minutes later people began chuckling at Arkin's take-off of a red-neck. "You ever see a man step in a bucket of shit and come up with his shoes shined?" Arkin inquired at one point. They roared. The trouble with women, he announced, is that "they've got 55 percent of the population and *all* of the pussy." They howled, and from there on they howled at almost everything Arkin said or did. Tony went out of there on a popcorn high.

Three days later, Bob Evans called and told me soberly: "According to the cards, it wasn't all that good. Half liked it, half didn't. Frankly, it looks as if this picture will have a hard time finding an audience." Tony fought on. He wrote a three-page letter to Frank Yablans, the new president of Paramount, projecting the picture's potential and laying out a release policy and a publicity campaign to extract that potential. Six weeks later, Yablans sent him a curt reply rejecting all his suggestions.

"So there we are," Tony said, his eyes bright with anger. "They're going to bury it."

• • •

One fine Sunday morning in Santa Monica, a small man stepped out of a large Rolls-Royce and got undressed in

ARMSTRONG
RHINO TUFF
TIRES...

the middle of the street. Slipping into a pair of trunks, he hailed a passing Meter Maid and asked her for a nickel, which he then put into the parking meter. After running a fast seven miles on the beach, he remounted his Rolls and rode back to Beverly Hills for breakfast. "Aaah!" he sighed happily. "Working under pressure fills you up with poison. Everything looks good after a run!"

Everything looks good to Fouad Said, period. As the inventor of Cinemobile, the most revolutionary development in film production since the start of the studio system, he is a rising power in Hollywood today. At 38, he will soon be one of the richest men in town. Though Cinemobile was established only seven years ago, the company now has units in New York, Toronto, Mexico City, London and Australia, as well as in Los Angeles, and last year it grossed almost $7,500,000.

"A Cinemobile unit is a motion-picture studio on wheels," Said explained as we sat in his elegant little patio and piled into an enormous gourmet breakfast served by his 24-year-old Austrian wife. In his red Parisian jacket, yellow Italian sweater and gray-flannel slacks by Carmen Lamola, Said was playing peacock for the press and sultan to his charming harem of one. "Most movies nowadays are shot on location," he explained. "It's much cheaper than using sound stages. But location shooting has always been primitive and clumsy. With a big picture, you send out ten trucks with ten drivers, a crew of 70 and so much garbage that it takes you an hour to set up and an hour to wrap. With Cinemobile, no matter how big the picture is, you send out one truck and a maximum crew of 14. Ten minutes to set up, ten minutes to wrap. Cinemobile saves 20 percent of the cost of labor and materials on any picture and adds 25 percent to the daily output."

On the way down to the Cinemobile garage, Said gave me his résumé: "Born in Egypt, had an uncle in the movie business, worked as assistant cameraman on *Land of the Pharaohs*, enrolled at USC and studied film, became a television cameraman and built my first Cinemobile in a Volkswagen bus while I was doing locations for *I Spy*." In the garage there were eight vehicles, ranging in size from a small panel truck to a behemoth double-decker bus. "The little one rents for $300 to $350 a day and can cover most situations that arise on a television location. The big one costs $750,000, and rents for $1500 a day. It's a loss leader. We made it to break the hearts of our competitors."

Inside the big bus, there were five dressing rooms, seats for 32 passengers, an icebox for film, an 11-channel mobile telephone and two huge aircraft generators. All around the outside of the bus there were storage closets, 29 in all, and in each closet a different kind of production equipment (camera, sound, electrical, mechanical) was stored. The roof of the bus was fitted for use as a shooting platform. "Our new version," Said said smugly, "will be a good deal longer and will include a complete kitchen and a rather large restaurant. No more box lunches."

As we said goodbye, I asked him what Fouad Said meant in Egyptian. "Happy Heart," he said, and smiled.

Cinemobile is only the leading edge of a new wave of technological change in the industry. While things were going well, the moguls yawned on their bed of roses and got by with that sturdy antique, the Mitchell camera, and a technology that disdained the transistor whenever a gear would do. Now, in desperation, they are contemplating techniques and instruments that may accomplish for motion pictures what rockets did for flight. Here are two more developments I discovered:

CMX, developed by CBS and Memorex, is a monstrously complex device that can collapse the costly five-month job of editing a movie into five working days. It operates like this: A director arrives with an uncut print of his film. CMX transfers the print to video tape and feeds the video tape to a computer. Then the director sits at a console and watches his movie on a small display screen. Merely by dabbing at the screen with a light pen he can instantaneously stop the footage, jump it backward or forward to any point he wants, join widely separated sections of the footage, drop them apart again, add or remove special effects (wipes, dissolves, irises); in short, screw around to his heart's content with enormous speed and flexibility. And when he's got what he wants, he can tell the computer to print it on video tape, which is then transferred onto film. "Working with a Moviola," says Mel Sawelson of Consolidated Film Industries, where the world's first CMX facility recently went into commercial operation, "an editor can make about six cuts an hour. Working with CMX, he can make more than 15. This one process can cut the cost of editing TV movies and feature films drastically."

Computer Image is a small independent company with an eerie new process for making cartoons and movies. Put together by a team of computer fiends and far-out electronic engineers, the C. I. system is based on a new kind of interracial marriage between a digital and an analog computer. ("It was about as easy," one engineer told me, "as getting a duck

to marry a derrick.") The computers are then interfaced with a video system that both records and displays images.

For all its complexity, the system is absurdly simple to operate. If a moviemaker wants to make a cartoon, all he has to do is let the system "see" some drawings of his major characters—a front and a side view of each is sometimes enough. By pushing buttons on a large console, he can make these basic drawings twist, turn, sit, stand, run, jump, laugh, cry, leer, sneer, cheer, disappear, drink beer—anything he can think of. When he wants to replay, he can replay; when he wants to revise, he can revise; when he wants to print it, he can print it on film or video tape. In a few hours, he can do as much animation as a manual animator can do in months, and he can do it so well that few experts can tell the difference between a hand-drawn and a computer cartoon.

But this, say the C. I. people, isn't the half of it. When they use photographs instead of drawings, they get—that's right, movies that look remarkably like real live-action movies. "With some hardware that we still have to develop, and with a considerably larger range of programs than we've used so far, it's conceivable we could take a few hundred photographs of faces, figures and backgrounds and use them to make an entire feature film starring, say, Clint Eastwood and Greta Garbo."

• • •

I began to feel really hopeful after talking to the technical people. The new technology will reshuffle the deck and give everybody, bosses and artists alike, new cards to play. But it will take more than technology to solve some of Hollywood's problems. The social conscience seems to doze in Lotusland.

"Us niggers?" Melvin van Peebles said when I asked him to tell me about the position of blacks in the movie industry. "We ain't shit." Then he grinned. "Of course, now that they found out about the black film audience, they gonna bring some of us in from the cotton patch and make us house niggers." In fact, since the black audience shelled out better than $15,000,000 to see Van Peebles' third movie, *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*, ten movies about blacks have been rushed into production. Some of them—*Blacula*, for instance—sound like fun; most of them sound like *Shaft* rebored.

"What I'm afraid of," said Janet MacLachlan, a golden-skinned actress with a head like a Benin bronze, "is that they'll turn the black audience off with that crap. Blacks are hip and they're getting more selective. I'd like to work and I don't want a lot of dumb white producers killing off my market."

The boomlet in black movies has given black actors a fair amount of work in recent months, but for a year before, Janet said, "there was damn little doing. Two years ago, we were in a sort of golden age for black actors, all the producers trying to do the social-problem bit. But then the public got tired of problems, and since blacks were equated with problems, we were all out of work. Even a big star like Jimmy Brown didn't have a picture for 15 months." As a black actor-writer named Max Julien put it: "You thought you had your foot in the door, but then you found out they were just using it as a doorstop."

Most black actors I talked to were cynical about the town, if not downright bitter. They pointed out that in some of the technical unions there wasn't a single black member. Marlene Clark, a spirited black beauty who looks like a slender Mother Africa, told me coldly: "Blacks still get screwed in movies made by white men. Black people have had the drug problem longer than anybody, but not *one* of those 15 or 20 drug movies they made was about the black drug problem!"

Max Julien and his actress wife, Vonetta McGee, a classic brown belle with a dazzling over-the-shoulder smile, take the whole town as a bad joke. "If you didn't laugh at it," said Vonetta, "this place could get your head fucked up. I'm just working for the bread." Max is more involved. He wrote a script last year in Rome and a producer named Bill Tennant wants to make the picture. But someday Max wants to live in Rome again. "Over there," he said, "when I told people I was an actor, they'd say, 'How wonderful!' In this town, you can see people thinking, 'What a gifted guy. Bad luck he's black.' And it won't change, you know. The blacks out here aren't organized to change it and the whites aren't about to bother."

Billy Curtis lives with Blossom, his long-haired Chihuahua, in a tiny puke-green room at the back of a scabby little theatrical hotel in downtown Hollywood. "Come in! Come on in!" he ordered me in a high fierce voice. "You wanna know about midgets? I'll tell you! We've been screwed by the big people, screwed!" He strode up to the couch I was sitting on and glared into my eyes. "To begin with, we're *not* midgets. Midgets! The word means little flies! No, we're people! We're *small people! I am a small man!*" He leaned closer for emphasis. "*A perfectly formed man!*"

He whirled and moved as if on springs to the other side of the room, barely four feet tall but obviously in great shape for a man in his 60s. "OK. So the big people, not content with cheating us of our humanity, have denied us all real

GRIP THE ROAD

Tires that skid cause more accidents than blowouts. That's why you need Armstrong Rhino Tuff Tires—specially built to grip the road for your family's protection. For the newest in safe, dependable tires—from glass belts to steel belts, from bias ply to radials—see your Armstrong Dealer today.

ARMSTRONG TIRES

participation in their world. Can we join the Army? Can we get jobs in industry? Can we get state, county or city jobs? Just try it! We're a lost minority! There's only one thing a small person is allowed to do —be a freak!" He paused and let the word hang in the air.

"So," he went on in a lower tone, "I've worked all my life as a freak. And I've been a good one. I've doubled for all the child stars." He showed me photographs of himself dressed up as Shirley Temple. "I've even had a few good speaking parts. In a good year, I made $50,000, $75,000. I've had two wives, full-sized women. I've got children. I've got a pension coming from the Screen Actors Guild when I'm 65. It's true I haven't worked since last November and my savings are slipping away. But I'm better off than a lot of people my size and age. They're a proud race, but I can tell you the most miserable thing on earth is an old freak."

• • •

Tony sat very still in the window and stared out at the sun-sprinkled Pacific. He had put in a brutal week at the cutting table. The first cut of *Steelyard*, which Myerson had made on a houseboat in Sausalito, had left much to be done and Tony had been doing it about 12 hours a day. Mike and Julia had worked with him and now they were all at Mike's beach house north of Malibu, talking the problems over with the scriptwriter, David Ward.

David, tossing his golden mane out of his eyes: "I know I'm supposed to raise hell, but what you've done looks pretty sane. . . . I wonder, though. If we have enough of Jane dancing, I think we should cut to the jail scene."

Julia: "I'd like to see her dancing expanded just a little, so that we feel Frank's intrusion more."

David: "It would also give some pace to her existence."

Mike: "I think the Jane montage could be intercut with the pickpocket incident."

David, browsing: "Mm. Well, I happen to think Gary's big scene is terrible."

Julia: "You're noticing all the shit in it, David, and you're forgetting that the Gary character really gets underlined there."

Tony said nothing. His wife came and stood beside him, a slender feminine girl with reddish hair, like Tony hesitant but determined. They were watching their two children play on the beach. Peter was seven and Francesca six. A few days before, they had found a dead bird in their garden and buried it. Then they had sung *Jingle Bells* at the graveside to cheer the bird up. Now they were digging a cave "to live in." Toni squeezed Tony's shoulder—her name is Antoinette, they just happen to have the same nickname. "Sandwich?" she asked. "No, thanks," he said, "I think I'll take a walk." He went out.

David, meanwhile, was explaining his feelings: "For me to hold to an original conception of the picture wouldn't help now. I know that the script has no existence except as a film. There's good faith between us. If the picture turns out different from the script, that doesn't imply sabotage. Aesthetic problems are difficult. If there isn't some kind of shared *esprit*, making films can be a brutalizing experience. We're trying to find ways to work in which the means are as pleasant as the ends."

Tony was sitting alone by the edge of the sea. He looked hunched. Later I asked if he was depressed. "Scared," he said, looking straight at me. "I've been having blackouts. They come on suddenly and last a couple of minutes. The other day, while I was driving, I lost the peripheral vision in one eye and it didn't come back for about half an hour. So I went to my doctor. He checked and the eye's all right. He thinks there might be brain damage from the motorcycle accident. So this week I'll be taking a lot of tests." He smiled faintly. "Nothing to do but wait and see."

• • •

I spoke separately and at length with two well-known psychoanalysts whose patients come from all levels of the film community. Both told me that the movie people they knew had gone through a tremendous emotional convulsion in the past few years and had come out of it dramatically changed—for the better. One of my informants was Dr. Sidney Prince; the other asked to be unnamed.

Dr. A: "The stereotype of the running Sammy, the cardboard man, no longer dominates the scene. In the early Sixties, the problems were still power problems, all that jockeying in the studio hierarchies. Problems of stress. The Machiavellian thing takes a terrible toll on the emotions. Family problems just weren't countenanced as such. Whole families were subordinated to social and business success. The women went right along with it, sacrificing the deeper aspects of their domestic life in the service of the same dragon. They suffered horrors. Whole families disintegrated with nobody knowing what the fuck was going on. Because, you see, the real source of the trouble was a vicious social system, the studio system that ran the town. But that was the one thing that couldn't be questioned. That was the rock on which most lives—and analyses —foundered."

Dr. Prince: "The old order collapsed everywhere in the Sixties, but in the movie community the collapse was especially dramatic. The big studios, the foundations of the film world, began to break up before one's eyes. The superego died with Harry Cohn, you might say. The prison fell down around its inmates. They were free, and it was terrifying. It was in this situation that a lot of movie people turned to the counterculture to give their lives a new meaning. The orgy scene, the drug scene were very big here."

Dr. A: "A lot of movie people were psychedelic. In the early stages, the drug thing was destructive, an attempt to break with the old way of being. People just exploded into pyrotechnic fantasies, and when it was all over a lot of burned-out Roman candles littered the ground. But the anarchy was creative, on the whole. It prompted existential and religious ecstatic fevers that loosened new energies. A lot of people did a lot of growing in those years."

Dr. Prince: "Most of the movie people I see now are much more interesting than the ones I used to see, the young people especially. Much freer. Many, of course, are still secretly bound by the old patterns, can't use freedom in an integrated way. The films reflect that conflict, I think—*Carnal Knowledge*, for instance. And another contradiction: I've heard a lot of movie executives proclaim a desire to break with the work ethic, but they go right on working like crazy. We're in a period of consolidation now. Drugs are much less used, especially marijuana. Cocaine is hot, but I don't think as hot as the papers say. It's a period without a cause, but there's a general movement in the direction of freedom. A lot of successful young executives help support communes and I know of quite a few group marriages—some of them made for economic as well as emotional reasons.

"Homosexuality, by the way, has practically ceased to be a problem in the film world. Five, six years ago, of course, it was a big problem. But the new freedom to express sexuality and a lot of other feelings seems to result in a normally heterosexual pattern with episodes of homosexuality here and there. And nowadays these episodes don't seem to damage the personality.

"The strongest thing that's happening is women's lib. It hasn't had much visible effect on the movie industry yet; the main thrust of the movement doesn't seem to be economic out here. But it's had a terrific effect on people's private lives. There's a struggle going on among the young people. The young women are demanding equality, including the right of adultery, and the young men are pushed out of shape. There's really a revolutionary force in the women. I back them up. It leads to a kind of

freedom most women have never experienced, a freedom to tell the truth, to say who they are and then to accept the consequences."

Dr. A: "I've seen some big changes in the way young directors look at their work. For one thing, they aren't in conflict with Hollywood anymore. That F. Scott Fitzgerald gulf between art and business is all gone. The other day, one of my patients said to me, 'God, but I'm bored with art. The whole idea of a private statement elevated to a private art is a bore and a waste of time. I know it runs counter to everything I've ever felt, but this medium *must* be a public medium. It *must* interest others. God forgive me, it *must* entertain!' "

Dr. Prince: "Of course, Hollywood still attracts people who want an easy touch—passive people who want to be 'discovered,' the alienated and dysfunctional. And there is still the same old hierarchy of unhappiness. The less autonomy you have, the worse off you are. Actors are the most troubled. Producers are the least troubled. Directors are somewhere in between. Agents, of course, don't even know there's a problem."

• • •

The big day. Tony, Mike, Julia and Alan showed up at Warner Bros. to show a rough cut of *Steelyard* to the Warner brass. By ones and twos, they wandered into the screening room. Dick Zanuck, David Brown, Ted Ashley, Dick Lederer. A few minutes into the film, Mike heard a peculiar noise behind him. It came from Zanuck and it sounded like a groan. Mike's heart sank. Twenty seconds later, he heard the noise again. But it wasn't a groan—it was a suppressed giggle.

Zanuck was giggling!

He giggled and chuckled off and on all through the screening, and when the lights went up, Ashley and Brown were smiling too. "I like it," Ashley said. "It's going to work." Tony felt himself grinning so hard, he said later, that he expected the corners of his mouth to meet at the back of his head. But there were informational gaps in the film as it stood. Tony and company wanted to shoot a new beginning and several internal scenes. Would Warner's put up the necessary cash? Ashley: "How soon can you start?"

Three weeks later, just before shooting began, Tony walked up smiling and told me that his tests (skull series, brain scan, EEG) had turned up nothing. "Could be I've got a little scar in there from the accident, the doctors say. Or maybe I'm suffering from tension. Can't imagine why."

• • •

It was a perfect day for the shoot. Blue sky, gold hills. We stood on a flattened hillock in an expensive hunt club and watched two boys run out and stuff live pigeons in a row of traps about 30 yards away. Beyond the traps there was a low fence. The object was to kill the bird before it flew over the fence. Twenty-five shooters had entered. Pigeon shoots are illegal in California, but these were rich people.

"And his measurements are 42-34-36-9½!"

"I got into film when I was running wild with a gang of Hawaiians in Waikiki," John Milius was telling me. "Sheer accident. I'd come out from Malibu to ride the big waves on the north shore of Oahu. I did it but I was scared, and that made me disgusted with myself. I was 18 and crazed for glory. So I ran wild with these Kanaka killers and we beat up sailors. Knocked them down and kicked their teeth out against the curbstones. Then one night I went to the movies and a Jap picture came on. It was Kurosawa. I sat there, stuck to the seat. When it was over, I knew. I knew I would spend the rest of my life making movies like that. And I have. And I will."

Milius was a haired-over genius with warm merry eyes and the build of a pro tackle, who had become a Hollywood legend before he was 30. Gun freak, fascist, arrogant bastard, Faulknerian talent—I had heard him called a lot of things, including the shrewd son of a bitch who had made Paul Newman pay $300,000 for his script of *Judge Roy Bean*. Now he was waiting his turn on the firing line and worrying his favorite subject.

"The epic is what I go for. All these young writers trying earnestly to be real. Balls! They're writing down about humanity. I know what it's like out there in America. There's a lot of sordid people. I do not choose to write about them. I choose to imagine the great beings they might become. What excites me is grandeur, the heroic vision, and the screen is superbly suited to that—*Greed*, *The Searchers*, *Seven Samurai*, anything by John Ford—Jeez*uss*! Did you see that shot?"

Released from the trap, a pigeon had bolted straight at the shooter—an impossible shot, but the shooter had made it. The bird had exploded about 20 feet in front of him, a sunburst of blood and feathers. Cradling his shotgun, the shooter flicked a feather that had settled on his expensive hunting jacket and turned to nod at the polite applause.

"*Judge Roy Bean*," John was saying, "is imagined on the epic scale. I think it's a *great* movie. I wrote it to blitz the competition, to show off, to ennoble the medium. You want to see what a great screenplay is like? OK, this is how you do it. Bean is me. Me as I envision my powers. A giant. He never questions anything he does. I never question anything I do. In the surf at Malibu, I mastered the flying-wheel cutback and the

back-arched bottom turn. Any man who can do these things has no need to question himself. Bean is a god, a god of vengeance. I *love* vengeance! 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,' and He never laid claim to anything else!"

John swelled as he spoke, an epic poet in full song. His eyes were as clear as a child's, rapt with the tale he was telling, and the sun twinkled mythically in his Homeric beard. Over his shoulder I saw a boy about 12 with a girlish face step up to the shooting strip. He wore a red-white-and-blue cap decorated with stars and stripes and he killed four birds in a row. The two bird boys ran about the infield gathering bloody parcels. One boy, overloaded, threw a dead pigeon at the other boy, who caught it like a baseball. Then they ran to a row of large metal garbage cans, their hands and faces smeared with blood and the pigeons dangling like wet cloth.

"When I start writing a movie," John was saying, "I'm the last man who knows where it's going. I start with a gesture. A man walks up to a horse and shoots it between the eyes. 'Cook it,' he says. 'I'm hungry.' Or like once I heard somebody say, and really mean it, 'I have torn up your lawn with my car and vomited on your living-room floor and fucked strange girls in your bed. But I assure you, ma'am, I have never *to my knowledge* pissed in your steam iron.' They'll all tell you, Milius doesn't know what in hell he's doing. He just blunders through—but the more he blunders, the better it gets. Stretches of plot, whole scenes come to me as I go, and I just write 'em down. No notes, no second drafts. I don't think of myself as literary. As soon as you get the intellect at work, you kill something. I get totally swallowed up in it, in the people, and I love them forever."

A handsome gray-haired woman with steady eyes was shooting. She winged the first bird but failed to kill it. It limped up to the fence and made frantic attempts to fly over, but its wings wouldn't work. Beyond the fence a hawk cruised lazily. Her second bird got away and flew back to the coop, to be used again at the next shoot; but the third and fourth birds stumbled about the infield, walking wounded. As she left the strip, the boy with the red-white-and-blue cap congratulated her on her shooting and she smiled sweetly. The bird boys picked up the wounded pigeons by their heads and twirled them, snapping their necks.

John missed one bird out of four on his round and grinned ruefully. "I should have brought the Grand American. I can hardly miss with that." John has ten shotguns, including a pair of Purdeys that would bring $12,000 on the open market. "I love a fine gun," he went on almost reverently. "My Purdeys contain finer craftsmanship than the finest watch, and I'd almost rather shoot than write. I once shot a typewriter to death, in fact. And two alarm clocks, one at eight, one at nine.

"People in Hollywood don't understand this side of me. There's a lot of rich flower people here, and shooting scares 'em. I understand how they feel, maybe better than they do. Fine feelings are important, but what kind of fine feelings make a man wince at a few slaughtered birds while he's ruining somebody's life with a lawsuit or shooting a movie in which the violent death of dozens of human beings is the crux of the entertainment? Hollywood is grossly hypocritical, that's the real trouble with movies today. Movie people, maybe more than most people today, have lost natural touch with their instincts, with the subhuman and superhuman sides of life, the elementals—real loving and real anger, fear you can taste and belief that burns you, killing life and bearing life, feeling things in your bones. I want to get back to that kind of life and I mean to make that kind of movie. Now do you understand how dangerous I am?"

• • •

Milius and his raptures, though we both knew they were partly strut, lit a flare in my conscience. I'd been rubbernecking, jolted from wonder to wonder like a kid in a fun house, too busy to realize that something I cared a lot about was missing in the new Hollywood. I was glad the cold wind from the market place had blown so much fluff away. I respected the new hardness and practicality. But I found myself quietly appalled at how savagely, in the name of commercial necessity, the town had turned against its most gifted children. Many of the young directors whose first films lost money because movies about the counterculture had become a glut on the market are now coldly considered unemployable. And in turning against this generation, I suspect that Hollywood has turned against passion. The balance has been over-redressed; there is too little John Milius and too much Ross Hunter in Hollywood now. In one day toward the end of my stay, the word entertainment was spoken in my hearing exactly 163 times. In all the weeks I was there, I heard the word passion used only once—by Francis Coppola. "I cannot work without passion," he said. What creator can? Good entertainment, like all good art, is produced by passionate people: Chaplin, Capra, Bergman, Bertolucci, Kubrick. But right now in Hollywood, the creators as well as the businessmen are running scared. They have been intimidated by numbers—understandable enough in a medium that costs $30,000 a day to use. Nevertheless, what I came to fear most in the new Hollywood was its reasonableness. What I missed most was the sight of that great beast, the enraged imagination, rearing up and clawing the whole world into amazed submission. "But you can't blame a studio executive for not supporting a genius farm," Coppola told me, "especially not now. He'd have to be a giant." I know. But now and then, Hollywood does produce a giant.

• • •

The last time I saw Tony, we met in a restaurant. Shooting of the new scenes for *Steelyard* had started and was going well. He seemed cheerful but abstracted. When I asked him what he was going to do after *Steelyard*, he said he had commissioned a screenplay based on Flannery O'Connor's *Wise Blood*—"Sold my house to pay for it." Then there was a script about pirates, one about a fat girl, one about hobos, one about sailing that Tony himself was writing. And a screenplay by David Ward about a con man. And. . . . He hesitated, flushing with anger. "Tell you a little Hollywood story. For years, I've wanted to do a movie about barnstorming. I researched it in libraries, went to see some old barnstormers and talked about their experiences. I guess I collected a dozen books and 60 pages of research. Well, one night a good friend came to dinner, a very energetic and idealistic young director. I told him about my barnstorming movie. He said it sounded just great and asked if he could take the books home to read. I said sure. Fade out.

"Some months later it struck me that he hadn't returned the books. So I called and asked if he could send them back. There was this peculiar silence at the other end of the line. 'Well, uh,' he said finally, 'I'm afraid the girl who's writing the script lost them.' I still didn't get it. 'What script?' I asked him. 'Well, uh, the one for the barnstorming movie I'm going to make,' he said. 'It's about this guy who finds an old airplane and goes barnstorming with his young son. It's really terrific!' And he started to tell me the plot of the picture, which he later made. Probably be released soon. Well, I hung up before he finished and somehow we're not friends anymore. Nothing I could do about the theft—you can't copyright an idea. But that postpones the barnstorming project. Nice, huh? Everybody's talking about the new Hollywood. Just thought I'd let you know that the old Hollywood isn't dead."

The editors of PLAYBOY select the best from the world of books

Playboy Book Club

It's about time somebody came up with a book club created especially for sophisticated readers with wide interests and discriminating tastes.

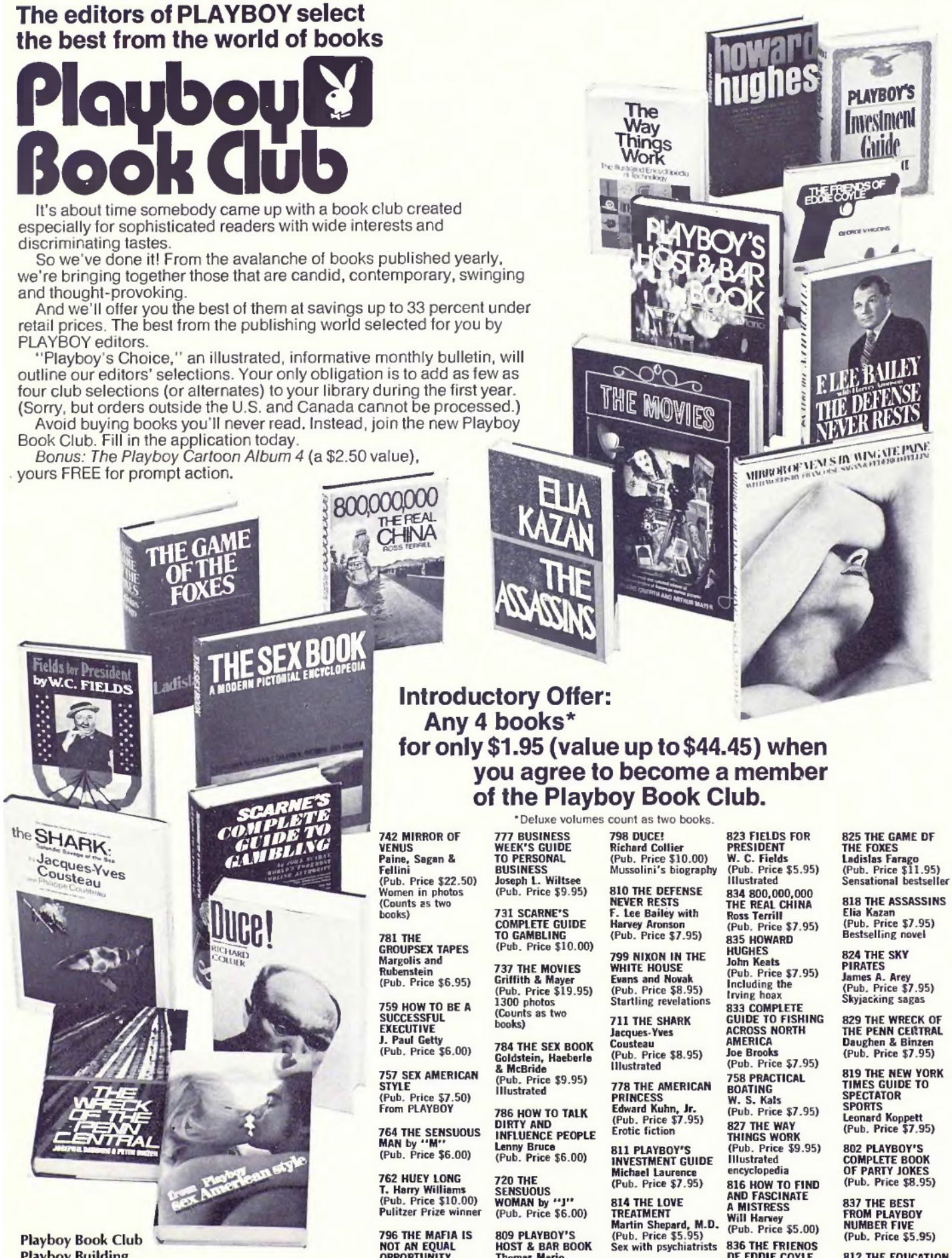
So we've done it! From the avalanche of books published yearly, we're bringing together those that are candid, contemporary, swinging and thought-provoking.

And we'll offer you the best of them at savings up to 33 percent under retail prices. The best from the publishing world selected for you by PLAYBOY editors.

"Playboy's Choice," an illustrated, informative monthly bulletin, will outline our editors' selections. Your only obligation is to add as few as four club selections (or alternates) to your library during the first year. (Sorry, but orders outside the U.S. and Canada cannot be processed.)

Avoid buying books you'll never read. Instead, join the new Playboy Book Club. Fill in the application today.

Bonus: The Playboy Cartoon Album 4 (a $2.50 value), yours FREE for prompt action.



Introductory Offer:
Any 4 books* for only $1.95 (value up to $44.45) when you agree to become a member of the Playboy Book Club.

*Deluxe volumes count as two books.

742 MIRROR OF VENUS
Paine, Sagan & Fellini
(Pub. Price $22.50)
Women in photos
(Counts as two books)

781 THE GROUPSEX TAPES
Margolis and Rubenstein
(Pub. Price $6.95)

759 HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL EXECUTIVE
J. Paul Getty
(Pub. Price $6.00)

757 SEX AMERICAN STYLE
(Pub. Price $7.50)
From PLAYBOY

764 THE SENSUOUS MAN by "M"
(Pub. Price $6.00)

762 HUEY LONG
T. Harry Williams
(Pub. Price $10.00)
Pulitzer Prize winner

796 THE MAFIA IS NOT AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER
Nicholas Gage
(Pub. Price $5.95)

777 BUSINESS WEEK'S GUIDE TO PERSONAL BUSINESS
Joseph L. Wiltsee
(Pub. Price $9.95)

731 SCARNE'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO GAMBLING
(Pub. Price $10.00)

737 THE MOVIES
Griffith & Mayer
(Pub. Price $19.95)
1300 photos
(Counts as two books)

784 THE SEX BOOK
Goldstein, Haeberle & McBride
(Pub. Price $9.95)
Illustrated

786 HOW TO TALK DIRTY AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE
Lenny Bruce
(Pub. Price $6.00)

720 THE SENSUOUS WOMAN by "J"
(Pub. Price $6.00)

809 PLAYBOY'S HOST & BAR BOOK
Thomas Mario
Illustrated
(Counts as two books)

798 DUCE!
Richard Collier
(Pub. Price $10.00)
Mussolini's biography

810 THE DEFENSE NEVER RESTS
F. Lee Bailey with Harvey Aronson
(Pub. Price $7.95)

799 NIXON IN THE WHITE HOUSE
Evans and Novak
(Pub. Price $8.95)
Startling revelations

711 THE SHARK
Jacques-Yves Cousteau
(Pub. Price $8.95)
Illustrated

778 THE AMERICAN PRINCESS
Edward Kuhn, Jr.
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Erotic fiction

811 PLAYBOY'S INVESTMENT GUIDE
Michael Laurence
(Pub. Price $7.95)

814 THE LOVE TREATMENT
Martin Shepard, M.D.
(Pub. Price $5.95)
Sex with psychiatrists

805 GRAFFITI
Robert Reisner
(Pub. Price $5.95)

823 FIELDS FOR PRESIDENT
W. C. Fields
(Pub. Price $5.95)
Illustrated

834 800,000,000 THE REAL CHINA
Ross Terrill
(Pub. Price $7.95)

835 HOWARD HUGHES
John Keats
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Including the Irving hoax

833 COMPLETE GUIDE TO FISHING ACROSS NORTH AMERICA
Joe Brooks
(Pub. Price $7.95)

758 PRACTICAL BOATING
W. S. Kals
(Pub. Price $7.95)

827 THE WAY THINGS WORK
(Pub. Price $9.95)
Illustrated encyclopedia

816 HOW TO FIND AND FASCINATE A MISTRESS
Will Harvey
(Pub. Price $5.00)

836 THE FRIENDS OF EDDIE COYLE
George V. Higgins
(Pub. Price $5.95)
Great crime novel

825 THE GAME OF THE FOXES
Ladislas Farago
(Pub. Price $11.95)
Sensational bestseller

818 THE ASSASSINS
Elia Kazan
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Bestselling novel

824 THE SKY PIRATES
James A. Arey
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Skyjacking sagas

829 THE WRECK OF THE PENN CENTRAL
Daughen & Binzen
(Pub. Price $7.95)

819 THE NEW YORK TIMES GUIDE TO SPECTATOR SPORTS
Leonard Koppett
(Pub. Price $7.95)

802 PLAYBOY'S COMPLETE BOOK OF PARTY JOKES
(Pub. Price $8.95)

837 THE BEST FROM PLAYBOY NUMBER FIVE
(Pub. Price $5.95)

812 THE EDUCATION OF A DOCTOR
John MacNab, M.D.
(Pub. Price $6.95)

Playboy Book Club
Playboy Building,
919 North Michigan Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois 60611

BLUES NEXT DOOR

(continued from page 148)

neighbors, neighbors' children, the large-tailed dogs peculiar to small dwellings. But as a rule, any visitor was signaled by Mrs. Trolley—"Radio Ambury," Model A called her, because their houses were in Ambury Park Estate. Sandra's eyes were closed momentarily with a spasm and at first she didn't realize that someone had come in. She merely thought the sun had clouded over.

Rex the Alsatian jumped from under the table. Model A looked up from the point of his screwdriver. Normally, reading glasses gave his face an old man's scowl. Sandra now saw it change—as it sometimes did when he sang a rude song for Georgina in the bath—to a boyish look.

"Hey——"

Rex alerted his ears but decided not to bark.

"Hey, there's a dog outside! Go see the dog!" The newcomer turned around.

"Oh, hel-*lo*, Big Sister Oak. Come in, my duck," Model A said.

Big Sister Oak chuckled at Rex, who had cowered back under the table. "Hey, that guy don' know he's a dog. Go on, brother, go see the dog outside."

She doffed her army tunic and changed from men's work shoes to flat-heeled slippers. Above her flowered pinafore's incalculable mass, a tiny face glowed like a cooking plum.

"I'm sweatin' already," said Big Sister Oak. " 'Scuse me, gen'lemen."

• • •

"One egg or two, Big Sister Oak?"

"Model A," she replied jovially, " 'splain to this young bitch I got to have *six* eggs fo' breakfast."

Georgina knelt on the little stool and watched. The Cherokee ancestors had given her such graceful bones that there seemed no more to her disability than a pretty obliqueness.

She never left Big Sister Oak all that day—riding on the hip covered by the mountain of pinafore, climbing the broad elastic leg to tumble flop. They walked together over the recreation ground, the honey child and the monument in carpet slippers. Sandra looked out the window. They were still in the sand pit.

Later she asked Big Sister Oak, "Is Shut Eye down in London with you?"

"No, he ain't. You know, Model A—las' thing, they done stole Shut Eye's gitar."

"They *stole* his *gitar*!"

"Sho' nuff. While he's sleepin' on the subway train."

"Hell."

"He's funny, he is," Sandra said fondly. "Just goes off for forty winks when he feels like it."

"When he wake up—*my*! The subway train in the yard and the gitar gone!" Big Sister Oak's eyes widened at Georgina. "But Shut Eye still leanin' on it!"

"Oooh, Big Sister Oak, you ought to have seen the pair of them when Shut Eye came up here. He gave Georgina twenty dollars when he went. No, it was forty, wasn't it, Model? Forty dollars he gave her."

"You never drank no liquor, did you?" Big Sister Oak inquired.

Model A innocently shook his head. On the sofa next to her, he sat up all straight and dimpled with his little boy's face. Big Sister Oak belonged to the second generation of blues singers, who could think of him only as a little waif from the Italian orphanage and who disapproved of his drinking spirits. The last time Sandra had seen her, in Copenhagen just before Model A stopped playing Continental clubs, Big Sister Oak had sternly refused to let him drink a glass of gin.

Later that same evening, a rash Dane had hit her with a chair. She'd been unmoved. She then had thrown the Dane through a closed set of folding doors.

"But I was plenty gone that night on Long Life beer," Model A said mischievously. Dad's ears went back like a gun dog's at the word beer.

"Oooh, he's not kidding at all. Him and Shut Eye was paralytic-drunk together that night—lousy cow!"

"I enjoy a drink," Dad remarked.

Sandra narrowed her eyes at Model A.

"Don't you sit there pulling that innocent face. Oooh—he comes upstairs and I'm chasing him all round the room, trying to rotten-well undress him and all the time he's on the move. He wouldn't stop still. Shall I tell you what happened then?"

"Yeah, hit it, Little Momma," Big Sister Oak said genially.

"Well, here's me wakin' up at five o'clock in the morning and he's hanging on to me—weren't you?—yelling, 'Don't let him get me, don't let him get me!' Know what it was? He'd been reading the book *Dracula* and thought Dracula was after him."

In the afternoon, she took Big Sister Oak into town to try to find her a dress at Pack's. No dress would fit, of course, nor any confederacy of dresses; but behind the full laundry bags of her breasts there beat a schoolgirl's heart. She loved to bring her dainty flat nose all the way down to smell different perfumes dabbed on the forearm of a salesgirl whose face remained immobile as a trapped hare's.

"What's the name o' that one, honey?"

"Rose of Autumn," the girl managed to say.

"Back home, we had a rose," Big Sister Oak remarked. "Reckon why it smelt so good was we pee on it ever' day."

Several times, she intimated that she wanted Model A to join her blues show in London. "I got to get me a good blues *man*—I don' want no chile." But he turned it aside or said no one was interested in him.

"Nobody *interested*?" Big Sister Oak asked.

Sandra burst out, "And how many rotten telegrams have you had from the BBC, eh, you great lump?"

"That mean, nobody *interested* in T-Bone," Big Sister Oak said, "or Muddy Waters or The Spoon——"

"Chap down in London spends a fortune ringing up saying, 'When's he going to appear, when's he going to appear?' " Sandra said.

"Nobody *interested*?" Big Sister Oak repeated incredulously. "You know, one time he playin' in a joint with *bad* cats there. While he playin', a guy gits five slugs in the kisser from a forty-five—ring, ring, rap against the bar rail."

"Oh, leave him," Sandra said in exasperation. "He's got it into his thick head people are going to try and cheat him."

"Five shots," Big Sister Oak said. "The shooter runs out, the po-lice runs in. 'Hey, who was that shooter? What was that shooter like?' All the people in the bar say, 'Hell, he was just a man. Had a gun; he was just a killer; c'mon, Model A, and play. Whup that piano, Mr. Piano-Whupper!' "

Later, when Big Sister Oak's minicab came, the sun was ripe on the pavement. Outside stood Mrs. Trolley, her friend Mrs. Tattman and Mrs. Tattman's daughter-in-law's baby, Tania. Across the road, all down the hill, people suddenly found it imperative to open their front-bedroom windows.

Georgina brought flowers from the garden for the departure: buttercups, pansies and Michaelmas daisies, their stems all hot with the clutch of love. Big Sister Oak lowered the dress circle of her chin; Georgina reflected buttercups in it. Then, in front of all the neighbors, she lifted Georgina and the buttercups and kissed her in every place where she was not quite perfect.

Just before she left, Big Sister Oak said, "Model A, I been keepin' it from you——" But what it was, Sandra couldn't hear, because Georgina had burst into tears. Only when they were back in the house—how dull it seemed and how spacious—did he tell her:

"Shut Eye dead."

"He's *what*?"

He'd died of pneumonia. That, to Sandra, was the curious part; she always imagined it boiling hot in America. And he'd been sweet, too, bringing home half the butcher shop for them every

"Now, in this scene, you've come down to the beach to meditate . . . to brood . . . to decide whether to register as Republican, Democrat or independent."

day, giving Georgina $40, going happily to sleep on the rug.

Model A said nothing more. He put his spectacles on; the cheeky look vanished. He finished mending her hair rollers, then he went upstairs. In Georgina's room, the piano started chopping.

Dad, meanwhile, had risen from a program concerning potter's wheels and was pulling on his cardigan. All day, to the overflowing dusk of Big Sister Oak, he had awarded no more attention than to anyone who dropped in—immovably, he'd sat by the television, peering at it as if viewing for a moment under sufferance. At nightfall, however, he conducted one of the authentically beautiful relationships a man can have with the highlights in a glass of bitter.

Sandra was brisk. She got Mrs. Trolley to come in and sit with Georgina; she made Model A agree to go out with Dad for a drink and take her a'ong as well. She did her best to be cheerful, but he looked really old this evening: his eyes were speckled like birds' eggs with pink; his voice was almost too thick for even her to understand. What he ordered, after they had arrived at the pub, was a bad sign, too—beer and white wine together, like the stevedores in New Orleans.

"Real character, isn't she, though?" Sandra said, recalling Big Sister Oak. "Remember when she threw that Danish chap through the folding doors?"

"He lucky she never slit his gizzard."

Then Model A lapsed into what he had been mumbling earlier. "Through hell for me, that cat went. Through hell."

"Who did, love? Shut Eye?"

"He coulda' cried himself, what the Kluxers done."

"Well, come on, then," she said with energy. "Talk about it. Trouble shared is troubled halved. Tell Dad about when you were on the boxcars."

"And Otis Spann, he came over, went back and died. Sonny Boy Williamson came over, went back and died. Bukka White——"

"Oh, Model, don't be morbid, love."

"I mean it," he said. "Scare me to death, these cats, with all o' their dyin'."

Dad winked at the healing golds in his glass.

"Y' only die once," he remarked.

They were at a new pub called The Crazy Horse—a smoky lake of beer with tables like damp, red lily pads, where the local yobs leaned with an assumed air of expectancy. Full-thundery in the chip sound of bottles, it was still no place for trouble. Wrestlers were employed as waiters, clearing pint glasses that appeared like rings on their fingers; and the police had proved that, only seconds after an alarm, they could effect a grand, trampling entrance with dogs.

Trouble in bars was of the distant past, anyway, for Sandra: four years ago, when she met Model A. He had mellowed since, thanks to home and little Georgina and the local ale, and he'd put his knife away in a pocket of his best suit. It was Sandra who dealt with any bother when they were out. Should a philosopher accuse Model A of coming and taking white people's jobs, she, with mouth-fatiguing scorn, always replied, "Yes, and he's stole one of your women, too, and what you going to do about it?"

Sandra caught the laugh—a scrap of beery filth from that clout of men round a pillar—but not the remark that had provoked it. She never did discover what accidental hooks caught and bore it over the ale smoke to Model A, right into the part of his brain where savage moments waited, despite four years of taking the dog out.

The first clue she got was the sound of his chair falling.

Through the tables and legs and rallied glasses, a broad aisle had opened to the side of the room. At the altar of it, the yobs stood back impressed at one of their number suddenly crucified a short way up the pillar by Model A's knee. All their eyes pooled in fear at the blade of Model A's knife, for he happened to be wearing his best suit tonight.

"Breathe loud," he said, "and I'll pull y' dam head off."

• • •

So had she won. Model A, after that night, decided that he had to play once more, in case he were to die unexpectedly. He kept to this theme with big eyes, despite Sandra's hilarity.

But she was the one to be tense on the night of his appearance. Before they left the house, she seemed to detect the smell of nerves in the pear drops of her nail polish. Georgina was grizzly and Mrs. Trolley took a misguidedly humorous viewpoint and kept getting in the way on the stairs and curtsying. Round the van outside, a small crowd waited.

"Model! Where'd you get that shirt from?" Sandra asked.

"Just under th' other shirts," he said calmly.

"It's a mask of rotten wrinkles!"

"Well, what kinda' place is this we goin'?"

"How should I know?" she blazed.

"You wanted it."

"*I* wanted it. I like that! Who thinks he's going to drop down dead on the door mat?"

"How much they fixin' to pay us?"

"Twelve pound," she said, "*and* a percentage of the takings over and above so much, I made sure of that with the feller, he sounded ever so nice, so don't you start wittering about 'They're trying to cheat me.' All right, my lad?"

Then her father came downstairs. He was wearing his best sports jacket and a shirt of repulsive orange.

"Just the job to knock around in," he remarked with satisfaction.

"But you're not *going* to knock around—oh, Dad, honestly!" Like most women of 30, Sandra was deeply formal in her habits.

Growing calmer, she said to Model A, "Come on, then, let's put your earring in."

But it kept falling out. His lobe had slackened in the years since it was pierced. When he was a boy, the practice had still survived from the tabulation of cotton slaves.

"Keep it in your pocketbook till I begin playin'," he said.

Outside the club, his name appeared, incorrectly spelled, between those of two Yorkshire rock groups of no consequence.

It was as dark as a cinema inside. All that showed was the white figure of a disc jockey who danced, seemingly, above their heads while an earthquake acclaimed him—whistles, cries that he should never ever stop. He, for his part, embraced the blackness that adored him. He stretched, he writhed, he ground his tightened buttocks one upon the other.

When Sandra's eyes had at last absorbed the walls of night, she saw that, in fact, nobody in the club was applauding. The customers stood with arms dismally folded, since it was impossible to dance and applaud at the same time. The ovation was played on a gramophone record. The triumph of fame in which the disc jockey whirled had no source but his own opinion.

They were taken to a banquette beside a harsh break in the darkness lettered SERVICE DOOR. A moment later, a man whom Sandra assumed to be the owner of the club passed them. He wore a business suit and stiff collar upon which the bluey bar twilight played luminously. He did not acknowledge their presence.

She put her irritation aside, however, in sizing up the complete strangers who had surrounded them and had begun to talk to Model A. Two boys, dressed in what looked to her like school paint rags, sat on either side of him, tossing their heads, staring at his mouth when he spoke. Since Dad had assumed the attitude of reclining Nero on the promontory of the banquette, one fellow had to kneel down—a bodiless face, since he wore all black. He was, it seemed, the London photographer who had been ringing them up for months.

"All right, I don't mind having a half," Dad said graciously.

"I didn't get you," Model A said brusquely to the stranger.

"Socks taught you the blues, isn't that right?"

"Are those cowboy boots you are

Indoors and out, the swimming's great at Playboy Club-Hotels in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and Great Gorge, McAfee, N.J. Poolside service by smiling Bunnies makes it all the more fun.

Rates are lower, there's more room to play and the tropical climate is as balmy as ever when you take a summer vacation at the Playboy Club-Hotel, Jamaica. And, at the Playboy Plaza, Miami Beach, cool ocean breezes and relaxed fun will have you congratulating yourself on choosing a low-cost summer vacation here.

The brand new Chicago Playboy Club in Playboy Center is open and swinging, with keyholders flocking to enjoy superb food and entertainment in gorgeous surroundings. New hutches are in the works for Montreal and Los Angeles, too.

Just $25 gives you your choice of Playboy Clubs and Club-Hotels you can enjoy for a memorable summer that begins a whole year's excitement. And you'll have an opportunity to renew your Key for a second year for only $10.

Clip and mail today
TO: PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, Inc.
Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611

Gentlemen: Please send me an application for my personal Key.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

U.S. Initial Key Fee is $25. Canadian Initial Key Fee is $25 Canadian. Initial Key Fee includes year's subscription to VIP, the Club's quarterly magazine. You will be billed for the Annual Key Fee (currently $10 U.S.; $10 Canadian) at the close of your first year as a keyholder.

☐ Enclosed find check or money order for $25 payable to Playboy Clubs International, Inc.
☐ Bill me for $25.
☐ I wish only information about the Playboy Club.

P1070

Your own summer place is never far away when you have a Playboy Club Key

YOU'LL FIND PLAYBOY IN THESE LOCATIONS: Atlanta • Baltimore • Boston • Chicago (Club and Playboy Towers Hotel) • Cincinnati • Denver Detroit • Great Gorge, McAfee, New Jersey (Club-Hotel) • Jamaica (Club-Hotel) • Kansas City • Lake Geneva, Wis. (Club-Hotel) • London Los Angeles • Miami • Miami Beach (Playboy Plaza Hotel) • Montreal • New Orleans • New York • Phoenix • St. Louis • San Francisco

wearing?" Sandra asked.

"But what was he like? Socks?"

"Alcoholic," said Model A.

"I tell you," Model A said to her—and the rest of them strained forward to hear, "I ain't so appointed of Georgina stoppin' the whole night with Radio Ambury."

"All right, then—clever! How do we get out for the evening, if Mrs. Trolley doesn't look after her?"

"I jus' don't want for her to get too enthused so she forgets where her real home is."

"Model A," pleaded the face.

"Yeah," he said ironically.

"Your grandfather did play on the riverboats with King Oliver, didn't he?"

The disc jockey had stopped his dance now, temporarily sated with adoration. Across the dance floor, he appeared to be playing at shops behind an area of glass. A confused announcement began. Model A stood up. There were people on their knees all around him.

"My earring!" he exclaimed.

"All right, hold still, I ain't got rubber arms."

Sandra kept their places. She'd been listening to him play for years—that chopping sound up in Georgina's room. She ate a basket of chips, which were not at all bad, despite the eccentricities of the place. She looked at the time, tested a loose rosette on her shoe and, beside her, Dad reclined motionless and ale-pink, beatific as a moored balloon.

"How'd it go, duck?" she said after Model A had finished playing and had returned.

"All right," he said.

The club was different. Before, the darkness had been intensified by emptiness and apathy. Now that it was packed to the archways, all the lights glimmered half on and somehow awash like an aftermath of tears or, Sandra thought, a pub at chucking-out time.

There was great clapping and this time the disc jockey couldn't turn its volume low. The disc jockey's voice, indeed, was drowned somewhere behind the scenes.

"Will you all carry on dancing now, *please*!"

Model A sat down again. Every crease in his shirt had vanished. The crowd near them had become as dense as one around a street accident.

"All right, Dad?" He gave a sudden, huge smile; then he laughed: "He only come for de beer."

"My God!" stammered a voice. "I never heard anything remotely like it!"

"Did you see the way he handled that trio?"

"Lovely pecking—light—not a note too many. Oh, beautiful!"

"I know what long hair's for; I've suddenly realized. It's to shake and shake across your face when you hear something like that."

"He played the guitar as well."

The guitarist was among the kneeling. He held up the red electric biscuit as if disbelieving what sounds had lately been coaxed from it.

One of the boys in paint rags, the leader of the local trio who had accompanied Model A, entreated, "Were we really all right, do you think?"

"Now I know how you tell great music——"

"How about that *Wine Wine Wine*?"

"I liked *The Sheik of Araby*."

"It's when the audience sings along *in tune*!"

"Model!" Sandra exclaimed. "You showed me up!"

The Sheik of Araby was the rude song he sometimes sang to Georgina in her bath.

Model A leaned forward as Sandra wiped his forehead, which shone like the wooden knob of a bedpost. She could tell he was in a lovely mood: When all the lines in his face, under the gray peak of curls, looked so kind, he became both the father she needed and her husband in one.

"Look," he said, "you got a i-dea. I gotta say this for the ben'fit of the local musicians that was with me there. Long as you have an i-dea, ain't no-*body* play any better 'n you all."

"I say, do you really mean it?"

The sigh the paint rag heaved was broader than his body.

It was the disc jockey who came across to speak to them about payment, the £12 and the percentage. Sandra knew that there must be a percentage: The club was crushed full. Nobody moved, nobody danced to the faint strivings of tin that came through the loud-speakers, but somewhere voices were still singing *The Sheik of Araby* with Model A's descant:

"At night when you're asleep
with no pants on
Into your tent I'll creep
with no pants on."

The gorgeous emissary was shorter than he seemed when viewed from below his pedestal, and his romper suit of white was not absolutely spotless.

With a radiant smile, he said, "Can you just come back into the, er, office, Model A, my love?"

"I told you," Sandra said, "I'm dealing with that part of it, all right?"

"Model A, how many versions of *Frankie and Johnny* are there?"

"I been told ten thousand."

"I don't mind a half," Dad said.

"Well, sure, my love, but . . . you know . . ." the disc jockey said.

"I'm not your love, either," Sandra said.

When she came back from the office, she had to fight to get through the crowd to Model A.

"It really stood in a graveyard!"

Around him, the faces rocked in an ecstasy of New Orleans and the agonies of kneeling.

"Sho's hell, in a graveyard. Back o' Chantilly, we knowed it as."

"Oh, how fantastic!"

"Ever' day, we see 'em tippin' the dead people into the——"

"*Right*, that's the finish. Excuse me, please. Come on, Dad, we're going now.

"You know how much they reckon they took at the door?" She stormed. "Eighty-one pound! We get a percentage after a hundred; he's charging fifty pence each to get in and the place is rotten-well packed. I'm going to see his book.

"Do you know what I said to him? I said, 'You're the lowest of the low, and you know what that is, don't you? It's the snake that crawls in the grass.' "

"I don' want it," Model A said. "None of it."

"Doesn't matter what you rotten-well want, I'm going to see his book. Eighty-one pound I don't think!"

"Drop this now, Sandy, you hear?"

He called her that only in dead earnest.

"Talk about low, tightfisted, mean, grasping——"

"Honey," he said, "that's the jive."

He took his cigarette holder up to his mouth with the gold ring gleaming on his finger. Suddenly, she thought: It's beneath him.

"Here—no diff'ent," Model A said. "Same jive. You freezin' like Blind Lemon Jefferson at the streetcar stop and they—they sorry—they only took eighty-one pound. We don't got to play for 'em."

In the heart of the young crowd, he shrugged.

"Only thing is, we got to."

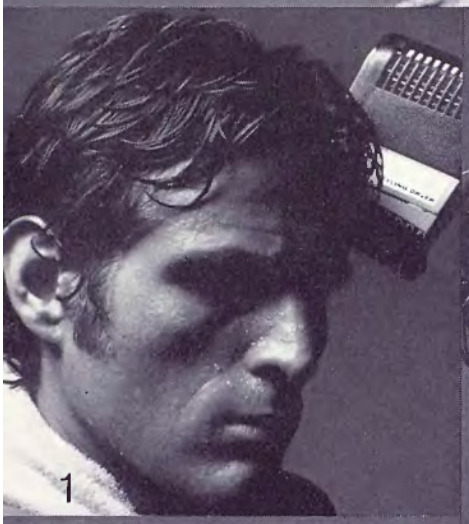
Once outside in the cold air, Dad yawned so vastly, Sandra had to warn him that the wind might change. He altered to musical yawns and ascending and descending scales. The trio of paint rags who had accompanied Model A were loading their equipment into an old ambulance. He walked over and pulled a door open and grinned at them. They grinned back at him and it was safe and secret between them, the cleverness implied in an old ambulance. Sometimes, she thought, she'd never understand him.

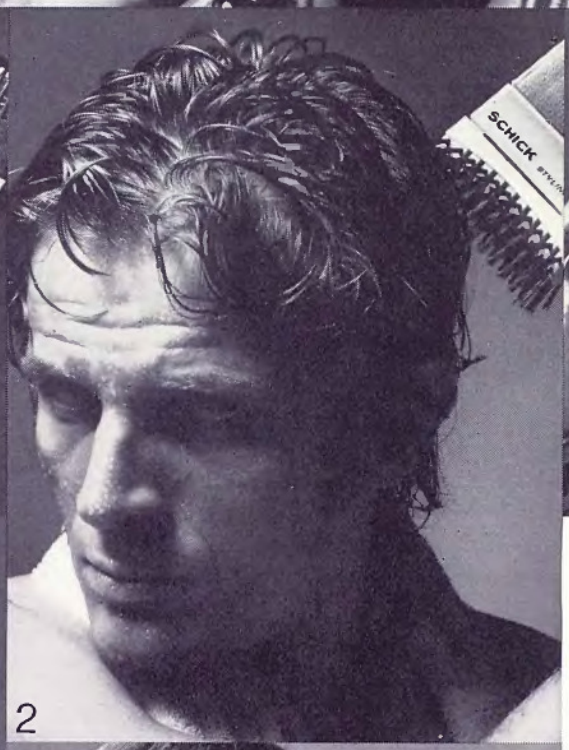
Halfway home, Model A said, "Nex' time I play that club, I gonna' go there *without* my wife."

Sandra replied, "What they want there, my lad, is a young cock, not an old rooster"; but under boats of city light, they touched hands a moment.

Now that you have more hair, style with more drying power.

[Don't waste time with less powerful stylers, get Schick's Styling Dryer]





This guy starts with a lot of wet hair. So do you, probably.

Now, if you have a low-power styler, what happens?

If you're in a hurry, your hair won't be dry enough to get the natural look you want.

And, even if you have the time, using a styler that just drags along is pretty ridiculous.

But, with the extra powerful Schick Styling Dryer, you have no problem.

What's more, the extra power combines with the brushing—to give your hair a fuller, more natural look. Soft. But with real body.

The guy here has it. And he got it fast, even with his longer hair.

The Styling Dryer by SCHICK

New Control Spray that doesn't stiffen hair.
Don't ruin the whole natural thing with a stiff spray. Get Schick's new Dry Styler. It has protein. Protein is the real key here. It helps give you that good control, without giving you that stiff, strawhead look.

WORLDLY AMERICANS

(continued from page 136)

in 1971—up 12.2 percent from 1970. No national economy—except possibly that of Japan in its best years—has registered comparable growth rates in industrial investments. The last estimated value of U. S. plants abroad was about 78 billion dollars. The actual value today is closer to twice that amount. Surprisingly, the bulk of these investments has been made in the so-called developed countries, such as Canada, Britain, West Germany and France—which is exactly where most Americans have gone.

This postwar expansion was, of course, triggered by the purchasing power of the dollar and buoyed by the tremendous advances U. S. industry has made in productivity. The decisive factor, however, has been the expansionary vitality of the corporations themselves and of the people in them. As U. S. corporations have spread, there have been cries of economic exploitation and even neocolonialism on the old Continent. *The American Challenge*, by Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, a French publicist turned politician, was the most intelligent and best-read reaction to the phenomenon. "In about 15 years," Servan-Schreiber wrote, "the third industrial power of the world, after the Soviet Union and the United States, could well be . . . U. S. industry in Europe." The book sent shivers through European board rooms. Bankers on the Continent who used to sit behind Directoire desks making sure their pulse was nice and regular have since learned to hustle, too. The more visible signs of the changes wrought by the American presence are legion. Who would ever have imagined a Levittown on the outskirts of Paris, drugstores on the Champs Elysées, billboards along French highways, advertising on Britain's publicly supervised TV network? Though not always as garish as the home product nor yet quite so numerous, the symptoms and symbols of America's economic influence have begun to filigrain the texture of life everywhere. A chain of hamburger heavens under the Wimpy label was started in Britain; now it's spreading all over the Continent. In France, a man named Jacques Borel has been opening Howard Johnson–type eateries along new superhighways, complete with orange-tiled roofs to attract motorists.

Though it could never be upheld by arms, America's corporate empire is, of course, also the fallout of a military supremacy established at the end of World War Two. The U. S. entered that war reluctantly and, in a sense, Americans never quite came to terms with their inherited predominance. Congressional conservatism, parochial pressures on each administration and remnants of a traditional isolationism took the initiative out of the hands of the Government. From the beginning, it was a few private institutions, rather than Congress or the Government, that seized the opportunities offered abroad. Britain used to claim that in her empire, "Trade follows the flag." Americans reversed the process by going where their corporations went. And as often as not, they left the flag at home and called themselves multinational. Offshoots of a continent where nationalities and races have always tried to live side by side—even if they failed to melt, as was once assumed—they have since taught other people to think in new dimensions. The corporation was the spearhead of America's expansion and still is. Through it Americans have supplied the non-Communist world not only with computers, aircraft and sophisticated electronic gear but also with the bulk of its razor blades, shaving cream, baby food and automobiles—as well as a supranational ethic.

A *Fortune* article claimed that the only thing holding up the multiplication of overseas branches of large U. S. banks "is that they cannot find enough people to staff them." The predicament is widespread. American students who start out on a bit of postgraduate work in Europe often end up being recruited on the spot. This is what happened to my friend Peter Napier. When I first met Peter in 1959, he was trying to sell some troop-carrying helicopters to the West German *Bundeswehr*. He and a few other members of the Boeing lobby had installed themselves in a private villa opposite the U. S. ambassador's residence in Bad Godesberg and were spending a good deal of their time sailing off the Hook of Holland. (It takes an awful lot of patience to sell anyone 200 helicopters, even when your prospective customer is rich and rearming.) Peter had originally gone to Germany to prepare a Ph. D. in engineering at the University of Munich's School of Technology. From Boeing's headquarters in Bad Godesberg he moved to Paris, a strategic site for the exchange of aircraft know-how. A year later, the company reported that his work with governmental, research and academic institutions had helped provide many European scientists with their first direct contact with an American aerospace company. In the process, Boeing evidently learned as much as it taught, since one of Peter's jobs was to keep close tabs on the development of the Anglo-French Concorde project. From Paris, Boeing transferred Peter to London to start a similar affiliate there. The stint was interrupted for a year in the U. S., but after a couple of job changes, the Napiers are back in Europe—with no plans to return home again, at least in the foreseeable future.

Young, worldly Americans like Peter and his wife have little in common with retired millionaires looking for a second

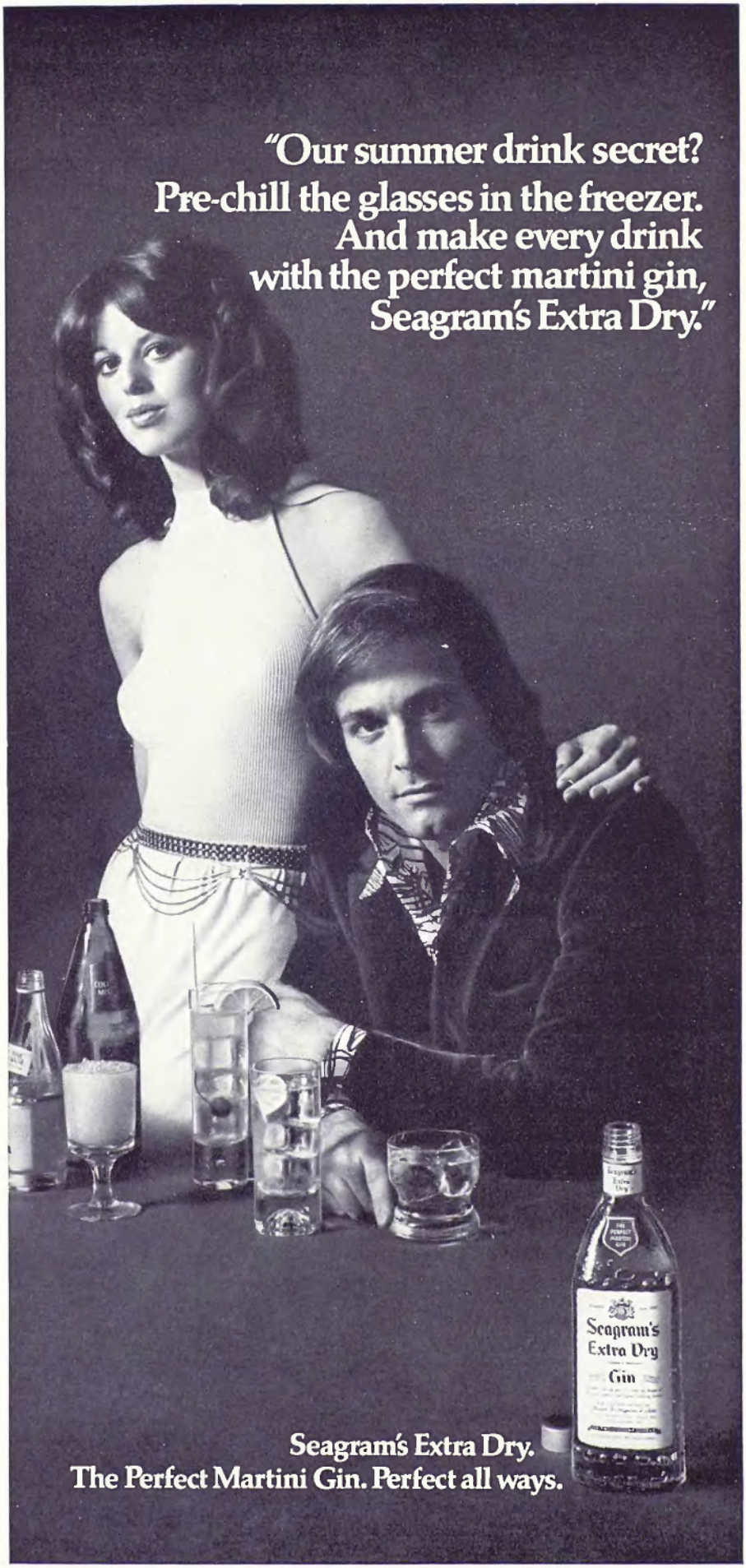
"Of course it's doggerel! . . . What do you expect?"

act in life and even less with that diminishing band of brash tourists who still wonder whether the water is drinkable or the toilet paper soft enough. The new breed speaks softly—in at least one or two foreign languages—never flaunts its nationality, frequently marries Europeans and ends up moving with familiar ease on both sides of the Atlantic. Quite unconsciously, they have become the new frontiersmen of the Americanization of the world. The continuing campaign of the United States Information Service to generate respect for the American way of life appears inconsequential next to what Europeans learn by watching Americans work. What the rest of the world really emulates in Americans is their efficiency, their skills, the way Americans organize themselves (and anyone within earshot) wherever they go, the simplicity of some of their managerial techniques and their unabashed disrespect for time-honored ways of doing things. In short, their pioneering spirit.

Peter found, "We Americans have less of a tendency to accept historical reasons as valid when it comes to optimizing productivity." This is a polite way of saying that Americans will take less truck from the unions. Yet, slowly, even the most recalcitrant, class-conscious labor leaders are waking up to the fact that American productivity gets results. In France, for instance, "le management" is all the craze nowadays. Every week a new book comes onto the market commending American techniques. The specialized press exhorts French corporations to keep an eye on "le cash flow" and never to underestimate the importance of "le marketing." Olivier de Sarnez, a well-known economic consultant in Paris, told me, "We should congratulate ourselves whenever an American company settles anywhere in Europe." A deputy from Rouen in public life, De Sarnez has gone to frequent pains to convince his electorate that it makes little sense to be nasty to the Americans. Man for man, whether hippie or square, "Americans are 20 years ahead of us," he told me. "We can only learn from them."

One wishes it were always so. At times the penchant for the good life in Europe gets the better of schemes for improved efficiency. A Gillette man in France decided to put up a factory near Lake Annecy, mainly because he liked to be near the skiing in the nearby French and Swiss Alps. "There was absolutely no economic factor to dictate the choice of that site," I was told. "It was no good for exports to Switzerland, which is not a member of the Common Market trade zone, and in France, most of our sales are concentrated in the Paris area."

I suppose the same goes for many an American company seat in Geneva, though tax advantages were originally cited as the main reason for settling



Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y. 90 Proof. Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from American Grain.

there. When I stopped off there to call on John Hadik, who manages the local office of the Fiduciary Trust Company of New York, he had just returned from an extended weekend at Méribel and was tanned and relaxed. "We don't have as active a social life here as we would in New York," he said. "But then, we no longer have to take our children to Central Park on Sunday afternoons, where all you can do is join the poor saps who throw a football around as an excuse for exercise." Hadik has been on the foreign circuit almost without interruption since he graduated from Harvard in 1956 and went to Geneva for graduate work in comparative government. Through 16 years and several banking jobs, he has had an excellent chance to observe American moneymen in Europe. A few years ago, Geneva was still buzzing with young Americans on the move—lawyers, men just out of the Harvard Business School, computer experts and company consultants full of go-go. But the halcyon days of American financiers in Geneva ended with the collapse of Bernard Cornfeld's Investors Overseas Services (IOS), which squandered much of the good will Americans used to have there. "IOS went through hundreds of millions of dollars of the money people had entrusted to them," Hadik told me, "which is a lot of money by anyone's standard." These days it's no longer so easy to gain acceptance for American expertise, despite the fact that Swiss bankers' methods of managing money are as archaic as ever.

"Setting up an office like this involves a lot of nitpicking problems," Hadik says. "But I'm convinced it's better than if I'd stuck it out in New York, where success depends on how well you read *The New York Times* and the company reports in *The Wall Street Journal*." Besides, he likes the places he can travel to in Europe: Munich, London, Rome and Paris are only short hops by plane.

The ease with which you can get around the Continent these days seems to fill Americans with delight. Other people are having increasing difficulties in telling Europe's cities apart. Upton Sinclair's famous prophecy, "Thanks to the movies, the world is becoming unified —that is, becoming Americanized," still holds, though I doubt we can attribute it exclusively to the effect of Hollywood's projection of the American life style. André Fontaine, the foreign editor of *Le Monde*, has written: "Skyscrapers, supermarkets, and even Intercontinental hotels have appeared beyond the Iron Curtain. Cities of concrete and glass are rising from one end of the Continent to the other, so much alike that when you arrive in the evening after a long journey, you can no longer know whether you are in France, Germany, Holland or Sweden. Movichouses show the same films, radios broadcast the same programs, everywhere the walls are covered with advertisements for the same soaps and bras and cars. Skirt lengths obey the same norms from San Francisco to Ankara, and 'sex shops,' which originated in Copenhagen and New York, are opening simultaneously in Paris and Munich."

Especially as seen from the lounges of airport terminals, the world's cities may have started to look more and more alike. But language and custom, and the cities' inner cores, still differ widely. "It's simply not true that because red ice cream sells well in one country, it has to sell well in another," is one American adman's considered put-down of facile multinationalism. He should know, since he made it his business to discover what colors Germans preferred for their television cabinets. Finding the answer set up Robert P. Eaton, 39, a native of New York City, as one of the hottest management consultants in Frankfurt. In 1966, he broached the idea of coloring the cabinets of TV sets so that they could be fitted into any decor. A few weeks earlier, he had quit as the head of the Ted Bates agency in Germany. Nordmende, a major German manufacturer, bought Eaton's idea and has watched its sales more than triple since then. Eaton still serves as its main consultant. An independent advertising agency which he also launched was subsequently put in charge of the campaign. Today it has nine other major clients and annual billings of more than $8,500,000.

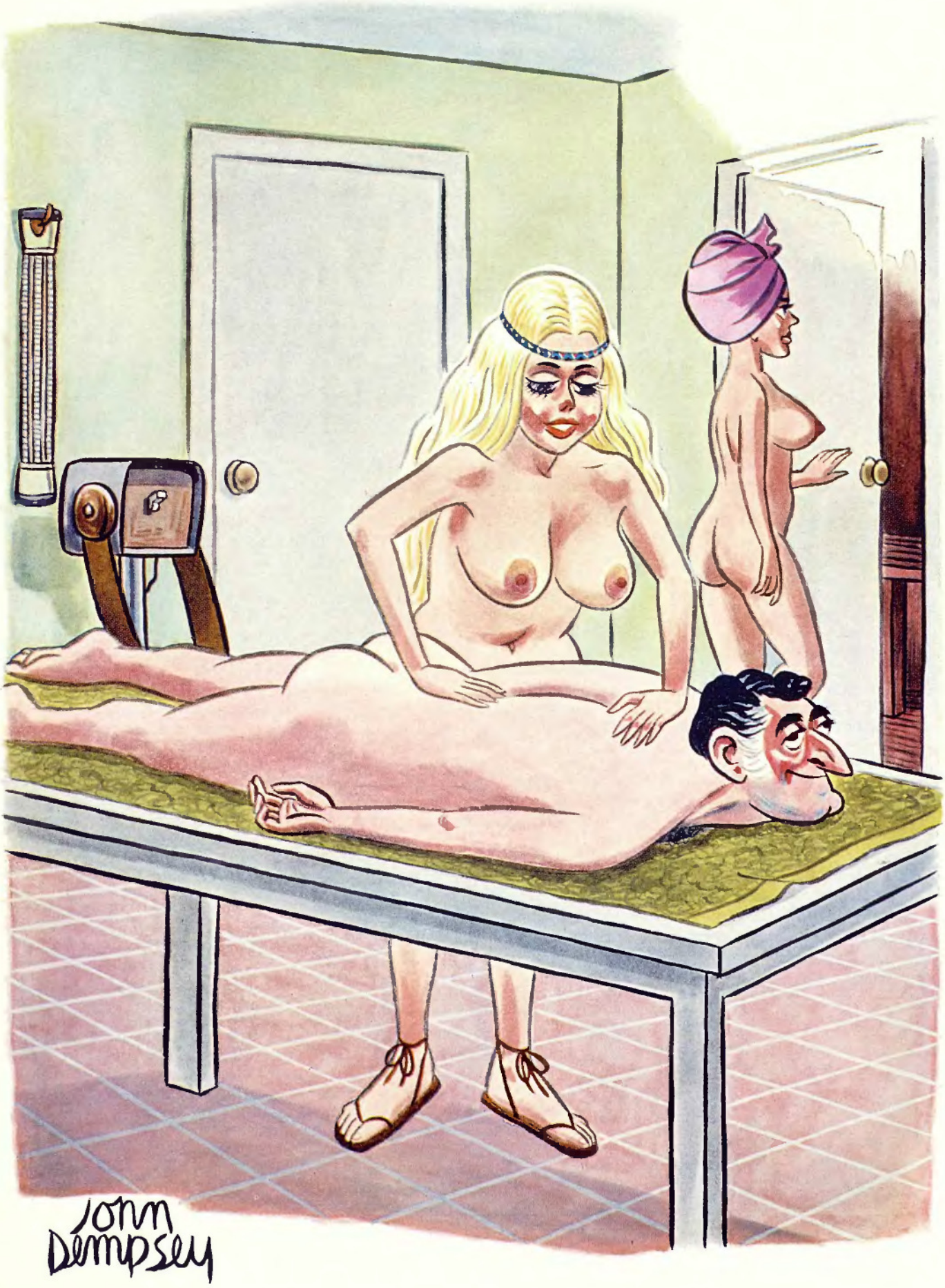
Though in recent years German competitors of the American agencies have been making tremendous strides in both creative ideas and marketing, theirs is still an amateur's game compared with New York's. "I'm constantly on the lookout for real professionals," Eaton says, "but most Americans who apply think they can get away with only a smattering of German. Except in the creative sector, that simply won't do." On trips back to New York, he checks into some of the bigger supermarkets for new ideas in products and techniques of presentation. The trips always turn into talent-scouting expeditions as well. His staff now includes 45 account executives, designers, copy writers and secretaries. German companies sometimes turn to him, "mainly because we are American"; but often they reject a progressive idea, "because it's *too* American. They say it wouldn't work here." Some companies call on Eaton to solve problems through advertising that can't be solved by it, which is one of the reasons he switched to consulting. "That way I can act as more of a catalyst. In many German companies, communications between different echelons are not as good as they should be. I can tell them, 'Let's all get together.' "

Life abroad contains its own share of paradoxes. For Americans like Eaton, who try to offer an integrated professional service, it can also be harrowing and lonely. "I think we all suffer from varying degrees of professional loneliness in Europe," he has said. "You may live better than you would in the States, but you age faster. Here I always have to deal with the total picture. You can't contract work out as easily as you can in New York." After Germany, he would like to start anew in Southeast Asia or Latin America.

In their unquenchable urge to keep moving, Americans have always treated borders, national distinctions and much of the bureaucratic rigmarole of getting from point A to point B with a certain contempt. I owe my introduction to this attitude to another American friend, who invited me on a sailing jaunt the year we graduated from college. That was in 1957, when moving across borders was still hampered by visa restrictions and currency problems. Mike da Costa, a native of Philadelphia, had been to the Continent the year before, met a Norwegian boatbuilder in a French railroad station and contracted to have a 32-foot yawl built. Nine months later, the boat was ready. He sailed it to the English Channel Islands via Denmark and Holland. We agreed to meet in Paris in late winter for the last leg south, across the Bay of Biscay and the French inland canals to Spain's Costa Brava. National regulations—about which I tended to worry—didn't faze him in the least. He insured the yawl with Lloyd's and hoisted an American ensign. That was all the registration we needed, he said. Travel funds were transferred from a bank in Tangier to an American Express representative in Bordeaux via the "gray market" in Gibraltar. The arrangement turned out to be slightly more cumbersome than Da Costa originally thought. When we reached Bordeaux, the local American Express agent didn't have a banking license. But Mike enlisted the services of a friendly U. S. consul, who simply appointed the agent a banker for the duration of our transaction.

Nor did Mike worry about the weather. On our first day out, it began to snow. "We can't hang around Atlantic ports forever," he declared. "The best way to ride out a storm is at sea. So let's go." After losing our jib and capsizing once in an ebb tide, we finally reached Spain. Mike eventually settled there, made a name for himself in the Mediterranean regatta circuit and married the pixy daughter of a Barcelona heart specialist.

Mike's progress as a sportsman wasn't hampered by a five-figure trust-fund income—the fallout, as he once quipped, of a lucky marriage between one of his paternal grandfathers and a Biddle heiress. A Spaniard in his situation would have been content with a sporting success. One of these nobleman sailors once showed him a pair of immaculate white hands and said, "Look at these. They've never done a day's work"—a sight hard



"Now, no suddenly flipping over on your back, Mr. Carruthers."

for an American to take. Mike's own spirit of business enterprise matched his ambition to become a top-notch sailor. He drove me to exasperation with his *negocios* after we landed on the Costa Brava in the spring of 1958 and he had conceived the idea of developing some coastal real estate for tourism. It was a sight worth watching, his tall, hulky figure moving over the craggy promontories of the coast next to birdlike Spanish agents, pecking at him, gesturing toward the horizon, but all of them ready to gyp him out of his dollars. Mike turned all of them down, after months of bargaining, and has lived to regret it. Last year Spain absorbed 25,000,000 tourists. Land prices along the coast have skyrocketed.

He tried everything—bars, boatbuilding, ship chandlering—all with little success. Then, at a banquet to receive one of his many Spanish sailing trophies, a manufacturer of parachutes approached him with an offer to make sails on an industrial scale in Spain. That was all it took to rekindle the old Da Costa enterprise. Within weeks he was signed up by Bruce Banks, the British sailmaker, to manufacture Banks's type of sails under license. Da Costa designed the lofts, trained cutters and hired women to sew, while making arrangements to have a computer in Britain respond to telexed instructions on how the sails should be shaped. In less than a year he had captured half the Spanish market. It isn't yet big money by international standards, he told me. "The real boom is yet to come. Sailing will be the sport of the Seventies and reach multimillion-dollar proportions here, as it already has in France." His main concern now is to keep production geared to expanding sales.

Among the American businessmen in Europe with the greatest impact are economic consultants and efficiency experts. Four years ago, the staid *Financial Times* proposed that English dictionaries should introduce the verb "to McKinsey," meaning "to shake up, reorganize, declare redundant, abolish committee rule as applied to any organization with management problems." The suggestion was made after Hugh Parker of the McKinsey consulting corporation won a contract to reorganize the Bank of England, which struck many Englishmen somewhat like the queen asking a Marlboro cowboy to tell her what to do with her Horse Guards. A European consultant complained to me, "Actually, we could do most jobs as well as any American firm. They're usually 95 percent European in their staff, anyway. But it's that damned U. S. label that makes all the difference." The ultimate irony came when Servan-Schreiber hired an American campaign specialist to help him win an assembly seat in Nancy. (He won handily with the Kennedy-style slogan "I Can Do More for Lorraine.")

Alan K. Jackson, 41, who arrived in Europe 14 years ago to scout opportunities for American technological know-how, continues to find it easier to spark creativity in U. S. manufacturers than in their European counterparts. Jackson launched a small consulting outfit on the proceeds of the sale of his Austin-Healey sports car in 1960, and has since helped a score of U. S. manufacturers establish themselves on the European market. The willingness to take risks and expand with the market for a product has deep roots in the American psyche, he believes. It starts with the give-and-take at American schools, which ask less pure learning of their students but generate more participation. "As a result, the average American engineer will have an answer ready for you in the time it takes a Frenchman to redefine the question." Jackson is now fluent in French and speaks passable German, Italian and Spanish. "As outsiders, we can appreciate their differences," he says, "once we begin to realize that a man in Turin will react differently to the same situation from a man in Stuttgart."

My friend Edwin S. Matthews, a partner in the Paris branch of Coudert Frères, one of the largest international law firms, would take that thought a step further. "We are the first people to appreciate Europe as an entity," he told me. "To me it is like one country, whereas to a Frenchman, England is still a foreign place." Rather than work as a clerk in a Stateside law office, Matthews took his first summer job in Paris, fell in love with a beautiful French girl and stayed. When I last saw him, he was in the midst of negotiations with a Western government on behalf of a major international company eager to exploit natural resources in underdeveloped countries. "Sure," he said, "the American corporate presence overseas is a tremendous force. It could be a force of progress, but I have developed great reservations about it. We are leading the world today, but we may be leading it in the wrong direction." Two years ago, Matthews took on the job of European representative of The Friends of the Earth, the Washington lobby leading the fight to save what's left of our mutilated ecosphere. He volunteered for the task of proselytizing for The Friends of the Earth in Europe after a trip to Libya, where he visited the ruins of the ancient Roman city Leptis Magna. "The same neglect that handed Leptis Magna back to the desert—you should see it, even what's left makes Rome look dull—is still at work. But in the cities *we'll* leave, the sands will cover Coke machines instead of monuments of stone." Matthews is now convinced that America, as the biggest spoiler of the earth, also has the responsibility of leading others in halting the dangerous fallout of modern technology.

Even Marie-Claude, Matthews' wife, looks askance at her husband's idealism. "Most Europeans are cynics," she said, "with little faith in the efficacy of the individual. We were brought up to compete, to develop initiative and the like but also to be responsible." Yet his fervor is infectious. Here's this boy from Idaho, whom I remember from college as a carefree, handsome achiever, worrying about how to avoid the conflict between representing and advising U. S. industries abroad and curbing the damage they've done to the world's environment. I wonder whether he fully realizes how far ahead this very concern puts him of any contemporary French or German lawyer in a similar position, who worries mostly about his success, his situation in life, membership in a social class or the narrow interests of his clients.

While America's big success overseas has been mainly a corporate achievement, worldly Americans don't necessarily work for large corporations. Some have decided to incorporate themselves instead. One of the most interesting is Charles Osborne, 36, a tall, affable Virginian. When I first met Osborne in St.-Moritz some years ago, I took him for just another adjunct of the jet set. At the Palace Hotel, he spent hours over the backgammon board, matching stakes with English gamblers. When not playing backgammon, he tried his nerves on the Cresta bobsled run, where you hurtle down an iced track at speeds up to 65 mph with your chin inches from the ground. Later I discovered another layer under the pleasure seeking. Osborne, whose father was an admiral in the U. S. Navy, was destined to represent the family's fifth generation of Southern gentlemen soldiers. His boyhood was spent in military schools all the way into Annapolis. "It took me five years of nightmares to get over that conditioning," he says.

Osborne chose to start by going to Egypt. "In 1961, Cairo was the center of the developing world," he told me. "I made it my business to find out what they most needed." During his three years of scouting, he also learned to speak fluent Arabic. At first he thought of setting up a sales organization for scientific equipment, but few developing countries were ready for sophisticated gear. Yet all of them did need modern, equipped hospitals. He risked some money trying to organize Swedish and then British hospital-equipment exporters. When that failed, he went to France. One by one, he badgered French manufacturers into allowing him to represent them abroad. After another two years of hiring engineers, setting up representatives, traveling through the Middle East, up and down the African coasts and to Latin America, and personally convincing health authorities as well as heads of state, he was ready.

What he offered them were "turn-key"

hospitals with French equipment. All the local authorities would have to do was to staff them. It would be as simple as buying a prefabricated house with all the appliances. The sales of Equipement Hospitalier de France shot up, once he had acquired a 90 percent interest in it for 6000 new francs or $1200 and injected his entire savings (plus those of some of his friends) into its recapitalization. In 1969, sales reached $17,000,000. They tripled that a year later. Through Euromedico, a company he set up to hold his controlling interest in E. H. F. and seven other companies, he raised $1,500,000 through the sale of 20 percent of its stock on the Euro-dollar market. By this act, Euromedico became the first European company to tap the 45-billion-dollar Euro-dollar pool with an equity issue.

I find it ironic that a man destined for a military career, who might have had to drop napalm on Southeast Asians, chose to make his fortune in a far more humanitarian manner. Joining the Peace Corps isn't the only way out, after all.

In a sense, the basic idea behind the Peace Corps is not much different. Americans are assumed to possess skills and pragmatic attitudes that, transmitted to other people, should help them develop. In practice, this has meant sending college graduates to tropical countries, where they live and work among the natives. At best, their efforts have been received as patronizing; at worst, edgy, xenophobic governments have gotten rid of them. Who is to say that those who try to make a profit or are driven by any of the traditional motives of American enterprise cannot fare at least as well? Richard Gamble, a scion of the Procter & Gamble fortune, invested some of his money and all of his energies in the manufacture of pots and pans in Nigeria. A former New York architect took off for Thailand some years ago and developed a silk-weaving export business that employed some 2000 weavers, grossed over $1,000,000 a year and made Thai silk world-famous. Arthur D. Little, the well-known consulting firm, has been active for many years in making its managerial and organizational techniques available to developing countries. For those who like the adventure of life on the outposts of our industrial civilization, there is always the chance to do likewise. All they need is a bit of capital, some special technical skills or just a new idea and the willingness to break with habits.

While money has never been an obstacle in smoothing the passage, particularly if one goes abroad without a specific plan, there are dozens of other ways of making it into the American expatriate establishment. The classical route is to acquire a foreign language first, either during or after college, and then to apply for a job with prospects of a foreign assignment. It's no accident that every one of the worldly Americans I met started out this way, no matter whether he later succeeded as a member of an international corporation or on his own. Most Americans who go abroad do not go for an easier life. They are out there earning the revenues that allowed many an American company to weather the severe profit squeeze in the U. S. in 1969. Call it what you will—an empire, part of our overseas establishment or merely a presence, as have some conservative editorialists—the fact remains, as James Reston once observed, that "No nation, not even Britain at the height of her imperial power, ever had such a vast company scattered across the world." John Fowles, the British novelist, put a more romantic accent on it when he wrote that America's new expatriates were not much different from the ones who made the country. "The true expatriate has directed his wagon train toward other frontiers, other trails, other improvisations in new territory, [since] America, for real Americans, is always just over the next range of mountains."

Introducing the Conditioning-Groom System for Men

Even after spraying twice for extra hold your hair still feels soft and natural

New Conditioning-Groom System

Want more hold from your hair spray... without stiffness? Try New Vaseline® Hair Spray & Conditioner. Simply follow this daily grooming system:

1. *Spray New 'Vaseline' Hair Spray & Conditioner all through your hair.*
2. *Massage hair and scalp briskly.*
3. *Style hair any way you want.*
4. *Now spray a second time for extra control.*

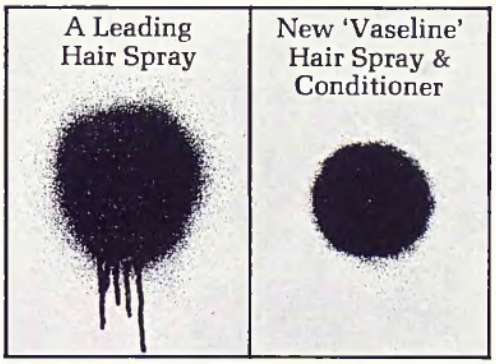
Notice how your hair still feels natural ...looks soft...even after spraying twice for extra hold.

Why hair feels soft and natural:

First, 'Vaseline' Hair Spray & Conditioner has a special conditioning agent —Viratol®.

Second, this formula is sprayed through a new actuator system for a more even, less sticky hold.

Spray System Test



On sensitive, electrocardiogram paper, you can see the difference. A leading hair spray delivers large droplets that can run and make hair stiff or sticky.

But New 'Vaseline' Hair Spray & Conditioner delivers a superfine, concentrated mist to leave hair holding soft and natural... instead of stiff or sticky.

Vaseline® and Viratol® are registered trademarks of Chesebrough-Pond's Inc.

KENNEDY RISING *(continued from page 110)*

in South Dakota and the refugee camps of Bangla Desh.

Many wise observers believe these trips are political and that it's out of cynicism that Kennedy is building a constituency of casualties. My hunch is that Kennedy's passion for the victim is largely authentic. Showing sympathy for poor whites and Indians is not how Presidents are made in this middle-class country.

The best simile illuminating Kennedy's behavior this past year may have come from his former advisor, David Burke: "I guess it's like that old Alec Guinness movie in which the man goes to the doctor, is given the wrong set of X rays and thinks he has only a year to live. He stops worrying and starts taking chances and suddenly he becomes a great success because he's so loose."

• • •

Most of politics consists of public ceremonies that tell you nothing about the character of a man. He reads a speech drafted by others. At a press conference, he answers questions he has answered 50 times before. He travels to political dinners and committee hearings inside a bubble of unreality. His staff briefs him, programs him with names, facts and questions, all neatly summarized on index cards. But once in a while, there are moments of spontaneity, when the politician does or says something to suggest the private character behind the public mask, moments when he's on his own.

In October 1971, Kennedy went to New York to speak at the Queens County Democratic dinner as a favor to his old Infantry bunkmate Matt Troy, the new county leader. Julie Baumgold, a reporter for *New York* magazine who was writing a piece on Kennedy, met him at the airport and went along to the dinner. Julie is a small, fragile woman. The Queens dinner was a typical, old-fashioned brawl, oversubscribed by 500. People started drinking early. There was a lot of pushing and elbowing by important local politicians, scuffling for a chance to stand next to Kennedy, to be seen in the same room with him, to get into a picture with him that would be proudly displayed on the walls of their small, crowded offices for the next 20 years.

At one point, several goons led Kennedy into a quiet private room, shutting Miss Baumgold out. Suddenly, Kennedy realized what had happened. Abruptly, he turned his back on the three men with whom he was posing for a picture, walked over to the door and told the goons to let Miss Baumgold in. Julie, astonished at the kindness, remarked that John Lindsay was never so considerate of the people traveling in his chaotic wake.

• • •

Kennedy is not an ideologue; he has a sense of fair play that can override the most abstract notions of ideological purity. Last autumn, William Rehnquist's nomination for the Supreme Court was before the Senate Judiciary Committee. Rehnquist's hard-line conservatism was obviously distasteful to Kennedy, and he would later vote against him. But when Joseph Rauh, longtime spokesman for the A. D. A. and countless liberal causes, began to allude in his testimony before the committee to rumors that Rehnquist had once been a secret member of the John Birch Society, Kennedy started to frown and fidget. Rauh, a courageous opponent of McCarthyism in the Fifties, continued to speculate—without offering any evidence—about the nominee's "possible associations" with the Birch Society, and Kennedy exploded. Without pausing to confer with his staff aide, Jim Flug, who was in the hearing room, he interrupted Rauh in midsentence:

"I think your suggestion is completely unwarranted and completely uncalled for," Kennedy said in plain anger. "I don't think you are serving the cause of those of us who have some very serious reservations [about the nomination] to make this kind of charge. . . . I don't feel that you are serving the cause of enlightenment with this kind of suggestion. . . . You have left an atmosphere which I think is rather poisonous. . . . This is a misleading type of suggestion and I think you ought to have a good deal more evidence to back up the kind of suggestions you are making here."

One night last summer, Kennedy went to Bellevue Hospital in Manhattan to meet informally with some 50 radical nurses, residents and interns. There was no press in the room and the evening was a totally unstructured contest of ideas. For about an hour, the new medics went at Kennedy from the left, pointing out the limits of working within the system, the futility of piecemeal reform of health care. Finally, one of the young physicians rose to make a speech, attacking Kennedy's failure to

"Take your time, my boy. Sink this and you defeat your elderly Uncle Travis, a millionaire many times over."

How the gift of a Paris belt changed my way of life.

It is written that a gift from the heart by his family can bring untold wealth to a husband and father. And so it was for me with the gift of a Paris Belt.

I was a proud warrior of the desert, rich in 4 wives, 40 progeny, and little else when they presented it to me.

"By the beard of my father," I exclaimed, "this is a handsome gift," and stamped on the ground with my foot in my pleasure.

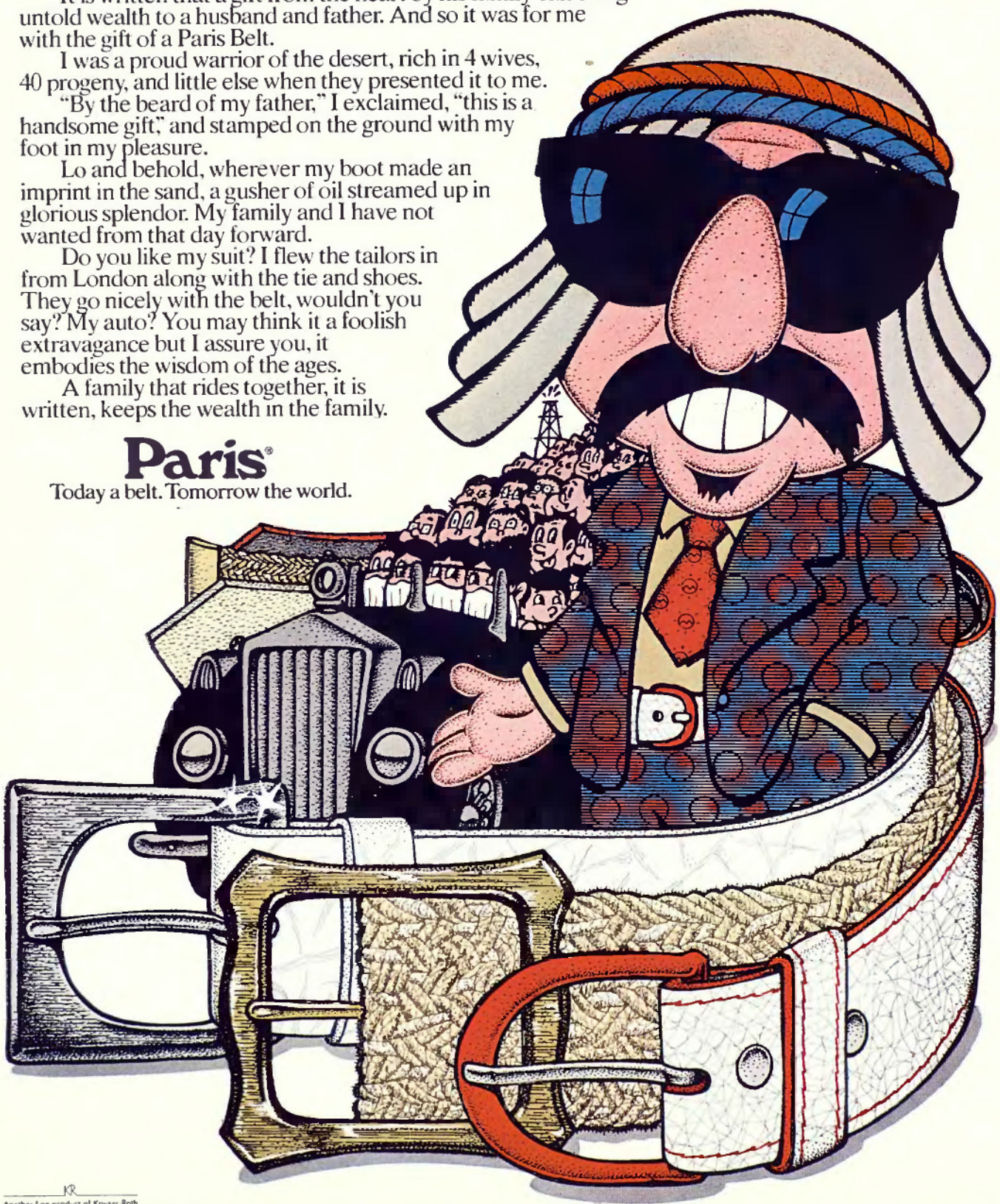
Lo and behold, wherever my boot made an imprint in the sand, a gusher of oil streamed up in glorious splendor. My family and I have not wanted from that day forward.

Do you like my suit? I flew the tailors in from London along with the tie and shoes. They go nicely with the belt, wouldn't you say? My auto? You may think it a foolish extravagance but I assure you, it embodies the wisdom of the ages.

A family that rides together, it is written, keeps the wealth in the family.

Paris®

Today a belt. Tomorrow the world.



KR

Another fine product of Kayser-Roth
2150 FRONTAGE ROAD, DES PLAINES, ILL. 60018

LEFT: WHITE CRUSHED PATENT LEATHER $6; CENTER: ROUGH, BULKY HEMP $6; RIGHT: WHITE WITH COLORED STITCHING AND BUCKLE $7

support the exemption of doctors from the military draft.

"What kind of a question is that?" Kennedy snapped. "What about all the civilian casualties in Vietnam? You're all supposed to be such great humanitarians. Why don't you go over there and treat the refugees dying in those camps in Laos and Cambodia? What's so special about a doctor? What about the guys in Dorchester, guys who are nineteen and will never go to college and are working in a factory? Why should they have to go die in Vietnam, so some doctor can make a lot of dough on Park Avenue? There are a hell of a lot of civilian casualties over there. Are you guys so special you can't heal them?"

• • •

Kennedy's reference to "the guys in Dorchester" is an insight into the chemistry that, for all his immense personal wealth and luxurious life style, exists between him and the ethnic working class of factory workers, waitresses and truck drivers—the Wallace people. His former advisor, David Burke, is an off-the-corner product of the Brookline proletariat who did construction work after college. Kennedy knows all the words to Boston's shanty-Irish anthem —*Southie Is My Home Town*—and loves to sing it in Boston pubs or at Washington parties. And although the pollsters and sociologists predicted that Chappaquiddick would damage him most with moralistic lower-class Catholic families, it hasn't worked out that way. In his campaign for re-election in 1970, Kennedy won his biggest margin from the same district that sent Louise Day Hicks to Congress—and, in 1968, had given George Wallace his biggest Massachusetts vote.

In October of 1971, *Newsweek* published the results of a Gallup Poll of 1700 new voters between the ages of 18 and 23, and Kennedy did even better among those not in college than he did with reputedly more liberal campus types. Kennedy, with 59 percent, was first among all politicians, and his hold on the less educated, less affluent youth helped cut the Wallace strength to six percent.

Perhaps the most dramatic demonstration of Kennedy's rapport with the white working class took place in September of 1970, when he visited the Jo-Gal shoe factory in Lawrence, Massachusetts —an old mill town, once a bastion of the I. W. W., now demoralized by unemployment. Kennedy was the only Massachusetts politician who opposed an import quota for shoes; this position could have led to the closing of the Jo-Gal factory and the laying off of its 300 workers. The signs already pointed in that direction when Kennedy went to Lawrence; nevertheless, the minute he entered the plant, the workers—mostly female—went berserk. Women in their 40s and 50s climbed up onto tables, squealing and jumping wildly. They forgot their tedious jobs and their dead-end lives and filled the dingy plant with a symphony of sound.

After a while, Kennedy invited a few questions.

"What about the shoe quota?" a man in his 50s asked.

"I have trouble with that," Kennedy answered.

"I know," said the man, "but I'm for you anyway, Ted."

One afternoon, flying between New York and Washington, I asked Kennedy to explain the almost tribal alchemy at work between him and the ethnic proletariat.

"It's hard to say," he began slowly. "It's not the issues so much. I have a feeling it's more a matter of shared values. Church and family, especially. My brothers. Patriotism, too; my family has all been in the Service. A sense of toughness. I'm not really sure what it is. I guess it's because I really like them."

• • •

Every day, no matter where he is, Kennedy telephones his 11-year-old son, Teddy, Jr., to reassure him that everything is OK. Last autumn, on the day Kennedy was due in town, police in Des Moines arrested a man distributing KENNEDY: WANTED FOR MURDER leaflets and found a pistol in his pocket. When Dick Drayne, Kennedy's press secretary, got home from a day with him last year, Drayne's nine-year-old son greeted him with "Have they shot Senator Kennedy yet, Daddy?"

Kennedy receives 10 or 15 death threats, warnings of attempts to complete the symmetry of assassination, in the mail every month. Once a week, men from the FBI and Secret Service come by his office to pick them up and feed them into a computer. His receptionist, Melody McElligott, has an alarm system under her desk and a bunch of

"On your cue: 'Earnings are up forty percent over the past quarter,' you leap out with a whoop."

photographs—of faces to watch out for—in her drawer. Wherever Kennedy goes, a couple of unobtrusive plainclothesmen pick him up at the airport and stay with him until he leaves town. When you're with Kennedy, it's impossible not to think about the ghosts.

Kennedy tries hard to kill the dread by ignoring it. In Washington, he often walks alone to and from floor votes. Twice while I was working on this piece, he flew to New York on the shuttle, without staff or security precautions. He tries not to let the ghosts inhibit his actions. But he will confess, "When a tray drops, I guess I jump higher than the next guy."

Another specter that haunts Kennedy is The Bridge. He has said publicly that his conduct at Chappaquiddick was "indefensible." But the gossip persists, after he leaves a room, at the edges of crowds, in bars and beauty parlors.

When Roger Mudd asked him on television if Chappaquiddick was the reason he said he wouldn't run this year, Kennedy swallowed and replied, "No . . . other circumstances . . . before that." Meaning the other ghosts.

Of Chappaquiddick he says, "I've come to terms with myself about that. . . . I can face it in a campaign if I have to. I can take whatever they throw at me about the accident. I'm aware of all the rumors. Only what actually happened hurts.

"Look, eleven people were involved in that evening. If there were some secret, some hidden thing, it would have come out. Eleven people in this world can't keep a secret. Two people couldn't keep it. How could I possibly remain in public life if there were some secret eleven people had?

"Now I just think about it as one of a long list of tragedies."

Last November, Kennedy went to New York City to speak at a dinner honoring reform Congressman William F. Ryan. Kennedy's speech was about the Supreme Court, and at one point his text read that Louis Brandeis was nominated for the Court in 1916. But Kennedy said 1969 instead of 1916.

He kept on reading as the audience started to murmur about the slip. Suddenly, Kennedy looked up, an odd, hurt look on his face, and blurted out:

"Did I say 1969? It was 1916. I remember something else from 1969."

One of the survivors of Chappaquiddick was in the audience at the dinner.

• • •

The other side of dread is desire. Kennedy obviously wants to be President someday. He talks with genuine anger about what Nixon and Mitchell and Connally are doing to the country. And patience is not part of his nature. But 95 percent of the time, Kennedy is sure he won't run this year. He doesn't think Nixon can be beaten. It would take a deadlocked convention, the threat of Humphrey and Wallace, a desperate party and an honest draft to make Kennedy a candidate.

There was plenty of pressure on Kennedy to jump into the primaries this year. Mayor Daley and Bella Abzug were for him. Labor leaders and blacks wanted him, although the blacks also feared for his life. From September to December of last year, he was ahead of Muskie in most of the public-opinion polls. Finally, when Kennedy's friend John Tunney endorsed Muskie, the professionals began to believe he wasn't going to run.

Still, he kept getting information that Iowa was his, that the Utah delegation backed him, that he was unbeatable in Pennsylvania and California. There were even days when he seemed ready to run. In early November, he made a frenetic five-state, three-day swing from Salt Lake City to Minneapolis, climaxing all his speeches with the line:

"I ask you to march again as we marched before."

"So this kid started hollering: 'Workingmen of all lands, unite!' It struck a chord deep within me, so I hit him again."

And the crowds would roar back, "Yes" and "Run!" and "When?"

He had endless, agonized conversations with family, friends and journalists about the pull between dread and desire. But the bottom line always sounded the same:

"It doesn't feel right in my gut. . . . I feel certain responsibilities to my family, my mother, my wife, my children, Bobby's children. . . . I have to think about running in terms of other people. . . . If I should run and get hurt, I would want my children to be older."

• • •

At 41, Ted Kennedy remains a mythic figure—a flawed and vulnerable hero. His failures are all public, from cheating at Harvard to panicking at Chappaquiddick. He is still waiting for the chance to win something on his own, without leaning on the legend of his family.

My intuition is that Ted Kennedy is goaded by a vision of vindication. He has something to prove to himself. He is grappling with ghosts out of a need for redemption. He could wait until the year 2000; or he may seek the prize suddenly, this year. But he will seek it—because it is his fate.

falling rocks *(continued from page 170)*

which all human beings most want to be free?"

"Sex," we conceded, to save time, knowing our man.

"Passion!" he amended. "For this agony there are only three solutions. The first is sin, which," he grinned, "I am informed on the best authority is highly agreeable but involves an awful waste of time. I mean, if you could hang her up in the closet every time you were finished with her, that would be very convenient, but. Then there is marriage, which, as Shaw said, is the perfect combination of maximum temptation and maximum opportunity. And there is celibacy, which, I can say with authority, as the only member of the present company who knows anything at all about it, bestows on man the qualified freedom of a besieged city where one sometimes has to eat rats. Of our two friendly friends, the older man needs approval for his lifelong celibacy. The younger man needs encouragement to sustain his own. Or so they have chosen to imagine. In fact, neither of them really believes in celibacy at all. Each has not only invented the other; he has invented himself."

The silence was prolonged.

"Very well," he surrendered. "In that case, have your own mystery!"

Of course, we who had known Dick Breen closely ever since we were kids together in L____ knew that there was nothing mysterious about him: He had simply always been a bit balmy, even as a four-eyed kid. When his parents sent him to school in England, we saw much less of him; still less when he went to Dublin for his M. B. and from there on to Austria for his M. D. After he came back to L____ to settle down for life in the old Breen house on the Dublin Road, on the death of his father, old Dr. Frank, and of his mother, we hardly saw him at all. We knew about him only by hearsay, chiefly through the gossip of his housekeeper, Dolly Lynch, passed on to Claire Coogan, Father Tim Buckley's housekeeper, and gleefully passed on by him to the whole town.

That was how the town first heard that the brass plate on his gate pillar—his father's, well polished by chamois and dulled by weather—would never again mean that there was a doctor behind it; about his clocks and his barometers; about his collection of moths and butterflies; about the rope ladder he had coiled in a red metal box under every bedroom window; about his bed always set two feet from the wall, lest a bit of cornice should fall on his head during the night; about the way he looked under the stairs for hidden thieves every night before going to bed; that his gold-knobbed Malacca cane contained a sword; that he never arrived at the railway station less than half an hour before his train left; that he hung his pajamas on a clothes hanger; had handmade wooden trees for every pair of his handmade boots; that he liked to have his bootlaces washed and ironed; that his vest pocket watch told the time, the date, the day, the year and the points of the compass, and contained an alarm buzzer that he was always setting to remind him of something important he wanted to do later on, but whose nature he could never remember when the buzzer hummed over his left gut—very much the way a wife will leave her wedding ring at night on her dressing table to remind her in the morning of something that by then she has incontinently forgotten.

So! At most a bit odd. Every club in the world must have elderly members like him—intelligent and successful men of whose oddities the secretary will know one, the headwaiter another, the bartender a third, their fellow members smile at a fourth. It is only their families or, if they live for a long time in a small town, their townsfolk who will, between them, know the lot. Dick Breen might have gone on in his harmless, bumbling way to the end of his life if that brass plate of his had not winked at Morgan Myles, and if Father Tim Buckley—was he jealous?—had not decided to play God.

• • •

Not that we ever called him Father Tim Buckley. He was too close to us, too like one of ourselves for that. We called him Tim Buckley, or Tim, or even, if the whiskey was fluming, Bucky. He was not at all like the usual Irish priest, who is as warm as toast and as friendly and understanding as a brother until you come to the Sixth Commandment, and there is an end to him. Tim was like a man who had dropped off an international plane at Shannon; not a Spencer Tracy priest from downtown Manhattan, all cigar and white cuffs, parish computer and portable typewriter, fists and feet, and there is the end to him; perhaps more like an unfrocked priest from Bolivia or Brazil, so ungentlemanly in his manners as to have given acute pain to an Evelyn Waugh and so cheerful in spite of his scars as to have shocked a Graham Greene; or still more like, among all other alternatives, a French workers' priest from Lille; or, in other words, as far as we were concerned, the right man in the right place; and as far as the bishop was concerned, a total disaster. He was handsome, ruddy and full-blooded in a sensual way, already so heavy in his middle 30s that he had the belly, the chins and (when he lost his temper) something of the voracity of Rodin's ferocious statue of Balzac in his dressing gown; but he was most himself when his leaden-lidded eyes glistened with laughter, and his tiny mouth, crushed between the peonies of his cheeks, reminded you of a small boy whistling after his dog or of some young fellow saucily making a kiss mouth across the street to his girl. His hobby was psychoanalysis.

His analysis of the doctor was characteristic. He first pointed out to us, over a glass of malt, the sexual significance of pocket watches, so often fondled and rubbed between the fingers. He merely shrugged at the idea of ladders unfolding from red containers and said that swords being in swordsticks needed no comment. Clocks and barometers were merely extensions of pocket watches. (The wrist watch, he assured us, was one of the great sexual revolutions of our age—it brought everything out in the open.) But, above all, he begged us to give due attention to Dick Breen's mother complex—evident in his love of seclusion behind womblike walls, dark trees, a masked gate; and any man must have a terrible hate for his father who mockingly leaves his father's brass plate on a pillar outside his home while publicly refusing to follow his father's profession inside it. ("By the way, can we ignore that NO DOGS sign?") The looking for thieves under the stairs at night, he confessed, puzzled him for the moment. Early arrival for trains was an obvious sign of mental insecurity. "Though, God knows," laughing in his fat, "any man who doesn't feel mentally insecure in the modern world must be out of his mind." As for the beautiful friendship, that was a classical case of narcissism: the older man in love with an image of his own lost and lonely youth.

"Any questions?"

No wonder he was the favorite confessor of all the nubile girls in town, not (or not only) because they thought him handsome but because he was always happy to give them the most disturbing psychological explanations for their simplest misdemeanors. "I kissed a boy at a dance, Father," they would say to some other priest and, as he boredly bade them say three Hail Marys for their penance, they would hear the dark slide of the confessional move dismissively across their faces. Not so with Father Tim! He would lean his cheek against the grille and whisper, "Now, my dear child, in itself a kiss is an innocent and beautiful act. Therefore, the only reason prompting you to confess it as a sin must be the manner in which the kiss was given and the spirit in which it was received, and in this you may be very wise. Because, of course, when we say *kiss*, or *lips*, we may—one never knows for certain—be thinking of something quite different. . . ." His penitents would leave his box with their faces

"Then why in hell do they call this a ball park??"

glowing and their eyes dazed. One said that he made her feel like a Magdalen with long floating hair. Another said he made her want to go around L—— wearing a dark veil. A third (who was certain to come to a bad end) said he had revealed to her the *splendeurs et misères de l'amour*. And a fourth, clasping her palms with delight, giggled that he was her Saint Rasputin.

We who met him in our homes, with a glass in his fist and his Roman collar thrown aside, did not worry about what he told our daughters. We had long since accepted him as an honest, innocent, unworldly man who seemed to know a lot about sex-in-the-head—and was always very entertaining about it—but who knew sweet damn all about love-in-the-bed, not to mention love at about 11 P.M. when your five kids are asleep and the two of you are so edgy from adding up the household accounts that by the time you have decided once again that the case is hopeless, all "to go to bed" means is to go sound asleep. But we did worry about him. He was so outspoken, so trustful of every stranger, had as little guard over his tongue as a sailor ashore, that we could foresee the day when his bishop would become so sick of getting anonymous letters about him that he would shanghai him to some remote punishment curacy on the backside of Slievenamuck. We would try to frighten him into caution by telling him that he would end up there, exiled to some spot so insignificant that it would not be marked even on one of those nostalgic one-inch-to-the-mile British Ordnance maps of 1899 that still—indifferent to the effects of time and history, of gunshot and revolution—record every burned-out constabulary barracks, destroyed mansion, abandoned branch railway, 18th Century "inn," disused blacksmith's hovel, silenced windmill, rook-echoing granary or "R. C. Chapel," where, we would tell him, is where our brave Bucky would then be, in a bald-faced presbytery, altitude 1750 feet, serving a cement-faced chapel, beside an anonymous crossroads, without a tree in sight for ten miles, stuck for life as curator, nurse and slave of some senile old parish priest with a mass-concrete body. He would just raise his voice to spit scorn at us; like the night he gobbled us up in a rage:

"And," he roared, "if I can't say what I think, how the hell am I going to live? Am I free or am I not free? Am I to lie down in the dust and be gagged and handcuffed like a slave? Do ye want me to spend my whole life watching out for traffic signs? FALLING ROCKS! NARROWING ROAD! CUL-DE-SAC! STOP! My God, are ye men or are ye mice?"

"Mice!" we roared back with one jovial voice and dispelled the tension in laughter so loud that my wife looked up in fright at the ceiling and said, "Sssh! Ye bastards! If ye wake the kids, I'll make every one of ye walk the floor with them in yeer arms till three in the morning. Or do ye think ye're starting another revolution in yeer old age?"

"We could do worse," Tim smiled into his double chin.

Whenever he smiled like that, you could see the traffic signs lying right and left of him like idols overthrown.

• • •

It was a Sunday afternoon in May. The little island was deserted. He was lying on the sun-warmed grass between the two others, all three on their backs, in a row, their hats on their faces. They were neither asleep nor awake. They were breathing as softly as the lake at their feet. They had driven at their ease that morning to the east side of the lake past the small village of Mountshannon, now looking even smaller across the level water, rowed to the island (Tim Buckley at the oars), delighted to find every hillocky green horizon slowly bubbling with cumulus clouds. They had inspected the island's three ruined churches, knee-deep in nettles and fern, and its Tenth Century Round Tower that had stood against the morning sun as dark as a factory chimney. They had photographed the ruins and one another, and then sat near the lake and the boat to discuss the excellent lunch that Dolly Lynch always prepared for "the young maaaster" on these Sunday outings: her cold chicken and salad, her handmade mayonnaise, her own brown bread and butter, the bottle of Liebfraumilch that Dick had hung by a string in the lake to cool while they explored the island, her double-roasted French coffee, flavored, the way the maaaster always liked it, with chicory and a suspicion of cognac. It was half an hour since they had lain back to sleep.

So far, everything about the outing had been perfect. No wonder Morgan had jackknifed out of bed that morning at eight o'clock and Dick Breen had wakened with a smile of special satisfaction. Before Morgan had come, exactly two years and 11 months ago, it had been his custom, at the first call of the cuckoo, to take off now and again (though not so often as to establish a precedent) on specially fine Sundays like this, with Father Timothy Buckley, in Father Timothy's roomy secondhand Peugeot—Dick did not drive—in search of moths and butterflies, or to inspect the last four walls, perhaps the last three walls, of some Eighth Century Hiberno-Romanesque churchlet, or the empty molar of some Norman castle smelling of cow dung, purple mallow, meadowsweet and the wood smoke of the last tinkers who had camped there. After Morgan had come, he had begun to drive off every fine Sunday with Morgan in Morgan's little Ford Prefect. Still, *noblesse oblige*, and also if the journey promised to be a rather long one, he had about twice a year suggested to Morgan that they might invite Father Timothy to join them; and Tim had always come, observing with amusement that they indulgently allowed him to bring his own car and that they would, after loud protestations, allow him to do all the driving, and that he also had to persuade them forcibly to allow him to pack the luggage on the seat beside him, so as to leave plenty of room—at this point they would all three laugh with the frankest irony—for their lordships' bottoms in the soft and roomy rear of the Peugeot. This luggage consisted of Dick's two butterfly nets, in case one broke, three binoculars and three cameras, one for each, two umbrellas for himself and Morgan, the bulging lunch basket for them all, two foam-rubber cushions, one for his poor old back, one for Morgan's poor young back, and a leather-backed carriage rug so that the dear boy should not feel the cold of the grass going up through him while he was eating his lunch and enjoying—as he was now enjoying—his afternoon siesta.

Retired, each one, into his own secret shell of sleep, they all three looked as dead as they would look in 15 years' time in one of the photographs they had taken of themselves an hour ago. The day had stopped. The film of the climbing towers of clouds had stopped. The lake was silent. The few birds and the three cows they had seen on the island were dozing. Thinking had stopped. Their three egos had stopped. Folk tales say that when a man is asleep on the grass like that, a tiny lizard may creep into his mouth, devour his tongue and usurp its power. After about an hour of silence and dozing, some such lizard spoke from the priest's mouth. Afterward, he said that he had been dreaming of the island's hermits, and of what he called the shortitude and latitude of life, and of how soon it stops, and that those two selfish bastards beside him were egotistical sinners, too concerned with their comfort as adolescents to assert their dignity as men. "And I?" he thought with a start and woke.

"In Dublin last month," his lizard said hollowly into his hat, "I saw a girl on a horse on a concrete street."

"What?" Morgan asked drowsily, without stirring.

"A girl on a horse," Tim said, removing his hat and beholding the glorious blue sky. "It was the most pathetic sight I ever saw."

"Why pathetic?" Morgan asked, removing his hat and seeing the blue Pacific sweep into his ken.

"She was riding on a concrete street, dressed as if she were riding to hounds. The fantasy of it was pathetic. Miles away from green fields. But all the girls are gone mad on horses nowadays. I

wish somebody would tell them that all they're doing is giving the world a beautiful example of sexual transference. They have simply transferred their natural desire for a man to a four-legged brute."

"Balderdash," said Morgan and he put back his hat as Dick patiently lifted his to ask the blueness what all the poor girls who haven't got horses do to inform the public of their adolescent desires.

"They have cars," Tim said and sat up slowly, the better to do battle. Morgan sat up abruptly.

"So," he demanded, "every time I drive a car I become a homosexual?"

Tim considered the matter judicially.

"Possibly," he agreed. "But not necessarily. There are male cars for women and female cars for men. For women? Clubman, Escort, Rover, Consorte, Jaguar, Triumph. Fill 'em up and drive them at seventy miles an hour! What fun! For men? Giulietta. Who's Romeo? Morris Minor. The word means Moor—symbolical desire for a small Negress. Mercedes? Actually, Mercedes was the daughter of Emil Jellinek, an Austrian entrepreneur who became involved with Daimler-Benz. Also means Our Lady of Mercy. Symbolical desire for a large virgin. Ford Consul? Consuela. Our Lady of Consolations. Volvo? Vulva. Volkswagen. Double V. Symbolical——"

"Well, of all the filthy minds!" Morgan roared.

Dick sat up with a sigh. His siesta was ruined. His anger was hot upon his humor and his honor.

"I do think, Father Timothy, that you, as a priest of God. . . ."

Tim scrambled to his feet, high above him, black as a wine tun against the pale sheen of the lake.

"A priest, a presbyter, an elder, a sheik, an old man, a minister, a pastor of sheep? What does that mean? Something superior, elegant, stainless and remote from life like yourself and Master Poet here? An angel, a seraph, a saint, a mystic, a eunuch, a cherubim, a morning star? Do I look like it? Or like a man fat from eating too much, wheezy from smoking too much, sick and tired from trying to do the job he was called on to do? A priest of God is a man with a bum and a belly, and everything that hangs out of a belly or cleaves it, with the same appetites and desires, thirsts and hungers as the men and women, the boys and the girls he lives and works with. It may be very nice for you to look at us before the altar at St. Jude's all dressed up in our golden robes, swinging a censer, and to think, 'There is heavenly power, there is magic.' But I have no power. I'm nothing alone. I merely pretend to a power that is an eternity beyond me. When I was in Rome, as a student, a priest in southern

"I spend twenty-seven years making monsters and what does it get me? A roomful of monsters!"

Italy went mad, ran down to the bakery to turn the whole night's baking into the body of God and from there to the wine factory to turn every flask and vat of flowing wine into the blood of the Lord. But did he? Of course not. Alone, he hadn't the power to make a leaf of basil grow. But I will pretend to any boy or girl who is troubled or in misery that I have all the power in heaven to cure them, do mumbo jumbo, wave hands, say hocus-pocus, anything, if it will only give them peace. And if that doesn't work, I tell them the truth."

"You are shouting, Father," Dick said coldly.

Tim controlled himself. He sat down again. He laughed.

"Ye don't want to hear the truth. Too busy romanticizing, repressing, rationalizing, running away, when everybody knows the pair of ye think of nothing but women from morning to night! Your moths, Dick, that come out in the twilight, your easy girls, your lights o' love, fluttering against your windowpanes? Do you want me to believe that you never wish you could open the window to let one in? I saw you, Morgan, the other day in the library fawning over that unfortunate virgin Bolger, and a child could see what was in the minds of the pair of ye. And what do you think she thinks she's doing every time she goes out to the yard to wash your car with suds and water? Why don't you be a man, Morgan, and face up to it—one day you'll have to be spliced. It's the common fate of all mankind."

"It hasn't been yours, Father," Dick snapped.

"Because I took a vow and kept to it, logically."

"Pfoo!" Morgan snarled at him. "You know damned well that logic has as much to do with marriage as it has with music."

Tim looked at him with the air of a small boy who is thinking what fun it would be to shove his Auntie Kitty down the farmyard well.

"You know," he said slyly, "you should ask *Fräulein* Keel about that the next time she is playing the *Appassionata* for you," and was delighted to observe the slow blush that climbed up Morgan's face and the black frown that drew down the doctor's eyebrows. The silence of his companions hummed. He leaned back.

It was about two months ago that *Frau* Keel had come to L____ with her daughter, Imogen, and her husband, Georg, an electrical engineer in charge of a new German factory at the Shannon Free Airport complex. He was about 50 and a Roman Catholic, which was presumably why he had been chosen for this Irish job. His wife was much younger; blonde, handsome, curly-headed, well corseted, with long-lashed eyes like a cow. Hera-eyed, Morgan said; dopey, Dick said; false lashes, Tim Buckley said. She was broad of bosom and bottom, strong-legged as a peasant, and as heavy-shouldered, one of those abundant

MAUPINTOUR . . .
THE UNHURRIED HOLIDAYS

USSR
EASTERN EUROPE

CHOICE of 17 adventure tours, fully all-inclusive and escorted, feature Russia and/or one or several Eastern Europe countries, Siberia, Central Asia, Samarkand or Balkans, Dalmatia or add Scandinavia. Also the Berlins, Middle Europe. From 15 days to a Grand 68 days.

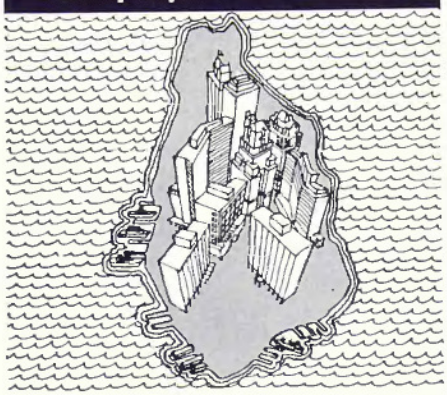
ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for Maupintour's detailed 52-page EASTERN EUROPE brochure or write Maupintour, 900 Massachusetts St., Lawrence, Kansas 66044. Telephone 913/843-1211.

Maupintour
21st year of quality tour operation

tonight...satin sheets.

Unbelievably luxurious—the finest acetate satin. Washable. 12 colors! Gold, Black, Blue, Bronze, Orchid, Olive, Red, White, Mint, Pink, Orange, SILVER!
SHEET SETS (2 straight sheets, 2 cases)
Double Set $17.50 Queen Set $20.49
Twin Set 17.25 King Set 23.99
3-letter monogram on 2 cases—$2.00
For fitted bottom sheet, add $2.00 to double or twin price; $2.50 to queen price, $3.00 to king price. Send check or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.
SCINTILLA,® INC. 4802 N. Broadway Chicago, Ill. 60640 P-6
"All Things Exotic In Satin"

Loews Island.
Some people call it New York.



For reservations on Loews Island (Loews Americana, Loews Drake, Loews Warwick, Loews Summit, Loews City Squire Motor Inn, Ramada Inn, Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge), see your travel agent or call Loews Hotels Reservations in your area toll-free.

self-indulgent, flesh-folding bodies that Rubens so loved to paint in their pink skin. Imogen was quite different; small, black-a-vised, black-haired, her skin like a bit of burned cork. She was a *belle laide*, of such intensity, so packed and powerful with femininity that you felt that if you were to touch her with one finger, she would hoop her back and spring her arms around you like a trap. Morgan had met her in the library, let her talk about music, found himself invited by her mother to hear her play and unwisely boasted about it to Tim Buckley.

In the sullen silence, he heard the lake sucking the stones of the beach. The clouds were less bright. The doctor said primly that he wanted to try his hand with his butterfly net. Morgan said gruffly that he wanted to take some more pictures before the sun went down. Together they walked away across the island. Tim reached for his breviary and began to read the office of the day. " 'Let us then be like newborn children hungry for the fresh milk. . . .' "

The delicate India paper of his breviary whispered each time he turned a page. Presently a drop of rain splashed on his knuckles. He looked about him. The sun still touched the island but nowhere else. The lake hissed at the shore. He stood on a rock but could see no sign of his companions. Were they colloguing with the Tenth Century? He packed the lunch basket, rolled up the rugs, loaded the cargo, sat in the stern of the boat, opened an umbrella, lit his pipe and waited. He did not care a damn what they thought about him. He was sick of them. No doubt, when slaves fall in love they feel freer. . . .

They returned slowly and silently. Little was said as he rowed them to the mainland, and less on the way back to L____, because the rain became a cloudburst and he was alone peering into it. On previous excursions, he had always been invited to dine with them. He knew he would not be this evening: a snub that Morgan aggravated by assuring him that they must all meet soon again "on a more propitious occasion." He gave them a cheerful goodbye and drove off along the rain-dancing asphalt. To the Devil with their four-course dinner. His freedom was more important to him. Anyway, there were a dozen houses in town where the wife would be delighted to give him a plate of bacon and eggs.

• • •

Dick said nothing until he had poured their usual aperitif—a stout dollop of malt.

"That," he said as he handed the glass of whiskey to Morgan deep in the best armchair on the side of the turf fire, "is probably the last time we shall meet his reverence socially."

Morgan looked portentously over his glasses at the fire.

"A terrible feeling sometimes assails me," he said, smacking each sibilant, "that Timothy John Buckley has a coarse streak in him."

Dick took the opposite armchair.

"I would call it a grave lack of tact. Even presuming that La Keel has not already told him that she is a patient of mine."

"Imogen?" said Morgan, sitting straight up. "Good God! Is there something wrong with her?"

"Imogen? Oh, you mean the child? I was referring to the mother."

Morgan sat back. "Oh, and what's wrong with that old battle-ax? Are you beginning to take patients?"

Dick frowned.

"I have done my best to avoid it. The lady, and her husband, ever since they heard that I studied neurology in Vienna, have been very persistent. As for what is wrong, I should not, ethically speaking, as a doctor discuss the affairs of any patient, but, in this case, I think I may safely speak to you about the matter. A. Because I can trust you. And B. Because there is nothing whatsoever wrong with the lady."

"Then why did she come to consult you?"

Dick answered this one even more stiffly.

"She speaks of her cycles."

Morgan, like an old lady crossing a muddy road, ventured between the pools of his inborn prudishness, his poetic fastidiousness and his natural curiosity:

"Do you by any chance mean she has some sort of what they call woman trouble?"

"If you mean the menopause, Madam Keel is much too young for that. She means emotional cycles. Elation-depression. Vitality-debility. Exultation-despair. The usual manic-depressive syndrome. She says that ever since she came to Ireland, she has been melancholy."

"Jaysus! Sure, aren't we all melancholy in Ireland? What I'd say that one needs is a few good balls of malt every day or a dose or two of cod-liver oil. If I were you, Dick, I'd pack her off about her business."

Dick's body stirred restively.

"I have made several efforts to detach myself. She insists that I give her comfort."

Morgan looked over his glasses at his friend.

"And what kind of comfort would that be?" he asked cautiously.

"That," his friend said, a trifle smugly, "is scarcely for me to say."

Morgan glared into his glass. For a moment he wished Bucky were there to crash through the NARROWING ROADS, the CUL-DE-SACS, the FALLING ROCKS.

"It is a compliment to you," he said at last, soapily.

"I take small pride in it, Morgan. Especially since she tells me that she also gets great comfort from her pastor."

Morgan rose to his feet, dark as a thundercloud, or as a Jove who has not shaved for a week.

"What pastor?" he demanded in his deepest basso.

"You have guessed it. Our companion of today. The Reverend Timothy Buckley. He also gives great comfort to *Herr* Keel. And to the girl. He holds sessions."

Jehovah's thunder rumble rolled.

"Sessions?"

"It is apparently the latest American-Dutch ecumenical idea. Group confessions."

"The man," Morgan boomed, "must be mad! He is worse than mad. Who was it called him Rasputin? He was born to be hanged! Or shot! Or poisoned! That man is e-e-e-evil. You must stop this monstrous folly at once. Think of the effect on that innocent poor child."

"I have no intention whatsoever of interfering," Dick fluttered. "It's a family affair. I have no least right to interfere. And I suspect she is not in the least innocent. And she is not a child. She is eighteen."

"Dick!" Morgan roared. "Have you *no* principles?"

A mistake. It is not a nice question to be asked by anybody. Suppose Morgan himself had been asked by somebody if he had any principles! How does any of us know what his principles are? Nobody wants to have to start outlining his principles at a word of command.

"I begin to fear," Dick said huffily, "that in all this you are not thinking of me, nor of *Frau* Keel, nor of *Herr* Keel, nor of my principles, nor of any principles whatever but solely of the sexual attractions of *Fräulein* Keel. She has hairy legs. A well-known sign of potency."

At which moment of dead silence Dolly Lynch opened the door, put in her flushed face and in her slow, flat, obsequious Shannon voice said, "Dinner is i-now-eh sarvedeh, Dachtar." Her employer glared at her. Why was she looking so flushed? The foul creature had probably been outside the door for the last three minutes listening to the rising voices. By tomorrow the thing would be all over the town.

They entered the room in silence. She served them in silence. When she went out, they maintained silence or said small polite things like, "This spring lamb is very tender," or, "Forced rhubarb?" The silences were so heavy that Morgan felt obliged to retail the entire life of Monteverdi. Immediately after the coffee, in the drawing room, he said he had better go home to his mother and, with fulsome thanks for a splendid lunch and a marvelous dinner, he left his friend to his pipe and, if he had any, his principles.

• • •

Morgan did not drive directly to his cottage on the Ennis Road. He drove to the library, extracted from the Music section a biography of Monteverdi and drove to the Keels' flat in O'Connell Square. It was *Frau* Keel, majestic as Brünnhilde, who opened the door, received the book as if it were a ticket of admission and invited him to come in. To his annoyance he found Buckley half filling a settee, winking cheerfully at him, smoking a cigar, a coffee in his paw, a large brandy on a small table beside him. *Herr* Keel sat beside him, enjoying the same pleasures. Through the dining-room door he caught a glimpse of Imogen with her back to him, clearing the dinner table, her oily black hair coiled, as usual, on either side of her cheeks. As she leaned over the table, he saw the dimpled backs of her knees. She was not wearing stockings. The dark down on her legs suggested the untamed forests of the north.

"Aha!" *Herr* Keel cried, in (for so ponderous a man) his always surprising countertenor. "It is Mr. Myles. You are most welcome. May I offer you a coffee and a good German cigar? We had just begun a most interesting session."

Morgan beamed and bowed ingratiatingly. He almost clicked his heels in his desire to show his pleasure and to conceal a frightening thought. "Is this one of Bucky's sessions?" He beamed as he received the cigar and a brandy from *Herr* Keel, who bowed in return. He bowed as he accepted a coffee from *Frau* Keel, who beamed in return before she went back to her own place on a small sofa of the sort that the French—so he found out next day from a history of furniture—call a *canapé*, where she was presently joined by Imogen. Thereafter, he found that whenever he glanced (shyly) at *Frau* Keel, she was staring anxiously and intently at Buckley, and whenever he glanced (shyly) at Imogen, she was looking at himself with a tiny smile of what, crestfallen, he took to be sly amusement until she raised her hairy eyebrows and slowly shook her midnight head, and he heard a beautiful noise like a bomb exploding inside his chest at the thought that this black sprite was either giving him her sympathy or asking sympathy from him. Either would be delightful. But then her eyebrows suddenly plunged, she shook her head threateningly, her smile curled, anger and disapproval sullied her already dark eyes.

"As I was saying," Father Tim was saying, magisterially waving his cigar, "if adultery is both a positive fact and a relative term, so is marriage. After all, marriage is much more than what the Master of the Sentences called a *conjunctio viri et mulieris*. It is also a union of sympathy and interest, heart and soul. Without these, marriage becomes licensed adultery."

"I agree," *Frau* Keel sighed. "But

no woman ever got a divorce for that reason."

Buckley pursed his little mouth into a provocative smile.

"In fact, people do divorce for that reason. Only they call it mental cruelty."

"Alas," said Brünnhilde, "according to our church, there is no such sin as mental cruelty and therefore there is no divorce for that cause."

"There are papal annulments," *Herr* Keel said to her coldly, "if you are interested in such things."

"I am very interested," she said to him as frigidly, which was not the kind of warm domestic conversation that Morgan had read about in books.

"You were about to tell us, Father Tim," Imogen said, "what you consider unarguable grounds for the annulment of a marriage."

Sickeningly, Buckley beamed at the girl; fawningly, she beamed back. *She!* The Hyrcanian tigress! Had this obese sensualist mesmerized the whole lot of them? But Morgan could not, as Buckley calmly began to enumerate the impediments to true wedlock, center his mind on what was being said, so dumfounded was he to find that nobody but himself seemed to be forming images of the hideous realities of what he heard. All he could do was to gulp his brandy, as any man of the world might in such circumstances, and struggle to keep his eyes from Imogen's hirsute legs. (Where had he read that Charles XII had a woman in his army whose beard was two feet long?)

"It is not," Buckley said, "a true marriage if it has been brought about by abduction. It is not a true marriage if either or both parties are certifiable lunatics. It is not," here he glanced at Keel, "a genuine marriage if the father marries the daughter," smiling at Imogen, "nor if the sister marries the brother. It is not marriage if by error either party marries the wrong person, which can happen when a number of people are being married simultaneously. If both parties conspire and murder the wife or husband of one of the parties, it is not a really good marriage. Nor if either party persuades the other party into adultery beforehand by a promise of marriage afterward. It is not marriage if the male party is impotent both antecedently and perpetually. Nor if a Christian without dispensation marries a Jew or other heathen. . . ."

At which point they all started talking together, Imogen declaring passionately, "I would marry a Jew if I damn well wanted to," and Georg Keel demanding, "How can you prove impotence?" and *Frau* Keel protesting with ringed fingers, "*Kein Judeten! Kein Judeten!*," Buckley laughingly crying out, "I agree, I agree," and Morgan wailing that it was all bureaucratic balderdash, all of them quashed suddenly into silence by the prolonged ringing of the doorbell. Keel glanced at his watch and said testily, "Who on earth . . . ?" Imogen, unwilling to lose a fraction of the fight, rushed to the door and led in the latecomer. It was the doctor.

Morgan had to admire his comportment. Though he must have been much taken aback to see all his problems personified before him, the old boy did not falter for a moment in his poise and manners. He formally apologized for his late call to *Frau* Keel, who revealed her delight in his visit by swiftly patting her hair as she passed a mirror, making him sit beside her, fluttering to Imogen to sit beside Morgan, and yielding him a brandy glass between her palms as if it were a chalice. He accepted it graciously, he did not allow it to pass over him, he bowed like a cardinal, he relaxed into the company, legs crossed, as easily as if he were the host and they his guests. Morgan observed that the cuffs of his trousers were wet. He had walked here in the rain. He must be feeling greatly upset. But by what?

"Are you a friend of this dirty old doctor?" Imogen whispered rapidly.

"I know him slightly. I like you very much, Imogen."

"He is a vurm!" she whispered balefully. "You are another vurm. You both turned Father Tim from the door without a meal."

"Neither," said Tim, resuming control, "is it a marriage if it is clandestine; that is, performed secretly."

"I would marry in secret if I wanted to," like a shot from Imogen.

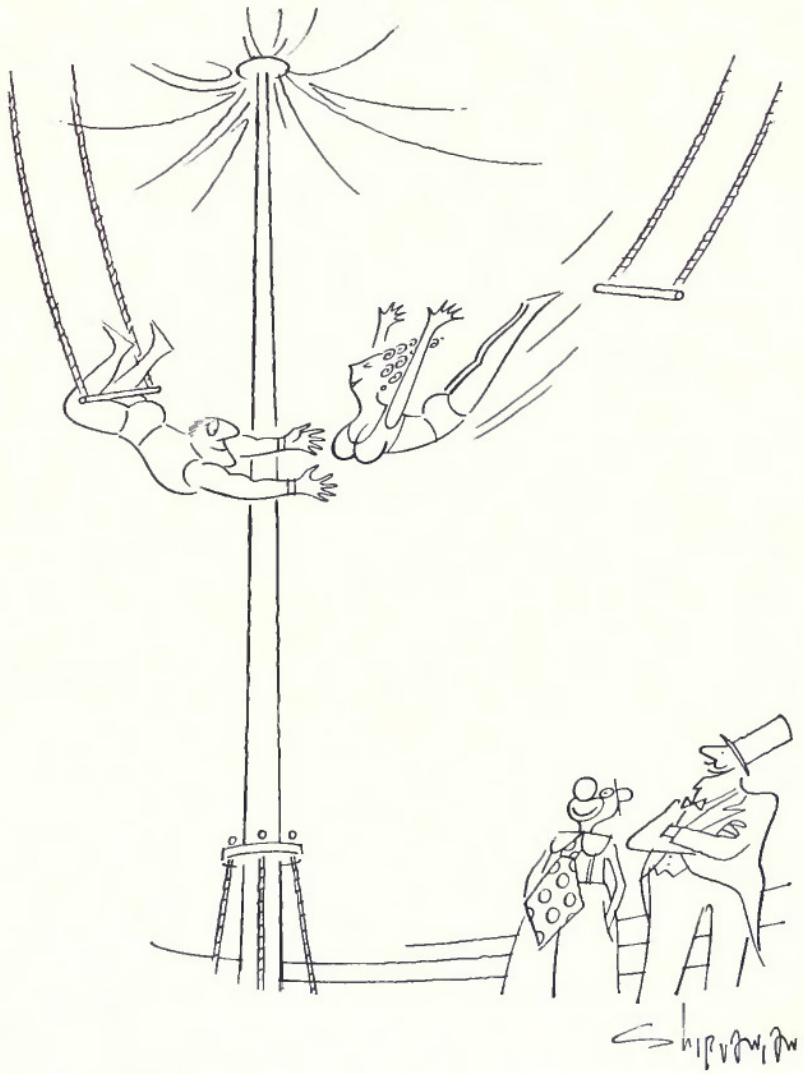
"It wasn't my house," Morgan whispered. "I wanted him to stay."

"What does 'secret' mean?" Keel asked petulantly.

"I know you lie," she whispered.

"It means failing to inform your parish priest."

"That's more bureaucratic fiddlesticks!" Morgan said, and an electric



"Greatest aerial act in the business."

shock ran up his thigh when Imogen patted it approvingly.

"That," Tim said dryly to him, "is what the Empress Josephine thought, but her failure to obey the regulation meant that the Pope was able to allow the emperor to eject her from his bed and marry again."

"Then," Keel agreed, "it is a wise precaution."

"It's bosh!" Morgan declared. "And cruel bosh."

"Good man!" Imogen said, and gave him another shock, and *Frau* Keel turned inquiringly to her pastor, who said that the rule might be useful to prevent bigamy but was no reason for dissolving a marriage, whereat she said, "Then it is bosh!" and her husband, outraged, proclaimed, "In my house, I will allow nobody to say I am defending bosh!" but she waved him aside, clasped her paws, beamed at Father Timothy and cried, "And now, for adultery!"

"Alas, madam, adultery by either party is not sufficient cause to annul a marriage."

"So, we women are trapped!"

"While you men," charged Imogen, glaring around her, "can freely go your adulterous ways."

The doctor intervened mildly.

"Happily, none of this concerns anybody in this room."

"How do you know what concerns me?" she challenged, jumping to her feet, her gripped fists by her lean flanks, her prowlike nose pointing about her like a setter. "I, Imogen Keel, now, at this moment, vant to commit adultery with somebody in this room."

Morgan covered his face with his hands. Oh, God! The confessions! She means me. What shall I say? That I want to kiss her knees?

"Imogen!" Keel blazed at her. "I will not permit this. In delicacy! Not to say, in politeness!"

"Please, Georg!" his wife screamed. "Not again!" She turned to the company. "Always I hear this appeal to politeness and delicacy. It is an excuse. It is an evasion. It is an alibi."

"Ha!" Imogen proclaimed, one hand throwing toward her father's throat an imaginary flag or dagger. "But he has always been excellent at alibis."

Keel slammed his empty brandy glass onto the coffee table so hard that its stem snapped. How fiery she is! Morgan thought. What a heroic way she has of rearing her head back to the left and lifting her opposite eyebrow to the right. A girl like that would fight for her man to her death—or, if he betrayed her, to his. Has she, he wondered, hair on her back? Father Tim, amused by the whole scene, was saying tactfully but teasingly, "Imogen, there is one other injustice to women that you must hear about. It is that you will in most countries not be permitted to marry, no matter how much you protest, until you have arrived at the age of fifteen and your beloved at the age of seventeen."

She burst into laughter and they all laughed with relief.

"Finally," he said tristfully, "priests may not marry at all."

"They are nevertheless doing so," the girl commented pertly.

He looked at her, seemed to consider saying something, drank the last drop of his coffee and did not say it. *Frau* Keel said it for him, compassionately.

"Only by giving up their priesthood."

"Or more," he agreed, in a subdued voice.

"The whole caboodle," Imogen mocked.

They talked a little about current examples of priests who had given up everything. The subject trailed away. Keel looked at the window. "Rain," he sighed, in so weary a voice that the doctor at once rose and all the others with him. As the group dissolved toward the entrance hall of the apartment, Morgan found himself following behind with Imogen.

"What have you against the doctor?" he asked her.

"He is just like my father. And I hate my father. The only good thing I say about your doctor is that he helps my mother put up with my father."

He must drive Dick home. Dick must go on helping *Frau* Keel. They must talk about the best way to handle Buckley in future. They must have Georg Keel on one of their excursions. If the girl was lonely, perhaps Keel would like to bring her with them. She was a superb, a wonderful, a marvelous girl, so heroic, so wild, so passionate. The very first thing they must do is to have Buckley to dinner, and maybe Buckley would bring the girl with him. . . . Just then, he heard Dick ask Keel if it were too late for them to have a brief word together before he left. If this meant the old fool was falling back on some ridiculous, bloody point of principle about treating *Frau* Keel. . . . As he was making his way to Dick to offer him a lift home, *Frau* Keel absently shook his hand, handed him his hat, opened the door, bade him good night and the door closed on her voice suggesting to Imogen to drive the good father to his presbytery in her little car. A minute later, he was in the street cursing.

There was not a soul in sight. The rain hung like vests around the lamplights of O'Connell Street. When his car refused to start, his rage boiled against the stupid Bolger, who must have let water (or something) get into the petrol. After many fruitless zizzings from the starter, he saw Imogen's little blue car with the priest aboard shoot past in

Treat yourself to an exquisite night with the most comfortable and luxurious sheets made. The choice is yours in the following colors: Black, Red, Gold, Blue, Green, and White.

Entire set includes: 1 straight top sheet, 1 fitted bottom sheet, 2 matching pillow cases.

Twin sets $16.00 Queen sets $20.00
Double sets $17.00 King sets $23.00

No Charge for Postage
Send check or money order
50% deposit on C.D.D.'s

REGAL SATINS, INC. 2143A Rt. 9 Toms River, N.J. 08753

WORLD WIDE . . .
THERE'S ONLY ONE

PLAYBOY

Subscribe Today ...and Save!

WORLD-WIDE RATES: $15 U.S. Currency* or: Austria 350 S • Belgium 675 BFr • Brazil 85 N.Cr.$ • British Isles £5.75 • British Possessions £5.75 • Chile 405 Esc. • Colombia 315 Col. $ • Denmark 105 DKr • Finland 61 FMk • France 75 Fr • French Possessions 75 Fr • Germany 48 DM • Greece 450 Dr • Hong Kong 85 HK$ • India 110 Re • Iraq 5.00 ID • Ireland £5.75 • Israel 65 I£ • Italy 8750 Lit • Japan 4600 Yen • Lebanon 47 LL • Luxembourg 675 LFr • Netherlands 48 FL • New Zealand 12.33 NZ$ • Norway 100 NKr • Portugal 410 Esc. • Saudi Arabia 62 Riyal • Spain 970 Pta • Sweden 72 Skr • Switzerland 57 Sw Fr • Turkey 210 TL

*Canada, APO & FPO, $10. Pan-Am countries not listed above, $12 U.S. or equivalent funds. Printed by W. F. Hall Printing Co., Chicago, Illinois.

MAIL YOUR ORDERS TO: PLAYBOY
(Western Hemisphere)
919 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611, U.S.A.
(All Other Countries)
1 Brixton Road
London, S.W. 9, England

Please enter my one-year subscription to PLAYBOY. I am enclosing cheque, postal draft, money order or currency in equivalent funds for my country. I understand that credit orders may not be accepted.

name (please print)

address

city state or province

country

a wake of spray. More zizzings, more pulling at the choke, a long rest to deflood the carburetor and the engine roared into life, just as Keel's Mercedes, with Dick aboard, vanished through the rain toward the bridge and the Dublin Road. He circled wildly, followed their taillights, halted 20 yards behind them outside Dick's house, dowsed his lights, saw Dick get out and Keel drive away. He ran forward to where Dick was unlocking his iron gate and clutched his arm beseechingly.

"Dick! I simply must talk to you about Buckley. What is he doing to all those people? What is he doing to that Imogen girl? For God's sake, what's going on in that Keel family? I won't sleep a wink unless you tell me all you know about them."

The doctor marveled at him for a moment and then returned to his unlocking.

"I do not feel disposed," he said in his haughtiest voice, holding the gate six inches ajar for the length of his reply, "to discuss such matters at twelve o'clock at night, on an open road, under a downpour of rain, and all the less so since, so far as I can see, nothing is, as you so peculiarly put it, 'going on' that is of any interest to me. Everything seems perfectly normal and in order in the Keel family, except that *Herr* Keel is a total idiot who seems unable to control his wife, that she seems to me to have developed a most unseemly sexual interest in Father Timothy Buckley, that she is intent on divorcing her husband, that their daughter, who is both impertinent and feckless, is a nymphomaniac, who has quite obviously decided to seduce you, and that I am very glad to say that I need never again lay eyes on them for the rest of my natural life. And now, sir, good night to you."

With which he entered his drive, banged the metaled gate behind him and his wet footsteps died into a voice from his front door wailing, "Oh, Dachtar, Dachtar! Wait for me! I have the umberella here for you. You'll be dhrowneded all together with that aaahful rain. . . ."

Morgan spat on the gate, turned and raced for his car, which resolutely refused to start. He implored it until its exhausted starter died into the silence of a final click. He got out, kicked its door soundly and then, overwhelmed by all the revelations he had just heard, especially the one about Imogen and himself, walked home through the empty streets of L_____, singing love songs from the *Barber* and *Don Giovanni* at the top of his voice to the summer rain.

• • •

One of the more pleasantly disconcerting things about willful man is that his most table-thumping decisions rarely conclude the matter at hand. There is always time for a further option. Every score is no better than half time. Viz.:

1. That July our poor, dear friend Tim Buckley left us for a chin pimple of a village called Four Noughts (the vulgarization of a Gaelic word meaning Stark Naked) on the backside of Slievenamuck. We loyally cursed his lordship the bishop, while feeling that he had had no option. For weeks the dogs in the streets had been barking, "Im-o-gen Keel." At the farewell party, Tim assured us that the bish had neither hand, act nor part in it. He had himself asked his lordship for a transfer. He asked us to pray for him. He said sadly that he believed he was gone beyond it. The die was cast, the Rubicon crossed, it was the ides of March. And so forth and so on.

One effect of this event (Dolly Lynch reporting, after her usual survey of her master's wastepaper basket) was that Mr. Myles had been invited to dine with the dachtar at his earliest convenience.

2. That August we heard that *Frau* Keel was claiming a separation from her husband *a mensa et thoro*; that she was also applying for a papal annulment of her marriage on the ground of his impotence, which meant that she was ready to swear that Imogen was not his child. *Herr* Keel, we gathered, had knocked her down, broken one of her ribs with a kick and left for Stuttgart swearing that he would foil her if it cost him his last Deutsche mark.

Mr. Myles was by now dining every week with the doctor, who was also (Dolly Lynch's knuckle suspended outside the dining-room door) seeing *Frau* Keel regularly, who (Dolly Lynch's hand on the doorknob) was also in constant consultation, through Imogen, with Father Tim Buckley in his exile on Slievenamuck.

3. That September, Tim Buckley disappeared suddenly from Four Noughts, Imogen Keel disappeared from the Keel flat and both were reported to have been seen at Shannon airport boarding a plane for Stockholm. This blow brought us down. His way of living life had been to tell us how to live it. Now that he was starting to live it himself, he was no better than any of us. He was the only one of us who had both faced and been free of the world of men, of women, of children, of the flesh. Now we knew that it could not be done. You must not put your toe into the sea if you do not want to swim in it.

Myles was by now dining with Dick three times a week; friendship glued by gossip.

4. October. And dreadful news from Stuttgart. *Herr* Keel had accidentally killed himself while cleaning a shotgun. When the news came, Morgan was having tea with *Frau* Keel. She collapsed, calling for the doctor. Morgan drove at once to Dick's house and brought him back to her.

For the rest of that month, Myles was dining every night with the doctor.

5. By November, Dolly Lynch reported that Mr. Myles had stopped dining with the doctor, but *Frau* Keel, she spat, was coming as often as "tree taimes every bluddy wee-uk." When we heard this, we looked at one another. Our eyes said, "Could it be possible?" We asked Morgan. He was in no doubt about it.

"Buckley was right!" he stormed. "The man is a sexual maniac! A libertine! A corrupter of women! A traitor and a liar! As that foolish woman will discover before the year is out."

It was a spring wedding and the reception was one of the gayest, most crowded, most lavish the town had ever seen. The metal sheeting was gone from the gate, the cypresses cut down, the warning signs inside the gate removed, the brass plate removed, the conservatory packed with flowers, the only drink served was champagne. The doctor became Dick to every Tom and Harry. For the first time, we found out that his wife's name was Victorine. With his hair tinted, he looked ten years younger. Long before the reception ended, he was going around whispering to everybody, as a dead secret, that his Victorine was expecting.

6. Morgan, naturally, did not attend the wedding. He took off for the day with Marianne Bolger, and they have since been taking off every fine Sunday in her red Mustang, together with Morgan's mother, in search of faceless churchlets in fallow fields where the only sound is the munching of cattle. His mother prepares the lunch. Marianne reads out his own poems to him. They both feed him like a child with tidbits from their fingers. But who knows the outcome of any mortal thing? Buckley—there is no denying it—had a point when he insisted that man's most ingenious invention is man, that to create others we must first imagine ourselves, and that to keep us from wandering, or wondering, in some other direction where a greater truth may lie, we set up all sorts of roadblocks and traffic signals. Morgan has told his Marianne that he has always admired the virginal type. It is enough to put any girl off her stroke. A wink of a brass plate in a country road set him off on one tack. A wink from her might set him off on another. What should she do? Obey his traffic signs or acknowledge the truth—that he is a born liar—and start showing him a glimpse of thigh?

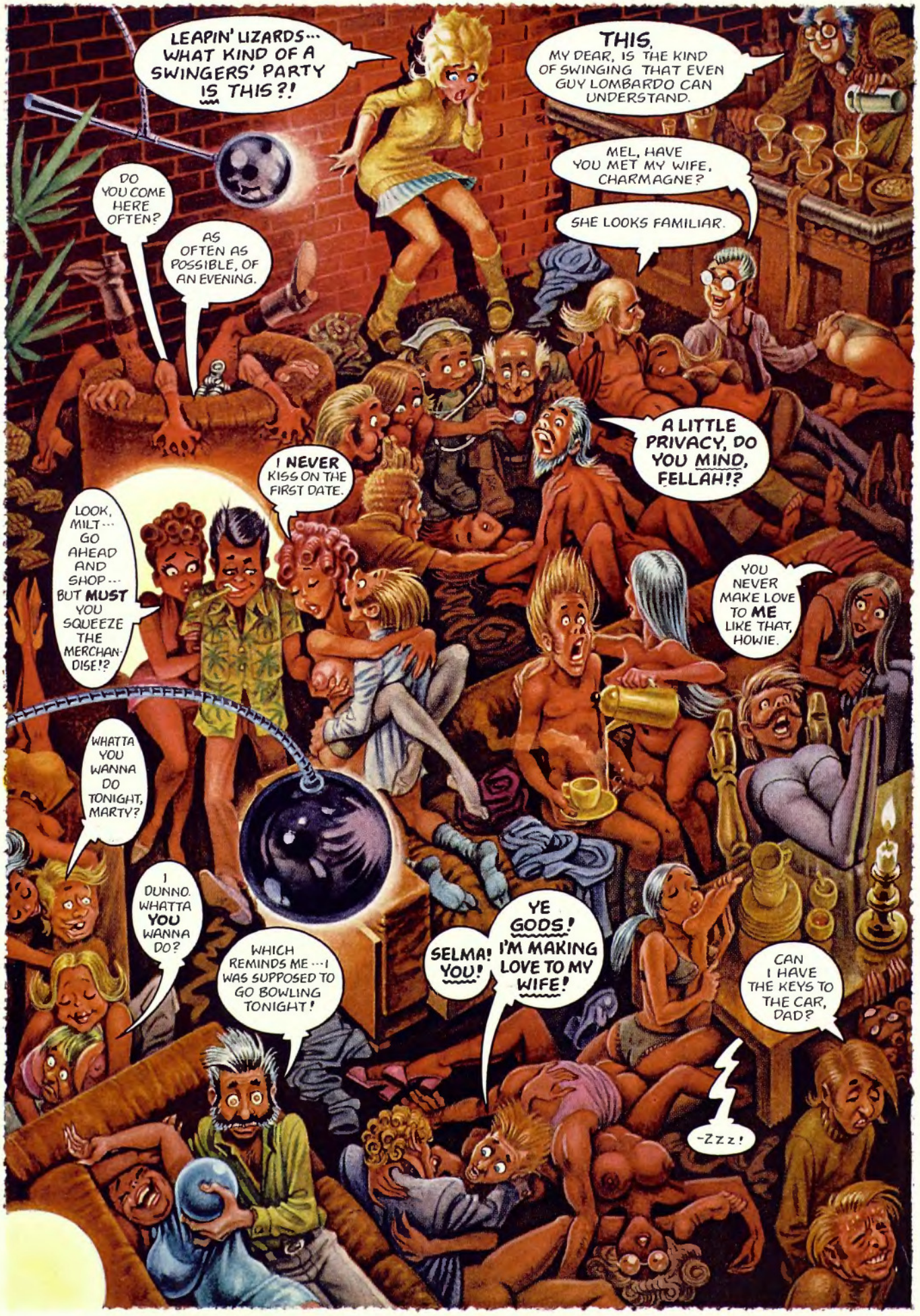
Heaven help the women of the world, always wondering what the blazes their men's next graven image will be.

Little Annie Fanny

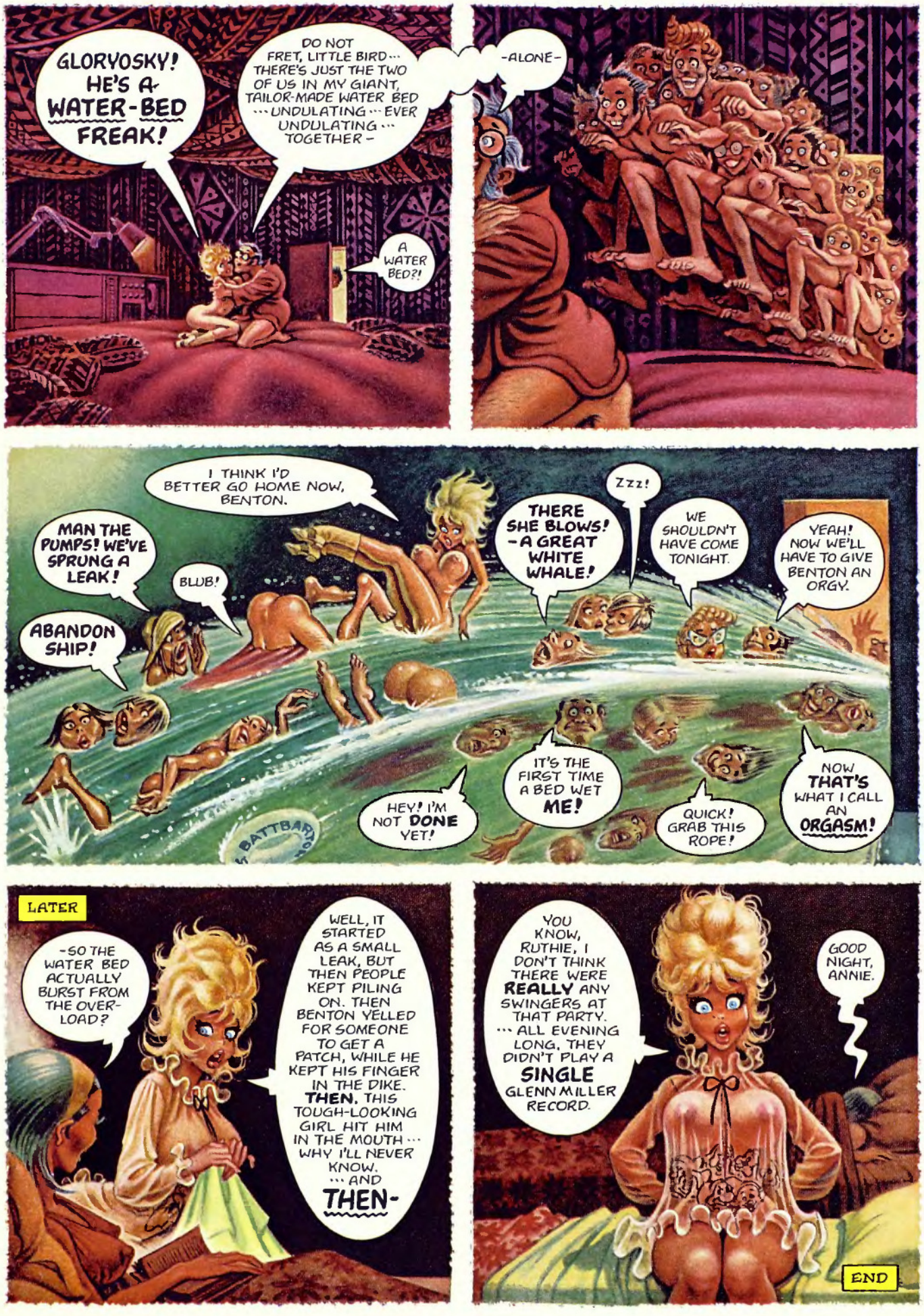
BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

swing: TO WEBSTER, IT'S TO MAKE OSCILLATE; TO MOVE TO AND FRO; TO ROTATE ON A PIVOT. ··· TO A KIDDY, IT'S A RIDE IN THE PLAYGROUND. ···TO A HORSE THIEF, IT'S A NECKTIE PARTY. ··· TO OUR PUBLISHER -- WELL, IT ISN'T WHAT IT WAS TO ANDY HARDY ··· OR TO OUR LITTLE HEROINE. SO SHE DISCOVERS, AS SHE HELPS BENTON BATTBARTON HOST A MEETING OF HIS SWINGERS' CLUB.

ANNIE··· MEET SOME MEMBERS. ···BOB, TED, CAROL, ALICE—
WHAT!? —NO ZOOT SUITS? —NO SLOPPY-JOE SWEATERS? ··· WHAT KIND OF SWINGERS ARE YOU?
THE WAY YOU'RE DRESSED, YOU LOOK LIKE JUST PLAIN DOWN-HOME FOLKS!
OH, YASS!
I'LL PUT SOME PLATTERS ON. WE'LL SWING AND SWAY WITH BENNY GOODMAN, THE KING OF SWING!
I'M BENNY GOODMAN, THE KING OF SWING.
HE'S GOODMAN?
I WOULDN'T SAY GOOD··· ONLY FAIR.
LOOK! JITTERBUGGING!
IS THAT THE LINDY HOP, OR ARE THEY DOING THE LAMBETH WALK, OY!
COME IN, GANG, AND LET ME HAVE YOUR THINGS.
GIMME SOME SKIN!
IN THE GROOVE!
BALLIN' THE JACK!
HERE WE GO ··· MY HAT! —MY COAT! — MY PANTS!
YOUR PANTS!?
BENTON! GLORY-OSKY! THERE'S A COUPLE UNDRESSING IN THE HALL!
WE CAN'T HAVE THAT! TELL THEM TO COME UNDRESS IN THE LIVING ROOM!


LEAPIN' LIZARDS... WHAT KIND OF A SWINGERS' PARTY IS THIS?!
THIS, MY DEAR, IS THE KIND OF SWINGING THAT EVEN GUY LOMBARDO CAN UNDERSTAND.
MEL, HAVE YOU MET MY WIFE, CHARMAGNE?
SHE LOOKS FAMILIAR.
DO YOU COME HERE OFTEN?
AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE, OF AN EVENING.
A LITTLE PRIVACY, DO YOU MIND, FELLAH!?
I NEVER KISS ON THE FIRST DATE.
LOOK, MILT... GO AHEAD AND SHOP... BUT MUST YOU SQUEEZE THE MERCHANDISE!?
YOU NEVER MAKE LOVE TO ME LIKE THAT, HOWIE.
WHATTA YOU WANNA DO TONIGHT, MARTY?
I DUNNO. WHATTA YOU WANNA DO?
WHICH REMINDS ME ...I WAS SUPPOSED TO GO BOWLING TONIGHT!
SELMA! YOU!
YE GODS! I'M MAKING LOVE TO MY WIFE!
CAN I HAVE THE KEYS TO THE CAR, DAD?
-Zzz!

THROUGH SWINGING WE TRY NEW THINGS. WE LEARN HEALTHY, NEW WAYS TO KEEP SEX EXCITING!
-EVER TRY THE BELLY-BUTTON BITE, BABY?
ZING!
-NOW YOU STAND ON ONE LEG, WHILE SHE SQUATS WITH HER RIGHT HAND EXTENDED, PINKIE INSERTED IN HIS LEFT EAR-
V
D
A
C
B
IT'LL NEVER GET OFF THE GROUND.
JOIN THE ACTION, HONEY. US SWINGERS ··· WE'RE UNINHIBITED AND FUN-LOVING.
-DISGUSTING, YOU SAY?
SPANK!
BARE HANDS! ···EAUGH! NO CLASS! AN ELEGANT WHIPPY BIRCH ROD···THAT'S CLASS.
SWINGERS CULTIVATE HEALTH IN MIND AND BODY THROUGH SWINGING.
BEFORE WE SWUNG, I HATED MY HUSBAND BECAUSE I NEVER KNEW WHAT HE WAS UP TO-
I NEVER KISS ON THE FIRST DATE.
SMILE.
-NOW I STILL HATE MY HUSBAND, BUT AT LEAST I KNOW WHAT HE'S UP TO.
LEAP. LIZ.! I'VE GOT TO HIDE!···AH, THE BATHROOM-
OCCUPANCY OF MORE THAN 40 PEOPLE IS UNLAW
COME IN! COME IN!
DID YOU BRING BUBBLES?
DID YOU BRING A DUCKIE?
I SAY WE DO IT IN THE BATH!
I SAY WE DO IT IN THE SHOWER!
WHY DON'T WE DO IT IN THE SINK?
OH!OH!OH!
OOH! OOH! OOH!
AH!AH!AH!
THERE'S NO ESCAPE! THEY'RE DOING IT EVERY-WHERE! -ON THE STAIRS! -IN THE CLOSETS!
ANNIE, MY SWEET··· IN HERE!
YECH! YECH! YECH!
STILL HAVE YOUR SEXUAL HANG-UPS, EH, FLO?
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU MEAN, MY DEAR! THE BATHROOM FREAKS WHO PREFER THE ENAMEL CONFINES OF THE TUB! - THE CLOSET FREAKS WHO LIKE TO DO IT FROM THE HANGERS -
ME, PERSONALLY, I LIKE TO DO IT AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF SLOSHING WATER, WHILE UNDULATING··· EVER UNDULATING.
SLOSH! SLOSHH!
WHAT'S THAT SLOSHING? WHAT ARE WE SITTING ON?!


GLORYOSKY! HE'S A WATER-BED FREAK!
DO NOT FRET, LITTLE BIRD··· THERE'S JUST THE TWO OF US IN MY GIANT, TAILOR-MADE WATER BED ··· UNDULATING ··· EVER UNDULATING ··· TOGETHER –
A WATER BED?!
–ALONE–
I THINK I'D BETTER GO HOME NOW, BENTON.
MAN THE PUMPS! WE'VE SPRUNG A LEAK!
BLUB!
ABANDON SHIP!
THERE SHE BLOWS! –A GREAT WHITE WHALE!
Zzz!
WE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME TONIGHT.
YEAH! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE BENTON AN ORGY.
HEY! I'M NOT DONE YET!
IT'S THE FIRST TIME A BED WET ME!
QUICK! GRAB THIS ROPE!
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL AN ORGASM!
LATER
–SO THE WATER BED ACTUALLY BURST FROM THE OVER-LOAD?
WELL, IT STARTED AS A SMALL LEAK, BUT THEN PEOPLE KEPT PILING ON. THEN BENTON YELLED FOR SOMEONE TO GET A PATCH, WHILE HE KEPT HIS FINGER IN THE DIKE. THEN, THIS TOUGH-LOOKING GIRL HIT HIM IN THE MOUTH ··· WHY I'LL NEVER KNOW. ··· AND THEN–
YOU KNOW, RUTHIE, I DON'T THINK THERE WERE REALLY ANY SWINGERS AT THAT PARTY. ··· ALL EVENING LONG, THEY DIDN'T PLAY A SINGLE GLENN MILLER RECORD.
GOOD NIGHT, ANNIE.
END

PLAYBOY
READER SERVICE

Write to Playboy Reader Service for answers to your shopping questions. We will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

American Tourister Luggage 54
BSR Electronics 54
Bulova Watches 27
Citadel Record Club Card ....Between 32-33
Fiat Auto 203
G.E. Heated Shave Cream Dispenser 225
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles ....3rd C
Hitachi Electronics ... 14
Kawasaki Motorcycles .. 183
Keds 185
Kenwood Electronics 42
Konica Cameras 22
M.G. Midget Auto 61
Minolta Cameras 6
Panasonic Electronics ... 71
Paris Belts 245
Pioneer Electronics 28
Playboy Book Club Card ...Between 230-231
Remington Shavers 221
Saab Sonett Auto 37
Schick Shavers 195
Schick Styling Dryers ..237
Sears Sportswear ..13, 79, 211
Sony Electronics 61
Speidel Watchbands 81
Stereo Tape Club Card ....Between 16-17
Sylvania Entertainment Products 191
Timex Quartz Watches . 49
Toyota Auto 45
Triumph Spitfire Auto .. 69
Ventura Luggage 58
Volkswagen Auto 1
Wallabees by Clark's Shoes 34
Yashica Cameras 42

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

_____

_____

_____

We will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, stereo, etc. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write. 6-72

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE
Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

SEND
PLAYBOY
EVERY
MONTH

☐ 3 yrs. for $24 (Save $15.00)
☐ 1 yr. for $10 (Save $3.00)
☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill later

TO:

_____
name (please print)

_____
address

_____
city state zip code no.

Mail to **PLAYBOY**
Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

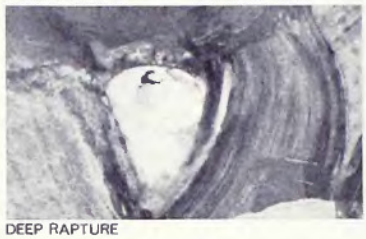
7161

NEXT MONTH:

TWO PAULAS

COMMON CAUSE

LINGERIE LOOK


DEEP RAPTURE

ANTHONY HERBERT, THE CONTROVERSIAL LIEUTENANT COLONEL WHO WAS REMOVED FROM HIS VIETNAM COMMAND AFTER REPORTING ACTS OF BRUTALITY, DISCUSSES HIS RESIGNATION AND THE ARMY'S REACTION IN A CANDID **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY NEEDS YOU"—A WINNING DOSSIER OF POLITICAL FACTS, PRECEDENTS AND PRICE LISTS TO HELP YOU STEAL THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION

"THE NEW LUDDITES"—LIKE THEIR 19TH CENTURY PREDECESSORS, CONTEMPORARY MACHINE HATERS ARE TRYING TO SABOTAGE THE TECHNOCRACY—BY **PETER SWERDLOFF**

"RAPTURE OF THE DEEP"—CAPTURED BY A LUNATIC YACHTSMAN, A SUICIDAL YOUNG MAN IS FORCED TO REGAIN HIS OWN MENTAL BALANCE IN THIS THRILLER—BY **JOHN KNOWLES**

"COMMON CAUSE"—A TRENCHANT EVALUATION OF THE NEW PUBLIC LOBBY, WITH A SKEPTICAL APPRAISAL OF ITS ORGANIZER, JOHN GARDNER—BY **ROBERT SHERRILL**

"SEX AND THE SINGLE PRIEST"—MORE THAN AN ARGUMENT OVER CHURCH DOCTRINE, THE CELIBACY ISSUE DEEPLY TOUCHES THE LIVES OF YOUNG CLERICS—BY **GARRY WILLS**

"PAULA TIMES TWO"—ACTRESSES KELLY AND PRITCHETT RETURN TO OUR PAGES FOR A DOUBLY PROVOCATIVE PICTORIAL

"SIX WEEKS IN A SMALL TOWN"—WORKING OUT AT TRAINING CAMP WITH THE NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS AND THEIR STAR QUARTERBACK JIM PLUNKETT—BY **DOUGLAS BAUER**

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD"—TO TAKE YOU ZESTFULLY OFF THE BEATEN TRACK BY LAND AND WATER, A SPORTY ASSEMBLAGE OF ALL-TERRAIN VEHICLES—BY **KEN W. PURDY**

"THE SILVER BULLET"—ASSIGNED BY A GANG TO KNOCK OVER A BAR, THE FALL GUY OF THIS TALE LEARNS A CRUCIAL LESSON IN COURAGE—BY **JAMES ALAN MC PHERSON**

"AN OVERVIEW OF UNDERWEAR"—A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF LADIES' LINGERIE, WITH TEXT BY **WILLIAM IVERSEN**

One trail rider in ten thousand needs a 100% dirt bike. Everyone else needs a 90% dirt bike...like Rapido, which is also a 90% road bike. A bike to ride 100% of the time. AMF | Harley-Davidson, Milwaukee.

Rapido. another outperformer from Harley-Davidson.

Control and balance make it a beautiful experience.

Most people look at waves and just see water. To them, a road's just pavement. But if you think there's more to life, we've got something for you.

Mustang's new Sprint Decor Option. Sporty colors inside and out. Dual racing mirrors that look right at home.

Even the interior of the Sprint Decor Option is a new experience. A panoramic instrument panel and a floor-mounted stick shift sitting between bucket seats. Now this is the real way to control a car.

Its stabilizer bar and independent front suspension help give you a more balanced ride. Around curves and over bumps.

The Sprint Decor Option is available in the Hardtop and SportsRoof models. Mag wheels, raised white letter tires and competition suspension are also available.

1972 Ford Mustang SportsRoof shown with Sprint Decor Option.

1972 Ford Mustang Hardtop shown with Sprint Decor Option.

FORD MUSTANG

FORD DIVISION Ford