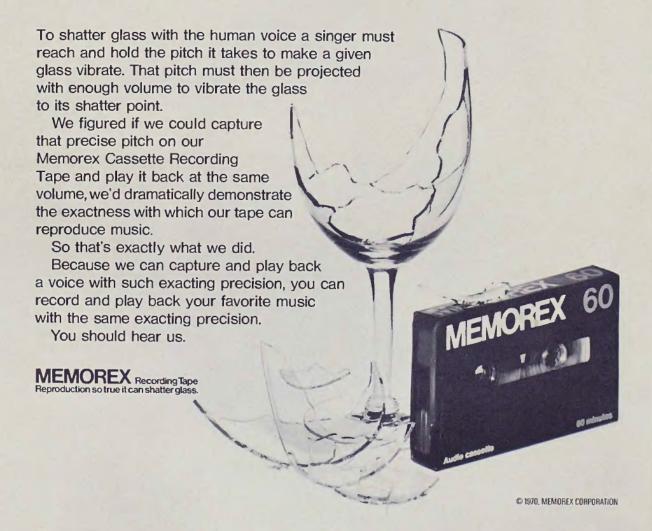




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CHEEVER

PLAYBILL It will come as news only to those who aren't writers-or don't know any-that writing is a solitary profession. As a consequence, writers don't get to know one another very well except in print, and their editors don't get to know them very well except over the telephoneusually with their backs against a deadline. It occurred to us that the time was long overdue to remedy this situation, so we decided to throw a party for them, and just about the time we were putting the finishing touches on this issue, that's exactly what we did. Some 70 of our most valued contributors joined us in Chicago for the five-day Playboy International Writers' Convocation. There were speeches, readings and panel discussions, and they were all fine; but the main attraction for the writers-and for us-was the pleasure of one another's company. We're glad we did it, and we think they are, too. (January seems a good time to talk about the esteem in which we hold our writers and their work, not only because the Convocation is fresh in our minds but because it's in this issue that we announce Playboy's Annual Writing Awards, as a tangible form of tribute to their art.)

At one of the Convocation dinners, Washington Post columnist Nicholas von Hoffman found that one of his table companions was John Cheever. "Three damn feet away," Von Hoffman said later. "Do you know how much I admire that man's work? I thought to myself, what am I doing sitting at the same table as this guy? Finally the silence got pretty awkward, so I started to talk about the shrimp cocktail or some damned thing. I can't get over it. John Cheever!" Well, here's Cheever-a National Book Award winner and best-selling author many times over-with this month's lead fiction, Artemis, the Honest Well Digger, the tale of a simple workman who has cold war thrown on his romance. At the Convocation, Cheever told us about his latest extraliterary project: teaching English to inmates at Sing Sing. He's dismayed by the fact that "the inmates are only allowed to write to immediate relatives, even to the exclusion of common-law wives"-but plans to stick with it.

Cheever's Artemis, who believes that water is at the root of all civilizations. would be, we believe, as fascinated as we are by Richard Rhodes's compelling account of what mucking around with water is doing to one of America's unique natural wonders. Over lunch at the

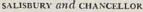


watts and ...





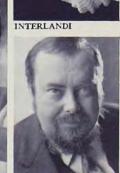








NEIMAN









Convocation, Rhodes described his reaction to the assignment that resulted in The Killing of the Everglades: "I have a special feeling about the wilderness, I suppose because I grew up close to the land, on a farm in Missouri. But I had never walked through a swamp before, and it does something to you." Rhodes, unlike some hard-line conservationists, is able as well to sympathize with those who believe land is here to be used. "It's a terrible paradox," he said. "If you build a road, you may very likely destroy the thing you wanted to see at the end of it."

Another pair of Convocation guests, philosopher Alan Watts and sciencefact-and-fiction expert Arthur C. Clarke, join herewith in a Playboy Dialog, At the Interface: Technology and Mysticism. Watts and Clarke had not met before PLAYBOY got them together for a marathon talk fest at New York's Chelsea Hotel. "The odd thing," Watts later recalled (from a contemplative post-Convocation position in Hefner's underground swimming pool), "was that Arthur came from Ceylon and I from California, and we both turned up on that steaminghot day in Manhattan wearing sarongs." They hit it off tremendously. Staff Writer Frank M. Robinson, who coordinated the project, reports: "Both Clarke, the buttondown Englishman, and Watts, the West Coast guru, are entranced by gadgets. Clarke had a miniature laser, and one night we stood on the roof of the hotel and flashed it down onto the sidewalk below. The effect was a half-dollarsized circle of red light on the pavement. coming from nowhere. A drunk came along and did a little dance with it."

A different sort of dialog-more of a dual monolog-is presented by The New York Times's Harrison Salisbury and NBC-TV's John Chancellor, in The News Media: Is That All There Is? The Pulitzer Prize-winning Salisbury, who now edits the Times's "Op-Ed" page, and Chancellor, anchor man for NBC's nightly news, examine their fields' sins of omission and commission in the light of an unfriendly Administration's ham-handed efforts at news management.

Censorship is a dirty word to newsmen, but the Chicago Tribune's movie critic, Gene Siskel, exposes its humorous side in An Interview with the Censor. Would-be censor Spiro Agnew has made his suggestions about what the Times can do with itself; Chicago artist James Higa has a better idea, in What to Do with the Sunday New York Times



-and, furthermore, it's ecologically sound. Higa, who confesses to "a lifelong compulsion to play with paper," is planning to market his designs in kits.

In this issue, we offer works by two highly skilled practitioners of the newor newly revived-art of personal journalism: Garry Wills and F. P. Tullius, both of whom were Convocation guests. Wills, a classicist-turned-syndicated columnist, gives us I'm Busted!, the modern horror story of how the marijuana laws resulted in the piece-by-piece destruction of an American family. Tullius has lived in San Clemente-the subject of his A Clean, Well-Lighted Place of White Houses-for ten years. "I'm a native Californian, just like Nixon," he says, "except he grew up around Whittier and I grew up in Pasadena. We considered Whittier hopelessly banal and infra dig and glimpsed it only when going to the beach."

In The Moment of Truth, seven luminaries from the world of sport describe their sensations when faced with challenge in their ultracompetitive fields. From the playing fields of commerce, Chicago management consultant Allan Cox gives us Confessions of a Corporate Head-Hunter, which will be amplified in

a book he's writing.

This month's interview subject is Germaine Greer, who was pursued-not without incident-by Assistant Managing Editor Nat Lehrman to her rented farmhouse in the Tuscan town of Cortona. His Fiat-sans Lehrman-rolled part way down a terraced mountainside, where it remained, on all fours, until some neighboring farmers dug a new road for Lehrman so he could drive out. The result is a contentious and stimulating interview-in which, coincidentally, Dr. Greer explores many of the points covered by Gina Allen and Clement Martin, M. D., in What's Your Intimacy Quotient? Dr. Martin, a California internist, and Miss Allen, a science writer, are collaborating in private sex counseling; they have recorded some of their findings in Intimacy, Sensitivity, Sex, and the Art of Love, published by Henry Regnery last October.

Alternative views on sex are offered by Robert Graves, who in My First Amorous Adventure advances the proposition that conversation about sex, though provocative, should have its limits, and by our old M*A*S*H friends, who find that everybody's talking about it-and doing it-in New England. Who Stuck the F*L*A*G in Reverend Titcomb? will appear in the novel M*A*S*H Goes to Maine, to be published by Morrow next month. Its author, Richard Hooker, GRABOWSKI and URBA























RHODES

was another Convocation guest; he turned out to be, unlike Hawkeye, soft-spoken but-in real life-like Hawkeye, a thoracic surgeon.

Additional fiction offerings this month include Joyce Carol Oates's The Loves of Franklin Ambrose, illustrated by Vincent Arcilesi, and Ray Bradbury's The Parrot Who Met Papa. From London, where she's enjoying a year on sabbatical with her husband-and the reviews for her latest book, Wonderland-Miss Oates told us that Franklin Ambrose, like her PLAYBOY-writing-award-winning Saul Bird Says: Relate! Communicate! Liberate!, is "an attempt to deal in a semiserious and satirical way with current moral problems." Of Parrot, Bradbury says, "It's obvious I love Hemingway's work very much; my Parrot is one more gift to his memory.

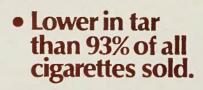
Sexometrics is a program designed by Assistant Art Director Bob Post that's not to be confused with anything you might have seen on Jack LaLanne's TV show. Post claims to have gone through the workout; we may charge him space rates for advertising.

The tarot is a very old way of looking at the future, given new currency today. Contributing Editor Ray Russell examines the phenomenon, with photos of the cards as visualized by Associate Picture Editor Marilyn Grabowski and Staff Photographer Alexas Urba, in Tarot: A Fresh Look at an Arcane Art. A uniquely PLAYBOY way of looking at the past is offered by Judith Wax in That Was the Year That Was, illustrated (as is The Killing of the Everglades) by Bill Utterback.

England provides the setting for Le-Roy Neiman's Man at His Leisure visit to Sotheby's and for Take Me to Your Tailor, by Robert Morley, whose Morley Meets the Frogs is a current PLAYBOY Writing-award winner (see page 212). His tailor, we trust, did not provide the raincoats for cartoonist Phil Interlandi's The Exhibitionists.

Interlandi is a longtime PLAYBOY favorite; so, to say the least, is Contributing Editor Ken W. Purdy, whose 72 articles and stories for PLAYBOY constitute the house record. Our first Purdy piece was April 1957's The Compleat Sports Car Stable; in this issue, he gets even more compleat with The Playboy Car Stable. To round out the issue, we have Playboy's Playmate Review, Playmate Marilyn Cole, a pictorial on Stanley Kubrick's new film, A Clockwork Orange, and Thomas Mario's By Dawn's Early Light, a breakfast calculated to start the new year right. Here's looking at you!

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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ROSY FUTURE?

I am considering taking action against Poul Anderson for writing *More Futures than One* (PLAYBOY, October). Such clairvoyance, such insight—or far-sight—into the future can have been obtained only by a time machine. And everyone knows time machines are illegal. What right has this writer to reveal to us the world of what is to be—even if the picture he draws of the year 2000 is a reassuring one of an earth gone sane? I only regret that many of us will not be around to verify the developments he has outlined.

Carl Jacobi

Minneapolis, Minnesota Jacobi has been writing—and selling —science-fiction stories since the Thirties.

I'd like you to know how pleased I was both with Anderson's article, which is a fine answer to a good deal of the doom crying we hear so often, and with PLAYBOY for showing an interest in this type of article. PLAYBOY has always led the field with its special relationship to science fiction and science-fiction writers.

Gordon R. Dickson, Past President Science-Fiction Writers of America Twin City Airport, Minnesota

The concept of utopia is an age-old dream-and one as far from reality now as it has ever been. The thing lacking in Anderson's glimpse into the future that invalidates his depiction is the same thing that makes it impossible to solve our present problems-and that is the will of the people to make it happen. This is particularly true of the people who could make it happen, the ones who have the power but who will not and have never used power for any purpose other than to retain it. Human nature has not changed in the course of recorded history and will not change until there is a complete alteration in accepted values. The human race, built as it is, will never be able to work in total harmony, and not all your computers, robots, paternal governments and scientific gimmickry can alter that basic fact. Anderson's wishful portrayal of the future is totally unreal and his statement that all differences will no longer matter is touchingly naïve. There will always be something that matters, to someone, to some group, and they will care enough about it to refuse to toe the

line. And those in power, of course, will make sure they do. Human nature works that way.

> E. C. Tubb London, England

Among Tubb's most recent sci-si efforts are "Lallia" and "Kalin."

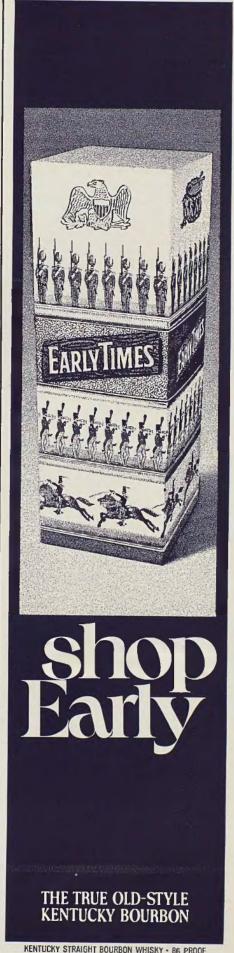
Whenever anyone lulls to sleep again even one person newly aroused to the ecology crisis, that is a direct threat to me and my world. The message used to be: Hush, now, and tomorrow you'll wake up in Jesus' arms. Now it seems to be: Don't fret, they'll take care of everything for us. They handled things so well that we are facing earth-wide catastrophic water shortages through spoiled sources; a soaring population that will continue to soar even with the most stringent controls, simply because those alive now will reproduce themselves and because the death rate continues to decrease in most parts of the world; and radioactive wastes in the millions of tons, which continue to accumulate at an increasing rate. Since the beginning of the century, 70,000,000 people have been killed as a result of wars. The list of things showing the effects of such expert care is virtually endless, the long-term results, nearly without exception, disastrous. But in the future, they will do better, solve all the problems tormenting us today, bring about a utopia where we'll all wake up in Jesus' arms or, at the very least, in a world where the only going crime will be a little free sex. Oh, hell!

Kate Wilhelm Madeira Beach, Florida

I have long enjoyed the science-fiction stories of Poul Anderson, but if More Futures than One is intended as a serious forecast, I can only ascribe to Anderson a kind of heroic naïveté. The year 2000, in which he sets his quasi utopia, is less than 30 years away; and he has painted his picture of life in a future America as if that America could exist in a vacuum, independent of what is happening or is likely to happen in other parts of the world. It is, perhaps, platitudinous to remind him that there is a relationship between the proportion of hungry bellies in Asia and the social, economic and military security of the United States of America. However, let us look at some of the facts he appears to have ignored. Our global

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population is well over three and a half billion. About 350,000,000 families are engaged in farming, but more than two thirds of them have only wooden plows. At present, gross food production is increasing at an annual rate of one percent, but the yearly growth in population is at the rate of two percent. Even if it were possible to resolve immediately all the political and religious differences that inhibit material progress, even if it were possible to abolish immediately all racial tensions, it would still not be possible to construct in less than 30 years the kind of self-regulating society that Anderson confidently anticipates. Gods may work miracles; men cannotnot even Anderson's superscientists nor the generation he has imagined that seems to have developed enlightened self-interest as a form of mass hypnosis.

Edmund Cooper Arundel, Sussex, England Cooper is the author of "Deadly Image."

RUSSIAN QUARTET

Though I read poetry constantly, I was especially enchanted and moved by Yevgeny Yevtushenko's Four New Poems (PLAYBOY, October). I couldn't say just where the magic was nor the poignancy—so I suppose it is the sad emotional content and the feeling he implies.

Taylor Caldwell Buffalo, New York

Among novelist Janet Miriam Taylor Holland Caldwell's best-known works are "Dear and Glorious Physician" and "A Prologue to Love."

THE SKIN GAME

As a viewer of pornographic films, I was titillated by *The Porno Girls* (PLAYBOY, October). Being a student presently taking a sociology course focusing on subcultures, I was fascinated by the self-imposed occupational moral code the performers share. Their refusal to perform certain physical acts creates informal standards unexpected in relation to work of this nature. Frankly, I am puzzled by their acceptance of Lesbianism and their intolerance of male homosexuality, which, ironically enough, reflects society at large.

Thomas E. Sites Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Your youthful porno stars describe their audience as "middle-class businessmen jealous of the youth scene," "terrible, gross men jacking off in the theater" and "potential sex deviates." Now, from whom did these comments come? Well, there's Susannah, a runaway at 17, whose husband thinks her career is "pretty funny." Another "finds self-analysis a complete waste of time," a statement often made by disturbed people, Still another supplements her welfare income working on filthy beds for \$35 a day in films on which thousands upon

thousands of dollars will be made. And consider the star who thinks you can really score points at a party by mentioning you worked in a porno film. The absolute party stopper: God, how sad. What are the qualifications for acting in porno films? Are there such things as pregnancy clauses? Are there checks for gonorrhea, syphilis, trichomoniasis, lice? Is there a company doctor? If not, do the actresses inspect their male co-stars for chancre sores? Do they think about this at all when it comes to the oral nitty-gritty? Do they think? Please don't interview these bodies anymore. Pose them, photograph them, show off their one commodity and single skill. But spare us the probing of their pathetic little brains. Learn something from my generation. We never gave our stag performers any dialog. We knew they had nothing

> Henry F. Szafarz Boston, Massachusetts

Award-winning documentary-film producer Szafarz' movies have appeared on Danish and American television.

LEGAL EAGLES

A. C. L. U.-Let There Be Law (PLAYBOY, October) was a most flattering article and yet not blindly so. Peter Andrews painstakingly balanced his report by revealing the skeletons in the A.C.L.U. closet: the evasive response to Joe Mc-Carthy and the abandonment of the interned Japanese during World War Two. Those skeletons are the property of the national A. C. L. U., which anticipated the Senator by more than a decade when, in 1940, it adopted a resolution prohibiting Communists from becoming employees and board members. The Northern California affiliate, however, refused to concur with this resolution and, in addition, opposed relocation and provided counsel for interned Japanese, Germans and Italians who came under relocation orders. It is, I think, worth setting the record straight on the Northern California affiliate and the Japanese internment, because Andrews said of us: "The Northern California affiliate operates almost entirely autonomously." That overstates the case a bit, but we do jealously protect our independence. From history, you can see that if the A.C.L.U. was to act monolithically, it would necessarily betray its mission. From dissent comes truth.

> Paul N. Halvonik, Legal Director A. C. L. U. of Northern California San Francisco, California

FICTION VERITE?

I found Evan Hunter's *The Sardinian Incident* (PLAYBOY, October) a compelling but somewhat frustrating piece of fiction. The interview format made reading it dramatic and rapid, but when I finished, I was left with a slightly uneasy feeling. Somehow the portrait of the authoritarian

film director who thinks actors are machines and journalists are fools struck me as unrealistic. But maybe Hunter is playing games with his protagonist as well as with his audience. And if he is, he certainly fooled me. Nevertheless, the story is wonderfully—and powerfully—told.

> Larry Morey Boulder, Colorado

TOP RATED

I would like to congratulate Larry Tritten on the tremendous insight he displays in A Snob's Guide to TV (PLAYBOY, October). I found it most enlightening. I do think, however, he omitted some rather pertinent facts about Mission: Impossible. To view the show properly, one must have a distinct knowledge of the inner workings of an elevator shaft, a definite awareness of the nomenclature of a screwdriver (metal, not liquid), 42 pairs of customtailored coveralls and a nasal-passage strength powerful enough to endure the potent fumes that waft through the endless tunnels found under castles, palaces and various offices and abodes of enemy agents.

Greg Morris

Hollywood, California

Morris has been "Mission: Impossible's" magical fix-it man since the series began.

MR. MEAN

Your October article on *Butkus*, "the meanest man alive," was great. Arthur Kretchmer really nailed him—just the way Butkus nails nearly everybody who's crazy enough to carry a football anywhere near him. I've always been slightly amazed at the way Butkus manages to be all over the field, almost as if he can smell where a play is going before it happens, and Kretchmer's article helped explain how he does it: He's simply as mean, tough and savvy as a football player gets. Many thanks for the inside view of Mr. Football.

Pete Kowalski Chicago, Illinois

On the plane ride back from New Orleans after the 49er–Saint game, I read Arthur Kretchmer's *Butkus*. The next time you want to publish an article on professional football's best linebacker, take a poll of the N. F. L. players first. They'll tell you to write about Tommy Nobis of the Atlanta Falcons.

Ken Willard

San Ramon, California

Willard is one of the San Francisco 49ers' star running backs.

GOING, GOING, GONE

I was as impressed by Lewis Cotlow's Twilight of the Primitive (PLAYBOY, October) as I was horrified by its content. I agree that civilization has benefits, but

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LAYBOY

when 30,000 Amazonian Indians die just so we can have rubber for boots and tires, it is no longer a benefit. As I see it, it is murder and makes our society parasitic.

Chris Allen Willowdale, Ontario

EVALUATING EVERS

Since the murder of his courageous brother Medgar, I have followed Charles Evers with intense interest-and thoroughly enjoyed your October interview with him. He is an extremely proud and honest man, like his father, and he possesses a political fervor and ambition reminiscent of the late Senator Robert Kennedy. Evers is sincere in his efforts to make this state a success both socially and economically, though the odds admittedly are against him to win the election. White Mississippians shudder at the thought of a black man and his family moving into the Statehouse in Jackson. After all, what will the neighbors say?

Lt. Thomas T. Prousalis, Jr. Keesler AFB, Mississippi

Thank you for your interview with Charles Evers. It exposed the venom and filth emanating from white Mississippi, while painting a very real and unbridled picture of a very sincere and intense political leader. It disclosed the horror and nightmare of growing up black during an uncivilized time and revealed the true nature of a twisted Justice Department and a misguided FBI. But, most of all, you have made life much harder for Evers' enemies. For if, heaven forbid, he is gunned down, this interview will serve as the indictment of a Government that has failed to protect human life and of a nation that can no longer control those forces seeking to forever destroy its freedom and democracy.

Bruce Nyman, President Long Beach Young Democrats Long Beach, New York

As a lifelong resident of Mississippi, I strongly disagree with Evers. Most of the interview centered on his childhood or the time he spent in Chicago. During the years he grew up, the Depression and war years, life was rough for everyone, black or white. While he was in Chicago, Evers was an underworld policy runner, bootlegger and head of a prostitution ring. If he got away with it in Chicago, he will probably try it in Mississippi sooner or later. He also said that a white man could get away with murdering a black man in Mississippi. If that were the case, there would be no blacks here.

Don Upton Columbus, Mississippi

I thought the Evers interview was one of the best of any kind I've ever read. Maybe I appreciated it so much because I am black. There were times while

reading it when I could actually feel tears well up in my eyes. Not only for Charles Evers, nor for his brother, nor the numerous others for whom the same experience is firsthand, but for sick America and for every black man here, because though it's sick, this is the nearest thing to a home we have. But when it gets so that you're afraid to go to sleep in your own house or you're forced to teach your children war tactics of hitting the floor fast at the sound of strange noises, surely that man cannot possibly call where he lives home. I'm currently serving in the Air Force in Germany. Maybe I, too, have a lot of the old and the new Charles Evers in me. But is America my home? Or is it just the closest thing I have to one? Is the black man truly a man without a country? I don't know, but I wish everybody could read your interview.

> Clyde B. Akins APO New York, New York

Reading the Evers interview loosened some old skeletons from my own closets. I'll have to write the story one day, but for now, let me recount some incidents from my racist childhood, beginning in 1963. I was 13 when Medgar Evers was shot and I remember saying, "Well, I guess that'll show them niggers." That same year, when President Kennedy was assassinated, my classmates and I cheered at the news of the shots in Dallas and cried, "I hope that goddamn niggerlover dies." When five black girls joined the student body of our white high school, we gleefully stole their purses and burned them in a nearby trash can. The next year (1966), my friends and I found Friday and Saturday nights were a good time to do some "nigger-knocking." If we forgot our eggs or baseball bats, we might try to pick up "some ole nigger whore." From the ripe old age of 21, I can safely say these acts were childish and immature. You might say that Mississippi is a childish and immature state; at any rate, I will attempt to pay for some of the damage I have done by voting for Mister Evers in November, and I hope the state will do likewise.

Gerald M. Jones Columbus, Mississippi

Aside from being an ex-pimp, gambler and bootlegger, and having the football-size cojones to fight the red-neck opposition of his state, what other credentials does Evers claim to qualify him to be mayor of his home town and perhaps governor of his state? The black people of Mississippi must be very hard up for leadership to rely on this self-confessed roue as their representative and symbol of pride and accomplishment.

M/Sgt. Frank Bravo, U. S. A. F. Tampa, Florida

Evers was defeated in the gubernatorial race on November second.

Perhaps the most interesting statement in the Charles Evers interview was that he could not change his unfair attitudes toward women. Not everyone treats women as inferiors. Evers' own experience is one indication of how hard it is to change firmly entrenched attitudes. I wonder if it disturbs him to know that he is as prejudiced in one respect as those people he seeks so valiantly to change are in another.

Richard H. Woodward Spartanburg, South Carolina

SOUPERLATIVE

I read with absolute ecstasy Emanuel Greenberg's Souped-Up Soups (PLAYBOY, October). His ideas on cocktail soups were souperficially received until I came to the Gazpacho Martini soup. He had to be kidding, but he wasn't. It's one of the most innovative recipes I have ever served and by suggesting it, Greenberg enhanced my reputation as a souperlative chef on a recent evening. In gratitude, I'm sending you my recipe for gazpacho sans gin and vermouth. Emanuel Greenberg, you're souperb!

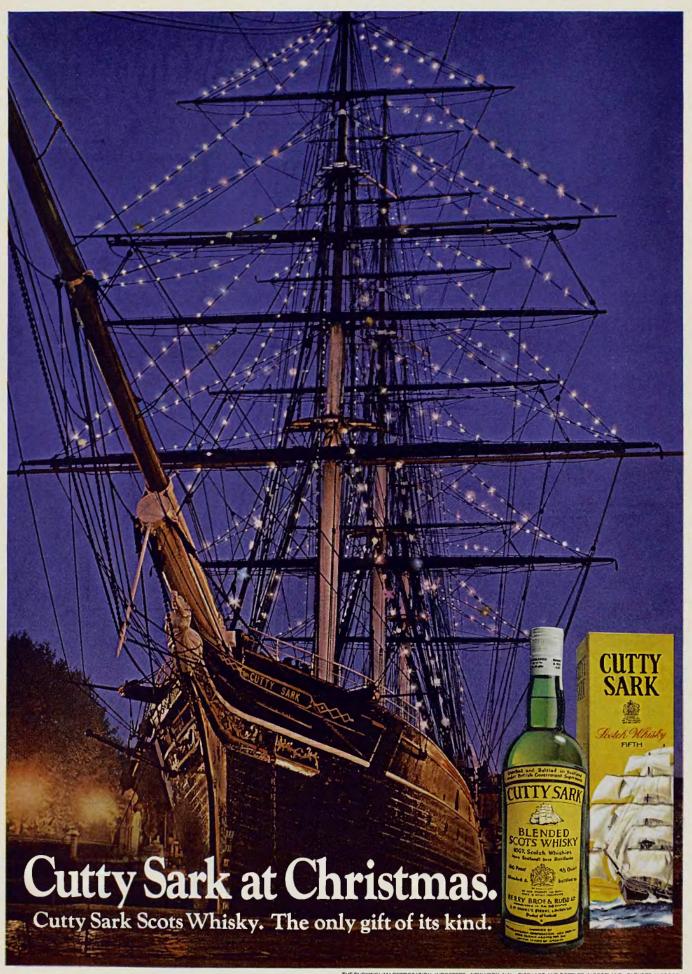
Paul A. Andres, Vice-President Sey-Co Products Co. Van Nuys, California

YOU BET YOUR LIFE

Immortality Is Fully Deductible (PLAYBOY, October), by Craig Karpel, jokes about the cost of life, death and immortality but fails to appreciate that only the living can contemplate concepts such as cost. There is no charge to the dead for anything. The cost of im-mortality is academic. There is no alternative. Either we become immortal or we die. For those of us who don't wish to die, the only relevant questions involve the means to attain eternal life. Although a desperate treatment, freezing (cryonic suspension) after clinical death offers a chance for those who are unfortunate enough to have to face death today. Our program of Life Extension Sciences includes research into gerontology, suspended animation, transplantation, artificial organology, resuscitation, regeneration and identity reconstruction. If we can support large-scale research in these fields, we can become superintelligent, superpowerful beings capable of indefinitely prolonged youth, vigor and pleasure. When that time comes, there will be no charge for immortality-only for failure.

Saul Kent, Editor Immortality Magazine Cryonics Society of New York Sayville, New York

To me, Karpel's work raises a fundamental philosophical question: Are we committing an affront to our humanity when we try to assign human life an





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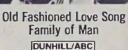
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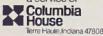
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economic value? A society that understood realistic economics and the nature and destiny of man would unhesitatingly reply in the affirmative. Man's ultimate objective in the economic order is not production but consumption. His destiny is not to toil for subsistence but to produce through technology so he can be free to devote his mental and physical energies to the work of leisure. Society, however, has never understood that man's economic struggle is temporary. It conceived of toil as a permanent necessity and elevated it to an extent that it has become the object of life rather than its means. Among these toil totems are such familiar assertions as the following: Human labor is the only real factor of production; everyone must serve in the work force, for only economic toil is meaningful; consumption is immoral unless legitimated through the consumer's personal toil (the Puritan work ethic): people are human resources and human capital; full employment of labor should be the foremost goal of an advanced industrial economy (even if capital instruments, not people, produce the overwhelming preponderance of goods and services); ad infinitum. The habit of thinking of people in economic terms is an anachronism from the preindustrial past, when man's chief functions were war and work. A free society implies more than political liberty. Citizens who are bound involuntarily to the production process are not free. They are industrial serfs. The ideal economic goal, in my view, is vicarious production through private ownership of the capital instruments that are replacing labor in production. Only when a human being has no economic value whatsoever will we have achieved the human ideal of freedom.

> Louis O, Kelso Attorney at Law

San Francisco, California

Writer, economist and educator Kelso has co-authored "The Capitalist Manifesto" and "Two Factor Theory: The Economics of Reality."

SEASON'S GREETINGS

Have you ever noticed how the head and ears of your Rabbit resemble a



butterfly in shape, with an eyespot on one hind wing?

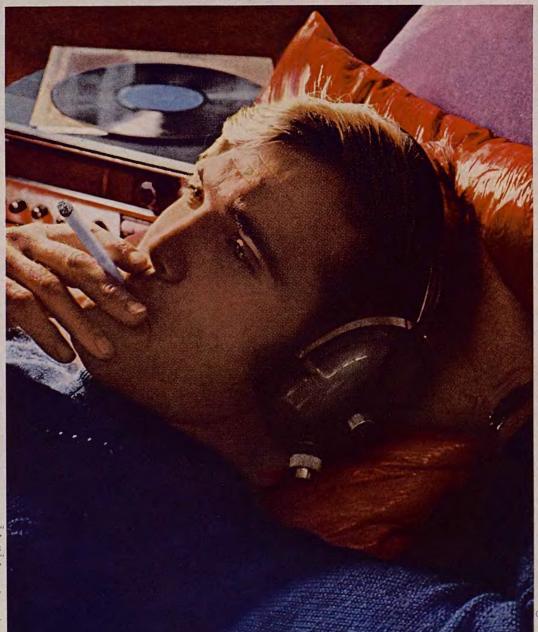
Vladimir Nabokov Montreux, Switzerland

Our thanks to world-renowned author and lepidopterist Nabokov for this unique holiday greeting. Give the martini drinker the secret to the perfect martini. Seagram's Extra Dry.





Sounds'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.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We've never condoned drunk driving nor even excessive drinking, and we've faithfully reported on the country's alcoholic problems in Forum Newsfront; but neither has PLAYBOY built up much of an image as a temperance journal—much less one preaching abstinence. So we confess our apprehension when we walked into Chicago's Pick-Congress Hotel to attend the 25th Triennial World Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. There, in an enormous ballroom, surrounded by septuagenarian teetotalers, we felt a little like a black spy at a Ku Klux Klan rally.

Which reflects more on our preconceptions than on the ladies of the W. C. T. U. True, they are vulnerable to journalistic fun-making: white-haired grandmotherly types still denouncing Demon Rum and praying for the soul of Franklin Roosevelt for selling out to the liquor lobby in the election of 1932. And at the hotel, they not only inundated the coffee shop but thoroughly dismayed the waitresses by leaving prayer cards instead of tips. And of course there was the outgoing national president of the W. C. T. U., Mrs. Fred J. Tooze, whose name compels most reporters to add parenthetically, "rhymes with booze,"

But to our relief and pleasure, the ladies of temperance (or, more accurately, total abstinence), while still as dedicated as Carry Nation, turned out to be not only nonviolent but extremely gracious, gentle, good-natured and even humanitarian people motivated by a strong desire to alleviate some of the world's more conspicuous problems-social, physical and moral, but especially alcoholic. Although we didn't ask, it was apparent that such dedication is often inspired by grim personal experiences associated with excessive drinking (someone else's). There's not much thought, however, given to the question of cause and effect-whether excessive drinking is the source or the symptom of a person's problems. And the tendency is to oppose liquor per se on the grounds that a person who can't find something to drink can't get drunk.

Since this wasn't a position it seemed fruitful to dispute, we raised the question of drug abuse: Was this problem beginning to rival alcoholism, or perhaps even to supplant it, as a matter of W. C. T. U. concern? We were advised, swiftly and accurately enough, that alcohol is a drug, that alcohol addiction is a form of drug addiction and that the W. C. T. U. had, in any case, already declared its opposition to drugs-in 1892. We prudently refrained from debating the differences between marijuana and the addictive opiates; then, a little later, we elected not to argue the relative merits of prohibition versus regulation; and finally, we smiled noncommittally at the proposition that indulgence in one vice propels its helpless victim into catastrophic dependencies on many others. In short, we just kept our mouth shut and listened. And learned that, at least by W. C. T. U. reckoning, liquor is still the launching pad to the remotest ruinations.

We also learned some other things. Contrary to most descriptions of this doughty old organization, it's not populated exclusively by the elderly widows of alcoholics. Of the 1000-plus participants at this world convention, a substantial number-maybe 200-were bright-eyed, clean-cut teenagers who get their kicks by waging war on every popular vice from premarital sex to cigarettes, although booze obviously provides them with the greatest thrills of battle. Some are seasoned combat veterans who have come up through the ranks: The W. C. T. U. has its White Ribbon Recruits, infancy to the age of six, sworn to temperance by sponsors; its Loyal Temperance Legion, ages six to 12; and its Youth Temperance Council, 13 and older. Whether the youngsters can replenish the citizen's army of elderly vice fighters remains to be seen, but they exhibit the kind of reckless enthusiasm one normally associates with teenaged revolutionaries. Which may qualify them as counterrevolutionaries. We brooded over the disquieting implications of that thought in the only uncrowded place at the hotel: the bar. Ordering a therapeutic

double martini on the rocks, we tossed it down much as Lawrence of Arabia must have done with his famous lemonade after crossing the Sahara. Guilt-stricken, we removed the W. C. T. U. button that had been affixed to our lapel by an eager welcomer upstairs, and left it as a tip.

Our Booby Boo-boo Award goes to Hunt-Wesson Foods, Toronto, which wanted the label for its new pork-andbeans product to be predominantly French for the Quebec market. The name was Big John's in English, Grand Jean in French. But Young & Rubicam, Hunt's agency, felt that Jean was an urbane name and didn't convey the strong, woodsman image Hunt wanted to project. So it came up with Gros Jos, and everybody was happy -- except a female copy writer in Y. & R.'s Montreal office, who wrote to Hunt's president asking if anyone in Toronto was aware that, in Quebec, Gros Ios was a colloquialism for "big tits." The product was renamed Grand Jos.

We reluctantly record the latest nadir in taste: Aubrey Mayhew, owner of the Texas School Book Depository Building in Dallas, is charging admission for a view from the sixth-floor window from which the fatal shots were fired at John F. Kennedy.

Herb Caen's San Francisco Chronicle column reports that there's a carpenter at California's state capitol in Sacramento who, when the legislature is in session, works with ear muffs labeled BULLSHIT PROTECTOR.

Months ago, the country's newspapers enlivened their inside pages with what's known in the trade as a human-interest item: Thousands of Malaysian frogs were "fighting to the death" because of some mysterious biological belligerence or territorial dispute, which the papers billed as a great frog "war." Since then, scientists (who no doubt rushed to the scene of battle) have concluded that the

frogs were, in fact, making love, not war -and that the trouble erupted only after their massive mating was invaded by some unwelcome toads.

The district attorney of Oklahoma City recently authorized raids on several "adult" bookstores and ordered the confiscated material burned in the Oklahoma County courthouse furnaces. Then the D. A. received a \$900 bill from the county for repairs. Seems that during the conflagration, the furnaces were "overloaded, overheated and remained too hot too long."

How's that again? A sign in a Manhattan restaurant proclaims: our food CONTAINS ONLY THE PUREST ARTIFICIAL PRESERVATIVES.

High Cost of Living, Bell, Book and Candle Division: In its list of course offerings, Denver Free University notes there is a \$10.90 surcharge for course number 73-Introduction to Theory and Practice of Witchcraft. The school explains the surcharge is to cover the costs of "candles, bats' blood and other items which will be needed for the practice part of the class."

A coin-operated washer and drier has been installed at Sun Ray Hills, a family nudist resort near Burlington, Wisconsin-perhaps by the same guy who sells refrigerators to the Eskimos.

Despite the court decisions uncharitably prohibiting pornographic depictions of Walt Disney characters, the studio's troubles aren't over yet. In Rocky River, Ohio, the manager of the Westgate Cinema was called out at two A.M. to undo the one-letter alteration-by pranksters-of his theater sign advertising WALT DISNEY'S \$1,000,000 DUCK.

At last we have scientific evidence that music does not necessarily soothe the savage breast. A researcher for the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography concluded that young girls are sexually susceptible to pop and rock music; that it "frequently serves as a catalyst for love and is thereby a stimulus for sexual arousal in the adolescent female." (Let's not tell the Government that the music industry has already figured this out.)

This note was attached to a five-and-ahalf-foot toothbrush when, after its mysterious disappearance, it was returned to a dental display at Fort Riley, Kansas: "I would like to take this opportunity to extend to you a heartfelt thank-you for the use of this gargantuan and most magnificent green toothbrush. Little do you know how I suffered from the pain of tooth decay before finding a toothbrush of significant dimensions. Sincerely, Jolly Green Giant."

Checkmate: A London shop owner has been arrested for displaying a chess set with all 32 pieces in sexual positions.

BOOKS

Art, for better and for worse, is much affected by the currents of commerce. So, given the economic doldrums in which the nation has been floundering, it is not surprising that publishers have cut back on those fat, glossy, overpriced volumes that filled Christmas seasons of yore. Yet the discerning giftgiver may still find items in his bookshop that will prove at once a testament to his own taste and a tribute to the taste of the recipient.

For a century and a half, the connoisseur of letters and the juicy-passage scanner have, each in his own manner, been finding pleasure in Casanova's Memoirs. Now the masterpiece of the 18th Century's great lover-adventurer-raconteur is at last available in a full, authentic and quite brilliant translation by Willard R. Trask, Giacomo Casanova's History of My tife (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) comes to us in six double volumes, individually slipcased and enhanced by elegant engravings of the time, informative notes and a firstrate index. In My Life and Times (Playboy Press), that contemporary Casanova, 80year-old Henry Miller, writes most engagingly about his eventful career at the typewriter, in bed and elsewhere. Included in this handsome book are scores of photographs, facsimile pages of manuscripts and 20 of Miller's paintings in full color.

Never let it be said that owner-chef Louis Szathmáry of Chicago's renowned Bakery restaurant is one to keep his marvelous recipes to himself. The Chef's Secret Cook Book (Quadrangle) is chockfull of no-longer-secret ways to prepare the dishes that have kept The Bakery high on most gourmets' top-restaurant lists. The instructions are crystal-clear, the line-drawing illustrations are superbly functional and the book also includes a large number of recipes from Chef Louis' personal file. Feast of France (Crowell) is a hearty serving of more than 300 classic French recipes by Antoine Gilly, former propriétaire of New York's respectfully remembered La Crémaillère. Assisted by writer-gourmet Jack Denton Scott, Gilly comes through with authority and charm whether he is applying himself to Huîtres au Four St. Amour, Selle d'Agneau Maurice de Talleyrand, Cassoulet à la Paysanne or Crêpes Flambées Confiture. To accompany this banquet, you might try Hugh Johnson's fancily got up The World Atlas of Wine (Simon & Schuster), which combines a well-written text with 143 full-color maps and reproductions of over 1000 wine (and some liquor) labels to give you a concise yet definitive guide to the grape.

Fans of the internal-combustion engine and all that goes with it have not been neglected this season. The American Car Since 1775 (Dutton), assembled by the editors of Automobile Quarterly, offers itself as "the most complete survey of the American automobile ever published" -which it may well be, considering that it begins with steamcar experiments during the Revolutionary War and ends up with a listing of some 7000 vehicles. For his History of the Motor Car (Crown), Marco Matteucci goes back a bit further than 1775, to 4000 B.C., when somebody in Ur got the idea for a wheel. More than 700 illustrations, most in color, adorn the parade of facts. And Ralph Stein's The American Automobile (Random House) focuses in on the half century before 1940 with shiny photos of creations-Duesenberg, Stutz, Pierce-Arrow, etc.—"designed by men who put the stamp of their own genius upon the rich variety of their machines.'

America's sports madness being what it is, one can't go too far astray in proffering the following at Christmastime. A Century of Sports (Hammond), by the Associated Press sports staff, takes youin over 400 pages-from football through cricket and curling to equestrian events. The volume is liberally sprinkled with color and black-and-white photos. Focusing in far more sharply is Will Grimsley's Tennis: Its History, People and Events (Prentice-Hall)-everything you ever wanted to know about the game and maybe a little more. It masterfully covers players and matches past and present. The most interesting section is "Styles of the Greats," written by Julius D. Heldman, which contains astute analyses of champions ranging from Bill Tilden to Arthur Ashe, Jr. It's a great book to dip into when you're licking your wounds after your forehand has become wretched, your backhand absurd and your net game nonexistent.

From the folks at George Braziller, who brought you The Très Riches Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry and The Master of Mary of Burgundy, come two estimable additions to that fine art-book tradition. The Hours of Etienne Chevalier brings together 47 of the exquisite miniatures that remain from the masterwork of Jean Fouquet, leader of the great school of miniaturists that adorned the life of Tours in the mid-15th Century. And The Grandes Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry, from about the same period, is the splendid result of the duke's effort to collect a set of illuminations that would surpass everything he had previously owned. It is clear that he succeeded.

The remarkable photographs by Max Waldman, sampled in our June 1971 issue, make up Woldmon on Theorer

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That's on the outside. Inside, Passport Scotch makes its own impression.



(Doubleday). There are 358 black-andwhite pictures here, inimitable interpretations of scenes from such plays as Marat/Sade, Dionysus in 69, A Moon for the Misbegotten and The Homecoming. As Clive Barnes writes in his introduction, "Waldman makes the image of the theater live on the insides of our brain. And this is no mean trick." No mean tricks either are two new Viking Studio Books by old hands at lens and shutter. Witness to Nature is a selection of Alfred Eisenstaedt's pictures of subjects from insects to elephants in places from New England to Africa; and the redoubtable Henri Cartier-Bresson is represented with his latest collection, titled Man and Machine. To top things off pictorially, there is Faces of Our Time (University of Toronto Press), 48 new (from Joan Baez to Richard Nixon) and old (from Winston Churchill to Pablo Picasso) portraits by the celebrated Canadian Yousuf Karsh.

T. S. Eliot's *The Woste Lond* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) stands as one of the pre-eminent literary works of our century. Now Eliot's second wife, Valerie, has resurrected the original manuscript from its nesting place at the New York Public Library and has done a fastidious job of editing to make possible a facsimile volume. With notes and comments on the original manuscript by Ezra Pound and by Eliot himself, this major publishing event provides a rare glimpse into the creative process.

Know any kids too young to remember the grand old days of the grand old comic-strip heroes, or any adults too old to remember them? You can exempt them from your gift list for Supermon and Batman (Crown), a pair of outsized volumes that give a generous selection of the exploits of these foremost champions of right and justice from the Thirties to yesterday.

Among the varied talents of Tomi Ungerer is that of poster maker. Just how gifted he is in this line is yours to appreciate in The Poster Art of Tomi Ungerer (New York Graphic). Here are hundreds of his wittiest creations, from preliminary sketches to the polished products. For a magnificent assortment of the posters of another contemporary artist of note, have a look at Picusso's Posters (Random House). Absolutely stunning. Still not satisfied? Then try Picusso: Le Gout du Bonheur (Abrams), "A Suite of Happy, Playful and Erotic Drawings" done by Picasso in 1964. Yours for \$400.

How many men in America could begin a typical day breakfasting in the Bahamas with advisors to Richard Nixon, write a couple of newspaper columns while jetting to New Jersey to spend the afternoon with a friend on death row, dictate replies to a stack of correspondence while rushing to New York City for a tele-

Milton Friedman, dash back home for dinner with Otto von Habsburg, while away the late hours discothèque-hopping with Truman Capote and end the day in the quiet early-morning hours, walking the dog and mentally composing a letter to a young friend, advising him to ask his Maker for guidance with a personal problem? Such a day would leave most mortals gasping for breath, but for William F. Buckley, Jr .- recognized even by his ideological enemies as America's most articulate and engaging spokesman for the political right-that sort of day is apt to leave him wondering why he had accomplished so little. In Cruising Speed-A Documentary (Putnam), Buckley shows us the how of one frenetic but altogether average week in his life and gives us a welcome but incomplete and unsatisfying glimpse into the why. Often accused of being a haughty, egocentric gadfly who cares only to dazzle audiences and score points with his rhetorical skills, Buckley reveals himself at the end of an exhausting day, hours from home and family and sleep, listening patiently (how many times has he heard it?) to the "Why should I go to Vietnam?" rote of a bearded, beaded, grass-stoned college student. Buckley is sometimes accused of being a multimillionaire reactionary who cares nothing for the human condition, but then we see him agonizing over the deaths of Stephen Ward (the physician who was involved in Great Britain's Profumo scandal) and Philip Graham (former publisher of The Washington Post), and the divorce of Henry Ford, seeing in these simultaneous misfortunes the re-enactment of Genesis. confirmation that "at the center of the weakness of the world is the weakness of the individual." Not quite the intensely intimate exercise in introspection most Buckley fans would have liked, nor that we have come to expect in personal journals, Cruising Speed is at least a start, and we can hope that it will not be too long before William F. Buckley the public figure tells us more about Bill Buckley the man.

vised discussion of economic theory with

In Glory (McGraw-Hill), Vladimir Nabokov spins a gossamer and manycolored skein of memories in the life of young Martin Edelweiss, a wealthy White Russian who is chased by the October Revolution through Europe, goes to Cambridge to study, falls in love with a mysterious flirt named Sonia, yearns for fame and glory, and ends up as the protagonist in perhaps the most tantalizing climax in the history of the novel. The prose is almost as flowery as Edelweiss' improbable surname, yet Nabokov seems to the mannered style born and bred (the novel, originally written in Russian in 1930, has now been translated by the author and his son Dmitri). He can perform breath-taking feats with sentences that loop and twist and tumble in the air but somehow always manage to capture in their flight the full-bodied feel of sensuous experience. The supreme achievement of this novel, however, is the creation of a nostalgic, echoing, intertwining, memory-laden tale that has the headlong pace of an adventure story—as though Nabokov had set out to rewrite Proust in the style of Eric Ambler or Graham Greene and actually carried it off. A marvelous book.

Since publication six years ago of his Science and Survival, scientist Barry Commoner's forebodings over the encroachment of unnatural human wastes upon the cycle of life have, alas, been borne out. One after another, the things we think we cannot live without are becoming things we may not be able to live with. To mention a few: artificially fertilized high-yield crops, detergents, leaded gasoline, synthetic fabrics, thermonuclear electricity, disposable cans and bottles. What man proposes, God no longer disposes. It accumulates, concentrates, desolates. Commoner himself, however, does not despair. In his new book, The Closing Circle (Knopf), he takes an unblinking inventory of pollution's gathering tide. As Commoner sees it, the pollution problem is a post-World War Two phenomenon brought on largely by the overriding profit motive. The grosses on detergent are larger than on soap; on aluminum, larger than on steel; on polyester, larger than on cotton. These observations allow him to isolate the problem and think about how to deal with it. He holds it well within human ability to close once more the circle of life-a circle formed in the primordial ooze. Technology must be redirected. City wastes must be piped back to the land, not released on surface waters. Farms must be expanded, not abandoned. Natural commodities must once again take precedence over synthetics. The industrial nations will have to pay a high price for their tunnel-visioned technologies. Luckily, says Commoner. they can well afford it.

In . . . Sting Like a Bee (Abelard-Schuman), José Torres, former light-heavy-weight champion of the world turned writer, takes on Muhammad Ali. Torres has two experienced seconds in his corner (Norman Mailer and Budd Schulberg) and a third sketching away just outside (PLAYBOY'S LeRoy Neiman). In the early rounds, aided by a pep-talk preface by Mailer ("We suddenly see fights not as we are accustomed to look at them in the pages of books but as intellectual and characterological struggles between highly skilled artists"). Torres comes on strong. In Part One he uses Ali's postpersecution

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tune-ups with Jerry Quarry and Oscar Bonavena to do the best analysis ever done of the fighter: "Don't watch Ali's gloves, arms or legs when he's fighting. Watch his brains." While Ali does not have the physical gifts of a Joe Louis, a Willie Pep or a Sugar Ray Robinson, he nonetheless has genius-"This genius of a man violates every rule there is in the making of a good fighter and gets away with it." In the middle rounds of . . . Sting Like a Bee, Torres is not a good fighter at all. Part Two, written with the help of a tape recorder and a ghostwriter, covers very familiar biographical territory-Ali's childhood, his Olympic triumph, his early fights, his bouts with Sonny Liston, his conversion to the Muslim faith, his refusal to accept induction into the Army. Fortunately, Torres recovers in time and closes fast. In Part Three he gives a superb description of the Joe Frazier fight: "A betrayal occurred when Ali got hit those wicked shots. Ali's physical mechanism doublecrossed his mind. I'm very much inclined to believe that the three-and-a-half-year inactivity did in fact affect Ali's body performance. Ali's eyes saw both of Frazier's deadly hooks start, saw them from the beginning. Both hooks were extremely hard. Both slow, wild, telegraphed. Ali's mind said to his body: 'Move.' The body answered: 'I can't.' " After Torres' tough fight, Budd Schulberg offers his epilog. Compared with Mailer, he speaks modestly about Torres' talents. But perhaps that is because Schulberg himself goes into the literary ring next spring with a book about Ali. He will have to be at the top of his form to outclass . . . Sting Like a Bee.

The Winds of War (Little, Brown), Herman Wouk's most ambitious novel to date, tells the story of the Victor Henry family from the days just before the Nazi invasion of Poland to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. (The Henry family is going to be around a long time, it seems: Wouk is now writing a sequel that carries the story to V-J Day.) While serving as embassy attaché in Berlin, Navy Commander Henry catches the eye of the President with an astute prediction of the Nazi-Soviet pact. It isn't long before F. D. R. is calling him "Old Top" and giving him errands to perform that take the reader through the corridors of power on both sides, Axis and Allied, amid the crises that become World War Two. The commander and his sons, also naval officers, have an astounding knack for being in the right places at the right times. Henry comes in contact with Churchill, Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini (not to mention such incidental luminaries as Gary Cooper and Somerset Maugham). Throughout the Berlin phase of the novel, Wouk manages to suggest that German

human nature is not quite the same as the rest of the world's, and his descriptions of the Germans' reactions to the speeches of their howling leader are tough. But the most daring aspects of this novel are the comments by an independent-minded former member of the German general staff. Armin von Roon's postwar, retrospective intention is to defend the honor of the German soldier, and his treatise, skillfully stitched into the narrative, offers a speculative glimpse into Hitler's motives for invading Russia and a provocative interpretation of how Roosevelt kept the U.S. out of the war while other nations bled themselves white. Large sections of the novel come close to being lectures on global strategy; but they are engrossing lectures. Wouk remains a first-rate story-

Lyndon Johnson's account of his years as President. The Vantage Point (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), is important simply because it's his. Yet it explains littleand doesn't even try. It's usually interesting, sometimes moving, often disappointing and finally, rather sad. The book, like L. B. J.'s Presidency, is dominated by Vietnam. That it is a defense is hardly surprising, nor is it surprising that Johnson never hesitates to make distortingly selective use of history to bolster his case. The chief disappointment is that it reveals little of the awful paradox of Lyndon Johnson: how a man who seemed bursting with humanity could carry on for so long and at such terrible cost so inhumane a war. Johnson the warrior destroyed Johnson the populist, who had pushed through Congress more enlightened legislation in the fields of racial justice, housing, education and health than any of his predecessors since his hero, Franklin D. Roosevelt. But in his book, as in his Administration, Johnson seems unaware of this terrible irony. He writes, or has had others write, of those tempestuous years in a bland tone of sweet reasonableness that masks his earthy personality and makes the anger of his days in office seem like ancient rather than contemporary history.

Three men of musical myth-Louis Armstrong, Bob Dylan and John Lennon-are the subjects of interesting books this season. To start with the oldest of them, Louis: The Louis Armstrong Story 1900-1971 (Little, Brown), by Max Jones and John Chilton, a pair of knowledgeable Britishers, offers a coherent account of Satchmo's career. It includes reproductions of newspaper stories, programs, Armstrong letters and other memorabilia, as well as many photographs. There is much, too, about the changing milieu of jazz: the hustlers of New Orlean's Storyville, the gangster-hazardous Chicago night clubs of the Twenties, the European concert halls where jazz became art, the American embassies where jazz turned into a device of diplomacy. Armstrong was an integral part of all these phases; and in the process, he grew much more perceptive about extramusical issues than his image as the grinning entertainer indicated. Music was certainly his overriding concern-as three of his four wives discovered-but Armstrong's music, after all, came from the totality of his experience as a black American. While much of it was joyful, there was a good deal of pride and defiance in that joy. Another kind of defiance marks the career of Bob Dylan, whose determination to safeguard his privacy has led others to create fables about him. Now, however, former New York Post reporter Anthony Scaduto has cleared away most of the mist in a critical but compassionate biography, Bob Dylon (Grosset & Dunlap). Scaduto's book, written with the subject's cooperation, is built mainly on interviews with people who knew Dylan well at various stages of his odyssey-from a girlfriend back home in Minnesota (when he was Bob Zimmerman) to members of the once-thriving Greenwich Village folkmusic enclave all the way to Joan Baez (her most candid account yet of their relationship). Dylan's songs did much to define the counterculture of the Sixties, and Scaduto understands the Zeitgeist that made his ascent possible. This is sure to be a valuable source book for future works on Dylan-and on the musiccentered youth culture for which the titles of his songs have become signposts. Another valuable document in the history of contemporary popular music is Lennon Remembers (Straight Arrow), an interview with the unreconstructed Beatle, originally published in two parts in Rolling Stone. Occasionally boring, prolix and incomprehensible, the book is nonetheless full of good stuff. Lennon tells about life on the road: "You know, the Beatles' tours were like Fellini's Satyricon. . . . They didn't call them groupies then, they called it something else. If we couldn't get groupies, we would have whores and everything, whatever was going. . . . When we hit town, we hit it, we were not pissing about." He describes the beginning of the match with Yoko Ono: "She came to the house and I didn't know what to do: so we went upstairs to my studio and I played her all the tapes that I'd made, all this far-out stuff. . . . she said well let's make one ourselves. . . . It was dawn when we finished, and then we made love at dawn. It was very beautiful." For Beatle fanciers, the most interesting passages have to do with John's feud with Paul Mc-Cartney, their rival managers and the breaking up of the fabled foursome. One might wish that Lennon had been

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asked more about the early days, and how the group grew out of its Liverpool background, but there is more than enough here to fuel the dying fires of Beatlemania.

Good timing, good luck and the Sam Sheppard murder case catapulted F. Lee Bailey into the ranks of celebrated defense lawyers only a decade ago, and there he has remained by virtue of his legal skills, personal flamboyance and other sensational murder cases. In The Defense Never Rests (Stein & Day), written with Harvey Aronson, Bailey recounts in lively style the high points of his career as a maverick criminal lawyer for such notables as Sheppard, Dr. Carl Coppolino. Albert ("Boston Strangler") DeSalvo and a host of less prominent but no less interesting clients up to (but not including) Captain Ernest Medina of My Lai fame. In addition to providing vicarious excitement for courtroom-drama fans, the book graphically illustrates some of the more conspicuous flaws in our system of criminal justiceespecially the rules of evidence, the duties of public prosecutors and that feature of our judicial system whereby a man's innocence becomes progressively less relevant the higher a case is appealed. But Bailey is neither legal philosopher nor social theorist, and some of the ways in which he would go about cutting red tape in the criminal-justice system may chill the blood of deeper thinkers.

What amazed many critics of Portnoy's Complaint was Philip Roth's success in sustaining a single gag through 200-odd pages. In Our Gong (Random House), he doesn't quite pull it off. His moral outrage becomes repetitive; his irony descends to malice. Roth has written a broad political parody with a cast of characters that includes President Trick E. Dixon. Vice-President What'shis-name and reporters like Mr. Asslick. The plot, which both thickens and sickens, hangs by a thread to an actual statement about abortion made last April by the real President Nixon: "From personal and religious beliefs I consider abortions an unacceptable form of population control. Furthermore, unrestricted abortion policies, or abortion on demand. I cannot square with my personal belief in the sanctity of human life-including the life of the yet unborn. For surely the unborn have rights also, recognized in law, recognized even in principles expounded by the United Nations." From that bit of Presidential piety Roth proceeds to concoct a fantasy in which the Boy Scouts of America accuse Trick E. Dixon of "sensualist" leanings. What makes the book mildly entertaining is Roth's uncanny ear. "As you all know from the headlines." Dixon tells a TV audience, "of the approximately 10,000 Boy Scouts who assembled here . . . it was necessary to kill only three . . . to maintain law and order. That breaks down to one and one half Scouts dead per diem. . . . Now, I would think that by anyone's standards, a mortality rate in a crisis of this kind of .0003 is a wonderful tribute to the very great restraint with which we were able to confront what might have been a terrible tragedy for our soldiers." Funny—but not funny enough for a whole book.

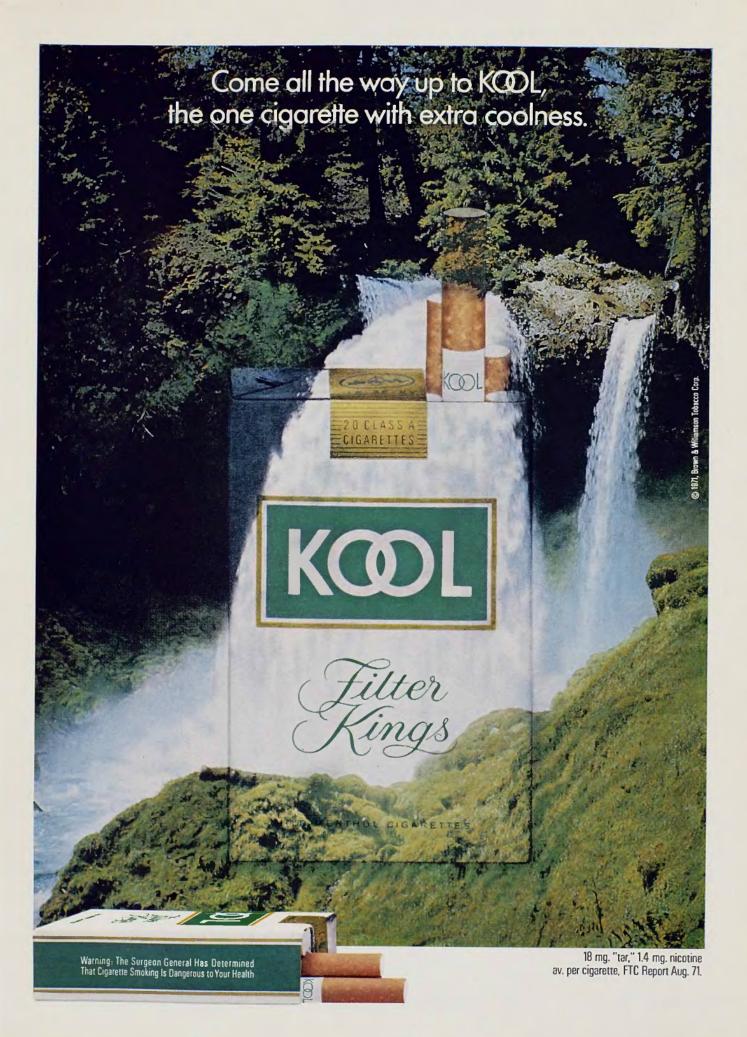
Also noteworthy: Playboy's Investment Guide (Playboy Press), by Michael Laurence, is based on Contributing Editor Laurence's highly popular series of PLAYBOY investment articles. His book is a literate, balanced and easy-reading analysis of such varied investment media as stocks, bonds, mutual funds, commodities, even art objects. It's a fine introductory text for the tyro investor, and even the professional will find it interesting (and perhaps profitable) reading. John Kenneth Galbraith has recommended it highly, and so do we.

Nostalgia, glittering and guilt-ridden, pervades Wanda Hickey's Night of Golden Memories and Other Disasters (Doubleday), Jean Shepherd's traumatic trudge through the soot-darkened snows of yesteryear. A compilation of eight of Jean's Playboy pieces, Wanda Hickey should provide several nights of chortles and guffaws.

MOVIES

In his first movie venture, Hugh Hefner has staked a multimillion-dollar budget and the reputation of his fledgling production company on Roman Polanski's vision of Shakespeare's Macbeth. Previous screen versions of this dark tale-which has traditionally been regarded as unplayable-have fared indifferently at the box office, but this one (adapted by Polanski in collaboration with Kenneth Tynan) should break the jinx. Keeping about half of the original text, and using voiceover techniques-very successfully-for the introspective soliloquies, it bears the hallmark of Polanski's uncompromising approach to the medium, evident in all his previous films, from Knife in the Water to Rosemary's Baby. In a daring departure from routine casting and predictable portrayal of the lead roles, Polanski shows us a Macbeth (Jon Finch) and Lady Macbeth (Francesca Annis) who are young, handsome and passionate. The horror of their crimes, somehow, is all the more repellent because they don't resemble the Machiavellian plotter and the mad harridan of earlier productions. Finch and Annis receive excellent support from a youthful, all-British cast that includes Martin Shaw as Banquo and Nicholas Selby as Duncan. John Stride, Stephan Chase, Paul Shelley and Terence Bayler, respectively, portray Ross, Malcolm. Donalbain and Macduff. From the opening shot on a desolate beach, where we first encounter the three witches-played memorably by Noelle Rimmington, Maisie MacFarquhar and Elsie Taylor-to the final fade-out after Macbeth's grisly decapitation, the film is stunningly photographed by Gil Taylor. The authentic castles are splendidly ancient and rugged, the battles grimly realistic in their medieval sweep and color, and the duels, as staged by fight director William Hobbs, hideously believable and gripping. All is played against a background of striking landscapes often wind-swept and drenched by rain, and the damp chill can be felt in one's bones. All in all-though it's not a film for the squeamish-we think Shakespeare would have approved of Polanski's Macbeth; we think most viewers will, too.

The message of WR-Mysteries of the Organism is "Workers of the world-fuck freely." Loosely based on the teachings of Wilhelm Reich (whose initials form part of the title), this free-form, impudently pornographic political satire would be a surprise in any language but it happens to be an import from Tito's Yugoslavia and has already set tongues wagging, pro and con, on both sides of the Iron Curtain. Reichian theorists are apt to detest it, along with many socialists, Communists, fascists, revisionists, Republicans, Democrats and celibates. This work of writer-director Dusan Makavejev is a contrived but perfectly clear plea for creative individualism vs. any and all powers that seek to stifle healthy human impulses. For this purpose, Dr. Reich is an apt symbol, and the movie briefly recaps his career as a refugee from Hitler's fascism who came to America, found communism a failure and the American dream a hoax and died in Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary in 1957-branded a lunatic, if not an outright fraud, for peddling his cancer cures and energy-trapping orgone boxes. Mysteries, filmed partly in the U.S., includes interviews with transvestite star Jackie Curtis, erotic artist Betty Dodson (seated in front of her masturbatory life studies) and a plaster-casting sculptress who is preserving for posterity the phallus erectus of Screw editor Jim Buckley. Against such examples of how the pursuit of happiness manifests itself in the West, the film intermittently takes up the droll tale of a beauty operator in Belgrade, played with brilliant comic flair by Yugoslavia's top screen actress, Milena Dravic, last seen here in Adrift. Milena triumphs as a winsome Reichian and card-carrying Communist whose



search for a better orgasm leads her to the male star of a visiting ice ballet from Moscow. The reluctant Russian lover speaks dialog cribbed from Lenin and ultimately severs the heroine's head with his skate blades, which shuts her up a bit—but only temporarily. Quite aside from the lightsome satire, *Mysteries* handles intercourse and nudity with refreshing candor.

The nostalgic appeal of such recent hits as Summer of '42 and The Last Picture Show is matched by Murmur of the Heart (Le Souffle au Coeur), writer-director Louis Malle's tender comedy about a boy who finds solace for the pains of puberty in a brief love affair with his mother. Set in Dijon in 1954, the film's worldly view of incest as a normal-and even beautiful -fringe benefit of boyhood created a furor in France comparable with that set off a decade ago by Malle's memorable first success, The Lovers. Since then, he has become a masterful movie stylist, and Murmur of the Heart is a richly detailed portrait of an upper-middleclass family-headed by a rather tired gynecologist (Daniel Gelin) and his vital Italian-born wife (played with rare perception by Lea Massari), whose two eldest sons seem preoccupied with making out, or boasting about it, or measuring their tools, or smuggling their kid brother off to the best brothel in town. As portrayed by young Benoit Ferreux, the junior member of the trio channels his awakening instincts into a classic portrait, delicately balanced between childish ineptitude and boyish exuberance. The real strength of the movie, though, lies in Malle's own humor and compassion toward creatures of either sex and every age-those who rush to embrace life while a TV set drones the bad news of men dying at Dien Bien Phu.

Let writer-actor-director Dennis Hopper explain The Last Movie in his own words: "I believe that symbolism, realism and mysticism are one. I want to be real surreal." That's about as coherent as anything else in The Last Movie, a project undertaken by Hopper after Easy Rider made him movieland's golden boy of the late Sixties. With major studio financing, Hopper took cast and crew to a village high in the Peruvian Andes, as everyone must know by now, and made this movie about a movie company making a movie Western in a village high in the Peruvian Andes. If you're still reading, Hopper himself plays the moviemaker and hero of the moviewithin-the-movie, a wrangler known as Kansas, said to be "a symbol of the American dream." The moviemakers, we guess, are dream peddlers whose myths corrupt the innocent natives, who in turn destroy their corrupters. Except for

splendid location photography by Laszlo Kovacs—who also made Easy Rider an eyeful—the exercise is inept and pretentious. Most of the actors (with the striking exception of Julie Adams, in a deft performance as an American businessman's bored wife) look either stoned or misguided, or both, as they drift from scene to scene, vainly seeking a vestige of dramatic truth in Hopper's monumental ego trip. Discerning moviegoers should guard against confusing the title with that of The Last Picture Show, a superior work that Hopper ought to be compelled to sit through several times.

Boccaccio's Decameron becomes more or less the personal property of writerdirector Pier Paolo Pasolini in his unbuttoned adaptation of the ribald Italian classic. A leftist intellectual associated with austere themes, as in The Gospel According to St. Matthew and the sternly allegorical Teorema, Pasolini lets it all hang out to do justice to the original 100-part saga written circa 1351. On film, in subtitled Italian, ten stories are loosely connected with the completing of a religious mural by a boisterous crew of artists -Pasolini himself appears as Giottowho use the faces of cuckolds, harlots and fornicators to represent various saintly figures. Hedonistically antichurch, the film centers on lickerish nuns who demand herculean efforts from a muscular young workman in their convent; a peasant wife who is had by a stranger while leaning over the rim of a giant clay jar being swabbed out by her husband; a well-bred young girl who slyly tells her parents she wants to sleep out on the patio and maybe wake up with a nightingale in her hand. Bawdy humor, broadly played in a style best described as free Renaissance-with explicit male and female nudity as occasion requires-makes Pasolini's paean to pleasure a most distinguished skin flick.

The French Connection is an actionjammed sleeper, a true detective story based freely on the careers of Eddie Egan and Sonny Grosso, former members of the New York City narcotics squad whose dogged determination and skill in breaking up a multimillion-dollar drugsmuggling caper were recorded in book form by Robin Moore. In this smashing thriller directed by William (The Night They Raided Minsky's) Friedkin, the characters representing the two key men (here named Doyle and Russo) are played -and played to the limit-by Gene Hackman and Roy Scheider, whose performances as a couple of tough, not to say brutal, plainclothesmen might well give New York's finest a black eye. Roaring through Harlem on a bust in search of information, they are apt to address a black man as "Hey, shithead." Yet Ernest Tidyman's screenplay makes it clear that these guys are mean partly because they have a mean job to do. Even their boss, the lieutenant (played convincingly by detective Egan himself), puts them down hard for "fucking around" town to "grab a bellhop because he's got three joints in his sock." French Connection's language is blunt, as it should be, and the movie, filmed almost entirely on location in New York, looks as tough as it sounds.

The fluid, time-dissolving structure of A Safe Place is apt to try the average moviegoer's patience, yet there are fringe benefits-in the acting by Tuesday Weld, Orson Welles, Jack Nicholson and newcomer Philip Proctor, as well as in the attempt to make a frankly experimental major movie. Fledgling writerdirector Henry Jaglom fields Orson, our premium ham, as an old dream merchant with no tangible connection to anything except, perhaps, the mind and memory of a sorely troubled young woman. As the girl whose romantic conflicts seem conventional at first glanceshe has a gentle new lover (Proctor) but gives preferential treatment to his arrogant predecessor (Nicholson, of course) -Tuesday demonstrates anew that a starlet's face is the only obstacle to her reputation as a fine actress. When she was a child, she imagined she could fly, and still drifts away frequently into magical mystery trips with a grand old man from somewhere in her past. Finally, she actually does ascend right out of this world-leaving the audience to wonder whether her disappearance is truly metaphysical or just a fashionable new form of suicide. It must be clear by now that director Jaglom scorns easy answers and occasionally betrays a tendency toward intentional obscurity. Yet this near-plotless movie's dullest spots give way to signs of a daring talent. Note, for example, an odd but resonant sequence in which flickering scenes from a young man's childhood are projected like home movies on the face of the girl with whom he yearns to share them.

His role as homicide detective Virgil Tibbs, created for *In the Heat of the Night*, is turning into a professional nest egg for Sidney Poitier, who plays Tibbs for the third time in *The Organization*. Though fast-paced, expertly filmed all over San Francisco and superior to the first sequel, this movie ignites memories of at least 100 others. Barbara McNair as Mrs. Tibbs has one of those roles that sound like the lead-in to a word about Comet cleanser. The implausible villains of *The Organization* look as though the Italian Anti-Defamation League had put





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in a word to Central Casting. If you can believe in WASPy socialite mobsters who perform their own murder contracts, you may swallow the rest of the plot—which concerns a group of young idealistic vigilantes who try to destroy the traffic in drugs by carrying out an ingenious robbery of \$500,000 worth of heroin. The youngsters constitute a new Mod Squad style in action thrillers and would be assured winners on TV, where the Tibbs series probably belongs.

The screw-America school of film making bends over backward in Punishment Park, the latest attempt to characterize poor, stumbling U.S.A. as the cradle of fascism, racism and most of the other ills contemporary man is heir to. Park shows our country as a hotbed of evil where youthful dissenters and rebels are sentenced (in a kangaroo court made up exclusively of right-wing fanatics) to either serve long prison terms or march across 53 miles of burning desert called Punishment Park while armed, uniformed militiamen systematically hunt them down under the eye of TV news cameras. The flaws inherent in a political fantasy that reduces complex problems to clichés are compounded by British directoreditor Peter Watkins, who appears to accept unconditionally the proposition that any alienated American under 30 is bound to be pure in heart and persecuted by the establishment, Punishment Park is skillfully done in a pseudo-documentary style, using mostly nonprofessional actors to state their case with an air of bogus authenticity. "America is full of motherfuckers!" shouts one good guy. Seldom has the cause of peace and freedom been served so mindlessly.

Singer-composer Kris Kristofferson gets credit for most of the music on the sound track of Cisco Pike but strikes a truer note with his acting debut in the title role. Dark-haired, with a deep, expressive voice, steely blue eyes and a personality that resonates contemporary cool, Kristofferson could well be the answer to filmdom's prayers for a folkrock hero to replace the legendary James Dean. In Cisco Pike, Kris plays a sometime musician who has drifted into the drug scene and wants out but has to start dealing in grass once more in order to pay off a corrupt officer from the narcotics squad. With Gene Hackman as the crooked narc, Karen Black as a girl who can no longer live on promises and people like Viva on hand to supply underground authenticity, writer-director Bill L. Norton presents some arresting views of life's lower depths in the general vicinity of Venice, California. Although the drama veers toward contrived action melodrama at times, the

characters ring true, thanks in part to writer Norton's sassy dialog. Asked if he's a college man, Kristofferson drawls hell, yes, "Ah majored in shit-kickin'." His hang-loose and casually horny manner does as much to enrich the movie's atmosphere as a dozen seedy storefronts.

Millhouse: A White Comedy opens with a hilarious sequence in which the wax torso of President Nixon is being fitted with a head at Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum. After that sight gag, producerdirector Emile de Antonio, creator of such cogent documentaries as Point of Order and In the Year of the Pig, proceeds to roast Nixon over the curling flames of his own rhetoric. The man's awkward public pronouncements are legend, and they're all here-from the soap-opera pathos of the "Checkers" speech and the famous "last" press conference after his California defeat to his hymn to the ravaging of the countryside: "The orange groves and the lemon groves and the avocado groves are for the most part gone. Houses, homes, by the thousands, shopping centers, progress. . . ." Though the words on record are damning enough, De Antonio occasionally opts for some easy jokes-working in phrases of Chiquita Banana as musical background for the debacle of Nixon's 1958 trip to Latin America or cutting abruptly from a bit concerning President Eisenhower's illness to Ronald Reagan's death scene in Knute Rockne. Such facile foolery weakens the film's arguments, since there is hardly a politician alive or dead who would not be vulnerable to the same treatment. Still, though Millhouse is not always quite as funny as it promises to be, dedicated anti-Nixonites should find every jibe a joy.

RECORDINGS

In the beginning was the word. And there are still lots of words around this Christmastime. For example, that exemplary purveyor of the recorded word, Caedmon, has a host of goodies on vinyl. Arthur Miller's adaptation of Henrik Ibsen's An Enemy of the People, performed by The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center under the direction of Jules Irving, has as much to say about contemporary morality and ecology and says it better than anything wrought today. The sixth side of the three-LP package carries a discussion of the play by Miller and critic Harold Clurman. For those of us who marveled at Studs Terkel's striking evocation of the Depression, Hard Times, this two-LP presentation of segments of the tapes on which the book was based will only confirm Terkel's ability to find the right subjects to interview and to draw the

most out of them. Hard Times is good listening. The untimely death of Lorraine Hansberry in 1965 was a tremendous loss to both the world of letters and humanity as a whole; To Be Young, Gifted and Black bears tragic testimony to that. The three-LP album of the dramatic work, adapted by her husband. Robert Nemiroff, and directed by him and Gigi Cascio, is beautifully performed by a splended cast that features James Earl Jones, Barbara Baxley and Claudia McNeil. Eloquently moving, no matter what one's color. A massive delineation of the black experience is to be found in the eight-LP, four-volume Silhouettes in Courage. Dramatized by a large cast, accompanied by highly appropriate background music, and narrated by Ossie Davis. Brock Peters, Frederick O'Neal and Ruby Dee, the project runs from preslavery Africa through the history of blacks in America up to the present. Presented in a handsome slipcase, it is available through Silhouettes in Courage, Inc., 22 East 40th Street, New York, New York 10016, for \$46.49.

Wagnerians easily have the pick of 1971's operatic offerings. From the stage of the Bayreuth Festspielhaus comes a stunningly recorded performance of Parsiful (Deutsche Grammophon), conducted by Pierre Boulez, in which the traditional Teutonic murk and fat have been ruthlessly and persuasively swept away. Wagner lovers will also welcome a commendably uncut version of Die Meistersinger (Angel) emanating from Dresden, though in this case the engineering is less impressive; again, tradition goes out the window as conductor Herbert von Karajan holds up the verboten sign to all the heavy horseplay that is usually par for this operatic course. Best of the non-Wagner lot is Verdi's Don Carlo (Angel), sung by a top-notch cast-Caballé, Verrett, Domingo, Milnes, Raimondi-under the direction of Carlo Maria Giulini; but 1971 was decidedly not a vintage year for Italian opera, and even this well-assembled production has its bland and unconvincing moments. For adventuresome operaphiles, there is Weber's long-neglected Oberon (Deutsche Grammophon), splendidly revivified by Birgit Nilsson, Placido Domingo and conductor Rafael Kubelik.

Pop, rock and jazz albums in dual-LP profusion make the yuletide an aural feast. A number of them are reprises of past recordings that age has not withered. On four double sets titled The World's Greatest Blues Singer, Any Woman's Blues, Empty Bed Blues and The Empress, Columbia has put forth practically its entire catalog of the incomparable Bessie Smith (the fifth and final album has yet to be released). An overwhelming

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compilation. The Best of Herbie Hancock (Blue Note) is very good, indeed. The pianistcomposer, in the company of a variety of exceptional jazzmen, demonstrates the remarkable talent that is only now beginning to be given its due. The RCA vaults contain some of the most rewarding efforts of the late Satchmo. A number of these have been reissued in Louis Armstrong July 4, 1900 / July 6, 1971. The album ranges from You'll Wish You'd Never Been Born, recorded in 1932, to I Never Saw a Better Day, etched in 1956-a quarter-century of prodigious accomplishment. Dave Brubeck / Adventures in Time (Columbia) puts together the old Brubeck Quartet's forays into assorted seldom-used time signatures-Unsquare Dance, Blue Rondo à la Turk, Take Five, It's a Raggy Waltz and 18 othersthat will bring back remembrances of splendid things past. Come out, Paul Desmond, wherever you are. The Life and Times of Country Joe & the Fish from Haight-Ashbury to Woodstock (Vanguard) covers the four-year rise of the rock group that has since been restructured after Joe Mc-Donald took it unto himself to do a single. There are 19 numbers here to help you recapture what it was all about.

There are lots of freshly minted packages, too-all prime prospects for Christmas giving. Don Ellis / Tears of Joys (Columbia) has the most inventive band extant moving into hitherto uncharted territory. Ellis has added strings, set up ensemble groupings and otherwise kept the caldron bubbling with white-hot ideas. Fresh from his Friends and Love triumph, composer-Flügelhornman Chuck Mangione has put it all together again with the Rochester Philharmonic. The album is appropriately titled Together (Mercury). There's stunning instrumental work, some noteworthy vocalizing, extended compositions and a feeling that bridges the gap between creative contemporary music forms. Grateful Dead (Warner Bros.), a live outing by Jerry Garcia & Co., is unquestionably the group's finest offering to date. In among the Dead's own compositions, listeners will find such delights as Kris Kristofferson's Me & Bobby McGee, Chuck Berry's Johnny B. Goode and Merle Haggard's Mama Tried. An album to be grateful for. Booker T. and Priscilla (A & M) showcases Mr. and Mrs. Jones making beautiful sounds together. Except for She by Chris Ethridge and Graham Parsons and Sweet Child You're Not Alone by Donna Weiss, the numbers were all written by Booker T. and/or Priscilla and the album is, in toto, a joy. Stan Kenton and His Orchestra Live at Redlands University (The Creative World of Stan Kenton) is filled with original jazz compositions and such stalwart standards as the Burke-Van Heusen

Here's That Rainy Day, Jim Webb's We Almost Made It This Time Didn't We and MacArthur Park and the Mc-Cartney-Lennon Hey Jude. The capper is Kenton's Artistry in Rhythm and that title is a succinct commentary on what the leader-educator's music still represents. Joan Baez' Blessed Are . . . (Vanguard) says it all for the doyenne of concerned folk artists, From Miss Baez' title-ballad opener to the closing Fifteen Months, written while her husband was in prison, the album glows with an honesty that would make Diogenes a happy man. Message music usually is a pretentious turnoff, but there is never any doubt that Joan Baez' music offers hope without hype. Music from the sound track of Shaft (Enterprise), composed and performed by Isaac Hayes, is that rarity, a score that holds up-and then someout of context. The atmosphere is charged with the electricity that is a Hayes hallmark. The jazz-rock musicians are first-rate and the music always moves.

Crazy Dave Van Ronk, long a fixture of the New York folk scene, has a grand new album, Von Ronk (Polydor), that should win him fans everywhere. His voice-something between a hoarse wheeze and a nasal whine-is alternately rough and gentle but always expressive. His material varies from Leonard Cohen's fine seriocomic confession, Bird on the Wire, to Joni Mitchell's lovely song of the seasons, Urge for Going, to Jacques Brel's mean sailor ballad, Port of Amsterdam. Van Ronk's partiality for musical madness sneaks in all the time, perhaps most notably in Random Canyon, where marvelous jingoistic fantasies take root and grow. This is a brilliant set of tunes by an old master.

George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, two of today's premier practitioners of the guitar, have joined forces for a vinyl outing of sheer delight. Guitars Pure and Honest (A&R) includes such timeless odes as Honeysuckle Rose. Blue Skies and Rose Room, and current attractions along the lines of Spinning Wheel and the Theme from Love Story. Barnes and Pizzarelli are obviously able to read each other's mind; the interplay between the two is fantastic—smooth as a TV used-car salesman and totally rewarding.

A whiz-bang rock-'n'-roll album is 20 Granite Creek (Reprise), by Moby Grape, as fine as it's ever done. The Grape plays everything well—from a loping jazz-inflected blues (I'm the Kind of Man That Baby You Can Trust) to Alex Spence's Chinese Song, on which he plays the koto. In Road to the Sun, a slight time delay makes Jim Mosley's voice

sound like B. B. King's, and the effect works. You will also hear an outstanding drunk song. Ode to the Man at the End of the Bar. Here is evidence of what happened to the San Francisco sound as played by the best band ever to come out of that city.

THEATER

What hath Tom O'Horgan wrought? Apparently, a gimmicky but stupefying deliverance from the misstaged and intellectually shallow concert-opera version of Jesus Christ Superstar (which we reviewed in November). Broadway's Jesus Christ Superstar is Jesus Christ superspectacular-a combination circus, Radio City Music Hall stage show, Todd-AO Hollywood musical, Baths of Caracalla opera and pop apocalypse. Battleshipsized constructions drop from the flies -like flies. Let's hear it for the stagehands (and also for the sound men; the acoustics are excellent). On cue, here comes a phone booth full of the stars of Gethsemane. Jesus soars toward heaven (or the mezzanine) on a triangle. Judas descends on an enormous butterfly and sings with a Supremelike trio left over from Hair. O'Horgan evidently wanted to give the Broadway Jesus story a grounding in science and myth. His actors enter as primordial ooze. The scenery is hung with dinosaursized pelvic bones. An interesting notion -but one that undercuts the already reduced Christ. As played neurasthenically by Jeff Fenholt, Christ is more complainer than saint, as concerned about getting a good night's sleep as about healing the lepers. Dwarfed by the beliemoth staging, he becomes the incredible shrinking Man. The show really belongs to Judas, the tragic Jew, with Ben Vereen giving the evening's best performance. In the smaller role of Mary Magdalene (the greatest groupie ever), Yvonne Elliman is touching. Her I Don't Know How to Love Him remains one of Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice's most perfectly formed songs. For all of O'Horgan's directorial pyrotechnics, the pulsating score survives intact. At the Mark Hellinger, 237 West 51st Street.

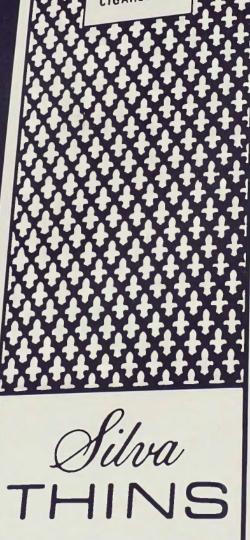
Also noteworthy: The James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theater, the group exercise in tactile coexistence and sensory awareness reviewed in these columns in July 1970. has moved from the shoe-box-sized Company Theater in Los Angeles to the basement of New York's Guggenheim Museum. More party game and encounter group than theater, it makes for a pleasantly gentle evening with gently pleasant people.

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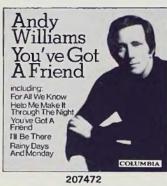
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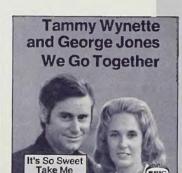
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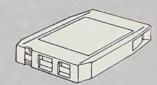


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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My wife and I have become good friends with a neighborhood couple and recently the husband suggested we play strip poker. Once everyone was nude, he then proposed a kissing and caressing game that became pretty intimate. My wife and I consider ourselves very open people and found all of this great fun. After a while, our host's wife and I ended up making love, whereupon the host became shocked and angry. He said I was carrying the game too far and asked us to leave. I value his friendship, but in this case I seriously doubt that an apology is in order. What do you think? -H. J., Butte, Montana.

Your host apparently started something he was unable to stop; certainly your own actions would not be considered unusual in the game you were playing. Your host's rage at the outcome indicates that he was fooling either himself or you. While an apology may not be in order from you, it wouldn't hart to offer one, particularly if you wish to retain his friendship. In the future, be sure you understand the rules of the game before you try to score. Incidentally, while the host's wife and you were collaborating on that end run, what were the host and your wife doing?

The holiday season is wonderful—except I would like to ask: Is there a cure for a hangover?—T. F., Chicago, Illinois.

One school of thought holds that since the body burns up alcohol at a constant rate, there is no cure other than time. But that's only one school of thought. Dr. Linus Pauling swears by vitamin C, claiming he has taken three grams a day for the past several years and has not had a hangover-nor a cold -since. Dr. Erwin Braff, director of the San Francisco Health Department's Bureau of Disease Control, recommends taking a few aspirins just before going to bed. Donald J. Dalessio, head of the division of neurology at Scripps Clinic and Research Foundation in La Jolla, California, recommends caffeine, in the form of black coffee, to help constrict the overdilated blood vessels and thus eliminate the headache; salted beef broth for dehydration and loss of minerals and also to increase blood-sugar levels; and, finally, a slice of toast spread with honey, which may help burn up the alcohol remaining in the system. Florette Pomeroy, the San Francisco director of the National Council on Alcoholism, suggests a sure-fire way for the average person to beat the morning after is to limit himself to one and a half ounces of alcohol per hour the

night before, the rate at which the body oxidizes it. A San Francisco bartender (apparently that city has more experts on the subject than any other) offers a countersuggestion: Have another drink. "It may not cure a hangover, but it sure makes a person feel better."

I'm planning to be married shortly after I return to the States in the fall. Before beginning my tour of duty, I informed all of my girlfriends of these plans and most of them took it in stride. But there is one girl who just doesn't know the meaning of the word defeat and continues writing me love letters and sending me packages of goodies. She happens to be the kid sister of one of my closest friends and I don't want to hurt her or endanger my friendship with her brother. Can you help me?—G. A., FPO New York, New York.

Return the packages and letters unopened. If they continue to come after a month or so, then simply discard them. Explain to her brother that you feel this is the only way to solve a problem you neither want nor feel you should have.

My boyfriend is ruining his image (he works for a conservative law firm) by dressing in leather from head to foot and roaring around town on a motorcycle. Since I don't want to nag, I haven't said anything; but it seems to me that a more straight-looking nylon jacket would protect him adequately from the wind and that the leather bit is just a machismo affectation that hopefully will wear off. Am I right?—Miss J. R., Seattle, Washington.

Not necessarily. Motorcycle leathers are functional and provide protection from more than the wind. The specially constructed heavy leather clothing is all that separates a falling cyclist from the pavement, and it's much more likely to keep him in one piece than nylon or any other material. Your boyfriend may be as concerned with his body as with his image; you should be, too.

erhaps because I was brought up in the African bush country, most of my life I've been a loner; an unhappy love affair four years ago made me even more of one. Recently, however, I met a beautiful girl so simpatico that the emotional floodgates opened and I broke down in front of her. I have been too ashamed to go back since, even though I think I really love this girl. Because of this and because I'm in the Merchant Marine and away at sea for months at a time, I am sure that this relationship will end up on the rocks, just like the other one. I'm





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afraid if it does go down the drain that I will base all future relationships on sex; I'd be too afraid to become this emotionally involved again. What do you think I ought to do, break it off before she does or play a long shot and write to her, explaining what happened?—L. S., Melbourne, Australia.

The first thing you can do is stop crying—you're not the only one in life who's been lonely to the point of tears. The next thing you ought to do is write to her, but don't dwell on your emotional lapse; if she was warm enough to merit your confidences in the first place, she's probably understanding enough not to require long explanations. To reject her in advance of her imagined rejection of you is ill advised and immature.

where does the word horny come from and where and how was it first used? I have been trying to connect it with the horns of a cuckold, but without success.

—J. W., Albany, New York.

Who first used the word and when are lost in the pages of history. However, use of the word horn as a synonym for the male member dates back to the 18th Century. To "have the horn" meant to have an erection, and this expression has evolved into the present-day horny, meaning desirous of having sex.

Because of a heart condition, I have stopped smoking cigarettes. However, I'm curious whether my doctor's dictum against smoking would apply to an occasional joint. I am not a head (though I was a heavy smoker), and it seems to me that the infrequent "j" I smoke would involve little risk. But I know of few doctors to whom I could address such a question and even fewer whose opinion I would trust. What are your views?—S. F., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The question is a risky one to answer, considering how little we know about the state of your health. Speaking in very general terms: There is no nicotine in marijuana, so it should have no effect on the heart; also, the carbon monoxide given off by a hand-rolled joint is apt to be less than that from a machine-rolled cigarette. Lastly, you mention you are only an occasional user of pot, which is in your favor. The risks of pot smoking are greatly increased, however, if you've had any bronchial difficulties, which would make it both painful and dangerous to hold down the smoke. Prolonged or intense coughing brought on by the inhalation of the smoke would also be bad for a heart condition. In addition, there's the possibility of anxiety involved in using a substance known to be illegal, plus the instability and depression that are sometimes intensified by pot smoking and that could be detrimental to a person with a bad heart history. In short, pharmacologically speaking, smoking grass may not be as unhealthy for

you as smoking tobacco, particularly since the amount you would be smoking would be much less. But there are enough ifs involved to suggest that you consult a knowledgeable and sympathetic doctor who knows the extent of your condition, both physically and psychologically, before turning on.

y husband and I are young middleclass people from good families. But there is something terribly wrong with our marriage. I feel horribly guilty all the time. I need more sex than my husband does, but despite my need, I am basically frigid. I know perfectly well that sex is beautiful, so I can't understand my own unhappiness. I have always wanted the best—the best grades in college, the best marriage, to be in every way above reproach—and now I'm crushed because my sex life with my husband is a failure. Please help me.— Mrs. J. A., Cleveland, Ohio.

Concern for perfection in everything is a sure means of not getting it in anything; because, rather than building your confidence, you are merely protecting your vulnerability. You'll need to begin confronting and talking about your problems, in the bedroom and elsewhere, if you really want to get the best. Otherwise, you'll continue to reap the frustrating unhappiness of appearing successful in the eyes of others, while retaining the sense of personal failure. In short, try to avoid unhappiness, not judgment.

As a seasoned traveler—that is, one who has spent more time circling airports waiting for landing clearance than in actual travel—can you tell me which is the busiest airport in the U. S.? A fellow junior birdman claims it's Los Angeles International, while I maintain it's Chicago's O'Hare.—S. D., Detroit, Michigan.

You're correct. According to the International Civil Aviation Organization, Chicago's O'Hare handled 29,700,000 passengers in 1970. Los Angeles International was second, with 20,800,000, and New York's John F. Kennedy was third, with 19,100,000.

Wy girlfriend and I are in our 20s and until recently have had an excellent relationship. That is, until she announced that she'd like to date my roommate as well as me, though she said she was only casually interested. He was flattered and definitely interested and they dated once, with my consent. When they dated again, I became infuriated and ordered a stop to it. She says that she truly cares for me but also wants a friendly relationship with my roommate. Should I continue to forbid their meeting, let things develop and play it by ear or just bow out completely?—W. E., Iowa City, Iowa.

You don't seem confident of your ability to maintain your position, either in a triangle or as a couple. We suggest you clear the air and tell them both how you feel, rather than issuing manifestoes that can only invite circumvention and intrigue. As a matter of fact, your fiat against their meeting has probably only invested it with a certain amount of excitement and interest that it might not otherwise have had. If you deal openly with them, they'll be able to deal openly with you—and if your girl really wants to get serious with your roommate, you'll know about it soon enough.

While reading William L. Shirer's Berlin Diary, I ran across a reference to the "creased-card business" of diplomacy and wondered what it meant. Can you tell me?—E. G., Lexington, Kentucky.

At one time, calling cards were an important aspect of social life, and the corner of a card that was bent signified the reason for the call—one corner for sympathy, another for congratulations, etc. Cards are still creased in formal diplomatic and military circles. If the upper right-hand corner is turned in, it indicates a personal call; if the card is left flat, it indicates that it was delivered by an aide.

w safe is the birth-control pill?— Miss J. L., Denver, Colorado.

The pill is relatively safe, as well as being the most effective form of contraception known. The possible complications from its use have been listed as ranging from nausea and mental depression to high blood pressure, breast changes and blood clots. Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, director of Planned Parenthood-World Population, testified before a Senate subcommittee in 1970 that blood clots were the most serious side effect and that the mortality rate from clot complications was approximately three per 100,000 women taking the pill. The mortality rate from clot complications among pregnant women was 14 deaths per 100,000 and there were an estimated 100 deaths (from all causes) per 100,000 abortions performed illegally. If you're susceptible to blood clots, high blood pressure or mental depression, however, it would seem unlikely that your doctor would prescribe the pill. The most common side effects-such as weight gain, nausea and breast tenderness -often disappear within a few months.

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

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Manufacturers of separate stereo components will advise you to get separate stereo components.

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For more information, see history-making offer on right.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

INSENSITIVE CENSORS

It is becoming more and more obvious that the real threat in the trend toward sexual frankness may not be that it will cause sex crimes but that it will bore people. The New York Times reported that this possibility has aroused concern in a little seaside resort in England where the town councilors censor movies. One of them warned: "The big danger is that the councilors get so blasé about seeing sex scenes that they'll lose their sense of values."

> Robert Braine Wantagh, New York

THE ULTIMATE PRIOR RESTRAINT

In a crash program to keep Norwalk, California, pure, the city council has adopted an ordinance prohibiting any new motion-picture theaters from being opened within the city. Norwalk has one theater, which shows mostly movies of the Flipper or Disney type. Since film ratings started, there have been only a few R-rated pictures shown in Norwalk, such as M*A*S*H and Bob & Carol & Ted

Proclaiming a desire to promote "the public peace, health and welfare," the city fathers of Norwalk declare that they want to prohibit "adults only" movies that, they say, have "an impact" (nature unspecified). It is difficult to conceive of a more total imposition of prior censorship than preventing theaters from even opening their doors.

Walter White Norwalk, California

A NATION OF SMUT PEDDLERS

Charles H. Keating, Jr., founder of Citizens for Decent Literature, has been sending out a phony personalized form letter to people all over the country asking for contributions to his procensorship organization. A man I know, whom I'll call Smith because he doesn't want to be identified, received a copy of this letter and gave it to me:

Dear Mr. Smith,

The other day a friend of mine sent me a check and asked that I use part of his contribution to write to you about a problem in Chicago.

He felt that even though you and I have never met, Mr. Smith, that you would be interested and concerned about this problem.

Did you know that in Chicago,

Rockford, Springfield and other Illinois cities there are theaters that show movies of men and women having sexual intercourse?

That he was apparently expected to be shocked by this news occasioned great hilarity on Smith's part, he being a seasoned, worldly bachelor. He has no friends who would give money or his name to Keating-except, possibly, as a joke.

The letter continues with the usual anti-pornography barrage of undocumented statistics and unsupported claims,

And the number of smut peddlers has increased by over 800 percent in two years. How long can Chicago and America survive if hard-core pornography continues to increase at the rate of 800 percent every two

Answer: At the most, until 1983. At the rate claimed, if there are 1000 smut peddlers in America now (a conservative estimate, which would mean there were only 125 in 1969), there will be over 32,000,000 smut peddlers in ten years and, in 12 years, every man, woman and child in America, including Charles H. Keating, Jr., will be a smut peddler. With no one left to supply basic needs, we will starve and vanish, leaving pyramids of smut for archaeologists to ponder over.

Even funnier than that picture is the one conjured up by a passage contained in a postscript. (This form letter is so quasi-spontaneous that Keating even has pseudo-afterthoughts.) Here it is:

P. S. When I write to more people in Chicago with your contribution, Mr. Smith, I will not mention your name. But you can take great pride in the fact that you have helped the children on North Michigan Avenue grow up without having their morals and their lives affected by this filth.

North Michigan Avenue happens to be where Smith's office is; it also happens to be one of Chicago's chief commercial streets, lined with stores, business buildings and very few apartment houses. Kids growing up there are scarcer than smut peddlers were in 1969.

Well, I suppose that in troubled times like these, we should be grateful for

We invented high fidelity, so we have a big stake in making people understand it.

That's why we're willing to pay you a dollar to read our book.



Here's all you do:

1. Clip and fill out the coupon below.

2. Call the telephone number in the coupon to find your nearest participating Fisher dealer. (We'll pay for the call.)

3. Go to this dealer's store and present the coupon.

You'll receive a free copy of the new 1972 edition of "The Fisher Handbook," you may have a demonstration of Fisher stereo equipment-and you'll be handed a crisp new dollar bill.

No strings. No catch. No obligations.



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a character like Keating. He's always good for a laugh.

John Robbins Chicago, Illinois

PLAYBOY received the same letter, stating that "a friend . . . felt that even though you and I have never met that you would be interested and concerned about this problem." If we're typical of the names on Keating's mailing lists, he's certainly wasting his money on them.

CLOSET PORNO FREAKS

When the Catholic War Veterans of Niagara Falls, New York, trooped over to Buffalo to picket a performance of *Hair*, an editorial in the *Niagara Falls Gazette* poked deserved fun at their silly project. The editorial then went on to state:

Meanwhile, there is at least one readily accessible target at which the C. W. V. and its allies could aim their next demonstration.

It is more or less well known that the pornographic films, books, magazines and pictures which various police agencies confiscate from time to time are not strictly reserved for use as evidence in the trials of alleged offenders. A fairly numerous coterie of city officials, employees and hangers-on have been able to see them. (It is said that a few—no doubt unable to believe their eyes—have seen them again and again.)

Predictably, for exposing the closet porno freaks in our city government, as well as for laughing at the prudery of the Catholic War Veterans, the Gazette has come under considerable fire from right-wingers hereabout, but it hasn't struck its colors. Considering that it can be economically dangerous for a small-town newspaper to crusade against small-town morality, I think the Gazette is doing a splendid job. My own vulnerable position in the community makes it necessary for me to ask you to withhold my name.

(Name withheld by request) Niagara Falls, New York

STAMPING OUT PORN

Los Angeles County district attorney Joseph P. Busch has launched a campaign to halt the production of pornographic movies here. Busch employs a seldomused law, enacted in 1915 and revised in 1921, that declares oral copulation a felony in California. A film is seized and it is alleged that the actors conspired with the director and/or producer to commit oral copulation (conspiracy, even to commit a misdemeanor, is always a felony). The frightened youths are then told that they have a choice: to name everyone they ever worked for or with, or to face prosecution on as many counts of oral intercourse as are in the picture seized by the vice squad. Other tactics include the use of undercover agents, who

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

SKYJACKER SYNDROME

At least in this country, the typical airplane highjacker is a man with little or no sex life, neurotic fantasies concerning space, motion and gravity, and a childhood history of fleeing from a violent father to a mother who was a religious nut. This portrait of a skyjacker has been assembled by Dr. David G. Hubbard of Dallas, who studied some 40 persons imprisoned for attempting to commandeer airplanes. Writing in the medical magazine AMA Update, Dr. Hubbard reported that if the men had any sexual experience at all, it was because a woman took the initiative. He added that few skyjackers are motivated by strong political convictions; he called their flight to another country "a replication of [their] childhood strategy of seeking the protection of one parent against a hostile one."

NEW SEX-THERAPY CENTER

NEW HYDE PARK, L. 1.—The Long Island Jewish Medical Center is establishing the country's first hospital-based program to treat cases of sexual inadequacy or malfunction. Opening with a \$1,000,000 grant from a private foundation, the program will accommodate 200 to 300 married couples a year, with fees ranging up to \$1500, depending on type of treatment and ability to pay. A spokesman for the center said that in addition to the full therapy program, the hospital will provide a counseling service, conduct research on human sexuality and train medical personnel.

IMPROVING ON THE PILL

Scientists, and a few others, are continuing their quest for safer, simpler, more effective methods of birth control:

• A minipill, long discussed and still being tested, contains an extremely small amount of a synthetic hormone and purportedly is free of most of the adverse side effects that have been linked to present oral contraceptives. Unlike conventional birth-control pills, it does not prevent ovulation but interferes with conception by altering the secretions of the cervix and uterus in such a way as to prevent the sperm from entering or the egg from implanting. It may be marketed sometime this year.

• Scientists have isolated and synthesized a complex brain hormone, abbreviated as LH-RH/FSH-RH, that offers the possibility of controlling pregnancy in any one of four ways: disruption of menstrual cycle to prevent ovulation, immunization against ovulation, prevention of ovulation by altering pituitary functions, or inducing ovulation at a

specific time to define the period when a woman is fertile.

• A soft plastic, semipermeable substance—an offshoot of the space program—is being tested as a material for containers of hormones to be "leaked" into the system over periods of up to one year. Whether inserted directly into the uterus (as a free-floating I. U. D.) or implanted in the forearm or in other areas with direct access to the blood stream, the containers would release contraceptive hormones at a constant and significantly lower level than present pills.

• Birth control by astrology, practiced in Czechoslovakia with a claimed effectiveness of 98 percent, relies on the position of the sun and the moon at the time of a woman's birth to predict her fertile periods throughout her life. An individual reading, called a cosmogram, supposedly includes vital information to guard against miscarriages, birth defects and other problems of pregnancy. The method promises no adverse side effects, except possible pregnancy.

GOOD NEWS FOR GAYS

WASHINGTON, D. C .- The American Civil Liberties Union has scored an important first victory in its current campaign to overturn certain laws and policies that discriminate against homosexuals. In one of several suits, U.S. District Court judge John H. Pratt ruled that Government investigators cannot ask "probing personal questions" about a person's private sex life and cannot withhold security clearances solely on the basis of such information, however obtained. The ruling rejected the Government's traditional argument that homosexuals are poor security risks because they are susceptible to blackmail. In a related case, the same judge ordered the Government to either prove a connection between the plaintiff's security status and his homosexuality or restore his clearance. The A.C.L.U. also has filed suit to overturn the Washington, D. C., sodomy law on the grounds that it may not be constitutionally applied to private sexual acts involving consenting adults. Dr. Franklin Kameny, president of the Washington chapter of the Mattachine Society, collaborated with the A. C. L. U. in the Washington cases and announced that his homophile organization is also assisting in the case of a Navy dental technician appealing a general discharge for homosexuality. The Mattachine-A. C. L. U. action notes that the technician had an unblemished four-year Service record and that the alleged act occurred off base, off duty

and with a consenting adult, and came to the Navy's attention only through an anonymous letter.

RETALIATORY AIR STRIKE

sacramento, california—After earning a bachelor's degree and a lieutenant's commission at the U.S. Air Force Academy, a 24-year-old Oregon man obtained leave to continue his studies at the University of California at Berkeley. While in law school, he changed his views toward the military and sued in U.S. District Court to be discharged as a conscientious objector. The court ruled in his favor and now the Air Force wants its money back. The U.S. Attorney's office in Sacramento is billing him for \$53,575, which it says was the cost of his Government-sinanced education.

KILLING IN GOOD TASTE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Army recruits will no longer be taught to shout "Kill! Kill!" as they charge the enemy in bayonet training. The latest hand-to-hand combat manuals specifically state that the "shouting of indiscreet slogans or responses is not permitted" and they even condone bayonet thrusts that are merely "instinctive" rather than carefully aimed at some vital part of the body. According to an Army training specialist at Fort Monroe, Virginia, "We're trying to keep things modern and in good taste."

WHAT PRICE EQUALITY?

Feminists who believe that sexual equality means sexual similarity may have something to learn from their sisters in Israeli communes, Dr. Menachem Gerson of the Institute of Research on Kibbutz Education studied the first three generations of kibbutz women and discovered that some of the most liberated are still dissatisfied and disillusioned. He ascribes this to an "erroneous emancipationist approach" in which the women strove "toward identification with men, toward an equality that disregarded sex differences and . . . set forth male qualities and activities as the model for both sexes." He suggests that actual liberation and personal contentment require acknowledging sexual differences and giving some of the traditional female roles greater recognition and prestige.

EQUAL TIME FOR WOMEN

CHICAGO—A Chicago suburbanite may have made legal history as the first woman in Illinois, and possibly anywhere, to receive a jail sentence for failure to keep up her child-support payments. According to her lawyer, who donated his services, the woman owed her husband about \$400 in back payments since she had moved out of their home and was ordered to pay \$30 a week pending a

divorce hearing. In rejecting her argument that she was trying to raise the money, the judge noted that the law holds men and women equally responsible for obeying court orders and sentenced her to 60 days in Cook County Jail. Afterward, her attorney, noting that \$100 child-support debts rarely result in jail terms, commented that "evidently, some people are more equal than others."

THE TYRANNY OF INTELLIGENCE

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS-What will happen when racial and class barriers have fallen, when children's environments are wholesome and their educations improved, and when people are judged strictly on their individual merits? A Harvard psychologist fears they will find themselves the victims of a new and rigid caste system based on inherited intelligence. Writing in The Atlantic, Dr. Richard Herrnstein predicts the eventual disappearance of the traditional obstacles to upward social mobility and believes this will result in biological stratification of American society according to hereditary differences in I.Q.

SOTWEED VERSUS POTWEED

Latest reports from the smoke-filled rooms:

- A dermatologist in Hamburg, Germany, has found evidence that nicotine reduces a man's sperm count and, therefore, his fertility.
- After a nationwide survey of students between ages 12 and 17, Columbia University researchers have concluded that young persons who smoke marijuana are the ones least likely to smoke cigarettes.
- A Los Angeles physiologist measuring electrical activity in the brain has found that cigarette smokers think more than nonsmokers. However, the study did not indicate whether smokers are smarter and more energetic or just do more thinking less efficiently.
- Two groups of researchers, one working with rats and the other with monkeys, found both types of animals adversely affected by heavy doses of THC, which is considered the active ingredient in marijuana. The rats suffered tremors, convulsions and permanent changes in their brain chemistry; the monkeys, after being injected with THC four times a day for a month, showed withdrawal symptoms indicating physical addiction. Because of the heavy dosages used in both experiments, neither group of researchers cared to predict the effects of routine pot smoking on humans.
- University of North Carolina scientists also conducting studies of the effects of THC on animals have so far found it nonaddicting and potentially useful as a painkiller and as an agent for reducing high blood pressure.

pose as actors in an attempt to entrap producers and get the names of other performers.

The results of Busch's efforts are that some actors have been arrested several times, some have quit (though that seems to offer no protection—a number of players were indicted in July for a film made in February) and others live in constant fear of imminent arrest. One actress, caught while making her first hard-core film, would like to get out of the business; but she now must stay in it in order to earn enough to pay her attorney's fees.

William H, Kirschner Los Angeles, California

IN FRONT OF THE KIDS

I read with interest the October Playboy Forum letter referring to the man and woman in Florida who were arrested for having intercourse in front of their eight-year-old son. In my opinion, a child exposed to sexual expression would be a lot less likely to grow up maladjusted than one reared in a repressive home. The children of puritanical parents are given to understand that sex is dirty and taboo, but at the same time mom and pop enjoy, to whatever degree they are capable, the pleasures of the flesh. Imagine the effect on a repressively reared child if he inadvertently came upon his parents having intercourse. Such an occurrence is far more likely to cause trauma than if the child has been taught that intercourse is an act decent enough for a youngster to observe.

Michèle F. Rinehart Charlottesville, Virginia

THE END OF THE ROAD

John Lennon evidently asked an important question in his song Why Don't We Do It in the Road? The letters from J. A. Kennedy (The Playboy Forum, April) and Harry Celine (The Playboy Forum, August) both assume that current trends will soon lead to wide-spread public nudity and even public copulation, which Kennedy regards with revulsion and Celine accepts with rationalistic tolerance.

Curiously, I think Kennedy's emotional and intuitive approach is more realistic than Celine's reasonable approach, but I agree with Celine's unruffled conclusion. That is, social systems never behave rationally (only individuals do -occasionally). The problem, therefore. is largely a phantom. Our society is not moving away from puritanism as rapidly as Kennedy thinks, and he (or she?) will not be confronted in the foreseeable future with rampant fornication on Broadway at high noon. If and when such public orgies begin occurring. it will be because society is emotionally ready to cope with them-not now, when only a few rationalists such as Celine can confront them with philosophical equanimity.

In short, the answer to Lennon's question is that we don't do it in the road because the road was built by puritans and its end is still a long way off.

Robert Wicker Los Angeles, California

LEVELS OF SEXUAL ACTIVITY

I sense a great deal of pressure on people to be sexually active from adolescence through old age. No one who chooses to remain virginal should be ridiculed or coerced into sex, nor should people be expected to engage in intercourse more frequently than they desire.

When I was in high school, I felt inadequate because I had no sex with girls-but I never had the courage to try to persuade a girl to go to bed with me. Instead, I masturbated, fantasized and bragged at school about imaginary affairs. Then I left New York City to attend a small college in the Midwest. In the new environment, I relaxed and stopped pretending to be something I wasn't. I had many dates and no longer felt that my virginity was something to be ashamed of. After several months, I started going with only one girl and we decided to marry. We've still got a lot of school ahead of us before marriage will be practical and we didn't believe it necessary to put off lovemaking till after the ceremony.

I've come to realize that it was foolish of me to put myself down for my lack of experience and to be dishonest with other people about it. Yet the error wasn't entirely my fault. People rate themselves and others on the basis of real or imagined sexual prowess; this attitude is all too widespread. We would all save ourselves a lot of grief if we stopped considering other people's (often exaggerated) accounts of sexual activities when measuring our own worth.

(Name and address withheld by request)

EXAGGERATION

When Mrs. M. Reynolds (*The Playboy Forum*, October) states that "there are plenty of women who are as acutely aware of the demands of their bodies as most men," this is surely an exaggeration. The few women I know who are as horny as men are nymphomaniacs.

Steve Broday Highland Park, Illinois

INTERCOURSE DURING MENSTRUATION

A medical student stated in the October *Playboy Forum* that, when a woman is having her period, "for the man, intercourse is a very unpleasant and distasteful experience, while the woman is inevitably in a state of nervous debilitation." My husband says that he has never found it unpleasant to have intercourse with me at that time. As for me, I'm far from debilitated then; I'm usually as horny as hell.

> (Name withheld by request) Los Angeles, California

FEMALE CHAUVINISM

I'm a member of a women's lib organization, but I'm also a wife. I pick up my husband's copy of PLAYBOY every month and regularly read one of the few departments I find morally acceptable: The Playboy Forum. In spite of the subliminal sexist message that permeates the rest of your magazine, I must admit that your Forum words on the subject of feminism are basically sound. You have expressed yourselves against discrimination in jobs, you've made sympathetic statements on the day-care center issue and your position on abortion is right on; I particularly enjoyed your special insert "The Abortion Backlash," in the September issue, because you not only expressed your usual rhetoric but actually published something of value to women-a list of phone numbers they can call if they need an abortion. Bravo, PLAYBOY. Now, without meaning to seem pushy, I'd like to know just what involvement the Playboy Foundation has had in the issues of importance to women? Properly placed contributions in these areas would provide an excellent opportunity for Hefner to prove he really wants, as has been so often stated in The Playboy Forum, to work together with the moderate elements of the feminist movement.

Joan Siegel New York, New York

Perhaps you should be writing to the leaders of "the moderate elements of the feminist movement" rather than to us. We've been trying to do what you suggest. The Playboy Foundation has made numerous contributions in these areas. They include substantial donations to the Chicago area Clergy Consultation Service on Problem Pregnancies and to the Illinois Committee for Medical Control of Abortion, which has lobbied to repeal this state's restrictive law. We've made several grants to day-care centers and publicized them to encourage other corporations to follow suit. We have supported A. C. L. U. and other litigation to end discrimination against women in various areas. In this regard, we recently wrote to the Legal Committee of the National Organization for Women (NOW), stating that we'd like to provide Playboy Foundation assistance in selected women's rights cases. Subsequently, we received two letters from NOW. The first, signed by the organization's president, stated:

Over the past year, "The Playboy Forum" and the letters to the editor have indicated much-needed support for abortion reform and we certainly appreciate this stand. We suggest, however, Mr. Hefner, that you put your money where your mouth is. It is our request that on the 51st anniversary of Women's Suffrage . . . you donate all the profits received from all your Playboy Clubs on the previous evening to the NOW Abortion Repeal Fund. . . . Since such a noble gesture deserves the utmost publicity we have taken the liberty of notifying various members of the mass media of this request to you.

We discovered that this letter was not in fact written by Aileen Hernandez, who was then NOW's president, but by the staff of an undisclosed chapter of the organization. Miss Hernandez, however, told us that she supported the letter's sentiment.

Since then, we have received a more formal turndown of our offer from Faith Seidenberg, president of NOW's Legal Defense and Education Fund. She said that no funds the Playboy Foundation could provide "would compensate for the low rating of the source. We hold the Playboy Club and all it stands for in such contempt, that to accept money from the foundation bearing the same name would only contaminate us."

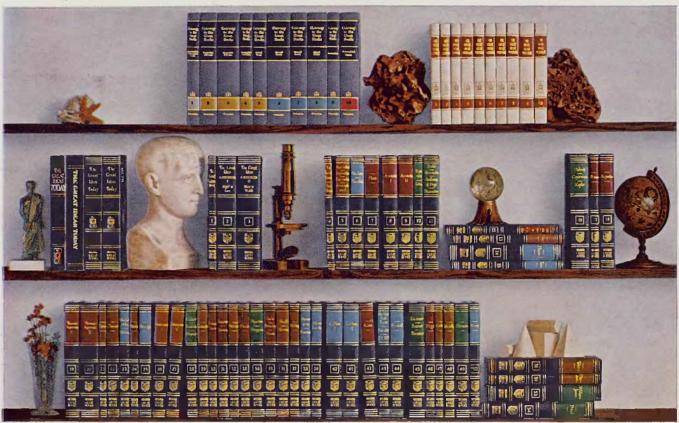
Thus, in response to a genuine offer of cooperation, we received, first, a crude extortion letter, second, a gratuitous insult, presumably based on the facts that we employ costumed—and highly paid-waitresses and we publish pictures of nude women. Even the language of the second letter is more suitable to Bible Belt moralists than to the leaders of a movement supposedly founded to liberate women. If that movement-including its so-called moderate elements -could free itself of its indiscriminate hostility to men, it might recognize that they and we have been fighting, in our separate ways, many of the same social injustices.

We don't pretend to be the male image that NOW loves, but, then, they don't project our favorite female image, either. We think it's time the leaders of the women's liberation movement gave up their notion that PLAYBOY invented male chauvinism. We didn't and, if anything, we're several steps ahead of the rest of society in correcting it. We also think it's time for groups that are supposed to be in favor of progress to stop sniping at one another and save their energy for the enemies of progress. Until this happens, social oppression will continue to flourish unchecked.

REVOLUTIONARY MORALITY

In the September Playboy Forum, George Brown pointed out that the exploiters as well as the exploited have a

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817 THE WHO

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moral code and that the present sad state of the world is the result of the triumph of the exploiters' code. Then he asked, "What, I wonder, will be the consequences of the so-called revolutionary morality if that ever gets into power?"

A friend attended a seminar on the New Left and heard a radical woman detailing her plans for society after the revolution. A professor said to her, "I'm just a shade right of far left. I'm not prepared to go all the way with you and will stay just a shade right of far left. How would you deal with people such as me after the revolution?" She replied, "We'd re-educate you." But he persisted, "I consider myself pretty well educated already, and I prefer the position I hold now. What would you do about that?" With hate in her eyes and ice in her voice, she replied, "We'd eliminate you."

Hitler wanted peace and Marx wanted universal freedom. Goals and ends, it seems, are always morally acceptable. Don't ask a person what his goals are if you want to know what consequences his actions will have. Ask only, "By what means do you intend to achieve those ends?" and if his means involve violence, the use of force, the violation of others' rights to life, liberty and property, then regardless of what the proclaimed goals might be, the real end is death and destruction.

George Morrone Mountain View, California

COMMUNICATING WITH THE ARMY

In the October *Playboy Forum*, you published a letter from a prisoner in the United States disciplinary barracks at Fort Leavenworth. Kansas, and stated that you were unable to obtain information from the Army about him. Although it was unintentional, the letter you received on this subject was in error. Information concerning prisoners that is a matter of public record is releasable to information media; accordingly, here are the answers to your questions:

Private Clark A. Ramp is presently confined in the disciplinary barracks at Fort Leavenworth. He is there because a court-martial found him guilty on December 15, 1970, of two specifications of being absent without leave and, additionally, of knowingly corresponding with the enemy by writing and mailing a letter that was intended to reach the enemy. The maximum sentence permitted by law, and based on correct findings in this case, would be dishonorable discharge, forfeiture of all pay and allowances and confinement at hard labor for life.

Private Ramp's initial sentence included dishonorable discharge, total forfeitures and confinement at hard labor for 13 years. Subsequently, his sentence to confinement was reduced to two years and six months. At this time, Private Ramp's record of trial is undergoing

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The camera for great lovers.

We didn't plan it that way.

Our camera, the Nikkormat FTN, is being used as a ploy. As bait. Urbane young gentlemen, aware that etchings are passé, are inviting innocent young ladies up to see their *photographs*.

We didn't design the Nikkormat for such nefarious purposes. We intended it as a fine 35mm single lens reflex for dedicated photographers.

But these fellows, as long on savvy as they are short on conscience, are well aware of the air of savoir faire a fine camera confers upon them (especially one made by the people who make the famous Nikon). And of the artistic homage paid those who make photographs.

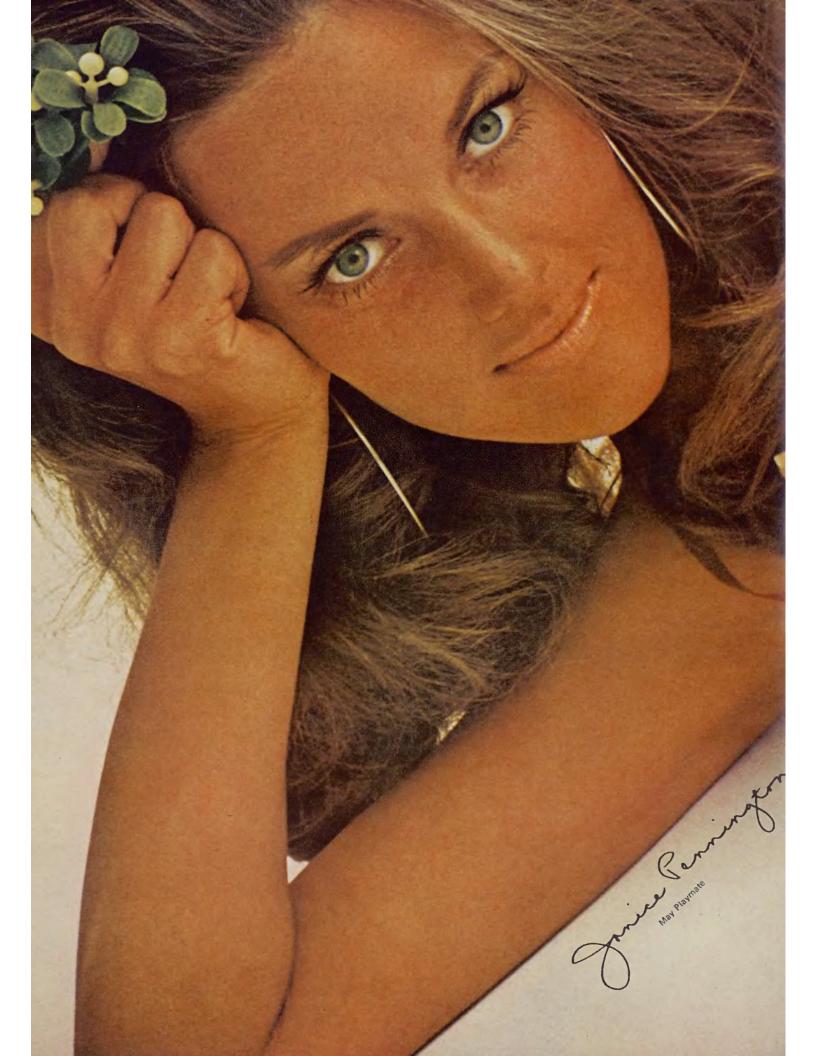
In truth, the Nikkormat requires almost no expertise or mechanical ability. But she doesn't know that. And, while your first roll of pictures may not rate a oneman show, they will be unusually sharp, clear and well-exposed. Further, although the camera gives the impression of being enormously expensive, it actually costs less than \$280 with 50mm Nikkor lens.

But be forewarned. The Nikkormat may be habit forming. Because it has a way of getting you involved in photography. And, as your interest grows, it grows with you—it's part of the Nikon System, the most complete in 35mm photography. So, despite the basest of intentions at the outset, you might end up really showing her your photographs. And we're willing to bet they'll really be great photographs.

Whatever your intentions, the purchase of a Nikkormat entitles you to attend the Nikon School, a two-day course that teaches you the fine points of 35mm photography for only \$20. See your camera dealer or write for details. Nikon, Inc., Garden City, New York 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc., (Canada:

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appellate judicial review by the U.S. Army Court of Military Review. This court may set aside the findings and sentence or may reduce the sentence, but it cannot increase the severity of the punishment.

It is indeed possible to communicate within and with the U.S. Army, and any inconvenience caused you by the earlier, inaccurate reply to your queries is

regretted.

Col. N. J. Berger, Jr., Chief Correctional Division Department of the Army Washington, D. C.

VASECTOMY

After our first child was born, my husband and I agreed that we could not afford a second child at that time. Although we were using contraception, accidents happen, and the fear of another pregnancy was a constant source of anxiety with us. Finally, my husband suggested vasectomy and, after discussion, we decided it was the best solution. The operation took only a half hour and we went home together immediately; the next morning he went to work as usual.

People sometimes ask if he doesn't feel less manly since the operation, or even if I don't regard him as less manly. This is utter nonsense. We have been happier and more contented than ever. Besides, having children merely so the husband can prove his manliness is rather absurd, isn't it? My husband is enough of a man to satisfy me and he doesn't need to boost his ego by bringing more children into this overcrowded world.

Incidentally, we recently decided that we wanted a second child, after all. We are adopting a Korean orphan. Considering the number of poor and hungry children in the world, that is all that needs to be said to those who object that vasectomy is irreversible. If you have love, there are children who need it.

> Mrs, Leslie Josephson Minneapolis, Minnesota

GOLDEN GUARANTEE

Let anti-abortionists who regard embryos as human beings and feel a moral obligation to protect embryonic life prove their good faith by offering a golden guarantee: Let them swear that the word bastard will be erased from their vocabularies and that children conceived by rape or born out of wedlock will grow up loved and accepted by all. Let them promise to provide for children born into families without means, so that the parents will not have to bear the cost of bringing them up. Let them swear that children born defective will receive the best of care and that the parents will be spared, if they choose, the suffering and expense of keeping these children in the home. Let anti-abortion organizations promote legislation to pro-

vide all citizens with preliminary sex education in grade school, birth-control devices and information in high school, full coverage of medical expenses incurred through pregnancy and childbirth, continuing financial support for rape victims who elect to keep their children, financial compensation for the husband whose wife dies in childbirth and care for unwanted children from birth on. One way of implementing this guarantee would be for each anti-abortionist to volunteer to become legally responsible for the parenthood of one or more otherwise unwanted embryos.

Anti-abortionists with a sense of responsibility toward society should be willing to help bear the burdens they are imposing when they block legislative change.

> Harold A. McAllister Mason, Michigan

ABORTION DATA

Many thanks for your excellent review of the sources for information about legal abortion ("The Abortion Backlash," The Playboy Forum, September). Until all restrictive abortion statutes are overturned, women with unwanted pregnancies will need information and money. Your report provides the information.

Zero Population Growth Fund operates a nationwide service called the Abortion Information Data Bank, Women can call AID Bank, (415) 398-6222, from anywhere in the country and receive names, addresses and fees of doctors closest to their homes who offer legal abortions. We suggest, however, that women from the states listed below contact services operated by their state Zero Population Growth chapter:

Z. P. G., New York City (212) 489-7794 Z. P. G., Albuquerque, New Mexico (505) 296-5141 Z. P. G., Madison, Wisconsin (608) 238-3338

The repeated tragedies caused by society's attitudes about abortion are well documented. The social cost of imposing compulsory motherhood is less clearly understood. A Swedish study compared 120 children born after their mothers had been denied abortion with children from similar backgrounds whose mothers had not sought abortion. The results were: (1) seven times as many of the unwanted children required public assistance after the age of 16; (2) nearly twice as many of the unwanted children had psychiatric disorders requiring consultation or hospitalization; (3) more than twice as many of the unwanted children had histories of juvenile delinquency; (4) more than twice as many of the wanted children continued their education past the statutory minimum.

Best estimates indicate that between 1,700,000 and 2,500,000 American women would terminate pregnancies each year if our laws permitted them to control their own bodies. Multiply the implications of this study by an unsatisfied demand for abortion of that magnitude, and the true cost of denying a child the right to be wanted becomes clear.

> Mark Horlings Zero Population Growth Fund San Francisco, California

ABORTION CLINIC LIST

A Listing of Selected New York State Abortion Clinics has been prepared by the Medical Responsibilities Committee of the Abortion Rights Association of New York. It provides sufficient up-todate, accurate, in-depth information to enable pregnant women, medical personnel, counselors and the general public to make an informed choice of facilities for early abortions without recourse to referral agencies.

Members of the Medical Responsibilities Committee and experienced counselors visited every clinic listed and evaluated detailed questionnaires filled out by the medical directors of the clinics before selections were made.

The October 1971 issue of the Listing (it is to be revised and updated periodically) is available for 25 cents per copy from Abortion Rights Association of New York, 250 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019.

> Ruth Proskauer Smith, President Abortion Rights Association of New York, Inc. New York, New York

LANDMARK ABORTION CASES

As an attorney, I have worked on two of the most important abortion cases in the Federal courts. In the case of United States vs. Vuitch, the only one thus far argued in the Supreme Court, we tried to persuade the Court to uphold a previous decision that a Washington, D. C., abortion law was unconstitutional. Instead, the Court held the law constitutional but read it as providing ample grounds for abortions in the nation's capital, by interpreting health as including psychological as well as physical well-being and by stating that a prosecutor who charges a physician with unnecessary abortion has the burden of proving that life and health were not endangered. So now, physicians in Washington, D. C., perform more abortions than they did before the Supreme Court's decision.

The other case, Babbitz vs. McCann, is still in litigation in Wisconsin, where a three-judge Federal panel already has held the state abortion law unconstitutional because it violates a woman's right to privacy under the Ninth Amendment. The same Federal court tried to enjoin the state from proceeding against doctors for performing abortions. The U.S. Supreme Court, however, vacated the injunction and remanded the case to the

When the thought is genuine, the gift should be.

Dewar's "White Label"

They say there are a thousand ways to make Scotch whisky. They say.

There's a little corner of the world that doesn't agree. It's the town of Perth, on the banks of Scotland's River Tay. That's where they make Dewar's "White Label."

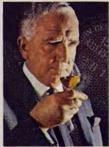
The men of Perth will tell you that authentic Scotch whisky has to be made where the air is chill and pure,



and the water is cold. And that is the air and water of Perth.

They will tell you that authentic Scotch whisky comes only when fine single whiskies are brought from the hills and glens of Scotland and allowed to sleep like bairns in their own snug vats to the day of full maturity. And that is the way of Dewar's.

They will tell you how each whisky, in its own good time, is brought to the Master Blender himself, who swirls it in his glass... "noses" it ... sniffs it again



... and takes a long deep breath to compare its bouquet with thousands he has known before.





Gift wrapped at no extra cost.

Does he remember them all? It is said that he does.

Small wonder then that the good red-bearded Scots of Perth show a bit of honest wrath when somebody tries to tell them there are a thousand ways to make authentic Scotch whisky.

Small wonder they consider their Dewar's "White Label" the authentic Scotch of today. And want you to know it.

Authentic.
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Get to where she lives in a hurry.



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Speed-A-Gift is any one of an exciting selection of lasting gifts filled with a bouquet of fresh flowers.

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And that could be all it takes.

Pictured above is SG-15, Pitcher and Bowl. Real pottery, not porcelain. Richly designed to capture that old-world charm.



panel for reconsideration in the light of the principle that Federal courts should only enjoin state criminal proceedings in exceptional circumstances. Inevitably, this case will go to the highest court.

At this writing, the Court has a number of cases pending on its October 1972 docket raising ultimate questions that it ought to decide on in order to end acrimonious debate. The outmoded statutory insistence on compulsory pregnancy has long since lost any rational basis. What remains are emotion, theological authoritarianism and efforts to impose, by law, a horrendous second-class citizenship upon women, which ought not to be countenanced by any nation calling itself civilized.

Joseph L. Nellis Attorney at Law Washington, D. C.

FIGHTING THE BACKLASH

Nearly every family in the United States is involved with the need for abortion, whether for wife, daughter, nicce, cousin, fiancée or friend. Therefore, everyone should fight the right-to-life organizations described in "The Abortion Backlash" (*The Playboy Forum*, September 1971).

The first time in the history of the U.S. that a state supreme court declared an abortion law unconstitutional was in the California decision of *People vs. Belous*. Since then, we've done 1500 abortions in my own practice. Each patient had a unique situation, and it is ludicrous to think that a blanket law—except one leaving the decision up to the woman and her doctor—could fit everyone's needs,

Leon P. Belous, M. D. Beverly Hills, California

THE ABORTION THREAT

What your report termed "The Abortion Backlash" is in reality a recognition by many Americans of the magnitude of the abortion threat in this country. After a three-year, multimillion-dollar avalanche of propaganda emphasizing fetal deformity and pregnancy due to rape or incest, the abortionists have presented their real goal: abortion on demand. The public, reeling from the hysterical drumbeat of manipulated statistics, false claims about safety and scare rhetoric about population and pollution, has, through the efforts of reputable scientists and physicians, gained a more accurate perspective. They have rejected the notion that innocent human lives can be taken for convenience or personal gain and without due process.

It is hard to believe that PLAYBOY has taken such a superficial look at this problem. To my knowledge, PLAYBOY has never published an article that presented an opposing view. I would suggest that if you question the integrity of the

right-to-life movement that you back up your stand by allowing this position to be fully aired in your magazine.

I challenge PLAYBOY to publish the pictures of unborn children that appear in the book From Conception to Birth, by Drs. Shettles and Rugh of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. I challenge PLAYBOY to be the first American publication to present to the youth of America the real medical hazards involved in abortion procedures. Please tell them that in Japan the sterility rate is nine percent after an abortion, that Romania has restricted its liberal law because of the severe detrimental effect of abortion on the health of its women and that the prestigious journal Obstetrics and Gynecology, in an editorial comment, termed abortion the "fifth horseman."

Should readers of PLAYBOY opt for abortions without knowing they face the prospect of two times the fetal death rate in subsequent pregnancies and that premature delivery increases by about ten percent in subsequent pregnancies? Prematurity is a leading cause of infant death and a major determinant of mental and motor retardation. Does your devotion to the cause preclude telling your readers that in Czechoslovakia, where 60 percent of abortions are done before the eighth week, 30 percent of the women suffer some significant complication? Dr. Kotasek of that country has called for a reform of its liberal law, while our own obstetricians and gynecologists are pushing for a self-serving policy that is blind to the consequences.

If you persist in the myopic policy of viewing this question as only a narrow sectarian religious issue, then real communication is impossible. I challenge your position as responsible journalists and ask you to allow a full presentation of the opposing view.

Bart T. Heffernan, M. D., President Illinois Right to Life Committee

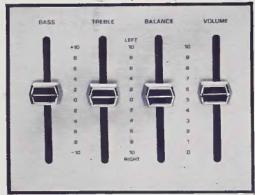
Chicago, Illinois

"The Playboy Forum" has always published points of view that differ from its own, so it should be no surprise to Dr. Heffernan that we're willing to publish his. But we emphatically disagree that his point of view has received short shrift in the media. In fact, quite the opposite is true. The so-called "friends of the fetus" have used enormous amounts of church-supplied, tax-exempt money to sustain, if we may use Heffernan's words, a "multimillion-dollar avalanche of propaganda" against abortion. Only recently did the broadcasting industry and the press present the case for abortion, and PLAYBOY is still the sole major consumer magazine to support elective abortion unequivocally.

As for publishing pictures, such magazines as Life have long since edified the American public with full-color photographs of fetuses in various stages of

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development. The pictures in "From Conception to Birth" are quite well done, but the book was never intended to be an argument against abortion and, in any case, most of us know what a fetus looks like. No one, including Heffernan, has ever made a convincing argument that its appearance is relevant to the abortion issue.

The editorial Heffernan mentions is a case of selective presentation of material that happens to suit his argument. It was published in Obstetrics and Gynecology as the opinion of the doctor who wrote it, not necessarily as an expression of the journal's point of view. What Heffernan does not mention is that the same issue of the same journal contained an article presenting research in support of liberalized abortion laws.

Heffernan's figures on the consequences of abortion are outmoded, since they were compiled in foreign countries at a time when doctors were using different and more dangerous procedures than are currently common in the U.S. In some countries, such as Japan, local physicians have challenged the accuracy of the figures themselves. American mortality figures for legal abortions are nine per 100,000, while 20 to 30 women per 100,000 die in childbirth. Thus, abortion under the proper circumstances is safer than childbirth, a fact Heffernan ignores, as he also ignores the graver fact that restrictive abortion laws subject desperate women to the greatest danger of all-that of crippling or death through an illegal, bungled abortion.

Every operation carries some risk. In all cases but that of abortion, doctor and patient evaluate the situation and decide whether or not to go ahead. If Heffernan were solely concerned with safety, he would agree that qualified doctors may decide for or against abortion strictly on the basis of what's best for the patient. But Heffernan has done everything he could to see that the law deprives doctor and patient of the power to decide. (He led the fight to block a court decision legalizing abortion in Illinois.) This forces us to conclude that his motivation springs from what he himself calls the "narrow sectarian religious issue." We think Heffernan has one reason only for opposing abortion—the a priori, theologically based assumption that the fetus has an absolute right to life from the moment of conception. Heffernan would be against abortion even if it were as safe as brushing one's teeth.

"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.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GERMAINE GREER

a candid conversation with the ballsy author of "the female eunuch"

"WHO IS GERMAINE GREER?" headlines the newspaper advertisement. "The most lovable creature to come out of Australia since the koala bear? A feminist leader who admittedly loves men? A brilliant writer, 'extraordinarily entertaining'? Great Britain's Woman of the Year? The author of a perceptive, outrageous, devastating book on women?" McGraw-Hill, publisher of "The Female Eunuch" informs us: "Germaine is all of the above."

This would seem a large number of roles to play-particularly the feministwho-loves-men part, which, amid the anti-male rhetoric prevalent in women's lib, is comparable, one observer has said, to being a Nazi leader who loves Jews (or vice versa, depending on one's point of view). But Germaine Greer not only suits these roles, she adds several that weren't even mentioned. She's a linguist -fluent in French and Italian-and a Shakespearean scholar with a Ph.D. in literature, which she teaches at an English university. She's a professional entertainer who has performed in comedy shows on English telly. She's an ardent motorcyclist who tours the Italian countryside on a low-horsepower Garelli. She's even a skilled homemaker. "When I'm depressed," she said in an interview in the London Times (for which she writes a column), "I do manual work like cleaning, cooking. I'm very domesticated; it's

a constant disappointment to everyone."

But all of Dr. Greer's accomplishments might have languished in obscurity were it not for her best-selling book. Published in England in 1970, "The Female Eunuch" was released in America in the spring of 1971 and was an instant smash. New York Times critic Christopher Lehmann-Haupt dubbed it "the best feminist book so far" and went on to say: "I only wish that the timing . . . had been such that it could have caught the lightning that struck 'Sexual Politics,' for it is everything that Kate Millet's book is not-lively, spontaneous, witty, well organized without being rigid, comfortable with scholarship, personal when biases need explaining, assertive when the evidence is clear-a book with personality, a book that knows the distinction between the self and the other, a book that combines the best of masculinity and femininity."

The last phrase may contribute to an understanding of "The Female Eunuch's" wide popularity. Women can read it and identify not only with the oppression it describes but with its chronicler, who is both a woman and a winner. Men can read the same book and likewise admire—even desire—its author, while at the same time not feel compelled to burden themselves with guilt for the crimes against women discussed therein. For Greer, while never forgetting her soli-

darity with her sisters, goes beyond feminism. She recognizes that the sexual polarities of society have been so locked in by economic, political and historical factors that it is pointless—and useless to blame either sex. Rather, she feels, the liberation of both can be accomplished only by the withering away of authoritarian social structures, whether they be capitalist or Communist.

Solidarity notwithstanding, Greer does not hesitate to put down her sisters for approaching this goal by what she considers the wrong route. Of Betty Friedan's tokenism, she says: "What she wants for [women] is equality of opportunity within the status quo, free admission to the world of the ulcer and the coronary." Of antisexuality within the women's movement: "It is dangerous to eschew sex as a revolutionary tactic because it is inauthentic and enslaving in the terms in which it is now possible, when sex is the principal confrontation in which new values can be worked out. Men are the enemy in much the same way that some crazed boy in uniform was the enemy of another like him in most respects except the uniform."

In the movement's shibboleth that the vagina is irrelevant to female pleasure and has been selfishly glorified by men because they like it, she finds "a touch of female chawinism. . . . At all events, a clitoral orgasm with a full cunt is



"We've been castrated. It's all very well to let a bullock out into the field when you've already cut his balls off, because you know he's not going to do anything; that's exactly what happened to women."



"Every man should be fucked up the arse as a prelude to fucking women, so he'll know what it's like to be the receiver. Otherwise, he'll think he's doling out joy unlimited to every woman he fucks."



"Let somebody else organize the women's movement. That's not my talent. But I won't submit to being abused because I don't do it. The women who abuse me for not doing it should do it themselves."

nicer than a clitoral orgasm with an empty one." Greer also chides women for conniving to secure their own limited destinies. "It seems that women's souls will have to be changed so that they desire opportunity instead of shrinking from it." And she asserts that the most cherished goal of the conventional female—marriage—is a false one and is to be avoided. Children, she claims, are better off in communes than with the modern family.

Apart from these shock waves, the book offers a fundamental and by now familiar restatement of the women's lib drill. Much less fundamental and familiar was the razzle-dazzle book-promotion campaign managed by McGraw-Hill. But did any publisher ever have an author who was easier to publicize? She stands an inch over six feet, talks alternately like an English don and an English sailor, dresses like a hippie, thinks like a Yippie-and describes herself as a groupie. The high points of an incredibly successful American junket were a cover story in Life and the host's chair two nights running on "The Dick Cavett Show."

Her most widely reported appearance, however, was as a participant in a women's lib "dialog" in New York's Town Hall, alongside three other women and moderator Norman Mailer. The consensus of press reports made Greer the star of the show, but Frederic Morton, writing in The Village Voice, was disappointed: "Superb expectations not fulfilled. So silky an accent, so drawing room a gown, so smart a vocabulary, so exuberant an auburn hairdo, so stylish a stage persona. . . . I hoped for wit, and all we got was constant, regretful, well-tooled anger. 'Why don't you have a baby?' the mezzanine yells down. 'I don't have to explain myself to any Town bloody Hall."

Greer has spent a lifetime not explaining herself to anyone. She was born during a bush fire in Melbourne, Australia, 33 years ago this month. She left her rebellious mark at a convent school before leaving home at 18 to escape what she calls a "shambles of a childhood." Her majors were English and French at Melbourne University, but the young firebrand spent a good deal of extracurricular time making soapbox speeches about sexual freedom. She received an M.A. at Sydney University and then taught school before being accepted in 1964 as a Commonwealth Scholar at Cambridge in England. After receiving her Ph.D. three years later, she began teaching English literature at Warwick University. At the same time, she moonlighted as a TV regular and as a contributor to such underground papers as Oz, Suck and International Times. It was when her TV series expired that her agent suggested she write a book on the failure of female emancipation. "Failure?" she replied angrily. "Who the hell says we were ever emancipated in the first place?" She then calmed down and wrote the book.

This quality of irritation followed by cooperation is a Greer trademark, according to PLAYBOY Assistant Managing Editor Nat Lehrman, who flew to Italy to conduct this interview. "After driving 140 miles north from Rome to her rented farmhouse in Cortona," Lehrman says, "I planned to greet her with: T've come a long way, baby,' but I quickly realized that flippancy would be out of place when she stood in her doorway and glared at me icily. No hello, no hownor even who-are you, just a frigidly phrased, 'I'd planned to sneak out tonight to see a play in Montepulciano. But you would show up on time. Just like a bloody American.' Yet once she'd gotten that initial rudeness out of her system, she was cooperative and goodhumored during most-if not all-of the

"In spite of her warmth and candor, she was a very tough interviewee in some ways. I had the feeling she thought I was going to try to do her in journalistically, which may explain why she was occasionally edgy and defensive. Once, she even threatened to cancel the interview. What made her suspicious of me may have been my tendency to confront her with contradictions—a standard interviewing technique—and the fact that I represented the establishment press in general and playboy in particular.

"In any case, her confidence in her ability to deal with the press allowed her to continue the interview, and her many other qualities more than compensated for any difficulties she presented. A born performer, she's on at all times; in fact, it's often difficult to stop her from talking. What she says is always intelligent, refreshing, colorfully phrased and frequently outrageous, primarily because she loves to give you the answer you least expect. She's generally well informed, but even when lacking facts, is quick and clever enough to talk around them.

"Finally, no statement about Germaine is complete without some reference to her sexuality. She said in the London Times that she never has sex at her home in Tuscany but that she's very 'randy.' She doesn't hide her randiness, often turning her head to look at a passing man and commenting about him the way men generally do about women. This shouldn't be surprising, since she has described herself as a female chauvinist when it comes to sex.

"While she was looking at other men, I was looking at her—thinking that she is a very attractive woman, sexily built and prettier than her TV image and most candid photos, yet not as cosmetically pretty as that plastic book-jacket shot that's made the rounds. She told me

over dinner at my hotel that she would consent to pose nude for PLAYBOY under two conditions. The first was that we pay her an enormous amount of money—sum unspecified but enough, I believe, so that she could tell people she'd ripped off Hugh Hefner. The second condition was that she be allowed to pose in the act of swinging a bat at a softball or scrambling on a motorcycle or fucking any one of about 100 men, a list of whose names she promised to give me the next day. She didn't. I guess she wasn't serious. Or maybe we'd had too much to drink.

"After dining at her house another night, I can affirm that she's a superb cook and a gracious hostess. She even made it clear that she wouldn't appreciate an offer to help clear the table. I hope my revealing this does not get her in trouble with the movement, which sometimes behaves as if the kitchen were its real battleground.

"In between all this eating and drinking, we managed five two-hour taping sessions over a period of a week. I began, logically enough, by asking her to discuss the book that had catapulted her to fame."

PLAYBOY: Why did you call your book The Female Eunuch?

GREER: The term eunuchs was used by Eldridge Cleaver to describe blacks. It occurred to me that women were in a somewhat similar position. Blacks had been emancipated from slavery but never given any kind of meaningful freedom, while women were given the vote but denied sexual freedom. In the final analysis, women aren't really free until their libidos are recognized as separate entities. Some of the suffragettes understood this. They could see the connection among the vote, political power, independence and being able to express their sexuality according to their own experience, instead of in reference to a demand by somebody else. But they were regarded as crazy and were virtually crucified. Thinking about them, I suddenly realized. Christ, we've been castrated and that's what it's all about. You see, it's all very well to let a bullock out into the field when you've already cut his balls off, because you know he's not going to do anything. That's exactly what happened to women.

PLAYBOY: You're physically imposing, bright, well educated and enormously successful. Nobody would describe you as an emasculated woman. Yet you've called yourself a female eunuch. Why?

GREER: Because it's useless to think of liberating oneself in a vacuum. You can't liberate yourself by yourself. Women can become free only insofar as circumstances allow them to. It's a slow business and involves constant compromise. Indeed, neither of the sexes is truly liberated at this time.

PLAYBOY: What will make them free?

GREER: Only true equality, which is best understood in terms of Plato's concept of love. You see, it's impossible for superiors and inferiors to love, since the superior can only condescend and the inferior can only admire. Whereas what you really want is recognition between two equals, which means that they don't need to exploit each other. They simply rejoice in each other's presence, because what they see is a reflection of themselves in the other. The brotherhood of man would work only if this were the case-if we became more impressed by our similarities than by our differences.

PLAYBOY: How does this apply to women? GREER: Women have a deficient sense of self-value and, therefore, cannot love. They cannot accept themselves. They need evidence of value, which they can get only through some man's attachment to them. As an example, take a 50-yearold husband who's going through that sort of male crisis of declining potency and approaching retirement and all the other hard things that can happen to men. He has an affair with a 20-year-old girl that really makes him think he can rule the world, that he's not all finished and he's still got what it takes. It might be mostly a fantasy affair, but whatever it is, I know of no wife who could stand it, even though her husband may be obviously much better for it. She'd rather have him gray and miserable and confused, as long as he is hers, since she values her life only through her relationship with him and therefore cannot stand the implied rejection.

PLAYBOY: There's not much of the Platonic concept of love in society today. Do you think there's any prospect of our moving toward love between equals?

GREER: I don't know, but without it, we'll never survive. The true revolutionary, Ché Guevara said, is motivated by great feelings of love. That may not have been true in the past, but I think it may be beginning to happen today. Take those American kids who went to Vietnam with the peace treaty to be signed by the Vietnamese students. They really worked hard. They used the kind of energy and the kind of imagination one would suppose more properly directed to a personal relationship. But the odd thing is that the relationship with humanity on that level becomes personal.

There's the old jive about the revolutionary being one who loves humanity but treats human beings badly in the name of humanity. So he treats his mother like shit and he tramps on his women, and so on. But I don't think this is true anymore. There is really developing a kind of group eroticism. It's a result of individuals' stepping out of the restrictions of sexual roles and trying to become sexually polymorphous

and unpossessive; they're attempting to be accepting of all kinds of differences in people and to be able to see in them the lineaments of the beloved self. The outward expression of this is the group grope. The ultimate form of this great hippie ritual would be a never-ending copulation involving hundreds of people participating without shame or fear. This has never happened, of course, and it's not likely to. I've seen things like the beginnings of it, though, and it's extraordinary. But I must say, it can be as awful as it is beautiful. When I was in Amsterdam as a judge at the Wet Dream Film Festival, I was invited to an orgy. It turned out to be a PLAYBOY-type orgy. PLAYBOY: It must have been some other company's orgy. We don't merchandise them.

GREER: Says you. It was in this really beautiful apartment. Oh, my God, I can see it now, just like the PLAYBOY gatefolds, with all that stained wood and rose-pink lighting and heavy drapes and full cocktail cabinets and bearskin rugs and-sure enough-the door was opened by the host, naked, with a drink in his hand. He said, with wit characteristic of your Party Jokes page, "Come in and take your clothes off." There were two other men and two girls. The girls were blonde and long-legged and lovely. They had taken their clothes off already and you could see that they'd never had any children, which is one of the essential characteristics of your Playmate: No signs of actual use of the body have ever interposed themselves, not so much as a callus. I was with a really nice boy and we sort of obediently climbed out of our clothes, because we were supposed to be in favor of that kind of liberated behavior. It was so awful I can't tell you. There was one man too many all the time and he kept pattering about, peering at everybody else and trying to get in somewhere. When he put his hand on my bloke's behind, the poor boy completely lost his erection.

PLAYBOY: Where did you pick up these weird fantasics about PLAYBOY?

GREER: I know what a PLAYBOY pad looks like and I know what a Playmate looks like, too, so they're hardly fantasies. For one thing, your girls are so excessively young. What does this do to the man who looks at them? His wife's legs have been ruined by childbearing or her bum sags. Thanks to your youthful image of female sexuality, he's not expected to fuck his seamy old wife anymore. No one blames him for not doing it.

PLAYBOY: Surely you don't believe that any mature man confuses his wife or girlfriend with a Playmate—or with an attractive movie star, for that matter—or that his fantasies about any of these beautiful women impinge on his actual sex life. Don't you think it's true that most mature men know what they have

to offer on the sociosexual market—whether it be looks, position, intelligence, charm, wealth or any combination thereof—and that they know pretty much what they can expect in return? If a man is Mr. Perfection, he'll expect to make it with Miss Perfection. But if he's not, he probably won't, and his fantasies are likely to be harmless.

GREER: You've got to be crazy! Men don't know anything about their own value on the market, as you put it. If they do, then why are repulsive, scrawny, half-wit little men coming up to every woman on the street and whispering, "I'll bet you'd like a fuck"?

PLAYBOY: Maybe they're sick.

GREER: No, they're not-it's normal. You don't know about it, because you're a man and no one is going to do it to you. In any case, it's not just the centerfold I disapprove of. It's all the other images of women in PLAYBOY. Why, you even ran a shoe advertisement that showed an Indian squaw stroking some dude's damn shoes! And those Playboy parties are so awful. All those bleary faces and those haggard men and those pumpedup women in their see-through dresses, with everyone's nipples poking out and those fixed, glittering, maniacal smiles on all the girls' faces. And I don't like the Vargas cartoon. Or the Femlin on your Party Jokes page. Or the jokes themselves-not to mention the cartoons. They all give the illusion that 50-year-old men are entitled to fuck 15year-old girls-especially if they're given diamond bracelets-while 50-year-old women are too repulsive to be seen with. And I don't like the breast fetishism that I see in PLAYBOY. There's no connection between the breasts you show and satisfactory sexual activity. And you display your girls as if they were a commodity. Sex ought not to be that. It ought to be a means of communication between people. It's not something you can buy for whatever an issue of PLAYBOY costs.

PLAYBOY: At first you condemned the fact that our Playmates are young. Then you seemed to be arguing that their figures are too good. Now, when you bring up the commodity argument, you appear to be joining those critics who think we shouldn't publish nude pictures of any girls, young or old, beautiful or ugly.

GREER: I'm simply against showing girls as if they were pork chops. Why should women's bodies be this sort of physical fetish? Why can't their bodies just be an extension of their personalities, the way a man supposes his body is? No, I'm not against nudity, and I will pay dues to PLAYBOY when it runs a man in the gatefold. You can even keep the Playmate.

PLAYBOY: As a matter of fact, we do on occasion run pictures of nude men. As for putting them in featured spots such as the centerfold, ours is a men's magazine and we assume that our readers

aren't terribly interested in looking at nude males. Even if PLAYBOY were a general magazine with a large female circulation, we doubt that pictures of naked men would be a major attraction, since women don't generally turn on to graphic images of sex.

GREER: I know that as well as you do—that women are not voyeurs; but women are not the clients for prostitutes, either—male or female. And this disparity has to be understood. Women do not regard men as a commodity they may have if they pay for it—even to look at.

PLAYBOY: From what direction are you casting stones? As a contributing editor of an underground sex paper called *Suck*, you must have noticed that, among other things, it contains pictures of young children locked in sexual embrace, women copulating with machines, homosexuals penetrating each other while wearing Nazi uniforms and references to people being forced to eat and drink human waste. Do you find these images less offensive than the Playmate?

GREER: I don't approve of the sadomasochistic stuff that appears in Suck, and an editorial statement by me was run in a recent issue about that very thing. I said, essentially, that the editors don't approve of censorship, that it's our principal enemy. But that's why we carry things that make us sick. Because contemporary sexuality is sick, because people are twisted and impotent and incapable of straightforward sexual expression. Insofar as we're dedicated to writing a paper about sex actualities, this sort of thing is going to have to appear in it. But we don't endorse it, and we reserve the right to vomit. That's where it's at. The minute we start to apply censorship, we're just in the same bag as everybody else.

PLAYBOY: You may not endorse the pictures published in *Suck*, but except for an occasional disclaimer, the magazine doesn't condemn them either. Moreover, using judgment and taste about what you print in your own magazine is hardly tantamount to censorship. Censorship is what happens when you are told what you can and cannot publish.

GREER: No, it is not. One censors oneself all the time. Freud calls it self-censorship. You just censor out what you don't find acceptable. And none of us has got the Holy Ghost on his side. We don't own the truth about sexuality. We're just as confused as anybody else. And there is some virtue in finding out that you turn on to a Nazi uniform. You've got to discover at some point just what kind of shit you are.

PLAYBOY: But isn't that essentially what you criticize about us—that we perpetuate fantasy-ridden fetishes?

GREER: No, it's not the same, because anybody who's turned on by the pictures

in *Suck* is a bit strange; they're such terrible photographs.

PLAYBOY: We agree on that. Perhaps we can move on to some other areas of agreement if we conclude our conversation about PLAYBOY.

GREER: But it's important for me to talk about PLAYBOY, because I'm going to get shit for giving you an interview in the first place. It's got to be very clear with what kind of cynicism I do it.

PLAYBOY: Why did you grant the interview? Other feminists won't come this close even to insult us.

GREER: I'm not sure why I did, but basically I guess it's because you seem to be trying to go in a decent direction. Although I disapprove of the entire subliminal message in PLAYBOY, I suppose your editorial matter is more liberal than that of other large-circulation magazines. And I probably feel that some people will read this interview and drop some of their more ridiculous notions about the women's movement. I really think that the basis of every political movement is people. And you have to have some faith in people, even people like your readers who pay money to drool over pink Playmates. If you don't have confidence that these people will understand you when you say something clearly enough and will begin to see how your statements reflect on their own lives, then you've got no reason to be a revolutionary. I suppose I'm really being arrogant, thinking that what I'm about will come across, even if there should be a pinup interleaved thickly between every 500 words of discourse.

PLAYBOY: What *are* you about? Do you carry the banner for any particular feminist organization?

GREER: No, I don't belong to anything. My role is simply to preach to the unconverted. I'm the one who talks to PLAYBOY.

PLAYBOY: Given the job of public education you feel has to be done, why have the majority of feminists—unlike yourself—refused to talk not only with PLAYBOY but with almost any representative of the media?

GREER: Most women aren't as articulate nor as brazen as I am. If I get pissed on by the press, I can piss right back. I've been well educated and I can take care of myself. As you know, most members of the movement don't speak alone anywhere. They're always in a group, which they do to protect themselves. But it looks bad—something they don't understand—from the point of view of the media. It looks like a little gang of people bolstering each other's egos.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you violating the movement's rule against the cult of personality by allowing yourself to become such a popular public figure?

GREER: I'm against the cult of personality, too, but I think we have to use

whatever weapons we've got. And I've always been a personality. There's nothing new about that.

PLAYBOY: A great deal of your popularity is with men, which led an American feminist to tell us that you can't be all good if so many pigs like you. What's your response?

GREER: I don't give a fuck. Pigs may like honey, but that doesn't stop it from being sweet.

PLAYBOY: Apparently it's not only your sweetness that arouses the ire of your American sisters. There are still grumblings about your put-down of NOW—the National Organization of Women, when you were in the U.S. What prompted those remarks?

GREER: My feelings about the policies of NOW are no secret. I wrote about them in my book. But the grumblings you mentioned may have been the aftereffect of some comments I made at a NOW party on-where else?-Park Avenue. First, let me say that I'd never been to expensive, radical-chic parties to raise funds. I felt like I was in the fucking Kennedy clan. I expected everybody there to burst out in pearls and raw-silk suits, volunteering to give \$100-a-head parties to launch a Presidential campaign. And, sure enough, that's what they're going to do next: The women's movement is trying for 50 percent representation in the next Federal election!

But that's not what I talked about at the party. What I said was that all their interest in job opportunities for highly qualified women is basically counterproductive. What will happen is that providing jobs for these women will create a squeeze at the bottom. Those who suffer most will be workingmen who, under the present system, have enormous family responsibilities and who will be pushed out of work. That, unfortunately, will be the result of abolishing discrimination against females. You see, women are a reserve work force, and it's quite right for us to protest the fact that that's what we are. But if we simply fight for increased job opportunities without thinking of what it means in terms of the whole economic structure, then we're paving the way for a bloody confrontation between women and the poor. And we must have the poor on our side. In other words, for our own purposes, we must be part of the general pressure for revolution in a capitalist society. We can't just be yet another privileged group applying pressure for our personal interests. That just isn't good enough. But I'm sorry to say that this is pretty much what we're doing at the moment. Another thing that got me put down at that party was my statement that a very significant factor in the American women's movement is its predominantly middle-class makeup; there is too wide a breach between



NOW and poor women. There was an angry outcry and the women said, "No, no, we communicate with the poor." I replied, "Yes, I'm sure you do, but for it to work properly, those poor women have to be on an equal basis with middle-class women in the movement; they have to be officeholders, even though they've never put any money into it, because they haven't got any money."

PLAYBOY: Do you oppose the movement's efforts toward job equality until women establish better relations with the poor? GREER: I didn't say I oppose the jobopportunity program. I simply think the ultimate policy is shortsighted as long as the status quo remains. At the same time, the process is practical and the effort is educational. It's precisely in confronting the Department of Health, Education and Welfare that women learn how the Government works. In fact, all reformist political activities are consciousness-raising techniques that will teach women how to become politically adept. The changes they may or may not effect aren't really significant, because a middle-class, authoritarian government endorses its own power by getting more educated middle-class women into positions of prominence. You'll find governments all over what they call the free world-ha, ha-quite anxious to bring in legislation abolishing sexual discrimination. It doesn't cost them anything and it looks lovely on the books.

PLAYBOY: Then, in spite of your disagreement with the U.S. movement's tactics, you're optimistic about its prospects.

GREER: I certainly am. Women are not stupid, and once they begin to use their brains, they begin to see the connection between one idea and the next; so that even though they're pissing around with Presidential candidacies, they're smart enough to realize that this isn't going to achieve anything. They'll also find out just what standing for office in a democratic country means, which is that it doesn't matter how much money they have, they haven't got enough. It will cost them all they've got just to get beaten! I think this educational process is making the ideology of the movement more and more anarchist all the time.

PLAYBOY: Would you offer any advice that, if followed, might hasten the radicalization of the movement?

GREER: I don't advise people what to do. It's a waste of time. Anyhow, one of the worst results of women's oppression is their propensity for *taking* advice. They're figuring it all out for themselves and they're being radicalized one way or another, but it's a slow, difficult process to go from having been apolitical for your entire life to becoming a committed revolutionary.

PLAYBOY: Presumably, the difficulty is compounded by the fact that women live—as you've said—"in the house of

the enemy." We found that phrase a little surprising, because you appear to be holding men responsible for the problems women have, whereas many of your other statements tend to put the blame on society, without singling out either sex.

GREER: When I talk about the house of the enemy, I don't refer only to the husband. Women also live with their children, their families, the door-to-door salesmen, the daily newspapers with their drawings of fantasy women wearing fancy clothes and pictures of men making the news. That's what I mean about living in the house of the enemy. It's quite different with blacks. They live with their own people and they have their own way of talking. They panhandle you and me-it's "Yes, ma'am, no ma'am" and all that crap. But when they're at home, they speak a language you and I have never heard.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be repudiating the woman-as-nigger analogy, which is so widely employed by feminists and to which you yourself alluded when you discussed Cleaver's use of the word eunuchs to describe blacks.

GREER: The Cleaver comparison is more literary than real. In fact, I do reject the analogy, because our oppression is much more sinister than that of black people. At least they have a sense of unity. They have a sign by which they know one another. They also have a culture that they have developed, that is very powerful and has possibly even been strengthened by their oppression. There's no unity among women. They're the most disparate crowd, even though their situation is pretty much the same. It's difficult for them to become united, because, as I said, they live in the house of the enemy. Even if women go to a consciousness-raising group once a week, they still identify with another groupthe family-and that's much more strongly buttressed and much more cohesive than the group to which they belong politically. When you get down to culture, the entire analogy falls apart, because women have no culture of their own. Theirs is a pale reflection of masculine culture. It's mostly a parody.

PLAYBOY: Does this dependence of women on men account for the hatred you've said exists between the sexes?

GREER: I didn't say it that way. I said women have very little idea of how much men hate them.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the hostility mutual?

GREER: The real sort of sexual hostility is masculine. Women have lots of sexual hatred, but it emerges in petty and destructive behavior at a different level. They just have much less confidence in their way of expressing hatred, yet much less ability to control it, too. So it just keeps leaking out all the time, in destructive acts, petty acts of ego erosion

and belittlement. But it's nothing like masculine hostility. Let's face it, rape is a male crime.

PLAYBOY: We gather that you're not limiting rape, as the law generally does, to forcible intercourse.

GREER: Right. I think rape is any coercion of a woman for sexual purposes, If a man takes you out on a motorway and stops the car and says, "Now you can walk or fuck" and you fuck, then you've been raped. He wanted to use your hole and he did it—his way. He didn't care whether you wanted him. That's rape, even though it's not so classified by law.

PLAYBOY: Do you favor the tough penalties we now have for rape?

GREER: Absolutely not. I regard imprisonment as an inappropriate punishment for any crime you can name. It doesn't work. It doesn't deter, it doesn't cure, it doesn't rehabilitate, it does nothing. It costs a lot of money and it shows no returns whatever. In any case, the common attitude toward rape is absurd. First, it's a very frequently committed crime. Second, it's not a terribly serious crime, but it's irritating that a woman can get redress only with great difficulty. Third, when you consider how common rape is and how minor it is compared with, let's say, murder, it's ridiculous that the very few people who actually get caught sufier so desperately and for so long. And in the case of a poor man who belongs to a despised minority, he is likely to be charged with a capital crime; a privileged citizen finds it very easy to get the charge thrown out.

PLAYBOY: Do you think a woman who's been raped would have such compassion for her attacker?

GREER: I am a woman who has been raped. My men friends were more bitter than I was. Actually, from the woman's point of view, it's better to forget about the rape than to go through the necessary rigamarole to bring the rapist to justice. She actually has to have sperm in her hole to prove her case and she has to have corroborative testimony. But how many rapes are committed in the presence of witnesses? And there's no limit to the charges that the defense may bring in order to discredit a raped woman's testimony. She can be utterly vilified in court, as if she were the perpetrator of the crime.

PLAYBOY: What do you suggest in place of the present penal system regarding rape?

GREER: I'm interested in certain programs that provide for psychoanalysis of the rapist. Beyond that, all specific sexual legislation should be abolished.

PLAYBOY: Even laws designed to protect women from being raped?

GREER: Well, I don't know. A lot of women would disapprove of that, but some radical women's groups think that

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all sexual legislation should be abolished and that there ought to be a rationalization of the laws with regard to sexual assault.

PLAYBOY: Would you elaborate?

GREER: It's a matter of redefining the crimes. I mean, if someone sticks a broom handle up a woman's cunt, she has been sexually assaulted, but she hasn't been raped, according to some versions of the law. As far as I'm concerned, it's a good deal more offensive to have a broom handle up me than a cock. In other words, it should be possible to isolate the violence in a sexual assault and bring action against that.

PLAYBOY: If rape is a characteristic expression of male hostility, then abstention might be considered a female one. Accordingly, some segments of women's lib have expressed their anger toward men by avoiding any sexual contact with them -even to the extent, in some cases, of opting for Lesbianism. Do you approve? GREER: I do my best to understand and I start with the assumption that the institution of heterosex stinks. And either a person tries to change it from withinby playing the rules her own way-or she gets out of it altogether. She makes love in some completely different way to completely different people with completely different sets of claims on her. That, I think, is the rationale for much of the Lesbianism in the movement.

The fact is, of course, that homosexuality quite often follows a neurotic pattern. It's not automatically a spontaneous and generous love relationship just because it happens between people of the same gender. Sometimes it follows a sort of transferred heterosexual pattern, with one of the partners dominating and exploiting the other—although that's not as common among Lesbians as its detractors like to pretend. I think, in the end, Lesbianism will probably be the only way to persuade men that they've got to offer a different deal.

PLAYBOY: Is that a personal conviction?

GREER: Not in the sense that I practice it. The Lesbian way doesn't turn me on sexually, so, politically, it would be a major dishonesty for me to follow it. But I don't think it's something to sneer at, by any means. And one of the reasons men are frightened by this female separatism is that they have to be able to think that cock is important.

PLAYBOY: Most women seem to think it's important—including, presumably, you. In your book, you reject the notion of some feminists that penile insertion is irrelevant to sexual pleasure, pointing out that it's "nicer to have a clitoral orgasm with a full cunt than with an empty one."

GREER: Do you think a cock is the only thing I can put in my cunt? Do you think it's the biggest or the pleasantest or

the smoothest or the nicest thing I can put in my cunt? You do!

PLAYBOY: A thousand pardons. You have written, however, about the psychosexual satisfaction of making love with a man, so one presumes you'd rather have a cock with a man attached to it than a banana or something else big and pleasant and smooth and nice.

GREER: It's the psychosexual satisfaction of having another person that's important. All right, I will concede that in my case, I generally prefer that person to be a man. But what I'm trying to point out to you is that a man's cock is much more important to him than it is to a woman. A man whose cock is soft is not useless, but he thinks he is. He becomes desperate with images of his own uselessness because he has never got the message that a stiff cock is not all that necessary. Of course, if he could get that message, he'd have an erection anyway. There's so much foolish anxiety about erections and premature ejaculation and all the rest of it. You can use anything while making love. You can make love without even touching each other. It depends entirely on what the communication ratio is between you.

PLAYBOY: Do you think love is an important component in that ratio?

GREER: I've never understood anybody who could separate love and sex. And yet people do. I don't think most people necking in cars and swapping fraternity pins are in love at all. On the other hand, you can sometimes love a man better in a one-night stand, because you haven't got to the point where you actually want anything from him. You can't exploit him. All you can do is respond to him as simply and straightforwardly as possible, knowing he's going to be gone the next day. So it's all unconditional tenderness.

PLAYBOY: Do you love everybody you make it with?

GREER: If I don't, I don't make it. If a man does something shitty, something cruel or fascist or ignorant or whatever, then all his sex appeal falls away from him. He suddenly just doesn't have anything anymore.

PLAYBOY: It's been reported that you were assigned by *Ink*, an underground newspaper, to ball Norman Mailer. Was that motivated by love?

GREER: First of all, I don't do what newspapers ask me to do—even underground newspapers—unless I want to. Second, all the underground papers were rooting for me to fuck Norman Mailer and reveal to the world just what it is that endears him to no one.

PLAYBOY: Then your motivation was hos-

GREER: My motivation for what? If I had done it, it would have been out of affection for Norman, but that doesn't obviate the possibility of Norman's

blowing it. And I think Norman is probably a pretty bad fuck, just judging by the way he writes about it. Anyhow, there wasn't a chance. I didn't like him enough and I didn't dislike him enough; there wasn't enough excitement. It is possible to be perversely excited by someone. I don't mean that you fuck him for hatred, but you don't really approve of him. I suppose also I didn't really respect him enough. I respect an illiterate cabdriver better than a genius who's selling himself short, which is what Norman's doing. Just messing himself up. When I saw him, he seemed to be in a rather confused and embattled state of mind, and I just didn't feel like intruding on it. So I sort of withdrew. Maybe it'll happen ten years from now.

PLAYBOY: Do you fall in and out of love a lot?

GREER: I think I gave up falling in love when I was about 19. Since then, I've allowed myself to be misled into it again, and when that happens, I become absolutely abject, utterly unscrupulous, totally dishonest, and I can do nothing about it. From being an interesting and independent woman, I just become a complete pain.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever accused of promiscuity?

GREER: Sure, but so what? Promiscuity's an absolutely artificial concept and it's been developed as an expression of the prejudice against women's free sexual activity. I've yet to hear people registering anything like the same amount of disgust at male behavior. It's assumed, you see, that the man chooses his sexual object, whereas when a woman fucks a lot of people, it's because she's unable to say no. Well, insofar as this is the case, then it would be a problem. I suppose you could call it nymphomania. It certainly would be if there were some kind of compulsion involved. But insofar as a woman likes to fuck a lot and chooses relatively numerous partners, promiscuity's a meaningless idea.

Of course, I must add that women get promiscuized-to coin a word-by the way men behave. I mean a woman sometimes fucks without discrimination just to get out of a situation. She thinks, "Oh, my God, I really don't want to fuck this man, but if I sit here and argue for the next six hours, trying to talk this turd out of it. I'll be a rag tomorrow." So she says, "I want to go to bed, I'm tired. But if you're fucking going to insist, if you're going to keep me here all night, then I'll lie down on the floor with my-legs apart and think of something else and you can fuck me, you stupid swine. Then I'll be able to go to sleep." Men just don't seem to realize that if you don't want to fuck, you shouldn't; and if you think you might want to fuck a man one of these days, you don't fuck him tonight. But



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men think that by wearing a woman down, they're going to get what they want, and then they wonder why the sex is so bad.

PLAYBOY: The male's ability to turn on at a moment's notice—and at the slightest provocation—is one of those sexual differences that really seems to bother women. Do you think the slower female response is something women are born with, or is it simply retarded by social repression?

GREER: I think it's obvious that female response has been retarded. But if you want to talk about being bothered, there's nothing more bothersome than being a woman in a situation where a man believes he has to work to make you come. He's trying to make a good impression and he wants you to like him, so he tills your vineyard for hours on end. You might just as well be doing something else, because the real sexual excitement comes from a sense of urgency, not from the efforts of a guy who's trying to remember what some sex manual told him about turning women on. Sometimes, you know, a four-hour fuck can be a big drag and a five-minute fuck can be marvelous.

PLAYBOY: Some men are perhaps reluctant to let themselves ejaculate quickly because the sex-manual culture labels this premature.

GREER: Let it be premature, then. There are times when you can tell that the man is doing the multiplication tables to avoid coming. He might as well not be doing anything, because it's taken the meaning out of the whole bloody thing. So many guys apologize abjectly for coming too fast. But who says it was too fast? It may have been beautiful. Then there are the guys who go on and on and on and don't come at all. They've said the multiplication tables so often that they can no longer have an ejaculation, That's not my concept of ecstasy.

PLAYBOY: What is?

GREER: It's like being stoned. Your whole body is awake to love and beauty, as the kids would say. Everything speaks to you of the kind of rhythm of love and rebirth and life that's going on all the time. That's what ecstasy really is. It's the combination of what we call the erotic with what Freud called the oceanic impulse-a sort of identification with a huge, cosmic order of things. It doesn't happen when people go around twiddling knobs and trying to give you titillating sensations in the extremities of your body. All the sex in the manuals is localized genitality, and you just isolate it more and more when you play the push-button game. I think the sex manuals that teach marriage partners how to develop a kind of characteristic play, in order to satisfy each other with no sweat and strain, are absolutely counterrevolutionary and deeply arid.

PLAYBOY: We assume you're not against

sex advice itself, just bad sex advice, since you've done some writing on the subject yourself.

GREER: I wrote a piece for Suck about the advantages of the female-superior position, just pointing out some of its obvious advantages from the woman's point of view. Generally, she's lighter than the man and she has much more freedom of movement, much more control over her own muscular responses, if she's on top. Strangely enough, a lot of women don't like to do it, according to guys I've talked to. Well, they're really holding out on their own sexuality. And a lot of men don't like it because they think they're losing control of the situation. But it seems to me that the men who are really nice would want to know what it's like to be out of control. They like it to happen to the woman; they want her to groan and flutter her eyelids and all that. Well, it can happen to the man as well, and it's nice for both parties.

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer the female-superior position to all others?

GREER: No, it just strikes me that there should be reasonable variations. There are all sorts of positions that involve a great deal of mobility on the part of both partners. The missionary position is about the least interesting, because it's the least communicative. You don't even look at the person you're fucking in the missionary position. It can be a bloody bore

PLAYBOY: What other counsel do you have for men on how not to be boring lovers?

GREER: To tell you the truth, I think every man should be fucked up the arse as a prelude to fucking women, so that he'll know what it's like to be the receiver. Otherwise, he'll forever go about thinking that he's doling out joy unlimited to every woman he fucks.

PLAYBOY: Thank you for the suggestion. Let's change subjects.

GREER: You of hetero, you.

PLAYBOY: The fact that such things as we've been talking about can be discussed in a national publication combined with reported changes in various kinds of sexual behavior, is considered an indication of an ongoing sexual revolution. Do you agree that we're in the midst of such a revolution?

GREER: No, just call it a fashion.

PLAYBOY: Will things change back to the way they were?

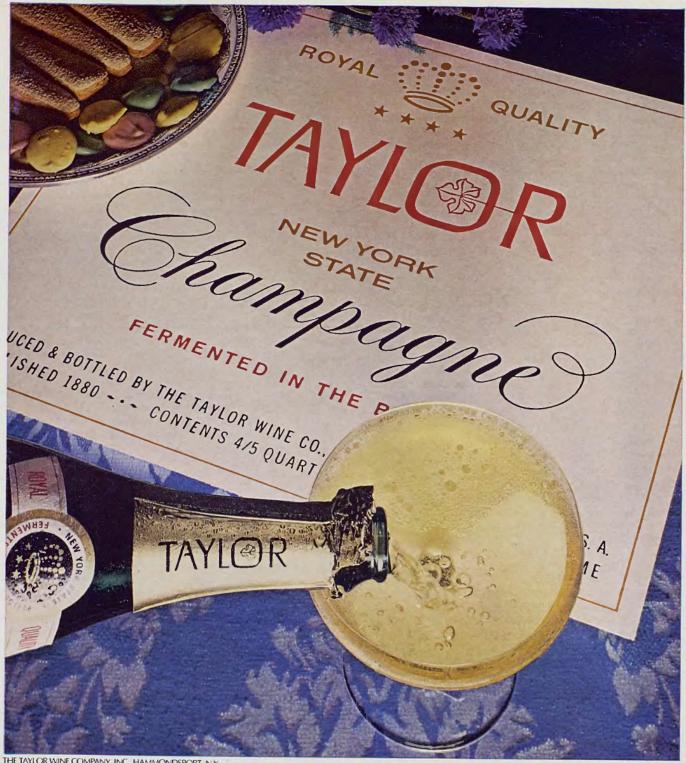
GREER: It depends. If it's tits you're not allowed to show this year, it's ankles you're not allowed to show the next. It's like skirt lengths. Modesty is a curious anthropological phenomenon, because it relates to parts of the body that achieve their significance only by being covered. And I think sexuality is pretty much like that. Permissiveness, as far as I'm concerned, doesn't really exist. It didn't

really happen. It's generally agreed there's nothing much wrong with fucking, at least in theory. But it hasn't been agreed that there are a lot of things right with it, that it's something people really ought to be doing. Even though 16-year-old girls have been given the key to the door, they haven't actually been told to bring their blokes home to bed. It's now permissible to do a lot of talking about it and see a lot of pictures about it. It's permissible to have a great many sexual fantasies, but we still haven't endowed sexual activity with positive value. PLAYBOY: Does there have to be a sexual revolution in order for there to be a female revolution?

GREER: Absolutely. We just won't have one without the other. There will be no wholesale acceptance of women on an equal basis until sexual activity has escaped its neurotic concomitants, until the sort of ambivalence men feel about their own sexual activity has been resolved, so that they don't consider what they fuck degraded. As long as we're at odds with our bodies, as long as excreta is regarded as filthy and semen as unpleasant and cunt as having a nasty smell, and so on, men will be at odds with women, because society in its imagery has made the woman fundamentally a body.

PLAYBOY: In this regard, you've been quoted as saying you were going to campaign against the companies that market vaginal deodorants. Any success?

GREER: I wouldn't call it a campaign, but there has been a spontaneous reaction against those awful commodities. I'll tell you why. In the first place, vaginal odor isn't really a problem. I don't see people lying around overcome by vaginal fumes. And I don't think deodorants would be the way to cope with such a prob-Iem if it existed, If a woman doesn't pay the proper attention to her sexual apparatus and she thinks she's going to make everything "nice" by squirting herself with a chemical suspended in an aerosol solution, she's wrong. It doesn't mask the smell at all, any more than going into a smelly room and squirting aerosol masks the smell. It just makes it more oppressive than ever. So, if a woman has a vaginal odor, she has it because there are certain excretions in the vagina that cause it. It would be simpler to wash once or twice a day. But the main point is this: Vaginal deodorants are sold as an adjunct to fucking, with the implication that you don't sleep with your Teddy bear anymore, you're a big girl and you fuck now, so you're going to need a vaginal deodorant. The fact of the matter is, however, that if you use a vaginal deodorant before you fuck, you'll get undue irritation-which, as you perhaps can imagine, must really be an all-fire cunt. So the manufacturers have backed off



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a bit and admitted, well, perhaps you shouldn't use it just before intercourse. When should you use it, then? Certainly not before you go to the office, because nobody's been lurking around, saying, "God, that girl's cunt smells terrible." It's all bullshit. The whole thing is a way of making women buy yet another commodity, and it's connected with self-doubt and low self-esteem.

PLAYBOY: You seemed to express some of that self-doubt—or at least squeamishness—yourself when you commented in your book that you still feel certain inhibitions about getting head. Why?

GREER: Some of it does arise from a feeling that my cunt can't possibly be all that pleasant. I could pretend not to have the fear, but most women have it, so it's just as well to recognize it. Men have been taught to glorify their sexual apparatus and we've been taught to despise ours, to pretend it's not there. But that's not the only hang-up about getting head. I mean, there's a kind of man who dives down there because he thinks it's the thing to do, even though you hardly know him. You're sort of miles away and you don't even see him and there he is, ferreting around down there. And then there's always the suspicion that many a man isn't really into it and he's doing it because he thinks he's supposed to. Well, that's just a drag, because I'm really not that difficult and nobody has to go to all that trouble-I mean unless the guy really digs it. And there are such guys. Some lucky girls might even be married to them.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you said that girls who are married aren't very lucky? In fact, you've been quoted as advocating that women leave their husbands.

GREER: I've been misquoted. What I've said is that if a woman feels she cannot live with her husband anymore, then her children ought not to constitute a reason for staying with him. Her misery will only be the misery of the children, because they pick it up loud and clear.

PLAYBOY: Even if you haven't advocated mass walkouts, you've certainly put down the institution of marriage. For what reasons?

GREER: The word institution has something to do with it. The moment you institutionalize a relationship, you completely change its character. Instead of being involved in a situation where you're always relating to each other as warmly and spontaneously as possible, you begin to assume that you're being held together by something external, and you might as well start taking things for granted. Consequently, you lose the delicacy of response to each other's requirements. You don't have to worry. Everything's taken care of.

All that's made even worse by the existence of a contract, an instrument

that, I assure you, would not hold up in a court of law for any agreement except marriage. What you do when you sign this contract is write yourself into a great body of law about which you know nothing until something goes wrong. The law involves things like property held in common, property held separately, the entitlement of a wife to a portion of her husband's earnings, the entitlement of a wife to spend a proportion of what she gets for housekeeping on something else, etc. And none of that is in the contract. You know nothing about it until you go to court, and then you get told, for example, that you're not entitled to anything if you don't keep house according to your husband's satisfaction, depending on where you are and what kind of attitude the judge takes. It's all secrecy and bullshit and confusion. And it's to the disadvantage of the woman, mainly because she has so much less opportunity for independent income.

PLAYBOY: The disadvantages of marriage notwithstanding, wouldn't you agree that it's the best system so far devised for raising children?

GREER: On the contrary, it's the worst possible system. I'm passionately opposed to the nuclear family, with its mom and dad and their 2.4 children. I think it's the most neurotic life style ever developed. There's just no space between the mother and the children. And the husband, on the other hand, is an extraneous element in the household who usually just exacerbates the tension that already exists between the mother and the children. The nuclear family's just too small, too introspective and incestuous a unit. But our socioeconomic situation makes it necessary, because it requires a family that's mobile, that can be uprooted at will. And this means that the relationship of the nuclear family to its community becomes extremely superficial. Consequently, there is no way for the kids to ever learn social responsibility.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps, but the family itself becomes extremely close-knit. Do you consider that a disadvantage?

GREER: Unquestionably. What really develops is an extraordinary relationship of tyranny by the child over the mother. She is ever at his disposal and this is the sine qua non for the development of the kind of person we call normal—which is possessive, security-seeking, and so on.

PLAYBOY: Would a child raised in an orphanage—to take an extreme case in the other direction—have it any better? GREER: No, because there you've got, say, 20 children turning on to one woman, one who's obliged to be just and to apportion her relationship to them according to some kind of equity. Moreover, she doesn't have the parental sanction of physical proximity. She's like a schoolteacher who's not allowed to

touch the kids; that's regarded as corruption. So the kids never learn tenderness or physical caress or the language of love. They remain difficult of access as people. But it's not because they're being looked after by someone other than their blood mother; it's because they've got only a 40th of any person at all, when, in fact, each of them should have three or four or five or six or seven people with whom to identify and from whom to choose a role. I don't mean a mother and a father, necessarily. My idea of the perfect orphanage would be one in which 20 children had 50 parents, so that no one was ever left sobbing his heart out in a cupboard because there was no one to hear what was worrying him. On the other hand, as I said, it's equally wrong that a child should have an adult completely at his own disposal.

Another thing I hate about the nuclear family is the crowding that goes with it. Consider what it's like when you've got 50 apartments-50 little boxes-one on top of the other, in a housing project, with everybody riding up and down in the lift, encapsulated like monkeys going to the moon. Everyone walks into his tiny house, cooks the same meal, duplicates the same labor. It's really uneconomical and isn't working very well. The sad thing is that people don't like each other well enough to live any other way. But that's both a cause and an effect of the nuclear family. It's antisocial; it protects itself against invasion. PLAYBOY: What alternatives would you

GREER: I think we ought to try to enlarge our households somehow. It might be through group marriage, though not necessarily. Preferably, it should be through some sort of group cohabitation. That way, you'd live with your friends and there would be people around who were not concerned in the sexual battle and who could referee when things got bad and when the children were exhausted and bullied by the tension.

PLAYBOY: Have you lived in a commune? GREER: No. But I think they are the shape of the future, even though they have enormous problems. It's such an unlikely and extraordinary event for a commune to survive in the present social and political setup that one can only regard it as testimony to the greatness of the human spirit. Nothing is in its favor, absolutely nothing-the attitude of neighbors, the attitude of the law and even the difficulties the people inside the commune have with one another. My kind of commune would be with very old and tried friends. People shouldn't join together just for the purpose of cohabiting; it gets a bit too compulsive, like being in a barracks.

PLAYBOY: You envision in The Female Eunuch a household setup similar to



Today, a man needs a good reason to walk a mile.



what you just described. A review of your book, by Naomi Lowinsky in the magazine Organ, had this to say about your vision: "My critique of Germaine is a loving one. She has had no children, so it is understandable that all she can offer is a pretty utopian plan for a country nursery, with parents free to come and go. A lovely conceit but little comfort for those of us who are trying to be free and joyous for ourselves and for our children who exist with us now in the cities, amidst money hassles and no free child care." Did you intend for your communal dream to be taken seriously by mothers?

GREER: Well, first of all, the whole point about having children is that there is no need for them. The world is in no great need of my child. Some people might say, "Well, a woman with your I.Q. should have a baby, because it will be genetically advantageous." I happen to think that's crap. And I hope that when we find out more about genetics, it will be so seen, because I don't think there's all that much inherent difference between one human being and the next, There is no need for me to bring yet another neurotic, unhappy little child into the world, who is likely to have to go and fight some crummy war like the one in Vietnam. Until we've stopped that sort of thing, we have no right to procreate. For women who already have children, I realize there's a problem, which I have never set out to solve with my communal vision. I said it was a dream. It's a kind of erotic thing to have a baby and I would quite like to

But, you know, contrary to a great deal of popular belief, having an abortion is not the serious and responsible thing having a baby is. Yet these broody women keep having babies all the time. And then they say, "What do we do now? We have no free day-care centers." As long as there are no free day-care centers, it's just as well not to behave as if they were there-for the children's sake, at least.

PLAYBOY: Are you in favor of an accelerated day-care program financed by the Government?

GREER: I have a number of feelings about that. First, in what we call democracy, which is hardly democracy in any real sense at all, the government expects to control whatever it finances. And if you don't want the control, you have got to say no to the money. Now, I'm already opposed to the amount of unlimited influence the state has on our children, just as I'm opposed to the way in which education is being reduced to a sort of monolithic structure, inculcating a universal quasi-literacy. And I don't approve of giving the state an additional opportunity to fill our children's heads with

notions of authority and faith, and so

Nevertheless, it's obvious that some form of day care is necessary. But I think the difference is the difference between cooperative activity and bureaucratic activity. Given the state structure as we know it, we will get bureaucratic day care, which is full of laws and regulations; and if your child happens to throw sand at another child, he will be sent home, declared antisocial and made to feel a complete misfit. He'll end up a raging idiot by the time he's eight. On the other hand, if women are allowed the right to cooperate and to set up day-care centers that they run themselves, under their own auspices, with their own notions of hygiene, and so forth, then this would be much better. What I would really like to see is the distinction between school and home obliterated.

PLAYBOY: American feminists have been clamoring for day-care centers so that mothers can be released for work. Doesn't the cooperative system, by requiring part-time participation of each mother, effectively prevent that?

GREER: Working in the day-care center is itself employment. It is not intended that the center be as barren of adults as the orphanage we just talked about. However, the women's movement seems to assume that the labor market is expanding, that there are more and more jobs. But, as I already said, there simply is no room for a sudden influx of women workers.

PLAYBOY: You've expressed a rather grim view of marriage and the family. Is it possible that your own unhappy experiences with both might have prejudiced

GREER: No, I think my family is pretty normal. My parents didn't get on very well. but I don't know very many parents whose relationships are a source of inspiration and enlightenment. That's mainly because of the bullshit; you know, they tell you how to behave and they behave totally without dignity or respect for each other. But my views of marriage and the family are either right or wrong. I obviously cannot put them down by saying they're a subjective reaction to the way I grew up. I'm not so dumb that I can't think beyond a particular personal situation into a general one. Like many other wartime marriages, my parents' marriage had a lot of things against it-so many that it would really be irresponsible of me to make a rule out of it.

When my father returned from the war in 1944, my mother and I went to meet him, and I remember her going up and down the platform unable to find him-that is, to recognize him-because, as it turned out, my father had aged so. He'd been in Malta all during its siege,

and the famine had caused his gums to shrink and his upper teeth to fall out. He was obviously heartbroken. The war had really disgusted him. I don't think he ever recovered. He's been on sedation ever since. Well, he just withdrew from us, withdrew, withdrew. All he wanted was a quiet life. He spoke quite often of his death as well. Well, you simply can't leave a returned serviceman, even though he is a total stranger to you. At the same time, I don't imagine my father had the guts to leave us. So it wasn't easy. But my mother had problems long before my father volunteered for the service, because very soon after they'd been married, they found they couldn't get on. They might have made a go of it, though, if it hadn't been for the war. PLAYBOY: You've been married yourself.

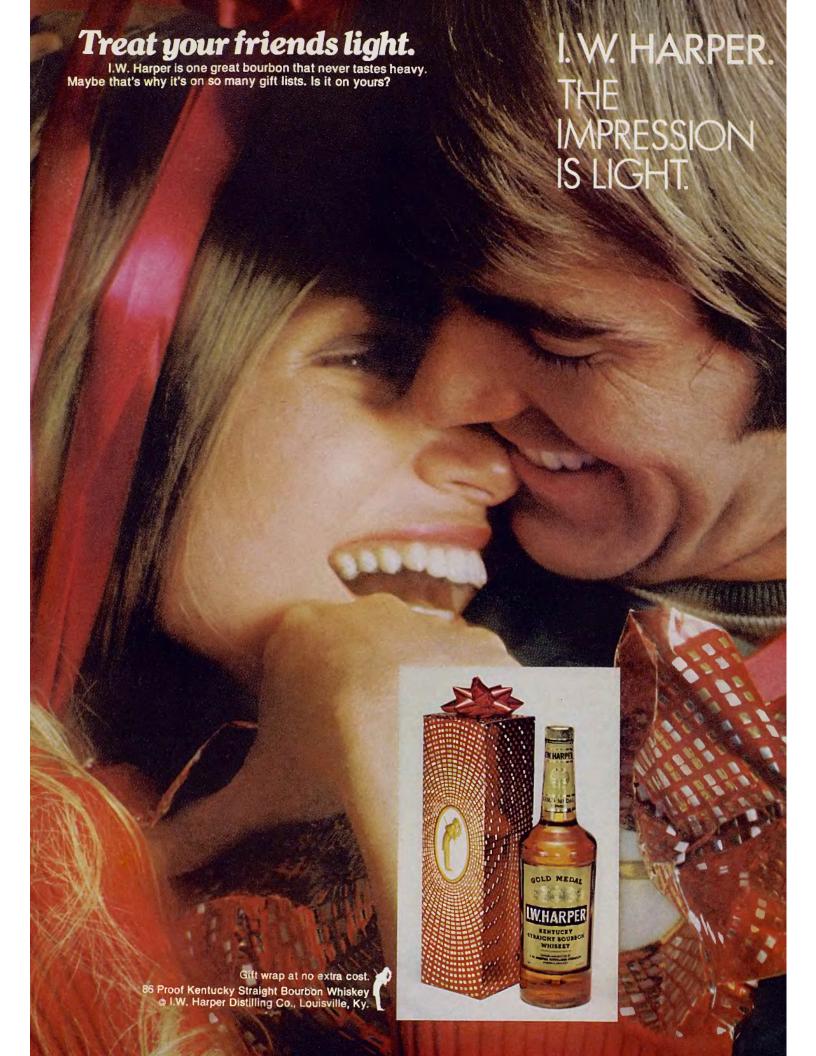
How did that relationship fare?

GREER: I got married about three years ago to a man who I thought knew what he was doing, on account of it was his second time. You know, experience and all that. Actually, it turns out experience is the worst teacher. I was immensely flattered that he asked me to marry him. I kept thinking, "How extraordinary-this man has decided he wants me around for the rest of his life!" It has never occurred to me that marriage is anything but permanent. I don't understand the now-you-see-me, now-vou-don't style of marriage. But it shou'dn't involve vou in eye-to-eye confrontation all the time. I mean, you can be married and be on opposite sides of the earth, but you're still married. You can have lovers, but you're still married. It's a bit like having siblings; you can't lose a brother or a sister. They are always there.

Well, I got it completely wrong. Before we were married, he agreed I could go on working at the university. But once the papers were signed, it was, "Now you're just going to knuckle down, don't give me anymore of that jazz. Now you're going to be a wife." So after three weekends-we didn't even live together all the time-I said, "I'm off. Let's have no drama, because I'm not in love with you or anything unhappy like that, and let's have no weeping or sobbing or gnashing of teeth. It was just a mistake and I'm sorry. What did you pay for the license?" But the funny thing is that I still consider myself married to him.

PLAYBOY: You were never divorced?

GREER: Well, he asked me for a divorce just before I went to America to promote my book. But he insisted on paying for it; and as long as he comes on with those masculine gestures, I'll resist him. We even thought at one stage of asking for an annulment on the grounds of nonconsummation. But I thought the judge would take one look at me and one look at him and start laughing. He's



such a big, sexy guy—very handsome, very dishy. He's capable of busting his shirt straight down the back just by scratching his nose.

PLAYBOY: If you found a guy, now or in the future, who could give you the kind of marriage you originally thought you would have had the first time, would you get married again?

GREER: Nah. I'll stick with the one I've got, though I don't know where he is or

even what country he's in.

PLAYBOY: Some American husbands and wives, also disenchanted by one-to-one matrimony, claim that mate swapping provides an escape valve. Do you think

there's anything to that?

GREER: All I know about wife swapping is what I read in books. I think it's really like permitted incest. In a community where there's enforced togetherness, where the corporations buy up the land and sell it back to their executives, where everyone's under tacit supervision, where your wife's been looked over and the kids have been looked over and you've taken your little psychometric test that tells the boss whether you'd rather be a cook or a forester, so he can really determine whether you're an extrovert or an introvert-well, in this kind of community, by the time you've been processed by the American machine, you're a white rat. And all your mates are pretty much the same. So wife swapping is a bit like the shared sin of drunkenness. What I mean by that is, in America, drunkenness is a sort of social imperative, which means that no one can squeal on anyone else, because everyone gets sloshed, and you all enjoy a special sort of anarchic behavior that your superiors are prepared to overlook. So, wife swapping is like a form of incest in which nobody's more guilty than anybody else. You make sure that everybody's got the same; no one can say that the other sinned. I think it's probably awful.

PLAYBOY: Swapping sometimes manifests itself in group sex—which you mentioned approvingly before. Do you think it might have any value in that form?

GREER: No. It only amounts to husbands' and wives' gingering up a fairly lifeless sexual relationship by incorporating tits of a different shape and a few new cocks and stuff like that. I think it also probably relates to a kind of sexual uniformity. Undoubtedly, they all do the same things to one another. Group scenes are fine, but there's no reason they should be composed of husbands and wives.

PLAYBOY: What about total strangers?

GREER: That's the other extreme and it's equally unnecessary. I'm not interested in what happens to people who advertise in the papers for personnel for an orgy. I mean they're crazy.

PLAYBOY: Would you be uptight about walking into an orgy with people you didn't know?

GREER: Yes. I'm bored to tears watching people I don't know fuck. The thing about really successful group sex is that all the people in the group have to desire one another and have to really feel tender and involved with one another. That's a very rare situation.

PLAYBOY: It might be possible, in fact, only in the kind of group-cohabitation setup you mentioned a while ago. Wouldn't devoting so much of one's life to a group, by the way, tend to vitiate individuality just as the American nuclear family and corporate setups do?

GREER: In a way, yes. In any cooperative venture, there must be a surrender of some individualism, although it's not like the uniform mentality I was putting down vis-à-vis wife swapping.

PLAYBOY: But how can you reconcile your own highly developed individualism with a desire to be part of a group?

GREER: We've all paid a very high price for individualism, and the fact is I don't really value mine at all.

PLAYBOY: Yet your whole life seems to

belie what you're saying.

GREER: That's my problem. I'm an individualist, but I'm not proud of my individualism. I should add, however, that in a truly cooperative group, where everyone contributes what he has to contribute, there isn't such a great loss of individuality as you might imagine. It depends on your concepts of human interrelationships. If they relate to property-in other words, to people owning other people, and so forth-then you really can't see what cooperation is. Cooperation is working together in a way that brings out the best in all, which is why I believe that clever students do not lose by helping slow ones. When I was at school. I could have helped other people do well and still have done well myself. The competitive impulse is what prevented me from doing that, apart from school discipline. You see, it's individualism that leads you to suppose that the knowledge you've discovered belongs to you. That's mad, because facts are not the property of anybody.

It's the difference between anarchism and fascism. In a fascist group, for example, uniformity is imposed by the dogma of the group, not necessarily by the leader, since the group, to all appearances, may be collective. "Everyone will wear black, everyone will march this way and be beautifully uniformed and everyone will admire us for our precision marching and will blow up the electric power station on the 24th of March because everybody who's on our side is blowing up electric power sta-tions on that day." In a cooperative group under anarchism, on the other hand, no activity would be undertaken without the unanimous agreement of the group, which has been invited to consider the alternatives.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't the requirement of unanimity immobilize the group?

GREER: It slows it down, more often. That's why anarchists have always been defeated by fascists. Fascism makes for a more efficient military organization.

PLAYBOY: Are you in favor of political as well as interpersonal anarchy?

GREER: I favor a communist form of state structure.

PLAYBOY: How do you reconcile your belief in self-government with your belief in a form of government that is presently as authoritarian as fascism?

GREER: If you're referring to Russia, it's not a communist state. A true communist system is one in which the vital means of production are in the possession of the people, so that profits from the industry go to those who work in it, not to those who own it. That's certainly not true of Russia, where the state owns industry and the profits go to the state. It's a little truer of China, I think, but I'm not sure how much. True communism is, of course, anarchic. It involves the direct participation of workers in their own fate, instead of their doing as they're told.

PLAYBOY: What's been the experience with female equality in Communist countries? GREER: It's bad. The sexual revolution was betrayed in Russia. Women fought to liberate Cuba, and as soon as the battle was over, Castro told them to put their guns down like good girls and go back to looking after the children, even though the children seem to have got on all right during the liberation. In China, women are better off than they were before; both sexes dress the same in a sort of unisex regime. And Mao doesn't go around giving prizes for motherhood, as they did in post-Stalinist Russia.

PLAYBOY: Do you envision the transformation of our present society into an anarchocommunist system without violence?

GREER: Yes, but it isn't going to happen very quickly. It's a terribly long process and we haven't even got very far with an analysis of what must change and how. One thing is certain: Society cannot remain the same, because nothing does. Seeing that change is a foregone conclusion, what we've got to do is try to influence the changes that will come about, so that they're useful.

PLAYBOY: What role will women play in this process?

GREER: I don't know; but the important thing is that it won't be accomplished without women. If anything happens without the women, it will just be yet another postponement, yet another sort of authoritarianism and injustice under which we will groan.

PLAYBOY: What would happen if women themselves were to take over the leadership of the world? You seem to say in



your book that this would lead to less competitiveness and less aggression. Is that correct?

GREER: Yes.

PLAYBOY: But isn't that conclusion based on the assumption that softness is an inherent female quality? Isn't it more reasonable to assume that if women took over, they'd become just as competitive and aggressive as men?

GREER: If women took over in a male context, of course they would become like men. Indeed, they generally have to outdo men at their own game in order to be accepted at all. But my assumption is that symmetrically, with our contouring of the female into a submissive and helpless and fairly useless being, there's been a contouring of man into something aggressive and destructive and conquistadory. So if women were to take over, they would unbalance this polarity. If aggressiveness didn't pay off for men, they'd stop being aggressive, and aggressiveness pays off for men only as long as it aids them in their relationship with passive, masochistic females. I would hope that the reintegration of the sexes meant that we weren't very good at going to the moon anymore, but we'd become bloody good at looking after people dying of cholera and things like that.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that most of the different qualities men and women have are conditioned rather than inborn?

GREER: I think they're substantially conditioned, but I can't really say. We just don't know what the genuine innate sexual differences are, because we've obscured them by cultural sexual differences. There may, indeed, be some biological disparities, but I don't know that they're very pronounced. I mean, do you think you'd be better off being attacked by a lion than a lioness? Or vice versa? In any case, what small differences may exist don't justify the great degree of sexual discrimination we see in our ordinary lives.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to see men and women play pretty much the same roles in society?

GREER: One of the troubles with the world as it exists now is that the number of differences has been decreased. Uniformity is the desideratum. What one would hope for is a world in which there were myriad differences. But these would be individual differences rather than deep differences between groups that are pacing out the same kinds of steps according to their sex or class. People would be genuinely developing different psychic possibilities and living in endlessly variable ways. The whole point about abolishing the sexual polarity is not to make the world less interesting but to make it more interesting. I'm sure you've noticed here in Italy the kind of behavior you can expect from the average boy. It's so predictable. It's excruciatingly boring and an absolutely off-turning mechanism. I can practically chant to them what their next gamut is going to be. That's the price of sexual polarity. They can act only in one way. Their parts have been written for them by history. What we're trying to do is free human inventiveness to a new kind of interplay between the sexes where the rules have not been written by some humorless priest.

PLAYBOY: Even if there weren't unalterable rules for the sexes in your world, would there at least be flexible guidelines?

GREER: What for? Without guidelines, I could pursue you. I could climb in your bedroom window in the middle of the night. How do you know you wouldn't like it?

PLAYBOY: If a woman answers, climb down.
GREER: Why?

PLAYBOY: The point is that we've had centuries of experience with men behaving one way, women another. Even if it's undesirable, how is all this going to be deconditioned?

GREER: We're not going to eliminate sex roles by fiat. It's going to be a very gradual process and it's going to be connected with socioeconomic processes that destroy the functions of the sex roles. PLAYBOY: Once the roles have merged, don't you think there might be a reduction in sexual turn-on?

GREER: I imagine-at least I hope-that if it happens the right way, there will be a bigger sexual turn-on. In a bureaucratic state, where sex roles are formally abolished by a ruling minority, there wou'd be a turnoff, because the people wouldn't know how to cope with it. Women are suddenly allowed to be cosmonauts and lift drivers and manual laborers and all the rest of it. But that represents a new kind of oppression, because the women themselves have never yearned for it nor expected it and they don't find any new way of expressing themselves in it. In short, it's another case of still obeying the rules.

The authoritarian personality is always sexually confused and the sexually liberated person, I think, is anti-authoritarian. So unless we develop some kind of cooperative life style, and not a bureaucratic one in which we're to'd we have to fill out forms every time we want to crack a fart, unless we make sure that we create real freedom, then the abolition of sex roles will certainly be a turnoff. From what I gather, that's what's been happening in Sweden. It's otherwise hard to explain why so many Swedish girls come to Italy for summer sex. I think it's because women have become competitive with men without any corresponding increase in real freedom. They've been emancipated by law, which is a contradiction in terms.

PLAYBOY: What about the failure of fe-

male equality in other supposedly liberated cultures and subcultures—such as, for example, the rock culture, with its groupies and its male elitism among musicians?

GREER: Rock 'n' roll—at least in England—is more or less working class and is generally characterized by working-class sexual mores. The people in it are very sentimental, they're very into monogamy and they treat their casual sex partners very badly. But then, you know, their casual sex partners are very often pretty contemptible. These girls are very much into celebrity fucking, apart from being somewhat stupid and greedy. It's very desolating to be fucking some chick and realize she's thinking, "Wait till I tell my girlfriends this is a superstar's sperm. You want to smell it?"

The women's movement has got uptight about the bad things in rock 'n' roll, but it's useless to try to alter behavior—or censor the art form itself. A lot of rock-'n'-roll music puts down women; but this will change only when the women change. What surprises me is that there's any other kind of rock-'n'-roll music about women. And there's plenty. There are songs like "I just want to hold ya, I don't wanna hold you down." PLAYBOY: In a Life story about you, you were quoted as saying that you spent 14 years as a groupic. Is that true?

GREER: Not really. I have been involved with musicians since I was 18, but to think of me as a groupie in the popular sense of the word is typical of people's inability to understand distinctions or subtleties. I mean, they think that groupies are little girls who hang around the stage door and scream. And then climb in transoms and ventilators and have ten minutes in a toilet with a musician. Well, that's not what groupies are.

PLAYBOY: What do you think they are? GREER: The real groupies are women who simply associate with the musicians. They happen to be very free sexually and are quite capable of putting up with the lonely and peripatetic lives of musicians without making permanent claims. Many of them come to the pop concerts as the band's guests. They know all the gossip and all the other musicians. They dig the scene in spite of the fact that pop musicians are very often not great fuckers, and there are tons of reasons why they shouldn't be. Apart from being bewildered and lonely, the musicians very often have a bad drug habit of some sort. A lot of the women are older than the musicians. But it got all screwed up because the popular press grabbed the idea and ran bullshit about it. You know the type of story I mean: "I was knocked up by a musician and had an abortion in the back of a Rolls-Royce and no girl should be degraded the way I was." Groupies are not degraded by their



sexual behavior any more than Greek courtesans were. Some of them fuck everybody. Some of them don't fuck at all. Some of them fuck people all at once and others fuck people one by one. Still others refuse to fuck anybody and just give head.

PLAYBOY: None of this helps us understand why you call yourself a groupie, in

any sense of the word.

GREER: Well, I get very impatient with musicians who treat groupies badly. That's one reason I let them call me a groupie, because they're always saying what a different sort of woman I am and how people have to respect me and everything. And I say, "Well, fuck you, Charley, if you're prepared to ball them, you should respect them. Don't screw them up and then put them down." I really can't stand it when some tuppennyha'penny pop star, whose music isn't worth a pinch of shit, says something snotty to the music papers about the female flotsam and jetsam that he's been involved with.

PLAYBOY: A while ago, you mentioned drug problems among the musicians. What drugs were you alluding to?

GREER: Among others, the amphetamines and heroin. But, of course, the problems aren't peculiar to musicians. I mean, America is a chemical civilization. If you want to be happy, you're supposed to take something. You know, people are primed for heroin. They're made vulnerable to it by this whole notion of chemical happiness that is promulgated everywhere. And now that the authorities are trying to start a campaign to turn people off heroin, they're powerless to reverse the mechanism. So all the big posters of people mainlining that are put in the subway in New York and that are designed to propagandize against drug use are just a turn-on.

PLAYBOY: A kind of chemical pornography? GREER: Exactly. And heroin is the perfect commodity. Because once you've persuaded your customer to buy it the first time, you're sure of increasing sales the rest of his natural life. It won't even kill him if he's careful. Needless to say, I'm opposed to amphetamines, barbiturates and heroin. But I'm opposed to the notion of chemical happiness in any form. I'm also opposed to codeine and aspirin.

PLAYBOY: What about LSD?

GREER: I don't disapprove of LSD when used in a certain way. But I do have a few students who use too much of it, and the results are really a bit scary.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about pot? GREER: I think it's pretty good. It's a relaxing sort of drug. It helps people cool out a bit and see what the connections are between things they were too uptight to see before. It's produced a new kind of mind, I think. People are much more introspective than formerly. In an uncritical sort of way, they're actually observing patterns of behavior

without a desire to classify them with all the old household psychology terms. I think if marijuana could replace cigarettes and liquor, we'd be doing everybody a service.

PLAYBOY: Contrary to what you're saying now, haven't you gone on record against the legalization of pot?

GREER: Yes, but my position doesn't contradict what I just said. I've pointed out that, at the present time, marijuana is the people's traffic. When it's legalized, it will be taken away from the people and a situation will develop in which its production and marketing are controlled by the same firms that now sell cigarettes. I've even heard that names like Acapulco Gold and Panama Red have been copyrighted by the cigarette firms and that they've already designed the marketing for marijuana and they're just waiting for the signal to go. And, of course, governments will tax it to death. It'll be as degraded as tobacco is in cigarettes, so that the marijuana just won't be the same thing. Now we smoke fresh marijuana or hashish and we know how to distinguish good from bad. So I say to the kids, "Do you really want to pay even more than you pay now? And do you want to know that smoking marijuana is financing nuclear armaments and wars in Vietnam and all that crap?"

PLAYBOY: But don't you agree that whatever disadvantages legalization may introduce, it would at least eliminate jail sentences for users?

GREER: I don't want them to legalize marijuana, I just want them to ignore it. I mean, they didn't outlaw boiled eggs and then legalize them, did they? They just let you eat them. You know, it's like this silly society to talk about legalizing things that we all simply ought to be able to take for granted. Abortion's another example.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any particular thoughts about abortion, beyond being against the laws restricting it?

GREER: The question of abortion is very complicated. When it comes to late-term abortions, I don't really think they're any great shakes. They're bad for the women and they're bad for the nurses or midwives who have to take out the child who's almost viable and put it in a rubbish tin. On the other hand, very few women voluntarily have a late-term abortion. They would like an early-term abortion, but they just don't get it. They get grilled and examined and pushed around and bullied and confused for so long that they're six months gone before a decision is made. Certainly, I think birth control is preferable to abortion just from a personal point of

PLAYBOY: But you wouldn't have any objections to an abortion pill, if such a safe and effective chemical could be developed, would you?

GREER: Not at all. In fact, I'm very interested in work being done in America and in Africa on prostaglandins. Something like this drug will one day be used to remove a fertilized egg before it's properly implanted in the vagina. Instead of dosing yourself frantically all the time in order to prevent a pregnancy, you'll only use a medication in order to deal with a state of affairs that already exists. Instead of being constantly medicated, you may be medicated only three or four times a year. It seems to me that that's preferable to what exists now, with the pill interfering continually with our endocrine balance; one of the results, as many men can tell you, is loss of sexual interest for a lot of women. That's apart from the fact that it causes them to retain water in their system and to be heavy-breasted and fat, with swollen ankles and depressed in many cases. There are plenty of reasons the pill shouldn't be allowed to reign supreme as the answer to controlling population. PLAYBOY: A currently fashionable method for population control is voluntary sterilization-particularly vasectomy. But you criticize this operation in your book. Why? GREER: A great many women in the movement think that it's time the men bore the responsibility, but I don't find that the responsibility for my own childbearing is in any way distinct from my claim for control over my own body. And if I'm to rely on some man's goodness in being sterilized, then I've lost control of my body and he's got control of it. It also means that he can demand my fidelity, because he's sterilized. I can fuck him without problems, but I can't fuck anybody else without some form of contraception. Apart from anything else, it's impossible to tell whether or not a man's sterilized. I'm the one who's going to have the kid, so I'd like to know what the situation is without having to trust his scout's honor.

But my strongest reservation concerns the fact that in many cases, the male is irreversibly sterilized. He's become a kind of fuck machine and there's no way in which he can reassess his position. I tell you, I wouldn't sterilize myself. Apart from everything else, biology is a sort of emergency mechanism. We're designed so that if society does something really stupid, then whoever of us is left alive has got a reasonable chance of repopulating the earth.

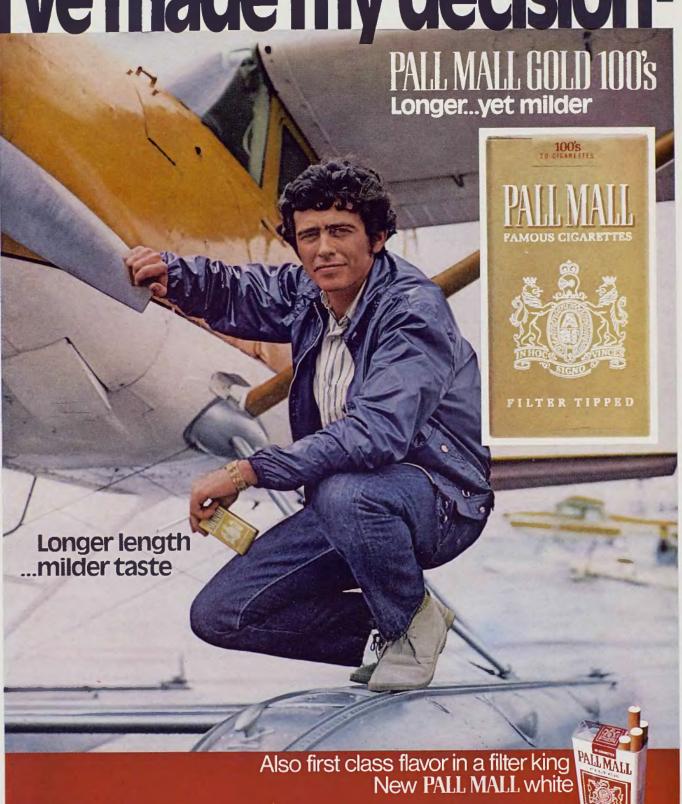
PLAYBOY: The population issue is part of the larger effort to save the environment. Do you think this issue deserves all the attention the press has given it?

GREER: Indeed it does. I come from a country that is half destroyed by erosion, and so do you. The desert proportion in the United States has increased enormously, through insufficient conservation, overintensive cultivation and destruction of the natural flora.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as criticizing

Decisions...decisions...





Gold 100's: 19 mg."tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '71.

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

the U.S. not only for its ecological excesses but also for its cultural excesses. Do you think of yourself as anti-American? GREER: No. I'm anticapitalism. That means I find things to grieve over in nearly every country. But I was horrified at the ugliness of America when I spent time there promoting my book. It was something I hadn't expected. Of course, your country deliberately showed me its asshole. I mean, she made no attempt to woo me with anything beautiful. All I saw were airports and motorways, so that America for me is a ribbon of macadam dancing in the heat. And then there were the motel twin beds. I was always given twin beds. I never understood what the hell I was supposed to do with the other fucking bed, because if two of you walked in, you'd be given two rooms with twin beds.

And, frankly, I expected more affluence. I didn't expect this feeling among people that they never have quite enough money. I've never seen men work so hard nor so unhappily. I had the feeling that there was no security. There were men older than my father getting up at five A.M. to make sure that I got to an early-morning television show. They were literally chewing their lips to see that I wouldn't say anything that would fuck up their relationship with the station and that I'd be nice. At the same time, some of them would try to bully me until I got nasty and said, "Now, look, don't come on with that shit. Just cut it out or I'm fuckin' off. I don't have to stay here. I don't have to sell to your bookstore that you've been buttering up for the last 25 years. Just cool it. If I tell you I want to eat, I want to eat. I've been doing this for weeks and I'm hungry and I'm tired and I know what I need. So feed me and don't give me no shit about how you've got to be such and such a place at such and such a time."

PLAYBOY: How did you like the food?

GREER: It was horrible. I had a steak in Washington, D. C., that I'll never forget; it was one of the most deeply traumatic experiences of my life, because out came this great shelf of steak and it quivered on the plate. It was charbroiled or some bullshit infrared mode of cooking and I put my knife into it and the knife sank through it as if it were butter, and yet it wasn't fat! It was all meat. I remembered there was some kind of chemical that you're not allowed to put in meat anywhere in the world but in America. Whatever it was, that steak tasted like a block of mucus.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst memory of your tour?

GREER: San Francisco, where I had 13 appointments in one day. That may have prejudiced me, but my memory of that city is that it looks like a shark's mouth, because they've built it up too

much and destroyed all the natural contour of the coast line. I went to Berkeley and the kids were so uptight, so destructive of each other, it was really frightening. Oh, I feel so sorry that it's all gone wrong. The American dream really has turned into a nightmare and most people who realize this in some dim way are terrified of changing it. They'd rather die than admit failure. They'd rather kill their children than have their children tell them to change.

PLAYBOY: Would you go to the United States for another promotion tour?

GREER: I might do selected events, but I don't think I'm going to sign another copy of a book in a bookstore for the rest of my life. It's the most pathetically dishonest procedure. It really used to do my head in, because people would buy the book just for the autograph. Sometimes they were buying it for a Mother's Day present, and I'd think about this poor mom wondering, "Why have they given me this?" The customer would say, "Is it a novel?" and I'd say, "Well, you don't have to believe what it says."

PLAYBOY: The Female Eunuch was your first book. Do you enjoy writing?

GREER: I have to write. It's a bit like shitting. It's quite nice. Especially if you do it nicely. You know, if a nice well-formed piece emerges. But if it's coming in dribs and drabs or not coming at all, or being forced out, if you're missing the rhythm somewhere, it's no pleasure at all. And yet sometimes there's an enormous pressure to do it. And not much pleasure when it's finished.

PLAYBOY: We understand you have another book in the works.

GREER: Yes. I'm writing a book on the female artistic impulse and what happens to it. It's probably going to be called *The Problem of Waste*.

PLAYBOY: What else does the future hold for you—and for the women's liberation movement?

GREER: The movement will simply get bigger, that's all. I don't know when things are going to start to happen. The astounding thing is that in the space of about three years, the movement has got so huge. How else do you explain things like Kate Millet's book becoming a best seller? It's not a very readable book. It's not a book you buy for fun, nor even for curiosity, because it's pretty easy to figure out what it's about. But the buying of that book is a positive act of support. I think the same goes for The Female Eunuch, which I don't think is really all that good, either. It's very uneven. Admittedly, McGraw-Hill has sold it pretty well; but even so, I would never have thought it would be a best seller in the U.S. So maybe I'm the wrong person to ask about the future, I just don't know.

It may be that an enormous disap-

pointment is in store for the movement, that a lot of people, say, involved in the equal-rights-amendment business, all that tokenism, are going to be so disgusted by the small difference their considerable efforts have made that there'll be ten years or so of confusion. What did the suffragettes think when they won the vote? They probably thought the whole world was going to change. Well, it didn't. Revolutionary movements give in to disappointment and bitterness when they discover that Rome was not even destroyed in a day. I expect all that ebb and flow of revolution, all that waste and confusion, and I expect the fragmentation of the women's movement, which is becoming a serious problem. As it is, its members hardly ever provide a united front even when one is strategically called for. I don't expect that to get appreciably better until women have got used to the hypocrisies of politics. They've got to learn that you just don't wash your dirty linen in public. If you disapprove of Germaine Greer's actions, for example, which quite a few feminists do, you don't write to a pig newspaper and put her down, because it makes things too easy for the pigs. You write to her and put her down. Women are going to take a long time to figure out things like that.

Political education is a dreary process, however, and if you try to short-circuit it, you betray your whole scene. Because once you say, "Oh, well, we'll never get these people educated, we'll just tell them what to do," then you spend all your time consolidating your own power, like Macbeth, who seized it unjustly.

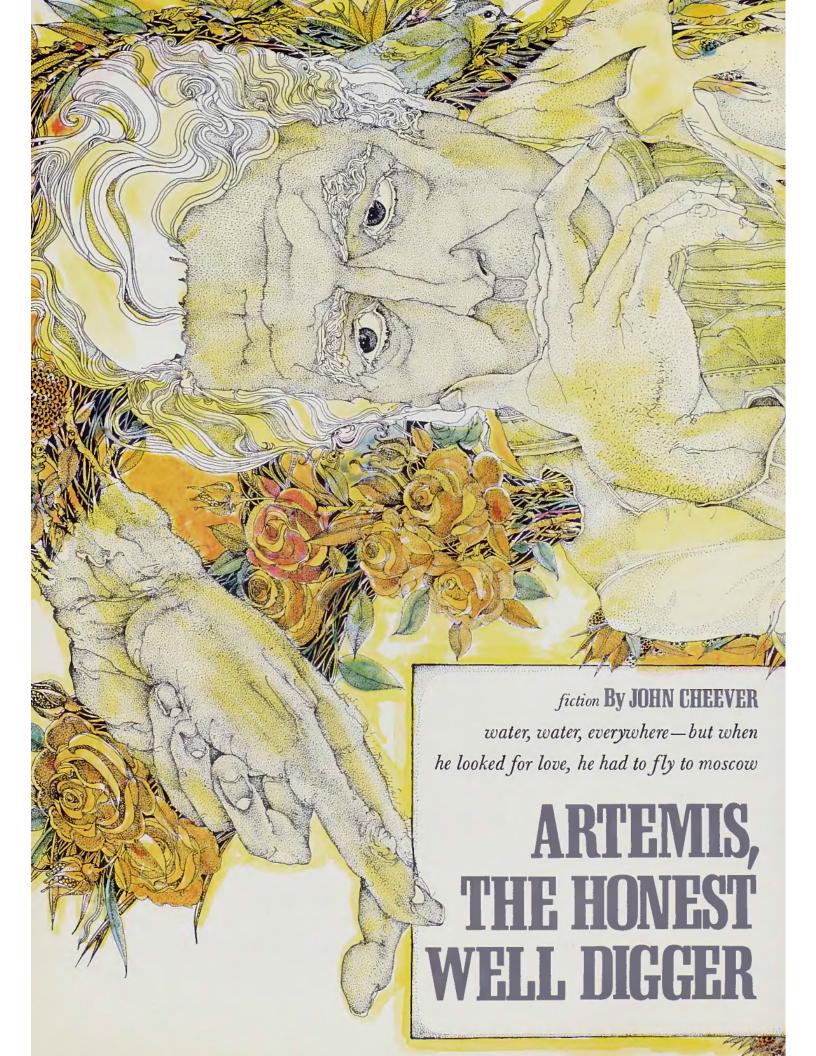
As for my own future, my life's work is to make the feminist position more and more comprehensible to more and more people. As I told you, my role is to preach to the unconverted, rather than sitting about cozily developing the line with people who already agree with it. I'm much more interested in the truly anarchist part of the movement, and this involves increasing its grass-roots support as much as possible. That includes people who have been ill educated, because I think everybody in our society is ill educated in one way or another. It means exposing myself to the worst kinds of prejudice and antagonism and doing my best to discredit them. I happen to be better at that than I would be at attempting to organize the women's movement from inside, I'm just trying to make sure there is a women's movement. Let somebody else organize it. I don't have any talent in that direction. But I won't submit to being abused because I don't do it. The women who abuse me for not doing it should be doing it themselves. So there you are.

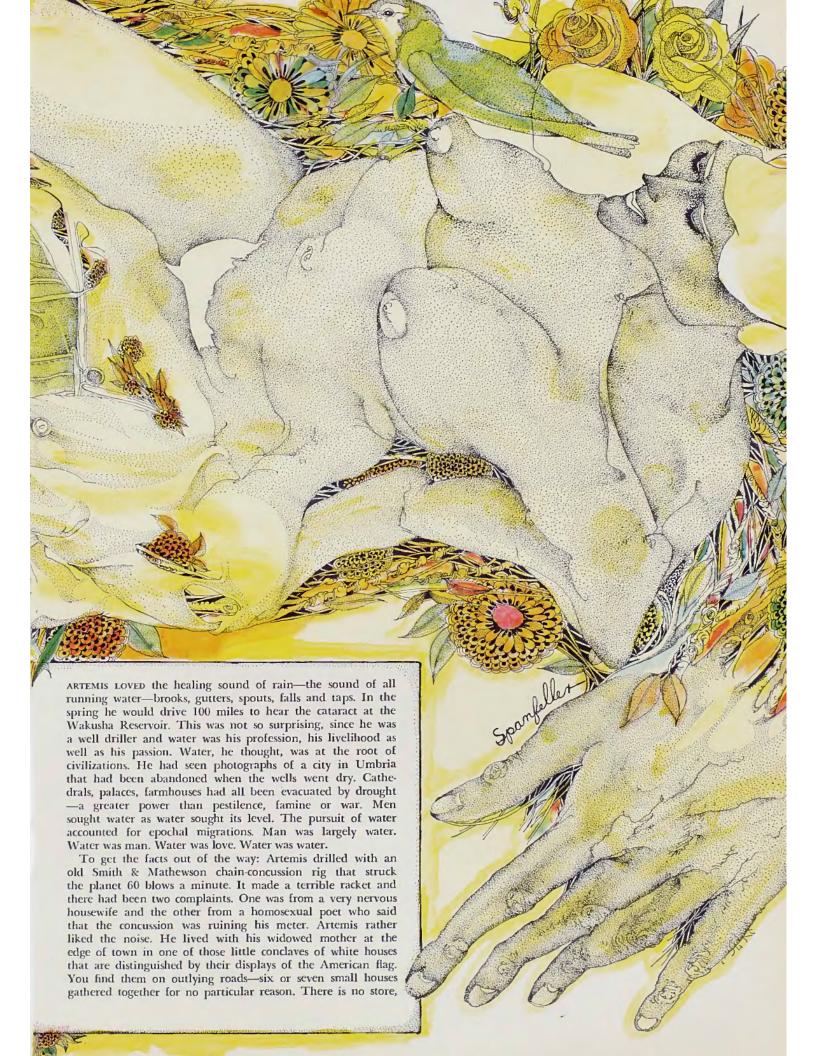


WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man whose desire to reach the summit of success knows no limits. At work or at play, he thrives on new challenges, new ways to satisfy his zest for the active life. FACT: PLAYBOY reaches almost 60% of all men under 35 who spent \$100 or more on ski equipment in the past year and 43% of all men under 35 who took a foreign pleasure trip in the past five years. To show these men your way to add new zest to their lives, show them in PLAYBOY. (Source: 1971 Simmons.)

New York · Chicago · Detroit · Los Angeles · San Francisco · Atlanta · London · Tokyo





no church, nothing central. The lawns on which dogs sleep are well trimmed and everything is neat, but every house flies its Old Glory. This patriotic zeal cannot be traced back to the fact that these people have received an abundance of their country's riches. They haven't. These are hard-working people who lead frugal lives and worry about money. People who have profited splendidly from our economy seem to have no such passion for the Stars and Stripes. Artemis' mother, for example-a hard-working woman-had a flagpole, five little flags stuck into a window box and a seventh flag hanging from the porch.

His father had chosen his name, thinking that it referred to artesian wells. It wasn't until Artemis was a grown man that he discovered he had been named for the chaste goddess of the hunt. He didn't seem to mind and, anyhow, everybody called him Art. He wore work clothes and in the winter a seaman's knitted cap. His manner with strangers was rustic and shy and something of an affectation, since he read a good deal and had an alert and inquisitive intelligence. His father had learned his trade as an apprentice and had not graduated from high school. He regretted not having an education and was very anxious that his son should go to college. Artemis went to a small college called Laketon in the north of the state and got an engineering degree. He was also exposed to literature through an unusually inspiring professor named Lytle. Physically, there was nothing remarkable about Lytle, but he was the sort of teacher in whose presence students had for many years felt an irresistible desire to read books, write themes and discuss their most intimate feelings about the history of mankind. Lytle singled out Artemis and encouraged him to read Swift, Donne and Conrad. He wrote four themes for this course, which Lytle charitably graded A. His ear for prose was damaged by an incurable fascination for words like cacophony, percussion, throbbingly and thumpingly. This may have had something to do with his profession.

Lytle suggested that he get an editorial job on an engineering journal and he seriously thought about this, but he chose instead to be a well driller. He made his decision one Saturday when he and his father took their rig to the south of the county, where a large house-an estate-had been built. There was a swimming pool and seven baths and the well produced three gallons a minute. Artemis contracted to go down another 100 feet, but even then the take was only six gallons a minute. The enormous, costly and useless house impressed him with the importance of his trade. Water, water. (What happened in the end was that the owner demolished six upstairs bedrooms to make room for a

storage tank, which the local fire department filled twice a week.)

Artemis' knowledge of ecology was confined to water. Going fishing on the first of April, he found the falls of the South Branch foaming with soapsuds. Some of this was bound to leach down to where he worked. Later in the month, he caught a five-pound trout in the stream at Lakeside. This was a phenomenal fish for that part of the world and he stopped to show his catch to the game warden and ask him how it should be cooked. "Don't bother to cook that fish," said the warden. "It's got enough DDT to put you in the hospital, You can't eat these fish anymore. The Government sprayed the banks with DDT about four years ago and the stuff all washed into the brook." Artemis had once dug a well and found DDT, and another had traces of fuel oil. His sense of a declining environment was keen and intensely practical. He contracted to find potable water and if he failed, he lost his shirt. A polluted environment meant for him both sadness at human stupidity and rapaciousness and also a hole in his pocket. He had failed only twice, but the odds were running against him and everybody else.

Another thing: Artemis distrusted dowsers. A few men and two women in the county made their living by divining the presence of subterranean water with forked fruit twigs. The fruit had to have a pit. An apple twig, for example, was no good. When the fruit twig and the diviner's psyche had settled on a site, Artemis would be hired to drill a well. In his experience, the dowsers' average was low and they seldom divined an adequate supply of water, but the fact that some magic was involved seemed to make them irresistible. In the search for water, some people preferred a magician to an engineer. If magic bested knowledge, how simple everything would be: water, water.

Artemis was the sort of man who frequently proposed marriage, but at 30 he still had no wife. He went around for a year or so with the Macklin girl. They were lovers, but when he proposed marriage, she ditched him to marry Jack Bascomb because he was rich. That's what she said. Artemis was melancholy for a month or so, and then he began going around with a divorcee named Maria Petroni who lived on Maple Avenue and was a bank teller. He didn't know, but he had the feeling that Maria was older than he. His ideas about marriage were romantic and a little puerile and he expected his wife to be a freshfaced virgin. Maria was not. She was a lusty, hard-drinking woman and they spent most of their time together in bed. One night or early morning, he woke at her side and thought over his life. He was 30 and he still had no bride. He had been dating Maria for nearly two

years. Before he moved toward her to wake her, he thought of how humorous, kind, passionate and yielding she had always been. He thought, while he stroked her backside, that he loved her. Her backside seemed almost too good to be true. The image of a pure, fresh girl like the girl on the oleomargarine package still lingered in some part of his head, but where was she and when would she appear? Was he kidding himself? Was he making a mistake to downgrade Maria for someone he had never seen? When she woke, he asked her to marry him.

"I can't marry you, darling," she said. "Why not? Do you want a younger

"Yes, darling, but not one. I want seven, one right after the other."

"Oh," he said.

"I must tell you. I've done it. This was before I met you. I asked seven of the best-looking men around to come for dinner. None of them were married. Two of them were divorced. I cooked veal scaloppine. There was a lot to drink and then we all got undressed. It was what I wanted. When they were finished. I didn't feel dirty or depraved or shameful. I didn't feel anything bad at all. Does that disgust you?"

"Not really. You're one of the cleanest people I've ever known. That's the way I think of you."

"You're crazy, darling," she said.

He got up and dressed and kissed her good night, but that was about it. He went on seeing her for a while, but her period of faithfulness seemed to have passed and he guessed that she was seeing other men. He went on looking for a girl as pure and fresh as the girl

on the oleomargarine package.

This was in the early fall and he was digging a well for an old house on Olmstead Road. The first well was running dry. The people were named Filler and they were paying him \$30 a foot, which was the rate at that time. He was confident of finding water from what he knew of the lay of the land. When he got the rig going, he settled down in the cab of his truck to read a book. Mrs. Filler came out to the truck and asked if he didn't want a cup of coffee. He refused as politely as he could. She wasn't bad looking at all, but he had decided, early in the game, to keep his hands off the housewives. He wanted to marry the girl on the oleomargarine package. At noon he opened his lunch pail and was halfway through a sandwich when Mrs. Filler came back to the cab. "I've just cooked a nice hamburger for you," she said.

"Oh, no, thank you, ma'am," he said. "I've got three sandwiches here." He actually said ma'am and he sometimes said shucks, although the book he (continued on page 230)



THE PLAYBOY CAR STABLE

modern living

By KEN W. PURDY



a fantasy-fulfilling assemblage of automotive transport to suit every pleasure and purpose

THE GATHERING of a gentleman's stable of motorcars—utility and aesthetics the only considerations—calls for an imaginist in good form and an openended bank account. Still, a list of desirable possessions is entertaining to make and may be handy to have, since one never knows when necessity will strike: A New Jersey man was recently obliged to accept two \$50,000 lottery prizes in succession and, not having considered the contingency in advance, had to put the stuff into a bank for lack, one must presume, of something better to do with it. One should be on guard against this sort of thing.



Range is the name of the game. Diversity. The ideal, a garageful of vehicles so selected that no situation will find one other than suitably mounted. When there were 500 or 600 automobiles on the world market, the selection might have been easier: One could have had a steamer or an electric, for example. On the other hand, we are probably at this moment in the golden age of the automobile—history is difficult to assay close up—and the creation of a stable may be impossible in the future, because it is clear that society is gathering itself to insist upon mass public transport for most of the

PLAYBOY'S cars for all reasons: Left to right: VW-powered Tow'd dune buggy; Ferrari Daytona gran turismo; Cadillac Eldorado convertible; Mercedes-Benx 600 limousine; 1913 Mercer Raceabout Series J, Type 35; Maxda Wankel-engined RX-2 sport coupe. The Ferrari and the Mercer are from Harrah's Autamobile Collection.

population, with small, uniform automobiles taking up what slack there will be left. (Starkly significant in this connection is the cancellation of this year's Frankfurt Motor Show on the ground that the European motorist is now interested in utility, not exotica.) The trifling matter of exhaust pollutants is not the problem, it's a symptom. The problem is proliferation. When the United States census hits 250,000,000, the idea of a three-car family will be plainly insupportable, ludicrous. We already have one mile of road for every square mile of land we own; we can't pave the whole country.

The PLAYBOY stable, then, for 1972: a Wankel, a dune buggy, a gran turismo, a deluxe town carriage, an antique and the biggest—and fastest—limousine ever

put upon wheels.

The Wankel-engined car is Toyo Kogyo's Mazda RX-2, its function in the line-up to serve as urban and short-haul country transport without being limited to those uses.

The rotary internal-combustion engine has been called the only all-new power plant of our time; and in its present useful form it is new, although the idea on which it's based is a very old one: James Watt knew the principle and his attempt to build an engine on it was thwarted only by the primitive technology of his day. The concept is simple, its execution complicated. A rotary internal-combustion engine burns sparkignited gasoline but not in a cylinder, as the reciprocating engine does, and not to give up-and-down motion to its pistons. A rotary engine's pistons—called rotors -spin in combustion chambers of constantly changing form, and its great advantage is that its original motion can be used directly without having to be converted from up and down to round and round through the complication of a crankshaft.

The only moving parts in a rotary are the rotors, a balance weight, a flywheel and a shaft for the little ensemble to turn. Compared with the binful of gimmicks in a reciprocating engine, a stripped rotary is stark. For a given power output, a rotary is usefully smaller and lighter, and it's practically vibration-free: At 100 mph, the Mazda RX-2's enginepresence sensation is comparable with a Cadillac's. It's largely trouble-free: The magazine Road Test ran a Mazda R-100 30,000 miles without changing the plugs or points nor touching the carburetor. The engine maintains its tune, stays on the road and out of the shop. It does, indeed, have a lot going for it.

The German inventor Felix Wankel ran his version of the rotary engine in 1956. He and an associate, Ernst Hutzenlaub, had worked with NSU Motorenwerke A. G., Neckarsulm, and NSU made the first Wankel-engined automo-

bile, the Prinz Spider, in 1964. I drove one that year, a pleasant little 50-hp 100-mph semisports type. About 3000 of them were put on the road. There were stubborn technical difficulties at firstnotably, heavy oil consumption and rotor-seal (piston-ring) wear. Both have yielded to research. Companies around the world built Wankels, with the Japanese most impressed by its potential. They set up a long-term blitz on it; Toyo Kogyo has probably passed even NSU in reaching for development boundaries; Mazda's 110S model, on sale in July 1967, was the first two-rotor Wankel. Everyone has come aboard now, and General Motors recently paid \$50,000,000 for rights, floating the rumor that it intends, by 1975, to abandon the comparatively ungainly reciprocating engine altogether for passenger cars. Felix Wankel may be said to be a successful inventor: Having previously conveyed 60 percent of the rights to Audi-NSU, now a Volkswagen subsidiary, Wankel G.m.b.H., the parent company, sold the remainder to a London conglomerate for about \$33,000,000.

Reasonably diligent research has failed to turn up Toyo Kogyo's reason for naming its cars Mazda, except that it has nothing to do with the old General Electric light bulb. (Owners occasionally report being asked if the thing is battery run.) The RX-2 is beguiling: a good size for city use, dependable, cheap to buy (\$3041) and to run (20-23 miles to the gallon of no-lead) and amusing to drive. There is acceleration sufficient to blow off most things its size and a 118mph top. Handling is not in the sportscar bracket, but it's predictable and adequate for the tasks the car should normally be set. Pleasure in using it derives from its uncanny smoothness and from its satisfying snob value: It's a rarity, after all, and will be for some little time vet. The ordinary amenities are available, including air conditioning-a good idea, since the ventless front windows create an irritating tumult wound down at highway speeds. There's one splendid refinement, a five-function single stalk on the steering column: It commands the directionals, washer, wipers, headlight flasher and dimmer.

The dune buggy is a phenomenon—loathsome or lovely, depending upon one's prejudices—out of California, spawning ground for most innovative wheeled things since World War Two. Specifically, the dune buggy can be laid at the door of Bruce Meyers, whose Meyers Manx established the basic pattern: fat tires, glass body, VW running gear. The Manx was, in the view of James T. Crow—an eminence of the authoritative journal Road & Track—the most imitated design in automotive history, and it was also responsible, when

the craze it set off crested, for the theft of Volkswagens in such numbers that the elves of Wolfsburg were hard put to ship replacements fast enough. California teenagers have always been adept with pliers and jack handle; there were some who could spot a black VW parked in Sausalito and have it storming the dunes 36 hours later.

The dune buggy sired a generation of all-terrain and off-road recreational vehicles, including the snowmobile. They have made one thing possible and another practically impossible: They have opened the great outdoors to people who would never have known anything about it had they been restricted to leg power and they have almost guaranteed that one cannot get far enough into the boondocks to escape the howl of the internal-combustion engine.

At the right time and in the right place, a dune buggy is a formidable fun generator, and running one really can be what it seemed to be if you remember watching Steve McQueen and Faye Dunaway in *The Thomas Crown Affair*. There are times when only a dune buggy will do it for you.

There's a drawback, though, and it's range limitation. The dune buggy is great on its own terrain and tolerable as an open town runabout. But if one lives any distance from dune-buggy country, the thing is a bore, because it's geared for power to run up the side of a cliff, fat-tired for flotation on soft ground and open to the crisp fresh air on every side. After 100 miles on a parkway, all but terminal nut cases are ready to trade it for a Pogo stick.

The Meyers Tow'd (the Meyers manufactory has recently been reorganized and Bruce Meyers no longer takes an active part in its operation) is craftily cast to negate this unfortunate inbuilt characteristic with a gimmick as simple and as workable as a paper clip: There's a tow bar telescoped into it. Hooked to a standard trailer hitch on the back of a road car, the bar lifts the Tow'd front end off the ground and away you go. The Tow'd is sold as a kit-about \$440 standard, \$550 deluxe-and the package has everything but power and accessories. For these, a 1955-1972 VW is required (you can use a Corvair engine if you're eager), plus a few hours with wrench and screwdriver. Well, a few hours if you're good at it. If you're one of those who need 20 minutes to wire up a wall plug, if you're an instructionsheet lip reader, a few days, maybe. In that case, seek out a knowledgeable teenager and contract him to bolt your Tow'd together for a fee, a bonus for celerity and the privilege of the first ride.

To fill the gran turismo slot in our 1972 garage, we are citing the Ferrari (continued on page 188)



article By ROBERT GRAVES "MY FIRST amorous adventure?" repeated Lord Godolphin thoughtfully. "Well, in our family the tradition never varied much. There was always Miss Crewe, who had inducted my father and probably also my younger granduncle, Charles Martello, into the mysteries of sex. She had kept her little figure astonishingly well. That was due to her fruit diet, someone told me. In a sense, the tradition was, I agree, somewhat incestuous."

"Did Miss Crewe attend to many families?"

"Not more than a dozen or so, and all in this county. Families like ours. Miss Crewe despised the lesser landed gentry to which she belonged."

"May I ask what was her procedure?"

"It was no secret and, as far as I know, never varied. It began with general theory. The next lesson was sexual anatomy. The third was amatory (continued on page 246)

it was world war one and my colonel was distraught that some of his officers were still virgins

my first amorous adventure

THE KIDNAPING was reported all around the world, of course.

It took a few days for the full significance of the news to spread from Cuba to the United States, to the Left Bank in Paris and then finally to some small good café in Pamplona where the drinks are fine and the weather, somehow, always just right.

But once the meaning of the news really hit, people were on the phone, Madrid was calling New York. New York was shouting south at Hayana to verify, please verify this crazy thing.

And then some woman in Venice, Italy, with a blurred voice called through, saying she was at Harry's Bar that very instant and was destroyed, this thing that had happened was terrible, a cultural heritage was placed in immense and irrevocable danger. . . .

Not an hour later, I got a call from a baseball pitcher-cum-novelist who had been a great friend of Papa's and who now lived in Madrid half the year and Nairobi the rest. He was in tears, or sounded close to it.

"Tell me," he said, from halfway around the world, "what happened? What are the facts?"

Well, the facts were these: Down in Havana, Cuba, about 14 kilometers from Papa's Finca Vigía home, there is a bar in which he used to drink. It is the one where they named a special drink for him, not the fancy one where he used to meet flashy literary lights such as K-K-Kenneth Tynan and, er, Tennessee W-Williams (as Mr. Tynan would say it). No, it is not the Floridita; it is a shirtsleeves place with plain wooden tables, sawdust on the floor and a big mirror like a dirty cloud behind the bar. Papa went there when there were too many tourists around the Floridita who wanted to meet Mr. Hemingway. And the thing that happened there was destined to be big news, bigger than the report of what he said to Fitzgerald about the rich, even bigger than the story of his swing at Max Eastman on that long-ago day in Charlie Scribner's office. This news had to do with an ancient parrot.

That senior bird lived in a cage right

atop the bar in the Cuba Libre. He had "kept his cage" in that place for roughly 29 years, which means that the old parrot had been there almost as long as Papa had lived in Cuba.

And that adds up to this monumental fact: All during the time Papa had lived in Finca Vigia, he had known the parrot and had talked to him and the parrot had talked back. As the years passed, people said that Hemingway began to talk like the parrot and others said no, the parrot learned to talk like him! Papa used to line the drinks up on the counter and sit near the cage and involve that bird in the best kind of conversation you ever heard, four nights running. By the end of the second year, that parrot knew more about Hem and Thomas Wolfe and Sherwood Anderson than Gertrude Stein did. In fact, the parrot even knew who Gertrude Stein was. All you had to say was "Gertrude" and the parrot said:

"Pigeons on the grass alas."

At other times, pressed, the parrot would say, "There was this old man and this boy and this boat and this sea and this big fish in the sea. . . ." And then it would take time out to eat a cracker.

Well, this fabled creature, this parrot, this odd bird, vanished, cage and all, from the Cuba Libre late one Sunday afternoon.

And that's why my phone was ringing itself off the hook. And that's why one of the big magazines got a special State Department clearance and flew me down to Cuba to see if I could find so much as the cage, anything remaining of the bird or anyone resembling a kidnaper. They wanted a light and amiable article, with overtones, as they said. And, very honestly, I was curious. I had heard rumors of the bird. In a strange kind of way, I was concerned.

I got off the jet from Mexico City and taxied straight across Havana to that strange little café-bar.

I almost failed to get in the place. As I stepped through the door, a dark little man jumped up from a chair and cried, "No, no! Go away! We are closed!"

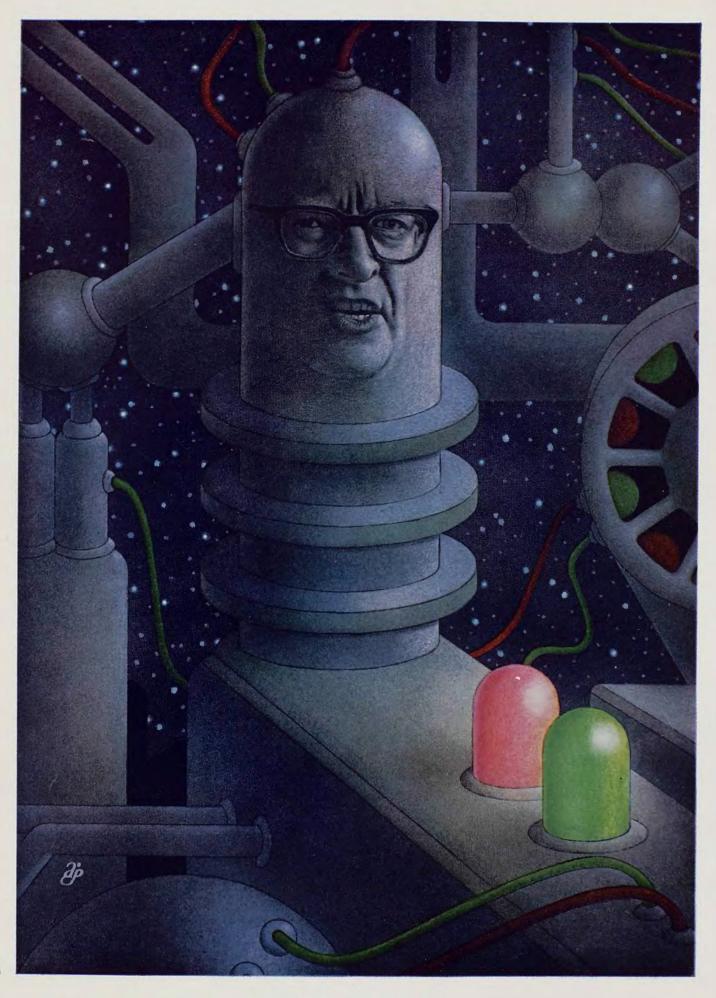
He ran out (continued on page 126)

wasn't that a strange storehouse for the final masterpiece of a great writer—a bird brain?

fiction
By RAY BRADBURY







a dialog between arthur c. clarke and alan watts on the conflicts and affinities of their disparate disciplines in man's quest—outward and inward—for himself



AT THE INTERFACE: TECHNOLOGY AND MYSTICISM

s man approaches the three-quarter point of the 20th Century, it's becoming more and more apparent that he has reached a watershed. For the first time in history, the growth curves are flattening out: His rate of population increase is slackening in some areas; his speed of travel on Earth has very nearly reached its limits; if fusion is harnessed for peaceful purposes in the near future, he will have tapped the ultimate energy source for many years to come.

But progress has been purchased at a price: Accurate books have never been kept on the true costs of technology, and these costs are now coming to light in the form of a severely damaged environment. In addition to his ecological ills, man's institutions are no longer meeting his needs: His churches, his schools, his various bodies of constituted authority are crumbling under the onslaught of future shock. Attempts to solve his new problems by applying old solutions haven't worked; the problems are too deep and too pervasive. They affect all social levels and classes: The rich and the poor alike suffer from pollution; both the gifted and the backward bear the burden of an outmoded educational system; and war has yet to be renounced, though the state of the art has advanced to the point where it guarantees only losers.

Our trip from the forest to the precipice has been an incredibly short journey, and it's now time to take stock not only of where we have been but of where we are going. A number of ecologists and social scientists have pointed out the grim problems awaiting us in the future; whether or not we solve them will be determined not alone by what we try to do about them but by the very ways in which we think about them—and about ourselves.

This interface between philosophy and technology is where the options are; and to examine its areas of conflict, overlap and agreement, PLAYBOY asked two leading spokesmen for the disciplines involved

—Alan Watts and Arthur C. Clarke—to engage in a dialog on man and his world. The field for discussion would encompass not only man's problems and their possible solutions but nothing less than the nature of man himself and the role he plays in the universe. Both men readily agreed.

It would be difficult to find a more knowledgeable authority on mysticism than Alan Wilson Watts, probably the leading interpreter of Zen Buddhism in the Western world. Born in England, he became

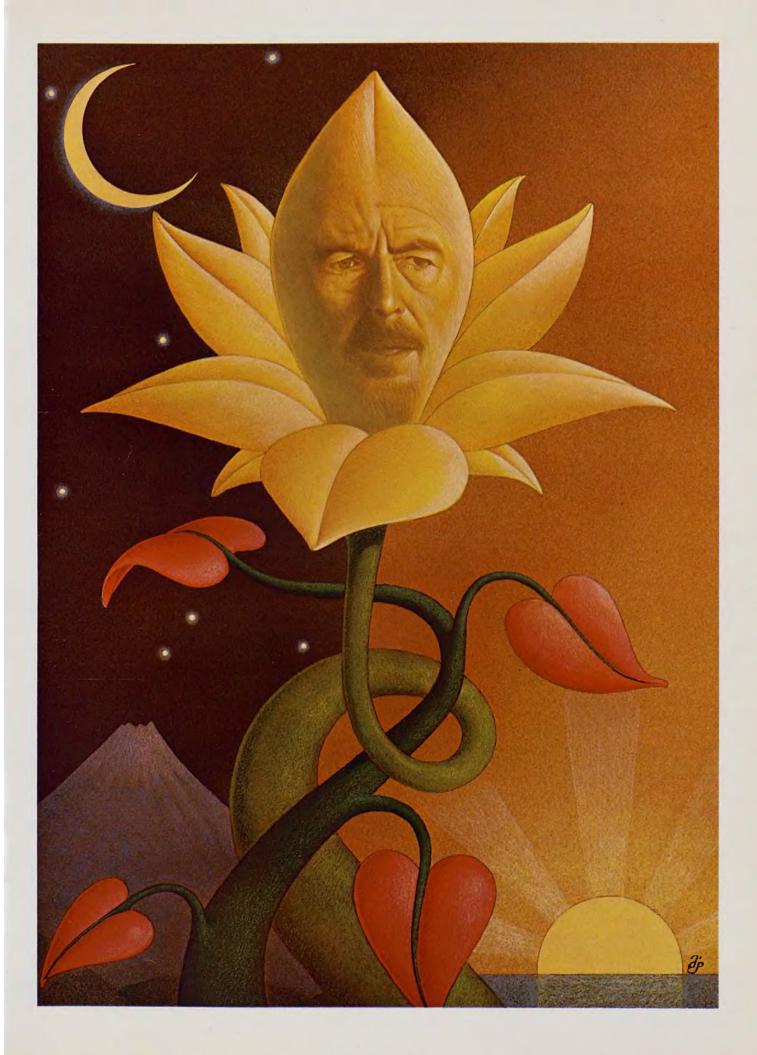


interested in the Orient at an early age and wrote "The Spirit of Zen" when he was 20 years old. He emigrated to the United States in 1938 and studied at Seabury-Western Theological Seminary in Evanston, Illinois, where he was ordained a priest of the Episcopal Church. He left the Church six years later—"not because it doesn't practice what it preaches but because it preaches"—and moved to California, where in the Sixties he became associated with studies of hallucinogenic drugs and their relation to states of meditation. His books include "This Is It," "Nature, Man and Woman" and the recent "Erotic Spirituality, Vision of Konarak." He last appeared in Playboy as a participant in our Playboy Panel on "The Drug Revolution" (February 1970).

Also a native of England, Arthur Charles Clarke lives halfway around the world on the lush island of Ceylon, a far cry from the frigid wastes of Mars and the scorching deserts of Venus that he often writes about. It was Clarke's interest in rockets and space travel as a former chairman of the British Interplanetary Society that led him to suggest—in 1945—the use of satellites for radio and television communication. His first book was "Interplanetary Flight"; his second, "The Exploration of Space," was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Famous for his flights of fancy as well as fact, he is probably the most successful science-fiction writer today. His career in the field was capped by his collaboration with Stanley Kubrick on the screenplay of "2001: A Space Odyssey," adapted from his short story "The Sentinel." His most recent fiction, "A Meeting with Medusa," appeared in Playboy last month.

The dialog was taped in New York's Chelsea Hotel, temporary home for Clarke while he worked on a CBS-TV documentary about the significance of space exploration. Watts flew in from California and for three days and several nights, he and Clarke sat as a kind of board of inquiry on the subject of man. Their dialog dealt with man's savage antiquity, his troubled present—and his surprising future. Logically enough, however, it began with the distant past.

CLARKE: In discussing man and his problems, it might help if we start at the very beginning. In my opinion, one of man's basic problems dates back to prehistoric times: We're essentially hunting animals, and our entire complex of skills and abilities has been geared to that for hundreds of thousands of years. Then, about 10,000 years ago, we switched to another track—raising food. Perhaps this was inevitable; we had to go through the agricultural phase to build up (continued on page 130)







ily diagnosed our society as neurotic, emotionally plagued, armored, flattened, one-dimensional, contactless, repressed, robotic and addicted to game playing. These are ways of saying that intimacy is lacking in human relationships—that it is the missing link between our rationality and our emotions, between men and women, between love and sex. Without a sense of intimacy, interpersonal contact becomes a worrisome job of guarding our psychic territory against invaders: Any stranger undergoes a lengthy interrogation through the bars

PSYCHOLOGISTS have variously and gloom-

products of this rupture in our consciousness, which can turn love into an infantile dependency trip and sex into a track-and-field event (in which either contestant could be replaced by a copulating machine and the partner would

of a high iron gate before he gains

entrance, and few pass the test. Both

male supremacy and women's lib are

never notice the difference).

Intimacy is the venturous, unarmed encounter between two equally vulnerable people. It is so soft that many men fear it as a threat to their masculinity, yet it is incredibly hard in the quantity of sheer courage required to risk the possibility of a surprise attack with one's defenses down. Beyond ideas of softness or hardness, intimacy is-psychologists are beginning to suspect-a biological necessity. Behavioral scientists have discovered that without close emotional contact, even well-fed babies and animals can die-from sensory starvation. The parade of neurotic and psychosomatic problems in our adult population (and a majority have at least one symptom of major stress, according to a U.S. Public Health survey) suggests that while lack of intimacy may not kill grown men and women as quickly as it can kill infants, it deprives them of the learning experiences needed to mature in personality and to cope with emotional stresses that slowly grind them down-death on the installment plan.

This quiz measures your capacity for intimacy—how well you have fared in

quiz By GINA ALLEN and CLEMENTMARTIN, M.D.

test your capacity to experience the pleasure of genuine closeness

(and what you have learned from) your interpersonal relationships from infancy through adulthood. In a general way, it also measures your sense of security and self-acceptance, which gives you the courage to expose yourself to the ego hazards of intimacy-to risk the embarrassment of proffering love or friendship or respect and getting no response. Some are blessed with this ability; some acquire it through experience and maturity; others, not even comprehending it, or too fearful of it, survive behind a facade they continually seek to strengthen but can never quite make shatterproof. The insight this test should provide can be useful in two ways. It can alert you to weaknesses that may be reducing your performance in bed or in business or in any other area of life. It can also help predict the kind of person with whom you are potentially compatible, socially or sexually, for this is one area of interpersonal relationships where opposites do not necessarily attract. A person of high intimacy capacity can discomfort someone of low capacity who is fearful to respond. The farther the first advances, the farther the other retreats. But those of similar capacities, whether high or low, will tend to make no excessive demands on each other and, for that reason, will find themselves capable of an increasingly intimate and mutually fulfilling relationship.

Consider this a bonus: When two people take the test and afterward compare their answers, the quiz provides not only a comparison of intimacy potentials but the chance to know each other better—which automatically increases the intimacy of a relationship.

The questions can be answered easily. If your response is yes or mostly yes,

place a plus (+) in the box following the question. If your response is no or mostly no, place a minus (-) in the box. If you honestly can't decide, place a zero in the box. But try to enter as few zeros as possible. Even if a particular question doesn't apply to you, try to imagine yourself in the situation described and answer accordingly. Don't look for any significance in the number or the frequency of your plus and minus answers, because the test has been set up so that they do not mean good and bad.

At the end of the quiz, each of its sections will be discussed in terms of the different areas of attitudes and behavior and of how the answers provide an index to your potential for intimacy.

index to your potential for intimacy. 1. Do you have more than your share of colds? 2. Do you believe that emotions have very little to do with physical ills? 3. Do you often have indigestion? 4. Do you frequently worry about your health? Would a nutritionist be appalled by your diet? 6. Do you usually watch sports rather than participate in them? 7. Do you often feel depressed or in a bad mood? 8. Are you irritable when things go wrong? 9. Were you happier in the past than you are right now? 10. Do you believe it possible that a person's character can be read or his future foretold by means of astrology, 1 Ching, tarot cards or some other means? 11. Do you worry about the future? 12. Do you try to hold in your anger as long as possible and then sometimes explode in a rage? 13. Do people you care about often make you feel jealous? 14. If your intimate partner were unfaithful one time, would you be unable to forgive and forget? 15. Do you have difficulty making im-

portant decisions?

16. Would you abandon a goal rather 99

than take risks to reach it? 46. Do you think it is possible to be too one who reminds you of your parent rational? of the opposite sex? 17. When you go on a vacation, do you 78. Do you think love is all you pres-47. Have you attended or would you take some work along? like to attend a sensitivity or en-18. Do you usually wear clothes that are ently need to be happy? counter-group session? 79. Do you feel a sense of rejection if a dark or neutral in color? 48. Do you discourage friends from person you love tries to preserve his 19. Do you usually do what you feel like or her independence? doing, regardless of social pressures dropping in unannounced? 80. Can you accept your loved one's 49. Would you feel it a sign of weakness or criticism? to seek help for a sexual problem? anger and still believe in his or her 20. Does a beautiful speaking voice turn 50. Are you upset when a homosexual love? you on? seems attracted to you? 81. Can you express your innermost 21. Do you always take an interest in thoughts and feelings to the person 51. Do you have difficulty communicatwhere you are and what's happening ing with someone of the opposite around you? 22. Do you find most odors interesting sex? 82. Do you talk over disagreements with your partner rather than silently rather than offensive? 52. Do you believe that men who write poetry are less masculine than men worry about them? 23. Do you enjoy trying new and differwho drive trucks? 83. Can you easily accept the fact that ent foods? your partner has loved others before 24. Do you like to touch and be 53. Do most women prefer men with touched? well-developed muscles to men with you and not worry about how you compare with them? 25. Are you easily amused? П well-developed emotions? 84. Can you accept a partner's disinter-54. Are you generally indifferent to the 26. Do you often do things spontaneest in sex without feeling rejected? ously or impulsively? kind of place in which you live? 85. Can you accept occasional sessions of 27. Can you sit still through a long 55. Do you consider it a waste of money committee meeting or lecture withto buy flowers for yourself or for unsatisfactory sex without blaming yourself or your partner? out twiddling your thumbs or wrigothers? 86. Should unmarried adolescents be 56. When you see an art object you like, gling in your chair? do you pass it up if the cost would denied contraceptives? 28. Can you usually fall asleep and stay mean cutting back on your food 87. Do you believe that even for adults asleep without the use of sleeping in private, there are some sexual budget? pills or tranquilizers? acts that should remain illegal? 57. Do you think it pretentious and 29. Are you a moderate drinker rather extravagant to have an elegant din-88. Do you think that hippie communes than either a heavy drinker or a and Israeli kibbutzim have nothing ner when alone or with members of teetotaler? your immediate family? useful to teach the average Ameri-30. Do you smoke not at all or very 58. Are you often bored? little? 89. Should a couple put up with an 59. Do Sundays depress you? 31. Can you put yourself in another 60. Do you frequently feel nervous? unhappy marriage for the sake of person's place and experience his 61. Do you dislike the work you do to their children? emotions? 90. Do you think that mate swappers earn a living? 32. Are you seriously concerned about necessarily have unhappy mar-62. Do you think a carefree hippie life social problems even when they don't style would have no delights for riages? affect you personally? 91. Should older men and women be you? 33. Do you think most people can be content not to have sex? 63. Do you watch TV selectively rather trusted? than simply to kill time? 92. Do you believe that pornography 34. Can you talk to a celebrity or a contributes to sex crimes? 64. Have you read any good books restranger as easily as you talk to your 93. Is sexual abstinence beneficial to a cently? neighbor? 65. Do you often daydream? person's health, strength, wisdom or 35. Do you get along well with sales-66. Do you like to fondle pets? П 94. Can a truly loving wife or husclerks, waiters, service-station attend-67. Do you like many different forms band sometimes be sexually unreants and cabdrivers? and styles of art? 36. Can you easily discuss sex in mixed 68. Do you enjoy watching an attractive ceptive? 95. Can intercourse during a woman's company without feeling uncomfortperson of the opposite sex? menstrual period be as appealing or 69. Can you describe how your date or mate looked the last time you went as appropriate as at any other 37. Can you express appreciation for a out together? time? gift or a favor without feeling un-96. Should a woman concentrate on her 70. Do you find it easy to talk to new own sensual pleasure during inter-38. When you feel affection for someone, acquaintances? course rather than pretend enjoycan you express it physically as well 71. Do you communicate with others ment to increase her partner's as verbally? through touch as well as through pleasure? 39. Do you sometimes feel that you have words? 97. Can a man's efforts to bring his extrasensory perception? 72. Do you enjoy pleasing members of partner to orgasm reduce his own 40. Do you like yourself? your family? pleasure? 41. Do you like others of your own 73. Do you avoid joining clubs or organizations? 98. Should fun and sensual pleasure be sex? 74. Do you worry more about how you 42. Do you enjoy an evening alone? the principal goals in sexual relapresent yourself to prospective dates 43. Do you vary your schedule to avoid doing the same things at the same than about how you treat them? 99. Is pressure to perform well a common cause of sexual incapacity? times each day? 75. Are you afraid that if people knew you too well they wouldn't like 100. Is sexual intercourse for you an un-44. Is love more important to you than you? inhibited romp rather than a demmoney or status? 45. Do you place a higher premium on onstration of your sexual ability? 76. Do you fall in love at first sight? (continued on page 134) kindness than on truthfulness? 77. Do you always fall in love with some-

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor By JUDITH WAX

A marriage at the White House Is a wedding masterpiece. What luck that Trish wed Eddie there While Dad still held the lease.

A wee colleen for Bernadette, The lady so spitfirish. Though Devlin won't reveal the pa, Sure, it's Up the Irish.

Kissinger sneaked off to Chou, The quietest of capers. Anything to get away From Ellsberg and those papers!

General Jessel, on "Today," World issues to illumine, Heaped herrings(red) upon the Times. "Oy vay, get lost," said Newman.

Masters-Johnson worked for years On problems quite complex. But now they've wed each other; It should take their minds off sex.

Some pix appeared of Jackie That set off oohs and ahs. Are things so bad with Ari That he can't afford her bras?

The eyes of Nixon are upon him, Likewise the Demos' curse. So maybe Connally will do A Lindsay in reverse.

Monsieur Trudeau, he met une femme And left the bachelor list. It was a fearful blow against Le Mouvement Séparatiste.

Miss "Fridge" Furness resigned her post And told what didn't please her: "I can't protect consumers when My budget's in the freezer!"

When Teddy's party took a vote, A shocking thing occurred. Not only was he Senate-whipped, The boys gave him the Byrd.



ILLUSTRATION BY BILL UTTERBACK

Georgie Sanders, who emotes At times a little hammily, Got typecast as the groom (and ex) For Zsa Zsa and her family.

New Democrat John Lindsay Got ready for the fray; He'd taken care of old New York— Why not the U.S. A.?

Tulip-tripping Tiny Tim
Is happiest of pappies.
But now he wears galoshes
As he tiptoes through the nappies.

Reagan said your tax should hurt, But later did admit He beat the bite in Cal. last year. (It didn't hurt a bit!)

Frazier pounded on Ali And hit him in the face, Then Pat Bozell (nee Buckley) Tried the same thing on Ti-Grace.

Spiro's trips abroad are planned By G. O. P. promoters. His golf balls may zonk heads of state, But can't hit U. S. voters.

Super-Mex Trevino A golfdom challenge hurled: "Today, I've got three opens; Tamale, it's the world!"

"They won't get me in drag," he said. But then, before Flip knew it, Miss Geraldine was on the scene. The Devil made him do it!

Where have all the drill teams gone? What will all the dog acts do? Who'd believe on Sunday night Ed's a real-l-ly big no-shew?

All Hollywood recoiled in shock When George C. gave the word— He said the holy night of nights Was Pattonly absurd.

TAROT: A FRESH LOOK ATAN ARCANE ART

ANY OF US in the modern world have never actually seen a tarot card. If we have heard of the tarot, it has likely been through the filter of sophisticated literary allusion, such as T. S. Eliot's The Waste Land, which draws much of its poetic imagery from the mystical cards. In times past, however, the tarot was considered by king and commoner alike to be a mirror of life: vivid, valid, vital; worthy of respect, of trust and of fear.

The tarot is rich in mysteries, and the greatest of these is its source, which is unknown. Throughout the centuries, men have striven zealously to trace it to its beginnings, but the secret has always eluded mortal quest, remaining hidden in the thick shadows of impenetrable antiquity. The very word tarot defies etymological analysis and is, to this day, inexplicable.

Ancient Egypt, some have said, was the tarot's birthplace; and in evidence they have offered the Egyptian words tar (road) and ro (king), claiming that the tarot is a kind of royal road of life. The chief exponent of the Egyptian school was the 18th Century French philologist Court de Gébelin, who thought the tarot cards were remnants of the ancient Book of Thoth.

According to other allegations, the 22 major cards of the tarot correspond to the 22 letters

of the Hebrew alphabet, thus linking the tarot with the arcane writings of the cabala.

These theories—and many others that have been advanced through the years, attributing the tarot to Hindu, Arab, Gypsy and other origins—are as flawed as they are fascinating. Emile Grillot de Givry, author of Anthologie de l'Occultisme and other mystical works, has said, "The truth is much more beautiful. . . . The tarot has no origin whatever. It remains a mystery, an enigma, a problem.'

The great English tarot authority and Mason, Arthur Edward Waite, once wrote: "The tarot embodies symbolical presentations of universal ideas, behind which lie all the implicits of the human mind, and it is in this sense that they contain secret doctrine, which is the reali-

zation by the few of truths imbedded in the consciousness of all."

These recondite meanings of the tarot were responsible for historical prohibitions of all forms of cards by both church and state. In 1423, Saint Bernardino of Siena preached sternly against them and four decades after that, in the time of King Edward IV, cards were forbidden

to be imported into England.

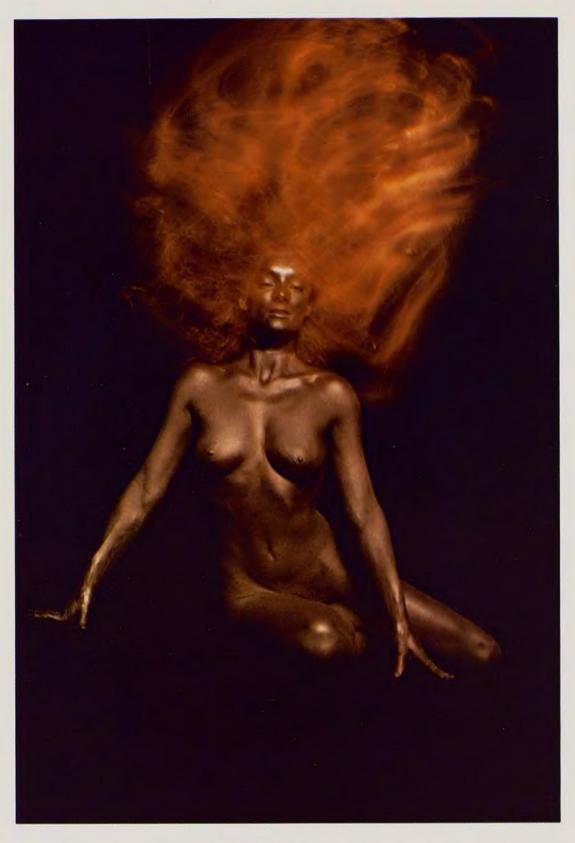
The tarot is a pack of 78 cards, 22 of which represent the Greater Arcana, the remaining 56 being the Lesser Arcana. These lesser cards (which sometimes number 52) are the ancestors of the common playing cards we use today: our king, queen and jack (or knave or page) may be found there, in addition to a knight, which has disappeared from modern playing cards. The coins or pentacles of the tarot have been glamorized into our diamonds; the wands or cudgels have become clubs; the swords have been demoted to lowly spades (reminiscent of the Biblical injunction to beat our swords into plowshares); while the suit known (text continued on page 239)

article By RAY RUSSELL

playboy explores an ancient enigma and offers a selection of contemporary cards

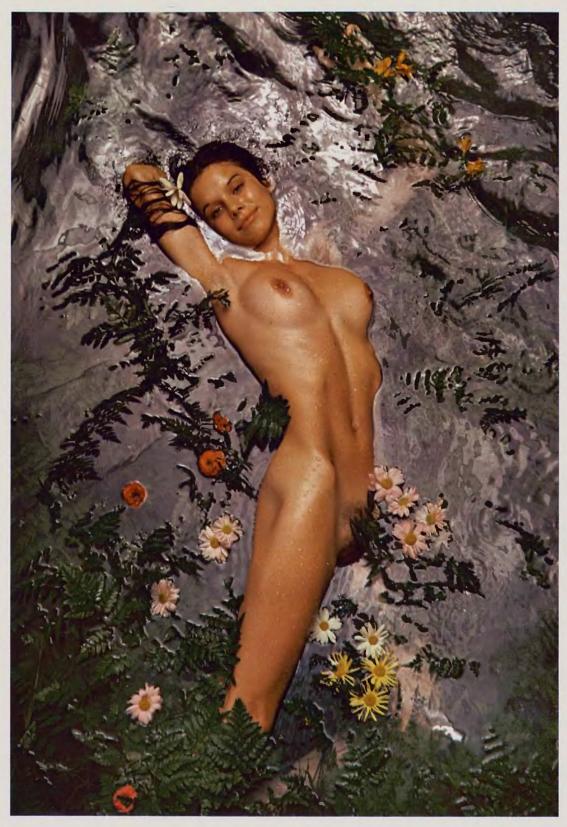








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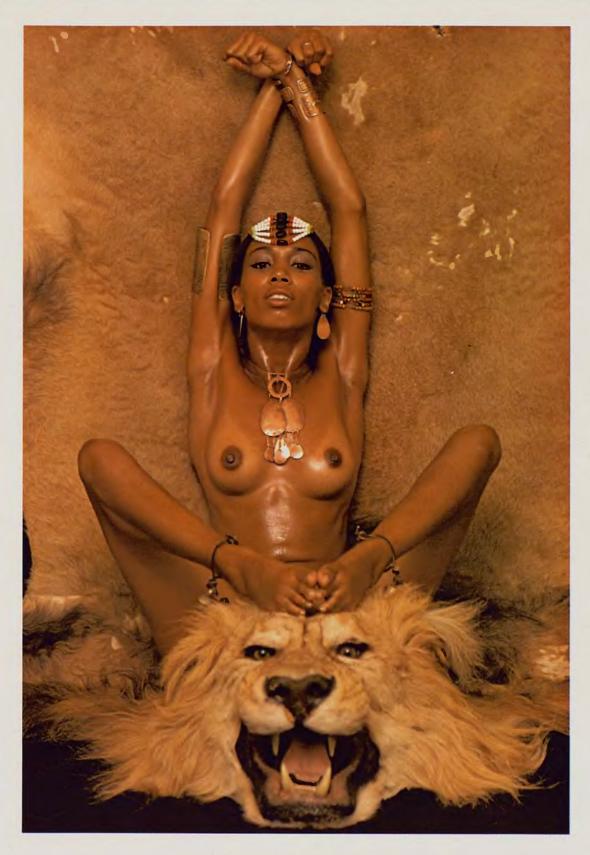




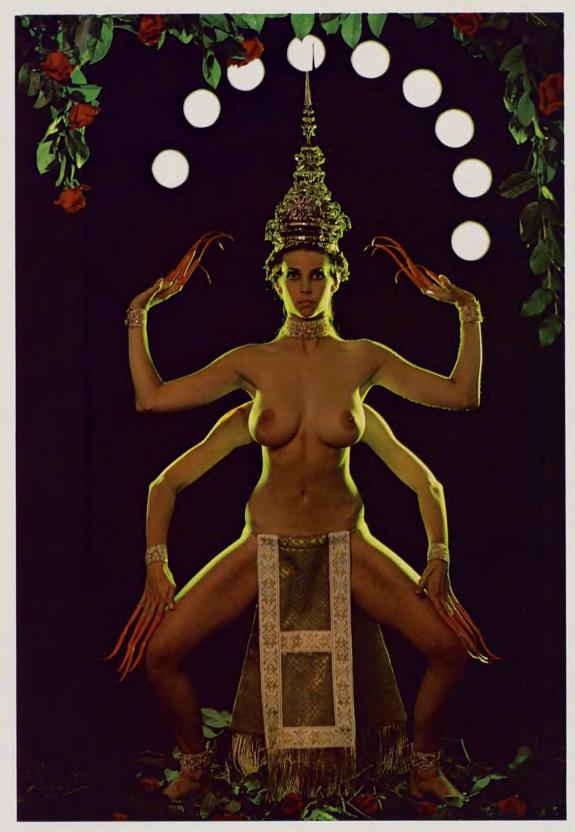


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THE KILLING OF THE EVERGLADES

THE OLD MAN saw the lizard slip out from under a bush in front of the drugstore where he had gone to test his blood pressure and saw its sprawl on the flagstone path beside the sidewalk and hunched toward it, propping himself with his cane. He raised the cane over his head, baring his teeth, and jammed it down and pinned the lizard to the flagstone, tearing its belly out, and it twisted over, its four infant hands clutching the air and its mouth opening and closing, and the old man jerked the cane up and jammed it down and jammed it up and down until he had mashed the lizard into the stone. The black tip of his cane smeared now, the old man looked uneasily around and, breathing hard, set the cane to the walk, staining the white stone red, and lurched away, teeming Florida

jerking across his narrowed eyes. He didn't understand.

That the lizard was harmless?

But he did understand. It wasn't harmless.

A lizard?

It was a fuse running back into the swamp. He put it out.

One of many fuses, then.
We put them out whenever we can. They mean us no good.

They mean us no harm.
They mean us no harm. They mean us nothing at all.

The Everglades, the wilderness Everglades that was once the wonder of the world, is not dying. It is already dead. The shell is left, the shell of a wilderness, and should be saved. We save shells. They are symmetrical and can be understood. The silent things that live inside them

are not symmetrical and cannot be understood. They must be taken for what they are or destroyed. They do not care if they are taken or not. They live and die in silence. The old man raged. The lizard never said a word.

I am not cynical. I am not wedded to death, though at one time I thought I might be. I do not know Florida as well as the men and women who live there who would save it from itself, but I know land and know when it is failing. South Florida will be a garden or it will be a desert. It will never again be a wilderness.

Amerigo Vespucci named this Western continent with a name better than his own. In a letter to Lorenzo de' Medici he called it a New World. It tore men's eyes open. They could not believe what they saw. On their maps

birth and death have always complemented each other in this wilderness...



they shrank it into comprehension. Leonardo da Vinci, the most visionary of Renaissance men, drew the New World as a string of islands. Jacques le Moyne, the first artist to visit North America, drew Florida smaller than Cuba and located the Great Lakes in Tennessee.

Men came to the New World to plunder. Later they came to live. They could choose to move through the wilderness and make it their own or they could choose to push it back before them, destroying it as they went. Having money and courage but lacking the genius that might transform them into a new kind of people, they chose to push the wilderness back. They chose to remain European, with European notions of land ownership and European beliefs in man's authority over the natural world. That is why, though we think of ourselves today as American, we do not think of ourselves as an American race. We are separate from one another. We are Italian or Polish or black or WASP. The only people in America who feel they belong to the land, and so to one another, are the ones we call Indian. They are the people who made the wilderness their own.

You can easily locate the places that pass for wilderness in the United States. The U. S. Geological Survey has not yet found time to record them on its most detailed topographic maps, the seven-and-a-half-minute series, scaled one inch to 2000 feet. Barrens of western Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah and Nevada have not yet been mapped for the sevenand-a-half-minute series. The Everglades from Lake Okeechobee to Cape Sable has not yet been mapped for the series, though a jetport almost rose on the edge of the Big Cypress swamp, though most of the Everglades has been leveed and ditched for water storage, though canals have been cut for new towns near the Big Cypress' Fakahatchee Strand and though acres of Nike missiles point toward Cuba from the center of the national park. The Everglades is still officially a wilderness. But it has already been pushed back. It once teemed with life. It teems no more.

"How shall I express myself," traveler William Bartram wrote from upper Florida in the 18th Century, "to . . . avoid raising suspicions of my veracity? Should I say that the river (in this place) from shore to shore, and perhaps near half a mile above and below me, appeared to be one solid bank of fish, of various kinds, pushing through this narrow pass of St. Juans into the little lake, on their return down the river, and that the alligators were in such incredible numbers, and so

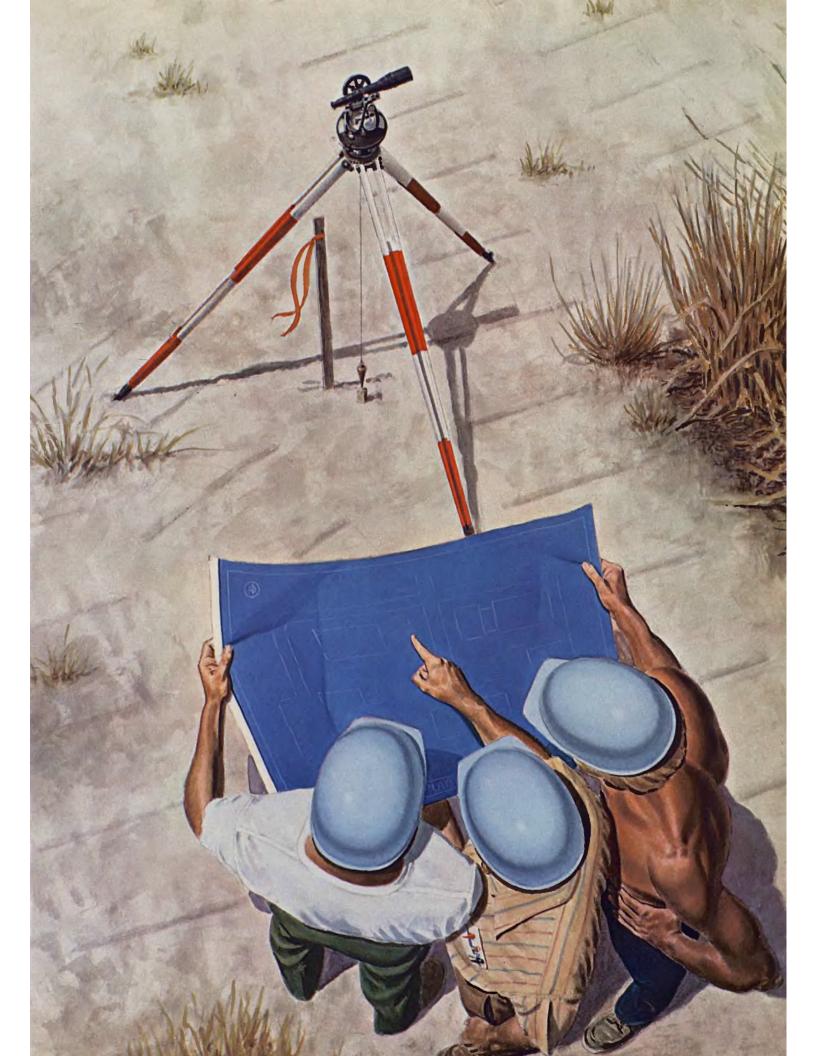
close together from shore to shore, that it would have been easy to have walked across on their heads, had the animals been harmless?" Bartram saw alligators 20 feet long, with bodies, he said, as big as horses'. The longest recorded in the 20th Century was 13 feet.

Birds, countless millions of birds, came to Florida once from all reaches of the world, so thick in the sky that they darkened the sun, so thick in the shallow rookeries that their droppings turned the brown water white for miles. At the height of Florida's trade in egret plumes, 80 years ago, one Jacksonville merchant in one year shipped 130,000 egretskins to New York. The birds come now in shrunken numbers, fewer than 50,000 of them a year, and many do not stay. Some species will never be seen again.

The first pictures of wilderness America to reach Europe were Jacques le Moyne's drawings of savage Florida. For a time, Florida was the New World to European eyes. Bartram's Travels fired the imagination of the English romantic poets, of William and Dorothy Wordsworth and of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Coleridge read Bartram and dreamed of building a utopia in Florida. Young men in groups of 12 would sail there and work only half a day and discuss philosophy

... but man has introduced murder and brought an end to a million wild years





in the long afternoons. Coleridge never saw it, but Bartram's Florida worked its way into his opium dream and came out Kubla Khan:

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran Through caverns measureless to man Down to a sunless sea.

Alph was a Florida spring. But the caverns proved treacherous. They were caverns of time and we moved through them as if the only lives that concerned us were our own.

We took the land and made it ours. "After we had strooken sayle and cast anker athwart the River," wrote an early French explorer of Florida, "I determined to goe on shore to discover the same." Religion strengthened him. He was only a little lower than the angels. He was lord of the earth. The men who planned the Everglades jetport felt the same. "We will do our best," one of them wrote, "to meet our responsibilities and the responsibilities of all men to exercise dominion over the land, sea and air above us as the higher order of man intends." You can hear the Great Chain of Being rattling in there, the old medieval hierarchy of stone and plant and animal and man and angel and God. The preservationists who fought the jetport down heard only greed, but they ought to have heard an echo of the old belief in the sovereignty of man that impelled men to discover America and justified the white man's existence here for 300 years. The planners who hold that belief today cannot understand why others do not. They smell subversion.

"How," asks a broadside circulating these days in south Florida, "can anyone legally stop a useless land from becoming a community of churches, schools, hospitals, universities, playground parks, golf courses and beautiful homes where thousands of precious children will be born and raised to be useful citizens?" That the swamps and flood plains are not useless, that they collect and store and purify all the water south Florida will ever have, that the worst thing that could happen to the region would be the addition of more thousands of precious children to its present load are not assertions easy to prove.

"Before this century is done," Peter Matthiessen writes in the Sierra Club book *The Everglades*, "there will be an evolution in our values and the values of human society, not because man has become more civilized but because, on a blighted earth, he will have no choice. This evolution—actually a revolution whose violence will depend on the violence with which it is met—must aim at an order of things that treats man and his habitat with respect." Nowhere in America is the conflict more directly

engaged than in south Florida. If its primeval wilderness is gone, its ecosystem is not yet irrevocably damaged. Birds still sing and trees still grow. There is something left to save, a water supply and a way of life. New and terrifying problems have not yet displaced the old. Miami is not yet New York, nor Okeechobee Lake Erie. But now much time remains for south Florida is a question on which few people agree.

The Everglades was once a vast and grassy river. It began in the flood and hurricane spill of Lake Okeechobee and flowed south and southwest 100 miles to merge with the ocean above Cape Sable on the southwestern tip of Florida. Saw grass and water and peat muck, a river 50, 70 miles wide, bound on the east by a limestone ridge and on the west by a broad and shadowed cypress swamp, it looked like a marsh, but the water flowed sluggishly down. One foot of fall-off in ten months-an inch and a little more a month. From new moon to new moon in the summer, the land might receive 40 inches of rain and fill up like a tipped bowl. Alligators spread out then to feed, and deer and the panthers that harvested them found refuge on hammocks, tree islands shaped like longboats that interrupted the monotony of saw grass. In the summer and autumn, hurricanes thrashed the saw grass and tore the tops off the royal palms. The hurricanes dropped the last of the rains the land would see until summer came again. The water crept down the land or evaporated in the sun or transpired through the pores of green plants and trees. Disappearing, it concentrated the life that swarmed within it, mosquito fish and killifish and crawfish and the larger predators that lived on them, and the birds came to feed in the broth and reproduce. The water level dropped lower and lower and alligators dug out holes, tearing the grass and the peat away with their tails, making room not only for themselves but also for a seed crop of fish and turtles and frogs that would grow to populate the land when the next rains came. The first thunderstorms of late winter brought fire that burned away the old cover of saw grass. On the higher land the fire destroyed brush and the shoots of hardwoods but left behind the corky, fire-resistant pines.

When the water that flooded Okeechobee reached the mangrove estuaries that lined the coast, it mixed with sea water stirred by the tides. The brackish solution that resulted from the mixing was a thousand times more fertile than the sea itself, haven for adolescent pink shrimps whose shells gave the roseate spoonbill its color, haven for young fish that men would later hook for sport and net for food. Crowds of crocodiles swarmed in the deltas of mangrove rivers, the only place

in North America they were ever found. The mangrove forest itself was one of the largest in the world, trees that reclaimed the land from the sea, trees denser on their islands and peninsulas than any rain jungle.

Aboriginal Indians lived on the mangrove coast and hunted the Everglades, men who came down from the continental wilderness and exchanged their buckskins for breechclouts of woven palm engorged in back with the tails of raccoons, women who bared their brown breasts and hung their bellies and flanks with Spanish moss like tropical growths of pubic hair. They piled up mounds of feasted shells that later whole farms would occupy, roared out to slaughter the fat manatee, dug coontie root and learned to wash it free of its alkaloid and pound it into white flour, harvested the land and the ocean and threw the waste over their shoulders and moved on. In other mounds they piled up their dead without ceremony, until a dream of death came down the peninsula from the interior of America, and then they saw through to the other side and began to leave tokens in the graves of those of their blood who would pass over. The idea of death brought an idea of life and they flowered out in decoration, scratched patterns on their pots, carved wooden deer heads with knives made from the teeth of sharks, pushed smoothed knucklebones through their ear lobes, took scalps and arms and legs from their enemies. And these, the Calusa and Tequesta, greeted the Spanish when they arrived. Greeted the Spanish with poisoned arrows and night hatchetings, but within 100 years most of them were gone, killed by new diseases or shipped off to slavery in Cuban sugar fields.

The Everglades was not fit to live on, not fit to farm. White men left it alone while they tackled the Northern wilderness. They pushed all the way to Oregon before they began to look seriously at the young peninsula that reached farther south than any other land in the United States. In the late 19th Century, sporadic efforts at drainage began. A muck dike went up along the lower rim of Lake Okeechobee to stop the spill of water and farmers moved in with cattle and sugar cane. Where the Everglades peat was exposed to the sun it began to oxidize, crumbling from fertile muck into gray silica-brightened ash that fed nothing. It is still oxidizing today and will be gone, the work of 5000 years, in a few decades. America's winter vegetable garden, Florida people call it.

The Okeechobee dike held the lake water back, but it was no match for hurricanes. One hit the lake in 1926 and drove the shallow water through the dike and killed 500 people determined (continued on page 154)

SEXOMETRICS

rapture without rupture: exercises to tone up, tune in and possibly tear down the body sexual

humor By BOB POST Our attention has recently been drawn to a number of books offering exercises to improve the physical efficiency of sex partners. Laudable in their intent, sternly sober in their style, such books concentrate on the more athletic aspects of what used to be called Doing What Comes Naturally. Grimly accusing civilized man of being "a race of sex cripples." one such book offers, by way of remedy, chapters headed "The Vitally Im-

portant Pelvic Thrust," "More Sex Enjoyment with the Gluteal Squeeze" and a lot of other data in that same acrobatic vein. Overwhelmed by these earnest and somewhat daunting manuals, we have devised our own set of deliberately difficult sex exercises, calling upon many little-used muscles and organs—chiefly the Tongue-in-Cheek, Warning The Surgeon General has determined that presexual activity—this kind, anyway—is dangerous to your health.

MALE

stress exercises



Male prepares for muscular stress situations by lifting rear ends of automobiles, progressing from Volkswagen to 67 Cougar to 56 De Soto station wagon. No substitutions allowed.

oral sex



Male pushes bowling ball three feet up inclined plane employing tip of tongue. No fair using chin, nose or nonleague ball.

FEMALE



Female bounces up and down on trampoline while holding 100-pound bag of cement, preferably dry. If cement is unavailable, then 100-pound bag of anything, wet or dry.



Female peels overripe banana with teeth while mouth is full of hot chestnuts (alternate with ice cubes), Keep smiling!

dexterity



Male dials direct to ex-wife, the hard way.

Ex-wife should preferably live out of
state or even out of country.

Push-button phones not permitted!



Female turns shower on and off, the hard way. Adjusts water temperature to hot and cold and back again, also the hard way. In fact, do everything the hard way.

concentration



Male reviews longest baseball game in history or mentally hums entire score of *Parsifal* while standing waist-deep in large caldron of lukewarm minestrone.



Female caresses miniature cocktail sausage while mentally envisioning stimulating variety of phallic symbols. Prizes awarded for aptness of thought.

endurance



Male takes long bus ride over bumpy road, wearing woolen underwear and thinking erotic thoughts. Obscene thoughts permissible if erotic thoughts unavailable.



Female takes long cross-country bicycle ride over bumpy road, without bicycle seat. Erotic thoughts not compulsory but almost unavoidable.

foreplay



Male and female, sitting in separate rows in movie theater, refine foreplay technique by stimulating remote members of audience.

exercise with partner



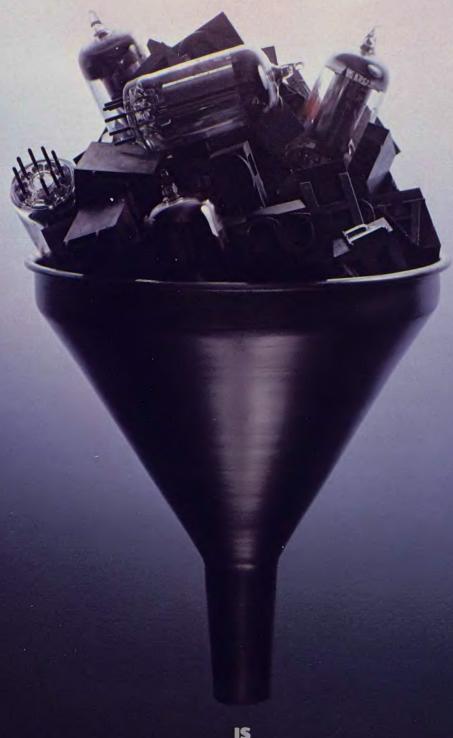
Male and female, strapped back to back to greased telephone pole, try to make love while wearing roller skates. Proper precautions must be taken to guard against pregnancy!

consummation



Male and female, now thoroughly indoctrinated into the techniques of love, are fully equipped, at last, to plunge ahead, free of fear and inhibition, into the act of writing their own sex-exercise manuals.

THE NEWS MEDIA



IS THAT ALL THERE IS?

ELECTRONIC JOURNALISM: By JOHN CHANCELLOR

PRINT JOURNALISM: By HARRISON SALISBURY

"MY FELLOW AMERICANS, tonight I want to talk with you about a subject that is both painful and important. We live in a time when many of our basic institutions are changing, and often in directions we don't like. We have seen this in our schools. We have seen it in the courts. We have seen it even in some churches. And, my friends, we see it perhaps most vividly of all in the press and on television.

"We have been engaged in a long and dreadful conflict in Southeast Asia, a conflict made all the more protracted and all the more difficult because many of our citizens at home have felt they could not support the war. One must ask why. Why were the American people, who were steadfast in World War Two and resolute during the Korean War, so divided on Vietnam? Perhaps it was because they were told only the negative side of that story, the destructive side, while the courage of our fighting men and the nobility of our goals were ignored.

"My friends, the facts were twisted and the whole story not told, and the blood is on the hands of the twisters—in the press and on television. . . ."

Who said that? Nobody—yet. But a growing number of those who report the news are becoming aware that someone, either a Democrat or a Republican, may say something like it in 1972.

A Johnson Administration official has said that if there had been television news cameras at the Anzio beachhead during World War Two, the public would have withdrawn its support of the war. Richard Nixon has said that he will be satisfied as long as he gets the chance to present himself directly to the American people. And any stump speaker of either party will tell you that knocking the papers and the commentators always gets a good hand these days.

The controversial CBS News program The Selling of the Pentagon didn't help. Some of the editing in that show came dangerously close to the ethical line, in my view, and the uproar that followed in the Congress made matters worse. CBS compounded the problem by issuing an almost theologically complicated directive to its news staff on how to edit film—a directive that made the network look guilty as charged. CBS was courageous in its refusal to turn over private papers on the program to a Congressional panel; but its victory in that fight left a lot of people in Congress more hostile to television news than they had been before.

The publication of the (continued on page 216)

WE ALL HAVE our Pulitzers. I mean, Scotty Reston has his two, Abe Rosenthal has his and I have mine. The New York Times has won more than any other paper, and The Washington Post has its collection. So we are the good guys, the ones with the credentials, certified public and professional, the ones who do more and better and oftener than anyone else. The recognized champs. And Agnew and Mitchell and Nixon himself and all their cohorts—they're the bad guys, the ones who want to vanquish the white knights, the inheritors and continuators of the tradition of Milton and Voltaire and Tom Paine and all the others.

You listen to Agnew putting the press down, telling the editors and writers where to head in; you see Mitchell gang-busting with his lawmen (the subpoenas to Earl Caldwell, the injunctions against the Times and the Post, the grand jury on Ellsberg and Neil Sheehan and his wife, Susan); you remember the President's dark and angry ranting ("You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore . . ."). They have to be bad guys. Doesn't the case of the Pentagon papers prove it? The Times challenging everyone, publishing the truth because "the people have a right to know"; the Post picking up the torch when Mitchell silenced the Times with a restraining order; The Boston Globe picking up when the Post was silenced; then the Chicago Sun-Times, the Knight papers, The Christian Science Monitor. We have to be the good guys. Right?

I wish it were so. I really do. But it's not a case of black and white, right and wrong, open and shut. It's been a long time since the press was a white knight in this country; and though there is a lot of wind in Agnew, there is some bitter truth as well. There is a case to be made. And that is why, amid the hoopla and self-congratulation over the Pentagon papers and the successful—if limited—victory over the Government, the press has been doing more soul-searching, more deep analysis than it's done in a long, long time. Not all the conclusions are easy to sleep with.

But first let's level about the present Administration and its role in all this. Is it true that Mr. Nixon and his aides—chiefly Agnew in charge of agitprop and Mitchell in charge of what we might call the U.S.A. K.G.B.—are trying to fetter the news media? Are these men, in the pattern of Stalin, out to destroy the free press? Well, neither Nixon nor Mitchell is exactly what you would call permissive. Nixon has long felt that the press was something less than enthusiastic about him, and who am I (continued on page 122)

two commentators assess the attacks on the press and find it guilty—but not as charged

to say his feelings have not been justified? Mr. Mitchell is a great law-andorder man, by his own rather self-serving definition. And he sees the world in rather apocalyptic terms: The United States, if Mrs. Mitchell accurately reflects her husband's views-and there is no reason to think she doesn't-stands on the verge of Bolshevik revolution, and media like The New York Times, The Washington Post, CBS and others seem to the Attorney General to echo the shout of the rabble a bit to the left of Lenin's Iskra. In this moment of peril, he doesn't hesitate to defend the republic with such methods as come to hand, whether they be preventive arrest, prior restraint of a newspaper's right to publish, wire tapping, no-knock entry and arrest, the use of subpoena powers to compel reporters to testify about their stories, to turn over their notebooks and picture files, threats of investigation by the FBI or Federal grand juries, secret searches and seizures and other forms of intimidation.

Given Mr. Mitchell's premise—a grave and unprecedented danger to the republic—a case might possibly be made for suspension of the right of habeas corpus, the institution of a Napoleonic system of arrest, detention and trial and the repeal of the Bill of Rights. The fact that by so doing we would ourselves be destroying the republic ("Sorry, sir, in order to save the city we were compelled to destroy it") is a factor that might have to be taken into consideration. But few would agree with Mitchell's doomsday premise. Not even, in all probability, the President himself.

Let's put the Administration brief in another context-more understandable, more defensible. Every President, beginning with George Washington, has had an uncomfortable relationship with the press. John Adams got Congress to pass the Alien and Sedition Acts to give himself a club with which to bludgeon unruly editors. (He quickly got his comeuppance, and the laws that authorized prior restraint of publication were thrown out.) Lincoln, in the darkest days of the Civil War, suppressed some papers and arrested some editors, but he had to cope with a press that makes Nixon's look pantywaist. F. D. R. cozened reporters as did no one else, but he hated many of them and his worst feuds were with publishers. He used every instrument in a versatile repertoire against them, not excluding the FBI and Federal grand juries (against his archenemy, the Chicago Tribune). Harry Truman openly despised the press. Eisenhower rated reporters slightly below buck privates, and that is low. And L. B. J. attempted to manipulate reporters, their editors and publishers as he had long manipulated the Senate. When his stratagems failed, he tried bullying and finally cut himself off from almost everyone but William S. White.

Here is one modern President's view of the role of the press:

In times of clear and present danger, the courts have held that even the privileged rights of the First Amendment must yield to the public's need for national security.

Today no war has been declared —and however fierce the struggle may be, it may never be declared in the traditional fashion. Our way of life is under attack. . . .

. . . This nation's foes have openly boasted of acquiring through our newspapers information they would otherwise hire agents to acquire through theft, bribery or espionage. . . .

I am asking the members of the newspaper profession and the industry in this country to re-examine their own responsibilities—to consider the degree and nature of the present danger—and to heed the duty of self-restraint which that danger imposes upon all of us.

Every newspaper now asks itself with respect to every story: "Is it news?" All I suggest is that you add the question: "Is it in the interest of the national security?"

Who spoke these words? Roosevelt on the eve of World War Two? Truman during the Cold War? Johnson as Vietnam escalated? Nixon when the Pentagon papers were published? No. Those are the words of that idol of the press, the late John F. Kennedy, in the anger and chagrin of the Bay of Pigs fiasco. It shocks some of us to be reminded that even Kennedy was cut of the same cloth as Nixon so far as the press is concerned. It is well known to those of us in the press that Kennedy didn't hesitate at wire pulling and arm twisting, even blackmail, in his dealings with the press. Perhaps Kennedy did it with a little more style. That is how we remember it. But doesn't our memory play us tricks?

Take the Bay of Pigs. After the essential facts had been dribbled out in other newspapers, including those of Miami, for several months, The New York Times finally got onto what was happening and a story detailing the plans and preparations was prepared for publication on the eve of the abortive intervention in April 1961. A short time before deadline, after consultations among the publisher, the managing editor and the Washington bureau chief, the story was altered: toned down from a four-column page-one head to a single-column head less prominently displayed, and a certain amount of fuzz was introduced, particularly so far as jump-off time was concerned. This was done by the Times on its own, for reasons of what it considered national security. The fact that the Times's information had all been published elsewhere, that Castro and his Cubans had to know what was happening if they knew how to read simple declarative sentences, that the only persons who didn't know what was happening were ordinary Americans-none of this deterred the Times from dampening a story that could have saved the United States from a diplomatic, military and psychological fiasco of significant proportions. A year later, Kennedy himself told the late publisher Orvil Dryfoos, "I wish you had run everything on Cuba."

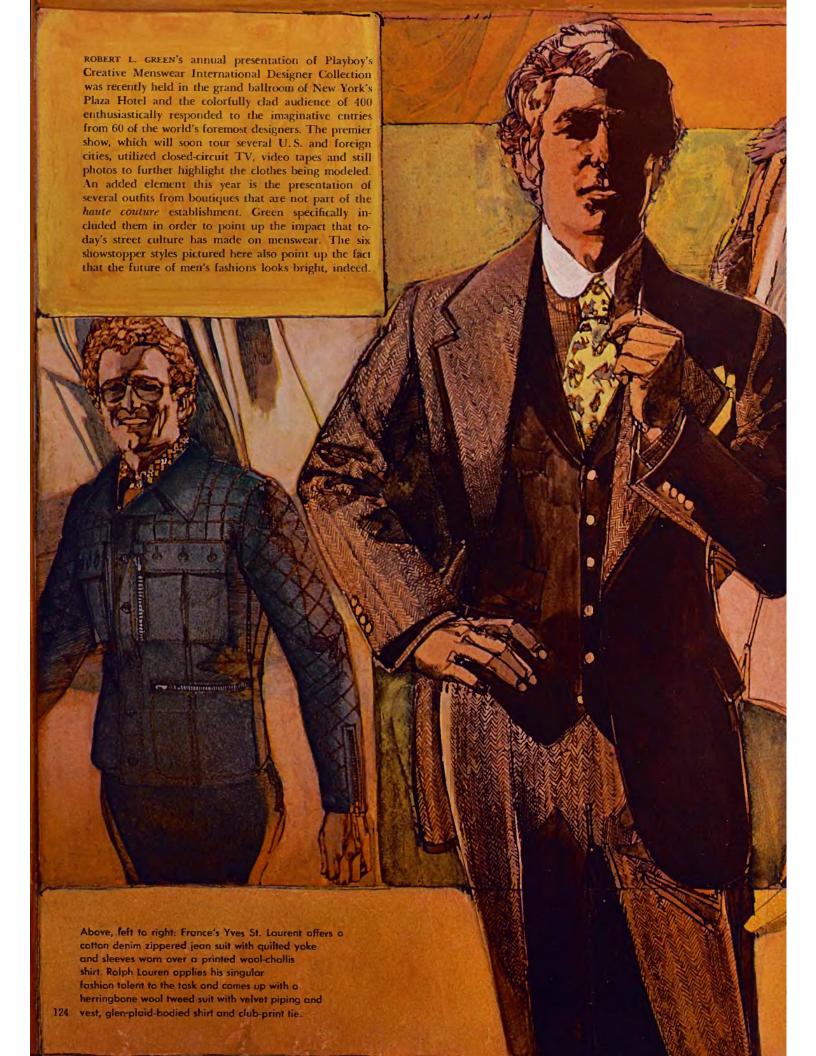
He didn't feel that way at the time. Kennedy didn't swear out an injunction to halt the *Times*'s Bay of Pigs story, as Nixon did on the Pentagon papers; but that wasn't because he didn't violently object to the publication even as watered down by the editors. He simply didn't have a chance to halt the story; it was in print before anything could be done.

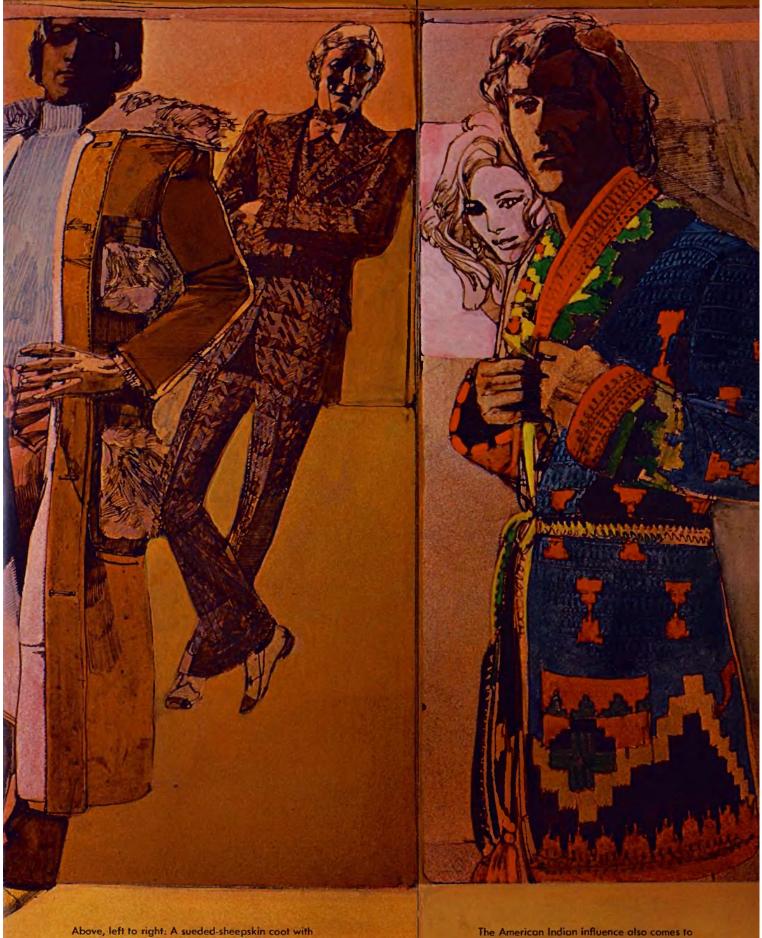
I'm not going to belabor the point of Presidents and the press. All I want to do is to put the two into context. They have an adversary relationship; always have had and always will. How a President deals with this problem is a matter of style. They all tackle it and they all blunder. So what Nixon, Mitchell and Agnew are up to is the same old game. It's up to the press to fend off Presidential pressure. We are big boys; at least I keep hoping we are. If we can't handle ourselves up against a Government crunch, maybe there's something wrong with us. Maybe we've gotten a little sissy over the years.

I said earlier that Nixon, Mitchell and Agnew are onto something about the press, whether or not they understand exactly what it is. The fact is that the press isn't in good shape around this country. We talk a lot about the crisis in confidence, about the challenge to American institutions, and they're very real. Go around the country a bit and listen to the people talk. Do they believe the Government? You know they don't. They don't believe Nixon and they didn't believe Johnson. But do they believe the media? No, indeed. And that, I hate to admit, goes for The New York Times as well as for the local Bugle. It goes for Walter Cronkite, David Brinkley, Time magazine and the regional radio station. Almost no institution in the country, from the church to the barbershop, has escaped the wave of skepticism.

It would be very convenient—and it would fit the devil theory of history—if we could say that all this has come about courtesy of Nixon and Agnew. But that is hogwash. No doubt Agnew (continued on page 254)







Above, left to right: A sueded-sheepskin coot with fur and colfskin trim—plus a pair of colfskin slocks and a coble-knit turtleneck—is the handsome selection from the prolific Pierre Cordin. London's Tom Gilbey presents a colorful wool tweed suit with roped shoulders worn with a printed wool jersey shirt and a velvet bow tie.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARRON STOREY

the fore in our Creotive Mensweor Collection—case in point is this extra-long wool crochet knit multicolor block-potterned wrop-around sweoter with shawl collar and sash tie belt created by New York designer Giorgio di Sant'Angelo for the American Wool Council.

THEPARROT

(continued from page 92)

to jiggle the lock on the door, showing that he really meant to shut the place down. All the tables were empty and there was no one around. He had probably just been airing out the bar when I arrived.

"I've come about the parrot," I said.

"No, no," he cried, his eyes looking wet. "I won't talk. It's too much. If I were not Catholic, I would kill myself. Poor Papa. Poor El Córdoba!"

"El Córdoba?" I murmured.

"That," he said fiercely, "was the parrot's name!"

"Yes," I said, recovering quickly. "El Córdoba. I've come to rescue him."

That made him stop and blink. Shadows and then sunlight went over his face and then shadows again. "Impossible! Could you? No, no. How could anyone!? Who are you?"

"A friend to Papa and the bird," I said quickly. "And the more time we talk, the farther away goes the criminal. You want El Córdoba back tonight? Pour us several of Papa's good drinks and talk."

My bluntness worked. Not two minutes later, we were drinking Papa's special, seated at the bar near the empty place where the cage used to sit. The little man, whose name was Antonio, kept wiping that empty place and then wiping his eyes with the bar rag. As I finished the first drink and started on the second, I said:

"This is no ordinary kidnaping."

"You're telling me!" cried Antonio. "People came from all over the world to see that parrot, to talk to El Córdoba, to hear him, ah, God, speak with the voice of Papa. May his abductors sink and burn in hell, yes, hell."

"They will," I said. "Whom do you suspect?"

"Everyone. No one."

"The kidnaper," I said, eyes shut for a moment, savoring the drink, "had to be educated, a book reader, I mean, that's obvious, isn't it? Anyone like that around the last few days?"

"Educated. No education. Señor, there have always been strangers the last ten, the last twenty years, always asking for Papa. When Papa was here, they met him. With Papa gone, they met El Córdoba, the great one. So it was always strangers and strangers."

"But think, Antonio," I said, touching his trembling elbow. "Not only educated, a reader, but someone in the last few days who was—how shall I put it?—odd. Strange. Someone so peculiar, muy eccéntrico, that you remember him above all others. Someone who—"

"¡Madre de Dios!" cried Antonio, leaping up. His eyes stared off into memory. He seized his head as if it had just exploded. "Thank you, señor. ¡Si, si! What a creature! In the name of Christ, there was such a one yesterday! He was very small. And he spoke like this: very high—eeeee. Like a muchacha in a school play, eh? Like a canary swallowed by a witch! And he wore a blue-velvet suit with a big yellow tie."

"Yes, yes!" I had leaped up now and

was almost yelling. "Go on!"

"And he had a small very round face, señor, and his hair was yellow and cut across the brow like this—zitt! And his mouth small, very pink, like candy, yes? He—he was like, yes, uno muñeco, of the kind one wins at carnivals."

"Kewpie dolls!"

"¡Si! At Coney Island, yes, when I was a child, Kewpie dolls! And he was so high, you see? To my elbow. Not a midget, no—but—and how old? Blood of Christ, who can say? No lines in his face, but—thirty, forty, fifty. And on his feet he was wearing—"

"Green bootees!" I cried.

"¿Qué?"

"Shoes, boots!"

"Si," he blinked, stunned. "But how did you know?"

I exploded, "Shelley Capon!"

"That is the name! And his friends with him, señor, all laughing—no, giggling. Like the nuns who play basketball in the late afternoons near the church. Oh, señor, do you think that they, that he—."

"I don't think, Antonio, I know. Shelley Capon, of all the writers in the world, hated Papa. Of course he would snatch El Córdoba. Why, wasn't there a rumor once that the bird had memorized Papa's last, greatest and as-yet-not-put-down-on-paper novel?"

"There was such a rumor, señor. But I do not write books. I tend bar. I bring crackers to the bird. I——"

"You bring me the phone, Antonio, please."

"You know where the bird is, señor?"
"I have the hunch beyond intuition, the big one. Gracias." I dialed the Habana Libre, the biggest hotel in town.

"Shelley Capon, please."

The phone buzzed and clicked.

Half a million miles away, a midget boy Martian lifted the receiver and played the flute and then the bell chimes with his voice: "Capon here."

"Damned if you aren't!" I said. And got up and ran out of the Cuba Libre bar.

Racing back to Havana by taxi, I thought of Shelley as I'd seen him before. Surrounded by a storm of friends, living out of suitcases, ladling soup from other people's plates, borrowing money from billfolds seized from your pockets right in front of you, counting the lettuce

leaves with relish, leaving rabbit pellets on your rug, gone. Dear Shelley Capon.

Ten minutes later, my taxi with no brakes dropped me running and spun on to some ultimate disaster beyond town.

Still running, I made the lobby, paused for information, hurried upstairs and stopped short before Shelley's door. It pulsed in spasms like a bad heart. I put my ear to the door. The wild calls and cries from inside might have come from a flock of birds, feather-stripped in a hurricane. I felt the door. Now it seemed to tremble like a vast laundromat that had swallowed and was churning an acid-rock group and a lot of very dirty linen. Listening, my underwear began to crawl on my legs.

I knocked. No answer. I touched the door. It drifted open. I stepped in upon a scene much too dreadful for Bosch to

have painted.

Around the pigpen living room were strewn various life-size dolls, eyes half cracked open, cigarettes smoking in burned, limp fingers, empty Scotch glasses in hands, and all the while the radio belted them with concussions of music broadcast from some Stateside asylum. The place was sheer carnage. Not ten seconds ago, I felt, a large dirty locomotive must have plunged through here. Its victims had been hurled in all directions and now lay upside down in various parts of the room, moaning for first aid.

In the midst of this hell, seated erect and proper, well dressed in velveteen jerkin, persimmon bow tie and bottlegreen bootees, was, of course, Shelley Capon. Who with no surprise at all waved a drink at me and cried:

"I knew that was you on the phone. I am absolutely telepathic! Welcome, Raimundo!"

He always called me Raimundo. Ray was plain bread and butter. Raimundo made me a don with a breeding farm full of bulls. I let it be Raimundo.

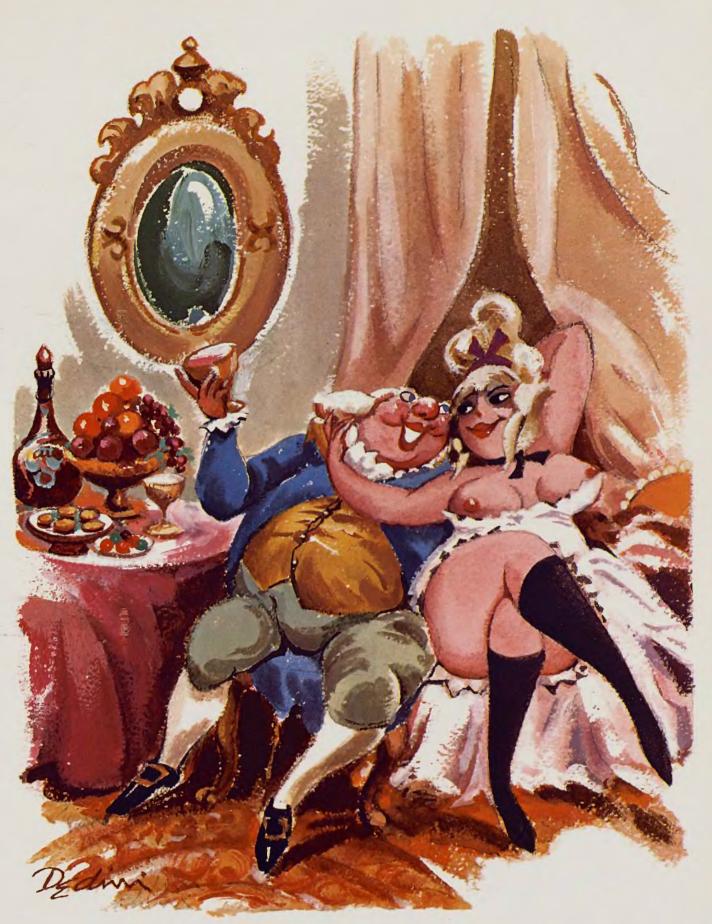
"Raimundo, sit down! No . . . fling yourself into an interesting position."

"Sorry," I said in my best Dashiell Hammett manner, sharpening my chin and steeling my eyes. "No time."

I began to walk around the room among his friends Fester and Soft and Ripply and Mild Innocuous and some actor I remembered who, when asked how he would do a part in a film, had said, "I'll play it like a doe."

I shut off the radio. That made a lot of people in the room stir. I yanked the radio's roots out of the wall. Some people sat up. I raised a window. I threw the radio out. They all screamed as if I had thrown their mothers down an elevator shaft.

The radio made a satisfying sound on the cement sidewalk below. I turned, with a beatific smile on my face. A number of people were on their feet, swaying toward me with faint menace. I



"Being a voluptuary is never having to say you're sorry."

pulled a \$20 bill out of my pocket, handed it to someone without looking at him and said, "Go buy a new one." He ran out the door slowly. The door slammed. I heard him fall down the stairs as if he were after his morning shot in the arm.

"All right, Shelley," I said, "where is

"Where is what, dear boy?" he said, eyes wide with innocence.

"You know what I mean." I stared at the drink in his tiny hand.

Which was a Papa drink, the Cuba Libre's very own special blend of papaya, lime, lemon and rum. As if to destroy evidence, he drank it down quickly.

I walked over to three doors in a wall and touched one.

"That's a closet, dear boy." I put my hand on the second door.

"Don't go in. You'll be sorry what you see." I didn't go in.

I put my hand on the third door. "Oh, dear, well, go ahead," said Shelley petulantly. I opened the door.

Beyond it was a small anteroom with a mere cot and a table near the window.

On the table sat a bird cage with a shawl over it. Under the shawl I could hear the rustle of feathers and the scrape of a beak on the wires.

Shelley Capon came to stand small beside me, looking in at the cage, a fresh drink in his little fingers.

"What a shame you didn't arrive at seven tonight," he said.

"Why seven?"

"Why, then, Raimundo, we would have just finished our curried fowl stuffed with wild rice. I wonder, is there much white meat, or any at all, under a parrot's feathers?"

"You wouldn't!?" I cried.

I stared at him.

"You would," I answered myself.

I stood for a moment longer at the door. Then, slowly, I walked across the small room and stopped by the cage with the shawl over it. I saw a single word embroidered across the top of the shawl:

I glanced at Shelley. He shrugged and looked shyly at his boot tips. I took hold of the shawl. Shelley said, "No. Before you lift it . . . ask something."

"Like what?"

"DiMaggio. Ask DiMaggio."

A small ten-watt bulb clicked on in my head. I nodded. I leaned near the hidden cage and whispered: "DiMaggio. 1939."

There was a sort of animal-computer pause. Beneath the word MOTHER some feathers stirred, a beak tapped the cage bars. Then a tiny voice said:

"Home runs, thirty. Batting average, .381."

I was stunned. But then I whispered: "Babe Ruth. 1927."

Again the pause, the feathers, the beak and: "Home runs, sixty. Batting average, .356. Awk."

"My God," I said.

"My God," echoed Shelley Capon.

"That's the parrot who met Papa, all right."

"That's who it is."

And I lifted the shawl.

I don't know what I expected to find underneath the embroidery. Perhaps a miniature hunter in boots, bush jacket and wide-brimmed hat. Perhaps a small, trim fisherman with a beard and turtleneck sweater perched there on a wooden slat. Something tiny, something literary, something human, something fantastic, but not really a parrot.

But that's all there was.

And not a very handsome parrot, either. It looked as if it had been up all night for years; one of those disreputable birds that never preen their feathers nor shine their beak. It was a kind of rusty green and black with a dull-amber snout and rings under its eyes as if it were a secret drinker. You might see it half flying, half hopping out of café-bars at three in the morning. It was the bum of the parrot world.

Shelley Capon read my mind. "The effect is better," he said, "with the shawl over the cage."

I put the shawl back over the bars.

I was thinking very fast. Then I thought very slowly. I bent and whispered by the cage:

"Norman Mailer."

"Couldn't remember the alphabet," said the voice beneath the shawl.

"Gertrude Stein," I said.

"Suffered from undescended testicles," said the voice.

"My God," I gasped.

I stepped back. I stared at the covered cage. I blinked at Shelley Capon.

"Do you really know what you have here, Capon!?"

"A gold mine, dear Raimundo!" he crowed.

"A mint!" I corrected.

"Endless opportunities for blackmail!"
"Causes for murder!" I added.

"Think!" Shelley snorted into his drink. "Think what Mailer's publishers alone would pay to shut this bird up!"

I spoke to the cage:

"F. Scott Fitzgerald."

Silence.

"Try 'Scottie," said Shelley.

"Ah," said the voice inside the cage. "Good left jab but couldn't follow through. Nice contender, but——"

"Faulkner," I said.

"Batting average fair, strictly a singles hitter."

"Steinbeck!"

"Finished last at end of season."

"Ezra Pound!"

"Traded off to the minor leagues in 1932."

"I think . . . I need . . . one of those drinks." Someone put a drink in my hand. I gulped it and nodded. I shut my eyes and felt the world give one turn, then opened my eyes to look at Shelley Capon, the classic son of a bitch of all time.

"There is something even more fantastic," he said. "You've heard only the first half."

"You're lying," I said. "What could there be?"

He dimpled at me—in all the world, only Shelley Capon can dimple at you in a completely evil way. "It was like this," he said. "You remember that Papa had trouble actually getting his stuff down on paper in those last years while he lived here? Well, he'd planned another novel after Islands in the Stream, but somehow it just never seemed to get written

"Oh, he had it in his mind, all right—the story was there and lots of people heard him mention it—but he just couldn't seem to write it. So he would go to the Cuba Libre and drink many drinks and have long conversations with the parrot. Raimundo, what Papa was telling El Córdoba all through those long drinking nights was the story of his last book. And, in the course of time, the bird has memorized it."

"His very last book!" I said. "The final Hemingway novel of all time! Never written but recorded in the brain of a parrot! Holy Jesus!"

Shelley was nodding at me with the smile of a deprayed cherub.

"How much you want for this bird?"

"Dear, dear Raimundo." Shelley Capon stirred his drink with his pinkie. "What makes you think the creature is for sale?"

"You sold your mother once, then stole her back and sold her again under another name. Come off it, Shelley. You're onto something big." I brooded over the shawled cage. "How many telegrams have you sent out in the last four or five hours?"

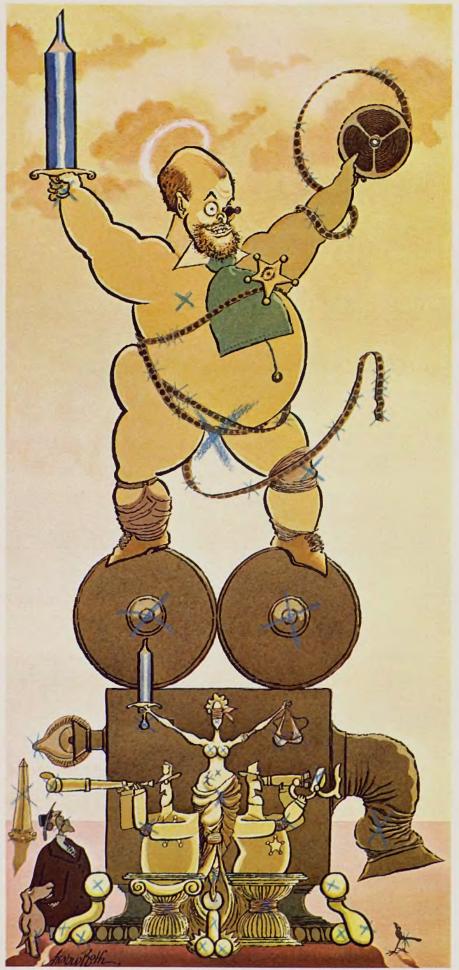
"Really! You horrify me!"

"How many long-distance phone calls, reverse charges, have you made since breakfast?"

Shelley Capon mourned a great sigh and pulled a crumpled telegram duplicate from his velveteen pocket. I took it and read:

FRIENDS OF PAPA MEETING HAVANA
TO REMINISCE OVER BIRD AND BOTTLE.
WIRE BID OR BRING CHECKBOOKS AND
OPEN MINDS. FIRST COME FIRST SERVED.
ALL WHITE MEAT BUT CAVIAR PRICES.
INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATION, BOOK,
MAGAZINE, TV, FILM RIGHTS AVAILABLE. LOVE. SHELLEY YOU-KNOW-WHO.

My God again, I thought and let the (continued on page 218)



as the century
reaches its final
reel, the silver
screen's grand old
man of the blue
pencil recounts
his battles with
the dark forces
of cinematic evil

INTERVIEW WITH THE CENSOR

HOLLYWOOD, January 20, 1999—Probably no one in Hollywood is more qualified to comment on the rampant permissiveness and general dirtiness of current film fare than Erwin Putz. A censor of motion pictures for more than 40 of his 72 years, Putz was interviewed in his small but clean office. He poured himself a glass of cold duck ("Every Wednesday morning," he explained) as the tape recorder began to roll.

INTERVIEWER: From your vantage point of over 40 years as a blue-pencil man—

PUTZ: We don't like to be called bluepencil men. I judge the suitability of cinematic treatments.

INTERVIEWER: Whatever.

PUTZ: It may be whatever to you, sonny, but it has been my life's work to me. I've raised three children of my own and I support an orphanage in Cuba through my "whatever."

INTERVIEWER: I'm sorry. It was a flip remark. From your vantage point, sir, of more than 40 years as judge of cinematic treatments, how does the boldness of today's movies compare with the lurid films of yesteryear?

PUTZ: It's this way: Since the middle Sixties, I've seen pornographic films and restrictions about pornographic films come and go. I've seen things open up and close down. (continued on page 240)

humor By GENE SISKEL

AT THE INTERFACE

the wealth and stability, the traditions and continuity that enable us to have a civilization. But the fact is that we've been living under false pretenses for centuries and many of our psychological strains are due to this. We have all these skills bottled up-our great powers of perception, our binocular vision, our very agile hands and the like-all of which were developed for hunting and many of which were almost useless in an agrarian culture and are even less so in our industrial culture. Nigel Calder suggested in The Environment Game that we should spend part of our lives in parks or preserves, where we could all be hunters again and hunt animals-or each other-and, in that way, we might regain some sort of psychological balance. The argument is valid; for thousands of years, we were hunters, and now we're pretending to be stockbrokers and accountants and busi-

WATTS: Some of our hunting instincts come into play on Madison Avenue, Arthur. We talk about the business jungle and the dog-eat-dog attitude in business. CLARKE: I wonder if competition is really basic to human beings, though. There are societies, like the Eskimo, where you don't have this competitive spirit, where you have a high degree of cooperation. We might not have had any kind of society or culture at all if we hadn't been hunters, because this was the first time organisms had to cooperate. But I find the whole hunting syndrome very unpleasant; I can understand people wanting guns if they have to use them -professional hunters, game wardens and so forth-but I'm convinced there's something wrong with people who hunt and love guns, though I'm aware of the reasoning behind that marvelous speech by the Devil in Don Juan in Hell, in which he says man's heart is in his weapons.

WATTS: It was his weapons that first distinguished man as something different from the anthropoid ape.

CLARKE: This is also the beginning of 2001, Alan. One of the great moments in the movie is when you see an ape first pick up a bone to use as a club and he suddenly realizes the power he now has over the rest of the natural world. The music reinforces it, but I can never see this sequence in the film without almost crying; it's one of the most emotionally vivid things in the movie. One of the things that give it poignancy is that this sequence is also the beginning of war.

WATTS: One of the sadder things about human society is that we cooperate as willingly in war as we used to in the hunt.

CLARKE: This reminds me of the remark of William James so often quoted—that what we really want is the moral equiva-

(continued from page 96)

lent of war. For a while, the space program gave us exactly that.

WATTS: War is incredibly difficult to understand; if you asked the computers, they would tell you that everybody could be living in luxury if we didn't spend all our money on nonproductive military hardware. The money that all the nations have spent on war since 1914 could have solved the economic problems of the entire world by now.

clarke: It amounts to about a trillion dollars in the past ten years alone. But the reason we have wars—and I know I sound bitter when I say this—is that we probably *like* wars. If we're willing to pay for them, we must enjoy them.

WATTS: I'm not so sure we enjoy them anymore. One increasingly sees the soldier portrayed as a hard-hat, involved in a demolition job on a grand scale. Perhaps the soldier is beginning to see himself that way; look at the march on Washington by the Vietnam veterans. I think we realize more and more that war is a luxury we can't afford, financially or any other way; the hydrogen bomb is a suicide bomb. Another factor that has given us doubts about war is that we've ceased to wage it for sensible reasons-to capture women or territory. War is now an ideological quarrel about abstractions. And they're the worst kind. Or you could take the point of view that the real reason for the war in Vietnam is that no country with a large standing military establishment can afford to have an army without veterans and, therefore, that practice wars in unimportant places are always necessary, just as the Germans trained troops in Spain before the Second World War and tried out their new aircraft. I think the United States may be doing a lot of that in Vietnam, like the way samurai used to test out their swords on the street yokels.

CLARKE: I'm against hunting. I'm against war. I'm against killing of any kind for any reason. It's a blot on the human race and I hope to live to see the end of it, even for food. I'm a carnivore myself, but I feel moral qualms when a steak cringes beneath my knife. It's the old argument of whether we're morally justified in slaughtering animals for food.

WATTS: This question about food, about man's purchasing his existence at the price of the existence of other living creatures, is fundamental. I wrote an article about it once that raised the basic ethical question: What are you to do when you're a member of a mutual eating society? The only solution I could see was to do reverence to whatever you killed by cooking it well.

CLARKE: I'm not so sure it would appreciate the posthumous honor, Alan. But there is another answer. Eventually, we'll discover perfect synthetic food, really

perfect, so that we'll be able to reproduce in every detail any food that's ever existed, using carbon dioxide, water, oil, coal, lime and so forth as our raw materials. This at once obviates the moral problem: We finally give up stalking animals. Not only could we eliminate that primal guilt but in phasing out agriculture, we'll liberate enormous tracts of land that have been taken over by farmers in the past few thousand years.

WATTS: Has there ever been a really good synthetic food?

CLARKE: There haven't been any yet, so far as I know, probably because foods are such complex combinations of materials. It's true that a lot of important components can be synthesized now; many vitamins can be, and the laboratory replica is identical to the so-called real thing. And there's no difference between salt made in the laboratory and "salt" taken from the sea, except that salt from the sea is much better because it's not only sodium chloride, it has a lot of other compounds mixed in with it.

WATTS: Could synthetic food be produced in large enough quantities to stave off the world-wide famines that so many ecologists have predicted?

CLARKE: It's possible. The first large plants have already been built in France to make several thousand tons of protein a year from oil through yeast processing. It would take only about three percent of the world's total oil production to feed the entire human race.

WATTS: The possibility of converting coal or oil into really nutritive food would solve this whole ghastly ethical problem of the mutual eating society—but what would it *taste* like?

CLARKE: Food chemists believe they can make high-grade beef for a relatively few cents a pound that would ultimately be indistinguishable in taste, appearance and texture from the real thing.

WATTS: If they can really do it and make it nutritively excellent, I don't care whether it masquerades as beef or something we've never heard of before, whether they make it from oil or, for that matter, from rocks.

CLARKE: Half the nutrients you need are in limestone, Alan. But the ideal food for man, of course, is man. It's been proven by historical evidence. I wrote about this once in a science-fiction story where, in the end, we succeed in making perfect synthetic man.

WATTS: Perfect synthetic man!

CLARKE: Why not? You just said it didn't matter if it tasted like something we'd never eaten before.

WATTS: What you would have then would be ethical cannibalism.

CLARKE: Everyone who has ever tasted man says that once you've acquired the taste for it, no other meat means a (continued on page 256)



For her. Clockwise from 12: Leather carry-on bag, by Harrison Leather Goads, \$40. Sterling-silver choker with antique carved amethyst beads interspersed with sterling-silver beads, by The Silversmith, \$250. Eight ounces Givenchy III Eau de Tailette, by Givenchy, \$20. Limited Edition, a one-pound box of milk and dark chocolates, by Godiva Chocolatier, \$15.50. Jebba-designed needle-point kit, from Bonwit Teller, \$40. Lucite music box with choice of either Lara's Theme from Doctor Zhivago or Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head, by Kanro, \$B. Plastic sunglasses available in a variety of colors, by Riviera, \$5 each. Crystal champagne glass, by Dansk Designs, \$7.50. Antique beaded bag with velvet lining and chain handle, from Luv Boutique, \$125. Acrylic six-bottle wine rack, by Plexite, Inc., \$25, halds two bottles of 1964 Cordon Rouge Brut champagne, by G. H. Mumm, about \$10 each.





Intimacy Quotients MOOD AND PSYCHOSOMATICS

(continued from page 100)

(Questions 1-8)

Because the mind is part of the body, anything that affects one also affects the other. Signals are exchanged between the two not only via the central nervous system but also by chemical messages carried through the blood stream. So just as a headache can affect a person's mood, emotional problems can manifest themselves as a headache or make him more susceptible to colds or even more serious illnesses, such as heart disease or cancer, in subtle psychosomatic ways that science does not yet fully understand. Questions 1 through 8 deal with those aspects of your feelings and physiology that most reflect your degree of emotional adjustment and your ability to cope with stress. In this section, the more minus answers, the better.

The physical system most closely tuned to the emotions is the alimentary, because a child's first gratifications and frustrations are centered on eating, digesting and eliminating. Therefore, digestive problems, from heartburn to hyperacidity to ulcers, are frequently psychosomatic in origin. Studies carried out at the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis found that these afflictions occur most often in people whose dependencies and ego needs come into conflict with their adult desire to be independent and self-sufficient. These psychosomatic symptoms or ailments demonstrate an inability to express emotions and to willingly accept certain needs and conflicts as normal and inevitable.

Even when illnesses are genuinely organic in origin or the result of bad nutrition and health habits, the effect still is to dull a person's ability to cope with stress, to interact with others and to enjoy his surroundings. Sometimes these "real" health problems are themselves a defense against intimacy. A person who has little love for himself may use health neglect as a form of self-punishment; the consequent health problemsbeing chronically run-down, overweight or whatever-make him unattractive to others and thereby spare him the anxieties of close interpersonal interaction. Not only can he blame his insularity on the fact that he feels bad or is unappealing to others but he can, like a hypochondriac who incessantly complains about his health, secure from others a certain amount of attention and sympathy that he identifies as love.

The interdependence of mental and physical well-being is experienced by everyone during periods of depression. The best cure for the blues is activity. A brisk walk or a game of tennis or handball gives the body and, with it, the

mind a quick pick-me-up. But the blues can also produce such physical lethargy that a depressed person can't even force himself to physical exertion. In some, a mild, unrecognized depression, with its accompanying sluggishness, becomes a way of life.

If the depressed person tends to retreat into a lethargic melancholy that depresses those around him, the irritable person, or the one with a trigger temper, tries to manipulate others by threat of emotional or even physical outbursts. Both types are difficult, sometimes impossible, to live with.

THE BURDEN OF BEING INDEPENDENT (Questions 9–19)

In the same way that many of our psychosomatic and physical ailments arise from the conflict between the wish to remain a dependent child with no responsibilities and the need to mature into a self-sufficient, responsible, independent adult, so do many of our other physical and psychological needs. Questions 9 through 19 deal with these competing adult-child needs and, except for question 19, minus answers suggest a favorable resolution of the conflict.

The person who has not adequately resolved his adult-child conflict often sees the past as a happier time than the present; he also tries to derive a sense of strength and security from any number of sources outside himself-booze, drugs, astrology, religion, a spouse, sympathetic friends. By indulging his dependencies, he also evades assuming personal responsibility when things go wrong-as they invariably do, simply because those people or things he has put in charge of his life can't really run it for him. When his crutches let him down, he probably doesn't openly express his anger, however, for that could cost him his support. He can't lash out at his wife or his friends; they might withdraw. He can't even blame alcohol or drugs for the problems these may be creating; logic would dictate that he give them up. So he bottles up his feelings of hostility and frustration until he explodes in anger, usually over some trifle.

A person so dependent on others tends toward jealousy and possessiveness, denying others any expression of individuality or personal interests that can be construed as competing with his own needs or causing neglect of them. Such smothering often causes the smothered one to seek relief through solitude or even infidelity, which is never forgiven nor forgotten but used to stoke the fires of resentment that the betrayed calls love. Though he constantly professes love, he has not enough even for him-

self, much less for anyone else, and his possessiveness eventually strangles any love that others have for him.

The independent, coping adult takes responsibility for his own life, accepts his fallibility and possesses the self-confidence to make a mistake—even a serious one—and not write himself off as a failure. He does not overly worry that he may make a bad decision and will even gamble in reaching toward his goals. Yet he is not so future oriented that he can't enjoy the present. He works hard when he works, then leaves his job at the office, or wherever, when it's time to play.

In general, the truly independent person is secure enough to dress as he likes, live as he likes and shrug off criticism that his own code or conscience tells him is unwarranted. Most important, he is secure enough to respect the rights and differences of others and not feel threatened.

AWARENESS: THOSE WHO HAVE EYES TO SEE (Questions 20–30)

"Lose your mind—come to your senses," Fritz Perls used to tell his students. And that's what should happen when two people make love—perceive feelings, ideas and sensations that cannot be communicated visually nor verbally. Unfortunately, too many people are sensually blind and deaf and cannot, like truly intimate beings, readily exchange those subtle feelings and emotions for which there are no words. Questions 20 through 30 explore your capacity to not just see and hear but to perceive and feel and respond to others as well as to your surroundings. Here, hopefully, your answers are pluses.

If you turn on to all kinds of sights, sounds, feels, tastes, odors and places, you probably have a high capacity for intimacy simply because your senses are so highly tuned. Or, to put it another way, your senses are highly tuned because you're not afraid to be intimate. You respond to the tone of a person's voice knowing, intuitively, that it usually communicates his inner feelings of either calm or stress more faithfully than does his outward appearance or composure. You utilize your other senses likewise to experience and "get close to" things, familiar or unfamiliar, because your curiosity level sufficiently exceeds your anxiety level that you're not afraid a new sensation will be unpleasant.

Take, for example, the sense of smell. Most humans left it behind when our species stopped navigating on all fours, using our noses to warn us of danger or lead us to food and water and sex. Uptight people may have a highly developed sense of smell, but it's likely to be one that rejects most human and organic odors because of personal

(continued on page 248)



"Luckily, I don't have as much trouble getting out of the house as most men do."

lucky londoners: miss january, marilyn cole, becomes public relations girl for our thamestown hutch

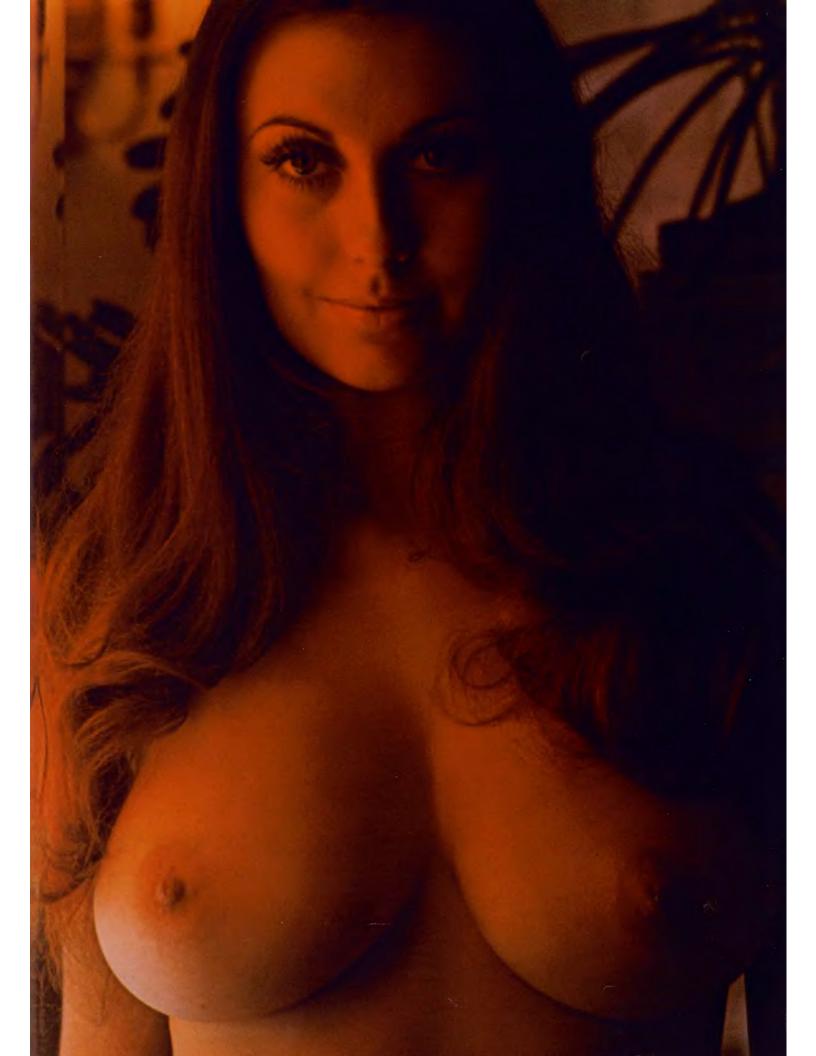


BODY ENGLISH

Getting to know the city is half the fun for Marilyn, who moved to London in 1970 from her native Portsmouth. Above, she joins her friend, photographer's model Martine, on a day's round of modeling assignments; below, the girls pause to rubberneck at St. James's Palace.









Taking advantage of a break in Martine's schedule, the girls stop in at the Cockney Pride Pub in Piccadilly (left), where-eschewing the heartier fare listed on the menuthey sip some soft drinks. Then it's on to the photography studio of Gerold Green, where Martine has on appointment. Photographer Green explains some fine points of camera technique to Morilyn (below), while Martine poses. Both Green and Martine try to persuade Marilyn to moke a few test shots, but she demurs. "I've done a bit of modeling," she soys, "although mostly for fashion shows back home in Portsmouth. On the whole, I don't enjoy being photographed. It gets very boring." Fortunately, Marilyn's new job-handling public relations for the London Playboy Club, where she formerly worked as Door Bunny-is more challenging.





 $B_{
m mouth}^{
m ACK}$ home in the seaside town of Portsmouth, England, Marilyn Cole used to love sailing or basking on the beachbut, incredibly enough, she felt conspicuous in a swimsuit. "I was afraid my legs were too thin," she recalls. Then, toward the end of 1970, a girlfriend persuaded her to leave her position as a co-op clerk, move to London and apply for a job as a Bunny at the Playboy Club there. She was hired on the spotand within the week was recommended as a possible Playmate, thus scuttling permanently any lingering doubts she might have had about her bathing-suitability. Before going to London, Marilyn's only previous experience away from home had been a six-month stint in Marseilles as an au pair. Now she's a confirmed Londoner who still enjoys making new discoveries about her adopted home. "I love the city," she says. "It's very cosmopolitan, with so many people here from all over the world that it doesn't seem like England-or at least not like Portsmouth." Her favorite haunts are the parks, theaters, art galleries and, most especially, the shops, from Biba's

Learning the ropes of her new assignment as P. R. O. (public relations officer), Marilyn goes aver a photo selection with the London Playboy Club's Assistant General Manager Wolf Gelderblon (right). One of her duties is to coordinate requests for Bunny promotional appearances—at sports events, charity benefits and the like—and here she feels her cottontail experience will help. "When I took the job, I figured that if it didn't work out, I could always get back into my Bunny Costume," Marilyn reports. "But so far, I really love it. After all, this is a marvelous career opportunity, isn't it?" Below: In the evening, Marilyn heads home to the flat she shares with two Bunnies (who work nights). Another month has gone by and she flips the calendar page, then fixes herself a light supper and enjoys a good hot soak.



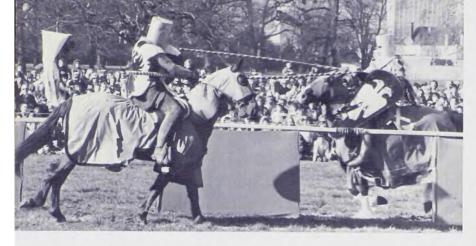


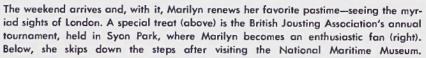


on Kensington High Street to the Sunday flea market in Petticoat Lane. When she started out at London's Playboy Club, Marilyn worked as Door Bunny, greeting keyholders and their guests. Club executives noted her intelligence, poise and friendly smile, and when their public relations girl, Dawn Lowis-also a former Bunny-retired, Marilyn was a natural choice to succeed her. "My first reaction was that I couldn't possibly handle the job," Marilyn admits. "But now that I'm getting the hang of it, it's turning out to be lots of fun." It's a happy choice of career for a girl who, although she liked cottontailing, hates working nights, which are, of course, the busiest hours at the Club. "I'm basically a day person," she says. "I just can't loll around and sleep until noon." Recently, Marilyn found one other thing she can't abide: commercialized beauty contests. "I was entered in the Miss United Kingdom competition," she says. "It was awful. You're reduced to a number. And the girls-well, you wouldn't recognize some of them without their make-up. I just can't stand phonies." Obviously, Miss Cole herself is very much the genuine article.













PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two bachelor girls went to see a skin flick. Midway through the film, one whispered to the other, "The man sitting next to me is masturbating!"

"Just ignore him," mumbled her friend.
"I can't—he's using my hand!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines mate swapping as sexual four-play.

Rumor has it that a group of studs got together and insisted to the Internal Revenue Service that they should be allowed to deduct depreciation on the tools of their trade. The IRS denied their contention on the ground that there could be no possible loss of value, due to the inflationary nature of their occupation.



Throughout his stint in Vietnam, the GI and his young wife had kept up an erotic correspondence that grew more and more intense. As the end of his tour of duty drew near, he wrote, "When I step off that plane in California, you'd better have a mattress strapped to your back!"

"Don't worry, I will," she replied. "But you'd better be the first man off the plane!"

We hear that, catering to weight-conscious America, one company is already marketing a low-calorie feminine-hygiene spray.

After his wife died, the old gentleman decided to visit a brothel. When the madam answered the door, he quaveringly asked what the cost would be. "Thirty-five dollars," said the madam.

"You're putting me on!" he responded.
"That will be five dollars extra."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *charisma* as that indescribable something that chicks with big tits have.

In olden times, there were white knights and black knights. One day a white knight, while riding through the forest, came upon a beautiful damsel in distress.

"Prithee, fair maiden," he asked, "why dost thou weep?"

"Oh, noble sire," she sobbed, "a black knight but recently robbed me of my honor!"

"Cease thy tears," said the white warrior. "I shall forthwith avenge thee!"

And, sure enough, in ten minutes he had her honor back.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines vasectomy as tying the scorer.

The handsome lawyer was interviewing a shapely applicant for the job of private secretary. "Tell me, young lady, can you type fifty words a minute?" he inquired.

"No, sir, I can't," she admitted.
"Or maybe forty words a minute?"

"No, sir."

"Or even thirty . . . ?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then," he said, somewhat discouraged, "are you just a hunt-'n'-pecker?"

"No, sir!" the girl exclaimed. "I'm already engaged!"

And, of course, you've heard about the nudist colony that posted a sign that read: CLOTHED FOR THE WINTER.

Dad," said the boy, "we had a spelling contest in school today and I missed the very first word."

"That's too bad, Son. What was the word?" "Posse."

"No wonder you couldn't spell it, you lunkhead! You can't even pronounce it!"

A sex researcher was questioning a pretty matron about her amorous habits. "Do you ever have intercourse in the daytime?" he asked.

"Yes," she revealed, "about three times a week."

"And do you and your husband talk to each other at those times?"

"Well, no," she admitted, "but we could if I wanted to—I know his office phone number."

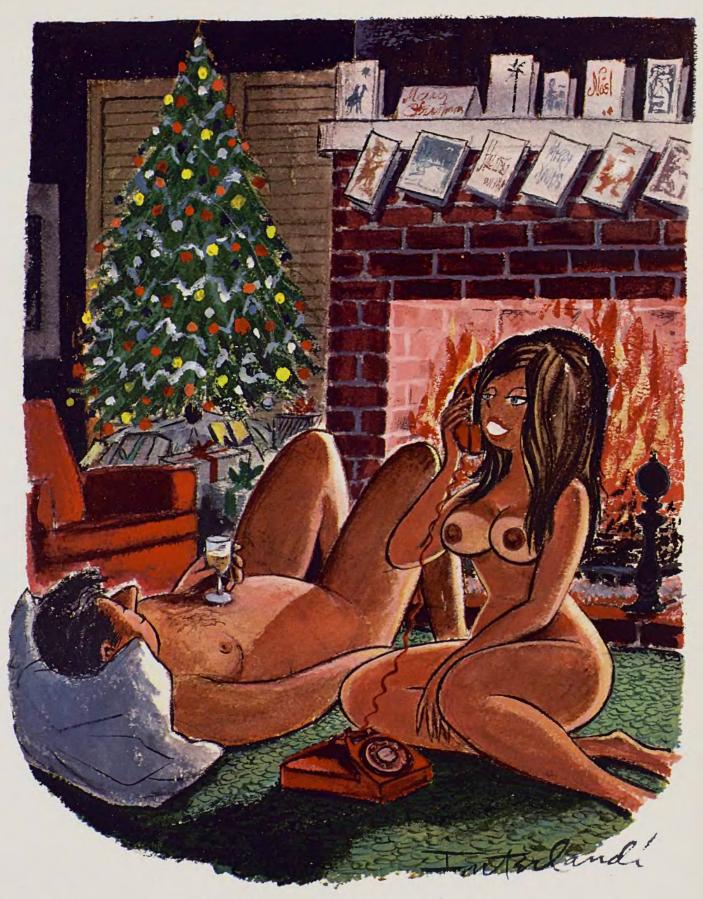


It was to be the novice cleric's first service and he was quite nervous. The kindly old pastor said he knew something that might help him through it: "Mix some gin with the water in the pitcher."

When the young fellow returned to the rectory after the service, he asked the pastor how he had done.

"Not badly, although there were a few slips," said the older man. "During the invocation, you referred to the lion in Daniel's den. And then, during the sermon, you urged the congregation to follow in the lootsteps of the ford. But perhaps you were widest of the mark during the reading of the announcements. I'm afraid there isn't going to be a peter-pull at St. Taffy's."

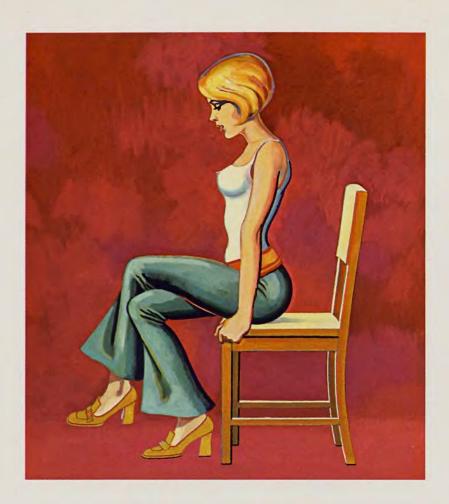
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Oh, nothing much—just lying around roasting nuts by an open fire. . . ."



those cute little coeds were in hot pursuit of the black professor, but it was militant molly who really got under his skin



fiction By JOYCE CAROL OATES A decade before the phrase "Black is beautiful" became popular, Franklin Ambrose knew that he was beautiful. But his beauty had nothing to do with being black. He was naturally handsome in a small, neat way; he cultivated a thin mustache and a very black, rugged, almost savage goatee; his shoes were so shiny that they looked varnished; he wore Pierre Cardin shirts of various peacock-gay colors, expensive silk-twill ties and ascots, and suits whose notched and peaked lapels expanded and narrowed according to fashion laws totally unknown to Frank's mundane, hardworking colleagues at the university. He took an obvious, healthy pride in physical appearances and was critical of his wife's clothes, which always seemed shapeless and dowdy. "Do you want to embarrass me?" he sometimes asked in exasperation.

But most of the time he was cheerful and very energetic. He hastened to put all white people at their ease, immediately, by emphasizing the scorn he felt for anything "black" (he hated that modish word; he preferred the more sanitary and middle-class "Negro"). In fact, he accepted a position at a small university in southern Canada, near Hamilton, because he suspected—correctly—that there would be few Negroes in the school. He had only one real rival—a popular professor of psychology who sported an Afro haircut and love beads; but Franklin put him down by saying, whenever the man's name was mentioned, "There's a real professional black." This made his white

friends laugh appreciatively.

Franklin was not "black," but he was very professional. His degrees were all from Harvard and he had spent a year in England as a Fulbright Fellow; during that time, he had developed a faint, clipped English accent. At Harvard he had been very popular with Radcliffe girls, especially a kind of bright, intense Jewish girl who shared many of his interests in literature and music. But he wanted to marry another kind of girl—he didn't know why, exactly—he had his heart set on a Wellesley girl whose father was a judge in Boston, a sweet girl, not very intelligent but gifted with a pale, smooth, almost porcelain complexion. Their marriage was violently opposed by her family, but

Franklin won, and in 1965 he accepted a position at Hilberry University and took his bride to a small city in southeastern Ontario: with great anticipation, a sense of drama, for he was the only Negro in the English department and the only Harvard man.

Frank became the department's most popular professor at once. And yet something began to happen in the second year: He felt a strange, aimless melancholy, his classroom successes came too easily, he noticed that he and Eunice, out together, no longer attracted the attention and the occasional outraged glares they had attracted in the past. No doubt about it, Eunice was becoming dowdy, her waist and hips thickening; she was not even very pretty. The only happiness in Frank's life was his twin sons, wonderfully light, almost fair little boys, with beautiful features-especially their dark, thickly lashed eyes. At times he stared at them as if unable to believe the miracle of their physical beauty. How had anything so wonderful happened to him?

As his wife's looks dwindled and Frank began to sink into the ordinary routine of teaching in an ordinary universityno overwrought, neurotic, brilliant Radcliffe girls to stir the adrenalinel-he felt at times a sense of panic. What, he was 28 years old? What, already he was 30? For his 32nd birthday he gifted himself with a white MG, though his family could obviously not fit in it. He bought an elegant, rather Beau Brummellish smoking jacket to wear in his study at home and a sueded-calfskin belted coat that drew all eyes to it as he strolled across the gray-lit campus. He began going with his students to The Cave, a popular pub, crowded and noisy and merry; the majority of his student friends were boys, who eagerly appreciated his wit and his friendliness-most of the other professors nervously avoided all personal contact with students-but a few were girls. They were all the same type, more or less: intellectual, casual, a little brazen, a little sloppy, and they seemed to appreciate Frank even more than the boys did.

A possibility dawned on Frank.

Yes, he was attracted to the girls as if to searing, caressing rays of light: their pale skins, their moving, twisting, smirking, giggling mouths, their tight, thigh-high skirts, their nervous writhing mannerisms when they came in for "conferences" to his office. They brushed their long hair out of their eyes and smiled at him. Frank would feel at such times an intoxication that forced him to lean forward, gazing at them, his own eyes bright and his flesh livened by their closeness. They complained to him about their families or their other professors or their boyfriends: "My boyfriend is, I don't know, he's so dumb compared 148 with someone like you, Dr. Ambrose.

. . . I mean, he's so dumb when it comes to conversation that I just sort of blank out and think about, well, you, I guess. I mean I think about how funny you were in class or something and . . . well . . . I think about you when I'm with him, you know, when the two of us are . . . you know. . . . I feel real rotten about it, because it isn't fair, I guess, to him, because we're really sort of in love . . . and . . . and. . . ." And they would gaze at Frank with their eyes sometimes misting over. At such times he felt his heart beat with certainty: Unmistakable!

The girls were so sweet, with their kisses and their sudden, rationed tears, that Frank went about in a perpetual daze, more genial than ever before.

Being a gentleman, he made no more than the most subtle of allusions to his colleagues in the department, most of whom were prematurely weary, slowed down with families, balding, thickening, and yet still fired feebly with hopes of romance; they were temporarily freshened by stray rumors of secret liaisons, even though the liaisons never happened to them. They appreciated Frank, who was, after all, black (the word began to be used, cautiously, around 1969-1970), so trim and handsome and elegantly turned out, and they quipped that he was their liaison man with the students.

"Frank will bridge the generation gap for us," they said with wistful, encourag-

ing smiles.

But then, in the late Sixties, an essay with the title "The Student as Nigger" became widely circulated; it was even published in the student newspaper. Frank was aghast. He couldn't believe it. Colleagues and students began talking quite familiarly, openly, of the oppression of students and "niggers"-often in Frank's presence, as if to demonstrate to him how liberal and understanding they were. The word nigger! On everyone's lips! Frank was furious, demoralized, befuddled; he would not explain his moods to his wife; he went out one evening by himself to a cocktail lounge far from the university, where he got drunk and had to be sent home in a taxicab. At such times, when he was very drunk, he had the confused idea that some white man-any white man at all -was trying to appropriate his twin boys. "They want to take my babies away, my babies," he would weep. "They want to take my babies because I'm black and my babies are white. . . .'

He knew he was not a nigger, and yet he wasn't sure that other people, glancing at him, knew. He recalled with horror the evening, at a faculty party, when the slightly drunken wife of a colleague had cornered him to ask whether he planned "to go back to the ghetto to help his people," seeing that he himself was so successful. That white bitch!

But his young girl students fawned over him, even pursued him, singly and in small packs. There was no doubt of his manhood with them. Their names were Cindy and Laurie and Sandy and Cheryl; they passed in and out of his arms with the rotation of the academic semesters, some of them wise and cynical with experience, others incredibly naïve and therefore dangerous; they were like figures in the most riotous, improbable of his adolescent dreams, somehow lacking substance, lacking souls, because of their very eagerness to oblige him. "But, Dr. Ambrose, you're a genius from Harvard and all that, I'm afraid to talk to you, I'm afraid you're giving me a grade when you just look at me!" One of the Cindys or Sandys whose bold stare had misled Frank nearly caused a scandal by confessing to her parents, who in turn called the university's president and several members of the board of trustees; but after a four-hour conference in the president's office, Franklin managed to be forgiven. He promised not to be "indiscreet" again.

That was in the winter of 1969. In the spring of that year, the appointments and promotions committee (called the hiring and firing committee) of the department interviewed applicants for the position of lecturer in English. Franklin was the youngest member of this powerful committee and he grilled candidates for the job seriously. He was not very impressed with a young Ph.D. from Yale nor with a young Indian student from Oxford; he was very impressed with a young woman named Molly Holt, who rushed in 15 minutes late for her interview, wearing a very short leather skirt

and bright-gold boots.

Franklin stared at this girl. She was no more than five feet, one or two, and therefore shorter than he. She was very pretty, with a small, pixylike face, blonde hair snipped short and puffed out carelessly about her face, so young, so pretty, with impressive recommendations from the University of Chicago! It was hard to believe. Frank's interest in her grew as he glanced through her application and saw that she was a divorcee with a three-year-old son. She was answering questions pertly and brightly. Obviously an intelligent woman. Frank was careful to ask her questions that might lead her to admirable statements: "I am deeply committed to literature and to teaching, yes," she said. "And to the future, to the struggle for equality between men and women." Hastily, Frank asked her about her doctoral thesis, which she had just begun: "It's called Crises of Sexual Identity in Trollope and Dickens," she said. "It grew out of my fascination with the role of women in Victorian literature. Imagine, Charles Dickens created Edith Dombey!

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What To Do Do With The Sunday New Hork



ecology freaks, take note: all the news that's fit to print is fit to use!

he Sunday Times is under attack. Recyclists find it lamentably heavy—in the preslang meaning of that ward-and some have gane so far as to suggest that it be offered for sale in sections, so that the buyer can carry home, and toss into the Monday-morning trash, only the news he finds fit to read. The Times feels this notion is economically naïve. What to do? PLAYBOY and illustrator James Higa pandered this prablem and hit upon a literally constructive salutian. Higa went quickly to work. You can see the newsworthy results of his efforts by turning the page.





FRANKLIN AMBROSE

—and yet in his personal life he was such a bastard, a real male chauvinist pig——"

After this, it took Frank several hours and several meetings of the committee to hire Miss Holt: He had a lot of talking to do.

When she arrived in September, he drove her around in his neat little white sports car, helping her locate an apartment, helping her unpack books (she had a small mountain of books); he lent himself out as her escort at university functions for the first few weeks. Someone sent his wife an anonymous note that said, "Your husband is extremely attentive to a certain young lady professor," but Frank tore it up with such contempt and such finesse that his wife could not help but believe him, though she wept. Frank, in Molly Holt's company, was careful to be polite and witty and distant, never staring too boldly at her nor taking up her vivacious comments-she was always complimenting him on his clothes-as if he feared what might happen might happen too quickly. Molly herself dressed rather flamboyantly for a young lady with her rigorous academic background (before Chicago, she had gone to Bennington); she was always hurrying through the department's corridors in miniskirts and serapes and boots and then, as the fashions gradually changed, in pants and a blouse that clung tightly to her firm, intense little body. At department meetings she was a little arch; she sometimes interrupted people, even the head of the department, a small white-haired man named Barth, "We must all learn to be more contemporary," she urged.

Frank had lunch with her every day, hung around her office, drove her to her apartment in bad weather, talked her into joining him and his students at The Cave. But she was always anxious to get home, to relieve her baby sitter and to work on her classroom preparations; she was so serious! At times Frank's patient grin began to ache, waiting for her to get through with all this seriousness and talk of literature and "relevance." They sat crowded together in pub booths, arguing and complimenting each other; from time to time a sharp, almost searing glance flashed between them and Frank would feel a little dizzy with certainty. . . . But always she had to get home, always she was gathering up her big leather purse and striding away, and he would be left with his gaggle of students.

At home, he sat in his study, in his big black-leather chair, and thought about Molly. His wife's comfortable, bovine presence annoyed him; even his boys distracted him from his dreams of Molly. Sometimes he went out late at

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night, saying he needed cigarettes (he had begun smoking again, after meeting Molly, breaking his five-year period of abstinence); he telephoned Molly to ask how she was. She always said, "Very busy! My head is whirling, I have so much to do! But I love it." Frank could not decide if she were being deliberately coy. She really confused him. So he would ask if she needed any help, if she needed a mature, male viewpoint . . . he would be glad to drop in. . . .

But she always said, "No, thanks! It's very thoughtful of you, though."

As the winter deepened and the Ontario sky became perpetually smudged, pressing low upon the spirit, even Molly began to slow down. Frank noticed that her stride was not quite so energetic, and one of his colleagues commented zestfully: "It looks like Molly is coming in for a landing, like the rest of us." Frank took her out for coffee and asked her if anything was wrong. She wore an outfit that seemed to be made of green burlap, hanging dramatically about her and highlighting her small, serious face.

"Well, I've been working very hard this semester," she said slowly. "I have so many student compositions to correct. I'm way behind on my dissertation."

"Anything else?"

Molly hesitated. "Well, I'm having trouble with my ex-husband. He's trying to get out of the child-support payments. He is such a bastard, you wouldn't know. Or, yes, maybe you would know," she said, raising her eyes dramatically to Frank.

They were sitting in a small, grimy coffee shop; Frank dared public attention and patted her hand. It was a very small, delicate, pale hand, and the sight of his own dark hand on it pleased him, excited him. *Unmistakable!*

"Maybe I would know, yes," he said, wondering what he meant by this.

"You and I understand each other. We have so much in common, so much . . ." Molly said, her large brown eyes filling with tears. "Oh, sometimes I could scream, this whole university is filled with fossils who don't understand, they just don't understand."

And then, as if she'd confessed too much, she hurried away to a class. Frank was left sitting there, stunned, wondering if he were falling in love.

Obviously, he had never been in love before.

She avoided him for several days after this; he asked her to lunch and their conversation was interrupted by the intrusion of the department's would-be poet, Ron Blazack; Frank called her one evening when his wife was at a meeting of the Faculty Wives' Association, told her he had something to say to her and talked her into letting him come over. "All right," she said reluctantly, "but give me time to put Jimmy to bed . . . he hasn't been feeling well."

When he got there, he was a little disappointed at the way her apartment was furnished. "I'm trying to live within my means," she said dryly. She offered him a drink, though, and Frank smiled happily. He believed he could feel how dazzling his smile was.

"Let's talk," he said. "Are you happy here?"

"Yes. No. Not really," she said.

Such a pretty young woman, in spite of the circles of fatigue under her eyes! She wore black net stockings with a diamond design that made Frank lose track of the conversation now and then. She was complaining about her ex-husband and then about the heavy teaching load. "But, Frank, this job means more to me than anything right now. Thank God you people hired me! So many universities turned me down . . . I was getting desperate. My son has this allergy problem I told you about, and I don't have medical coverage for him, and I was really getting panicked. I think that some English departments wouldn't hire me because of my appearance, maybe, or my views on things," she said, looking Frank in the eye, as if he might not believe so bizarre a statement. Frank nodded slowly. "And of course there's the male chauvinism to fight. God, what a fight it's going to be! Centuries of discrimination and prejudice. Men have got to be re-educated if it destroys them."

She stared down at her polished nails and her several big, metallic rings. Frank wondered why she had referred to men as "them" in his presence, as if she weren't talking to a man. This was strange.

"Have men exploited you very much?" Frank asked.

"God, yes."

He got up and went to sit beside her. She laughed bitterly.

"Why don't you tell me about it?" he said in a gentle voice.

"Thank you, but I'm not a self-pitying woman. Thank you anyway," she said, drawing back from him. "But you know what it's like."

"What it's like?"

"To be discriminated against."

Frank stared at her.

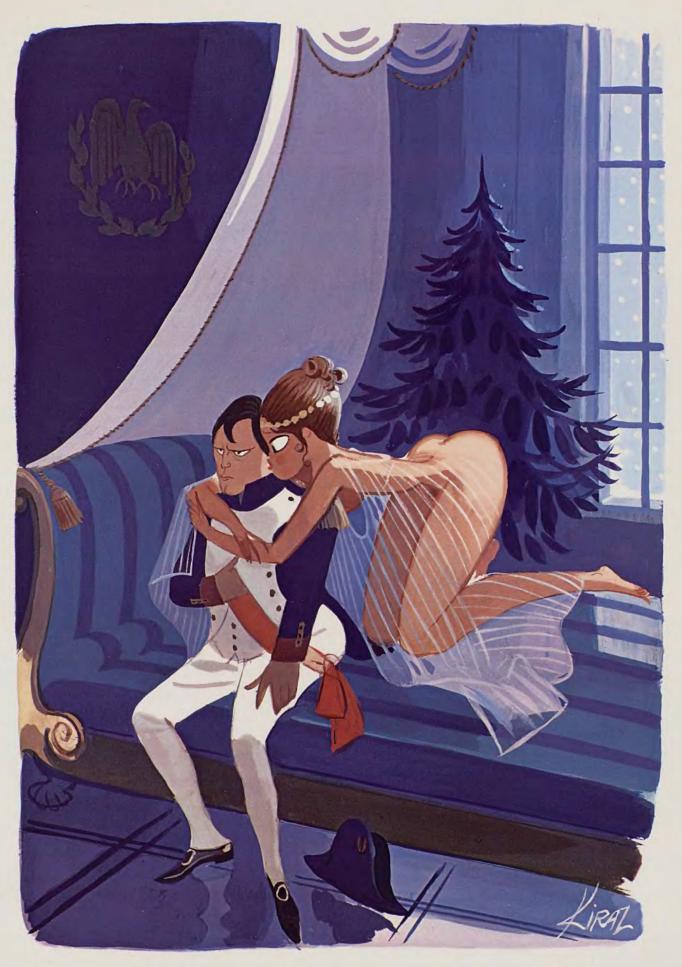
"What's wrong?" she said.

Frank began to stammer. "Just what —what did you mean by that statement? Would you kindly explain that statement?"

"What statement?"

"That I—I'm supposed to know—supposed to know what it's like to be discriminated against——"

"Well, don't you?" Molly asked. "Being a black, you've been treated like (continued on page 276)



"But you promised you would give me Italy for Christmas."

EVERGLADES (c

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enough to try to make their living on a flood plain. A worse hurricane hit in 1928 and this time rescue workers stacked the bodies up like cordwood and burned them because there was no place to bury them in the flooded ground. Two thousand people died. Herbert Hoover went to Florida to survey the destruction. The new levee he caused to be built on the south shore of the lake stands today. It began the Federal-state program to control the lake and the Everglades below, although most of the canalwork wasn't started until the late Forties, about the time President Truman announced the creation of a new national park at the lower end of the state.

Before the park, before even the more forgiving of the hurricanes, men planned a road from Miami to the Gulf and then north to Tampa. It would cross the Everglades east to west. To build it, a causeway had to be dredged beside a borrow canal above standing water. After dissension-some thought the name a joke-they agreed to call it the Tamiami Trail. Men waded the Everglades and Florida's western swamp and blasted their obstructions away with dynamite. Fought mosquitoes and saw grass and limestone to shovel a road west from Miami. They drilled spillways under the road to drain the sheet water south.

Today only that part of the Everglades that lies within the national park less than seven percent of its original area—escapes direct control; and even that depends during the dry season on water draining into it from the spillways on the Tamiami Trail and from a new canal on the eastern edge of the park.

The Everglades south of Okeechobee for a distance of 25 miles is farmland. Three water-conservation areas now lie where most of the Everglades ran before. They are surrounded by canals and levees. The Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District, using stations constructed by the Army Corps of Engineers, pumps water into these areas for storage in dry times and pumps water out of them to the ocean in times of potential flood. They are maintained as wilderness areas, and as many people visit them for hunting and fishing and airboating annually as visit the national park. But they are only historically Everglades, because the water flows through them now only at the behest of man. Nor are they particularly effective for storage. One scientist estimates that most of the rain water they catch is evaporated or transpired before it can be used. They are essentially shallow lagoons. It was in these areas that the worst of last winter's fires burned. It was in one of them, in 1966, when flood followed five years of drought, that the stress of high water killed thousands of deer. People blamed the Corps of Engineers. The Corps announced that the water-conservation area where the deer were killed had been designed not for wildlife preservation but for water control.

The park suffered during the same drought. Lacking the rainfall that supplies it with 80 percent of its water, it needed the flow south from Okeechobee, but the spillways on the Tamiami Trail were closed. The Corps explained that it had not planned the water-conservation system to feed the park.

Hurricanes in the Twenties, fires in 1945, flood in 1947, severe drought in the early Sixties, flood in 1966, more fires in 1970 and 1971—south Florida and the Everglades have had their woes. But cycles of flood and drought have always worked their changes on the south Florida landscape. The difference today is that men are there, men who are working their changes, too.

. . .

The jetport controversy has been resolved. Forty thousand flights a month still use the single training strip north of the Tamiami Trail above Everglades National Park, but the training strip will be moved and the jetport built elsewhere in Florida, on a site where the natural order has already given way completely to the man-made. It is worth remembering that the preservationists' victory was only a relative one. The jetport has not been canceled. It will only be moved, to a place where it will cause less damage because the damage has already been done. That is what rankles the landowners of southwest Florida. They have held their land for years, paid taxes on cypress swamp and wet prairie and everglades, waited their turn while the Gold Coast yielded up its wealth. The jetport would have sustained a major city. A Government far away, an Interior Secretary from Alaska, a President from California, denied them their dream. Gave it away to other landowners. Encouraged by wilderness activists and hordes of newsmen, just such people as Spiro Agnew warned against.

The dream of city building, the dream of land bought at \$100 an acre and sold for \$20,000, has not faded. The jetport released energies in south Florida that will not easily be discharged. Twenty-five years ago, the same landowners watched a new national park devour huge areas of Dade and Monroe counties. They say bitterly today what they must have thought bitterly then, that the park is already larger than the state of Delaware. They mean, how much land does a park need? And not a notably scenic park, at that, a water park, a biological park, a park for alliga-

tors and birds and gumbo-limbo trees. Then the jetport, a second chance. Lost because it would damage the park. Then, in 1970, the possibility that a leg of Interstate 75 might be cut from Naples to Miami to replace the Tamiami Trail. A panel of scientists and engineers recommended that no road at all be built. Florida's secretary of transportation compromised on Alligator Alley, which runs from Naples straight to Fort Lauderdale and avoids most of the Big Cypress. But even the new highway won't do landowners much good, because it will probably have few access roads.

Having successfully expelled the Everglades jetport, preservationists are now fighting to save the Big Cypress Swamp from development. Only from the Big Cypress does water still drift freely into the park. The preservationists would like the Federal Government to buy 500,000 acres north of the park to protect its western water supply, a supply that amounts to more than half of its dryseason flow. Burdened with deficits, the Nixon Administration would prefer to try to preserve the land without buying it by converting the Tamiami Trail into a scenic parkway and Federally zoning the swamp around it for recreation only.

The landowners, the big ones, are fighting back, and fighting the harder because they know this may be their last chance. Much of the Big Cypress was originally intended to be included in the park. It is still raw today, but development is beginning. New towns are going up on its western edge. A Miami realestate firm is selling land within the park itself for "waterfront estates," land still privately owned because Congress has not yet provided funds to buy it. Oil companies would like to drill in the Big Cypress, laying down access roads that would further alter its sheet-water flow and encourage development. Speculators are dredging out canals. If the Everglades jetport was yesterday's south Florida controversy, the Big Cypress is today's.

You can walk in the Big Cypress, if you don't mind getting wet. Roberts Lake Strand is surrounded by Loop Road 94 in the heart of the land the preservationists hope Congress will buy. It is one of the smaller strands in the Big Cypress and one still unmarred except for the scars of old logging and the deprivations of boy scouts in search of cypress knees. The strand begins at roadside, a screen of brush and cypress trees. If you do not know the swamp, you do not enter it easily, no more easily than you would parachute for the first time from a plane. Panthers. Water moccasins. Alligators. The water creeps over your shoes. Firm bottom, sometimes bare limestone pitted with holes dissolved

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THE Symposium Symposium OF CONTENT OF TRUTH

seven exceptional competitors talk about those mental and physical factors that determine the difference between triumph and defeat

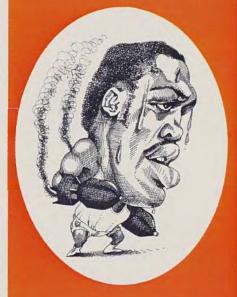
THE PHYSICAL AREA in which an athlete works has strictly measured peripheries: an outfield wall 400 feet from home plate, a basketball court with painted boundary lines, a wooden rodeo fence surrounding dirt and dust. And in this tight physical environment, the athlete is given a precise amount of time or number of chances in which to do his job. This explains the magic ability of sports to produce intense realities from a set of artificial conditions. The seven men on these pages, all top performers in their fields, know this better than most of us. Here, they share some of what flashes through their minds when the decisive instant—the fraction of a second when actions must be reflexive—is facing them. They also discuss those talents acquired with experience that help account for their great success. And some of them reveal their feelings after a confrontation that has brought loss or near injury, when they are forced to look inside themselves and find that necessary confidence to prepare for their next moments of challenge.

JOE FRAZIER

If a guy hurts you in the ring, you got to retaliate quick or it'll show him you're hurt and he'll close in for the kill. I retaliate only if I'm hurt, and when that happens, I hear a little hum in my ear goin' "Ooooooooooooo."

What still bothers me about the Ali fight is, when I hurt him, I didn't seem to have my killer instinct in me. I keep worryin' about that, wonderin' why. When I stunned Ali in the 11th round, I shoulda run to him, like I wanted to kill him, while he was still dazed. Maybe I didn't do it because, when a man's hurt, he's dangerous, and, rememberin' how Ali handled himself in that round, I think it was best for me to be cool instead of tryin' to murder him.

People were sayin' about how he



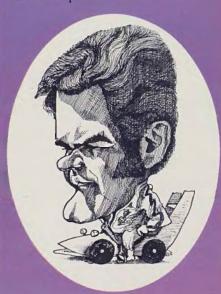
didn't have it anymore, but this man got more now than he ever have. I hit him with all 204 pounds of me and he survived. If he got hit like that a year or two ago, no way he could survive.

Clay's a jive artist and I think he's just foolish as far as that's concerned. Then, when he can't live up to his big talk, he looks like a *bigger* fool. He was playin' games before the fight: I'm serious about my work.

Clay was missin' with his jabs, he was throwin' 'em constantly—bam, bam, bam! Pretty soon that sucker done shot off all his load and I could take advantage of it because I get stronger as a fight goes on. I'd like 'em to add five more rounds the next time we meet up. I don't know what he'd say then—but I'm pretty sure I know what he'd be feelin'.

AL UNSER

When you're running along at 200 miles an hour down a straightaway, you have to concentrate very hard. To pass another car, you must know exactly where the corner is and if there's space to get by. You've got to hit the corner on time, not even by a fifth of a second wrong. That's a lifetime on a race track. And you always go a little too far out on the limb, or else you can't win. You have to run on the ragged edge. But sometimes you miss. I've hit the wall on every corner in Indianapolis. If you make a mistake or the engine breaks down or there's an accident in front of you, you're in bad shape quick. I get scared like anybody else. You never forget the danger. I've had friends killed on tracks. My brother was killed in Indianapolis in '59. We don't talk



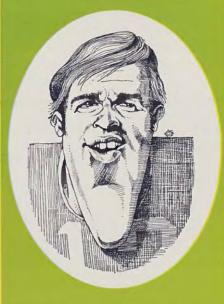
about it, but the danger is what makes racers sharp out there.

I know how I like my car to handle and I stay real close to it till the night before a race. When I started, I couldn't sleep before a race, but that stops after you've won some. Basically, every driver has the problem of getting himself unpsyched; if a driver's too worked up, he can't think right, tries too hard and makes a mistake. Indy is the biggest, the one I dreamed about when I was a kid. You have to be sharper there than anywhere else. It's big money-last year my car won \$238,000-and it's a tough, bumpy track. Each year you're up against drivers as good as you are and cars as fast as yours. I've won it twice in a row. No one's ever won it three years straight. That's the challenge, and I love it.

JOHN BRODIE

While you're quarterbacking in a game, that's reality. I get so involved in a game that afterward I have no idea how many times I got decked. Maybe I'll remember the real good licks, but most of the time I just want to see what happened to the pass, whether I'm standing up or on the seat of my pants.

Football is hard only when the other team is doing things I haven't figured out. If I play well, it's because I've studied game films until I know all the plays a team can be beaten with. I won't start picking plays out of a hat and say, "Damn, I hope this works," because if I do and it works, I won't know why—and then where in the hell am I? It's taken me a long time to know how to play quarterback. I broke into the



league in 1957 and I bet it wasn't until 1965 that I realized there were different types of man-to-man and zone defenses. Now my heart sometimes jumps as I walk to the line. The defense is lined up the way I've wanted them to be all game long. I almost have trouble calling signals because I'm thinking: "Touchdown!"

If you have a great dread of losing,

If you have a great dread of losing, you find defeat. People who know nothing about winning say, "The more you cry when a game's over, the harder you tried when it was going on." Ain't that a lot of horseshit? When the 49ers lose, nobody feels worse than I do. But an hour after the game, it has to be over, win, lose or draw. If you go into a game thinking about last week, you'll be less effective. Winning is important, but I don't play just for that. I play because I love the game, period.

VIDA BLUE

When I'm on the mound, listening to the national anthem, I'm so butterflied up it seems to play forever. But after I throw that first pitch, I'm in another world. The first batter will come to the plate thinking I'm gonna throw him almost all fastballs -and he's right. When I'm throwing good, they'll be moving in crazy directions: up and down, in and out. I've got to challenge a guy with my best stuff, and he's gonna have to hit it to prove otherwise to me. Although he may be looking for the fastball, he doesn't know if it's coming inside or outside, high or low. I'm the only one who knows that, so I don't worry about batters' getting set for me. But if they crowd the plate, I move them back. A batter owes a pitcher that much respect. My



fastball can do three things: It can go straight, sail or sink. And, I forgot: It can also get hit hard. I don't get bothered when a .300 batter hits me, but I have a tendency to relax against a guy batting .180, and that's bad. If he hits me, I get really down, because I'm better than that.

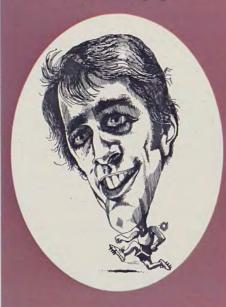
Nine innings take more out of a fastball pitcher than a man who throws curves and change-ups and, after a game, I'll soak my arm in ice to relieve the stiffness. After ten minutes, it feels like a bottle of champagne about to explode.

I want to be mentally and physically ready to win every time I pitch. To do it, you have to believe you're a winner. My high school coach used to say, "Small fish don't swim in deep water." To be a winner, you have to want to be the biggest fish there is, you have to want to be the best.

MARTY LIQUORI

When you run the mile, you find out about pain. In the first three quarters of a race, I get a strong, dull pain that makes me want to quit; and when I go into the sprint, it's so bad I can hardly believe it. But you stand it because you know the sprint lasts from 30 seconds in most races to maybe 45 seconds when you're running against a Jim Ryun and, overall, the race is only four minutes of pain.

People who really appreciate the sport know that when they watch a couple of milers, they're not seeing just four minutes of the runners' lives but their whole lives. The milers are revealing how much they've worked to be there and that the real stuff that got them to the track was that one let his marriage go on the

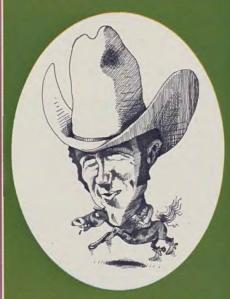


rocks, while the other quit a great job to practice four hours a day.

I try not to make too much of time as a goal in itself, because I like running against other guys and beating them. When you race against a clock, you fail most of the time, and all you get from that is a consistent feeling of failure. I haven't lost a race I wanted to win in a long time. Like Ron Clarke once said: "In every race there's always one decisive moment when you either let yourself lose or force yourself to hit the tape first." Well, that moment does come and the energy you put out is so total that you want to let down. But you can't and you don't. In that fraction of a second, you have to battle yourself, both your mind and your body, and drive yourself to victory.

LARRY MAHAN

I ride in three rodeo events: saddle brone, bareback and bull; bull riding is the most dangerous and that's why it's the highest paying. You can ride a rank bull-a good, tough bull-one day and the next, for no apparent reason, you'll get bucked off a dog. Bulls are dumb, mean and dangerous. Very dangerous. If a horse bucks you off, it'll jump over you. But bulls will step on you, and if they get a chance to hook you with their horns, they enjoy themselves that much more. The deaths in rodeo each year almost always come in bull riding. Last year I saw a bull buck a boy off and then step on his head. It was like a watermelon breaking open. Still, you must forget the danger. Any time I've ever worried, I haven't competed worth a damn. I can't win all-round



championships without riding bulls, so I ride them.

The real secret of surviving as a bull rider is to know your limits. When I'm riding and I get to that point of no return, I check out fast. A lot of guys reach that point and strain to make a ride, but when you're in bad shape and sliding, the odds are you won't stay on long enough to make that eight-second whistle anyway.

When you're bucked off, you hope the clowns will distract the bull. Last summer I finished a ride and jumped off but couldn't get my hand free of the rigging. The bull was trying to puncture me, but a clown ran over and grabbed its horns. That startled the animal until I could work my hand loose. Clowns are bullfighters in their own right. Maybe they have the most dangerous job in rodeo, 'cause there's no way I'd do what they do.

KAREEM ABBUL JABBAR

(LEW ALCINDOR)

In pro basketball, everyone leans, pushes and tries to keep you away from the basket. You have to keep moving, because people can lean on you only when you present a stationary target. But it doesn't matter what kind of target you present to Wilr Chamberlain, Nate Thurmond or Willis Reed-they're the toughest to play against, because they're the most experienced and adept at their position. For years, Wilt was the best center in the league and he's still great; so when I face him, I can't take it easy for a second or he'll crush me. Thurmond is tough because he's so aggressive, and Reed, because he's a great shooter-and a Knickerbocker, Reed, who I don't know at all, swung at my head a



couple of times when I was a rookie. He missed and no incident was provoked. He hasn't tried it since.

But for the most part, players aren't vicious. You have to respect a player's health and right to earn a living, but beyond that, you have no respect for him and try to beat him any way you can.

I knew I would have no trouble becoming a competent professional, because I have a lot of basic skills, but I want to be excellent; that's the only way I can earn the salary I do.

In addition to being professionally involved, there are many games in which you're personally involved, and then winning is very satisfying to your ego. I've been winning for many years and I believe in it. I also believe I can help others win. With me, losing is an exception, and that's the way I want to keep it.





a robust way to revivify your new year's celebrants after a long night's revel into day

BY DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

food and drink By THOMAS MARIO

MORE AND MORE farsighted hosts these days are convinced that the best way to end a New Year's Eve party is by starting another one—a breakfast at dawn. The lazy exodus at sunrise that's often a distinct letdown will be stayed and the revelers revived by mountains of scrambled eggs with anchovy toast, an avalanche of hot grilled link sausages and a chafing dish bubbling with creamed Smithfield ham and pearl hominy. Outside, the dawn may still come up like thunder; inside, the festival will start to the steamed-up rhythm of the coffee maker.

A wise variation on the standard New Year's Eve theme is to move the party en masse-come breakfast time-to the pad of one of the celebrants who has volunteered to be the number-two host. In this case, some brief teamwork in advance between the two hosts means the job of New Year's entertaining will be divided rather than doubled. No law says a holiday breakfast can't be held in the very same digs in which a few hours earlier the bubbly was flowing copiously. But a fresh locale—an apartment on another floor of the same building or neighboring digs-and, if possible, a deep breath of cold winter air are the best possible aperitifs for a gathering at the break of day. Needless to say, an advance party of the host and his helper should leave the main body beforehand to set up shop.

By its very nature, a breakfast is the kind of meal in which any kind of show-off menu is as out of place as a neon sign on a buffet

table. Let your menu be simple but imaginative. The flaming skewers and ornate aspics of the formal dinner table give way to dishes as rustic as smoked-salmon, cream-cheese-and-potato cakes. Remember that dishes such as crepes, which a few years ago cut a somewhat precious figure, are now accepted as easygoing members of the breakfast board, perfectly at home alongside brioche and butter. While breakfast dishes should be unpretentious, nothing should be permitted to turn the gathering into a hit-or-miss arrangement. Several days before the party, scan your menu and set the stage comfortably in advance: Smoked-salmon cakes or waffles may be frozen and reheated at the last moment; crepes, creamed ham and hominy, griddlecake batter and the makings of a tempting egg platter should be assembled and in the refrigerator, ready to go at the first streak of sunrise. Croissants, salt sticks or any other form of bread or rolls should be freshened in the oven just before they're borne to the table. If you are offering fresh toast, use the broiler for toasting it in one huge batch in order to serve it piping hot at one time. In justice to your guests, open a fresh can of coffee or, if you own a coffee grinder, grind the beans minutes before they're put into the pot. And dawn breaks brightest when it's ushered in with a well-chosen pick-me-up.

The following recipes will make pulses leap anew and keep body and soul together long after the last echo of popping champagne corks has died away.

COGNAC SOUR WITH BITTERS

11/9 ozs. cognac 1/2 oz. lemon juice 2 teaspoons sugar 1/2 egg white (1 tablespoon)

2 generous dashes Angostura bitters

To measure egg white, beat slightly with fork. Shake cognac, lemon juice, sugar and egg white extremely well with ice. Strain into prechilled Delmonico or whiskey-sour glass. Pour bitters on top.

SMOKED-SALMON, CREAM-CHEESE-AND-POTATO CAKES (12-14 cakes)

1/4 lb. sliced Nova Scotia salmon 2 large baking potatoes 2 egg yolks 1/4 lb. cream cheese 1/2 cup onions, small dice Butter 1/4 teaspoon salt 1/8 teaspoon pepper Salad oil

Bake potatoes in oven preheated at 450° until soft-about 1 hour. Beat egg yolks in large mixing bowl. Cut potatoes in half lengthwise; scoop out pulp while still hot, force through potato ricer and mix well with egg yolks. Force cream 160 cheese through ricer into bowl. Cut

salmon into 1/g-in. dice. Sauté onions in 2 tablespoons butter until tender but not brown. Add salmon, onions, salt and pepper to potato mixture and stir well. Shape into cakes about 11/2 ins. in diameter and 1/2 in. thick. If mixture is too soft to handle, a tablespoon or two of bread crumbs may be added. Sauté cakes in a mixture of half oil, half butter until brown on both sides. Browned cakes may be frozen and reheated in a moderate oven before serving.

CREAMED HAM AND PEARL HOMINY (Serves six)

1 lb. thinly sliced boiled Smithfield ham or baked Virginia-style ham 20-oz. can hominy 3 cups light cream or half-and-half 3 tablespoons instant flour 4 tablespoons dry sherry

Salt, white pepper

Cut ham into 1/2-in. dice. Place hominy in strainer; wash well under cold running water; drain. Pour cream into saucepan. Stir in flour until completely blended. Bring to a boil over moderate heat, stirring constantly. Reduce heat and simmer 3 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add ham and hominy and simmer 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Stir in sherry; add salt and pepper to taste. May be chilled in refrigerator and reheated just before serving.

SCRAMBLED-EGG PLATTER (Serves six)

12-18 eggs 6 tablespoons milk (optional) 4 teaspoons anchovy paste 2 lbs. small link sausages 3 sweet green peppers 3 sweet red peppers Salad oil 3 large tomatoes Salt, white pepper, sugar, paprika 4 slices white bread 2 teaspoons finely chopped chives

Sprinkle eggs with 1 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon pepper (milk may be added to eggs, if desired). Soften 3 tablespoons butter and blend until smooth with anchovy paste. Cook sausages in two batches, if necessary. Place them in a single layer in a large skillet. Add 1/2 cup water and simmer, covered, 5 minutes. Pour off water and continue to cook over moderate heat until they're lightly browned-5 to 8 minutes. Place sausages in a single layer in shallow pan or casserole. Place peppers under high broiler heat, turning occasionally, until they're charred all over. Remove skins with towel or knife. Cut in half, remove stem ends and seeds, then cut them lengthwise into 1/2-in. strips. Sauté them briefly in oil-until barely tender. Place in shallow pan. Remove stem ends of tomatoes and cut in half crosswise.

Sprinkle cut sides with salt, pepper, sugar, paprika and oil. Place in shallow pan. Place eggs, anchovy butter, sausages, peppers and tomatoes in refrigerator, keeping each item covered. Before serving, preheat oven at 400°. Bake tomatoes about 15 minutes or until tender. They may be placed under broiler for additional browning, if desired. Also in oven, reheat sausages about 10 minutes and peppers about 5 minutes. Toast bread; spread with anchovy butter and sprinkle with chives. Cut each piece of anchovy toast into 3 strips. Melt 6 tablespoons butter in large skillet or chafing dish. Add eggs and cook, stirring frequently, until soft scrambled. Place eggs on large platter. Garnish with anchovy toast, sausages, peppers and tomatoes.

ORANGE GRIDDLECAKES (Serves six)

21/2 cups all-purpose flour 5 teaspoons baking powder I teaspoon salt 1/3 cup sugar 2 eggs 11/2 cups milk I cup orange juice 3 tablespoons grated orange rind 6 tablespoons salad oil

Put all ingredients in large bowl and mix at low or moderate speed until all are moistened and just blended. Batter need not be velvety smooth. Preheat electric griddle at 390°; grease lightly with oil. Drop batter by large spoonfuls to make griddlecakes 31/2 to 4 ins. in diameter. When they're dull looking around edge and bubbly in center, turn and brown other side. Serve with butter. Offer a choice of maple syrup, blueberry syrup or 1 cup honey warmed with 2 tablespoons butter until butter dissolves.

NEW ORLEANS RICE WAFFLES (Serves six)

1 cup cake flour 2 teaspoons baking powder 1/2 teaspoon baking soda l teaspoon salt 3 tablespoons sugar 4 eggs 11/2 cups sour cream 1/2 cup milk 1/2 cup salad oil 2 tablespoons curação I cup cooked rice

I cup bread flour

Put all ingredients except rice in large blender and blend I minute at high speed. Do this in two batches if small blender is used. Scrape sides of blender, if necessary, to blend thoroughly. Remove from blender and stir in rice. Bake in preheated waffle iron 4 to 5 minutes or until light brown. Waffles may be frozen. if desired, and reheated in a 450° oven 4 to 5 minutes. Place frozen waffles directly on oven racks. Avoid excessive browning.

(concluded on page 226)

A CLEAN, WELL-LIGHTED PLACE OF WHITE HOUSES

welcome to san clemente—where the drear and the elephant play



article By F. P. TULLIUS

SIX O'CLOCK. Late summer. An hour and a half of sun left. Typical San Clemente day. Clear, but with high, cottony cumulus brushed across the sky. (There is an average of 342 days of sunshine per year in San Clemente, you keep reading somewhere.) San Clemente is in Orange County, an eponym for political conservatism to psephologist and gag writer alike. The

county was not named after the orange but, according to muddled historical accounts, after the Dutch House of Orange. The principal crops of Orange County are cut flowers, chicken eggs and strawberries. Valencia oranges are fourth.

I can see a small restaurant at the end of the pier with a neon fish coolly burning above it. (You don't see much old-style neon these days.) It really doesn't matter what the restaurant is called. Each successive owner gets the neon tuna with it. The present proprietor features in his menu an "abalone sandwitch," which somehow tastes better than an abalone sandwich. The food is

good and real cheap. But don't fly out from the East Coast with a party of eight on my recommendation. The half-day fishing boat Sum Fun is just docking. The skipper doesn't tie up but sort of cozies against the landing, gives it full right rudder and tachs the engines. At the restaurant counter at least one tourist is looking about him with a wild surmise as the telephone-pole pilings of the pier sway giddily beneath

him under the assaults of the Sum Fun. Another is wondering if that second bottle of Bud could have hit him that hard.

When the sport fishermen have debarked and dumped their gunny sacks of fish into the gasoline-powered cart for delivery to the parking lot, a tally is run. Today on the half-day and full-day boats there were 103 passengers, 80 bass, 135 barracuda, 461 bonito, 7 yellowtail

and 28 miscellaneous. The water temperature was 70 degrees, high tides were at 8:20 A.M. and 9:20 P.M. and low tides at 4:15 P.M. and 3:12 A.M. Surf conditions were green (safe, that is) and wind was 18 miles per hour, NNW.

I pass through the underpass, which goes beneath the tracks of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. A small metal plaque over the tunnel reads, IMPROVED BY WPA 1935-36, but it is barely visible, having been painted over, as though we are a bit ashamed of once having had to take help. (It is interesting that Mr. Nixon, who not long ago rediscovered Keynesian deficit spending, has 161



now come out for Government make-work programs. He's rediscovered WPA! Is there no end to this man's insight?)

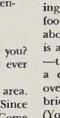
A notice on the underpass wall in crayon reads:

Lonely Marines? Meet us any Sat. nite at beach entrance Drifty and Twinky.

Ah, Drifty! Ah, Twinky! Where are you? Hardly a man I know alive has ever

seen you.

A reluctant farewell to the pier area. Then on to Stan's Snack Shop (Since 1950). OVER A MILLION CUSTOMERS. Come



town shorthand. It's now low tide and good for walking, because the tideland is firm to the foot. If I keep going south, I can walk about a mile and three quarters. There is a lot of public beach in San Clemente -there's another mile the other way. In a quarter of a mile I will reach the overpass, which is a steel pedestrian bridge high above the Santa Fe tracks. (You can't get to the beach in Clemente without crossing the railroad tracks.) The overpass beach is where the towns-

in and Browse. The Resort Motel and

Apartments. Low Winter Rates. The

Tackle Box. Fresh and Frozen Bait. Kar-

nival Korner. Hot Dogs Umbrellas

Chips Milk Submarines Pop Cigs-beach-

people hang out. (The pier group is mostly weekenders and day-trippers.) Another mile of resolute walking will get me to the State Park Beach. Here the people are different again. Their skin looks unused to the sun. They seem to gaze at the ocean as if it were a wonder that they see but once a year. Nor do they move in the water easily, as California young, with their Tanfastic bodies, do. There is a great deal of picnickery and potato salad and campfire-blackened weenies and children who are tripped out of their minds at this great body of water-a sense of mystery and union, like returning to their own

and white shirt with the sleeves rolled up and no tie. The makers of Hang Ten beach gear haven't made a dent in this market. These people all live in the state park, which sits atop a fantastically wormholed, rain-eroded bluff. There they park their Travaleze Trailers and Week-N-Der campers and Cruisaire Motor Homes and they cook in community kitchens with the sweet smell of fried potatoes and bacon in the morning and the kids sleep on the ground in their Sears Dacron sleeping bags and this to them is Vacationland.

As I move on, a swarm of heavy Marine choppers goes by with their loud thwappathwappa and I get a dim conception of the hunted feeling the Vietnamese must know down below. Friend or foe. A third of a mile on, there is a James Bondish sign staked in the sand:

NO ADMITTANCE NO TRESPASSING Cyprus Shore Community Association Beach Patrolled

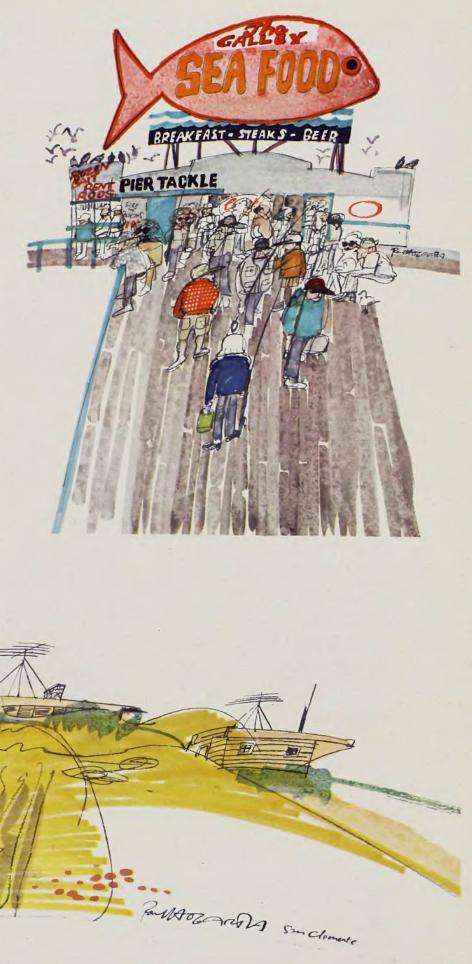
(The phrase "by armed guards" used to follow the word patrolled on the sign, but evidently someone decided that it belabored the obvious and it has been carefully scrubbed off.)

Up on the cliff, there are guard posts



and lookout stations. On certain days, no boats are allowed within a mile of shore and only highborn members of the species Surfus Californicus (mostly sons and daughters of Cyprus people) may enter these waters. On these days, there is rumored to be an army of plainclothesmen up there, backed up with hidden TV cameras and uniformed Treasury agents. All this interdiction and watch and ward comes from the circumstance that located on the palisade is what is popularly known as the Western White Housevacation home of Dick and Pat and Trish and Julie-or the Summer White House, if you prefer the legend on a felt souvenir pennant selling for 49 cents at the local Cornet Store, corner of Del Mar and Ola Vista.

The President and I live in the same town. He lives at one end and I live at the other. He has to cross the tracks to get to the beach, too. And the annoying tar that sometimes collects on my feet—which some say comes from tankers cleaning their tanks offshore—must likewise cling to Chief Executive arches, too. The only real difference, I suppose, is that my junk mail comes to "President." (Nixon, incidentally, literally put San Clemente on the map. A lot of the map



makers used to leave it off their charts, even though the town has some 16,000 people. Since Nixon, however, the town is very big at Rand McNally.)

Well, of course, our living quarters are not in the same class. His cost \$340,000-\$100,000 in cash and the remaining \$240,000 at seven and a half percent interest in five years. Besides a large house-which somewhat resembles a deconsecrated mission—there are five acres of grounds, a swimming pool, a four-hole pitch-and-putt golf course (donated by Orange County citizens, calling themselves, somewhat restrictively, Golfing Friends of the President) and a view of and access to the Pacific Ocean, where the President could catch a few sets on his Hobie (a gift from Trish and Julie), if he cared about surfing, which he doesn't, thereby blowing the entire Hang Ten vote of America (.0075 per-

The Nixon Place, as it is now known, was formerly the Cotton Estate and is located at the very south of town-so far south that a good wedge shot would literally put you in San Diego County. A good wedge shot in moon gravity would land on the geodesic dome of one of the world's largest nuclear reactors, which is two miles south of the Nixons at San Onofre. Turn right on the frontage road going south alongside the San Diego freeway and you come to a guard gate that protects the fenced-off community of Cyprus Shore-and abutting this enclave is the Western White House. Outside the gate a sign reads, No sight-SEERS BEYOND THIS POINT-with a shift space between sight and seers. A uniformed guard sits at the gate to rebuff surfers, sight-seers, Democrats, Walter Hickel, Abbie Hoffman, Weathermen and, I suppose, devotees of disagreeable religions. For the application for membership in the Cyprus Shore Community Association has a significant space for Religion. The Prez, no doubt, could have had himself made an honorary member of the association; but in case he did fill in that blank, he probably put Quaker, an affiliation that no doubt would make Cyprus people happy but has been rumored to make a lot of peace-loving Quakers unhappy. A Cyprus Shore resident conspiratorially informed writer Arnold Hano that the President has "two Negroes and an Italian" on his Secret Service staff. Of course, the deputy special agent in charge of the President's personal security is named Arthur Godfrey. So, you see, anything is possible.

If the President wants to complain to his local Congressman, he'll have to write to a member of the John Birch Society—Representative John Schmitz of the 35th Congressional district. Schmitz would consider Nixon a liberal—so you know where John's head is at. He's

against just about everything but the population explosion. He has seven kids.

The piece of property bought by R. M. N. was the estate of Henry Hamilton Cotton, head of a syndicate that literally owned the whole town before it was built, horse breeder and fancier, onetime financial leader of the California Democratic Party and warm supporter of F. D. R. Nixon is not the first President to set foot on the Cotton Estate. H. H. Cotton held a ranch barbecue there for F. D. R. in the Thirties (where they enjoyed beef, beans, watermelon, horse races and "lashings of beer"). F. D. R. and Henry also played cards in the turretlike room that stands in the yard. Cotton deserted Roosevelt when F. D. R. decided to run for a third term; he never voted again.

Meanwhile, downtown in San Clemente, a somewhat uncomfortable-looking policeman is writing out a citation to a couple of Krishna Consciousness cats in saffron robes and wearing little hand chimes. Better nip this mantra thing in the bud before it gets out of hand.

Mari Juana Mari Juana Juana Juana Mari Mari. . . .

"Krishna Consciousness members should not necessarily be confused with hippies," a local paper gravely informs us. Siva, Vishnu and Brahma will be relieved to hear this. A history of the town says that the first Christian baptism in California was performed here in 1769—but that the Buddhists converted the people of the area "13 centuries before the Franciscan Padres."

Hare Krishna
Hare Krishna....

Earlier in the month, a youth was arrested for having an "ecology" flag in the window of his VW camper. It was a dyed-green American flag that he'd hung for curtains in the back windows. But not all of the hip generation are as disconnected as the police here think. The kid turns out to be a second cousin of the Udall family.

Meanwhile, over at the Vital Food Shop on El Camino Real, you can buy Kik-Nik if you want to break the nicotine, or cigarette, habit and Kik-Lik if you want to break the booze habit. Things are simple in Grover's Corners and here in San Clemente.

And down at the San Clemente Inn, the Jaycees are reciting their creed.

We believe:

That faith in God gives meaning and purpose to human life. (Implying that Jefferson, Lincoln, Voltaire, Twain, Einstein and Madalyn Murray O'Hair had, or have, no purpose to their lives.)

That the brotherhood of man transcends the sovereignty of nations. (Better

watch that kind of weirdo talk around City Hall.)

San Clemente was founded in 1925 by a Hispanophile Norwegian named Ole Hanson. Ole laid out what Lewis Mumford would call a Cartesian townplanned from the first brick, "the kind of external order that can be achieved by a single mind, like that of a Baroque prince." Ole favored handmade red-tile roofs and white-stucco walls to give his village a sort of spurious Spanish-Moorish flavor, and he inserted this and other specs in each sales agreement for a lot. He bought the Rancho Los Desechos tract from his friend Henry Cotton, planned the winding streets that follow the natural contour of the hills (the Anglo terms street and avenue were replaced by calle and avenida), organized sales jamborees to sell the lots, with prospects carted in from L. A. and fed at his expense, and built and donated to the town, without bonded indebtedness, a hospital, a community center and a school. In short, he made a town for himself. Whenever some individualist deviated from Ole's "dress code," he moved right in with workmen and restored the place to uniformity. (That's the way they did it in those days.)

Ole Hanson was one of those restless, westering, sublimated builders and doers who were the pattern heroes of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. From the Midwest he found his way to Seattle and in 1918 ran for mayor and won. As mayor, he called in Federal troops to put down a general strike. In the fashion of the times, he wrote a book called Americanism Versus Bolshevism, presenting his own little kitchen debate against the I.W.W. In 1920, at the Republican Convention in Chicago, he was an almost-candidate for the Presidential nomination and then the Vice-Presidential spot. He lost the Presidency to Harding and the V.P. spot to Coolidge. He left Seattle and finally ended up in the deserts of Southern California, where he helped develop a town he called Twenty-Nine Palms. That was too good a title for Vine Street to resist, and the song Twenty-Nine Palms made the charts in the Forties.

He died in 1940, and shortly after, the Bank of America, which by now owned a lot of local property and wanted to make it more salable, got Ole's architectural covenants nulled. A small irony is that Spanish-style houses—complete with redtile roofs—are in vogue around here again. In the Thirties, when the Bank of America was delinquent on its taxes, Ole had the mayor order all the streetlights shut off at night. The bank held out for a few days, but, fearing it was vulnerable to a heist, had to capitulate.

In April of 1970, in the predawn



"Think of all the years we wasted just swapping presents."

hours, a ghostly figure threw a fire bomb through the window of the Bank of America on El Camino Real. It went out quickly in the damp coastal air. The sound of an automobile engine was heard racing away. One unidentified resident said the engine sounded to him exactly like a 1928 Packard.

The news that the President would become a resident sent a tremor through the town that was almost undetectable on the Richter scale. Police Chief Murray later said, "When it was first announced that the President would buy a house here, the attitude was, 'So what?' " Nixon first visited here in March 1969, and when nobody turned out to bid him welcome, the chamber of commerce became alarmed. As Arnold Hano wrote in the Los Angeles Times: "It's one thing to allow the newcomer his privacy, but it's

another to cold-shoulder him." On Nixon's next visit, the city scrounged up a cool hundred bucks to finance a gala reception at the Coast Guard copter pad next to Nixon's Place. This time the organizers got out the vote by phone and prudently saw that school was let out. Several hundred people showed up. But the indifference is not the only problem here. Some Cyprus Shore people are getting a bit waspish about their semibucolic enclave being turned into an armed and occupied city three or four times a year. It's probably a little rough to go to the Alpha Beta for some hamburger buns and then feel like you might get frisked before you make it to your driveway. The fact that all this is for the President -even one who is a member of an approved religion-probably doesn't make it go down much easier. Nor is the fact that the President talks about maybe building the Nixon Museum/Library here to house his Presidential papers looked upon with gusto by locals. It's all right to have a Middle American in the Western White House, but the thought of thousands of them boring through town in Gray Lines buses turns the natives off. You see, from the beginning, the city was cried up by its promoters as being exactly halfway between L. A. and San Diego (66 miles each way). Implicit in that happy equidistance to local misanthropes is that one town is just as far away as the other.

The President's imminent arrival is usually foretold by Secret Servicemen stocking up on Macadamia-nut ice cream (a Nixon favorite) at the local Alpha Beta. Since this Executive predilection was revealed, demand for Macadamianut ice cream has gone up incredibly at the store. The President even drops a little of his own money into the local economy. He strode into the Bay Cities Hardware and purchased three 166 beach balls from Claudia Nelson, who later excitedly and rather left-handedly complimented him by saying he had "the softest hands I've ever touched." There are other economic benefits. The San Clemente Inn now runs at nearly full capacity and there are ten more police officers in town, costing \$102,000 and paid for by the Federal Government.

Meanwhile, in September 1970, unemployment in Orange County reached 7.4 percent of the labor force and the place was declared a "substantial unemployment area" by the Labor Department.

Even the most modest attempt to cash in on the Presidential presence seems to run into trouble. The city council wanted to put up a sign on the freeway reading, HOME OF THE WESTERN WHITE HOUSE, but the state, which controls the freeway, nixed it as a traffic hazard. (The sign was later placed south of town.) It was then suggested that the frontage road near the Nixon Place, Via de Frente, be changed to Avenida del Presidente, Residents of the street were polled and it turned out a majority were against changing the name. The city council then voted four to one to "enact procedures" to bring about the change, but there may be a public hearing on the matter. (There was, but nobody showed up and the street name has now been changed.)

One day about a year ago, a sign appeared at the Summer White House gate: LA CASA PACIFICA. Someone interpreted this as The House of Peace, but apparently the President, who likes to remind us that he's a peace-loving Quaker, found this a bit much. One of those ubiquitous Teutons on the President's staff informed the papers that it really means The Peaceful House.

Out at the high school, they have had trouble with-what else?-the dress code. (There is no cure for the common code.) A couple of years ago, 346 barbershops were closed down in Los Angeles County, and they're not going to let it happen here. A local resident beefed to the school board that the predominantly student committee that set up the dress code was "unrepresentative of the community" and that "these kind of committees are influenced largely by people who favor left-wing causes, riots, narcotics traffic, sex education and the American Civil Liberties Union." The school board not long ago found The Confessions of Nat Turner unsuitable reading for the high school students. No one could be found on the board who had read the book-indicating that the board must have found it unsuitable reading for itself. (Down at the public library, however, you can check out a copy of PLAYBOY—that is, if it's still there. The librarian says that PLAYBOY keeps getting stolen.)

A few years ago, the vice-principal at the high school decided that dopers could be spotted by their vocabulary. He put out a classified list of terms and phrases, the use of which should bring suspicion upon the user, and circulated it among the teachers. Unfortunately, the glossary was leaked to the press, thus affording us these gems, selected passim:

BIG JOHN: Police

GEORGE: OK, all right, he's George GROOVY: Expression used by people high on drugs

ESTABLISHMENT: Organized society as we know it today, which hippies seek to destroy

KARMA: Fate, force generated by a person's actions that he is held to in Buddhism and Hinduism

NIRVANA: State of freedom from Karma

PROVOS: Group that helped the hippies. Their aim is to demolish the

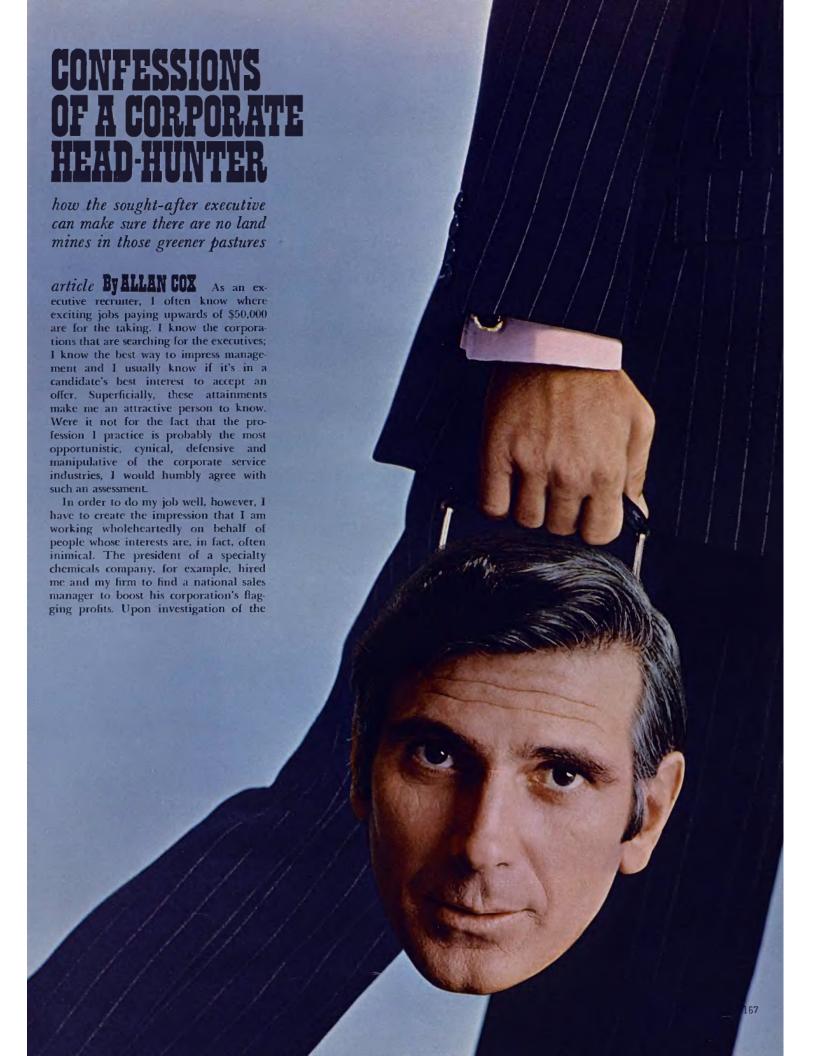
COP-OUT: Alibi, confess ADDED TERMS: Reader, Sansara, Uptight, Vibration

Teachers were instructed: "If you hear these words being used in your classroom by students, please inform the office as to who they are and we can put a close check on them."

The class of 1970's gift was a peace symbol laid out in the ground surrounding the campus sundial. A local lady (Another Mother for War?) protested to the school board that they "might be defacing public property." She went on: "I object to it because it is being used by the revolutionaries in our country." Someone pointed out that the peace symbol was an "ancient symbol of evil and antichrist," but he didn't reckon with the annoying habit kids have of informing themselves these days. The students pointed out that the figure in the circle stands for nuclear disarmament in Navy semaphore and has come to symbolize peace. The board sustained the symbol as being nonsubversive.

Well, things are not much different here in Grover's Cor-Oops, San Clemente than anywhere else. Little hassles about sex edjeekashun. Feller named Curtis, member of the local Birchers, says these here family-life films teach masturbashun is OK. Says that's against Cathlick doctrine. Didn't say what Cathlick doctrine had to do with public schools. But the bored of ed agreed and voted down the films. Kids around here grow up just like other kids, with lots of cavities in their teeth. Birchers and their "fellow travelers" always defeat any attempt to put sodium fluorides in the water. Dentists do grate here.

Meanwhile, down by Plaza Park, a (continued on page 214)



company, including interviews with all its executives, it became obvious that what was needed was not a sales manager but a top marketing man working in conjunction with a research-and-development program that would produce a better product line. My client irrationally resisted our findings: "I can imagine who it was who gave you that kind of advice," he began. "I've got a perfectly good market-research staff. My success for 25 years in this business has been due in large measure to ignoring advice at key moments. I don't want some hot-shot coming in here and endangering our team morale."

It soon became apparent that what the man really wanted was a weak sister who would put in long hours, get along with the rest of the boys and not really accomplish a thing. And yet despite his garbled arguments against my efforts, he still thought he was going to find a sales manager who would turn the company around-and kept insisting that he could hire only the best possible man. When I'm dealing with first-rate clients who are honestly trying to hire the best-the superstars of their industries-there's a tacit understanding that we won't waste our time on anything less than the best and that we'll have to pay dearly in salary and benefits. These searches may be arduous, but at least they're aboveboard and fascinating. It never seems to fail, however, that when I'm dealing with self-deluders, with second-rate managers trying to solve essential problems by making superficial changes in management, I'm bombarded with reminders that only the best executives will serve their needs.

Picture the scene, therefore, as I sit staring at our chemicals executive-the sincerity of my rep tie, the firmness of my squared jaw, the responsibility implied by my blue suit and poised note pad all assuring my client that I believe every word he's saying, while behind the façade I realize that to satisfy him I shall have to deceive him and that to win the confidence of my candidate I shall have to praise him for weaknesses that will make him perfect for the job. I was able to find a man rather easily, incidentally, but it was an unhappy business-priming the client to envision the candidate as a dynamo when I knew that he was no dynamo at all and that, in fact, a dynamo was the last thing in the world the client wanted.

When my client is a knowledgeable, hard-nosed business executive with a corporate problem that demands outstanding, experienced personnel, my task can be technically difficult: I may have to interview many candidates; I may have to write hundreds of letters, ask for leads from all my contacts, run complicated and expensive computer 168 programs, coordinate my findings with the impression my men make on my client, travel throughout the world. These superstar searches test our mettle, but they never involve us in deceiving the candidate.

If a candidate is the right man for the job, he's usually not in the job market. Let me stress that, because one of the biggest mistakes a man can make in an interview with me is to show that he actively wants the job I'm describing. If I seem to be saying something as obvious as "Play hard to get, so the recruiter will think your present employer loves you," that's only a small part of my advice. Candidates almost always forget that a head-hunter's first responsibility is to his corporate client and that it may be in the client's best interest not to hire them. The man whose strongest pitch is that he "really" wants the job is showing an inadequate sense of the priorities of our meeting. The cagey candidate will spend most of his time trying to find out what the client's problem is, giving the impression that understanding the corporate problem is his first concern. Only after this professional and cool-seeming examination of the objective reasons for the interview should a candidate even hint that he might be interested. And if he has shown an astute understanding of the client's needs, his silence will usually draw the head-hunter into becoming the suitor. In the executive-search business, it's a lot better to be pitched to than to be pitching.

Too few executives realize that the head-hunter may have sought them out for reasons quite apart from trying to find them a job. For example, I may be looking for an unattractive character to parade before my client to make another man appear more attractive by contrast. I may be adding yet another name to my list because some of my clients think I'm performing well only when I march hordes of candidates, good and bad, before them. And, most subtly of all, I may want to produce for my client just the man he has specified, so that when it comes to making the expensive decision to hire him, the client will be forced at last to see that he had misinterpreted his corporate problem in the first place.

The only candidates who need fear these devices are those who want a job either for which they are not qualified or in which they would not be happy. And such men are usually not the most skilled nor personable. Although I do remember one candidate who wanted a job he knew he would despise and for which he admitted he was overqualified; and not only did he make these admissions but I recommended him for the \$55,000-a-year post he subsequently got.

In this particular case, the job required writing talent along with managerial know-how, and while the salary was high, the job involved tedious minutiae, was a tawdry promotional campaign for a tawdry line of products and was surrounded by managers with whom my candidate would not get along. Were a man to have the right qualifications for the job, he would not, in all likelihood, have the stomach for it. I quickly figured out that I would be filling a job likely to become vacant in a relatively short time-either because the candidate became dissatisfied and looked elsewhere or because my client became dissatisfied with the halfhearted, grudgingly bestowed efforts of the new man.

The reason it worked out perfectly for all concerned was that both client and candidate were out to screw each other. My client wanted top talent to iron out the problems in his organization, so that he could hire less expensive help to do the job made possible by his short-lived superstar. I'm convinced he intended to fire his new man the moment things had been put back in working order. On the other side, my candidate wanted a quick bank roll and a prestigious step up the corporate ladder. He intended to start looking for another job the day he was hired. I had found the right fink for the right rat. I also collected my fee.

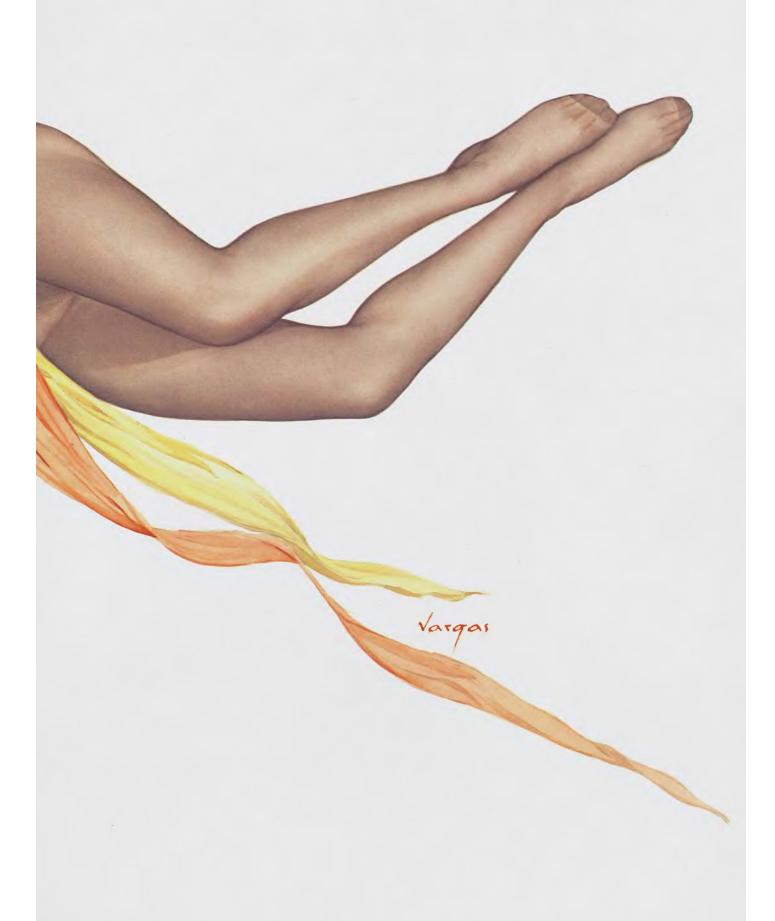
Let me return to my observation that it's the wise candidate who appears not to be in the job market. An intelligent man doing an excellent job should be content with both the kind of work he's asked to do and the amount he's paid for doing it. You and I know, however, that in an imperfect world virtue often goes unrewarded and a genuinely splendid employee may be getting short shrift from management. (A candidate should never admit this, however, because in the Calvinistic world of the corporation the disparity between virtue and reward is less likely to be read as injustice than as just deserts.)

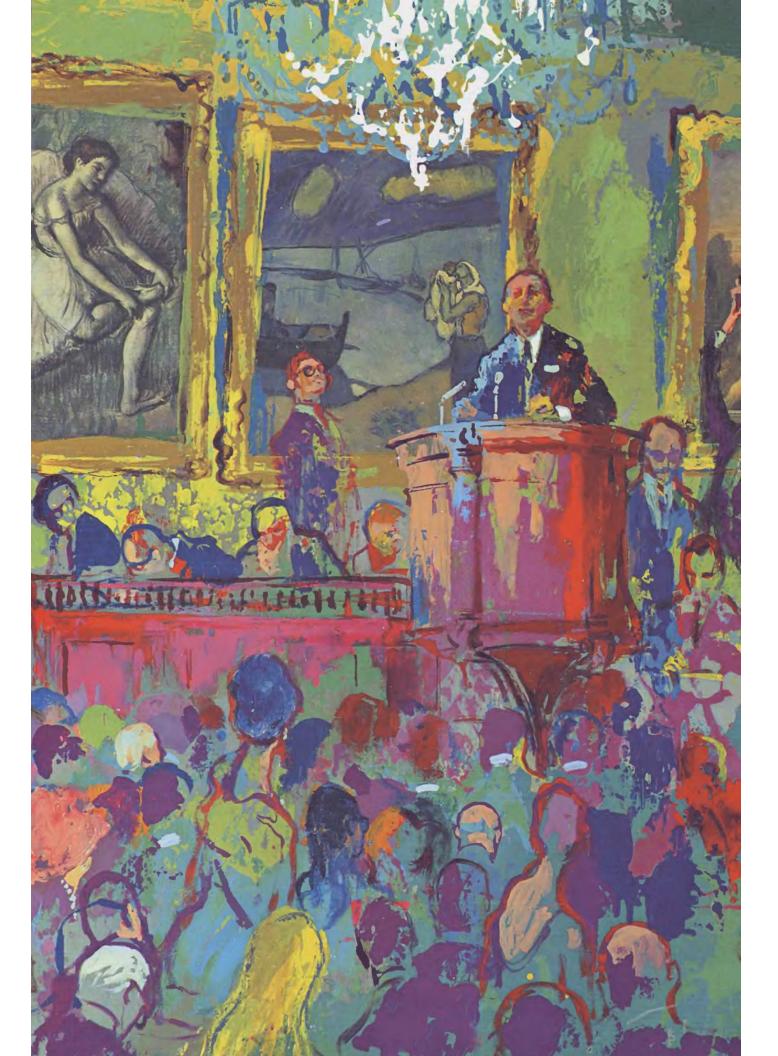
An executive must remember that a recruiter is more likely to be impressed by his curiosity about the job and the company than by whatever the man has to say about himself. If the recruiter asks why the candidate is interested in the job under discussion, the candidate should parry by asking why the recruiter is interested in him. The candidate should give the impression that the recruiter's first task is to convince him, the man for whom he is buying an overly expensive, mediocre lunch, that there is something worth the candidate's time to listen to and that only when the candidate is convinced that he has been brought into the confidence of the recruiter will he speak candidly about himself.

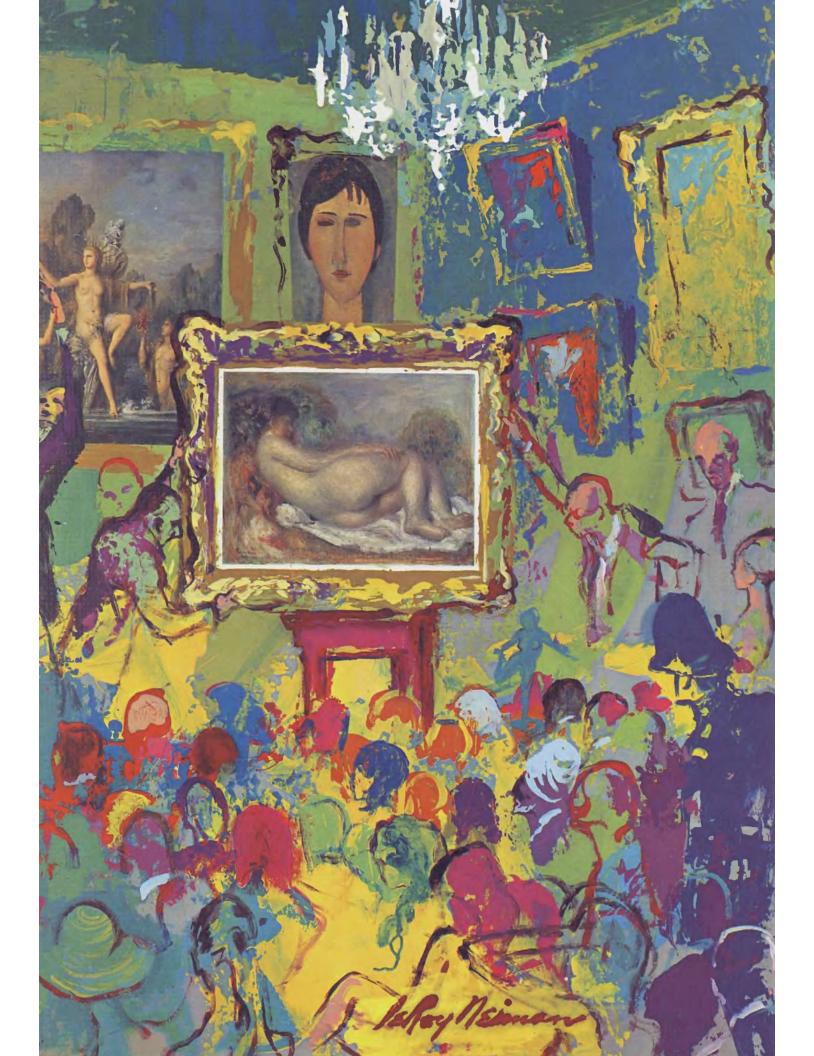
The candidate must not be reluctant to ask blunt and seemingly indelicate questions. After all, it's his career that's at stake and he's the one who has to (concluded on page 174)

VARGAS GIRL









man at his leisure

playboy's roving artist, leroy neiman, appraises the august precincts of the world-famed auction house

Sotheby's is a London landmark. Its 18th Century Augustanstyle building on New Bond Street headquarters the oldest continuous art and literary auctioneers in the world. Since its founding in 1774, Sotheby's has managed to attract the art and money elite of Europe by offering old masters' paintings, drawings and sculpture, antique books, icons, jewels, tapestries and, relatively recently, vintage automobiles,



arms, clocks, watches and works by Continental impressionists, British moderns and even American primitives. "The main auction room," says Neiman, "was once the studio of the 19th Century artist and illustrator Gustave Doré. The auctioneer and, since 1958, chairman of Sotheby's is Peter Wilson, whose low-key outcry is the only sound in the otherwise hushed room. During an auction, bids are made by gesture only, and it's as solemn as a High Mass at St. Peter's. But the bidding is merely the climax of a long drama. First, there's the organization of the sale, which is often as complicated and chancy as handicapping horses. Wilson and his assistants, magisterial as British barristers, select the artworks to be auctioned from among those stored in Sotheby's immense dungeonlike basement. Certain pieces when sold together create a public wave and, as any Sotheby's expert will attest, momentum conceived and sustained prior to a sale is indispensable for a successful turnout. Strolling through the basement is really like walking through time. Here, stored with loving care, stand magnificent examples of almost every artistic style, from Rubens to Duchamp, from classicism to abstraction. Also in the basement are Sotheby's experts, who can tell you almost anything about any piece, down to where and precisely when it was originally created. Formerly the wine cellar of a spirits merchant, the basement, with its low-flung stone arches, is equipped with a fire-prevention system unparalleled for its sensitivity. And with good reason, since Sotheby's has sold the libraries and collections of such luminaries as Napoleon and Talleyrand. Often, though, many of its best-remembered sales are of seemingly worthless effects people bring in for free appraisal. One story concerns an elderly gent who asked a director if a picture wrapped in a brown paper bag was worth a 'fiver.' Upon examining the painting, the director exclaimed, 'Good heavens, sir, you have an early Samuel Palmer.' The man replied, 'I know, but is it worth a fiver?' The picture returned £5600, which probably proves that some people never know when they have something of value. Obviously, that doesn't apply to Sotheby's."



In the great chandeliered auction room at Sotheby's (gatefold), auctioneer Peter Wilson onswers bids for the paintings to his reor. Neiman's collage features reproductions of the following works (not shown to scale), from left to right: Degas's Donseuse Rose, which sold for £34,000; Picasso's Les Adieux du Pêcheur, which fetched £52,000; on oil by Gustave Moreau, Vénus Sortant de l'Onde, which brought £22,000; Modigliani's Portrait de Jeune Femme, knocked down for £22,500; ond Renoir's Après le Bain (held by ottendants), which went for £15,500. Left: Against a backdrop of an 18th Century portrait of Madome de Pompadour, o Picasso nude and several reproductions of Hellenistic sculpture, two well-turned-out misses ore gingerly guided through Sotheby's bosement by on art deoler during on advance showing of works that are scheduled to be offered ot an upcoming sole. Top: A 19th Century londscape due to go on the block is the focus of interest for one young lady who is, in turn, of interest to the gent at her left.

CORPORATIO HISAD-HUNTIER

protect it. The recruiter can find another candidate more easily than he can find another client. In a head-hunter interview, valor is the better part of discretion. Here is a list of some of the boorish thrusts with which you ought to challenge head-hunters like me:

1. If this job is so hot, how come your client had to hire an expensive executive-recruitment firm to fill it?

2. Describe the character of your client. What kind of man does it take to get along with him?

3. Why did the last guy leave?

4. Does your client want excellence or something less?

5. How much is he offering? And, since it's not enough, how much will he raise his offer and spice it with benefits?

6. How did you get my name? If you got it from someone who knows me and whom I respect, I'm impressed. If you got it out of a computer run or through some corporate gossip, you'll obviously have to spend a lot of my valuable time verifying my qualifications. If I were as badly prepared as you are, you wouldn't even interview me.

7. How much do you know about the kind of work I do? If not a lot, how can you judge me?

8. How much does your opinion of me count with your client? If not a lot, when do I meet him?

9. Are you aware that if this conversation isn't kept confidential, I'll kill you?

The client would like the candidate to believe that job opportunities are in a sellers' market; the candidate wants the client to believe his services are in a buyers' market. Smart people on both sides will maintain this ritual fiction; my job is to mediate, satisfying all parties and, happily, by doing so, myself.

Though a large portion of the education of a recruiter involves learning about the way human beings behave under stress, there is a more substantive area of knowledge in which all successful recruiters become expert. It is so obvious that it's easy to leave unnoticed, and that is the knowledge of the intimate workings of major American corporations.

No other group of people is as likely to know as much about the nitty-gritty of American corporate life as are excellent executive recruiters. Corporate recruiters are in business because corporations have problems, and the best way to understand an intricate mechanism is to watch it malfunction. Just as all our knowledge of the human organism is a result of studies done to identify pathologies, the business expertise of the corporate recruiter comes from his constant acquaintance with the failures and disappointments of partially or wholly dis-174 eased organizations. If it weren't for our

(continued from page 168)

ailments, there would be no science of medicine; and where better to find out about the married state than in a divorce court?

As I have already mentioned, our clients often are too timid or too stupid to want an accurate assessment of their problems, but when they are honest and intelligent, their candid description of what's wrong with their operation makes us privy to the most intimate details of American corporate life. And from this intimate association with the essential problems of the corporation, I can offer these renderings of some of America's major industries:

Automotive: Crude; oriented to an ultimate market and distribution system that is crude-car hawkers, new and used, and abysmal servicemen.

Hotel and restaurant: With few exceptions, little professional management —hacks.

Entertainment: Worse than the hotel and restaurant industry.

Forest products: Highly oriented to property holdings in Northwest and Southeast; low paying; talented people find it easy to be noticed and appreciated. Depreciation from their vast real-estate holdings helps their earnings picture and leads one to believe they are better managed than they are. "Back to the land" characterizes their management style.

Electronics: Fast-paced, technical and highly competitive (as in the semiconductor business), these people have to be good-and are.

Machine-tool and related capital equipment: Inarticulate and unfriendly; an industry of grunters, very dull.

Management consulting: Very staff oriented, lacking decision makers-companies poorly organized, with high turnover. They tell clients what they already know in words they can't understand.

Computers: Many marginal but highly overpaid people in this industry; because computers are the new panacea and because practitioners speak their own language and don't believe in interpreters, we assume they're geniuses; someday soon we'll find them out.

Chemical: Technical types, obviously; introverted; more concerned with production processes than with marketing. A friend in the chemical business says the prevailing attitude is: "Look at our beautiful, huge new plant; we don't know how we'll sell its output, but we sure do make it cheap."

Banking: A surprisingly swinging group, especially the commercial-loan officers in major cities; still frumpy here and there, but coming on strong.

Construction equipment: Also somewhat crude, but exciting people-used to big dollars in investment, inventory, product development and attendant risk in selling to a fragmented, up-and-down industry-construction; also technicala mechanical product requiring great engineering sophistication and solid research.

Publishing: Particularly book publishing, unbelievably sluggish, insular, outmoded, provincial (too tied to New York), overpopulated with polite, mediocre people and companies.

Advertising: Though deserving of some of its criticism and populated with its share of out-and-out phonies, it is, on the whole, unjustly maligned; many fascinating people; a more creative, open, imaginative group than in publishingthe stereotypes in plays, novels and movies are boring and ludicrous. They are good, positive cynics; remember, their clients aren't always prizes.

Consumer durables: Such as TV, hi-fi, electric organs, white goods and various appliances; good merchandisers or they couldn't survive, but crude in a manner similar to those in the automotive industry.

Retailing (including supermarkets): Expects its managers to work 70 hours a week for coolie wages-what caliber of people do you think that attracts?

Railroads: Though astronaut Wally Schirra reminds us that we all need them, the Penn Central debacle reminds us: How unfortunate.

Airlines: Railroads in the sky.

Consumer packaged goods: All-round most talented, most articulate, most intelligent, most extroverted and best-paid managements.

The executive head-hunter is some sort of hybrid between a fiduciary and a cardsharp. In his most responsible role, he's authorized to analyze the crucial ills of American business life and find the men most capable of remedying them. This trust is bestowed on him by highly paid corporate executives who recognize that problems have gone beyond their capacity to handle them and have the good sense to delegate authority to trustworthy management experts. In his most Machiavellian role, he's a mediator between executives who don't understand their problems and job candidates who don't care what the job is as long as there's a quick buck to be made.

Without a strong streak of irony, the head-hunter is a dullard unprepared to distinguish between those who deserve to be handled like the fools or mediocrities they are and those who deserve his most expert judgment and most candid emotions. In dealing with me and my colleagues, whether you're a corporate manager or a man looking for a job, your best assurance of good treatment is to know your own mind. You can be sure that the man sitting across the table from you knows his.

Playboy's Playmate Review



a portfolio of the past delightful dozen

ONE OF THE BEST THINGS about the arrival of a new year is the excuse it affords us to look back leisurely at the old one. For PLAYBOY, January signals a revisit with the centerfold girls of the preceding twelvemonth. In 1971, a goodly number of our Playmates were Bunnies; many had their eyes on the stars. Herewith, a report on what they're doing now.

























MISS JANUARY

Liv Lindeland: Our talented Norwegian import (opposite page) is in demand for films (The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker, Evel Knievel), video (The Odd Couple, Laugh-In) and the stage (Marriage-Go-Round, in El Paso's Marquee Theater). She's also made loads of personal appearances; one highlight was riding on a water-borne float in the San Antonio Fiesta River Parade. Liv is especially proud of the Liv Lindeland Club formed by a group of soldiers in Vietnam.

MISS MARCH

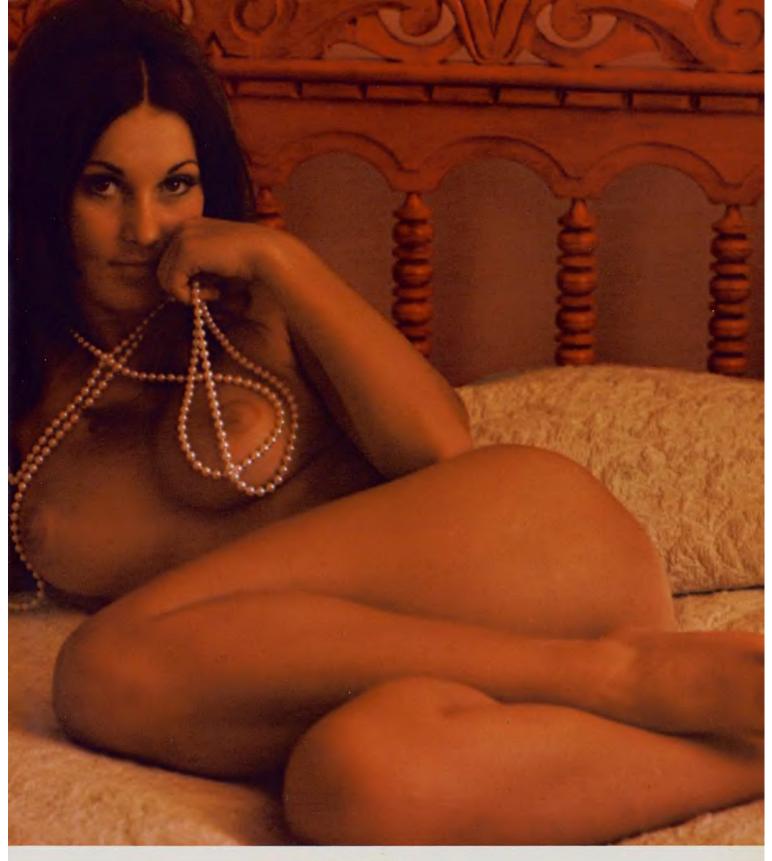
Cynthia Hall: When last we visited Cynthia, she'd just returned from a trip to Dartmouth and was considering moving to New England. We're happy to report that the Midwest won out in her affections, and Cynthia is still working as a Bunny at our Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, Playboy Club-Hotel. On her days off, she goes boating-over water in the summer, ice in the winter; some months ago, she spent a week's vacation participating in a regional sailing regatta in lowa. 177





MISS APRIL

Chris Cranston: She and a girlfriend did buy that van Chris was hoping for and lived in it on the island of Kauai until early fall—when Chris moved back to California. "We had a real nature trip," she reports. "It was the perfect way to get away from the ratrace of modeling. But now I'm ready



to get back to work Stateside. What I'd truly like to do is learn to become an animal trainer." Since her Playmate gatefold, Chris has heard from hundreds of old acquaintances, ranging from former fifth-grade classmates to Gls she had met on her U.S.O. trip to isolated military outposts in Vietnam.

MISS SEPTEMBER

Crystal Smith: Well into her senior year at Kansas State University in Manhattan, Crystal still teaches ballet twice a week to prospective Pavlovas. Their tuition payments, plus the nest egg she was able to put aside by working as a Kansas City Playboy Club Bunny last summer, will help see her through to a

degree in radio and television, with a minor in music. Then it's off to Hollywood, where she hopes her education and experience—as a Radio City Music Hall Rockette and as a performer in college productions from Little Mary Sunshine to La Traviota-will give her a boost up the TV ladder. 179





MISS OCTOBER

Claire Rambeau: After moving to London, Claire (opposite page) explored more of Europe. "I was in and out of Heathrow Airport 14 times within a few months," she says. "I visited St.-Tropez and Monte Carlo and even sailed around the Mediterranean in a rocing schooner." Now back in Los Angeles, Claire philosophizes: "I've gone through all my teenage changes and I've had my Big Experience, so now I think it's time to do something with myself as a professional model."

MISS JUNE

Lieko English: Life has taken an upward turn for Lieko-all the way into jet-stream altitudes. Our Japanese-American Playmate-Bunny has just completed training as one of Hugh Hefner's airborne hostesses on his private jet, the DC-9 Big Bunny. (She's joining a pair of Playmates who are already Jet Bunnies-Avis Miller, Miss November 1970, and Gwen Lipscomb, Miss April 1967.) When not pampering Big Bunny passengers, she'll be a stellar attraction at the Chicago Club. 181





MISS JULY

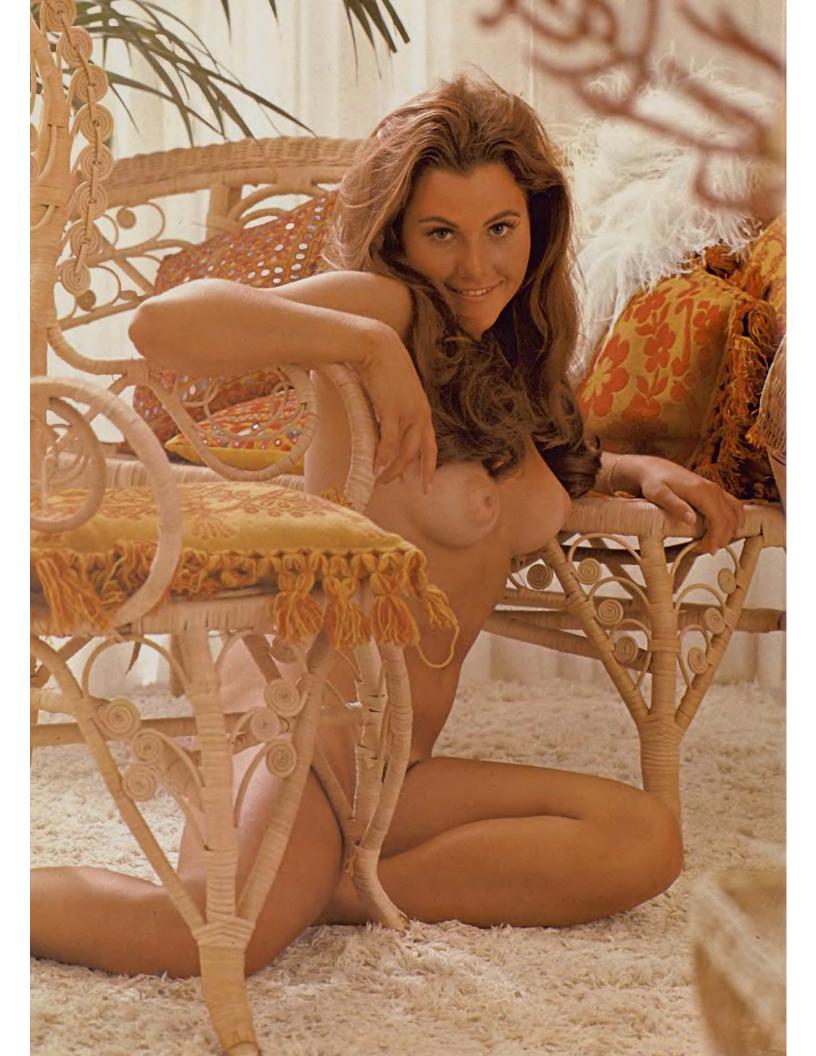
Heather Van Every: She now lives in suburban Aurora, Colorado, but Heather's Denver-based life style is little changed. Though the foothills are building up fast, there are still plenty of Rocky Mountain wide-open spaces in which she can pursue her habbies of skiing, trail biking, fishing, camping

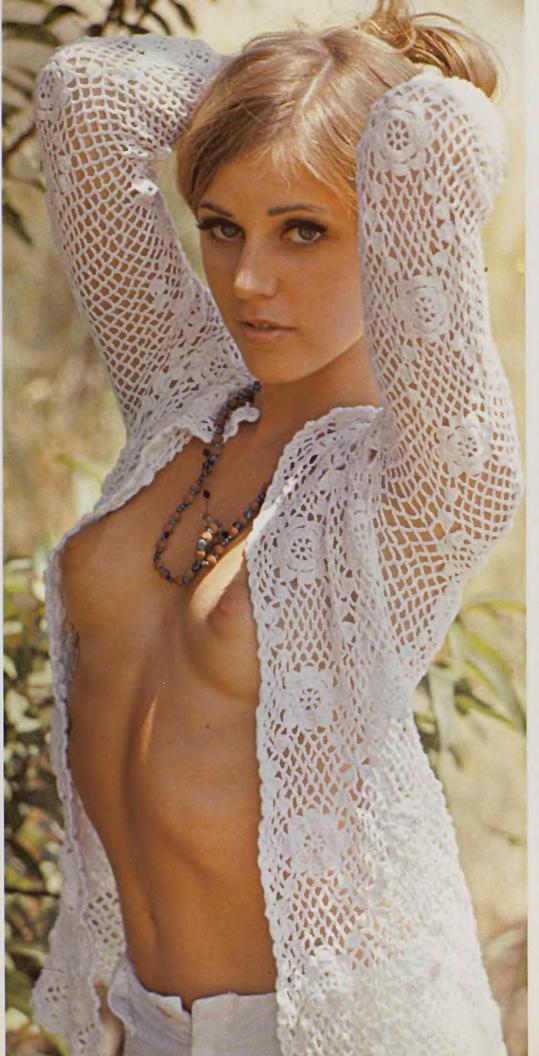


and riding horses. She's lost track of how many minibike clubs, their members' enthusiasm fired by her pictorial in PLAYBOY, have asked if Bunny Heather would consent to be their mascot. "I guess I'm basically an outdoor girl," she says, "but I enjoy painting and wood carving, too."

MISS FEBRUARY

Willy Rey: "I feel almost as if I need an agent just to field all the requests I get for personal appearances," Willy told us after her gatefold came out. "Here in British Columbia, a Playmate is a real rarity, and I'm something of a celebrity. The reaction in Vancouver has been totally favorable to Playmates and PLAYBOY in general," she says. Willy has done an 18-hour telethon-a benefit for retarded children, with George Maharis, Leonard Nimay and other stars-and a pilot film for the CBC television network on national sex symbols. In her limited spare time, Willy's taking creative-dancing lessons. 183





MISS NOVEMBER

Danielle de Vabre: A fantastic vacation was one bonus for our French-Canadian Bunny and skiing teacher (opposite page), who spent her Playmate earnings touring Europe. "As I expected, I fell in love with the Scandinavian countries," she reports. "A fellow ski enthusiast has talked me into moving there next season." Now back in Colorado for this winter's schussing, Danielle is also pursuing another hobby: chess. While traveling for PLAYBOY, she carries a folding board.

MISS AUGUST

Cathy Rowland: Several offers from record companies have resulted from Cathy's Playmate story, which pictured her making her first demonstration tape. "But I've decided I want my first album to be really me," says our aspiring songstress. "So a friend and I are writing our own music. It will take longer than if I sang somebody else's standard stuff, but I'm convinced it will pay off." Cathy has received hundreds of fan letters, many of them containing original songs. 185



MISS MAY

Janice Pennington: You'll be seeing Janice on nearly every Laugh-In episode this season. "Mostly, I'm in the cocktail-party scenes—sometimes doing bits with Dick Martin," she reports. "Then I've been in lots of commercials—for Twice as Nice, Dubonnet, London Fog raincoats, Kraft Italian

dressing and so on." Most recently, Janice has been shooting a vampire film on location in the—honest Injun—ghost town of Jerome, Arizona. "I've enjoyed representing PLAYBOY on tours," she told us. "As a Playmate, I've been asked to be guest of honor at special events from Oregon east to Ohio."

MISS DECEMBER

Karen Christy: Only one month has passed since our December gate-fold girl appeared in PLAYBOY—but already her modeling career has grown to such proportions that she's had to drop her Bunny duties at the Chicago Club and concentrate on building her portfolio. Karen's still a



popular resident of the Playboy Mansion, but she plans a brief trip home to Texas to spend the holiday season with members of her family. Then she hopes it will be back to school, most likely at The Art Institute of Chicago, to pick up her formal education in commercial art.



PLAYBOY CAR STABLE

365 GTB/4, the Daytona. Calling this vehicle a GT is probably an understatement of some dimension, because it is a motorcar of awesome power, one of the fastest road cars we have yet seen, fast enough to be taken direct from the dealership to the race circuit with perfect confidence. Luigi Chinetti, Jr., and Bob Grossman did just that, running a Daytona in the 24-hour race at Le Mans in 1971 and bringing it in fifth overall.

We have here a \$24,000 two-passenger fastback coupe by Pininfarina/Scaglietti mounting a 12-cylinder, four-camshaft, 405-hp engine, five-speed transmission and 11-inch power disk brakes. The speedometer reads to 180 mph, and the needle will go there. Bill Harrah told me he thinks the Daytona the strongest automobile he's ever touched, a statement of some weight when one thinks of the hundreds of cars he's handled down the years. I found driving it a stunning experience, out of range of anything I could recall. The thing doesn't feel like an automobile: It's a locomotive. I took it out on a lamentably rainy Sunday morning in Reno. I'd been driving a good 275 Ferrari daily for two weeks, but I can't say that was any real preparation for the Daytona, which will do 85 in second and get to 100 in the 12 seconds some fast motorcars take to reach 60. The sheer pull of the engine straight up to 7500 rpm is fabulous, and for the first few miles there is a soulstirring conviction, every time one shifts, that the thing is running away, in someone else's control, like a moon rocket. I never came near the honest 173 mph the same car had done in other hands. At 135 I convinced myself-it didn't take much doing-that the steady rainfall interdicted a higher speed in a \$24,000 motorcar lent, and voluntarily at that, by a friend. In any case, this is a car that demands respect-and, for an already well-schooled driver, about 250 miles of familiarization would be a good

While the Daytona's shattering capabilities in the maximum ranges obviously qualify it as a race car, it still is a tourer: It idles without argument at 600-700 rpm, and in fifth gear it can be backed off to a neat and steady 40 mph. It doesn't foul plugs, it doesn't overheat in traffic, it's comfortable, there's more than adequate luggage space for a month's travel and its eye-grabbing good looks guarantee first-cabin reception wherever it stops, from filling station to the porte-cochere of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Characteristically, the frill features-air conditioning, electric windows, and so on-perform dimly. I say characteristically because I can recall the same faults in other Ferraris. I remem(continued from page 90)

ber one with 6000 miles on the odometer, the driver's window stuck half open, the hand brake useless, the fuel gauge registering full at all times. In limited production, it's hard to enforce quality in outbought accessories; and, in any case, many Italians remain to be convinced that anything but sheer go matters. In a car like the Daytona, unique in bloodline and performance, perhaps they're right. They shouldn't be right, but maybe they are.

Cadillac's placement in the chronicle of U.S. luxury town cars is unchallenged. A great many competing makes have come and gone-Packard, Duesenberg, Pierce-Arrow-since the first Cadillac took the road in 1902. Only the Mark IV Continental, descendant of the Lincoln, remains to challenge it. Oddly, both cars were created by the same man, Henry Leland, a Vermont engineer of passionate devotion to detail perfection. Leland named the Lincoln after Abraham Lincoln, a lifetime idol. The Cadillac was named for Antoine de la Mothe, who in 1701 founded Detroit and who titled himself Cadillac for reasons that remain obscure. There was a Duc de Cadillac in the French nobility, but a connection between him and De la Mothe has not been established, nor does the duke's coat of arms resemble the badge all Cadillacs have carried: Apparently it was someone's original creation.

The Cadillac was a good car from the first single-cylinder Model A onward. In 1907 its excellence was demonstrated in a publicity coup by Fred Bennett, the British distributor. Visiting Detroit, Bennett had been struck by the accuracy Leland was enforcing in parts-machining: tolerances of 1/1000th of an inch. In London, he proposed that the Royal Automobile Club supervise a contest in which three cars of any entering make would be stripped, the parts jumbled and new cars reassembled out of them. As Bennett had suspected would be the case, only Cadillac tried it. Three cars were stripped, the parts thoroughly mixed, some of them removed at random and replaced from the stock bins and the cars reassembled with hand tools only, and under close RAC supervision, to be sure there'd be no surreptitious filing or forcing. Set up, the cars started instantly and ran perfectly. Cadillac won the prestigious Dewar Trophy and the foundation of a great reputation.

Down the years, Cadillac has been remarkably original, first with a good electric starter, hydraulic valve lifters, synchromesh gears, quick-drying enamel, chrome plating, et al. The first highspeed V8 engine was the 1915 Cadillac's, and the great V12s and V16s of 1930 et seq. were bench marks. Another

was the front-wheel-drive Eldorado of 1967. Before the Oldsmobile Toronado and the Eldorado, it was held gospel that a really big engine could not be used in the f. w. d. configuration-there simply wouldn't be room, the car would understeer madly, etc. The registered attempts-Bucciali's, for example -had been less than winners. The advantages were tempting: good traction due to engine weight over the driven wheels and the roomy interior deriving from a flat floor; the big drawback, steering the driven wheels, had been negated by technological advances and power steering. The extent of the Eldorado's success with f. w. d. can be judged by its 8.2-liter engine, the biggest in world production today, and by the fact that it's practically impossible to detect on the road which set of wheels is getting the power. The standard test, backing off the throttle in the middle of a fast curve, has no discernible effect on the vehicle. Correctly estimating the interest of its clientele in things mechanical at just under nil, Cadillac makes minimal reference to the drive, and there are Eldorado owners who don't know where the power is going. I met one of them in a garage two winters ago, having chains put on his rear wheels. I presume the officiating mechanic knew but for some reason preferred to keep it to himself-maybe that was how he got his jollies that day.

The 1972 Eldorado is an informal four-place town car of great distinction and refinement, a splendid parkway touring car as well. I inject the caveat because the awesome impression of width from the driver's seat and its suspension are at least partial disqualifiers for country roads and byways. On boulevards and superhighways it's as good as anything in the world, the mammoth engine almost dead silent until the whip is laid on, the ride better-to my taste, at least-than Rolls-Royce's. Hitting obstructions such as big frost heaves, the thump is audible, the driver knows that work is being done down there, but next to nothing at all comes

through the upholstery.

This is an unobtrusively fast machine, too. I have a standard 50-mile stretch over which I have run many cars. It includes city driving, parkway, country road, a long straight and a small town. At a light-traffic time of day, I made this run in 55 minutes without doing anything dramatic or conspicuous. The Eldorado is automated to a point requiring the driver to do little more than start it and steer it: temperature control, cruising-speed control, the best automatic transmission extant, electric locks, both-sides interior-controlled mirrors, signal-seeking stereo, electrically adjustable seats, on-off indicators for all

(continued on page 226)



happiness is a raincoat for the man who wants to share his private parts with the public

HUMOR BY

Interlandi



"Fourteen thousand, two hundred and seventy feet for that?"

PLAYBOY CAR STABLE

365 GTB/4, the Daytona. Calling this vehicle a GT is probably an understatement of some dimension, because it is a motorcar of awesome power, one of the fastest road cars we have yet seen, fast enough to be taken direct from the dealership to the race circuit with perfect confidence. Luigi Chinetti, Jr., and Bob Grossman did just that, running a Daytona in the 24-hour race at Le Mans in 1971 and bringing it in fifth overall.

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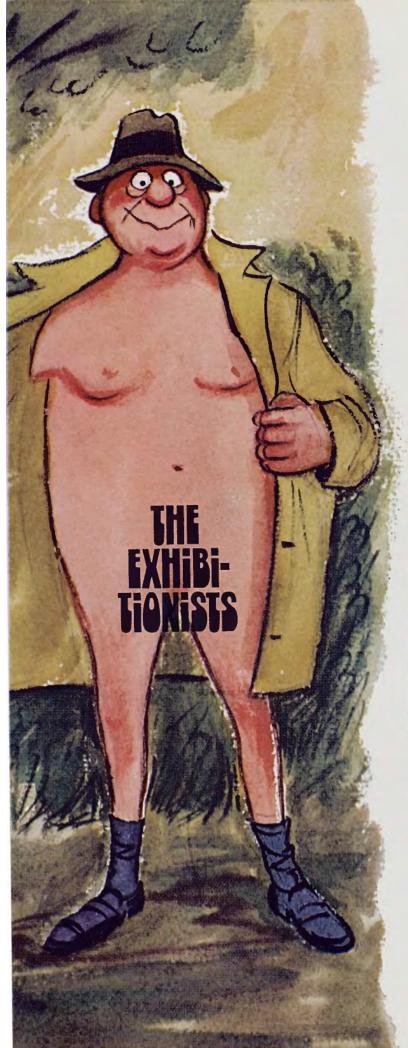
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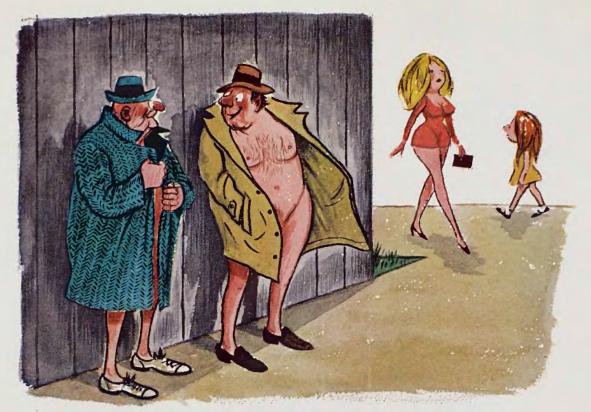
happiness is a raincoat for the man who wants to share his private parts with the public

HUMOR BY

Interlandi



"Fourteen thousand, two hundred and seventy feet for that?"



"I once got a whole troop of girl scouts in one flash—best day I ever had!"



"Tourist!"



"Jump? Who's going to jump?
I was just waiting for a crowd to gather."



"Why can't you just borrow a cup of sugar like anybody else?"



"Wasn't that cute? A father-and-son outfit."

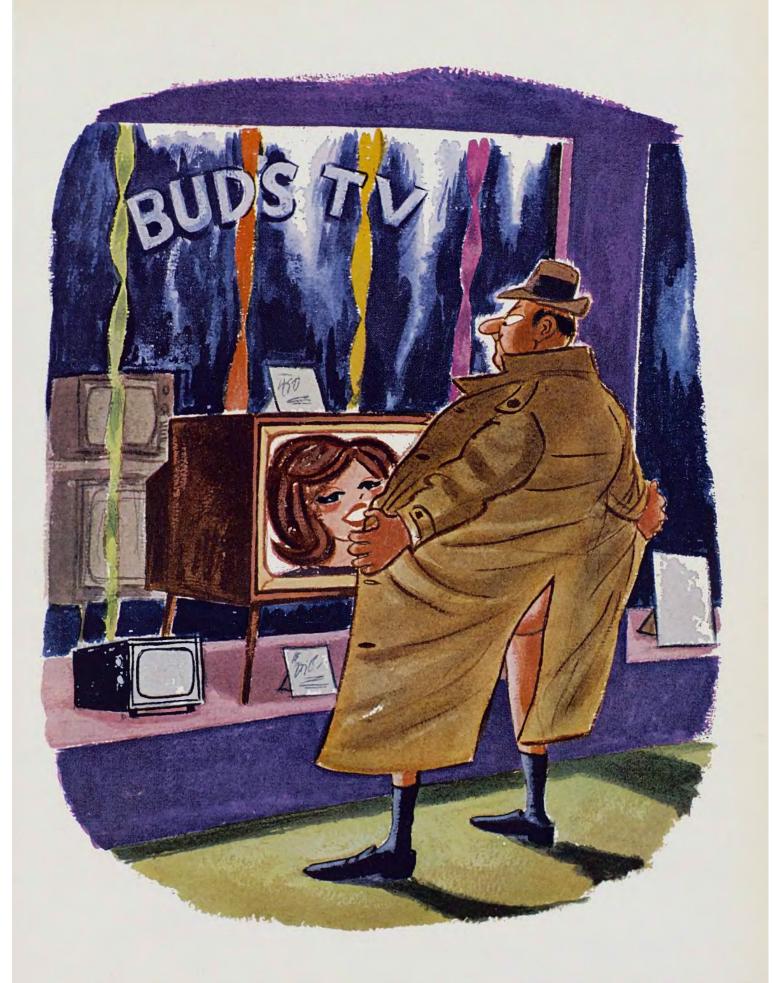


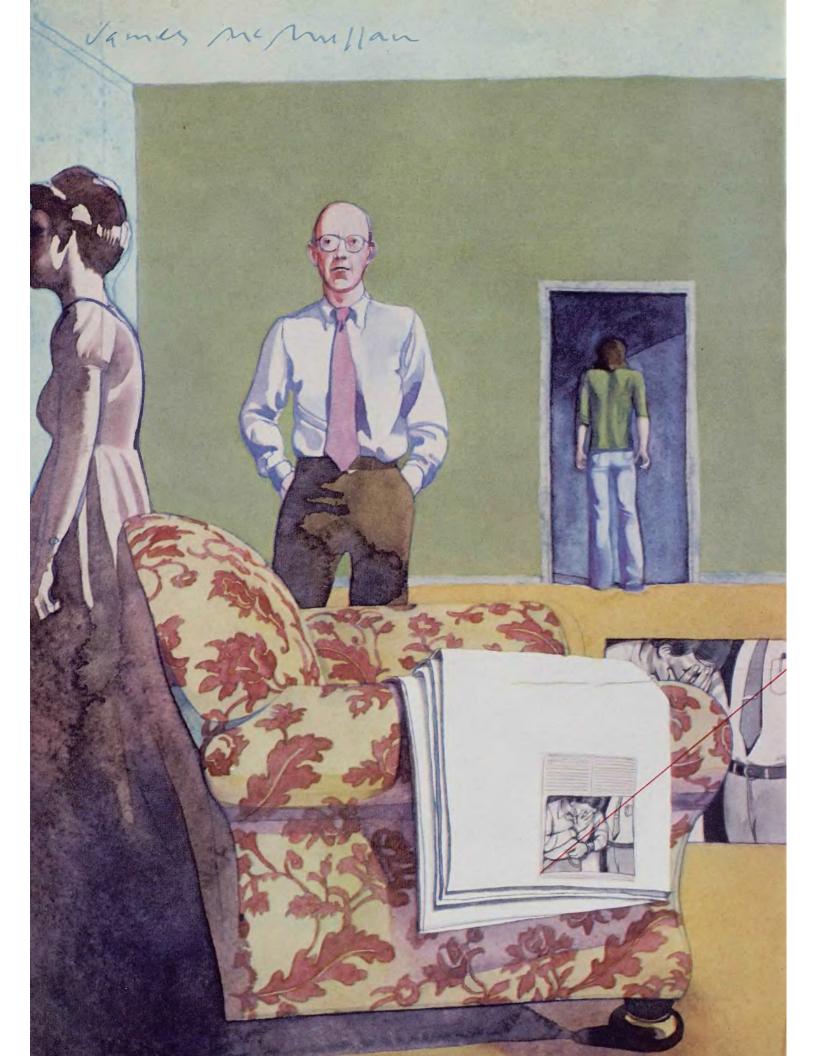
"Brats!"

"No, I wasn't planning on going out tonight—my raincoat is still at the cleaner's."



"Notice the way it swings freely open, giving full exposure, and not binding in the shoulders...."







I'M BUSTID!

article By GARRY WILLS "thirty days," says the judge—and a family comes apart at the seams

CAREER LADY, enlightened, building a separate career with and on her husband's (which, reciprocally, her own achievements bolster), told me, all sweet persuasion, how she coped with the pot problem. "I told our Jim [her son] that all we had given him was based on his father's good name as a judge [yes, a judge—I expected, any minute, to hear that his last name was Hardy] and he should take care of that good name by obeying all laws—even silly laws like those against marijuana."

She was right, of course. The kid should feel grateful and help his father. But talk of "all we have given you" and "you owe it to us" and "think of your father's career" is grating to the blinkered and desperate (and therefore selfish) adolescent—grating under the best of conditions, without adding a law to which children are sacrificed for their father's good, a law with which many of those fathers do not agree, a law expressing all too conveniently the hypocrisy of society. Or so the kid must see it. So, at least, many other kids do.

Family ties are not so much cut now as broken through excessive tangling, and one of the things that tangles them is the law—especially pot laws. Parents are fearful of marijuana, not only for its own effect on their children but for the *law's* effect on those kids who get caught—prison, a criminal record, the company

of hardened types. In their concern, they grow more restrictive and the kids—either through fear of such restriction or out of simple deference to parental anxiety—hide their use of pot more carefully. Parents' confidence is broken; the deleterious effects of pot seem confirmed by the withdrawal of their children, this new distant wariness and caution.

And then, perhaps, the law intrudes -no longer mere threat but reality. There is a pot bust. Are the parents to side with their child against the law, fearful that they may be undermining respect for all law? Or should they side with the law, father becoming judge, judge father, the whole domesticpolitical system throwing its persuasive and coercive weight against the child? Or should a parent steer some middle course, half on the side of the judge and half on that of "the criminal"? Or can he stand off and be neutral, not involved in his child's plight? No stance seems adequate.

These laws, ironically, do not afflict a careless parent but the dedicated ones, These are either paralyzed or forced into undignified attempts to side with the law. This last situation is revealed in the little undercurrents and complicated appeal of a long letter sent by one father to his sons in prep school. The letter, written in 1970, was later published for other parents as an example of wise and compassionate guidance, which proves how confused we are on this

subject:

Dear Sons: M. N., after your spring vacation, suggested to me that you were both smoking pot. Your headmaster, John, let fall a cryptic remark whose innuendo I chose not to accept. Your final report, Jim, excellent as it is, does mention a lessening in your community participation over the past several months. The main complaint from your headmaster about you, John, is that you have this past year "retired" from the school and school activities and withdrawn into yourself.

These attitudes of withdrawal are precisely those outward manifestations mentioned in the Toronto medical report I left with you before saying goodbye. If you have read that report carefully, you will realize that the effects of pot or hash are deleterious mentally and psychologically, as well as being cumulative. In the flight from reality, there is a certain schizophrenia. The main difference between these drugs and alcohol, as again pointed out by the report, is that alcohol abused may lead to intoxication; but with drugs the immediate goal is intoxication.

Respecting the harder LSD and mescaline, anyone who experiments with these has to be very stupid, very immature or nuts. Here, the medical findings are beyond dispute.

Returning to hash and pot, let me remind you of the following: (I) the laws, rightly or wrongly, are stringent, and they are being energetically prosecuted; if you are caught in possession of these drugs, or smoking them, you are liable to severe fines and prison sentences. (2) Medical evidence-such as the Toronto report-mounts against these drugs, indicating severe psychological and intellectual consequences. (3) Your uncle Herman is a national figure in the musical world; your uncle David is running for national political office. Your responsibility is not only and exclusively to yourself. (4) To the extent that you are mature young adults and responsible for yourselves, you ought to have the moral courage, really minimal, to reject any temptation toward this sort of dangerous and unlawful nonsense.

Since you began growing into adulthood, I have prohibited you very few things, relying on your judgment, your prudence and your sense of right and wrong. If you write me back to tell me that what I have quoted above is a bunch of horsefeathers, I'll be thankful and, of course, believe you. If you write to say that you once experimented with pot but have quit it, I'll believe you. I'll be thankful, I'll be grateful that you have stopped; but I will be amazed that you have permitted "peer pressure" to so outweigh your judgment. If you write that you have experimented with acid but have quit, I will again believe you, be thankful and grateful that sound sense prevailed, but will not conceal my disappointment in a judgment that was prevailed upon to accept such a serious risk to your health and to break so serious a law. I will love you as always, but there will be a diminution of my respect for you and my confidence in you. It would be untruthful of me to say less.

Should I get solid evidence in the future that you drop acid or smoke pot, I'll take measures of a severity that I hope may never be necessary. You are forbidden by your father to do either.

The tone of this letter is severe, I am not prejudging you. I am hoping for your avowals that you are neither heads nor acid freaks and I trust you so much that I am confident of receiving such avowals. And I refuse to believe that either of you would lie to me, or the whole tissue of our warm and intimate relationship will be destroyed. Should either of you have once indulged in pot or acid,

or in pot more than once, you are commanded by me to stop, but I want to be taken into your confidence, I want to know why you may have done these things and I want to help you if I am able; that is, having told you to stop and you having stopped. I want to extend all the aid that I am able to bring you. Something perhaps drove or drives you to drugs, something we may be able to handle together in mutual trust and affection. The distinction in gravity between acid and pot is wide; but even in the case of the less-grave potnonetheless unlawful, nonetheless injurious-I am unable to come to your help unless you extend to me the confidence I extend to you.

> Lovingly, Father

This father is concerned and trying to be helpful. He is intelligent and has tried to inform himself so that he may enlighten his sons. Then what goes wrong here, what wires get crossed as he writes?

The first difficulty is that he assumes the harmfulness of pot. I say assumes because he is so easily convinced-by one doctor's report, by vague reference to mounting medical evidence and by a false contrast between the mild high sought by most pot smokers (which qualifies as "intoxication") and the relaxed feeling sought from even one social drink (which, the father implies, may not qualify). This approach gives the man a certitude most investigators lack -such certitude that he can dismiss any use of pot as "dangerous and unlawful nonsense." But if it were all so obvious, and if-as he says-he has heretofore relied, and successfully relied, on his sons' good judgment, then mere presentation of evidence so strong should do the trick. But he shows no confidence that this will be sufficient. He must go beyond argument, evidence and persuasion. He must command!

Actually, he issues two commands. The first is: Don't smoke the stuff-under pain of direst penalty ("I'll take measures of a severity that I hope may never be necessary"). These penalties will be brought to bear "should I get solid evidence in the future" (as opposed to inconclusive signs he mentioned at the outset-hints from the headmaster, etc.). Yet he orders them not merely to refrain from pot but to reveal whether or not they have refrained in the past. Here judge becomes father again, appealing to love and trust and saying he will believe their mere assertion (abandoning, it seems, the search for "solid evidence").

Why does he issue this second command? He alleges several reasons. The first is that he wants to help the sons (continued on page 206)

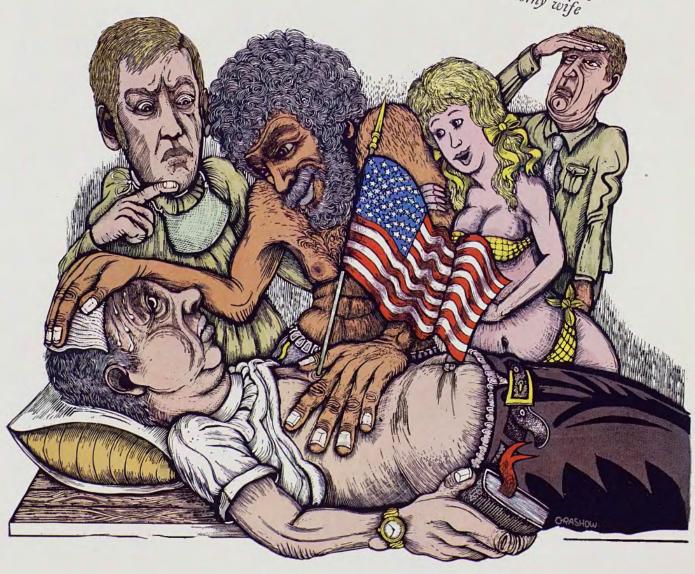
fiction By RICHARD HOOKER Tedium Cove Wharf was quiet. Sea gulls cried in the background. A lobster boat idled, unloading the morning catch.

July fifth was a sunny morning with little wind. A lobsterman leaned against the wharf railing, smoking, looking across the harbor. He appeared to be lost in deep thought. Actually, he was just lost.

A large young man in his late 20s or early 30s, wearing Bermuda shorts, walked with the bouncy stride of either a bird watcher or an associate professor of sociology. He (continued on page 242)

STUCK
THE
F*L*A*G
IN
REVEREND
our budges a

our buddies from m*a*s*h
get all involved with a horny
parson and his horny wife

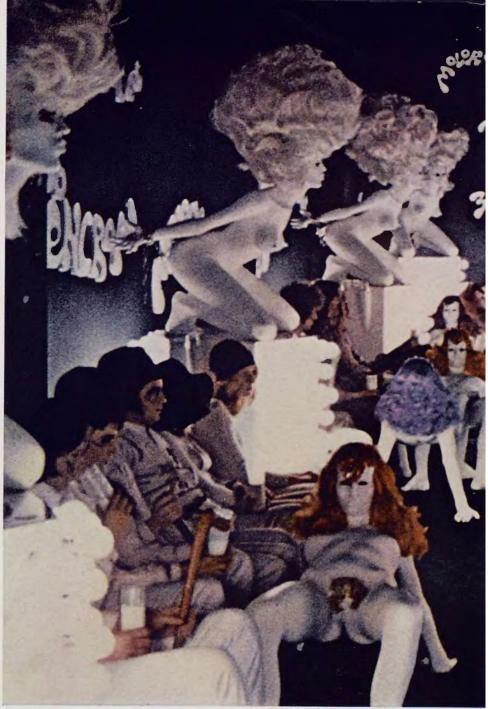


KUBRICK'S "CLOCKHORK ORANGE"

mindless violence and twisted sex suffuse an ebon vision of the near future

IMAGERY. An accused soldier at a wartime court-martial stands as a pawn on a checkerboard floor. A maniacal scientist hurtles out of his wheelchair, screaming, "Mein Führer, I can walk!" A man-ape seizes a jawbone, smashing it on an animal skull. Imagery, the kind that mythologizes and endures, is the nucleus of the film experience. And few are better at conceiving, transmitting and illuminating imagery than Stanley Kubrick. In Paths of Glory, Dr. Strangelove, 2001: A Space Odyssey and now in A Clockwork Orange, producer-director Kubrick has infused raw celluloid with moments of human drama widely regarded as unique. Part of his mystique centers on the singularity of his work, Kubrick's biographer, British critic Alexander Walker, said, "Each film [Kubrick makes] enables him to extend his own investigation of himself." It is in this mise en scène of selfanalysis that his newest film, A Clockwork Orange, has come into being. Based on a novel by Anthony Burgess, it concerns, in the director's own words, "the adventures of a young man whose principal interests are rape, ultraviolence and Beethoven." Though this seems a far cry from the themes of 2001, Kubrick disagrees. In a Playboy Interview three years ago, he said, "The very meaninglessness of life forces man to create his own meaning." Is that dismissable as mere self-indulgence? Kubrick, aware of the special (text concluded on page 204)

The challenge of visualizing a future society has always fascinated Stanley Kubrick. In the Droog-dominated world of A Clockwork Orange, drugs are legally administered in teenage milk bars such as the Korova (top right). Kubrick, with an eye toward irony as well as incisive social commentary, fills the Korova with erotic fiberglass nudes, as well as phosphorescent-lighting effects and futuristic design. Many of the figures form banquettes or background statues, but some serve as milkmaids lickerishly dispensing drug-spiked "moloko" (milk) to eager Droogs. Near right: Cretinous gang member, Dim (Warren Clarke), soon to delight in a "vellocet" (drug) high, claims his milk ration. Far right: Moloko-lulled Droogs, limply held drinks in hand, wait in a comatose state for their "nice quiet horror-show" visions to begin.







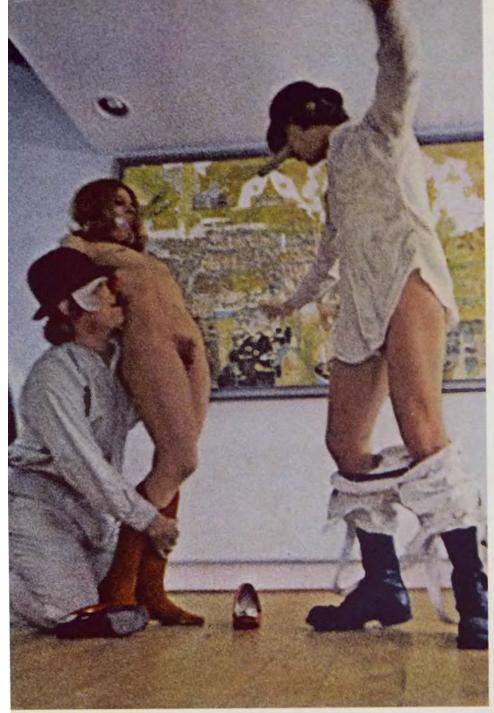












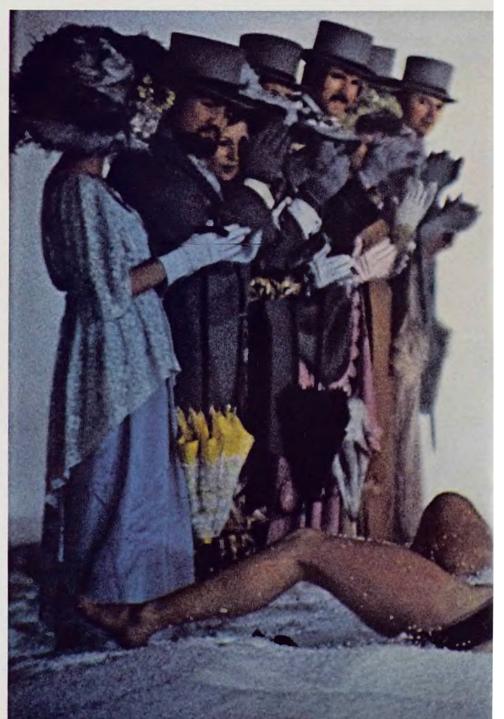
For Droog leader Alex (Malcolm McDowell), sexuality is almost always expressed in ultraviolence. Top far left: Driven by dope, disguised and garbed in the white combat uniform that identifies the Droog, Alex and his thugs crash the home of an opposition-party politician and his wife (Patrick Magee and Adrienne Corri). Center far left: With criminal fury and simultaneously unemotional detachment, they methodically assail the couple, snipping blithely away at the woman's pants suit until she's ready for the Droogs' specialty. The gangs assault their victims with impunity, striking out at society with a sense of wantonness exceeded only by their indifference. Near left: Nowhere is this characteristic more evident than when Alex, with open arms and trousers at half-mast, prepares to rape the woman with a nonchalant song-and-dance rendition of Singing in the Rain. Bottom far left: Entering the apartment of an eccentric erotica collector, the Catlady (Miriam Karlin), Alex finds her rooms filled with aphrodisia and porn. She refuses to give in to Alex' come-ons and in an exhausting confrontation in a unique battleground, Alex counterattacks with an enormous sculptured phallus. The Catlady, who, like Alex, is a Beethoven fan, strikes at him with a bust of the composer. Kubrick filmed this bizarre scene himself with a hand-held camera, weaving around the brawling duo for a full day's shooting. Few directors exert such stringent supervisory control over their films as Kubrick. "Making a film," he says, "is one of the most difficult administrative problems to exist outside a military operation." And, like a general, he insists on virtually total control of every effort he undertakes. Another form of total control, totalitarianism, appears in A Clockwork Orange as a continuous motif, although in one brief episode (below), Alex picks up two girls, invites them to "hear angel trumpets" and, in his only act of nonviolent lovemaking, dallies in his hi-fi-filled ménage à trois.

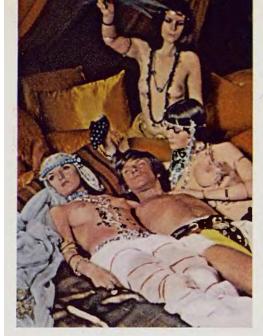


After killing the Catlady, Alex is apprehended by the authorities. Near right: A prison officer (Michael Bates) humiliates Alex as he orders him to strip and prepare for a dehumonizing examination. Much of the time while incarceroted, Alex reads the Bible. But the prison officials are mistaken in thinking the Droog leader a model citizen. Actually, Alex is turned an by the Goad Book's great sensuality. Center right: Alex hallucinates a fantasy worthy of any desert Saracen. For punishment, however, he becomes a guinea pig for Pavlovian experimentation. Far right: Transformed into a sexless subhuman, Alex demonstrates his conditioned hatred of sex by reaching for then recoiling from a lody supplied to test him. Subsequently decanditioned (below right), Alex refantasizes, this time a brutal rape, to "the Ninth of Ludwig van," indicating he is "well" again.

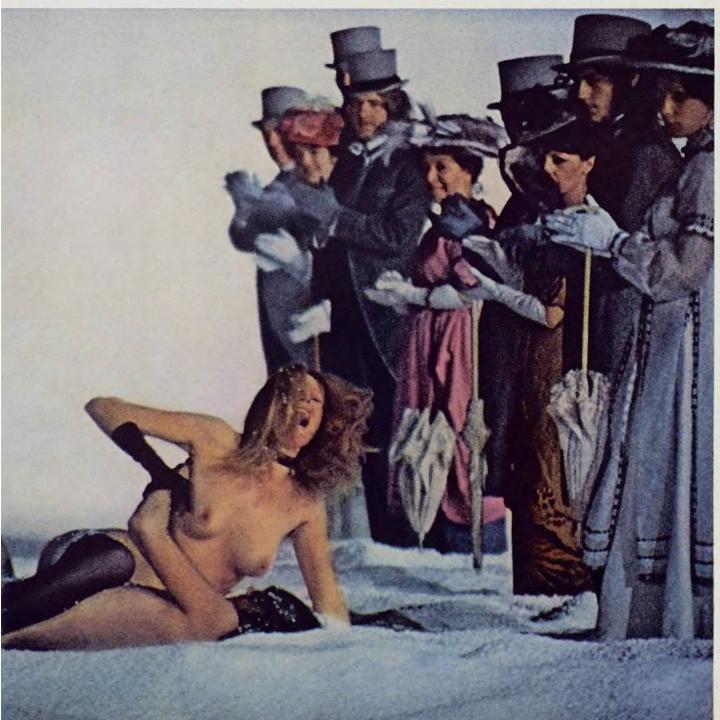


unity of all his work, thinks not. He commented in Walker's biography, Stanley Kubrick Directs, "People in the 20th Century are increasingly occupied with magic, mystical experience, transcendental urges, hallucinogenic drugs, and the belief in extraterrestrial intelligence -so that fantasy, the supernatural, the 'magical documentary,' is closer to the sense of the times than naturalism." Hence, Dr. Strangelove can be seen as a surreal plunging into the destructive element of man's irrationality and the absurdity of war, whereas 2001 explored the positive potentialities of otherworldly intervention into the destiny of man. Sharing similarities with both films, A Clockwork Orange is set in England in the near future. The nation, already totalitarian, is being terrorized by gangs of youths called Droogs. The Droogs speak in a violent, strangely onomatopoeic jargon, Nadsat. It is no departure for Kubrick to be thus attracted to language. From Killer's Kiss, his first major film, made in 1955, he has consistently examined the dimensions of human communication. Alex (Malcolm McDowell) is the spokesman of a Droog clan and narrates his bizarre autobiography in Nadsat's ferocious tones, actually a blend of Russian, gypsy argot and portmanteau slang purely of Burgess' invention. Alex describes a mugging thus: "Pete held his rookers and Georgie hooked his rot wide open for him and Dim yanked out his false zoobies. Then we razrezzed his platties. . . . The knives in the milk-plus were stabbing away nice and horror show." The vision of Alex' world is hypnotically scarifying; seamily corrupt politicians, gratuitous violence, sexuality in an emotional void. But, as the final frame leaves the film gate, only one image is confirmed: that A Clockwork Orange is, like its 204 director, both luminous and inscrutable.









I'M BUSTID

by understanding their problems ("Something perhaps drove or drives you to drugs..."). He says their candid admission will allow him to work with them "in mutual trust and affection." Yet he has earlier said that an admission of indulging in pot will diminish his respect for the sons, as having abandoned their judgment to "peer pressure," and that any report of acid dropping will cause "a diminution of my respect for you and my confidence in you." That last is neat. It says, in effect, "I have confidence in you; tell me the truth and I shall believe it is the truth, and therefore I shall lose confidence in you."

The father has, of course, given his own stated motive the lie. He asks for a confession, so he can find what causes the sons to be so driven; yet he has already settled that question in his own mind-weak-kneed submission to "peer pressure" has deprived anyone who smokes pot of the "courage, really minimal" to resist "any temptation toward this sort of dangerous and unlawful nonsense." Thus, there is no doubt left about the intellectual issue-the sons cannot address him at that level. Any defense of "nonsense" must itself be nonsense, The confession will not be made in order that the father may understand and help. He already understands and has judged.

What is the real reason for extracting the confession, then-just a desire to punish, to make sure the boys suffer for their sins? I think not. Another motive slips in quietly here and there. The law will not only punish the boys, if they are caught, but punish, as well, other members of the clan. ("Your uncle Herman is a national figure in the musical world; your uncle David is running for national political office.") The father, no matter how sincere his love for these sons, must also-given the possibility of legal action-honor his fraternal ties. If the boys are doing something that might jeopardize their uncles, the father wants to be forewarned, to alert his brothers and take steps toward neutralizing that threat. This is the only clear advantage to be gained by wresting such odd confessions of moral cowardice out of his sons.

Thus, the law—its effects on careers and reputation—forces the father to a choice between two kinds of family love and, just as damaging, perhaps, makes him cloak that raw choice in the pleadings and cajolings, the emotional blackmail, the intellectual bullying, the blind self-righteousness of his letter. The more one looks at that letter's complicated weave, the more one sees how the law was forcing little violations of his own professions on the man. Even his own readiness to assume the harmfulness of pot comes

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from an attitude that he rightly senses his sons do not share with him—from a predisposition to agree with laws, think them presumptively well founded, worth observing for the sake of deference to all authority. That is why he is quick to join his own parental authority to the law's binding force; he assumes this will result in mutual reinforcement, rather than mutual undermining.

Some may argue that the law is not at fault here, only the father who could write such a letter. But complacency about parental wisdom is something none of us can afford. Besides, how does one cope with the ever-present chance that one's child may be thrown into jail? Perhaps a child is safe from the law at home; but will he be as safe at prep school or college? The man who wrote this letter knows there is pot to be had at the school. Would there be less if he brought his sons home? Is it worth what they might lose in education to steer them away from all exposure to pot? Where is the law more likely to catch pot users? All these questions pose themselves to a parent even before his children get caught. And after that happens, even a parent more open-minded on the nature of pot, on the laws' limitations, even a father less predisposed to subtle bullying, can make hasty, ill-conceived decisions, lose his children's trust, violate their sense of justice. We all know cases of that, I suppose. Here is one that I know intimately.

With two sons (Chris and Marc) in high school, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, let us call them, had the normal concerns: getting money together for college, hoping the local college was good enough, inquiring about others they might send their boys away to. Then, while she was cleaning her sons' room one day in 1968, Mrs. Brown saw it—a clear bag full of crackly stuff and the telltale cigarette papers. As she told me later, "They had not even smoked regular cigarettes before then."

She and her husband confronted the boys. Mr. Brown asked that they give up pot while they remained his legal responsibility: "I had to think of the girls—Barbara, thirteen, and Alice ['Lisi'], five." Chris, the elder son, said, "That's the least we can do for you." Chris had always been the forthright one; very open, for all things had come easily to him—grades, girls, sports, friends—and he had nothing to hide. Only fear hides. Trust within the family was instantly restored when he said, "That's the least we can do."

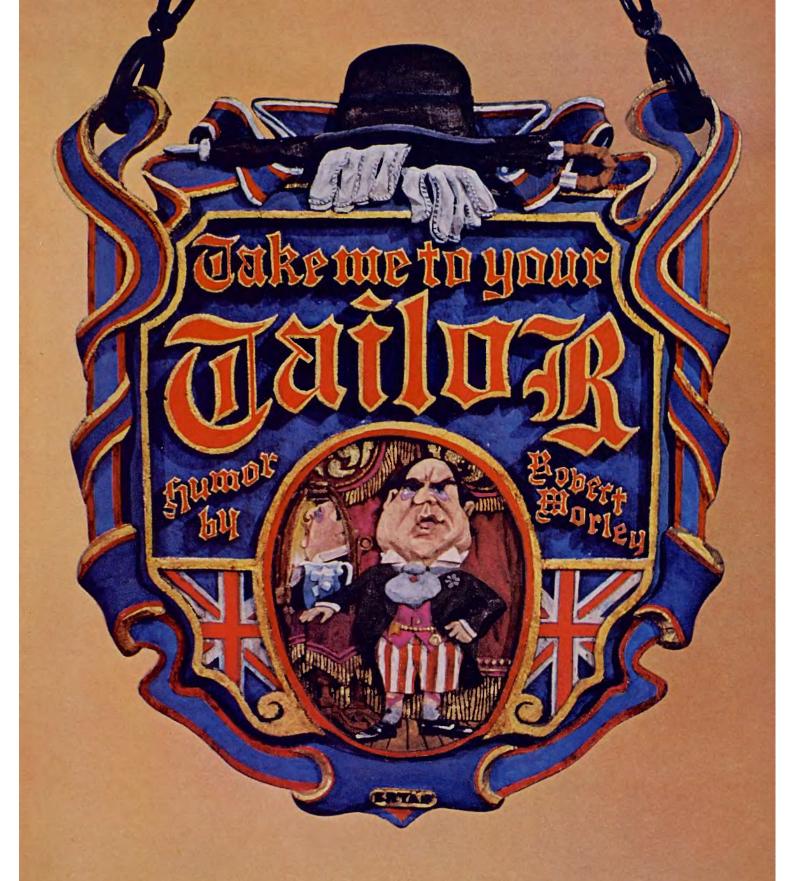
The Browns attended Chris's high school graduation that spring, then went on the happiest vacation the whole family remembers (or will ever know again): They drove "home" to the small Missouri town where Mr. and Mrs. Brown had grown up together, then visited scenic spots in Colorado. It was a festive time for a family used to doing all kinds of things together—going to church, picnicking, painting and drawing, sharing hobbies. The boys' major crises to that point had been lost little-league games or archery matches. Later, the parents would learn things about this idyllic last summer—e.g., that Chris had turned on some kids back in Missouri, children of old friends now grown less friendly—but that was later.

They returned from their vacation unsuspecting and enrolled Chris in the local college, bought his books, waited for classes to begin. Then the phone call came-they did not realize until it came that part of them had been waiting for it all those months. Chris was busted, in the company of a boy three years younger, for possession of marijuana. That was Saturday, and Chris was released in the Browns' care until trial-on Monday. "That Sunday was the worst day our family had ever spent," Brown says. "Everything we had considered important up to that time went right out the window. We felt so baffled, unable to help Chris. All we could think of was the fingerprinting-the mug shot-the record." The arrest and trial would upset the boy's first weeks at college. There was some relief, though-possession was only a misdemeanor there, Chris was a juvenile and it was his first offense of any kind. "The police we talked to thought he would get off," Brown said.

On Monday, Chris was convicted and sent to a probation officer for recommendation on sentencing. (The boy caught with him—a brother of the boy who turned Chris on—was let off with a warning. He would be caught again later and convicted.) The Browns took Chris to the probation officer, pointed out his good scholastic and conduct records and went away comforted—he would recommend leniency, probation in their custody.

Tuesday morning, back to the judge for sentencing. Some of Chris's longhaired friends-obviously distasteful to the judge-had come out of curiosity. Other young people were there, brought by their parents, to be taught a lesson. The judge, as it turned out, was ready to oblige such parents. He preached over Chris's head to those in the courtroom, talked of the hardening and corruption that go on in those who break the law, said Chris had already corrupted his 14year-old "partner in crime," then wagged his finger at him: "I won't punish your parents by giving you the fine. Thirty days in jail." Mrs. Brown says now, with the acquired bitterness of dealing with official after official who claimed he would spare her by punishing her child, "What

(continued on page 223)



our rotund raconteur chronicles the tribulations of swathing his blimpish frame

t have never taken kindly to clothes, although I am not the stuff of which nudists are made. My flesh burns rather than grills; I am seldom cooked to a turn. When I lie in the sun, I take care to be fully clothed. People who lie for hours face down on sand should be removed by mechanical scoops. My very old pocket watch is the sole inanimate object to which I am attached. I care nothing for my pen, my cuff links, my Pissarros. Above all, I am not fond of my clothes. It gives me no pleasure to meet them every morning. I am bored by my underclothes, irritated by the constant failure of the elastic in my underdrawers, (concluded on page 210)

letter from a liberated woman

from Amusements in High Life; or, Conjugal Infidelities in 1786





Dearest Eliza,

I must relate to you now the outcome of my newest design. As you may conceive, it all had to do with that great booby, that piece of awkwardness and ignorance to whom I had vowed obedience; in short, my husband, Mr. Ramble. Once settled in our London house, we began to invite company and to make some show of mingling in the world of fashion. That became a comedy, my dear Eliza, of the most nonsensical kind, with the vulgarities of Mr. Ramble setting all watchers agog.

When we endeavored to teach him to play cards, he would, if the game went against him, suddenly scatter them upon the table and blow out his cheeks with an oath, or overturn the table to prevent others from winning. With one glass of wine too many, he would put his hands into the bosoms of young ladies and, when reprimanded by my mother, he would roar that she was a jealous old hunks who envied the pleasures of others. When he became sleepy and wished to retire from the company, his general address to me was, "Come, Lina, let us take our arse in our hands and go pig it together. I'se sleepy, and I'll be damned if I'll stay for the king-come along, girl." Such treatment determined me to be rid of him with all dispatch possible; but for the moment, I lacked any scheme.

The attentions paid me by several smart young fellows were a great relief from his brutality, in particular those of a Mr. O'Carrol, one of those athletic adventurers from Hibernia who bring with them much wit and little money. I encouraged his addresses and succeeded in arousing Ramble's jealousy. Like many Irishmen, Mr. O'Carrol was full of absurdity, had a fund of good nature and was rash enough to attempt any foolishness. Once I had given him to understand that there was only one real obstacle to my consent, he undertook boldly to quarrel with my husband and so (as I designed) give cause to a genteel mode of murder.

Thereupon, he trod on my husband's toes in various ways and Ramble, at last growing incensed, challenged him. "As you never was a gentleman," says my Irish gallant, "I will condescend to fight you with your own weapons. What do you think of blunderbusses loaded with slugs in a saw pit? Or what of fisty work? I'll make you dance to the tune of *Sheela-na-gig* with one hand and with the other I'll whip you like a top."

At these terrible words, my lord and master grew pale. "I'll have nothing to do with fighting," says Ramble, "but I'll swear the peace against you." Whereupon, he kept his word; my champion was obliged to give security for his good behavior, and next the poor fellow was detained by a sheriff's officer and obliged to go to a lockup house for some small debt.

This turn of events, dear Eliza, suggested a pretty plan to me. My husband's allowance was triffing, but he had a vanity in clothes; he was now indebted by 60 shillings to his tailor, who had applied in vain for the money. I therefore took care to inform the tailor, at second hand, that nothing but compulsion could recover his debt. The plan succeeded and my deary was called out from breakfast by an officer, who conveyed him to a place of security. And there he languishes, the expense of his living taking all of his slender income and the detainers of debt lodged against him putting the recovery of his liberty beyond hopes.

I now had my full swing and presently I sent a 20-shilling bank note to liberate the handsome O'Carrol, who greeted me with such effusions of thanks that I was soon convinced that he was not deficient in sensibility. In the next few weeks, he continued to pay his attention to me with such pleasing intent that he soon got the better of my prejudice against his Irish absurdities, so far at last to succeed in insinuating himself into

my arms.

Once that was done, I now began to experience all the enjoyments his manly power could impart. Under pretense of being with Mr. Ramble in his place of confinement, I would slip away from home and meet my Irish gallant in his lodgings. He was always in a state of high eloquence and intoxication, sharing the weakness of his race for the stone jug and whatever liquor it is they distill in their misty bogs. No sooner had I arrived than I found myself kissed, fondled, charmed, stripped and flat on my back. The frequency and vigor of his attacks so weakened me that my back and loins ached, my eyes swam in languor, my memory was impaired. The pleasure of sensation was all my object.

By this means, I found myself free of the odious restraints custom places upon women. I could now make advances to young fellows without the least blush. Why should I deny that I love flattery or the variety of many men? My passions had been aroused to such a degree that the vigorous sport with Mr. O'Carrol was hardly enough to satisfy my new appetite. The lesson I had received from Ramble's perfidy had taught me to trifle with the amorous feelings of all his sex. I saw my gallant as nothing more than the creature of my own pleasures, and I resolved to continue him as long as he filled his post with entire satisfaction. After one of our vigorous encounters in bed, I could depart to another round of pleasures, quite at my ease, as if nothing had happened at all.

Thus you find us all, dear Eliza: my brutish husband growling in his lockup, my Irishman cozened into thinking he possesses something that he enjoys but for the moment, and myself now my own mistress to sport and dispose as I please with a world of lovers.

Adieu, my dear, Caroline

-Retold by Clement Bell



Take me to your Tailor

dread the days when I have to walk round constantly hitching my waistband. I seem unable to foretell elastic fatigue.

Only my ties occasionally give satisfaction, even a fleeting pleasure, but my favorites are always the first to become disfigured by gravy stains. I have learned never to give my heart to a tie. My shirts have to be custom-tailored. I am too thick in the neck, too broad in the chest for the fashionable rubbish on the ready-to-wear counter. The real discrimination in the world involves not color but shape. I am segregated in New York, forced to shop at the outsize store next to the tall-girl boutique.

In the old days, inns were obliged to provide food and lodging for the traveler, no matter how inconvenient or unprofitable such an exercise proved for mine host. Nowadays, stores should be compelled to carry lines to accommodate the full figure. How insufferable are the advertisements for menswear in slick magazines-yes, even this journal of enlightenment-the bland assumption that the skinnies get the fat. How I loathe the arrogance of the well-groomed skeleton, stooping condescendingly to open the door of the sports car to release the flashy bird. I even resent the horse in the background. I do not live in the world of cavalry twill. No large dog nuzzles my legs, if I can help it.

Until recently, I bought my suits from a London tailor named Mr. Robinson, who often worked for the British movie industry. Mr. Robinson was 82 when he passed on last year. He had started cutting or, at any rate, deviling for a tailor before the turn of the century. He had a relish for the days when dukes drove up to his establishment in their dogcarts, complete with tiger. "You do know about tigers," he said to me once. "They weren't animals but boys who sat on the back seat with folded arms and were as much a part of the scene as the Dalmatians who followed behind." When a duke arrived for his fitting, the tiger would leap from the back and, flinging himself at the horse's head, strike the trusty steed on the back of the knee, so that he should stand properly. "It was important how he stood," Mr. Robinson assured me. Dukes apparently were intensely jealous of one another. They still are, as a matter of fact. In those days, if they saw a carriage drawn by a better horse than their own, they couldn't wait to steal their rival's coachman.

"But, surely," I queried, "it was the horse they coveted?" No. According to 210 Mr. Robinson, the secret was always the (continued from page 207)

coachman. I am reminded that Louis B. Mayer once wrote down for me in the order of importance, as he saw them, the qualities of a star. The ability to act came comparatively low on the list. Turnout was all important.

Once we were lunching at Buck's, a London men's club started by my father-in-law, the late Herbert Buckmaster. After the meal, I escorted my guest back to his premises around the corner, passing on the way a male boutique of alarming modernity and expense. I hoped that Mr. Robinson wouldn't notice the window, which displayed clerical collars in surprising colors and hair shirts complete with chains.

"I often go in there," said Mr. Robinson, "and give them my advice. They are young chaps, you know, just starting in the trade.'

Mr. Robinson demanded a high standard of conduct in his fitting rooms. He had a particular horror of wives who accompany their menfolk to offer advice. When one of them confessed to a feeling of disappointment that her man still bulged in all the wrong places and incautiously inquired if Mr. Robinson couldn't do something about it, he is said to have replied, "Willingly, madam, were I only a surgeon." A duchess who complained that the waistcoat wrinkled when the duke sat down was invited to inspect his shirt and forced to agree that that wrinkled, as well, whereupon Mr. Robinson opened the garment. "You will observe, madam, that when he is seated, his grace's stomach is also prone to wrinkle."

"What happens," I asked Mr. Robinson, "between the day I choose, or, rather, you choose the cloth and the first fitting?"

"You wait," he told me.

On the other hand, if you were really in a fix or, in my case, a film, he would make you a suit in 24 hours without a fitting. He knew the rich like to be kept waiting, long to be rejected. My father-inlaw was the same about his club. He would refuse people a table occasionally. even when there was room. "They mustn't always have what they want," he would remark.

In Mr. Robinson and my father-inlaw's world, people were children. "I'll be with you in a minute," Mr. Robinson used to say, meaning, "Sit down and wait quietly and don't make a fuss; that's a good boy." I sat and waited and Mr. Robinson came in with the jacket and waistcoat and put them on a chair and went away, and I was then in my underpants in a little cubicle, feeling as if I were going to have a medical examination when the trouser cutter came in. The trouser cutter was quite unlike Mr. Robinson. He was not a star and he was deferential. He had his jacket on, while Mr. Robinson was always in shirt sleeves. But perhaps the most marked difference was that the trouser cutter's trousers always fit perfectly at the first session. Perfection for the coat was not achieved until the third and final occasion. The very appearance of a penknife at the third fitting was unthinkable. The coat fit. But then came the moment when Mr. Robinson ceremoniously would adjust the cheval glass, in order that we might admire the back. "Just look at that back," he would urge. But I am not fond of the back. It is the moment of truth when I see how bald I am. Because my hair still grows in front and is there for me to brush every morning, I was always chagrined to observe in Mr. Robinson's cheval glass that on top it didn't grow at all.

The one outfit I have never purchased from my late tailor, nor worn, save in the pursuance of my trade, has been a tail coat and the accompanying white tie and waistcoat. When still a comparatively young man and appearing as Oscar Wilde in a play of that name on Broadway, I was asked to a supper party after a performance by the late Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who, in those days, still lived in her mansion on Fifth Avenue. The dress, she indicated on the invitation, was to be formal. "What would that entail?" I inquired of the social

"It means a white tie and tails."

"I haven't got either, so I shall come in a dinner jacket and a black tie, if that's all right." I never dreamed for a moment that it wouldn't be. I was, after all, the toast of Broadway that season. Every taxi driver knew that my grosses were topped only by those of Raymond Massey impersonating Abraham Lincoln. Homosexual waiters used to thank me for what I was doing for their cause as they ushered me to a ringside seat at the Cotton Club. Walter Winchell had awarded me "five orchids" and, although his quote slightly interfered with my prominence on the playbill, this was heady wine.

On the morning of the party, the social secretary rang me. It seemed that May Vanderbilt had been considering my problem and thought it best if I were to come some other evening. I went to bed supperless, scarred for life and vowing never to own a tail coat. On the whole, my decision has been a wise one. It has caused me little inconvenience and has saved me a great deal of



"We always give our New Year's party a topical theme. This year it's 'Swinging Suburbia.'"

announcing the prize-winning authors and their contributions judged by our editors to be the past year's most outstanding

PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL WRITING AWARDS



Best Major Work



WHERE AND I NOW WHERE I PEED THE STATE OF TH



GEORGE AXELROD, premiering in PLAYBOY with Where Am I Now When I Need Me? (March), took top honors for the best major work, a gleeful chronicling of a tough-luck writer's encounter with a beautiful—and loony—callgirl. Arthur C. Clarke's A Meeting with Medusa (December), detailing man's first expedition to Jupiter, was a close runner-up.

Best Essay





JOHN CLELLON HOLMES, recipient of our 1964 nonfiction kudos, earned the year's best-essay honors for his testimony to art's effect on the spirit, Thanksgiving in Florence (November). The seamy and sublime sides of Manhattan intermingled in Bruce Jay Friedman's first, and barely beaten, nonfiction for PLAYBOY, December's New York—A Town Without Foreplay.

Best Short Story





SEAN O'FAOLAIN, Ireland's foremost storyteller and last year's runner-up, captured 1971's best-short-story award for a work replete with character, intrigue—and unsolved homicide—Murder at Cobbler's Hulk (July). Hal Bennett's Also Known as Cassius (August), a black morality tale, took second place for the author, last year's best new fiction writer.

Best Article

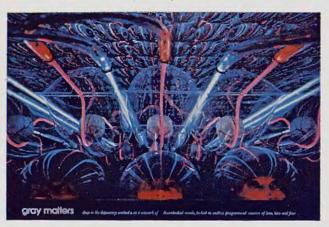




JOHN McPHEE, also a first-time nonfiction contributor, wrought a drama of Wimbledon as well crafted and tension filled as the finest tennis racket in *Centre Court* (June), and scored match point for best article just ahead of Mike Royko's *Hizzoner* (March), a portrait of Chicago's Richard J. Daley, the last—and perhaps the most powerful—of the big-city bosses,

THE SELECTION of any prize winner requires an arbitrariness that vexes both the judges and the judged. For the editors of PLAYBOY, the task of singling out the best works to have appeared in the magazine during the past 12 months was an especially difficult one. The process of assessing is primarily that of comparison, but because so many of our articles, essays, major works of fiction, short stories and humorous pieces were, in 1971, one-of-a-kind experiences, they stubbornly resisted comparison. Diversity was the key word; and in recognizing this, the editors, upon reaching their decisions, voted to award—as tokens of respect and appreciation—not only \$1000 and an engraved silver medallion encased in a clear-Lucite prism (shown at left) to each of our first-place winners but, for the first time, \$500 and a medallion to those writers who placed second. It is regrettable that all contributors could not be thus honored.

Best New Contributor (Fiction)





WILLIAM HJORTSBERG's Gray Matters (June), a chilling depiction of the future, where disembodied brains struggle for liberation, was judged most worthy; while Latin-American novelist Gabriel García Márquez rated second place for his sensitive story of Esteban and the villagers who worshiped him in The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World (November).

Best Humor





ROBERT MORLEY's veddy British Morley Meets the Frogs (July), a jocular-and jugular-incision into the customs and the psyches of his cross-Channel rivals, bested four-time humor prize winner and last year's runner-up Jean Shepherd, who again came in second, with his summer-camp recollections, The Mole People Battle the Forces of Darkness (August).

Best New Contributor (Nonfiction)





ARTHUR HADLEY, distinguished war correspondent, with a compelling piece on the life of the front-line grunt, Goodbye to the Blind Slash Dead Kid's Hooch (August), won recognition as the year's best new contributor of nonfiction. A trenchant narrative of dropout communards scuffling in Canada, World 42; Freaks 0 (May), netted Garry Wills runner-up honors.

Best Satire





BROCK YATES and BRUCE McCALL's Major Howdy Bixby's Album of Forgotten Warbirds (January), a catalog of out-ofkilter planes that shot down those who dig military artifacts, won top honors for best satire. U.S. Representative Thomas Rees's Bringing Russia to Her Knees (February), bewailing our failure to turn the U. S. S. R. into a parking lot, placed next. 213

PLACE OF WHITE HOUSES

girl drives by at the wheel of an old Galaxic. Looks like Karen Black in *Five Easy Pieces*. The kind that wears babydoll nightgowns from Frederick's of Hollywood with I LOVE YOU embroidered on the side. On the bumper of the Ford is a bust-inviting sticker: GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER, it reads.

On a Saturday afternoon in January, the forces of Dr. Carl McIntire, the warlike preacher, meet in Plaza Park and march down El Camino Real to Linda Lane Park (you remember Linda Lane, sister of Priscilla?) by the beach. They're protesting the war. It isn't warlike enough. We're not winning it. McIntire and his followers apparently believe peace is something to shoot for. They march down to the beach toting signs like, WHY AREN'T WE WINNING? and ASK MR. NIXON and TOTAL VICTORY, where they are met by a McIntire regular, Uncle Sam on seven-foot stilts. Uncle Sam wears boxing gloves and has his hands bound at the wrists, a Houdini-ish metaphor that is meant to demonstrate what a pitiful helpless giant we are in Vietnam. On the downhill road to the park, a gaggle of bikini boppers walk alongside the march. The textbook reaction would have delighted the heart of Sigmund Freud. These citizens who were calling (continued from page 166)

for, in effect, the elimination of the populace of a distant Asian country that had never done them any direct harm were outraged at the sight of the seminaked female body. "First they allowed burlesque indoors," said an irate middleaged man carrying a flag, "now it's in the public streets . . . shameful!"

The thought that occurred as you watched them was—are these the war lovers? Is this the violent right? These meek, scrawny, lugubrious, feckless citizens, mostly children or middle-aged, the men wearing five-year-old Penney's sport shirts. You wonder what these people would do if enemy paratroopers suddenly dropped from the sky. Run in circles and scream? There doesn't appear to be a combat-ready infantryman in the whole lot. (I would like to see a paper done someday on the war records of hawks. I suspect that they've seen much less combat than those who are called doves.)

Five miles north on the beach is Dana Point. The most famous residents there are Hobie Alter, who makes surfboards and the Hobie Cat, a catamaran that you sail right into the surf; and Bruce Brown, the Fellini of surfing films. John Severson, founding publisher of *Surfer* magazine, used to live here. *Surfer* has lately begun to resemble a throw-together

of the Berkeley Barb, Nugget and the Paris Review. The offices of Surfer are actually in Capistrano Beach, a stone's throw from Dana Point. A much earlier visitor was Richard Henry Dana, Jr., who landed in the natural harbor there in 1836 as a crewman of the brig Pilgrim, and who turned his experiences into Two Years Before the Mast. Three miles north of Dana Point is Mission San Juan Capistrano, where the swallows return every Saint Joseph's day (March 19). They often begin arriving three or four days before and continue arriving a week or so after, but it's a charming bit of folklore and the curio shops (Middle America's head shops) aren't too unhappy that the tourists swallow the swallows story. They'll do a brisk sale in a pamphlet titled "The Story of the San Juan Capistrano's Mission Swallows," as the annual Fiesta de las Golondrinas goes on its merry mariachi way outside. But there's a spider in the valentine. Some Capistranans resent the swallows, which they call "messy birds." They dribble mud while building their nests, and then there is bird shit from the baby swallows. Many homes are festooned with strips of foil to discourage swallow nests. About 50 of them, many containing eggs, were knocked from the eaves of a new church near the south edge of town. Then it came out that some homeowners had been clandestinely knocking nests from under their eaves for years.

When the President visited the mission, he was greeted by señoritas in long full gowns. "I much prefer these to miniskirts," he said. He later ran into a miniskirted artist. He praised her painting but not her skirt, and she offered to sell it to him when it was finished. She did, but after adding three doves—including the Dove of Peace.

The best restaurant in the South Coast area is in San Juan Capistrano. It's called El Adobe, and Dick and Pat had dinner there. The chair Nixon sat in now bears a brass plaque: THE PRESI-DENT'S CHAIR, RICHARD NIXON, MAR. 22, 1969. While they were eating, a rancher drove up to the door with some friends in a jeep and was told if he wanted to see the President, Mr. Nixon would be out shortly. "See Nixon?" he said. "Hell, I want to eat." The meal served to Nixon that day is featured on the El Adobe menu as "The President's Choice." The President's choice is not, as you might suspect, cottage cheese with catsup, but chiles rellenos, tacos, enchiladas, etc .the old number-seven combination at Pepito's.

The sun is on the rim and I turn back toward the pier, where a beer and an "abalone sandwitch" await me, served by a sweet little sand witch from the high school. Sometimes in winter, taking a two-mile run on the beach, you are the



"Oh, sure, I like to feel loved—but what really gives me a bang is to feel envied."

only one there. As you walk back, the only imprints on the tidal sand are your tennis-shoe marks, the record of your recent run, coming at you, apparently without end, and seeming to admonish you: "This way! This way!"

Ahead of me, fighting into the now strong wind, is a gray sea gull. Its altitude is about 50 feet, air speed nearly zero, and it has in its beak an object, about clam size-a pretty good pay load for a gull. Periodically, it loses air speed and has to jettison the object. It then dives and, without a hitch in its swing, touches down on the sand, beaks the object and takes off. After it goes, say, 75 feet farther, the whole sequence is repeated. This goes on three or four times. It looks like the stubborn little devil is going to take his Sisyphean load all the way home that way. On the fourth or fifth try, the gull climbs quite a bit higher, perhaps 75 feet, drops the thing again and—I do not lie—dives and catches it in mid-air just above the sand. Then it climbs back up, this time way up to 100 feet, drops it again, circles around and either can't spot the damn thing or says, aw, the hell with it -because it goes on without its prize.

The sun is partly on a downer now and the beauty is lyrical. It is the time when poets, conservationists and other devotees of pictorial "climax scenes" like this must be careful, lest they say something they will be sorry for in the morning. My only thought—why can't the people who inhabit this piece of geography be as beautiful in spirit as it is?—has already been said. "Though every prospect pleases / And only man is vile."

All the clouds are cumuloft
Walking in space
Oh, my God, your skin is soft,
I love your face.
How dare they try
To end this beauty . . .?

Farther on I come upon an old, frowzy, dun-colored seal, sprawled on the sand, eyes rheumy-in, no doubt, from Seal Rock, which lies about a mile out. Two little girls, around 13 or 14, are sitting next to this lugubrious aquatic mammal. "This is our seal," one says. I sit down next to them. The poor old tattered thing raises its head with a great effort and makes a feeble lunge toward us. The girls panic and jump back. I say, "That seal is dying. They never come up on the beach like that unless they're going to die." The girls looked bemused, as if they had never heard of such a thing.

Back at my pad, I stand on the sun porch and can hear the lifeguard loudspeaker. They are shutting down for the day. Sound travels upward and it drifts up with awful fidelity—I sometimes wish my stereo set were as faithful. In summer my day is punctuated with the authoritarian drone of this lifeguard P. A. "Attention, the boy riding the bike on the beach: Get off your bike and remain off it until you leave the beach." "Will the surfer with the blue trunks and the yellow board return to the beachyou're through for the day." This latter judgment and sentence means that a surfer has drifted into the area reserved for swimmers once too often. The surfers are a real committed lot. Their idea of striking a blow for freedom is to change their trunks, borrow a differentcolor board and get back into the surf. It's their Endless Summer equivalent of a Weatherman going underground.

The sun is down now but throwing an electric-orange aftersplash against the clouds. It's a total stun situation. The sea is steel blue and rises up to the eye with that "sudden tilt up of the vast plain of the sea" that Conrad noted. Silhouetted against this, a few hundred yards from me, is the outline of a large one-story tileroofed building, the Casa Romantica rest home. It's Ole's old place! Casa Romantica by the Sea. And now old folks go there to die.

. . .

A few months ago, the whine of portable saws awakened me and I could see they were cutting trees down at Ole's place. A day or so later, a bulldozer attacked Ole's guesthouse, which used to be called Mrs. Hanson's Dollhouse. It went down in 15 minutes. A builder named Wulfeck is going to throw up 105 apartment units, each with an ocean view. Before razing Mrs. Hanson's Dollhouse, they removed the handmade red-clay tiles from the roof, which will be used in a barbecue area in the new apartment complex. The builder said that the dollhouse was in amazingly good internal condition.

"We didn't even see one termite," he said.





"Wow! That's mistletoe!"

ELECTRONIC JOURNALISM

Pentagon papers was held up for two weeks by the courts-a demonstration of prior restraint unprecedented in our history. American freedom involves the right of a person to publish what he pleases; though he may go to jail for it later, he can't be stopped beforehand. But the Pentagon papers were stopped, temporarily, at least, and the opinions written by the Supreme Court Justices who finally allowed publication are by no means reassuring to us First Amendment types. In fact, it can be argued that in both The Selling of the Pentagon and the Pentagon-papers disputes, we won the battle but moved in the direction of losing the war.

Walter Cronkite says he thinks there is a conspiracy in the Administration to discredit the news media, and maybe he's right, but I see the current anti-news campaign as more fundamental to the character of the President and the men close to him. Nixon is leading an adversary Administration, one that sees the world as a patchwork of battlefields, or football fields, in which the good guys are playing the bad guys in a thousand different contests. There is little room for amelioration or compromise in this viewpoint, hardly any possibility of "bringing us together," since everything is seen in terms of one side against another, winning or losing.

One of the conflicts is the Government yersus the news media. Since the President himself is fond of sports analogies, let us recall that for years he stood outside the ball park asking to play in the big leagues. And after getting in, his team got into trouble in the second inning. He was watching television during the peace marches; the White House was having a very hard time. Manager Nixon sent someone out onto the field to say the umpires were fixed. That someone, of course, was Vice-President Agnew, in his first attack on the newspapers and network instant analyzers.

A word about instant analysis, since I am the senior man on that assignment for NBC News. Who are we, Agnew demanded to know, to appear on television after the President and tell the people what he has just said? Well, for one thing, quite often the people don't understand what he has said. An example of this was Nixon's sudden midday appearance not long ago, when he read a very carefully worded statement of agreement with the Russians to move ahead on the limitation of strategic nuclear weapons. The statement had to be identical with one being issued in Moscow, which meant that, like most diplomatic language, it had a sort of Delphic (continued from page 121)

quality about it. It had to be analyzed and explained—immediately—and that's just what we did. When we engage in that kind of instant analysis, or talk about Henry Kissinger's secret mission to Peking, the White House is all smiles. But when we say that the President ducked some questions at a news conference, there is a certain amount of glaring the next day. In that sense, the President's men are very human.

But the Vice-President is something else: He is close to being Europeanand radical-in his attitude toward the media. In many countries of the world, the newspapers are run by and for political parties. Many state-operated television systems are controlled by the politicians who happen to be in powerthe government-run, government-censored television news operation of Gaullist France being a vivid example. What characterizes the news in these party newspapers and on these politically controlled television programs is bias; the news is put out by true believers for the faithful-and it usually ends up not being news. In some countries, one must go through four or five papers a day, reading between the lines, to get a coherent idea of the real news.

Mr. Agnew would take us in that direction. It seems to be his assumption that all journalists are dominated by their prejudices-right-wing journalists and left-wing journalists alike. When the Vice-President says it might be valuable to see the people who broadcast the news every evening examined by a panel who would question them on their personal political beliefs, he is saying that you can't understand the news unless you know the political values of the people reporting it. That is a very European view, and it ignores the fact that American journalism is known throughout the world for its unusually high ethical and professional standards.

One of the basic elements of the New Journalist is his commitment to a political idea; he is identified with one side of the story and interprets it from that side. This isn't reporting, it's essay writing, and it has produced, from Jonathan Swift to Nat Hentoff, some first-rate essays—but not good daily journalism.

Would we be better off if we had a left-wing Associated Press and a right-wing United Press International? Or a right-wing CBS and a left-wing NBC? I don't think so. Moreover, the professional craftsmen who process the news in daily journalism would themselves reject that, since it would conflict with the centrist politics most of them embrace.

I am a member of the extreme center, and that's because my life has shaped my politics. I have been a reporter all

my life, and my experiences as a reporter have given me a set of political beliefs. I began as a police reporter, the classical basic training, and I saw crime, corruption, brutality and racism. I was a war reporter, and I learned about men and courage and waste and tragedy. I was a foreign correspondent, and I learned how other countries and other people organize their lives. I lived in Moscow and learned what totalitarianism means and how journalism can be twisted and distorted by forcing it to serve what are called the needs of the state. I was a political reporter, and I learned the differences between oratory and truth, between the promise and the payoff. I was a Washington correspondent, and I learned one or two things about power, how it is gained and how it is used.

I have spent 20 years in professional association with problems, conflict and change, and there are thousands like me -men and women who are paid to go out into the field and see how the society is working. What kind of people are we? We have a basic distrust of officials, bureaucrats and politicians. We have a deep dislike of fools and phonies, and probably a greater admiration than most for the occasional good man or woman. We tend to side with the underdog, with the poor and the oppressed. And we favor activists who try to bring about social change, since journalists know more than most people that the society is in profound need of renovation.

At the same time, most journalists reject radicalism and violence, simply because we have seen too much of it to believe that it can work. And, in my experience, most reporters don't join causes nor political parties, perhaps because we are forced to listen to too many speeches. So the group of journalists I know best, who cover national and international affairs, are people of the center, perhaps more skeptical and pragmatic than the average American, but reasonably close to the norm in a moderately liberal country.

Critics of journalism never take into account the fact that journalists are moved by ordinary emotions. The American people respected Eisenhower; so did the press. The American people loved John F. Kennedy; so did the press. The American people were suspicious of Lyndon Johnson; so was the press. About half the American people don't seem to like Richard Nixon, and that's probably the breakdown in the press.

Popular Presidents get a good press, and even a popular action by an unpopular President will get a good press. The Nixon Administration may believe that it's dealing with a hostile press, but what about the general reaction to Kissinger's visit to Peking? Or to the wage-price freeze? In truth, the Nixon

Administration is getting quite a good press in many ways. Nixon is winding down the war, and most of the newspapers and radio and television programs are treating him with respect on that issue. His foreign policy, from disarmament to the Middle East, is reported and discussed with little criticism. Nixon got a very bad press when he sent the names of Haynsworth and Carswell up to the Senate; but, looking back on it, even some Nixon loyalists admit that the two nominations were a mistake. In fact, the President is not getting the critical attention he deserves in the areas of race, poverty and the cities.

The attacks on the press and on television by Agnew and other politicians are made in defense of an Administration that has, in the main, been treated with fairness. To what degree is that fairness a result of the Agnew attacks? From where I sit, the answer is-not much. The network news programs seem to be operating as they were before the attacks. The major newspapers and magazines seem about as they were, although one or two conservative columnists are doing better, in terms of circulation, than before the Agnew attacks. That's good, and if Agnew is responsible, he deserves our thanks. But in news coverage generally, we have not entered an Agnew era of a muzzled and subservient press. The disastrous "incursion"

into Laos is an example: That was a gamble that failed badly, and there was no lack of critical comment (partially caused by the Government's own heavyhanded attempt to restrict the coverage).

Yet, having said this, no journalist is unaware of the hostility toward our craft that exists in the minds of many Americans. It's difficult to say whether this is growing or diminishing. A recent Harris Poll on the public's confidence in the network newscasts was very encouraging, but the over-all indications are mixed. The fact is that the world is in a period of hard times, and most of the news is bad. This makes life especially hard for television journalists, since we are the ones in the living rooms every night with the bad news.

It's especially hard because the television set is a brutal way to get the news. You can read a newspaper when you want to; you have to take a television report when we give it to you. You can skip the war news in a newspaper and read only the comics, if that's your mood. The options on a television news program are to sit through the war news or to turn off the program. You can't duck it, or put it away for another time.

This situation isn't going to change until we get some good news, and there isn't much of that on the horizon. The end of the Vietnam war is likely to help, but offsetting that could be a series of nasty political campaigns this year. The cities are still falling apart, crime is a disaster, the blacks and other minorities are still shut out of the mainstream and millions of young people are trying to get some genuine satisfaction out of a dehumanizing life.

Against this background, there is no shortage of politicians willing to say that the divisions in our society are the result of the news media telling it like it isn't; powerful men in both parties will do that if they get into political trouble. There is no shortage of true believers, right-wing and left-wing, who condemn the media because the centrist American press does not share nor fully reflect their views. And there is no shortage of weak, venal and incompetent newspapers and television news programs, particularly on a local level, that make thoughtful citizens question their sources of information.

This is a distressing combination, especially in a time of intense social change. It has been said that journalism should give men a picture of the world upon which they can act. That has never been more difficult than it is today. The most important element of journalism is trust: trust between sources and journalists, trust between journalists and the public. And trust, alas, is what we seem to have too little of these days.





THE PARRO (continued from page 128)

telegram fall to the floor as Shelley handed me a list of names the telegram had been sent to:

Time. Life. Newsweek. Scribner's. Simon & Schuster. The New York Times. The Christian Science Monitor. The Times of London. Le Monde. ParisMatch. One of the Rockefellers. Some of the Kennedys. CBS. NBC. MGM. Warner Bros. 20th Century-Fox. And on and on and on. The list was as long as my deepening melancholy.

Shelley Capon tossed an armful of answering telegrams onto the table near the cage. I leafed through them quickly.

Everyone, but everyone, was in the air, right now. Jets were streaming in from all over the world. In another two hours, four, six at the most, Cuba would be swarming with agents, publishers, fools and plain damn fools, plus counterespionage kidnapers and blonde starlets who hoped to be in front-page photographs with the bird on their shoulders.

I figured I had maybe a good half

hour left in which to do something, I didn't know what.

Shelley nudged my arm. "Who sent you, dear boy? You are the very first, you know. Make a fine bid and you're in free, maybe. I must consider other offers, of course. But it might get thick and nasty here. I begin to panic at what I've done. I may wish to sell cheap and flee. Because, well, think, there's the problem of getting this bird out of the country, yes? And, simultaneously, Castro might declare the parrot a national monument or work of art, or, oh, hell, Raimundo, who did send you?"

"Someone, but now no one," I said, brooding. "I came on behalf of someone else. I'll go away on my own. From now on, anyway, it's just me and the bird. I've read Papa all my life. Now I know I came just because I had to."

"My God, an altruist!"

"Sorry to offend you, Shelley."

The phone rang. Shelley got it. He chatted happily for a moment, told

someone to wait downstairs, hung up and cocked an eyebrow at me: "NBC is in the lobby. They want an hour's taped interview with El Córdoba there. They're talking six figures."

My shoulders slumped. The phone rang. This time, I picked it up, to my own surprise. Shelley cried out. But I said, "Hello. Yes?"

"Señor," said a man's voice. "There is a Señor Hobbwell here from Time, he says, magazine." I could see the parrot's face on next week's cover, with six follow-up pages of text.

"Tell him to wait." I hung up, "Newsweek?" guessed Shelley.

"The other one," I said.

"The snow was fine up in the shadow of the hills," said the voice under the shawl inside the cage.

"Shut up," I said quietly, wearily.
"Oh, shut up, damn you."

Shadows appeared in the doorway behind us. Shelley Capon's friends were beginning to assemble and wander into the room. They gathered and I began to tremble and sweat.

For some reason, I began to rise to my feet. My body was going to do something, I didn't know what. I watched my hands. Suddenly, the right hand reached out. It knocked the cage over, snapped the wire-frame door wide and darted in to seize the parrot.

"No!"

There was a great gasping roar, as if a single thunderous wave had come in on a shore. Everyone in the room seemed knocked in the stomach by my action. Everyone exhaled, took a step, began to yell, but by then, I had the parrot out. I had it by the throat.

"No! No!" Shelley jumped at me. I kicked him in the shins. He sat down, screaming.

"Don't anyone move!" I said and almost laughed, hearing myself use the old cliché. "You ever see a chicken killed? This parrot has a thin neck. One twist, the head comes off. Nobody move a hair." Nobody moved.

"You son of a bitch," said Shelley Capon, on the floor.

For a moment, I thought they were all going to rush me. I saw myself beaten and chased along the beach, yelling, the cannibals ringing me in and eating me, Tennessee Williams style, shoes and all. I felt sorry for my skeleton, which would be found in the main Havana plaza at dawn tomorrow.

But they did not hit, pummel nor kill. As long as I had my fingers around the neck of the parrot who met Papa, I knew I could stand there forever.

I wanted with all my heart, soul and guts to wring the bird's neck and throw its disconnected carcass into those pale and gritty faces. I wanted to stop up the past and destroy Papa's preserved



"I want to return my water bed. It gives me wet dreams."

memory forever, if it were going to be played with by feeble-minded children like these.

But I could not, for two reasons. One dead parrot would mean one dead duck: me. And I was weeping inside for Papa. I simply could not shut off his voice transcribed here, held in my hands, still alive, like an old Edison record. I could not kill.

If these ancient children had known that, they would have swarmed over me like locusts. But they didn't know. And, I guess, it didn't show in my face.

"Stand back!" I cried.

It was that beautiful last scene from The Phantom of the Opera where Lon Chaney, pursued through midnight Paris, turns upon the mob, lifts his clenched fist as if it contained an explosive and holds the mob at bay for one terrific instant. He laughs, opens his hand to show it empty and then is driven to his death in the river. . . Only I had no intention of letting them see an empty hand. I kept it close around El Córdoba's scrawny neck.

"Clear a path to the door!" They

cleared a path.

"Not a move, not a breath. If anyone so much as swoons, this bird is dead forever and no rights, no movies, no photos. Shelley, bring me the cage and the shawl."

Shelley Capon edged over and brought me the cage and its cover. "Stand off!" I yelled.

Everyone jumped back another foot.

"Now, hear this." I said. "After I've got away and have hidden out, one by one each of you will be called to have his chance to meet Papa's friend here again and cash in on the headlines."

I was lying. I could hear the lie. I hoped they couldn't. I spoke more quickly now, to cover the lie: "I'm going to start walking now. Look. See? I have the parrot by the neck. He'll stay alive as long as you play 'Simon says' my way. Here we go, now. One, two. One, two. Halfway to the door." I walked among them and they did not breathe. "One, two," I said, my heart beating in my mouth. "At the door. Steady. No sudden moves. Cage in one hand. Bird in the other——"

"The lions ran along the beach on the yellow sand," said the parrot, his throat moving under my fingers.

"Oh, my God," said Shelley, crouched there by the table. Tears began to pour down his face. Maybe it wasn't all money. Maybe some of it was Papa for him, too. He put his hands out in a beckoning, come-back gesture to me, the parrot, the cage. "Oh, God, oh, God." He wept.

"There was only the carcass of the great fish lying by the pier, its bones picked clean in the morning light," said the parrot.



"I don't know; just lucky, I guess. People always seem to be casting pearls before me."

"Oh." said everyone softly.

I didn't wait to see if any more of them were weeping. I stepped out. I shut the door. I ran for the elevator. By a miracle, it was there, the operator half asleep inside. No one tried to follow. I guess they knew it was no use.

On the way down, I put the parrot inside the cage and put the shawl marked MOTHER over the cage. And the elevator moved slowly down through the years. I thought of those years ahead and where I might hide the parrot and keep him warm against any weather and feed him properly and once a day go in and talk through the shawl, and nobody ever to see him, no papers, no magazines, no cameramen, no Shelley Capon, not even Antonio from the Cuba Libre. Days might go by or weeks and sudden fears might come over me that the parrot had gone dumb. Then, in the middle of the night, I might wake and shuffle in and stand by his cage and

"Italy, 1918 . . . ?"

And beneath the word MOTHER, an old voice would say: "The snow drifted off the edges of the mountain in a fine white dust that winter...."

"Africa, 1932."

"We got the rifles out and oiled the rifles and they were blue and fine and lay in our hands and we waited in the tall grass and smiled——"

"Cuba. The Gulf Stream."

"That fish came out of the water and jumped as high as the sun. Everything I had ever thought about a fish was in that fish. Everything I had ever thought about a single leap was in that leap. All of my life was there. It was a day of sun and water and being alive. I wanted to hold it all still in my hands. I didn't want it to go away, ever. Yet there, as the fish fell and the waters moved over it white and then green, there it went. . . ."

By that time, we were at the lobby level and the elevator doors opened and I stepped out with the cage labeled MOTHER and walked quickly across the lobby and out to a taxicab.

The trickiest business—and my greatest danger—remained. I knew that by the time I got to the airport, the guards and the Castro militia would have been alerted. I wouldn't put it past Shelley Capon to tell them that a national treasure was getting away. He might even cut Castro in on some of the Book-of-the-Month Club revenue and the movie rights. I had to improvise a plan to get through customs.

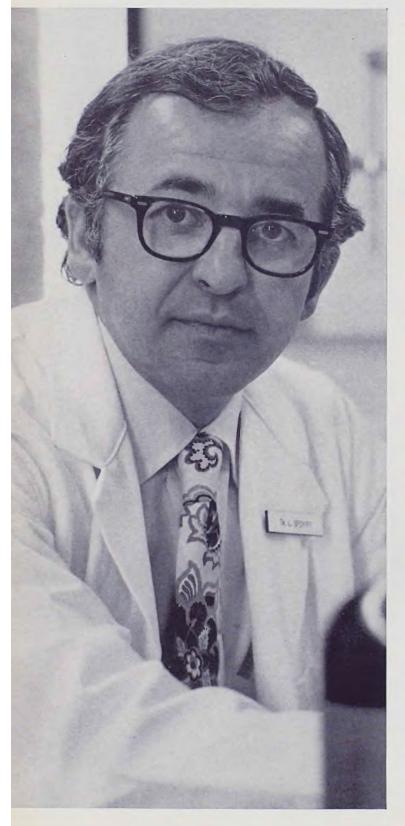
I am a literary man, however, and the answer came to me quickly. I had the taxi stop long enough for me to buy some shoe polish. I began to apply the disguise to El Córdoba.

"Listen," I said, bending down to whisper into the cage as we drove across Havana, "Nevermore."

I repeated it several times to give him the idea. The sound would be new to him, because, I guessed, Papa would never have quoted a middleweight contender he had knocked out years ago. There was silence under the shawl while the word was recorded.

Then, at last, it came back to me. "Nevermore," in Papa's old, familiar, tenor voice, "nevermore," it said.

ON THE SCENE



DR. LEON SPEROFF chemical deliverance

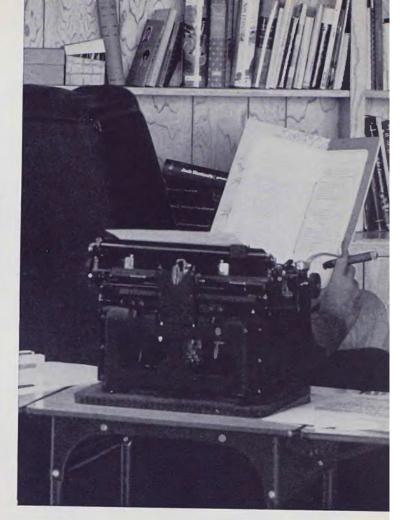
SINCE THOSE TESTY Washington hearings on the pill, many women have come to question both the safety and the security of nearly every existing means of birth control. Doctors are facing an analogous impasse in trying to find a safe pharmacological substitute for the high costs and occasional dangers inherent in even the most strictly supervised surgical abortions. Extending the options through his work with compounds called prostaglandins is Dr. Leon Speroff, assistant professor of obstetrics and gynecology and director of the Gynecologic Endocrine Lab at Yale Medical School. Though prostaglandins may one day treat a variety of ills. Speroff, the 36-year-old son of Macedonian immigrants, is testing them now as abortion agents and contraceptives. "Science isn't sure how the substances work," he says, "but we've found they influence hormone production in the ovary." Such hormones, Speroff explains, are instrumental to not only the continuance but the inception of pregnancy. In experiments abroad, prostaglandins have induced abortion with no adverse aftereffects among 75 percent of the pregnant women tested. And with impending abortion reform, the need for nonsurgical abortion is urgent. The hormonal effects of prostaglandins are what inspired Speroff to test them as contraceptives. "There's the possibility," he says, "that with periodic dosage, perhaps once a month, prostaglandins can negate the uncertainties and hazards of the daily pill." In the meantime, he is convinced a 100 percent safe prostaglandin is at least three years away and, rather than wait for it, Speroff. the father of three, has undergone a vasectomy. "Other means continue to be researched," he says, "but no course is more worth pursuing than fertility regulation. There is no other agent existing that can promise as much as prostaglandins in the way of safe fertility control and safe abortions on an outpatient or at-home basis." We hope that promise will be fulfilled.

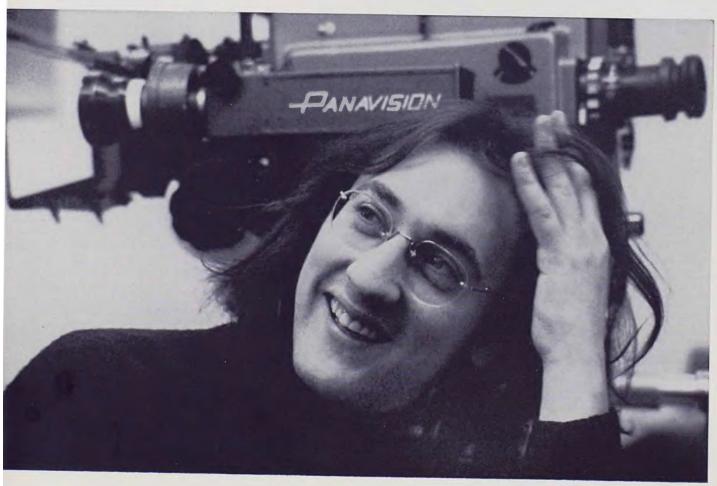
PAUL WILLIAMS reeler-dealer

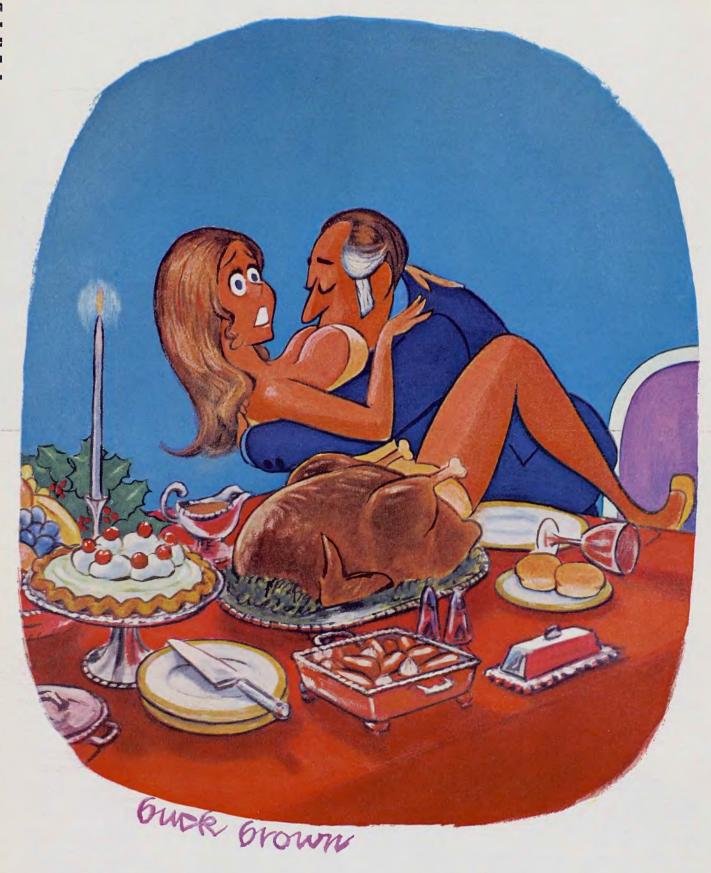
A FUNKY-LOOKING 28-year-old director may look out of place in an establishment studio such as Warner Bros., but there's no question that Paul Williams, Phi Beta Kappa, Harvard '65, knows the movie business as well as he does the subject of his latest film. Directing Michael and Douglas Crichton's Dealing, or the Berkeley-to-Boston Forty-Brick Lost-Bag Blues-first published in PLAYBOY-Williams was able to draw heavily on his own college experiences, just as he had capitalized on his personal background in the first two films he made. Soon after graduation, Williams began making short films and documentaries while studying fine art at Trinity Hall at Cambridge in England. But it was in London that he met Edward Pressman, a student at the London School of Economics, with whom he joined forces to produce Girl, a Golden Eagle Award-winning short. They've worked together ever since-Williams directing, Pressman producing. Within two years of Girl, Williams was directing his first major film, Out of It, which starred Barry Gordon and a then-unknown actor named Ion Voight and which was based on Williams' adolescent years in suburban Massapequa, New York. Voight also starred in Williams' second major production, The Revolutionary, about a young man's radicalization. "After doing that film," says Williams, "I began to think I was a revolutionary. So I worked on a documentary with Eldridge Cleaver in Algeria. I never completed that film, but I did learn that I was in way over my head." Essentially, he adds, "the main character in Dealing must come to grips with that same realization when he gets into a very heavy drug scene." Williams undoubtedly will score a hit with the film, which should assure studio backing for other projects, among them a film dramatization of Gail Sheehy's recent article in New York magazine, "A Day and a Night in the Life of a 24-Hour Worldbeater." As a director, Williams is proving to be quite a world-beater himself.

JACK SHELTON knife-and-fork nader

IT WAS WHILE WORKING as a kitchen helper in a fraternity house-of all places-that Jack Shelton got interested in food. "I would read cookbooks in the library, then feed my experiments to 40 guinea pigs that night." When he saw, as a San Francisco advertising executive, that friends felt ambivalent about "the entire experience of dining out," and didn't share his encyclopedic knowledge of what and where to eat, he decided to spend part of his time educating fellow diners. Jack Shelton's Private Guide to Restaurants, a monthly eightpage newsletter, began five years ago as a Bay Area Baedeker but soon expanded to include occasional critiques of restaurants as far from San Francisco as Honolulu. His editorial recipe -combining first-chair expertise and an epicure's perfectionism with the spice of total, eloquent candor-makes each issue as rich as a chocolate mousse. If he loves a place, his narrative runs on lyrically for pages; overrated restaurants-he visits each three times before pronouncing judgment-are verbally destroyed. (He once proposed that the city of New Orleans take over revered Antoine's and restore its vanished excellence.) Shelton, 48, is as proud of favorable reviews that "have saved five or six places from going under" as he is of his memorable demolition jobs. Rumors exist of a restaurateurs' bounty on his photo; he makes it a point to use a pseudonym when he makes reservations. "I don't know about a bounty," he says, "but recently I saw a photographer hiding behind a tree in my yard." Dining undetected—to ensure honest food and service—often requires Mission: Impossible tactics: Learning that an owner who knew him spent Tuesday evenings at the opera, Shelton visited on Tuesday. He tells his readers "not to be intimidated" while eating out; so when he hears a customer complaining that the meat is overdone, Shelton is doubly pleased, for he feels that "a demanding diner, like a properly cooked steak, is extremely rare." He's trying to make for more of both.







"Please, Mr. Faversham, not here! Not in the cranberry sauce!!"

kind of man thinks it is not punishing a parent to put her son in jail with hardened criminals?"

Mrs. Brown contrived to see Chris every day in jail, bringing fresh clothes or razor blades or other supplies. She watched, day by day, the changes taking place in him with dismaying rapidity. Early in Chris's stay, his fellow prisoners' complaints broke out in a minirevolt-men hammering at their bars and crying for redress to a thousand grievances, real and imagined, private and shared. Their plight angered Chris (convinced from his own case that the law could be blind and cruel) and their defiance exhilarated him. "Hell, he was only seventeen years old," his father says now. "He had never seen anything like this before. It excited him." Chris wrote a letter to his parents, a glowing new chapter, he thought, in the prison literature of our era, describing the wronged men and their captors. Prison censors read the letter, called in his parents, warned them that their son showed signs of being a criminal type (well, what other type belongs in jail?) and kept the letter on file. His jailers would release him one day a week to go to a psychiatrist. Happy to get him out on any terms, the Browns agreed. They took him to sessions with a psychiatrist at the Army hospital nearby-the Browns, both skilled with pen and pencil, as family drawings all over their home testify, are civilian cartographers working for the Department of Defense and lived in a compound on the Army base. The psychiatrist stressed Chris's duty to his parents, the disproportion between any pleasure he might get from pot and the anguish he caused his family. Chris played the game, with a developing sense of irony-he had nowhere found pot so plentiful nor cheap as in jail.

Meanwhile, Brown worried about Marc, his other son, who ran in the same crowd as Chris had. Local police, responding to community sentiment. were dogging that crowd now. Brown felt it was only a matter of time before Marc, now a high school junior, would get the same initiation into criminality that Chris was undergoing. Marc was better looking than Chris-taller, blonder-and probably more talented, but was content to follow in his brother's footsteps, treating him as a hero. In his preschool days, he drew very well, a talent descended from both parents; but when Chris brought home stick-man drawings from kindergarten, rude first efforts that had been praised by his teacher, Marc gave up his own style and mimicked these cruder works. He was thoughtful and accommodating, almost to a fault. He liked to please, to do what was expected of him. Though he played baseball well, he

(continued from page 206)

seemed to "blow" games when his team was expected not to win. He "got along" too well, considering the company he was getting along in. Aside from that, Mrs. Brown for years had wanted to send Marc, the family's best student, to a school that would test his abilities. Despite his good grades, he was bored at the local school, where he could get away with anything. The Browns therefore asked around and were told of a strict military school that "straightened out" other drifting kids from the area-so the Browns moved fast. (Four weeks of the fall term had already elapsed.) They telephoned, wrote, bought, packed, put Marc on the plane; and turned back to Chris's problem.

Brown went to the dean of the local college and to some professors, but it did no good-Chris had exceeded the cut allowance in each course during his 30 days in jail. He was out of school, which meant, in that locale, out of everything. There were few civilian jobs of any sort and even fewer left for teenagers. In his first weeks out of jail, Chris kept going to the psychiatrist, until-with the candor required of a patient-he told the psychiatrist he was still using marijuana. "I can't help him," the psychiatrist told his parents, "if he is going to keep using pot." Yet pot was supposed to be his problem. The doctor's attitude seemed to be: "Don't come to me unless you don't have that problem-and then, of course, you won't need to come to me." Catch-221/2. The Browns feel the doctor was afraid of being charged with complicity if he knew Chris continued to smoke pot. The same law that divided Chris from his parents now divided him from his doctor-was slowly dividing him from any society but that of convicts.

So now his parents knew he still smoked pot; knew, as well, that the danger of a second arrest was acute and knew this second offense would mean at least a six-month sentence-a real break in his life-with college deferred again (perhaps forever) as he served a term in Federal prison, not the local jail.

The best thing, they felt, was to get him into school, if only on a part-time basis. One school they had earlier considered was the University of Maryland -Chris wanted to go there because his girlfriend, daughter of a military man, had moved with her family to Washington. So Chris was sent there to enroll (part time, if he could) for the fall term, or full time in the spring. But it was too late to enroll; instead, he took a job at the Library of Congress, grew very close to his girlfriend and her family and blew a lot of grass with the girl (who had begun using it before he did).

Marc, meanwhile, hated military

school and missed his home; yet his grades were still good. He crammed for exams with the help of pep pills, smoked the readily available pot, tried "meth" to cope with the boredom of a place scholastically inferior to his old school. He spent that Easter with a classmate, the son of a clergyman, in Cincinnati-and, in the preacher's house. took his first LSD trip. "Sending him there was the worst thing I could have done," Brown sees now, looking back. Marc also spent part of the next summer in Cincinnati, with his friend-and with LSD. He came home in time to enter senior year at the local high school, though; no more military school for him.

He was already in school when Chris. too, came back-he had tried to stay in Washington, near his girl, but the parents of boys Chris had turned on in his home town wrote to Washington, warning the girl's father about him. The man threatened Chris with arrest for giving his daughter marijuana. (There was a parent who found the law useful.) Chris had again returned too late for the fall term at the local college and had to wait three months to enroll. He did small chores, went surfing every day, ran errands, baby-sat with his sister Lisi.

The family got through that Christmas intact, though with uneasiness. Chris was breaking the law and they knew it. They also knew he was being watched -by other parents, by the local police. Knowing this, they watched him, too, to see if he was giving himself away to those who would report him or lock him up. And he felt their scrutiny, equated it with that of the faceless others he felt hounded and pursued by. So, with silent helpless half-gestures and covert looks. they passed new mild forms of paranoia around to one another at every meal, in each family gathering, every time one came in the door or went out. Had Barbara, 14 now, started yet? Was Marc back on pot? Would Chris get caught? Even young Lisi felt inexplicable currents of fear, suspicion, pity, hostility, running from member to member of her family. They all lived now-directly or vicariously-outside the law, "underground," yet terribly exposed and blind, like moles without their cover of earth.

The apprehension centered on Chris, with his circle of pot-smoking friends, in which he was so popular. But Marc was in deeper trouble. Always a loner, he struck off into the woods by himself, all that fall, dropping acid sent to him by friends. Yet he did not become noticeably erratic till after Christmas.

Chris, to get back into the local college after serving a jail sentence, needed a special dispensation from the dean. Brown went with him, backed him up: "Chris lied through his teeth, and I knew it-said he was off pot and would never go back on it." But Brown felt he 223 must get Chris into school, stop his life of drifting with nothing to do.

Then Marc, who had been looking odd, took off-got out of the car one day as Chris was driving, wandered into the woods and was not seen for 36 hours, from early Sunday morning to 10:30 Monday night. A heavy dose of acid had stayed with him, had grown more intense; for almost a week, he had struggled back toward earth but could not touch down; he tried to go about ordinary activities and not show what strange things were loose in his hallucinating mind as he went to class, watched the surf, threw the javelin at a track meet, ate with his parents. He had not made it down, so he was surrendering at last-in the woods, he took off his clothes and went into a stream, dreamily Ophelialike, wanting to die. "But something kept pushing me back toward life," he told his mother later. "Always something kept me moving, a scratch, a bite, the cold." He heard dogs bark and two giant eyes loomed in his path; but he was ready to fight for his life-he grabbed something and hit the beast between its huge eyes.

It was a police wagon, driven there in answer to reports of a naked boy in the area, its lights left on while police searched for him in the dark. They found him, when they returned to the wagon, beating on its hood with a stick. The Browns picked him up at the police station, took him home (still hallucinating) for clothes, a shower, some sleep; then off to a local mental-health center, where he could be drugged out of his own drugs, drugged into reality (of a sort) and made part of a group-therapy program aimed at bracing its participants for life without drugs. Soon he was back in high school, returning to the hospital after the class day for more sessions and tranquilizers and studyand for the inevitable search, on his return, to see that he brought nothing back in with him.

That search became important to Brown now-he had just learned that others besides irate parents or zealous police were watching his son. Since the Browns worked on a military base, they had to follow security procedures. After Marc's recovery, though no criminal charges had been pressed, military intelligence called Brown, wanting to ask Marc where he got the acid. Brown let them know his son was sick and should be left alone. The head of Brown's program was then told he had been uncooperative. Under such scrutiny, Brown felt his other son, Chris, had no chance. He was bound to be caught,

But a solution suggested itself. If Marc could be an outpatient of the mental-health center, be kept off drugs while attending high school, why not 224 put Chris in also, to undergo group

therapy while he attended his first college classes-and to be searched for drugs on his return every afternoon to the hospital? Chris resisted but did not refuse. He was willing to talk it over with the head of the hospital, a woman doctor. "The woman came on strong, really told Chris off," Brown remembers, and Chris bridled. The doctor was for committing him; Brown took him outside and asked that he do this, part time. "I'd rather go to prison for six months," Chris said-and Brown, feeling desperate, made his greatest mistake. To save him from worse imprisonment by the state, he sent his son to this benign-looking "prison" full time.

Now both sons were in the hospital and the elder one was dropped again from the rolls of the local college. Both behaved well, though, and began going home for weekends, surfing together, picnicking with the family. Chris was "freed" on a part-time basis, working eight hours a day at the local employment office, with another outpatient from the hospital. The Browns often took the two of them to lunch at a favorite restaurant, breaking up the workday for them. Chris took nothing back to the hospital with him-he and his fellow patient had arranged to get and take their "speed" on the job.

There was one more summer together, the last one, not too bad. The boys were both out now, both enrolled in the local college, already taking summer courses, and their grades were good. But Chris had picked up a 16-year-old girlfriend and had turned her on. The therapy sessions continued, but Chris knew that they were just a game. When he smoked pot in the bathroom, he turned on the exhaust fan-and Brown, going outside, smelled the stuff, looking nervously around for others who might catch a whiff. "You get kinda paranoid."

At the last summer meeting with Chris's new psychiatrist, Brown suggested that Chris attend the fall term as a part-time patient of the hospital. Chris had not expected this-after his first day's class, he ran away. His 16-year-old girl told her mother she was on pot and asked to live at the mental-health center while attending high school-she hoped that would bring Chris back and she could be with him. Instead, he found her at school and she disappeared as well.

Now Brown had Marc wanting to leave home (the local college was not challenging enough for him), Chris gone, his girlfriend's parents blaming him and college entries to be lined up again (if he could find his other son before too much of the fall term had gone by). Marc had heard good things about the University of Hawaii and he planned to get seaman's papers and work his way there from New Orleans. Brown gave him money for the plane.

Police found Chris and his girl in the shack of a professional drug peddler and they were returned to the hospitalwhere military police served Chris papers banning him from the entire base on which, technically, his parents' home stood. Similar papers came for Marc. Brown asked what Marc had done-and was told he collaborated with Chris. The Browns now believe their phone was tapped-for Chris had called Marc to get clothes out of his house.

Chris was now in the maximum-security section of the mental hospital, as a runaway. Violent cases are kept there and he had three fights with them. Brown, having put him in there, now worked hard to get him out. Chris was freed and went off-not interested any longer in college. Marc, alone in New Orleans, called his friend in Cincinnati -and ended up there. Chris, when last heard of, was hanging out near Berkeley. Neither writes home.

"I should never have sent them away to school," Brown now says bitterly. "It would have been a thousand times better to keep them with us. I shouldn't have put Chris in the hospital. But I was trying to find some sanctuary for them, some refuge from the law. Everything I did was done from fear of the law." He has become obsessed with the marijuana laws. He admits his case is special in some ways-the military nosed in and made things worse. But every family has some social or career pressure, superadded to the law's effect. Besides, the military came in long after the civil authorities had jailed Chris and set in motion all the family's reactions, each one futile or self-defeating, each one motivated by fear of new arrests and worse penalties. It was seeing Chris in jail, seeing what it did to him, fearing jail would touch their other children, that made the Browns act desperately through the course of three years they look back on, now, as one continuous nightmare—one that has not ended and probably never will.

Chris had told Brown all about marijuana after his mother found it in his room. He had collected articles and reports on the subject; Brown read these while Chris was in jail, and got angry. If pot is harmful, he believes, it is not bad enough-not even by the worst accounts of it-to put him and his wife and his boys through what they suffered. In all his own mistaken actions, he never made the mistake of panicking over "the evil weed." He did not put Chris in the mental hospital to cure him of pot, which he did not fear, but to keep him from the law, which he feared, perhaps,

Brown began a private energetic campaign against the law (which is what first

brought him to my attention). He wrote letters to Congress, to all its relevant committees, to local officials and Federal bureaus, to newspapers and magazines, asking for the law's repeal, drawing attention to new medical reports, programs, information, hard cases. It is a labor of purgation, partly. He knows he can do nothing further to help his own sons-except, perhaps, get Chris's conviction expunged from the record. But he might help other families escape the nightmare. When he reads that some legislator thinks it enough to demote possession of marijuana from a felony to a misdemeanor, he is at his typewriter, telling that man what happened to his children and to many of their friends in an area where possession was already a misdemeanor. When others use bad statistics, bad logic, to spread horror stories about pot, Brown is on them in an instant. Senator Marlow Cook answered one of his letters with the argument that marijuana should be kept illegal because a stronger form of it was being used in Vietnam and brought back. Brown proved from the very committee testimony Cook referred to that the "stronger" marijuana was actually marijuana mixed with other opiates, that, even so, "bad trips" occurred to only three tenths of one percent of the heavy users and that war conditions could well aggravate effects of pot.

When others said men might steal to buy pot, he came back: The average marijuana user spends less than a dollar a day, against \$30 to \$200 a day for the heroin user. And besides, legalization would make the use of marijuana approximate mere cigarette smoking—how many people steal to support their cigarette habit? If one is interested in law enforcement, Brown says, why not "free the nation's completely overworked and constantly harassed narcotics squads from petty tactics against teens and twenties pot smokers?"

When people use statistics to show heroin users "started" with pot (in reality, that means they have also used or still use it), he is ready to dispute such figures: "To make a clear and honest picture, there should be a head count of all who have ever experimented with pot and compare this amount with the ones who have then gone on to heroin use. I believe the percentage would be so low as to be almost meaningless."

When people say pot causes violence or Vietnam atrocities, he writes of his own experience of war: "Combat, the shooting at and the killing of fellow human beings, is absolutely dehumanizing. . . . [In World War Two] after we had taken a German line and were passing through it, I walked coldly by a wounded German who was pale from a bleeding wound and begging for a drink of water. Under almost any other cir-



"Joe, is that the extent of your interest, wondering which of us will be first?"

cumstance, I would have given water to that fellow human in need. . . . I sincerely believe that if I had used pot . . . I would have given the water to the wounded soldier."

Brown, of course, wants all pot laws struck down. Lowering the penalty, advising therapy, improving public education-these are worthless palliatives; none would have altered his sons' cases. Indeed, he asks for more than the laws' abolition. He recommends an amnesty that would erase all pot convictions-or, at the least, all convictions for mere possession (as in the case of his son): "Chris is only a paper criminal, after all . . . all he wanted to do was to smoke non-physically addicting pot instead of cigarettes (a habit millions of humans all over the world find impossible to break) or to drink liquor (with its 6,000,000 alcoholics)." And while the laws are being struck down (or studied), while the nature of pot itself is under investigation, he asks-very reasonably -- for a moratorium on the laws' enforcement. As Mrs. Brown says, "A parent cannot even purchase or sample marijuana, to know what the kids are talking about, to see for themselves what its effect is." The law-abiding parent is the one kept in the dark, liable to be uninformed and panicky about the drug and, therefore, prone to overreact.

It is a lonely business, speaking out of personal tragedy to men proud of "the law's delays," Back from Senate offices came politic epistles—hedged, timorous things, promising nothing, praising Brown for good citizenship. The facile expressions of sympathy: "I share your concern. . . ." (Do you? How many sons have you lost to the law?) Judi-

cious, meaningless agreement: "I certainly think [how brave and forthright the formula] the matter merits further investigation. . ." All the minimizing stalls and substitutes for action: "Probably very serious . . . deserves attention . . . enclosed is a statement . . . greater not less effort . . . blue-ribbon study." Each answer a shove of the thing three steps further off from solution: a law "now pending . . . would establish a commission on marijuana to conduct a study . . [as a] first step in answering the questions."

And, most heartbreaking of all, the standardized letter geared to other parents' concern with the evil of drugs-Senator Charles Percy assuring Brown he will work for "stiffer penalties for drug pushers" and Senator Warren Magnuson thanking him for his letter "urging my support of action to prevent legalization of marijuana"! Yet even that obtuseness is better than the smug things said by "hard-liners" on the issue. Mark Hatfield, one of those "Enclosed-is-a-statement" answerers, thinks the solution is "instilling of a strong moral fiber in our youth," and he reminds Brown-Brown, who did everything to observe the law, defer to it, exact conformity with it from his sons-that "it is important that we recognize the necessity of complying with the law as it stands, while it stands. Your son's experience is an unfortunate one, but while drug usage is illegal, justice can only be rendered on the basis of that legal norm." Just Brown's point. Mr. Senator—justice can at present only serve that legal norm. But what kind of justice? What kind of norm? What kind of law?

Killing kinds.

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

(continued from page 160)

Serve with butter and maple syrup or with cinnamon syrup (recipe below).

CREPES WITH RASPBERRY CREAM (12 crepes)

2 eggs

2 egg yolks

1 cup milk

1/2 cup flour

1/4 teaspoon salt

Salad oil

Seedless red-raspberry jam

Superfine sugar

Pour eggs, egg yolks, milk, flour and salt into blender and blend I minute at high speed. Stop blender and scrape sides, if necessary, to blend thoroughly. Pour enough oil into a heavy pan 6 ins. across bottom to coat pan lightly. Pour off excess oil. Place pan over moderate heat. Pour about 21/2 tablespoons batter into pan (just enough to coat bottom) and at once tilt pan to coat bottom completely. When crepe is light brown on one side, turn and cook briefly on the other just long enough so that the second side doesn't look raw. Continue making crepes in this manner until batter has been used. Spread crepes on browned side lightly with raspberry jam, using about 11/2 teaspoons per crepe. Place 2 scant tablespoons filling (recipe below) on each crepe and roll up. Place crepes seam down in heavily buttered crepe pan or shallow skillet. Cover and chill in refrigerator. Before serving, reheat crepes over moderate heat, browning on both sides. Sprinkle sugar on top just before

FILLING FOR CREPES

1 cup milk

1/4 cup heavy cream

3 tablespoons instant flour

1/4 cup sugar

1/8 teaspoon salt

2 tablespoons butter

2 egg yolks, beaten

1/6 teaspoon vanilla

Pour milk and cream into saucepan. Stir in flour, sugar and salt, blending well. Add butter and cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, until sauce is thick. Simmer over low heat 3 minutes, stirring occasionally. Slowly stir in egg yolks. Cook over moderate heat 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from flame and stir in vanilla. Cool slightly before filling crepes.

CINNAMON SYRUP (Makes 11/3 cups)

I cup brown sugar, firmly packed

1/8 teaspoon salt

1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon

I cup boiling water

2 teaspoons cornstarch

I tablespoon butter

Mix sugar, salt and cinnamon in saucepan. Stir in boiling water; bring to a boil. Dissolve cornstarch in 1 table-spoon cold water and stir into saucepan. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Remove from flame and stir in butter.

And as the sun rises in the east, your guests' spirits and appetites will rise accordingly. It's another new year and all's right with the world (or with your world, at least).





"What wine goes well with cunnilingus?"

PLAYBOY CAR STABLE

(continued from page 188)

running lights, automatic parking-brake release, and on through a list long enough to boggle a maharaja. There are a few negatives, of course: Showing 5800 miles, the last Eldorado I drove had an unacceptable level of body noise, far more than my 35,000-mile Grand Prix Pontiac, a vehicle I've never thought quiet. If one's much over 5'10" one's out of rear-seat headroom; hatted, I'd say the limit might be 5'7". The fake wood liberally used up front is the fakiest I've ever seen, so patently fraudulent that in a perverse way it's amusing. However, not to grumble. We live in parlous times, and what do you want for under \$8000-gold plating? The Eldorado remains, in the essentials, an admirable device.

There are occasions that can be happily enlarged by a really unusual motorcar: I recall a picnic in England done in an Edwardian mode that was twice as enjoyable as it might otherwise have been because the party traveled in a Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost touring car fitted with a mammoth wicker basket, food, wine, china and silver in a service for six. And a summer wedding, the bride and groom carried from the church in a torpedo-bodied Bugatti. For this kind of laudable endeavor, something pre-1940 is indicated; and since, when pure pleasure is the primary purpose, we incline to think of a small car, something in the two-seater configuration. In this overview, the range is tremendous. A Henley Rolls-Royce roadster? A Stutz Bearcat? A 1750 Zagato Alfa Romeo? A chain-gang Frazer Nash? Or go to the top of the pile and take a T-head Mercer Raceabout?

The Mercer Raceabout circa 1910–1915 is probably the most sought-after of U. S.-built automobiles. There are fewer than 30 of them extant and the market price on them, established by a single sale every couple of years or so, is in the area of \$35,000–\$50,000. The original sticker was \$2500.

As is the case with every great motorcar, the Mercer was built by men much less concerned with profit than with quality. The company (in Trenton, Mercer County, New Jersey) was founded around 1909 by members of the wealthy Roebling and Kuser families, builders of the Brooklyn Bridge, and designed by an engineer of unusual gifts, Finley Robertson Porter. Porter, happily, lived to be a very old man, lived to see the car he had created become a legend object. Naturally, one is tempted to say, thinking of Bentley, Chevrolet, Buick and others, he profited financially very little, but his professional satisfaction must have been immense.

The charm of the Mercer in the T-head models (so called after the arrangement

The down-hill racers.



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PLAYBOY POSTERS



200PBP-01 The Laughing Jesus



200PBP-09 I Love You



200PBP-13 Cathy Rowlend (Playmete, 8/71)



200PBP-02



200PBP-03



200PBP-04



200PBP-05



00PBP-06



200PBP-07 Love on Horseback



200PBP-08



200PBP-10 Act of Love



200PBP-11 Rotten Apple



200PBP-12

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| | 200PBP-07 | |
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| Quantity | Poster No |
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| | 200PBP-10 |
| | 200PBP-11 |
| | 200PBP-12 |
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of the engine, one sparkplug on each side of the combustion chamber) is soon stated: It was soundly and strongly made of the best materials; the performance it offered was startling; and its stark simplicity-the thing was all automobile, completely unfrilled-was aesthetically most appealing. Some owners even dispensed with the 18-inch "monocle" windshield as an encumbrance! A T-head would do 75 miles an hour-the factory guaranteed that figure, a high one for the time. And although it was completely unfussy and tractable, it was frequently raced: In August 1912, on a dirt track, the car set records at distances from 75 to 200 miles.

To drive a Mercer is to enjoy a remarkable experience, nearly always unique in one's recollection. I found one in Canada in 1948-it is still, I believe, the last "new" Mercer to be turned up-and after it had been restored, I put many hundreds of miles on it. The engine always started on one pull of the crank, hot or cold, the four big cylinders booming through the exhaust cutout. The gearshift and handbrake levers were outdoors; so was the accelerator pedal, sticking over a brass foot stirrup. The Mercer was light, it would run like a thief and there was torque to throw away: In top gear and with a trailing throttle, on a rise, one could almost count the explosions-"once to the telephone pole," owners used to

There were other models in the Mercer production of about 5000 cars before the company abandoned ship in the Twenties, but the T-head Raceabout was the best and deserves its compulsory inclusion in any list of the dozen greatest sports cars we have known since the beginning.

As far from the Mercer as one could get and still be on four wheels is the Mercedes-Benz 600. This does appear to be, in all sooth, the Ultimate Limousine. History makes liars of us all, but, in the present state of the art, it is hard to think of something better than an almost-dead-silent seven-passenger automobile offering comfort that begins where other luxury vehicles leave off-and still capable of 0-60 acceleration in under ten seconds and a top speed of 125-plus mph. In its combination of comfort and performance capability, the 600 is unique. On a winding road, only a really good sports car can stay with a 600. This is not surmise nor estimation: Stirling Moss once loaded a 600 with six passengers and took it around the short and difficult Brands Hatch circuit at a little less than five seconds under the racing-sedan record for the course. Beyoud all doubt, any other limousine in the world, trying to stay with him,

would have been into the bushes, probably upside down, in the first half mile.

No arcana, nothing of the occult, goes into the 600. It is an automobile made by men using machine tools like any other, except that it was designed to be best and great pains are taken with it. It is made to individual order only, on a separate production line. The engine is a fuel-injected 6.3-liter V8 of 270 hp in a 126- to 153-inch wheelbase chassis, air suspended with driver-adjustable hydraulic shock absorbers. Transmission is automatic and the power steering is unusual in offering the front-wheel "road feel" without which really fast driving is difficult. In brief, the running gear is of the quality its clients expect from the oldest motorcar manufactory in the world, with the longest competitive history. It is in the amenities that the 600 breaks new ground.

Three bodies are available: five- and seven-passenger four-door, seven-passenger six-door. Because electric motors cannot be absolutely silenced, a hydraulic system actuates the window lifts, the six-way front-seat adjustment (vertical, horizontal and back angle), the fourway (horizontal and back rest) rear seat, the sliding roof, doors, trunk lid, and so on, acting through 23 push buttons variously distributed. Electronic temperature control is standard, with insideand outside-temperature gauges; so is air conditioning, stereo and heated rear window. There are 17 interior lights in the car, those in the passenger compartment set for ten-second time-lag turnoff. Basic design of the passenger seats was done by orthopedic specialists and the seat springs are tuned to the suspension

to eliminate sympathetic vibration at any speed.

The rear windows are curtained, an oddly old-fashioned touch that is beguiling and useful in practice.

Because each 600 is built to order, variations in such things as seating arrangements are possible. So are folding tables in various cabinet woods, bars, tape recorder, television, vanity sets, electric razor, and so on. A six-piece set of fitted luggage can be nested in the trunk. These trifles will add the odd penny to the basic \$34,500 price for the seven-passenger model, but what of that? You are buying a motorcar that is the current choice of the sheiks of Araby; the cost of traveling like a raj has never been low.

As far as is known to me, Mercedes has refused only one client request: to finish a seven-passenger six-door completely in black, end to end, not a hairline of chromium showing anywhere. But the buyer had his way: He shipped the car to England and had the work done there. Occasionally, one sees it in New York, marvelously funereal and gloomy-looking. A reversal of the specification—to produce 20 feet, six inches of solid chromium—would have made an effect only a little more bizarre.

Thus The Playboy Car Stable, 1972, six motorcars varietal to a degree in purpose and appearance. To help assemble them for photography required only a telephone call to the amiable curators of Harrah's Automobile Collection in Reno. To reassemble them in duplicate? Say \$125,000 for openers, much persistence—and good luck.





PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



A VERY DRY HAIRCUT WITH A TWIST, PLEASE

The gradual evolution of men's hair-styling salons from corner barbershops to munificent tonsorial palaces must surely have reached its apogee with Joe Rando's \$50,000 head-quarters in the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas. Rando offers free liquor and coffee, a putting green, three color-TV sets and vibrating chairs with nearby extension telephones. Styling prices are ten dollars and up—which, all things considered, is hardly getting clipped.



LIKE TO SEE MY WINDUP ORGAN?

In case you didn't know, the handsome gadget at left is a 19th Century calendar clock with a globe that rotates once every 24 hours. If this kind of contraption turns you on, we recommend that you send a dollar to Antiques Growth Corporation in Hackensack, New Jersey, for the latest catalog. You'll get a hefty booklet stuffed with such oddball goodies as brass telescopes, pipe organs, and even a windup ostrich that pulls a cart.

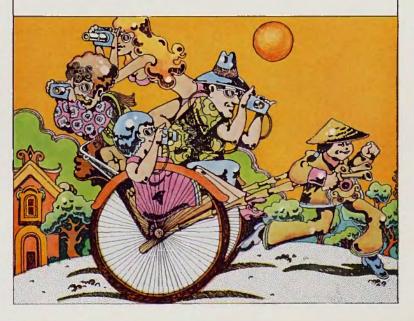


SUITABLY PORTRAYED

Nixon is a king, of course. And Pat's a queen. And Spiro's a jack.... What we're talking about are Politicards, a deck of playing cards bearing fiendishly revealing caricatures of our nation's top political figures (with a few ringers tossed in) done by artist Peter Green. Nixon think-alikes make up the spade suit (David E. is the deuce), capitalist Republicans are clubs, hard-hat Demos are diamonds and liberal types are hearts. (Mailer and Buckley are jokers.) At \$3.50 per, the decks are a mighty cheap way to join the Washington shuffle.

WELCOME, PAPER TIGER TOURISTS

They're waiting—Peking's Temple of Heaven, Shanghai's parks, Canton's communes, Hangchow's Jade Spring, the Great Wall and the Anti-Imperialist Hospital's acupuncturists. And with a little luck, an available-vacancy ticket and \$1395, you may be among the first Americans to visit the People's Republic of China next summer. A Kansas City, Missouri, firm named Carnival Travel is currently offering the tour: two weeks in China, plus transfers in Tokyo, Hong Kong and Dacca. Dacca?





SOUL TRIP

The travel scene for blacks has always been, in the words of soul artists The Temptations, "a ball of confusion." Which is why Bob Hayes, founder of a black travel agency, wrote The Black American Travel Guide (Straight Arrow Books), a survey of major U.S. cities that's designed to give the black traveler a sense of security by supplying him with relevant information on where to stay, what to see, local soul sounds, restaurants and stores-plus a capsule summary of the life and location of black communities.



ECOLOGICAL HOTLINE

If you'd like to be up to date on the latest in volcanic eruptions in Nicaragua or snow pollution in Sweden, subscribe to the Event Notification and Information Card Service offered by the Smithsonian Institution's Center for Short-Lived Phenomena. The center boasts an international network of some 3000 correspondents and, for annual fees ranging from \$5 to \$100, you can receive monthly, weekly or even daily reports on natural events that are occurring-or that have just occurred. Say, did you read about the meteorite over Gwarzo . . . ?



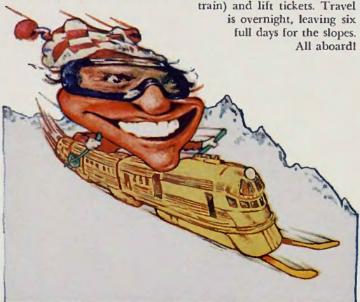
PUTTING ON THE DOG TAG

What must be the ultimate in militant chic is currently being offered by Cartier in the form of 18-kt.-gold dog tags modeled after the GI original. The price is \$95, including embossment of your choice. And for an additional \$110, you can get an 18-kt.-gold ballbearing chain, as shown, to hang it on.



MAKING TRACKS FOR THE HIGH COUNTRY

Weary of hearing complaints about traffic jams, reservation foul-ups and crummy sleeping quarters, John Clayton, a Colorado bar owner, has organized Colorado Ski Trains, Inc., and purchased a 20-car train that, once a week, makes tracks from Denver for Steamboat Springs, Vail and Aspen. The cost of the round trip is \$512—including fare, room and board (skiers eat and sleep on the



MIDGET DIGITS

The next time you're called upon to perform higher math at an executive conference (or to divide a restaurant check), wow your tablemates by unveiling Sharp Electronics' ELSI-8, one of the world's smallest calculators. Measuring a mere 2" x 4" x 6", the one-and-a-half-pound wizard operates on batteries or A. C. current, has an eight-digit capacity and a decimal call-back system. The price? \$345. (For \$445, you can get the ELSI-8M-which features a memory unit.) Quick, Watson, the tax form!

(continued from page 86)

Artemis read Merde, Kaka, and FOBHO. "I can give you a paperback, if you'd like." "I'd like to read it," said Artemis.

was reading, and reading with interest, was Aldous Huxley.

"You've got to come in now," she said. "I won't take no for an answer." She opened the cab door and he climbed down and followed at her side to the back door.

She had a big butt and a big front and a jolly face and hair that must have been dyed, because it was a mixture of grays and blues. She had set a place for him at the kitchen table and she sat opposite him while he ate his hamburger. She told him directly the story of her life, as was the custom in the United States at that time. She was born in Evansville, Indiana, had graduated from the Evansville North High School and had been elected apple-blossom queen in her senior year. She then went on to the university in Bloomington, where Mr. Filler, who was older than she, had been a professor. They moved from Bloomington to Syracuse and then to Paris, where he became famous.

"What's he famous for?" asked Artemis. "You mean you've never heard of my husband?" she said, "J. P. Filler, He's a famous author."

"What did he write?" asked Artemis.

"Well, he wrote a lot of things," she said, "but he's best known for Shit."

Artemis laughed, Artemis blushed. "What's the name of the book?" he

"Shit," she said. "That's the name of it. I'm surprised you never heard of it. It sold about half-a-million copies.'

"You're kidding," Artemis said.
"No I'm not," she said. "Come with me. I'll show you."

He followed her out of the kitchen through several rooms, much richer and more comfortable than anything he was familiar with. She took from a shelf a book whose title was Shit. "My God," said Artemis, "how did he come to write a book like that?"

"Well," she said, "when he was at Syracuse, he got a foundation grant to investigate literary anarchy. He took a year off. That's when we went to Paris. He wanted to write a book about something that concerned everybody, like sex, only by the time he got his grant, everything you could write about sex had been written. Then he got this other idea. After all, it was universal. That's what he said. It concerned everybody. Kings and presidents and sailors at sea. It was just as important as fire, water, earth and air. Some people might think it was not a very delicate subject to write about, but he hates delicacy, and anyhow, considering the books you can buy these days, Shit is practically pure. I'm surprised you never heard about it. It was translated into twelve languages. See." 230 She gestured toward a bookcase, where

She got a paperback from a closet. "It's too bad he isn't here. He would be glad to autograph it for you, but he's in England. He travels a lot."

"Well, thank you, ma'am," said Artemis. "Thank you for the lunch and the book. I have to get back to work.'

He checked the rig, climbed into the cab and put down Huxley for J. P. Filler. He read the book with a certain amount of interest, but his incredulity was stubborn. Except to go to and from college, Artemis had never traveled, and yet he often felt himself to be a traveler, to be among strangers. Walking down a street in China, he would have felt no more alien than he felt at that moment, trying to comprehend the fact that he lived in a world where a man was wealthy and esteemed for having written a book about turds.

That's what it was about: turds. There were all shapes, sizes and colors, along with a great many descriptions of toilets. Filler had traveled widely. There were the toilets of New Delhi and the toilets of Cairo and he had either imagined or visited the Pope's chambers in the Vatican and the facilities of the Imperial Palace in Tokyo. There were quite a few lyrical descriptions of nature -loose bowels in a lemon grove in Spain, constipation in a mountain pass in Nepal, dysentery on the Greek islands. It was not really a dull book and it had, as she had said, a distinct universality, although Artemis continued to feel that he had straved into some country like China. He was not a prude, but he used a prudent vocabulary. When a well came too close to a septic tank, he referred to the danger as "fecal matter." He had been "down on" (his vocabulary) Maria many times, but to count these performances and to recall in detail the techniques seemed to diminish the experience. There was, he thought, a height of sexual ecstasy that by its immensity and profoundness seemed to transcend observation. He finished the book a little after five. It looked like rain. He killed the rig, covered it with a tarpaulin and drove home. Passing a bog, he tossed away his copy of Shit. He didn't want to hide it and he would have had trouble describing it to his mother and, anyhow, he didn't want to read it again.

The next day it rained and Artemis got very wet. The rig worked loose and he spent most of the morning making it secure. Mrs. Filler was worried about his health. First she brought him a towel. "You'll catch your death of cold, you darling boy," she said. "Oh, look how curly your hair is." Later, carrying an

umbrella, she brought him a cup of tea. She urged him to come into the house and change into dry clothes. He said that he couldn't leave the rig.

'Anyhow," he said, "I never catch cold." As soon as he said this, he began to sneeze. Mrs. Filler insisted that he either come into her house or go home. He was uncomfortable and he gave up around two. Mrs. Filler had been right. By suppertime, his throat was sore. His head was unclear. He took two aspirins and went to bed around nine. He woke after midnight in the hot-and-cold spasms of a high fever. The effect of this was strangely to reduce him to the emotional attitudes of a child. He curled up in an embryonic position, his hands between his knees, alternately sweating and shivering. He felt himself lonely but well protected, irresponsible and cozy. His father seemed to live again and would bring him, when he came home from work, a new switch for his electric train or a lure for his tackle box. His mother brought him some breakfast and took his temperature. He had a fever of 103 and dozed for most of the morning.

At noon his mother came in to say that there was a lady downstairs to see him. She had brought some soup. He said that he didn't want to see anyone, but his mother seemed doubtful. The lady was a customer. Her intentions were kind. It would be rude to turn her away. He felt too feeble to show any resistance and a few minutes later, Mrs. Filler stood in the doorway with a preserve jar full of broth. "I told him he'd be sick, I told him that yesterday."

"I'll go next door and see if they have any aspirin," said his mother. "We've used ours all up." She left the room and Mrs. Filler closed the door.

"Oh, you poor boy," she said. "You poor boy."

"It's only a cold," he said, "I never get sick."

"But you are sick," she said. "You are sick and I told you you would be sick, you silly boy." Her voice was tremulous and she sat on the edge of his bed and began to stroke his brow. "If you'd only come into my house, you'd be out there today, swinging your sledge hammer." She extended her caresses to his chest and shoulders and then, reaching under the bedclothes, hit, since Artemis never wore pajamas, pay dirt. "Oh, you lovely boy," said Mrs. Filler. "Do you always get hard this quickly? It's so hard." Artemis groaned and Mrs. Filler went to work. Then he arched his back and let out a muffled yell. The trajectory of his discharge was a little like the fireballs from a Roman candle and may explain our fascination with these pyrotechnics. Then they heard the front door open and Mrs. Filler left his bed for a chair by the window. Her face was very red and she was breathing heavily.

"All the aspirin they have is baby aspirin," said his mother. "It's pink, but I guess if you take enough of it, it works all right."

"Why don't you go to the drugstore and buy some aspirin?" said Mrs. Filler. "I'll stay with him while you're gone."

"I don't know how to drive," said Artemis' mother. "Isn't that funny? In this day and age. I've never learned how to drive a car." Mrs. Filler was about to suggest that she walk to the drugstore, but she realized that this might expose her position. "I'll telephone the drugstore and see if they deliver," his mother said and left the room with the door open. The telephone was in the hallway and Mrs. Filler remained in her chair. She stayed a few minutes longer and parted on a note of false cheerfulness.

"Now, you get better," she said, "and come back and dig me a nice well."

He was back at work three days later. Mrs. Filler was not there, but she returned around 11 with a load of groceries. At noon, when he was opening his lunch pail, she came out of the house carrying a small tray on which there were two brown, steaming drinks. "I've brought you a toddy," she said. He opened the cab door and she climbed in and sat beside him.

"Is there whiskey in it?" asked Artemis. "Just a drop," she said. "It's mostly tea and lemon. It will help you get better." Artemis tasted his toddy and thought he had never tasted anything so strong. "Did you read my husband's book?" she asked.

"I looked at it," Artemis said slyly. "I didn't understand it. I mean, I didn't understand why he had to write about that. I don't read very much, but I suppose it's better than some books. The kind of books I really hate are the kind of books where people just walk around and light cigarettes and say things like good morning. They just walk around. When I read a book, I want to read about earthquakes and exploring and tidal waves. I don't want to read about people walking around and opening doors."

"Oh, you silly boy," she said. "You don't know anything."

"I'm thirty years old," said Artemis, "and I know how to drill a well."

"But you don't know what I want," she said.

"You want a well, I guess," he said. "A hundred gallons a minute. Good drinking water.'

"I don't mean that, I mean what I want now."

He slumped a little in the seat and unfastened his trousers. She dipped her head, a singular gesture rather like a bird going after seed or water. "Hey, that's great," said Artemis, "that's really great. You want me to tell you when I'm



"I admire your initiative, Flynn, but we can't arrest them for impersonating marijuana."

going to come?" She simply shook her head. "Big load's on its way," said Artemis. "Big load's coming down the line. You want me to hold it?" She shook her head. "Ouch," yelled Artemis. "Ouch." One of his limitations as a lover was that at the most sublime moment, he usually shouted "Ouch, ouch," Maria had often complained about this. "Ouch," roared Artemis. "Ouch, ouch, ouch," as he was racked by a large orgasm. "Hey, that was great," he said, "that was really great, but I'll bet it's unhealthy. I mean, I'll bet if you do that all the time, you'd get to be roundshouldered."

She kissed him tenderly and said, "You're crazy." That made two. He gave her one of his sandwiches.

The rig was then down to 300 feet. The next day, Artemis hauled up the hammer and lowered the cylinder that measured water. The water was muddy but not soapy and he guessed the take to be about 20 gallons a minute. When Mrs. Filler came out of the house, he told her the news. She didn't seem pleased. Her face was swollen and her eyes were red. "I'll go down another fifteen or twenty feet," Artemis said. "I think you'll have a nice well."

"And then you'll go away," she said, "and never come back." She began to

"Don't cry," said Artemis. "Please

don't cry, Mrs. Filler. I hate to see wonen crying."

"I'm in love," she sobbed loudly.

"Well, I guess a nice woman like you must fall in love pretty often," Artemis

"I'm in love with you," she sobbed. "It's never happened to me before. I wake up at five in the morning and start waiting for you to come. Six o'clock, seven o'clock, eight o'clock. It's agony. I can't live without you."

"What about your husband?" asked Artemis cheerfully.

"He knows," she sobbed. "He's in London. I called him last night. I told him. It didn't seem fair to have him come home expecting a loving wife when his wife is in love with someone

"What did he say?"

"He didn't say anything. He hung up. He's scheduled to come back tonight. I have to meet the plane at five. I love you, I love you, I love you."

"Well, I have to get back to work, ma'am," said Artemis at his most rustic. "You go back to the house now and get some rest." She turned and started for the house. He would have liked to console her-sorrow of any sort distressed him-but he knew that any gesture on his part would be hazardous. He reset the rig and went down another 20 feet, where he estimated the take to be about 231 30 gallons a minute. At 3:30, Mrs. Filler left. She scowled at him as she drove past. As soon as she had gone, he moved hastily. He capped the well, got his rig onto the truck and drove home. About nine that night, the phone rang. He thought of not answering or of asking his mother to take it, but his mother was watching television and he had his responsibilities as a well driller. "You've got around thirty-five gallons a minute," he said. "Haversham will install the pump. I don't know whether or not you'll need another storage tank. Ask Haversham. Goodbye."

The next day, he took his shotgun and a package of sandwiches and walked the woods north of the town. He was not much of a wing shot and there weren't many birds, but it pleased him to walk through the woods and pastures and climb the stone walls. When he got home, his mother said, "She was here. That lady. She brought you a present." She passed him a box in which there were three silk shirts and a love letter. Later that evening, when the telephone rang, he asked his mother to say that he was out. It was, of course, Mrs. Filler. Artemis had not taken a vacation in several years and he could see that the time to travel had arrived. In the morning, he went to a travel agency in the village.

The agency was in a dark, narrow room on a dark street, its walls blazing with posters of beaches, cathedrals and couples in love. The agent was a grayhaired woman. Above her desk was a sign that said, YOU HAVE TO BE CRAZY TO BE A TRAVEL AGENT. She seemed harassed and her voice was cracked with age, whiskey or tobacco. She chain-smoked. She twice lighted cigarettes when there was a cigarette smoking in the ashtray. Artemis said that he had \$500 to spend and would like to be away for about two weeks. "Well, I suppose you've seen Paris, London and Disneyland," she said. "Everyone has. There's Tokyo, of course, but they tell me it's a very tiring flight. Seventeen hours in a 707, with a utility stop in Fairbanks. My most satisfied customers these days are the ones who go to Russia. There's a package." She flashed a folder at him. "For three hundred and twenty-eight dollars, you get economyround-trip air fare to Moscow, twelve days in a first-class hotel with all your meals, free tickets to hockey, ballet, opera, theater and a pass to the public swimming pool. Side trips to Leningrad and Kiev are optional." He asked what else she might suggest. "Well, there's Ireland," she said, "but it's rainy now. A plane hasn't landed in London for nearly ten days. They stack up at Liverpool and then you take a train down. Rome is cold. So is Paris. It takes three days to get to Egypt. For a two-week trip, the 232 Pacific is out, but you could go to the Caribbean, although reservations are very hard to get. I suppose you'll want to buy souvenirs and there isn't much to buy in Russia."

"I don't want to buy anything," Artemis said. "I just want to travel."

"Take my advice," she said, "and go to Russia."

It seemed the maximum distance that he could place between himself and Mr. and Mrs. Filler. His mother was imperturbable. Most women who owned seven American flags would have protested, but she said nothing but "Go where you want, Sonny. You deserve a change." His visa and passport took a week and one pleasant evening, he boarded the eighto'clock Aeroflot from Kennedy to Moscow. Most of the other passengers were Japanese and couldn't speak English and it was a long and a lonely trip.

It was raining in Moscow, so Artemis heard what he liked-the sound of rain. The Japanese spoke Russian and he trailed along behind them across the tarmac to the main building, where they formed a line. The line moved slowly and he had been waiting for an hour or longer when a good-looking young woman approached him and asked, "Are you Mr. Artemis Bucklin? I have very good news for you. Come with me." She found his bag and bucked the lines for customs and immigration. A large black car was waiting for them. "We will go first to your hotel," she said. She had a marked English accent. "Then we will go to the Bolshoi theater, where our great premier, Nikita Sergeevich Khrushchev, wants to welcome you as a member of the American proletariat. People of many occupations come to visit our beautiful country, but you are the first well driller." Her voice was lilting and she seemed very happy with her news. Artemis was confused, tired and dirty. Looking out of the car window, he saw an enormous portrait of the premier nailed to a tree. He was frightened.

Why should he be frightened? He had dug wells for rich and powerful people and had met them without fear or shyness. Khrushchev was merely a peasant who, through cunning, vitality and luck, had made himself the master of a population of over 200,000,000. That was the rub; and as the car approached the city, portraits of Khrushchev looked in at Artemis from bakeries, department stores and lampposts. Khrushchev banners flapped in the wind on a bridge across the Moskva River. In Mayakovsky Square, a large, lighted portrait of Khrushchev beamed down upon his children as they rushed for the subway entrance.

Artemis was taken to a hotel called the Ukraine. "We are already late," the young woman said.

"I can't go anywhere until I've taken

a bath and shaved," said Artemis. "I can't go anywhere looking like this. And I would like something to eat."

"You go up and change," she said, "and I'll meet you in the dining room. Do you like chicken?"

Artemis went up to his room and turned on the hot water in his tub. As anyone could guess, nothing happened. He shaved in cold water and was beginning to dress when the hot-water spout made a Vesuvian racket and began to ejaculate rusty and scalding water. He bathed in this, dressed and went down. She was sitting at a table in the dining room, where his dinner had been served. She had kindly ordered a carafe of vodka, which he drank off before he ate his chicken. "I do not want to hasten you," she said, "but we will be late. I will try to explain. Today is the jubilee of the Battle of Stavitsky. We will go to the Bolshoi theater and you will sit on the presidium. I won't be able to sit with you, so you will understand very little of what is said. There will be speeches. Then, after the speeches are over, there will be a reception at the rear of the stage, where our great premier, Nikita Sergeevich Khrushchev, will welcome you as a member of the American proletariat to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. I think we should go."

The same car and driver waited for

them and, on the trip from the Ukraine to the Bolshoi, Artemis counted 70 portraits of the man he was about to meet. They entered the Bolshoi by a back door. He was taken onto the stage, where the speeches had begun. The jubilee was being televised and the lights for this made the stage as hot as a desert, an illusion that was extended by the fact that the stage was flanked with plastic palm trees. Artemis could understand nothing that was said, but he looked around for the premier. He was not in the principal box. This was occupied by two very old women. At the end of an hour of speeches, his anguish turned to boredom and the unease of a full bladder. At the end of another hour, he was merely sleepy. Then the ceremony ended. There was a buffet backstage and he went there as he had been directed, expecting Khrushchev to make his terrifying appearance, but the premier was not around and when Artemis asked if he was expected, he was given no answer. He ate a sandwich and drank a glass of wine. No one spoke to him. He decided to walk home from the Bolshoi in order to stretch his legs. As soon as he left the theater, a policeman stopped him. He kept repeating the name of his hotel and pointing to his shoes, and when the policeman understood, he gave him directions. Off went

Artemis. It seemed to be the same route

he had taken in the car, but all the

portraits of Khrushchev had vanished.

All those pictures that had beamed down on him from bakeries, lampposts and walls were gone. He thought he was lost, until he crossed a bridge over the Moskva River that he remembered for its banners. They no longer flew. When he reached the hotel, he looked for a large portrait of Khrushchev that had hung in the lobby. Gone. So, like many other travelers before him, he went upstairs to a strange room in a strange country humming the unreality blues. How could he have guessed that Khrushchev had been deposed?

He had breakfast in the dining room with an Englishman who told him the facts. He also suggested that if Artemis needed an interpreter, he should go to the Central Government Agency and not Intourist. He wrote, in the Cyrillic alphabet, an address on a card. He ordered the waiters around officiously in Russian and Artemis was impressed with his fluency; but he was, in fact, one of those travelers who can order fried eggs and hard liquor in seven languages but who can't count to ten in more than one.

There were cabs in front of the hotel and Artemis gave the address to a driver. They took the same route they had taken to the Bolshoi and Artemis was able to recheck the fact that all the portraits of Khrushchev had been removed in two hours or three at the most. It must have taken hundreds of men. The address was a dingy office building with a sign in English as well as Russian. Artemis climbed some shabby stairs to a door that was padded. Why padded? Silence? Madness? He opened the door onto a brightly lighted office and told a striking young woman that he wanted an interpreter to take him around Moscow.

The Russians don't seem to have gotten the bugs out of illumination. There is either too much light or too little and the light the young woman stood in was seedy. She had, however, or so he thought, enough beauty to conquer the situation. If a thousand portraits of Khrushchev could vanish in three hours, couldn't he fall in love in three minutes? He seemed to. She was about five feet, five. He was six feet, which meant that she was the right size, a consideration he had learned to respect. Her brow and the shape of her head were splendid and she stood with her head raised a little, as if she were accustomed to speaking to people taller than herself. She wore a tight sweater that showed her fine breasts and her skirt was also tight. She seemed to be in charge of the office, but in spite of her manifest executive responsibilities, there was not a trace of aggressiveness in her manner. Her femininity was intense. Her essence seemed to lie in two things: a sense of girlishness and the quickness with which she moved her head. She seemed capable of the changeableness, the moodiness of someone much younger. (She was, he discovered later, 32.) She moved her head as if her vision were narrow, as if it moved from object to object, rather than to take in the panorama. Her vision was not narrow, but that was the impression he got. There was some nostalgia in her appearance, some charming feminine sense of the past. "Mrs. Kosiev will take you around," she said. "Without taxi fares, that will be twenty-three rubles." She spoke with exactly the same accent as the woman who had met him at the airport. (He would never know, but they had both learned their English off a tape made at the university in Leningrad by an English governess turned Communist.)

He knew none of the customs of this strange country, but he decided to take a chance. "Will you have dinner with me?" he asked.

She gave him an appraising and pleasant look. "I'm going to a poetry reading," she said.

"Can I come with you?" he asked.

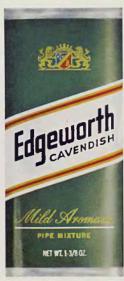
"Why, yes," she said. "Of course. Meet me here at six." Then she called for Mrs. Kosiev. This was a broad-shouldered woman who gave him a manly



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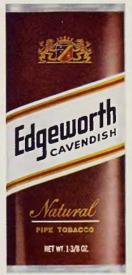
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handshake but no smile. "Will you please give our guest from the United States the twenty-three-ruble tour of Moscow?" He counted out 23 rubles and put them on the desk of the woman with whom he had just fallen in love.

Going down the stairs, Mrs. Kosiev said, "That was Natasha Funaroff. She is the daughter of Marshal Funaroff. They have lived in Siberia. . . ."

After this piece of information, Mrs. Kosiev began to praise the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and continued this for the rest of the day. They walked a short distance from the office to the Kremlin, where she first took him to the Armory, A long line was waiting at the door, but they bucked this. Inside, they put felt bags over their shoes and Artemis was shown the crown jewels, the royal horse tack and some of the royal wardrobe. Artemis was bored and had begun to feel terribly tired. They toured three churches in the Kremlin. These seemed to him rich, lofty and completely mysterious. They then took a cab to the Tretyakov Gallery. Artemis had begun to notice that the smell of Moscow-so far from any tilled land-was the smell of soil, sour curds, sour whey and earthstained overalls. It lingered in the massive lobby of the Ukraine. The golden churches of the Kremlin, scoured of their incense, smelled like barns, and in the gallery, the smell of curds and whey was augmented by a mysterious but distinct smell of cow manure. At one, Artemis said he was hungry and they had some lunch. They then went to the Lenin Library and, after that, to a deconsecrated monastery that had been turned into a folk museum. Artemis had seen more than enough and after the monastery, he said that he wanted to return to the hotel. Mrs. Kosiev said that the tour was not completed and that there would be no rebate. He said he didn't care and took a cab back to the Ukraine.

He returned to the office at six. She was waiting in the street, waiting by the door. "Did you have a nice tour?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," said Artemis. "Oh, yes. I don't seem to like museums, but then, I've never been in any and perhaps it's something I could learn."

"I detest museums," she said. She took his arm lightly, lightly touched his shoulder with hers. Her hair was a very light brown—not really blonde—but it shone in the streetlights. It was straight and dressed simply with a short queue in the back, secured with an elastic band. The air was damp and cold and smelled of diesel exhaust. "We are going to hear Luncharvsky," she said. "It isn't far. We can walk."

Oh, Moscow, Moscow, that most anonymous of all anonymous cities! There were some dead flowers on the bust of

Chaliapin, but they seemed to be the only flowers in town. Part of the clash of a truly great city on an autumn night is the smell of roasting coffee and (in Rome) wine and new bread and men and women carrying flowers home to a lover, a spouse or nobody in particular, nobody at all. As it grew darker and the lights went on, Artemis seemed to find none of the excitement of a day's ending. Through a window he saw a child reading a book, a woman frying potatoes. Was it because with all the princes gone and all the palaces still standing one felt, for better or for worse, that a critical spectrum of the city's life had been extinguished? They passed a man carrying three loaves of new bread in a string basket. The man was singing. This made Artemis happy. "I love you, Natasha Funaroff," he said.

"How did you know my name?"

"Mrs. Kosiev told me all about you."

They saw ahead of them the statue of Mayakovsky, although Artemis didn't (doesn't today) know anything about the poet. It was gigantic and tasteless, a relic of the Stalin era that reshaped the whole pantheon of Russian literature to resemble the sons of Lenin. (Even poor Chekhov was given posthumously heroic shoulders and a massive brow.) It grew darker and darker and more lights went on. Then, as they saw the crowd, Artemis saw that the smoke from their cigarettes had formed, 30 or 40 feet in the air, a flat, substantial and unnatural cloud. He supposed this was some process of inversion. Before they reached the square, he could hear Luncharvsky's voice. Russian is a more percussive language than English, less musical but more diverse, and this may account for its carrying power. The voice was powerful, not only in volume but in its emotional force. It seemed melancholy and exalted. Artemis understood nothing beyond the noise. Luncharvsky stood on a platform below the statue of Mayakovsky, declaiming love lyrics to an audience of 1000 or 2000, who stood under their bizarre cloud or canopy of smoke. He was not singing, but the force of his voice was the force of singing. Natasha made a gesture as if she had brought him to see one of the wonders of the world and he thought that perhaps she had.

He was a traveler, a stranger, and he had traveled this far to see strange things. The dusk was cold, but Luncharvsky was in his shirt sleeves. His shoulders were broad—broad-boned, that is. His arms were long. His hands were large and when he closed them into a fist, as he did every few minutes, the fist seemed massive. He was a tall man. His hair was yellow, not cut and not combed. His eyes had the startling and compelling cast of a man unremittently on the up and up. Artemis had

the feeling that not only did he command the attention of the crowd but had anyone there been momentarily inattentive, he would have known it. At the end of the recitation, someone passed him a bouquet of dying chrysanthemums and his suit coat. "I'm hungry," said Artemis.

"We will go to a Georgian restaurant," she said. "A Georgian kitchen is our best kitchen."

They went to a very noisy place where Artemis had chicken for the third time. Leaving the restaurant, she took his arm again, pressed her shoulder against his and led him down a street. He wondered if she would take him home and if she did, what would he find? Old parents, brothers, sisters or perhaps a roommate? "Where are we going?" he asked.

"To the park. Is that all right?"

"That's fine," said Artemis. The park, when they reached it, was like any other. There were trees, losing their leaves at that time of year, benches and concrete walks. There was a concrete statue of a man holding a child on his shoulders. The child held a bird. Artemis supposed they were meant to represent progress or hope. They sat on a bench, he put an arm around her and kissed her. She responded tenderly and expertly and for the next half hour they kissed each other. Artemis felt relaxed, loving, close to sappy. When he stood to straighten the protuberance in his trousers, she took his hand and led him to an apartment house a block or so away. An armed policeman stood by the door. She took what Artemis guessed was an identity card out of her purse. The policeman scrutinized this in a way that was meant to be offensive. He seemed openly bellicose. He sneered, glowered, pointed several times to Artemis and spoke to her as if she were contemptible. In different circumstances-in a different country-Artemis would have hit him. Finally, they were allowed to pass and they took an elevator-a sort of cage-to another floor. Even the apartment house smelled to Artemis like a farm. She unlocked a door with two keys and led him into a dingy room. There was a bed in one corner. Clothes hung to dry from a string. On a table, there was half a loaf of bread and some scraps of meat. Artemis quickly got out of his clothes, as did she, and they (his choice of words) made love. She cleaned up the mess with a cloth, put a lighted cigarette between his lips and poured him a glass of vodka. "I don't ever want this to end," Artemis said. "I don't ever want this to end." Lying with her in his arms, he felt a thrilling and galvanic sense of their indivisibility, although they were utter strangers. He was thinking idly about a well he had drilled two



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years ago and God knows what she was thinking about. "What was it like in Siberia?" he asked.

"Wonderful," she said.

"What was your father like?"

"He liked cucumbers," she said. "He was a marshal until we were sent to Siberia. When we came back, they gave him an office in the Ministry of Defense. It was a little office. There was no chair, no table, no desk, no telephone, nothing. He used to go there in the morning and sit on the floor. Then he died. Now you'll have to go."

"Why?"

"Because it's late and I'll worry about

"Can I see you tomorrow?"

"Of course."

"Can you come to my hotel?"

"No, I couldn't do that. It wouldn't be safe for me to be seen in a tourist hotel and, anyhow, I hate them. We can meet in the park. I'll write the address." She left the bed and walked across the room. Her figure was astonishing-it seemed in its perfection to be almost freakish. Her breasts were large, her waist was very slender and her backside was voluminous. She carried it with a little swag, as if it were filled with buckshot. Artemis dressed, kissed her good night and went down. The policeman stopped him but finally let him go, since neither understood anything the other said. When Artemis asked for his key at the hotel, there was some delay. Then a man in uniform appeared, holding Artemis' passport, and extracted the

"You will leave Moscow tomorrow morning," he said. "You will take SAS flight 769 to Copenhagen and change for New York."

"But I want to see your great country," Artemis said. "I want to see Leningrad and Kiev."

"The airport bus leaves at half past

In the morning, Artemis had the Intourist agent in the lobby telephone the interpreters' bureau. When he asked for Natasha Funaroff, he was told there was no such person there; there never had been. Forty-eight hours after his arrival, he was winging his way home. The other passengers on the plane were American tourists and he was able to talk and make friends and pass the time.

Artemis went to work a few days later drilling in hardpan outside the village of Brewster. The site had been chosen by a dowser and he was dubious, but he was wrong. At 400 feet he hit limestone and a stream of sweet water that came in at 100 gallons a minute. It was 16 days after his return from Moscow that he got his first letter from Natasha. His address on the envelope was in English, but there was a lot of Cyrillic writing and the stamps were brilliantly colored. The letter disconcerted his mother and had, she told him, alarmed the postman. To go to Russia was one thing, but to receive letters from that strange and distant country was something else. "My darling," Natasha had written. "I dreamed last night that you and I were a wave on the Black Sea at Yalta. I know you haven't seen that part of my country, but if one were a wave, moving toward shore, one would be able to see the Crimean Mountains covered with snow. In Yalta sometimes when there are roses in bloom, you can see snow falling on the mountains. When I woke from the dream. I felt elevated and relaxed and I definitely had the taste of salt in my mouth. I must sign this letter Fifi, since nothing so irrational could have been written by your loving Natasha."

He answered her letter that night. "Dearest Natasha, I love you. If you will come to this country, I will marry you. I think of you all the time and I would like to show you how we live-the roads and trees and the lights of the cities. It is very different from the way you live. I am serious about all of this, and if you need money for the plane trip, I will send it. If you decided that you didn't want to marry me, you could go home again. Tonight is Halloween. I don't suppose you have that in Russia. It is the night when the dead are supposed to arise, although they don't, of course, but children wander around the streets disguised as ghosts and skeletons and devils and you give them candy and pennies. Please come to my country and

This much was simple, but to copy her address in the Russian alphabet took him much longer. He went through ten envelopes before he had what he thought was a satisfactory copy. In the morning, before he went to work, he took his letter to the post office. The clerk was a friend. "What in hell are you doing, Art, writing this scribblescrabble to Communists?'

Artemis got rustic. "Well, you see, Sam, I was there for a day or so and there was this girl." The letter took a 25-cent stamp, a dismal gray engraving of Abraham Lincoln. When Artemis, thinking of the brilliant stamps on her letter, asked if there weren't something livelier, his friend said no.

He got her reply in ten days. "I like to think that our letters cross and I like to think of them flapping their wings at each other somewhere over the Atlantic. I would love to come to your country and marry you or have you marry me here, but we cannot do this until there is peace in the world. I wish we didn't have to depend upon peace for love. I went to the country on Saturday and the birds and the birches and the pines were soothing. I wish you had been with me. A Unitarian doctor of divinity came to the office yesterday looking for an interpreter. He seemed intelligent and I took him around Moscow myself. He told me I didn't have to believe in God to be a Unitarian. God, he told me, is the progress from chaos to order to human responsibility. I always thought God sat on the clouds, surrounded by troops of angels, but perhaps He lives in a submarine, surrounded by divisions of mermaids. Please send me a snapshot and write again. Your letters make me very

"I'm enclosing a snapshot," he wrote. "It's three years old. It was taken at the Wakusha Reservoir. This is the center of the Northeast watershed. I think of you all the time. I woke at three this morning thinking of you. It was a nice feeling. I like the dark. The dark seems to me like a house with many rooms. Sixty or 70. At night now after work I go skating. I suppose everybody in Russia must know how to skate. I know that Russians play hockey, because they usually beat the Americans in the Olympics. Three to two, seven to two, eight to one. It is beginning to snow. Love, Artemis." He had another struggle with the address.

"Your last letter took 18 days," she wrote. "I find myself answering your letters before they come, but there's nothing mystical about this, really, for there's an immense clock at the post office with one side black and the other white showing what time it is in different parts of the world. By the time dawn breaks where you are, we are halfway through the day. They have just painted my stairs. The colors are the colors favored by all municipal painters -light brown with a dark-brown border. While they were about it, they splashed a little white paint on the bottom of my mailbox. Now when the lift carries me down, the white paint gives me the illusion that there is a letter from you. I cannot cure myself of this. My heart beats and I run to the box, only to find white paint. Now I ride the lift with my back turned, the drop of paint is so painful."

As he returned from work one night, his mother told him that someone had called from the county seat and said that the call was urgent. Artemis guessed that it must be the Internal Revenue Service. He had had difficulty trying to describe to them the profit and loss in looking for water. He was a conscientious citizen and he called the number. A stranger identified himself as Mr. Cooper and he didn't sound like the Internal Revenue Service. Cooper wanted to see Artemis at once. "Well, you see," Artemis said, "it's my bowling 237

night. Our team is tied for first place and I'd hate to miss the games if we could meet some other time." Cooper was agreeable and Artemis told him where he was working and how to get there. Cooper said he would be there at ten and Artemis went bowling.

In the morning, it began to snow. It looked like a heavy storm. Cooper showed up at ten. He did not get out of his car, but he was so very pleasant that Artemis guessed he was a salesman, Insurance.

"I understand that you've been in Russia."

"Well, I was only there for forty-eight hours. They canceled my visa. I don't know why."

"But you've been corresponding with Russia."

"Yes, there's this girl. I went out with her once. We write each other."

"The State Department is very much interested in your experience. Undersecretary Hurlow would like to talk with you."

"But I didn't really have any experience. I saw some churches and had three chicken dinners and then they sent me

"Well, the Undersecretary is interested. He called yesterday and again this morning. Would you mind going to Washington?"

"I'm working."

"It would only take a day. You can take the shuttle in the morning and come back in the afternoon. It won't take long. I think they'll pay your expenses, although this hasn't been decided. I have the information here." He handed the well digger a State Department letterhead that requested the presence of Artemis Bucklin at the new State Department building at nine A.M. on the following day. "If you can make it," Cooper said, "your Government will be very grateful. I wouldn't worry too much about the nine a.m. Nobody much gets to work before ten. It was nice to have met you. If you have any questions, call me at this number." Then he was gone and gone very quickly, because the snow was dense. The well site was in some backwoods where the roads wouldn't be plowed and Artemis drove home before lunch.

Some provincialism-some attachment to the not unpleasant routines of his life -made Artemis feel resistant to the trip to Washington. He didn't want to go, but could he be forced to? The only force involved was in the phrase that his Government would be grateful. With the exception of the Internal Revenue Service, he had no particular quarrel with his Government and he would have liked-childishly, perhaps-to deserve its gratitude. That night he packed a 238 bag and checked the airline schedules

and he was at the new State Department building at nine the next morning.

Cooper had been right about time. Artemis cooled his heels in a waiting room until after ten. He was then taken up two floors, not to see the Undersecretary but to see a man named Serge Belinsky. Belinsky's office was small and bare and his secretary was a peevish Southern woman who wore bedroom slippers. Belinsky asked Artemis to fill out some simple bureaucratic forms. When had he arrived in Moscow?; when had he left Moscow?; where had he stayed?; etc. When these were finished, Belinsky had them duplicated and took Artemis up another floor to the office of a man named Moss. Here things were very different. The secretary was pretty and flirtatious and wore shoes. The furniture was not luxurious, but it was a cut above Belinsky's. There were flowers on the desk and a painting on the wall. Artemis repeated the little he remembered, the little there was to remember. When he described the arrangements for his meeting with Khrushchev, Moss laughed; Moss whooped. He was a very elegant young man, so beautifully dressed and polished that Artemis felt himself uncouth, unwashed and shabby. He was clean enough and mannerly, but his clothes bound at the shoulders and the crotch. "I think the Undersecretary would like to see us now," said Moss, and they went up another flight.

This was an altogether different creation. The floors were carpeted, the walls were paneled and the secretary wore boots that were buckled with brass and reached up past her skirts, ending God knows where. How far they had come, in such a short distance, from the peevish secretary in bedroom slippers. How Artemis longed for his rig, his work clothes and his lunch pail. They were served coffee and then the secretary-the one with the boots-dismissed Moss and took him in to the Undersecretary.

Except for a very small desk, there was nothing businesslike about the office. There were colored rugs, sofas, pictures and flowers. Mr. Hurlow was a very tall man who seemed tired or perhaps unwell. "It was good of you to come, Mr. Bucklin. I'll go straight to the point. I have to go to the Hill at eleven. You know Natasha Funaroff."

"I took her out once. We had dinner and sat in a park."

"You correspond with her."

"Yes."

"Of course, we've monitored your letters. Their government does the same. Our intelligence feels that your letters contain some sort of information. She, as the daughter of a marshal, is close to the government. The rest of her family were shot. She wrote that God might sit in a submarine, surrounded by divisions of mermaids. That same day was the

date of our last submarine crisis. I understand that she is an intelligent woman and I can't believe that she would write anything so foolish without its having a second meaning. Earlier she wrote that you and she were a wave on the Black Sea. The date corresponds precisely to the Black Sea maneuvers. You sent her a photograph of yourself beside the Wakusha Reservoir, pointing out that this was the center of the Northeast watershed. This, of course, is not classified information, but it all helps. Later you write that the dark seems to you like a house divided into seventy rooms. This was written ten days before we activated the Seventieth Division. Would you care to explain any of this?"

"There's nothing to explain. I love her."

"That's absurd. You said yourself that you only saw her once. How can you fall in love with a woman you've only seen once? I can't at the moment threaten you, Mr. Bucklin. I can bring you before a committee, but unless you're willing to be more cooperative, this would be a waste of our time. We feel quite sure that you and your friend have worked out a cipher. I can't forbid you to write, of course, but we can stop your letters. What I would like is your patriotic cooperation. Mr. Cooper, whom I believe you've met, will call on you once a week or so and give you the information or, rather, the misinformation that we would like you to send to Russia, couched, of course, in your cipher, your descriptions of the dark as a house."

"I couldn't do that, Mr. Hurlow. It would be dishonest to you and to Natasha."

The Undersecretary laughed and gave a little girlish tilt to his shoulders. "Well, think it over and call Cooper when you've made up your mind. Of course, the destiny of the nation doesn't depend on your decision. I'm late." He didn't rise, he didn't offer his hand. Artemis, feeling worse than he had felt in Moscow and singing the unreality blues, went past the secretary with the boots and took an elevator down past the secretary with the shoes and the one in bedroom slippers. He got home in time for supper.

He never heard again from the State Department. Had they made a mistake? Were they fools or idle? He would never know. He wrote Natasha four very circumspect letters, omitting his hockey and his bowling scores. There was no reply. He looked for letters from her for a month or so. He thought often of the spot of paint on her mailbox. When it got warmer, there was the healing sound of rain to hear, at least there was that. Water, water.

TAROT (continued from page 102)

as cups has become—in a puzzling switch typical of the tarot's mysteries—hearts.

But the cards that have truly captured the imagination of men are those of the Greater Arcana. For untold generations, these two-and-twenty evocative, disturbing cryptic little pictures have tempted us with the seductive suspicion that they contain—in symbolic, coded, allegorical form—the inmost secrets of life, love, destiny and death.

"Man has suffered a great loss," writes mysticist Gertrude Moakley, "and his heart is plagued with a longing to recover the lost treasure. Somewhere, deeply buried, this treasure still exists. The problem is to find the way to it." And that way, she suggests, may be revealed by the tarot, which De Givry has described as "a mysterious door opening on a gaping and unfathomable future of illusions and hopes."

The cards of the Greater Arcana picture all of life. They show us an assortment of human characters: the Pope, the High Priestess (sometimes called Pope Joan), the Emperor, the Empress. the Magician (or Juggler), the Hermit. They show us, also, grim allegorical personages, the Devil and Death. The cardinal virtues of Justice, Strength and Temperance are depicted, and the astronomical elements of the Sun, the Moon, the Star. Two of the cards relate to fatality in human life: the Lovers and the Wheel of Fortune. Four more depict elements of cosmic fatality: the Chariot, Judgment, the World, the House of God (sometimes known as the Lightning-Struck Tower, which many assume to be the Tower of Babel). The 22nd and last card of the Greater Arcana is unnumbered and is called the Fool, precursor of our common joker.

We have singled out one card for special attention. It is the 12th card, the strangest of all, the Hanged Man. Its meaning is obscure, buffeted by controversy. In most versions of the tarot, he hangs by one foot from a cross or gibbet, head down, not dead but alive, his face usually expressionless, sometimes suffering, but in some tarots almost blissful. In at least one version, his head is surrounded by a glowing nimbus, much like a halo. In another version, his hands are holding two cloth sacks (do they contain money?). One daring tarot scholar insisted that the Hanged Man only appears to be hanging, because the card has traditionally but erroneously been held upside down: In reality, he is standing on one foot and the other foot is shown in mid-air while the man carefully considers whether or not he should take the next step. According to this interpretation (almost universally rejected), the card represents prudence.

Arthur Waite said of the Hanged Man: "It is a card of profound significance, but all the significance is veiled. . . . It has been called falsely a card of martyrdom, a card of prudence, a card of the Great Work, a card of duty. . . . I will say very simply on my own part that it expresses the relation, in one of its aspects, between the Divine and the Universe. He who can understand that the story of his higher nature is imbedded in this symbolism will receive intimations concerning a great awakening that is possible, and will know that after the sacred Mystery of Death there is a glorious Mystery of Resurrection."

With an appropriately enigmatic air, Miss Moakley simply says, "Show the Hanged Man card to some friend who has never seen the tarot before, and let him take the card into his own hand. Notice what he does with it. Another way is to give your friend the whole pack of cards to look through, and again notice what happens when he comes to the Hanged Man."

Although tarot cards can be used like any other cards to play mundane games of chance, their true worth is seen in the dark art of cartomancy, whereby gifted persons, attuned to the mysteries, are said to divine the course of future happenings. A famous cartomancer was Mlle. Le Normand, twice imprisoned by Bonaparte, who used the tarot to fore-tell the Empress Josephine's divorce. Josephine said of that divination, "It told me that from the moment Napoleon left me he would cease to be happy."

Unlike tea leaves, the crystal ball, common playing cards or other aids to prophecy, the tarot is steeped in, among other things, a certain fleshliness, a subtle, understated sexuality. Without being



"I don't care what it says in your little red book. This is not Madam Zonga's All-Night Personalized Masseuse Service."

overtly erotic, naked male and female figures, their genitals unhidden, are pictured in many versions of the cards called the Lovers, the Devil, the Star, Judgment, the World. The Ace of Wands is sometimes transparently phallic in its symbolism and among the meanings attributed to it are virility, creation, birth.

As has been shown, all tarot packs, though fundamentally similar, are not identical. There are many slight and a few large differences among them. In one Italian tarot, for example, the Pope and the High Priestess are replaced by the pagan deities Jove and Juno. The card called the Moon often depicts two astronomers studiously observing the lunar sphere—but at one point in the history of the tarot, they became a pair of dogs baying at the moon. Was this emendation intended as a satirical comment on learned men? No one knows.

The oldest extant pack of tarot cards (unhappily, incomplete) resides today in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. It is believed to date back to the year 1392 and to be the work of a well-known Italian artist, who did it anonymously for fear that it might reflect adversely

on his reputation. The suggestion that this was the original tarot deck has been proved to be groundless; for although no older pack of cards exists in the world, the tarot is spoken of in writings set down long before his epoch.

We will never know when or where the tarot was born, but its devotees are generally agreed that it will never die. The rebirth it is currently enjoying among us all as part of a vast revival of interest in the occult must not be dismissed as a fad, for the tarot has survived the shifts of fashion, the scorn of skeptics, the persecution of church and state. Often content to remain in the background while the simooms of controversy or cynicism rage, it keeps its secrets safe, emerging again whenever men have most need of it. De Givry has rightly said, "[It] has beaten a subterranean path through the centuries, avoiding both religion and science, and yet establishing itself in their domains, sitting in their tribunes and teaching principles the fixity and invariability of which are well contrived for baffling all historical and philosophical research."





"In this place, singles go in alone and come out alone."

INTERVIEW WITH THE CENSOR

(continued from page 129)

I've seen things tighten and loosen— INTERVIEWER: But right now, in the year 1999, are we loosening or tightening?

PUTZ: You want to know about right now?

INTERVIEWER: Yes, right now.

PUTZ: Right now . . . right now, I'd say we're in the middle of a preloosening tightening. In other words, before it can get tight, it's got to get loose. You know, you can only pull a rope so tight and then it breaks.

INTERVIEWER: Well, if I hear you correctly, you sound optimistic. Are you saying that today's film filth is just a phase?

PUTZ: Exactly. Let me sketch a brief history of pornography in cinema and you'll see what I mean. In the late Sixties and early Seventies, there were more and more nude scenes in movies. Nevertheless, with the rating system, at least our children were protected. But in 1978, when Disney went nudie——

INTERVIEWER: You mean with I, a Mouse?

PUTZ: That was the least of it. After Minnie and Daisy came a series of marriage-manual films with Flipper. That fuckin' dolphin was doing it for kids. You bet your ass dolphins can talk. Talk. I'd like to meet the marine scientist who taught that dolphin to say "Dildo." Those were frightening years.

INTERVIEWER: What happened next?

PUTZ: Soon there was no place else to go. The kids—young ones, mind you—were no longer satisfied with surface nudity. In the late Seventies and early Eighties, we went through the "poreand-follicle" period.

INTERVIEWER: What was that?
PUTZ: I'd just as soon forget it.

INTERVIEWER: Oh, come on. It's history, isn't it?

PUTZ: Well, generally speaking, the films of the pore-and-follicle period were simply replays of the traditional nudie films photographed through electron microscopes.

INTERVIEWER: You're kidding.

PUTZ: No; back then, the Young Turks in all those film schools wanted to get down to it. They thought watching a bead of sweat build up during sexual foreplay was the ultimate in cinéma vérité.

INTERVIEWER: And that's the link between the nudie film and French cinéma intérieur?

PUTZ: You mean the frog pictures? INTERVIEWER: Frogs?

PUTZ: Yeah, frogs, Frenchmen, frogs, frog pictures. You see, the frog directors began saying that the principally American pore-and-follicle films described only surface reality. So they went inside. The

key film was Petitpois's Le Proctoscope. That was about 1986. Seems like a long time ago. My son Bobby was just going into business for himself.

INTERVIEWER: What came next?

PUTZ: Surgery.

INTERVIEWER: Excuse me?

PUTZ: Surgery. The surgical period. You see, people laughed "ha, ha" at Le Proctoscope and its imitations. They thought the movement would never cross the Atlantic. "Just a bunch of freaky kids running around with their Super 8 cameras," someone said. Well, society always gets the films it deserves, and Your Heart, My Heart won the Academy Award for best picture of 1991. A team of doctors from Bethesda Naval Hospital split the best-surgeon award.

INTERVIEWER: The surgical period didn't stop with open-heart surgery, did it?

PUTZ: Hell, no. Low-budget appendectomies flooded the market. Over in Italy, they started cranking out what we in the industry then called spaghetti tracheotomies. In 1993, Bettina Baker was named best actress for a film in which she had one of her lungs removed.

INTERVIEWER: Is it true she was discovered on an operating table?

PUTZ: Gee, I haven't heard that one in years. That's just another product of the Hollywood rumor mill. There's no truth to it. No truth at all. It wasn't that glamorous. It never is. Bettina and her lungs were discovered by an X-ray technician whom she later married. He saw the photographs, took them and her to an agent and the rest is history.

INTERVIEWER: The surgical period lasted a long time.

PUTZ: Well, that's because the major studios needed money. In return for low-interest loans, they became affiliated with metropolitan hospitals. Metro combined with that Minnesota clinic.

INTERVIEWER: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayo?

PUTZ: Those were the halcyon days of film surgery. You've never seen anything like it. Hollywood was crawling with cripples. Every guy who had a hernia figured he was an actor. Guys and gals with moles, cleft palates, you name it, stormed into town. They hitchhiked, drove cross-country in pickup trucks, anything. There's that story about a starving character actor who was so desperate he walked into the lobby of Warner Bros. and disemboweled himself.

INTERVIEWER: That's sickening.

PUTZ: As a censor, I had to agree, and that incident more than anything else put a stop to the surgical frenzy.

INTERVIEWER: That brings us to the present. We've seen surface nudity, microscopic surface nudity and internal nudity. There doesn't seem to be anything left; yet you're still employed. What's filthy about films today?

PUTZ: Some perverts have started to cover up parts of the human body.



"OK—you heard I was having sex in here with a German shepherd! So how the hell is that any of your business?"

INTERVIEWER: You're joshing.

PUTZ: No, I've got films right here in my office that would make your skin crawl.

INTERVIEWER: Can you describe one . . . delicately?

PUTZ: One is called Ear Muff, and I think that is self—

INTERVIEWER: It sure is. Who would make a film like that?

PUTZ: Kids. College punks. Thrill seekers. They're always trying to do something freaky. It's sensationalism pure and simple. They've got a new one called Eye Patch. I'm supposed to screen it next week. This stuff is spreading like wildfire. I know of at least three 16mm featurettes from San Francisco devoted to elastic bandages. They show people putting on ankle bandages, winding them around their elbows in a very peeka-booish manner, and so forth. There was a murder case in New Jersey recently where a woman was found strangled by an elastic wrist bandage. Now, you tell me--where do you think that idea came from?

INTERVIEWER: I suppose the maker of a film like Ear Muff would argue that

his work is art and not filth, that it celebrates the car and that maybe only through a study of the restriction of sound can we truly learn the dynamics of the aural impulse.

PUTZ: You sound like one of those fancy Kansas City lawyers. Look, I'm no prude. I know that ears are beautiful. They hear. It comes down to this: Is it a serious film or are the makers out to get a quick buck? Just the other day, I turned down a film that purported to be a history of ear muffs. Some guy with a phony anthropology degree made it. I kicked him right out of here on his keister.

INTERVIEWER: You are in an enviable position. But what can a private citizen do? If John Doe average American sees a dirty movie, what should he do? Write the President?

PUTZ: That's just it. I don't know if David Eisenhower has the time. He's got his hands full with the war in Vietnam. If he can wrap it up in the next few weeks, as he says he will, maybe we can stem the tide as part of national policy. Until then, it's a local problem.

WHO STUCK THE F·L·A·G

approached the lobsterman and said: "Good morning, sir. Isn't this a fine morning?"

"Ayuh, Finestkind."

"Are you a lobsterman?"

"Ayuh."

"How's the fishing these days?"

"Wouldn't dast say."

"But aren't you a fisherman?"

"Give it up. Just go lobsterin'."

"I see, My name is Jim Russell. I'm in the sociology department at the University of Maine. I'm making a study of people in the lobster and fishing industry."

"You be?"

"Ayuh-I mean, yes, sir, I am."

"You know Zeke Simmons' boy?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't. Does he go to the university?"

"Claims to."

"What's he studying?"

"He ain't."

"I don't understand."

"I don't neither. He ain't learnt nawthin' 'cept how to jerk bulls."

"I'm afraid I still don't understand."

"Gawd, boy, I don't neither. He be interferin' with nature.'

"Oh, now I get it. He must be in the agricultural course, learning about artificial insemination.'

"Ayuh. By Gawd, Zeke says they don't none of them Spanish bullfighters hold a candle to his boy. 'Taint nawthin' to wave a blanket at some bull and stab him with one of them swords compared

"Really, sir, I don't believe this is done in quite the way you imagine."

"It ain't? Gawd, boy, I dunno. Zeke says some bull knocked his boy toes up. He failed the test."

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean by toes up."

"Jeezly bull knocked him ahss over teakettle. They hauled him off toes up. By Gawd, I guess that bull musta thought Zeke's boy was some queah. Wisht I coulda seen it."

"I'm sure it would have been very interesting. By the way, sir, may I ask your name?"

"Ben Simmons."

"Well, it's a pleasure to know you, Mr. Simmons."

"I shouldn't wondah."

"I would be pleased if you'd be willing to tell me a little about yourself, your life here in Tedium Cove, your family, and so forth."

"You figure to settle heah, boy?"

"No, sir, I'd just like to ask some questions. Do you mind?"

"Dunno till I heah the questions."

"Could we sit down somewhere and be comfortable?"

"You got any beah?"

(continued from page 199)

"No, but I'll get some, if you'll tell me where I can buy it."

"You can git some off'n George."

"Where can I find George?"

"To the stowah, right over theah. Better git a six-pack."

"Yes, sir. I'll be right back."

Ten minutes later, James Russell, associate professor of sociology, returned to find Ben Simmons just where he had left him.

"Well, now, Mr. Simmons, here's a nice cool one. Open it up and let's get down to business. Do you mind if I take a few notes?"

"Gawd, ain't that some good! You got another one handy?"

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Simmons. My, but you drank that quickly."

"Gawd, boy, I don't drink the fust one. I just kinda pour her into me.'

"How old are you, Mr. Simmons?"

"I wouldn't dast say."

"You mean you don't even know your age? How can this be?"

"I dunno."

"Well, don't you know your birthday?"
"'Course I do. April twenty-fust."

"Well, in what year were you born?"

"Dunno. Never give it no thought. It was backalong."

"Well, don't you have any idea? I'd say you might be about forty-five years old."

"I shouldn't wondah."

"Tell me about your family, Mr. Simmons. Do you have children?"

"Ayuh."

"How many?"

"Wouldn't dast say."

"Mr. Simmons, I've interviewed a lot of people. I don't believe I've ever found anyone quite as secretive as you. You seem to evade a direct answer even to the simplest questions. I'll bet you wouldn't even give me the right time."

"How in hell you know? You ain't

"OK, I'll ask. What time is it?"

"Dunno."

"Why not, Mr. Simmons? I see a watch on your wrist."

"Taint set right. She gains and I ain't set her for goin' on a week."

"Let's get back to your children. How can you say you don't know how many

'Gawd, boy, you can't believe nawthin' around heah. How in hell would I know how many I got? I got ten to home, then there's three away and there's some I got credit for, but a feller can't tell 'bout them things."

"What do you mean by 'away,' Mr. Simmons? Do you have three children who've moved away from Tedium Cove?"

"Gawd, no. They live in the Cove, right to home. One of them belongs to a widder woman who was sufferin' some awful and Jess Simmons' two kids is mine. Jess ain't no good, so I helped him out.'

"How's Jess feel about this?"

"Dunno. I ain't never asked him."

"Does he know that you are the father of his children?"

"Gawd, ain't you some curious?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Simmons. Can you tell me about your wife?"

"Ayuh, Which one?"

"You mean you have more than one?"

"Gawd, boy, you take me for a jeezly Mormon? 'Cus I ain't. My fust one left me."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Do you mind talking about it?"

"Damn-fool woman fell overboard off'n Wreck Island whilst we was ahaulin' traps. 'Twas one of them foggy days. I never see hide nor hair of her agin."

"Well, didn't anybody recover the

body?"

"Coast Guard found her in sixteen foot of water off'n Dutch Neck. They was ten lobsters muckled onto her. They called and asked my instructions. 'Git them lobsters off'n her and set her agin,' I says.'

Ben liked to embellish this story and see how the summer complaints reacted, but Mr. Russell, overcome by the enormity of it or something, simply said, "I'm very sorry, Mr. Simmons. When did you remarry?'

"Oh, not for a while. I musta held off three or four month."

"I see. How many children did you have by your first wife?"

"I should imagine five or six."

"Really, Mr. Simmons. Oh, well, never mind. So you've had, then, four or five by your second wife?"

"Gawd, no. She only had two after we was married, but she claims the ones she

come with was mine."

"Mr. Simmons, I get the idea that marriage is a rather flexible arrangement in this community."

"Gawd, boy, a feller got to have a little on the side. How 'bout another one of them beah?"

"Oh, of course. Tell me, Mr. Simmons, how many lobster traps do you have?"

"I wouldn't dast say."

'Oh, for Chrissake. I mean, can you give me some idea?"

"I got either one hundred and ninety or one hundred ninety-one, that I can find."

A newcomer wandered onto the wharf.

"Hi, John. How be yuh?"

"Finestkind. Hey, Ben, I heah you been gittin' somethin' more'n food off'n that new cook over to the inn."

"Feller can heah most anythin' if'n he

"I heah she's a little smooth on the tooth but right stemmy."

"I wouldn't dast say, John."

"Do any good this mornin', Ben?"

"Got enough to pay my gas. Didn't need no moah. Feller from the college to Orono bought me a six-pack. That'll git me through the mornin'. John, this heah's Mr. Russell."

"How do you do, John. I assume your last name is Simmons."

"Gawd. you college fellers is some smart. How'd you ever know that?"

"It was an educated guess."

"Well. I be goddamned. You stayin' to the inn, Mr. Russell?"

"Ayuh—I mean, yes, I am. A very nice place. The rooms are pleasant and the food is delicious."

"Ayuh. They got a finestkind cook, or so I heah. You seen her?"

"Yes, I have. I've had several pleasant conversations with her."

"Gawd. boy. if'n you git a chance, I wisht you'd put in a good word for me. You can tell her Ben Simmons don't hold no candle to the likes of John Simmons."

"John, 'taint candles she likes," offered Ben.

"Well, gentlemen, I really don't think our cook would care to have me intercede, one way or another, in her off-duty time. I'm sure that between the two of you, she'll be well taken care of."

"Ayuh!" (Ben)

"Ayuh." (John)

"So long, Ben. So long, Mr. Russell, I gotta take my woman to the hospital. She's due to calve most any time now."

"Well, Mr. Simmons, perhaps we could get on with our discussion."

"If'n you've a mind to. I better have another one of them beah afore she cools off."

"Of course, Mr. Simmons. Can you tell me something about the religious life of your community?"

"Professor, you come direct to the right feller."

"You mean you can tell me about the Tedium Cove Church? Frankly, I'm surprised."

"Well, now, don't misunderstand me, boy. I'm a lot better acquainted to the parsonage than I be to the church. They only got church one day a week, but the Reverend's got a young missus who spreads the Gospel seven day a week whilst the Reverend, he goes to visit sick folks and others. By Gawd, religion has come on strong since them two come."

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

"The Reverend Titcomb and his missus is both of them hornier than a threeball tomcat. Religion done took right aholt in Tedium Cove."

"What denomination are they?"

"They's Rollers. By Gawd, they beat hell out of them Baptists we had afore. Swimmin' ain't never goin' to catch on around heah."

"I see, I think. You mean the minister's wife actually—"

"Oh, Gawd, boy, finestkind,"

"That's very interesting."

"It's some good, too."

A small cabin cruiser pushed by a big Mercury outboard approached the wharf. Hawkeye Pierce jumped from the bow, rope in hand, tied up and hoped to negotiate with the natives for gasoline.

"Be that you, Hawkeye?" yelled Ben.

"Ben! How be yuh?" asked Hawkeye. "You getting much?"

"You might call it a lot," Ben answered modestly.

"I'm sure I would."

"Hey, Hawkeye, I wantcha to meet Mr. Russell. He's from the college to Orono."

"Sociology department—I'm taking a few notes around here," the professor said.

"I'm Dr. Hawkeye Pierce, Mr. Russell," explained Hawkeye. "I had the pleasure of removing Ben's appendix a while back. Unfortunately, the ethics of my profession forced me to stop there."

"I think I know what you mean," said Mr. Russell.

"Ayuh," said Ben. "By Jesus, I think I may go up to the parsonage."

"I hear there's action there," said Hawkeye. "Is it true the Reverend is a marriage counselor, in addition to his other activities?" "You might say," agreed Ben, "but I ain't heard of him counselin' no couples. Mostly he just counsels the female and you gotta figure he ain't too bad. Lotta young folks been stayin' together, just so long as the Reverend can keep on makin' mornin' calls. Hung, he is."

"I'm sure," agreed Hawkeye. "The faith is kept in many ways."

Ben Simmons, with nearly a six-pack in him, aimed for the parsonage, leaving Mr. Russell and Hawkeye Pierce in the bright sunshine on Tedium Cove Wharf.

"I just don't know what to make of that man," exclaimed Mr. Russell.

"That's just because you weren't born and brought up around here," said Hawkeye. "He may not be the exact average, but he's not unusual, either."

"He's an animal," exclaimed Mr. Russell.

"Perhaps more overtly than you and I, Mr. Russell, but quantitatively not much more. If I knew where I could get a good piece of tail half an hour from now, with no trouble from it, I'd get it. Probably you would, too,"

"But a minister's wife!" persisted Mr. Russell.

"Think a little, Mr. Russell. A minister in Tedium Cove, whatever his denominational handle, has to be very dumb or very something else, with rare exceptions. I happen to know that the Reverend and Mrs. Titcomb are treated for venereal disease about once a month. I'd say that they are dumb and something else, too. I'll leave the final evaluation



"Your dad is much too decent to mention our present financial crisis, but I want all you kids to pitch in, especially the girls, and start charging for your favors."



to you, since you're a sociologist."

"I must admit I'm out of my element," said Mr. Russell. "I can't really believe this sort of thing goes on. Well, I mean, I know it goes on, but is Ben Simmons going to just walk up to the parsonage and go to bed with the minister's wife?"

"Depends on the length of the line," said Hawkeye.

"Hi, Hawkeye," said John Simmons as he appeared again. "By Jesus, Hawk, I was gonna take my woman to the hospital soon as I got through haulin', but she come on quick and the state police took her in. I got me a new daughter."

"Congratulations, John. How do you

plan to celebrate?"

"I been broken off, except to the parsonage, for three month. Maybe I'll up and go git me a hunk of religion."

'Good luck, John," offered Hawkeye. "Good Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Russell, "Ben Simmons and John Simmons are both heading for the parsonage."

"Could be sociologically significant. Why don't we see what happens?" Hawkeye suggested.

"Oh, my," said Mr. Russell.

As they approached the parsonage, they heard three voices, all loud, all outraged. "What on earth is happening?" gasped Mr. Russell, breaking into a gallop.

"Hold her up, Professor, Sounds like Mrs. Titcomb is defending her virtue."

They approached warily, mounted the front steps and peeked through a window into the spacious living room of the old parsonage, where Ben and John Simmons were thrashing about, threatening each other with death and mutilation. Mrs. Titcomb, armed with a baseball bat, circled cautiously and bided her time. Swish went the bat, as she had a clean shot at John's head, and the lights went out for the proud parent.

"By Gawd, Jenny, you got him good, you did," applauded Ben. "Let's git

busy afore he comes to.'

There was a dull thud as Jenny Titcomb, apparently disenchanted with Ben, brought the baseball bat down on his right temporal area. Ben sank to the floor and joined John in dreamland.

"Oh, my God, my God," wailed Mr.

"This is real basic sociology, Professor," said Hawkeye. "I hope you're taking notes. That broad has a sweet swing. Reminds me of Musial, the way she holds it up high, waiting for a shot."

"What'll we do?"

"I suppose we have to take these base hits to the hospital."

Opening the screen door leading to the batting cage, Hawkeye walked in, followed by a trembling professor of sociology, and said: "Congratulations, Mrs. Titcomb. You are two for two. I'm Dr. Pierce. Professor Russell and I hap-

pened to be passing and heard the commotion. I guess maybe I'd better take over. These gentlemen could be seriously injured, although it's unlikely, since you hit them both in the head."

"Oh, the Lord help me," Jenny implored.

"I don't know about Him, but I will, Jenny. Under the circumstances, it'll be easy for me and the professor to testify that Ben and John knocked each other out, if anyone cares enough to ask, which isn't likely.

"What do you have for wheels, Professor?" asked Hawkeye, as he examined the unconscious victims and decided that, although in need of care, they'd probably

"A station wagon," said the professor. "Get it, and we'll take these fallen athletes to the hospital.'

As Mr. Russell drove Hawkeye and the fallen athletes to Spruce Harbor General, Hawkeye was bemoaning his fate. "Wouldn't you know it?" he complained. "I take a day off, just put in for some gas and the first thing you know, I'm working again."

"You seem more concerned about your day off than about the lives of two men," said Mr. Russell.

"That's where you peripheral thinkers always blow it, Professor. Once in the hospital, they'll get well with just token care, or they'll require a neurosurgeon, which I am not. Nobody can do anything out here. I'm just the guy who decides that whatever happens, you and I will keep the law off the broad, because putting the law to the broad would serve no purpose in this case."

"Do you mean to say that, if these men died, you'd protect that woman?"

"Sure. Even if it got to court, no jury would convict her. So why let it get to court? Think of the taxpayers' money that would be saved."

"I believe your attitude is basically antisocial, Dr. Pierce. Society has certain rules, and if these rules are broken, we have no society."

"Think peripherally all you want." said Hawkeye. "Around here, I'm known and you aren't, so nobody'll pay any attention, even if you blow the whistle. What you ought to do is pursue this case, at the purely academic level. I'll bet you both these guys get a roll in the hay from this broad within a week after they're out of the hospital."

As Hawkeye and Mr. Russell arrived at the hospital and helped load Ben and John onto stretchers, Goofus Mac-Duff approached and said, "Hey, Hawkeye, they've been looking for you. The Coast Guard sent a plane out."

'Goofus, you don't mean it? My popularity knows no bounds. Are you going to tell me why the Coast Guard sent a plane out or are you just going to hint

"Gee, they got a man with a flag in his chest. Everybody thought you should see him."

"I'll sure as hell go along with that, Goofus. Even a thoracic surgeon with my background and experience hardly ever gets to see a man with a flag in his chest. I'm some damn glad you thought of me."

"He's in the emergency room," said Goofus. "Trapper John is there."

Trapper John, called on the hospitalto-Thief-Island radio, had arrived ten minutes earlier and found that the patient, Reverend Titcomb of Tedium Cove, did, indeed, have a flag in his chest, the kind of flag sold everywhere during patriotic holidays. A small flag with a fairly firm, two-foot wooden staff, about two inches of which had penetrated the area between Reverend Titcomb's left fourth and fifth ribs, a little to the left of the breastbone. Trapper, after one look at the patient, whose pulse and blood pressure were quite normal, realized that the flagstaff had penetrated the intercostal space, had not damaged the heart, and that the wound, however impressive to onlookers, was inconsequential. Treatment would consist of removing the flag, applying a small dressing, injecting tetanus toxoid and perhaps an antibiotic. A day or two of hospitalization would be necessary to calm the patient's nerves.

Trapper was in swimming trunks and was accompanied by Lucinda Lively in her usual bikini. Because he had been interrupted on a day of leisure, he may have had a touch or two of Old Bejoyful. Either way, Hawkeye knew that Trapper was putting on a show.

"What's the word, Trapper?" asked

"Not my line of work. Apparently, the guy's a vampire and somebody tried to drive a stake through his heart. He missed the heart. I got no use for vampires, and if the heart is not involved, it's out of my field."

"The only thing in your field is cranberries," said Hawkeye. "Are you sure he's a vampire?"

"All I know is the stake isn't in his heart. Why don't you order a vampire test?"

Turning to MacDuff, who lurked in the background, Hawkeye ordered, "Goofus, you're the medical director. Unleash all your forces and find out if this guy is a vampire. Remove his right great toenail, soak it in Formalin for ten minutes and hold it up to the sun."

"What'll that prove?" asked Goofus.

"I don't know, but it might save your eyesight if there's an eclipse.'

Hawkeye had been aware of Jocko Allcock's presence and had no doubt that Jocko would provide the basic facts of the case. He asked, "Well, who stuck 245 the flag in Reverend Titcomb. and why?"

Jocko was only too pleased to supply the information. "The Reverend was over to Eagle Head this mornin' marriage counselin' Sally Witham. He was amarriage counselin' the livin' bejectus out of her in that tent they got in their back yard when Jake come home. Seems like the old Chevy engine in his lobster boat blew somethin', so he couldn't go haulin' off'n Egg Rock. Jake ain't got nawthin' agin religion, but he don't hold with marriage counselin'. He picked up that little flag was stuck in the lawn for the Fourth of July and he druv her right into the Reverend's chest."

"A true patriot," observed Hawkeye. "Ayuh. I guess so," agreed Jocko.

A nurse approached and said, "Dr. McIntyre has turned the case over to you, Dr. Pierce."

Hawkeye went to see his new patient and introduced himself, "'The Lord is my shepherd,'" the patient stated.

"Well, now, Reverend," said Hawkeye, "I'm reminded of a scene from Mister Roberts in which a sailor, stricken with gonorrhea in a supposedly clapless area, sought treatment from his physician. His physician, quite logically, under the circumstances, questioned the patient's basic philosophy and withheld treatment until he'd made the patient fully aware of the significance of his affliction. I can do no less. You, Reverend, on the day after the Fourth of July, have our flag stuck in your chest. I understand your emotional discomfort, but, after all, you are the only guy in Maine with a flag in your chest. I'll remove it, if you wish, but I want to be very sure that in the future you won't regret your decision."

"'The Lord is my shepherd,'" answered Reverend Titcomb.

"Just in case Trapper's wrong, will someone move the Stars and Stripes about halfway down before I pull the staff out?" asked Hawkeye.

"What?" asked a nurse.

"That's the usual response to a simple order around here," said Hawkeye. "Jocko, will you provide us with background music?"

"'Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light,' " sang Jocko, as Hawkeye pulled the flag from Reverend Titcomb's chest.

There was no gush of blood, but suddenly, from afar, came sounds of altercation. A nurse came running, yelling, "There's a fight in the intensivecare unit."

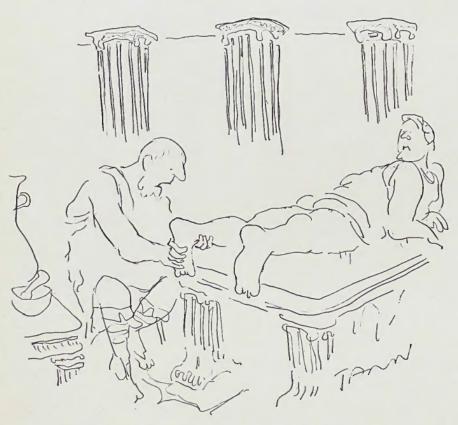
"Ben and John have come to," said Hawkeye. "Jocko, why don't you take them home? Maybe the professor will take me back to my boat."

Mr. Russell drove Hawkeye to Tedium Cove. "How'd it grab you, Professor?" asked Hawkeye.

"I just don't know," said Mr. Russell.

"I figured as much," said Hawkeye.





"I don't like the looks of this, Achilles!"

first amorous adventure

(continued from page 91)

practice. The fourth was deportment, or bed manners. The fifth, sixth and seventh were variety, based—I have since discovered—on Sir Richard Burton's translation of *The Perfumed Garden*, but omitting the chapter on homosexuality."

"Did you ever meet Miss Crewe afterward?"

"Of course. She was a frequent guest at the castle, exceedingly witty and with perfect manners."

"Did she educate the girls, too?"

"Heavens, no! In those remote days, a girl had to be virgo intacta and innocent as a mountain primrose. But I gather that, just before the wedding night, the bride would manage to extract at least the general sexual theory from her favorite and least discreet brother. I don't know—we had only boys in our family. By the way, I have often wondered whether Miss Crewe's name derived from the act, or vice versa."

"What became of her in the end?"

"She died in harness, so to speak, and—they say—with a saintly smile on her face."

"Tell me, though, Godolphin: What was the tradition among your tenantry?"

"The tradition of first amorous adventure? I found it a trifle ambiguous. I mean that the women were, or pretended to be, not quite so practical as the men. Take Jock Miller, for example; he was our head cowman and a Scot. One Sunday his wife approached him shyly: 'Husband, dinna ye conseeder it high time that oor Duncan should be instructed?'

"'What do ye mean by "instructed," wife?'

"'I mean instructed into God's holy mysteries o' natural reproduction. Hoo bairns are made. . . . Yo maun begin wi' the pollination o' flowers.'

"'Och, aye, wife! Mebbe I maun do as ye advise me.'

"A week later, she asked him: 'Husband, hae ye done as I asked wi' oor Duncan? Or did it slip your memory?'

"'Aye, wife, it did sae. But I'll gae to him the noo wi' the instruction.'

"He found Duncan: 'Duncan, laddie,' he said, 'ye mind what we did wi' they twa bonny lassies ahint the kirk wall last Sabbath eye?'

" 'Aye, father!'

"'Weel, Duncan, your mither would hae ye ken that that was *preecisely* what the bees do wi' they bonny primroses on the mountain.'"

At this point, everyone in turn began detailing his own first amorous adventure—some comic, some sad, some horrific, few reprintable in a decent family journal. One poor fellow had found himself in bed with an ancient prostitute—brought there, while he was drunk

and fast asleep, by witty Cambridge friends—and got a bad dose from her. Another unfortunate, a clergyman's son, had been raped by a little flaxen-haired monster for the bet of a box of chocolates. Another had been lured by nuns into a nunnery, very early one morning, at the back of a famous surfing beach at Sydney: Apparently that was common practice.

Then, because I had kept silent and was clearly more than a little embarrassed, they mobbed me; and Lord Godolphin insisted on hearing the very worst.

"Very well, gentlemen," I said, "I don't want to be a spoilsport. . . ." And this is what I told them:

"I apologize for being the odd man out, but, as my mother used to say, 'Tell the truth and shame the Devil.' I was born in July 1895 of what was then called 'good family'-meaning a coat of arms and no recent surrounding scandal. As Godolphin will tell you, before World War One, only cads slept with unmarried girls of good family, and divorces in good families were all but unthinkable. When the war broke out and death was soon heavy in the air, such old-established conventions often broke down. Indeed, the phenomenon of 'war babies' engendered by lovers just off to the trenches-with three-to-one odds against their unmaimed survival—won almost universal sympathy in the not-so-good families.

"One day, when I was a nineteenvear-old lieutenant, at our fusiliers' mess near the ruined village of Laventie in France, our caddish colonel announced that he was ashamed to hear that he still had cock-virgin warts-warts meant lieutenants-under his command. All such had to parade under the assistant adjutant that evening to be duly deflowered at the red-light establishment at Armentières reserved for officers. I did not admit to my cock-virginity. That was because I held a strong superstition that its loss would prejudice the magical power of survival that had so far taken me through five months of trench warfare -the average life of a wart was six weeks at that time. This parade order had been given shortly before the battle of Loos, where all our four company commanders were killed, with hundreds of other ranks, and the caddish colonel himself got wounded, not to return. I escaped with a slight cut on the hand from a shell splinter and was left to command a much reduced company without even a second lieutenant to help me.

"I remained a resolute C.V. for the next year. In July 1916, at High Wood, I got five wounds from an eight-inch shell, including one through my right lung, half an inch from my heart. I was left bleeding to death but knew I would survive; and did, though officially reported 'died of wounds.' They patched me up for another return to the trenches in 1917; and, now a captain but still a C.V., I found myself temporarily commanding the battalion, everyone else having been killed or wounded. Then I got bronchitis and pneumonia and was soon reported medically unfit for further service overseas. So I fell in love with an eighteen-year-old girl-of good family and therefore also a virgin-and married her. It would be embarrassing to recall our embarrassment and amorous gropings when we found ourselves naked in bed together at Brown's Hotel on January 23, 1918. But at least we were not persuaded by the warning hoots of sirens and the crash of bombs-during one of the zeppelin raids on Londonto take refuge in the hotel cellars."

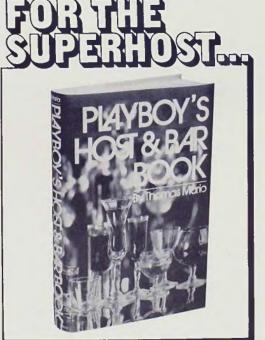
Lord Godolphin cast me a baleful glance in the silence that followed. Then he said slowly: "In our family, we considered it bad taste to discuss marital intercourse. . . . Still, my dear fellow, I suppose it was my own fault for insisting."



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Intimacy Quotient (continued from page 134)

inhibitions against the intimacy these suggest. And if the sense of smell is deficient, the sense of taste usually suffers: either from disuse of that sense or from suppression of it through inhibitions. People who find Indian food "smelly" or oral sex "dirty" are usually those who associate the distinctive tastes and odors with activities forbidden in childhood, Such people are rarely adventurous either in bed or in life and find it difficult to engage in intimate relationships that may expose their inhibitions to sensory stimuli that cause them anxiety.

Also unadventurous, and certainly not sensual, are people who abhor being touched. They probably become the museum curators who put do NOT TOUCH signs on every piece of sculpture or artwork. Touchers are the people who disobey the signs; they want to experience something more fully than sight alone allows. They also, within reasonable limits, don't take anything too seriously-especially themselves. They are amused by unexpected happenings that would be threatening to others. They can laugh when a joke is on them. They consider an unexpected adventure more fun than proceeding according to some well-defined plan and, because they find it so easy to relate to the moment in which they are living, they can turn boredom into relaxation and fatigue into pleasant drowsiness the minute they fall into bed.

The kind of people who sense subtle things easily and eagerly are almost never heavy drug users, drinkers or smokers. At the same time, they aren't teetotalers, either-people so rigid and so fearful of even slightly altering their state of consciousness that they can't allow themselves to take a smoke or a toke or a social drink if the occasion seems to warrant. Sensuous people distinguish themselves by their lack of need for artificial stimulants or drugs to free them of their inhibitions. They are stimulated by reality; they are by nature uninhibited. And this capacity to enjoy other people, things and themselves gives them a high potential for intimacy.

EMPATHY VERSUS SYMPATHY (Questions 31-39)

Sympathy is cheap. Anyone who drives past a serious car accident and sees injured people being cared for can sympathize with their misfortune: At the very least, you think, "Those unfortunate people-thank God it's not me." But the far greater accomplishment is to encounter another human being under less spectacular circumstances and be able to literally feel his distress in such 248 a way that you are genuinely able to

understand what he's saying, what he's doing, how he is trying to cope with some emotional crisis that doesn't have the institutionalized quality of a car wreck. Questions 31 through 39 test your ability to put yourself in another person's place -emotionally, not just intellectuallyand honestly share whatever feelings are affecting him at a given moment. Here, the plus answers count.

Ordinary sympathy includes strong elements of superiority or judgment on the part of the sympathizer. Empathy does not; it is simple understanding and sharing. It is, moreover, a prerequisite to intimacy, creating the ability to accept strangers trustingly, to understand problems one has never personally faced and to withhold judgment out of simple respect for other people's differences and weaknesses. This has nothing to do with extrasensory perception-if anything, it should be called supersensory perception -but the person capable of deep empathy may wonder at times if he is picking up some kind of telepathic communications, because he's so perceptive to the unexpressed thoughts, feelings and needs of family, friends and lovers.

SELF-IMAGE AND SELF-ESTEEM (Questions 40-42)

These three questions should provide good clues to your real feelings about yourself and the way you view life in general. Hopefully, the view is positive and your answers are pluses.

If you find yourself unlovable, you can expect others to find you that way, too. For the most part, people will accept your evaluation of yourself and react to you accordingly. That may make them unloving in your eyes, so you build more barriers against theman activity they view as hostile. Perceiving their reactions, you likewise find them hostile and decide the world is a cold, unfriendly place. An entirely different cycle of interactions is set in motion if you are able to love yourself. Then others see you as lovable and offer you affection. Surrounded by love instead of barriers, you find the world a warm, accepting place.

Some people understand this in theory but apply it too narrowly. They like themselves, they insist. But if at the same time a man says he doesn't enjoy other men and a woman declares that she can't abide the company of females, there is reason to suspect that they don't really accept themselves, either.

Another test of how well you really like yourself is whether or not you enjoy spending time in your own company. The person who can't spend a pleasant evening alone doesn't really care much for himself. "The ability to be alone is

the condition for the ability to love," says Erich Fromm. It's not love but dependency when someone needs another simply to escape feelings of loneliness.

CHILD, PARENT AND ADULT (Questions 43-50)

The transactional analysts divide the self into three major components-the child, the parent and the adult-in a useful way that helps people understand the emotional conflicts that everyone experiences and must try to reconcile. For practical purposes, the distinctions are probably more valid and comprehensible than Freud's id, ego and superego and are more easily applied to the dayto-day reality of living and interacting with other people. Questions 43 through 50 give some indication of whether an individual is primarily controlled by his inhibited, critical "parent," who represents parental and social conditioning; by his insecure but satisfaction-seeking "child," who demands both pleasure and support; or by his "adult," the sensibly rational element in his personality that tries to mediate between his immediate desires and his long-range best interests. Ideally, the adult, mature by virtue of experience and good judgment, dominates the other elements of personality most of the time but still gives each other element its due. Your degree of maturity, or "adultness," is indicated in this section by the number of plus answers to questions 43 through 47 and minus answers to questions 48 through 50.

When the parent is in charge, a person may appear to be functioning efficiently, but there is little joy or spontaneity in his life. The parent continually cautions the unruly child to reason and to think and to ignore his cravings and emotions. The rise in popularity of sensitivity or encounter groups in recent years is a sign that we realize this and that we're looking for ways to strengthen the adult-oriented child within us. At his best, the child in our natures is spontaneous, feeling and outgoing. At his worst, he is dedicated to instant gratification, regardless of the effects on other people or of the long-range consequences to himself.

Most of the time, the child within us is a little frightened. He sees the unexpected, even the unexpected arrival of friends, as a threat to his safely ordered world. He panics easily. This reaction reinforces his fears and also the fears of the child-dominated adult, who then concludes that he is inadequate and unable to cope.

Since the child, conditioned by the parent, may feel that sex is a forbidden pleasure, people are often beset by sexual problems; it is the adult in a person that recognizes these for what they are and seeks professional help, since the child may think that unsatisfactory sex,

or none at all, is an appropriate punishment for unquenchable sexuality.

Nowhere is the child in our sexual attitudes more evident than in a fear of homosexuals, for few of us have learned to handle our own personality components that we associate with the other sex-and with homosexuality. Women are frightened of their aggressive impulses, men of their desires for dependence. Both wonder if these secret, hidden feelings are abnormal and can be detected by other people they've been taught to believe are abnormal also. To keep such fears controlled, we ostracize those who arouse them-and thereby diminish our capacity to love.

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY (Questions 51-53)

We shortchange our love lives when we try to relate to each other as actors playing traditional masculine and feminine roles instead of interacting as real, live, distinctive individuals. Questions 51 through 53 attempt to gauge the extent to which you communicate openly and honestly without either assuming or assigning protective roles that can only prevent intimacy in relationships. Here, the more minus answers, the better.

Roles are not conducive to communication and without communication, there can be no intimacy. "The aggressive male and the dependent woman relationship is bound to explode or erode," warns sex therapist Dr. Alex Runciman of Santa Monica, California. The trouble, in the words of Cool Hand Luke, is the failure to communicate. This is the chief complaint unhappily married wives most often present to marriage counselors, and it is also a frequent factor in sexual incapacity. For sex is a type of communication, and partners who can't talk or touch or express their fears and feelings to each other are almost certain to experience sexual difficulties sooner or later. For this reason, the first effort by most sex therapists is to re-establish, or strengthen, a couple's capacity to communicate. Dr. Runciman tells of one couple who returned in frustration after flunking their first assignment-to simply get reacquainted. "No wonder we can't fuck!" the husband cried. "We can't even shake hands!" That insight alone was an important first step toward sexual recovery.

Fortunately, there are indications, verified by surveys, that the traditional sex roles are on their way out. Men now often tell researchers that they are looking for women who are intelligent, athletic, adventurous and independentqualities that weren't considered very feminine just a few years ago. And women, more and more, are looking for men who are communicative, sensitive, edu-



"Look! Disorganized crime."

cated and intelligent-not the aggressive "strong, silent type" of olden days.

WHAT YOU DO IS WHAT YOU ARE (Questions 54-62)

A person's day-to-day behavior is largely predetermined by childhood training, psychological experiences and acquired attitudes. It is the you that other people know. But behavior also works the other way-it can shape a person's feelings and attitudes, a fact that the behavioral psychologists have used with some success in the treatment of personality problems, emotional disorders, even serious mental illness and drug addiction. They've found that when an irrational person is coached to act rational, he actually becomes more rational; that when a person acts as if he had no dependency on drugs, the dependency is reduced. The fearful person loses much of his anxiety merely by putting on a brave front, and the depressed person can suddenly find himself happy by acting happy. Questions 54 through 62 give some indication of how uptight you are in certain areas that later portions of this analysis will deal with more specifically. Plus answers here suggest that your behavior is not working very well as a problem-solving device but is being dictated by your

Behavior manipulation and behavioral response are major elements in daily living. Parents manipulate children by rewarding desired behavior to reinforce it and by withholding rewards to discourage behavior they consider bad. Adults use similar tactics on each other, but usually in an unconscious way that

too often backfires. When a woman suspects her husband of infidelity, actual or only wishful, she may shower him with attention in an effort to keep his love-and find that she has only aggravated the problem. He probably feels a sense of guilt already and her increased affection increases his guilt. Because he doesn't like feeling guilty, he resents all the more her implicit demands for a response that he will not or cannot provide voluntarily. Or we have the woman who simply feels neglected, gives up trying to win love and approval with constructive behavior and settles for the angry attention elicited by nagging. If her husband tries to deal with this phenomenon by ignoring it, the nagging increases in volume and duration until a responseany response-has been obtained.

We also reinforce our own behavior, sometimes consciously, sometimes not. At the end of the day, we take a drink because we've worked hard and earned it or because everything has gone wrong and we deserve it. In this way, habits are built, day by day, that both reflect and affect the personality of the individual. For instance, if a person lives in disorder, it can mean he habitually ignores his surroundings by way of surviving in them-to the point where this has become his style of life.

Quite different is the person who guiltlessly pampers himself. He buys flowers, or whatever, because they delight him: occasionally he treats himself to luxuries at the expense of necessities, and he will likely accord the same treatment to others simply to please them-not to impress them. The key word here is guiltlessly; it distinguishes between 249 self-pampering for pleasure and selfindulgence out of need.

A person can escape boredom even when alone for long periods if he has developed the habit of pleasing himself. He's not dependent on others to amuse him nor to structure his time. He looks forward to Sundays, not as dull days when he has difficulty finding something to do but as weekly gifts of time to spend for his own satisfaction. He is the opposite of the Sunday neurotic who works weekends at home mainly to escape the guilt of relaxation, which he equates with sloth and laziness.

The typical Sunday neurotic doesn't enjoy his work any more than he enjoys his free time, but he absolutely loathes those people who seem to live without working and obviously do not share his value system nor sense of priorities. He is wrathful toward welfare recipients and angry toward ambitionless street people and hippies. Far from occasionally envying those who enjoy an apparently carefree life, he is psychologically threatened by their very existence. Compulsive workers who cannot enjoy periods of complete nonproductivity feel like martyrs to their careers, families or other obligations. The chief difference is that their kind of martyrdom demands equivalent suffering from everyone else. To say the least, such people are not sufficiently satisfied with themselves to make good intimate partners, except, possibly, for other masochists.

PLAYFULNESS AND CREATIVITY (Questions 63-69)

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," as the old saying goes. But it's probably more accurate to say that Jack was a dull boy to begin with and, lacking imagination and creativity, he finds it easier to work than to let himself go in what his work ethic tells him would be a wasteful orgy of conversation, creativity and imaginative flights of fancy. If he is to permit himself any relaxation, it must be passive receptivity to some form of entertainment that demands no active participation and permits him, temporarily, to simply turn his mind off for the purposes of recharging his physical and mental batteries. Questions 63 through 69 measure your ability to indulge in things that should, at least, be pleasurable relaxation and pleasantly intimate encounters. In this section, plus answers are good signs.

Television, many have noted, is one of our more effective methods of birth control. It can provide as many new ideas as a book or a newspaper or provide topics of lively conversation. But for too many people, it merely substitutes for interpersonal intimacy and dialog by providing a source of passive concentration until the eyelids grow 250 heavy and the long day ends. Again, TV itself is not the villain. It just works out that creative, imaginative people tend to find as much or more in books and magazines to satisfy their appetite for new knowledge that, to them, is as entertaining as a situation comedy or the latenight talk shows.

The point is that communicative people are usually creative people (and vice versa) who search for new information they can assimilate and then use in conversation with others. They even find daydreaming pleasantly productive: They use their fantasies not only to generate new ideas but to plan things and alter their moods.

In general, creative people are curious, cognizant and adventurous. They fondle pets, touch statuary, marvel at the ordinary and accept the unusual. In short, they explore and search for novelty and uniqueness and refuse to categorize people simply as rich, poor, liberal, conservative, male, female. As a result, they have a wide variety of enthusiasms as well as friends, and their success with the opposite sex often astounds their associates. "What does she see in him?" envious males ask one another as he leaves with the girl the rest were watching. But it wasn't what she saw in him, it was what he saw in her that made the difference. For he didn't see her as "a cute chick" or "a great bod" but as a unique and appealing person, and this feeling was successfully communicated. This is such an unusual and flattering way for a woman to be approached that her response is almost always warm. The same goes for men, whom most women treat initially as just another representative of the male sex.

But it's not just at the first meeting that the sensitive person appreciates being appreciated as an individual. This kind of creative seeing is even more important after 20 years of looking at each other. That's because partners imprint each other when they fall in love, and if a couple never bothers to update the original impression, except critically, the original imprint is lost over the years. As the silver wedding anniversary approaches, he looks at her and wonders what he is doing married to a girdled, graying mother of three who is always too tired to go to the club. And she looks at this balding, paunchy, plodding businessman and wonders what became of the gallant who once made her shiver with romantic excitement.

Such disillusionment doesn't occur between creative, intimate partners. In the beginning, their imprints on each other were more than skin-deep. And because they never expected themselves to stay the same forever, they kept seeing and communicating with each other and renewing the imprint. They never wake up to

find themselves well-acquainted strangers. Rather, for them, the original intimacy and love remain and serve to continuously strengthen their relationship.

GOOD-NEIGHBOR POLICIES (Questions 70-75)

Because life, at least a full life, requires close and frequent contact with other human beings, the ability to comfortably interact with casual acquaintances and total strangers is an important trait in anyone's character. Questions 70 through 75 provide clues to the positive or negative behavior patterns you have cultivated in dealing with others. The first three answers are, hopefully, pluses; the second three, minuses.

The person who feels he has no talent for playing the piano usually doesn't try; he can still enjoy music by listening to records or attending a concert. But the person who feels he has no talent for interpersonal relationships doesn't have such options, because the quality of his life depends heavily on his ability to interact with others. Too many individuals experience difficulty meeting new people or feel uncomfortable around strangers and conclude that sociality is a gift bestowed on some people but not on others. They make the best of the situation by adopting standardized and safe (which usually means agreeable but distant) behavior responses toward others. Situation A calls for one response, situation B another, and so on, until some novel and unexpected type of encounter leaves them helplessly lacking a safe, preprogramed plan of behavior. So they avoid meeting new people, dislike shaking hands -touching or being touched-and keep interpersonal contacts to a minimum simply to minimize the chance of being caught with their responses down.

This is the wrong policy. What the socially inept person most needs is practice. That's what the socially adept person has been doing, intentionally or not, all his life. He began learning to please members of the opposite sex by pleasing those in his own family. He has practiced relating to store clerks, people at bus stops, cabdrivers and waitresses, observing that they may be having a particularly harried day and allowing for this, or that they seem in unusually good spirits and would welcome letting someone know. He collects their smiles, laughter and casual flirting as signs of his progress. In short, he works at interpersonal relationships, rejecting the propaganda that advises him constantly that all he needs to be popular is the right deodorant, mouthwash, automobile or clothing. He knows that he can't compensate for personality deficiencies with either chemicals or possessions, but he can

overcome them with personal insight put into constant practice.

> LOVE VERSUS NEED (Questions 76-85)

That pleasant tingling sensation and feeling of warmth and euphoria that rushes through the body when one receives an enthusiastically romantic response may be love; but too often it is nothing more than a feeling of great psychological relief that a strong need is being or is about to be satisfied. Thus, the feeling of love is easily confused with the need for love. Questions 76 through 85 attempt to determine your real motives when you feel that you love someone. The first four questions should have minus answers; on the others, plus answers are a good sign that your feelings are expressive, not exploitative.

People who fall in love at first sight are rarely interested in establishing an emotionally intimate relationship. More likely, they have just laid eyes on a person who conforms closely enough to their physical ideal and who seems malleable enough to be changed, with a little effort, into Miss or Mr. Right. In many cases, Miss or Mr. Right reminds this person of a childhood love-an older sister or brother or a parent-someone so thoroughly known and predictable that he or she represents no threat of displaying individuality for which one might have to make allowances. In almost every case, however, Miss or Mr. Right will not and cannot make the changes this kind of love demands; and if, to retain affection or secure a wedding band, the loved one tries to fake it, soon enough the facade will collapse of its own weight and leave standing there Miss or Mr. Wrong.

People without parental hang-ups or illusions of changing someone, who marry out of a genuine mutual attraction, can still come to grief if they expect too much of love and of their loved one and abdicate responsibility for their own happiness. Any two people who think that love conquers all are in for an unpleasant surprise: They can become too close to allow each other breathing room, too mutually dependent to allow each other bad moods, depressions or expressions of personal weakness. And when one or the other turns out to be a little claustrophobic and reverses the struggle in a lifesaving maneuver toward independence, the other only clings more tightly. The result is hostility on both sides, an emotion that the lovers often consider the antithesis of love. It isn't. Love is a complex combination of emotions that includes hostility, hate, envy, anger and other feelings we've been taught to deplore. Only when we understand that all these feelings are components of love can we handle the situation when a stress symptom surfaces. If we don't understand this, then we leap to the conclusion that love is dead in the



"I suppose you think it's easy being a bitch!"

face of anger or rejection and either bury it prematurely or repress the unacceptable emotion. In either case, love loses, for a relationship that ignores honest antagonisms only generates the explosive components of a time bomb that will eventually explode with great destructiveness.

Partners who never fight aren't really intimate; those who are intimate constantly make adjustments and only the most minor of these are made without some conflict and compromise. But they resolve these conflicts immediately and honestly, without silently waiting for one or the other to capitulate or for time to simply bury the problem. On the flip side of this relationship are those love partners who make conflict a way of life. If there is nothing to quarrel about at a particular moment, they can always dig up former loves or grudges, so that each can exhume an old jealousy or complaint. (Best of all is the one-time infidelity that can be flaunted to trigger a hostile reaction and a resentful response.)

Sex is always fertile ground for conflict. Even with the best-matched partners, desire for sex doesn't always coincide, any more than does desire for food, recreation or sleep. Differences in the latter threaten no one's ego, but differences in sexual appetite are frequently taken as rejection by the one who makes the advance. More often sexual disinterest represents inhibitions or fears on the part of the partner or simple, old-fashioned fatigue that hasn't the slightest interpersonal significance unless one insecure partner has his or her antennae out to pick up signals of rejection. In a secure relationship, neither feels the need to project blame for sexual disappointments on the other nor feels that occasional sexual incapacity or disinterest means anything more than tiredness, too much partying or too many emotional distractions left over from the day. These are problems only when chronic, because sex, like everything else in life, has its routine ups and downs. Indeed, it's when sex seems unappealing that the truly intimate couple can give each other the psychological support and nondemanding physical caresses that permit sex to blossom again.

SEX BEHAVIOR: GOOD AND BAD (Questions 86-100)

In some ways, this is the most important section of the quiz, for personality strengths and weaknesses tend to reveal themselves more acutely in sexual attitudes than in any other area of life. This is because sex demands so much personal involvement and because we place so much importance on it in passing judgment on others and on ourselves. Questions 86 through 100 measure your sexual inhibitions and the extent to which you allow your sexuality to give you (and others) pleasure, not just fulfillment of physiological and psychological 251 needs. Minus answers to questions 86 through 93 mean your sexual attitudes are liberal; plus answers from question 94 on indicate that you use sex in a productive way not only to enjoy yourself but to enhance the intimacy of a mature and loving relationship.

Significantly, sex is the only natural physiological function surrounded by legal taboos, which illustrates the extent to which our culture has viewed sexuality as something dangerous and menacing. Not only do our laws generally deny sexual expression to all but the married, they often reinforce this policy by legally restricting the distribution of contraceptive information and devices. Implicit in these laws is the idea that the danger of pregnancy will deter people from engaging in sexual relations, as though sex, in itself, were a national peril. The same premise is reflected in most of our state sex laws, which tryunsuccessfully, to be sure-to dictate the sexual activities even of married people in the privacy of their own bedrooms. Most states not only prescribe severe penalties for "unnatural" sex acts but deny women the right to terminate unwanted pregnancies that result from "natural" copulation.

So the divorce rate soars as we struggle to preserve, by law and by social pressure, an ancient concept of the patriarchal nuclear family that quite possibly could stand some updating. For instance, various experiments in communal living show the traditional nuclear family to be more of an old rural and agrarian survival device than a modern-day necessity. Desirable? Possibly, especially when it serves the needs and interests of those committed to the nuclear family as an ideal. But, at the same time, the evidence is virtually indisputable that children fare better either in a communal environment or with a single parent than when unhappy partners in an unworkable marriage attempt to preserve their union at all costs because they think they owe it to their offspring.

In its present form, marriage leaves increasingly large numbers of people with no approved sexual outlets, thus promoting jealousy and friction. Even for the congenially married, advancing age can be a frustrating time because of the myth that people should-and usually do-retire from sex the minute they go on Social Security. Some defy this rule by going on a promiscuous rampage in their middle years in an effort to have all the fun they can before it's too late. The myth of a sexless old age is one reason divorce after 20 years or more of marriage is so common and so often inspired by anxieties rather than actual incompatibility.

Of course, disrupting a marriage in the middle years of life can make the 252 myth a reality; people without partners

(whether old or young or in between) simply have less opportunity for sexual fulfillment and often find themselveswomen, especially-suppressing their own natural and virtually lifelong sex drives merely for lack of an alternative. Other harmful myths are that pornography leads to sex crimes, that sexual selfrestraint either is healthful or preserves sexual ability longer, that intercourse during menstruation is either unhealthy or inappropriate.

This last notion is an unfortunate prejudice stemming from ancient superstitions. There is nothing "unclean" about a menstruating woman, and some not only want an orgasmic experience at this time but need it for physical comfort. Many of the causes of distress that are labeled premenstrual tension are duplicates of the female pelvic state during sexual arousal immediately before climax. Just as orgasm can accommodate pelvic needs in the one instance, so it sometimes can in the other.

But if orgasm is considered a necessity for men, it continues to be regarded by many people as a luxury for women, whose greatest pleasure is supposed to come from giving pleasure to their partners. Even "J" advises "the sensuous woman" to play Sarah Bernhardt in bed and fake orgasm. Such selflessness may seem commendable, but Masters and Johnson learned in their research that the woman who tries to give pleasure "by the numbers" cannot become immersed in the mounting sensuous stimuli that should also bring her to orgasm. This not only limits her own sexual pleasure but can be disturbing to her partner if he happens to be likewise acting the part of a noninvolved spectator. At least it is disturbing to Dr. David Reuben, the man who knows "everything you always wanted to know about sex," for he goes to a good deal of trouble telling men how to detect a counterfeit climax.

Why would a woman try to fake an orgasm and a man try to find her out? Because for too many people, performance means more than pleasure. The man's role in sexual athletics demands that he bring her to orgasm; and if she fakes it, he must conclude he wasn't "good" enough and the show was hers. Similarly, if a man doesn't become wildly aroused and reach a stupefying climax, some women regard this as evidence that they lack sexual virtuosity.

Rather a competitive picture of what should be the most intimate of human involvements, isn't it? She pretending a pleasure she doesn't experience, he performing valiantly, and then playing detective to find out whether or not he has truly earned another gold star for manliness. Orgasm that happens as a part of physical communication between intimate partners is an ecstatic experience,

but it loses much of its magic and luster, and sometimes becomes impossible to achieve, when it is the sole goal of sexual activity.

The pressure to perform well is a factor in almost every case of sexual inadequacy. It is such an important factor that Masters and Johnson find the elimination of this pressure an important first step in treating all sexual incapacity.

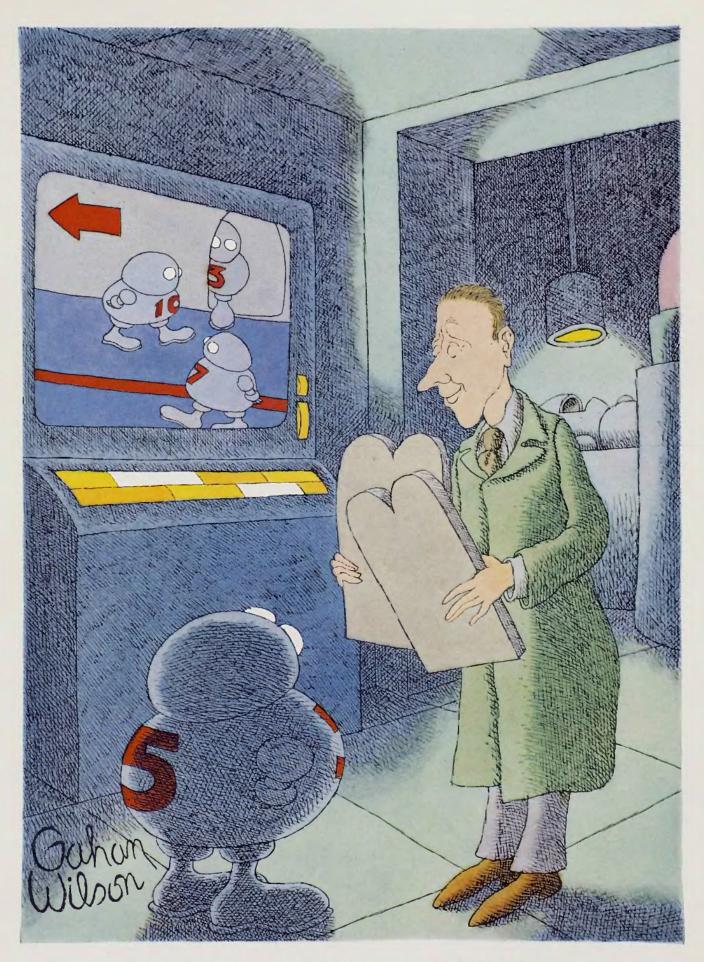
Couples who would avoid sexual troubles and keep the joy in their lovemaking would do well to concentrate on pleasure rather than performance-the moment-by-moment sensual delights that their physical closeness brings. Orgasm. can be a high point in that pleasure. But since orgasm cannot be forced nor willed, it can become an elusive goal. Wiser to heed the words of Dallas therapist Dr. Emma Lee Doyle, who advises: "Take down your sexual goal posts and enjoy the whole ball game, for time-outs, water breaks and even penetrations can be fun."

Now for the scoring.

Questions 1-18, count your minuses __ Questions 19-47, count your pluses ____ Questions 48-62, count your minuses Questions 63-72, count your pluses _ Questions 73-79, count your minuses ____ Questions 80-85, count your pluses ___ Questions 86-93, count your minuses ____ Questions 94–100, count your pluses ___ Total

Subtract from this total half the number of zero answers to obtain your corrected total.

If your corrected total score is under 30, you have a shell like a tortoise and tend to draw your head in at the first sign of psychological danger. Probably life handed you some bad blows when you were too young to fight back, so you've erected strong defenses against the kind of intimacy that could leave you vulnerable to ego injury. If you scored between 30 and 60, you're about average, which shows you have potential. You've erected some strong defenses, but you've matured enough, and have had enough good experiences, that you're willing to take a few chances with other human beings, confident that you'll survive regardless. Any score over 60 means you possess the self-confidence and sense of security not only to run the risks of intimacy but to enjoy it. This could be a little discomforting to another person who doesn't have your capacity or potential for close interpersonal relationships, but you're definitely ahead in the game and you can make the right person extremely happy just by being yourself. If your score approaches 100, you're either an intimate Superman or you are worried too much about giving right answers, which puts you back in the under-30 category.



"I thought you and the other robots might find these useful."

PRINT JOURNALISM (continued from page 122)

lacks confidence in the press and hopes that lack of confidence is widely shared. But that lack of confidence existed long before he came along and for a variety of reasons, including the conduct of the

There are serious professors and scholars who think the roots of the contemporary situation lie in the Cold War-the way it was managed by Truman, Acheson and Dulles and the way the press put its shoulder to that wheel. Maybe. I won't argue. But I'd like to concentrate on the three big drives of the postwar years to discredit, terrorize, intimidate and/or subvert the press-and the way the press behaved in these times.

First and most impressive was Mc-Carthyism, although McCarthy was only one agent among many including Senators -notably, James Eastland-and not a few powerful Government bureaucracies and some private ones. The campaign, always carried on under the star-spangled banner of patriotism and having as its ostensible goal the elimination of subversive influences, was in reality aimed primarily at the more independent voices in the country and especially at certain newspapers like The New York Times, some of the broadcasters and a potpourri of small fractionated media, largely on the liberal and radical fringe. Through intimidation, terrorism and blackmail, an intensive effort was made by the radical right to silence not only the left but all other strains of what it considered disagreeable opinion.

It's not generally recalled today how successful this effort was. The Times, as one of the chief targets, fought back stubbornly and, in the end, victoriously. But it's a measure of the viciousness of the assault that it should have been openly directed against our number-one newspaper-a conservative and respectable publication that has served for generations as a world-recognized symbol of integrity and honesty. What of the rest of the glorious fourth estate during the assault on the Times? Surely it rallied to the side of its great leader. Surely it closed ranks against the threat to its ancient liberties. Surely it picked up the gauntlet cast down by the new inquisitors.

Nonsense. A survey in 1956 by Irving Dilliard, then editor of the editorial page of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, showed that of 190 major U.S. dailies, some 35 papers criticized various aspects of Senator Eastland's effort to conduct a "Red hunt" against The New York Times. One hundred and twelve others took no editorial position whatever on the Eastland inquiry. In New York City, the Herald Tribune, the World-Telegram and the Daily News preserved a discreet, 254 apathetic or fearful silence. And no fewer

than 33 important papers actually supported the heresy hunt, many of them with vigor, including two of the Times's competitors in New York, both since deceased -the Mirror and the Journal American, both Hearst properties.

It is the majority, however-those who aided and abetted the inquiries with their silence-who raise the question of whether the press itself has not played a major role in the impairment of public confidence. If the press is not willing or interested enough to speak up for itself-if it fails to defend the right to report and criticize regardless of Government policy-then why should the public render it confidence? Isn't the public justified in believing there is something wrong, that the press is not truly dedicated to telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? I think it is. And I think it is precisely this natural and inevitable public reaction on which Agnew has so skillfully capitalized. The public distrusts the press because the press, as a whole, has failed to fight for and justify public confidence in itself.

The second major assault on the independence and integrity of the news media was launched by Kennedy and carried to a disastrous conclusion by Johnson. The new and refined policy that emerged from the Bay of Pigs was best articulated by Arthur Sylvester, public-relations chief for the Defense Department under both Kennedy and Johnson at the time of the Cuban missile crisis, when he was criticized by reporters for suppression of news, misleading information and outright deceit. Mr. Sylvester said: "[The Government has] a right, if necessary, to lie to save itself when it's going up into nuclear war."

To be sure, this policy had been tried before. But never had it been stated so bluntly nor carried out with such sophistication. As a result, there was no press exposure of the missile crisis, although both The New York Times and The Washington Post uncovered the fact that missiles had been positioned in Cuba. Each paper knew of the Government's moves to cope with the situation and each kept silent because the President was shrewd enough this time to ask the publishers to hold back the information "in the national interest." Once again, who was fooling whom? Didn't the Russians know they had the missiles there? Didn't the Cubans? Wasn't it the American public that was being fooled by not being given the information their Government, the Russians and the Cubans all had?

The doctrine of news management was further refined under Johnson. It was again defended by Sylvester as the Government's right to lie, although he always winced at its being stated so

baldly. This led with sure and inevitable steps to a complete breakdown of public confidence in the Government and to a considerable extent in the press, as the people watched the widening gap between the reality of Vietnam and the reports and predictions of Johnson, Mc-Namara and Westmoreland ("The light at the end of the tunnel," "We have turned the corner," etc., ad nauseam).

The persistent affirmation that U.S. planes were bombing only steel and concrete was creating the greatest publicrelations crisis of the Vietnam war just as I got to Hanoi on Christmas Eve 1966 and reported the simple fact-long obvious to anyone who had ever been to war or seen bombing-that our planes often hit houses and civilian targets, killing men, women and children. From whom was this secret being kept? From the Vietnamese who were killed by the bombs or watched their houses destroyed? From the pilots who flew the planes or the commanders who ordered the flights? The only ones who didn't know were the U.S. citizens who were paying the bills and suffering the consequences of the endless war.

Because of his management of the news, the roof fell in on Johnson, and no one was able to make suitable repairs. Yet even after the revelations about the bombings, public confidence in the press dropped once again. Whythe question was reasonably put-hadn't it reported this before? The answer was that the press hadn't questioned the Government, hadn't done its job.

Did this exposure of "the Government's right to lie" produce a violent press attack on the Government? Did newspaper after newspaper then assign its best reporters to dig up what was actually going on? You know the answer. It produced nothing of the kind. Instead, even outstanding newspapers like The Washington Post turned handsprings in an effort not to get at the truth of what the Government had done but-with handout material from the Pentagon-to try to discredit my reports and my reporting. True, this odious effort wasn't carried very far. It was a little more than either the Pentagon or a complacent press could really accomplish. But, once again, the press had come off something less than a tiger in defense of its rights and of the public's right to know. There must have been readers who began to think it looked more and more like L. Frank Baum's Cowardly Lion.

The third great assault on the press is that which has been waged, off and on, since Nixon's election. It's only because this has been much more open, much more of a direct legal and political challenge that it has aroused more vigorous reaction. After all, it's hard for even a thoroughly tranquilized press not to

react when it's hit with a subpoena, an injunction or a court order. The Pentagon papers produced comparative unity among publishers—with the notable exceptions of the Chicago Tribune, the New York Daily News, The Detroit News, The San Diego Union and a few others of strongly conservative bent. Yet there was less comment from newspapers over the narrow legal basis on which the Supreme Court victory rested and Times counsel Alexander Bickel's legalistic arguments—which some felt even impaired the scope of First Amendment protection—than there was among civil libertarians.

Once again the question was raised: If the press itself is not zealous in fighting Government for the fullest expression of its freedoms, why should the public not begin to wonder if the press fully deserves those special privileges and protections of the Constitution? It is a serious question. In countries such as the Soviet Union, where government management of news is total, public confidence in government truth and newspaper reliability is nil. "If it's published in *Pravda*," the saying goes, "it can't be true."

That our own press is no more living up to its principles than *Pravda* is to its name—it means truth in Russian—can be seen in the wildfire rise of a whole new stratum of media. These fall into

two sometimes overlapping categories. One is the underground press, now to be found in almost every part of the country, usually edited by young, often very young and frequently irresponsible journalists who flail at all establishments and conventions-including "overground" newspapers and the electronic media. The other is the so-called journalism review, usually edited and published locally by working newspapermen and directed at criticism and exposure of the sins of the establishment media, They are often ignored by the big press, but they serve an obvious public function by telling people things the big press doesn't tell all of or, often, at all.

This doesn't mean that the public necessarily welcomes and embraces efforts to tell it like it is. The know-nothing element is remarkably strong. Reporters in the Goldwater campaign were criticized and sometimes threatened by readers for "writing down what Mr. Goldwater was saying." And not a few of the thousands of letters received by the Times after publication of the Pentagon papers insisted that the facts should not be printed, that there was no need for them, that the citizenry didn't want to hear these things, even if they were true-or perhaps especially if they were true.

Just as it is entirely possible for Government to corrupt the free flow of the news by the use of the many weapons in its armory, it is also possible for the press to contaminate itself by being intimidated by the threat of those weapons, by being weak and cowardly, by putting commercial interest first, by blind partisanship. And the corrupting process is just as fatal to the reader as it is to the reporter. There are no innocent bystanders.

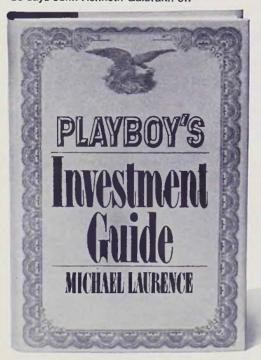
This, perhaps, is why many of us in the press feel that, in a sense, the frankness and gaucherie of Agnew, the openness of Mitchell's legal assault, the undisguised hostility of Nixon—all this may serve a useful purpose in compelling the fourth estate to face up at last to its responsibilities.

What is at stake was well said by Walter Lippmann in the aftermath of the Eastland case: "The sacrosanct principle of the First Amendment was not adopted in order to favor newspapermen and to make them privileged characters. It was adopted because a free society cannot exist without a free press. The First Amendment imposes many duties upon newspapermen who enjoy the privileges of this freedom. One of the prime duties of free journalists is that they should, to the best of their abilities, preserve intact for those who come after them the freedom which the First Amendment guarantees."

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AT THE INTERFACE

damn thing to you. Synthetic man makes a sort of sense, doesn't it?

WATTS: I suppose it does; after all, Christianity was founded on the idea of cannibalism: "This is my body, which is given for you."

CLARKE: You know, in this connection, I once remarked to a friend that I thought religion was a by-product of malnutrition and he answered with one word: "Balls!" But when you have a society in which millions of people live in hunger and poverty, it may be necessary to develop a kind of psychological fatalism, a belief in reincarnation, a belief in a better life. This was one element of my theory. The other was this: When you have starvation, fasting, you obviously have chemical changes in the body and you see visions and so forth.

WATTS: I don't really think of religion in terms of strange visions, Arthur. I know that by taking certain drugs or by fasting or by altering the oxygen content of my lungs and blood, I can see things I (continued from page 130)

wouldn't ordinarily see. But that, to me, is not religion. That is physics. Any kind of inquiry into parapsychology, telepathy, clairvoyance, ESP phenomena, psionics-all that to me is physics. I'm still investigating the vibrations of nature. Religion, as I see it, is understanding completely any vibration in nature. If there were only one speck of dust in this Universe-nothing else in all space but that one speck of dust-this would be a matter for astonishment-i.e., religion. CLARKE: Science has pretty much the same attitude-to find the general laws that govern the behavior of all the matter in the Universe and predict its future. The main difference between the religious and the scientific views of the Universe is that the religious mind tries to discover by contemplation, by logic, and the scientific mind says, "We can do only so much that way. We've got to experiment, to explore."

WATTS: Oh, no, wait a minute! The religious mind as we know it in the

Orient is strictly experimental; it's not interested one whit in dogma, in doctrine, in belief. It's interested in a certain kind of transformation of consciousness that is empirical and experimental.

CLARKE: Then how is it that experimental science made such little progress in the Orient?

WATTS: They felt they didn't have the techniques for changing the external environment and therefore they had to change the inner one, the consciousness. That's where they made their progress. Religion in the West is largely a matter of belief in a certain scheme of things, and in morals. Neither of these two questions looms very large in Hinduism and Buddhism. Morals to a certain extent, yes, but they aren't interested in whether you have the right beliefs and the right ideas so much as whether you have a certain kind of experience. And that can be reached only through an experimental process—the process of experimentation called yoga.

CLARKE: What do you mean?

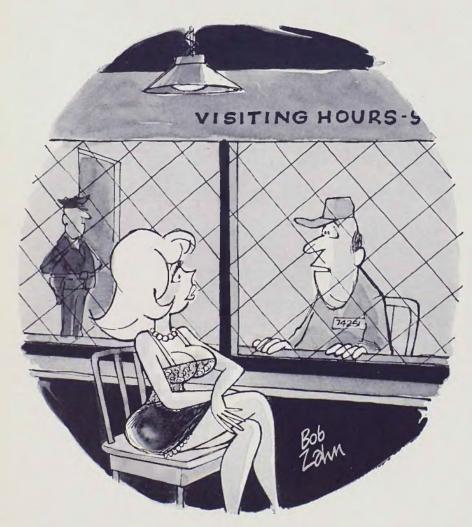
WATTS: Like chemistry or biology, it's all empirical; it's trying to find out not what the right words for it are but the consciousness of the thing. Now, there are certain respects in which science is not empirical, certain ideas of the nature of matter that can be represented only in mathematical terms. That is really the most amazing kind of theological exercise, because it's all based on formulation, and formulation is dogma. The whole idea of dogma is the right word, the right formula. The controversy about whether God the Son is of one substance with the Father, or of like substance with the Father, could be compared to the current controversy about the steady-state Universe versus the bigbang theory.

ctarke: The difference, of course, is that thousands, if not millions, of lives were lost over the first controversy. As far as I know, very few physicists have been murdered by other physicists, though they have occasionally lost their jobs; nor have they slaughtered scores of innocents.

WATTS: Don't forget Hiroshima.

CLARKE: That was politicians, not physicists.

WATTS: It was physicists, too; they can't absolve themselves, though they were hardly alone. The hydrogen bomb is the end result of a fundamental hatred for a life in which everything is regarded as an object and has attached to it only those values that we attach to unfeeling machines. Ernst Haeckel termed the force of the Universe blind energy and Freud called the psychological force blind lust, and both defined intelligent beings—ourselves—as statistical flukes in an essentially stupid process. As a result, there developed this hatred of process, of nature, this antagonism to it. Even



"Maybe you had better not come to see me anymore, Lil, my cellmate is the jealous type."

though Haeckel and Freud and their successors call themselves scientific naturalists, they are against nature; they fight nature. Nature is unpleasant; nature is a nasty dog-eat-dog system and we are out to beat it.

CLARKE: Alan, I have a long-standing bias against religion that may be reflected in my comments. It's always seemed to me that many religions made statements about the Universe that at first there was no way of checking. For the sake of argument, let's stick to the Christian view, which is the only one I really know much about-the early concepts of the Earth's being the center of the Universe, the world being created in seven days, that sort of thing. Now science has given us what seems to be definite knowledge about many of these matters that at one time would have seemed beyond the possibility of any knowledge. And in almost every case, it has turned out that the religious statements were nonsense. Because of this, I've always felt hostile toward those religions that made such assertions and then persecuted and even murdered the people who proved they were not true.

WATTS: That sort of thing was almost uniquely confined to Christianity, Islam and, to some extent, Judaism. There has never been any ghost of a notion of a fight between science and the Hindu, Buddhist and Taoist traditions.

CLARKE: Be that as it may, the Christians and the Jews and the Moslems have been pretty damned uptight about science. Look at the appalling atrocities, the religious wars, the Inquisition, the psychological havoc wrought on individuals by the Christian tradition right up to today. I was once tempted to state that I thought Christianity was the greatest disaster that ever overtook the human race. WATTS: I would agree with you-as far as any sort of official Christianity is concerned. Official Christianity has always opposed its own mystics.

CLARKE: One of the great ironies of history was when Father Xavier's colleagues arrived in China to carry the knowledge of the West into the backward Orient. They found a culture that believed in a Universe that was infinite in space and time, an image of the Universe remarkably accurate in terms of the way the Universe really is. But the Jesuit priests brought with them their Dantesque Ptolemaic ideas of the Universe and rapidly convinced the Chinese-barbarians, you know-that the Earth was really the center of the Universe and the stars were in crystal spheres a little way away. And so the Chinese abandoned their cosmology. But now that we're finding out where we really are, we may regain our psychological balance.



"It beats hell out of eight tiny reindeer."

WATTS: Right, and get used to living in the vast dimensions of scientific astronomy that, in a way, the Hindus have, and therefore have a greater screnity about time and the future. That's been another of our major problems. Western man lived for centuries under the desperate necessity of thinking he was created in 4000 B.C. and that the Day of Judgment is coming any time. In this short, linear Universe, you've got only one life to make it, baby, and you better do right, because if you don't, you're going to be damned forever and ever. Fancy believing that!

CLARKE: Millions of people still believe it. That's what I meant when I said what a disaster Christianity is. But I think one thing should be made clear here. In this country, people tend to confuse religion with a belief in God. Buddhists don't necessarily believe in a god or a supreme being at all, whereas one could easily believe in a supreme being and not have any religion.

WATTS: Most people don't realize how many alternative ideas of God there are. A Christian apologist will start out with excellent reasons for believing that there is, as a British Member of Parliament once said, "some sort of a something somewhere." And you immediately equate that with the Biblical God, who is really a barbarian modeled on a Near Eastern tyrant. Nobody would think of inviting that God

CLARKE: They wouldn't have much to say to Him if they did. But religion doesn't really serve the function for most people that it once did.

WATTS: The standard-brand religions have

been obsolete for years; nobody's interested in them anymore. They realize this and they're trying desperately to win people back by having things like jazz Masses and bingo. The Roman Catholic Church made the greatest of all foolish mistakes by putting the Mass in the vernacular to make it understandable to people, who then realized it wasn't very interesting, after all. When the priests muttered it in Latin, they were doing it for the sound, because the meditative exercise requires concentration on sound. You chant and get that one note going and that's a mantra and a magical thing. I can get large numbers of people interested in a religious observance that is pure ritual, a ceremony with everybody chanting, say, "Hare Krishna." A lot of people like to get together to have this sort of religious service, which is nothing more than a support for contemplation or for feelings of the weird and marvelous. I think a sense of awe is a rather necessary component of life, so I think there's going to be a revival of very colorful religious exercises with a minimum of sermonizing, of didactic elements. I'm not talking about the Jesus freaks, incidentally; to my mind, they're an unfortunate recrudescence of the lunatic fringe of Protestantism.

CLARKE: The snake worshipers.

WATTS: No, they lapse into a real religion, occasionally-like at a Negro religious service, where they soon stop talking so-called sense and genuine African religion finally emerges from its Christian disguise and the minister really gets 257 the spirit and starts talking in tongues—glossolalia.

CLARKE: Isn't that just an emotional ecstasy? Is it any different from square dancing or rock 'n' roll?

WATTS: When you really get going in dancing, you get into a dimension that is in some ways religious.

CLARKE: But it's just a sort of primitive ecstasy. Alan.

WATTS: I'm not willing to use the word primitive.

CLARKE: I wasn't using it in the sense of putting it down.

WATTS: You get the same thing with almost all ritual dances, particularly those of animistic, shamanistic tribes.

CLARKE: But does it mean anything?

WATTS: Religion isn't supposed to mean anything. What's the meaning of "hallelujah"? It's just whoopee. What's the meaning of the galaxies, the spiral nebulae, the quasars? They're just immense rejoicings, like Mozart's Jupiter Symphony. These meaningless religious celebrations are not so much primitive as basic; and if you can't let yourself get into their spirit, you're only half alive. The result of all this is that you're going to get, and already have, a tremendous uprising of interest in mystical religion among the intelligent population of the United States.

CLARKE: Also a tremendous increase among the unintelligent population, especially those seeking salvation and forgiveness for their sins.

WATTS: For the most part, the Christian religions are nothing but sexual-regulation societies. The only thing anybody ever gets kicked out of the Church for is for a sexual scandal-especially a heterosexual scandal. You can get away with being homosexual if you don't flaunt it, and many good priests are. But, strictly speaking, the Church worries primarily about sexual sins. Its opposition to sex is not without reason, of course. In the late Roman Empire, it was considered a great kick to go to the Colosseum and watch floatloads of pretty girls hauled around the arena, waving and laughing, and then suddenly they were surprised by wild animals who tore them to pieces while the spectators masturbated in the stands. Naturally, when the Church got powerful enough, it moved in and said enough is enough. It may have gone too far, but that was understandable under the circumstances. The point, of course, is that circumstances have long since changed, but the Church's attitude hasn't, and many of the laity are now rejecting it or leaving the Church because of it.

CLARKE: Some of those within the Church are refusing to accept it as well. But my own opinion is that morals are too important to be left to the clergy.

WATTS: I think a lot of these questions about sexual morality have been confused with statistics. As when the sinner

confessed. "Father, I've committed adultery." And the father asks, "How many times?" And the sinner says, "Father, I came here to confess, not to boast." In the sense of how many times, you're covering up sex with legalism. My entire approach to sexual morality is based on qualitative considerations, not on how often nor how long nor with whomthat has nothing to do with it. The feelings, the aesthetics of it, the good manners of it, the etiquette of it-to me, these are very important considerations. CLARKE: I often want to ask what right the Pope has to regulate marriage; what does he know about it?

WATTS: That sexually inexperienced people such as priests should be marriage counselors is absurd, almost as absurd as the institution itself, which is based on the two completely incompatible principles of the old-fashioned arranged marriage between two feudal family dynasties, and romantic marriage, which is based on falling in love. I can understand marriage in the arranged sense, but then it was always assumed that there were concubines.

CLARKE: Kenneth Clark summed it up very well in the *Civilization* series, when he said that marriage without love always means love without marriage.

WATTS: Love without marriage has definite advantages for the race, Arthur, Marriage implies children, to continue the dynasty or your family line. But now, if man is to survive, he has to limit his numbers; and if he forgoes children, there's not much point in formal marriage, except to legalize or sanctify sexual relations.

CLARKE: We have to look on sex as something other than a way of producing offspring.

WATTS: We have to start seeing sex more and more as play. The playful element of it is obvious, because nature has always been playful; the economy of nature with respect to sex is extremely wasteful from a pinchpenny utilitarian point of view; nature is profligate in throwing seed around. Of course, I don't look upon nature as being utilitarian; I look upon nature as a gas, as a terrific jazz that's going on. Whether it's "successful" or not is completely unimportant. CLARKE: There's obviously a total mismatch as far as the utilitarian aspects of sex are concerned, because a single man could fertilize the entire human race-and in about ten ejaculations, at that: statistically, we're as bad as the oyster. If you doubt that, look through the microscope at your own spermatozoa someday. It's a profound emotional experience to look down at those millions of you on the slide, incidentally; it's then you realize the truth of the definition of a human being as a disposable container for DNA. But nature is profligate with its seed, as you put it, Alan-as a hedge against the future. It's like people taking out insurance against possible disaster.

WATTS: The future doesn't worry me, Arthur, because I know that deep within me I'm really God and that absolutely nothing can go wrong.

CLARKE: You're mistaken, Alan; I am God. WATTS: It's true for you, too; it's true for everybody. Really, nothing at all can go wrong, because I know that I am God in disguise. That's a very difficult thing to say in Western culture, but it's very easy to say it in India, because there everybody knows it's true. Jesus knew this but couldn't possibly say it in his culture without being accused of blasphemy, which was what happened, and they killed him for it. Christians never understood him. They said, "Sure, Jesus is God—but nobody else is." and that strangled his teaching at birth.

CLARKE: I believe a few things can go wrong. Fundamentally, I'm an optimist and I believe the future is not predetermined, that to some extent we can determine our own destiny. By thinking about the future and its possibilities, we do have a chance of averting the more disastrous ones. This is why I believe that the interest in the future that is so common now is a good thing. There are suspect ways of looking at the future, of course—astrology, divination, that sort of thing.

WATTS: The Book of Changes, the I Ching, is essentially the same thing as astrology and it's been used in a sophisticated culture for at least 2000 years, perhaps longer. I think astrology is highly unsophisticated and fumbling in its use, at least as a method of prediction, but it's entirely right in principle.

CLARKE: My immediate reaction is to say that it's entirely wrong in principle, that it's absolute nonsense.

WATTS: I don't believe in astrology as practiced. I consider it only as a way of looking at things that might have potential if it were seriously developed.

CLARKE: An attempt to relate man to the Universe? That's a good idea, but I don't think it can be done with astrology, if it can be done at all. What all the astrologers are doing is a totally dead end; worse than that, it's misleading. Perhaps I'm biased against astrologers because I live in a country where so many people's lives are based on it.

watts: My point is this: You ask for a picture, a chart, of a human being and the astrologer gives you a horoscope. This is a very crude map of the Universe as centered on that individual's birth. The defect of astrology is that not only is the chart incredibly crude, the astrologer doesn't know how to read it; he's got purely mythological meanings attached to the gravitational influences of the various heavenly bodies. The astrological chart of an individual is a map of an organism/environment, a



"I invited you to spend Christmas Eve at Grandma's house, right? Well, that's Grandma and this is her house."



"In my youth, we had none of this cold-blooded arranging of marriages by computer. For example, I won your mother in a crap game."

field. Rather than trying to make sense out of highly localized events going on in that field, an attempt should be made to relate them to the total context of the area in which they're happening. The total context is the Universe, insofar as it impinges on us—and we don't know how far it impinges on us.

CLARKE: I suspect very little. If the rest of the Universe suddenly disappeared, apart from the Sun and the Moon, it would make no essential difference to life on Earth.

WATTS: The Sun wouldn't be here in the first place if it weren't for the galaxy. We have to enlarge our scope to see these things, because we are in a significant context. As for astrology, in the development of scientific ideas, all the major steps are made by calling into question some basic point of common sense. When we discuss space, for example, we discuss objects in space and processes in space, but nobody ever discusses space itself. Buckminster Fuller once told me that space is just "negative event" and I said. "Yes, but isn't it basic that you can't have nothing without something?" The basic assumption of Western thought is ex nihilo nihil fit-that out of nothing comes nothing at all. My assumption is that out of nothing comes something. You can't possibly imagine a solid without space; you can't imagine space without a solid. They're like positive and negative poles. But the common sense of Western man-and I include most Asian peoples as well-almost completely excludes the negative element. It's our definition of tragedy: The Universe runs down and in the end there is nothing. And we say, "Oh, that's so sad." What it comes down to is our terror of death. And though you may not agree with me, Arthur, this fear of death is one of man's major problems. Human beings will always be in the sort of situations we're worrying about now just as long as they are so terrified.

CLARKE: Could you explain that?

WATTS: For one thing, to rule people, you mustn't let them know that death is nothing to be afraid of, because then you've got no threat left. This fear of death is also one reason people are afraid to look into the future; they think it's going to end in death, and that's a major taboo. I recently read an article on the demoralizing effects on a family group when the impending death of one of them is being concealed by all the others. That's stupid. In my function as a shaman, I've watched many people die and told them they were going to die and that this is the supreme opportunity for human happiness-to let yourself go entirely and stop caring. Just give in, give up. And when you do, you suddenly get this tremendous surge of energy.

CLARKE: Like letting the current sweep you away.

watts: And the energy of the current sweeping you away becomes yourself. You are that energy with which you're going out. Karlfried von Dürckheim, a German nobleman who once studied Zen Buddhism in Japan and now has a sort of ashram in the Black Forest, told me some years ago that a great deal of

his work had to do with people who had survived almost certain death or utter hopelessness during the war. There may have been a bomb falling, they heard the scream, they knew it was all overbut the bomb was a dud. Or they were in a concentration camp without any hope of release, or they were displaced persons with no future. If, in each of these cases, the person completely let go and accepted the situation, he suddenly had that kind of experience we call cosmic consciousness. This is the feeling that I am the Universe and there is nothing to worry about. It is a joyous, ecstatic state. When they told their friends about this feeling later, their friends would usually dismiss it and say, "Well, of course you were under tremendous stress. You must have been a little insane." But Von Dürckheim told me that his work was, to a great extent, reassuring these people that they did, in fact, experience something very important.

CLARKE: The trouble with this feeling, this sort of transcendental feeling of cosmic consciousness, if you like, is that you can never prove it. It may be just a defense mechanism of our minds taking

over in an emergency.

WATTS: We can prove it, because a description of man from a biological point of view is more consistent with that way of feeling than with our actual feelings.

CLARKE: Then why do we have these actual feelings if they're fundamentally false?

WATTS: Because they come from prescientific cultures where they only occasionally have breakthroughs into a different kind of feeling, which they have to call mystical experience or some funny word like that, whereas actually they have broken into ecological awareness. But what I've been trying to say here is that accepting death is the key to freedom. There's a Zen Buddhist poem that says, "While living, be a dead man, thoroughly dead. Then, whatever you do, just as you like, will be all right." In other words, if you have let go of yourself, you're no longer worried about death. You feel very free. All time is borrowed time; it's all for gravy. The biggest hang-up that human beings have is this death thing, and Christianity hasn't helped much on that. It's being finite that confers individuality on us; it's death that enables us to be individuals, in the best sense. I'm not saying that individuality is unreal-it's very realbut individuality is a function of being an activity of the Universe, here and now. When you study an organism, human or animal or insect, it cannot be differentiated from its environment. The whole thing is a process: although there are differentiations within the process, it is a unified field of behavior. Unfortunately, the average man has no sensation of being an organism/environment entity.

CLARKE: You know those works of art that are made up of a pattern of lines in which, when you look at it, you can make out a figure even though it's just a pattern of lines? You don't always see it at first and you can't separate the image from the background; it's all continuum. In the same sense, we're continuum, a part of nature. This accounts for the illusion of individuality that you're talking about, Alan. But whether or not individuality is an illusion, it's a damned convincing one.

WATTS: It is. But this convincing illusion of individuality isn't quite an illusion. Each organism really is different from its environment in the sense that the north pole of a magnet is different from the south or the front of something from the back; they're different, but at the same time they're inseparable. The determinists will tell you that the organism is the puppet of the environment; the free-willists will say that the organism can kick the environment around to a great extent. I want to say that there's a single dance.

CLARKE: You know, I tend to get impatient with philosophical questions, probably because I'm lazy and I have this grasshopper mind. But whenever I tend to get into deep waters or anyone tries to pull me into them, as you are trying to do now, I remember a remark of Stanley Kubrick's that is one of the many useful things I've learned from him. He once said that the only real problem is what to do next. And it seems to me that this is what we should really get down to—what should the human race do next?

WATTS: This isn't as abstruse as it sounds, Arthur; it deals directly with what is perhaps our biggest problem of all-man's relation to his environment. And what we do about our environment will depend on our attitude toward it. I think our present attitude is a hostile one; we lack sensitivity toward it. To me, just as an apple tree apples, the Solar System peoples and, therefore, it's a human Solar System and, therefore, a human galaxy. That means we've got to have a great deal more recognition of the interdependence of all processesand I fail to see any dichotomy between the human and the nonhuman. In 2001, for example, the characters begin to develop a real respect for HAL; they don't want to hurt its feelings. They always look toward the console-even though they know that HAL is not "at" the console-because it's polite to face the person you're talking to. I think that's a very sophisticated attitude. And if you can treat HAL 9000 as a person, you can also treat animals and plants with a special kind of respect that we simply don't have. I also think you should have these same attitudes in dealing with a river.

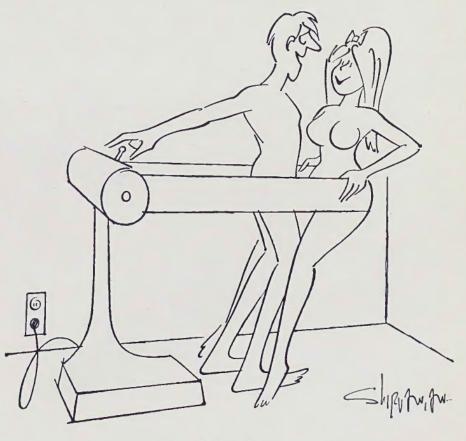
CLARKE: That almost sounds like a religious attitude.

WATTS: It's a form of animism, which is probably the most primitive of all religions, wherein all natural entities are treated as people and addressed and spoken to, whether it's a mountain or a plant or an animal or an ocean. We could use a little of this attitude when it comes to our ecological problems. For example, you know they want to turn Black Mesa into beer cans, don't you? They want to demolish this huge chunk of coal, which is the Hopi sacred mountain, slurry it with billions of gallons of water from the water-table area and send it to a power plant that will convert it into electricity for Los Angeles, where its primary industrial use will be in the manufacture of aluminum for airplane skins and beer cans. What I find lacking in all this is the recognition of our environment as something to be respected and shaken hands with in a brotherly way. We've got to recognize the right of this so-called external, objective world to be treated as something as alive and real as we are. This may not sound very scientific, but it makes more sense than the people who suggest that because we sent a man to the Moon, somehow we can use the same approach to handle our environmental problems.

CLARKE: People who say that we could

use the systems approach in cleaning up the environment don't fully understand the problems involved. These problems are thousands of times more difficult than going to the Moon, because they contain an incredibly complex network of human elements. You can't do anything to society without dealing with millions of people, all of whom have different ideas and objectives. The best the systems approach can do is to make a kind of map of the situation, and there's always the danger that something vital might have been left out because it's so inconspicuous-the equivalent of an underground river. Suppose we found out tomorrow, for example, that aspirin produces lethal mutations after ten generations? Then there's the theory that it was lead plumbing, lead pipes and lead utensils that contributed to the decadence, both physical and mental, of the wealthy Romans. You can never be sure about this sort of thing: we may have been nibbling at lead paint or its equivalent for the past 100 years without even knowing it. That's one of the arguments in favor of space travel, incidentally: We have too many eggs in one basket here on Earth. When we set up independent colonies, then disaster on one won't necessarily wipe out the whole human race.

WATTS: Something that's always bothered



"Ready?"

me, Arthur, is what are we going to do about our atomic wastes buried in places like Hanford, Washington? Those concrete storage boxes are going to wear open sooner or later.

CLARKE: There will be some very horrible surprises for archaeologists in the future, won't there? Perhaps the most practical solution would be to simply transmute them via some sort of nuclear process into something useful. I once said there's no such thing as garbage—only raw materials that we're too stupid to use.

WATTS: What about this recycling of newsprint we hear so much about?

CLARKE: This is an argument in favor of the electronic communications system that just hands you the information and not the wood pulp—you don't need that unless you want to light a fire or use it for toilet paper. And, incidentally, everything is recycled; we never use anything up. We're incapable of using anything up; we just convert it into something else.

WATTS: You mentioned the dangers of not taking everything into account when it comes to problems of the environment or pollution and, of course, the obvious example is phosphates in detergents, which do a great job of cleaning and promptly caused the explosive growth of algae in our lakes.

CLARKE: There are all too many other examples. You could take the case of Geylon, which is a textbook study of the use of DDT. Geylon has always been ravaged by malaria, which probably de-

stroyed the Singhalese civilizations of the First Millennium, which had built some of the greatest irrigation systems and cities on this planet-fantastic engineering works with artificial lakes 20 or 40 miles in circumference. In the middle 1940s, there was another great malaria epidemic and thousands of people died, so Ceylon was one of the first places where they used DDT on a large scale. They wiped out the mosquitoes, the malaria rate dwindled to zero, and then the population rate soared, doubling in a generation. In addition, the DDT poisoned a lot of fish and other useful animals. The problem now is switching to something less dangerous, such as biological control-importing a certain fish that gobbles up the mosquitoes, and people, in turn, eat the fish. Biological control is usually much more satisfactory and often a lot cheaper.

WATTS: One of my greatest friends is the poet Gary Snyder, who has also been very much exposed to Far Eastern thinking and is also tremendously concerned with our ecological problems. He claims that you cannot work effectively for good ecology unless you realize that it isn't necessary to do anything in the first place. You've got to work from the principle that nothing can go wrong in this Universe, that all mistakes and catastrophes are purely temporary occurrences and that nature has an infinite richness and will play all culture forms again and again, indefinitely. If you have that kind of confidence inside your gut, you won't

work for proper ecological behavior with panic as your motivation.

CLARKE: This is complete fatalism—why work at all?

WATTS: What I'm trying to say is that while I'm very concerned about our ecological problems, I'm not worried, even if the human race blows itself to pieces, which would be what the Hindus call Kali Yuga, the end of the cycle.

CLARKE: That sounds like a good reason for not doing anything.

WAITS: I know it does. But you'll find this sort of philosophical paradox elsewhere in history. Calvinists, for example, believe that God in His inscrutable wisdom will damn some and save some—regardless of how virtuous or evil they may be—and there's nothing you can do to change it. Logically, you would think that Calvinists would be very irresponsible people; but instead, they're energetic, excessively moral people.

CLARKE: I don't understand that at all.

WATTS: The reason for it is this: If you have that kind of confidence in the first place, it gives you tremendous energy and an essential *joie de vivre* with which you can accomplish all sorts of things, You're not wasting energy in a lot of static emotion.

CLARKE: That's not a philosophy; that's a psychological dodge.

WATTS: I'll grant you it's a psychological dodge. As a Buddhist, I'm not really interested in philosophy, I'm interested in states of consciousness. Philosophy be damned! That's just conceptualization, that's trying to explain the music in words, whereas the important thing is to participate in the music and dig it. If you do, then there's energy available for working on our ecological problems. But I think you have to start to do this very urgent, necessary work from the standpoint of joy, not that of panic.

CLARKE: As far as our ecological situation is concerned, I think we could do with a little panic in the right places.

WATTS: At least we can both take some comfort that there is a good deal of awareness about our ecological problems now, particularly among young people. There have been ecology days and environmental teach-ins at some of the schools, and I'm sure ecology is even being taught at some universities—which brings up another of our institutions that are in trouble, Arthur: our educational system. The charge usually leveled against it is that it isn't very relevant.

clarke: The educational system must always be at least a generation behind the times, because the teachers are out of phase with the students to that extent. This really didn't matter, of course, until about 100 years ago. We run into a feedback problem here; the time delay is now just too long.

WATTS: A good deal of the problem with



"You twitched and whinnied all night!"

education is that it's compulsory, and that's a contradiction in terms. I think education should be free to anyone who wants it-and if they don't want it, to hell with them. But what we've actually got is compulsory university education, because for so many forms of employment, you must have a college degree and, therefore, if you can't afford it, the state must give it to you. So we've created these tremendous educational machines to the total detriment of scholarship. My idea of a free university is not one that's free from discipline but one where absolutely nobody has to go; you're there only if you're really interested. To pass the admissions examination, you would have to prove not only that you could perform certain intellectual disciplines but also that you liked doing them very much and that you would be happy belonging to a community of scholars.

CLARKE: One of the difficulties is that life has become so much more complex; the number of interconnections and the rate at which everything happens have increased enormously; it's almost a quantum jump. What worries me is how we can increase the rate of our input to cope with it. Perhaps someday we'll develop the so-called mechanical educator, which will stamp knowledge into our brain the way a phonograph record is stamped out in a press.

WATTS: Another problem is how we take in information, how we scan the environment. Our conscious thinking processes take in information bit by bit, one thing at a time; they're linear methods for scanning a nonlinear environment, one in which everything is happening everywhere at once. As a result, we're very limited when it comes to actually using our brains. We have an organism inside our heads that is able to deal with an enormous number of variables at the same time, but we don't have conscious access to it. The average person, without using a pencil, can deal with no more than three variables at once, while the practical situations of human life include 100,000 or more.

CLARKE: I'm not so sure I can deal with more than one variable at a time, but it's probably just as well. If we were conscious of every single thing that's happening out there, we'd be overwhelmed by the Universe.

WATTS: But our brain isn't overwhelmed. CLARKE: No, because it's operating a lot of automatic loops dealing with our breathing, our heartbeat, and so forth. Now, of course, we're discovering that we can control some of these things deliberately.

WATTS: That's not what I was thinking; conscious control of the autonomic nervous system is something else again. What I'm suggesting is that we develop the

other kinds of intelligence that we have —the nonlinear intelligence.

CLARKE: Wisdom of the body? Frankly, I don't quite know what that means.

WATTS: We call it flying by the seat of your pants, doing it by eye and playing it by ear. That's what I meant by using the brain instead of the mind. There are those incredible skills which we learn to use in athletics and skindiving and things like that, which our linear, bookish education doesn't recognize. At the time of all the scandal about Tim Leary and his investigations into consciousness changes, somebody at Harvard said no knowledge is intellectually respectable that cannot be put into words. And I thought, alas for the departments of fine arts and music and athletics!

CLARKE: It depends on your definitions; you might say that isn't knowledge. In fact, the more you try to make it knowledge, the less you can do it, like the famous poem about the centipede who, when asked how it walked, promptly fell distracted into the ditch.

WATTS: The reason learning theory is in such a muddle is that we're trying to solve the problems of learning in terms of memorization of what has been consciously inspected. But if we really want to learn a foreign language, for example, we learn it like we learned our own language-by ear. Like throwing yourself into the water to learn how to swim, you throw yourself into a foreign country and pick up the language by feeling its rhythms. How do you learn to dance? Some people have to have a diagram; others just get the feel of it. It's like learning Oriental music: You imitate the manual and breath movements of your teacher. Notation is used only for filing certain ragas or basic melodies, and it's very limited, because the movements of the body are far more subtle than can ever be written down in a linear language. The music is organic as distinct from mechanical, which is its tremendous appeal for people like Richie Havens and George Harrison. Learning, you see, is actually a Gestalt; you have to be able to see all the relationships. Unfortunately, the whole picture can never be stated in a linear language.

CLARKE: What do you propose we use instead?

WATTS: The Chinese ideograph, where instead of a linear meaning unit, you've got a picture with spatial interrelations in it that can be reduced to a linear formula. Children who are backward in their reading skills can be taught Chinese ideographs and form sentences with them in a very short time.

CLARKE: I'm not so sure that the act of looking at ideographs or images is non-linear, Alan. In a more subtle way, the eye always scans. Recently, they've discovered that if you can hold an image



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steady on the retina so that it's literally fixed, it will eventually fade out; the eye cannot see it. There's a microscanning system, a flicker, going on all the time.

WATTS: There's a comparable auditory phenomenon.

CLARKE: You mean this business of hearing a note after it's actually stopped, where if you make a note fainter and fainter, you go on hearing it even though it isn't there anymore? The Beatles used this phenomenon on one of their records.

WATTS: We do the same thing retinally; that's why revolving a lighted cigarette in the dark gives the impression of a continuous circle.

CLARKE: It's interesting, incidentally, to speculate that some extraterrestrials might be totally unable to see our television pictures if their persistence of vision were different from ours. Since the television picture is just a single spot at any instant in time, they might look at it and see only this spot of light moving back and forth and wonder what it meant.

WATTS: Think of all the boring programs they would miss. But seriously, our present methods of education are a path to a way of life people don't want to live anymore, because it's dull. A boy looks at his father and says. "I sure don't want to be like you-you're miserable, you commute, you do all these dismal things just to have a plastic doll and a toy rocketship for a car and to live in smog." In the future, we're going to have to educate people to a different sort of life.

CLARKE: The major educational problem of the future will be educating people for leisure. We live in a world that's heading for full unemployment, but unfortunately the uneducated will be unable to survive in a world with complete leisure; they won't know what to do with their lives. Work fills most of the life of the average man: going to work, working, going home from work.

WATTS: And some people still have the notion that it's sinful not to work from nine to five.

CLARKE: The old Anglo-Saxon guilt complex. You know, it's Nigel Calder's thesis that work is a fairly new idea, that it was invented some 5000 years ago. Primitive men don't work, hunters don't work. They live short, nasty, brutish lives-but they don't work. It's only farmers who work, who invented work, and it has grown more and more dominant in our lives ever since. One of the problems of the future, according to Calder, is that we are going to have to disinvent work. The hippies and the flower children, incidentally, were doing just that. But it would be dangerous for most people to just lie around; look at all those who die immediately after they retire. So the greatest industry of the 264 future is going to be entertainmentthat and education; I don't make a distinction between the two.

WATTS: All good educators are entertainers. But you have to have intellectual discipline of some kind for every pleasure. Even if all we wanted to do was get roaring drunk, we'd still have to have the distiller's art.

CLARKE: There will always be some people who will have to work, who will want to work-and who will bitterly resent those who don't and who will keep asking themselves why that lazy bum should be supported by me and do nothing.

WATTS: But he's not supported by you; he's supported by machines.

CLARKE: Somebody had to spend long, laborious hours designing and building that machine. Alan.

WATTS: Yes, and that machine should pay the person who designed it in a fairly substantial way-but it has failed in its purpose if it doesn't also pay other people.

CLARKE: I'll admit that it should pay its designer, but why should it pay anybody

WATTS: Because the whole purpose of a machine is to do ever so much more than one man can do. It should at least pay its designer for his labor, but he has designed an ineffective machine if it pays only him. If it pays other people as well, then he has designed a truly effective machine: he has made a real contribution to society. But people still have ideas of a scarcity economics, of an age in which there simply wasn't enough to go around. But the designer's machine has changed all that, and now there's enough to go around. Or don't you think so?

CLARKE: In principle, there's enough to go around. As far as materials and energy are concerned, there are unlimited resources. We're messing them up now -we have this pollution problem and power shortages-but those are temporary problems. Certainly, as long as the Sun shines, there's no question of a power shortage. What there is a danger of is an intelligence shortage. Where will we get the high-grade technicians to build and service and run the machinery in the world of the future? Look what's happening to the old-fashioned telephone system in New York right now; we can't even keep that running.

WATTS: Why not?

CLARKE: One of the reasons is lack of skilled labor-that and lack of labor that will let itself be skilled.

WATTS: Why can't we eliminate that problem with machinery that can do that sort of labor? The automatic telephone eliminated thousands of operators.

CLARKE: We can't do it until we can build robots that are essentially as versatile and intelligent as human beings are now, and this is at least a century away. For the near future, we've got to work with highly trained human beings. When it comes to simpler forms of labor, there's a different answer-and it's not robots. Through bio-engineering, it might be possible to develop superapes, superchimps, that can do the simple jobs. It's criminal to downgrade humans for manual, repetitive forms of laborgranted there are those qualified to do only this type of work and who should do it and be well paid for it. But I hope that eventually we can improve the intelligence standards of the race so that people won't have to do this sort of menial labor. Animals like the chimpanzee or others of the great apes would be ideal for it. It's a considerable scandal, you know, that we have domesticated no new animals since the Stone Age. The Egyptians had baboons waiting on table and elephants trained by the Indians as weapons of war could understand several hundred words of command. And if we can do this with existing animals, what could we do with specifically developed "new" animals, plus B. F. Skinner's techniques of conditioning? It would solve all our low-grade labor problems in a generation.

WATTS: Some people would consider that exploiting the animals.

CLARKE: There shouldn't be any moral problem to training apes. After all, we've been working with horses and dogs for a long time now. If you use their natural talents, or talents that we may train them to have, we should have no qualms. Most of our breeds of dogs are almost entirely artificial constructs by now and I think they're happy: I'm damned sure my German shepherds are. And I don't see why we couldn't do the same thing with the chimpanzees or other great apes, perhaps even with dolphins or whales.

WATTS: I still think there's a lot we can do with machinery, though our machines frequently have a way of causing more problems than they solve. We seem to be constantly having to make a choice between technology and its unfortunate by-products or no technology at all. It's like the old saw about women -you can't live with them and you can't live without them. In the case of our machines, it's an impossible choice.

CLARKE: The trouble with much of our technology is that it's too primitive; it isn't good technology. In fact, it's damned bad technology.

WATTS: How do you tell the difference? CLARKE: This is the first age that has ever glimpsed good technology, real technology-and it's sitting right here in front of us: this miniature tape recorder that we've been talking into. Real technology refers to machines that will last forever or until you want to throw them away, which will have no moving parts and which will be sophisticated but very reliable. This recorder isn't perfect; it still has a tape going round and round: but compare it with the old Edison phonograph! In some areas, we're

getting this kind of technology, but in others we're incredibly primitive-the modern automobile, for example. They've produced some very reliable and useful cars, but they're still very primitive and crude compared with what they should be, could be and one day will be,

WATTS: In ancient India, when men walked barefoot on the ground, a certain king, out of compassion for human feet, proposed that hundreds of cattle be slain and their skins used to carpet the ground. And then one of his advisors said, "O King, live forever, but this is not necessary. All we have to do is slay a few cattle and bind small pieces of their leather to the soles of our feet." This was the beginning of technology, real technology-doing more with less, as Bucky Fuller puts it.

CLARKE: That is the answer; you have to have some technology. There are places where you cannot walk over the ground barefoot, where you have to have shoes. where you have to slaughter some cows or make shoes out of plastic or whatever. There's an absolute minimum of technology that we need-and that minimum gets to be more and more every decade. There's no rational argument against technology as such-it's a matter of definitions. Farming is a technology at which we've worked for a long time and which is very successful. Consider the rice fields and the irrigation systems of Bali and Ceylon; from the technological point of view, it would be difficult to improve on them. They're a completely stable, highly developed technology that could last until the Sun went out. Why can't we do this on more complex levels? I believe we can. You can have any kind of technology you want; you've just got to think out the problems in much more detail than we have in the past.

WATTS: Among young people today, there's an extremely sentimental, back-to-nature movement that would like to abandon technology, but I'm afraid if we did, millions of people would starve.

CLARKE: There was never any question of abandoning technology, not since we picked up that first rock. It's true that we've got to get rid of bad technology, but we can't do with less technology, we need a hell of a lot more technology, and far more sophisticated technology.

WATTS: Arthur, what makes us go into raptures about a miniaturized tape recorder and damn the automobile?

CLARKE: It's very simple. Good technology enriches and enhances your life and bad technology diminishes it. When the automobile first came in, it enhanced and enriched life; it doesn't-very much -anymore. Tape recorders and cameras, on the other hand, definitely make life more rewarding. The recorder has effectively doubled my life, and cameras have added enormously to my pleasure; I can make a record of the events in my past



"Dear, remember I told you about the guy I used to go out with? The one who had the bad breath? Well, he switched to this new tooth paste. . . ."

that would be possible in no other way. Now the video-tape recorder is coming in and that is even more marvelous. It will do precisely what Bobby Burns said in his poem-"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us / To see oursels as others see us!" Pardon my Scots accent. It will also, I suspect, enrich one's lovemaking a great deal.

WATTS: I appreciate the aesthetics of good technology-a beautiful camera, a fine telescope, a microscope. It has something to do with our love of what space is, its beautiful transparency. Consciousness, depending on the sense, is a lens, and when you ask just what is clarity, which is also transparency, you get the answer: pure form, as in a sharply focused photograph.

CLARKE: You mention the lens, which reminds me that one of the most life-enriching technologies we take for granted, though its impact was overwhelming and may have been responsible for the Renaissance, was the invention of spectacles. Eyeglasses must have multiplied by several times the useful lives of the monks and other educated people of the period who had blown their eyesight at an early age trying to read manuscripts by candlelight. Most historians seem to-

tally unaware of this sort of thing; they describe the rises and the falls, the dynasties and the wars and the emperors, but they don't discuss the really important things like the invention of spectacles, the invention of the stirrup-which made it possible to shoot an arrow from a moving horse-or the invention of the horse collar, which multiplied the efficiency of horses by a factor of two or three. Some technologies, incidentally, are surprisingly ancient; the invention of a device that could go faster than the speed of sound actually dates back to prehistoric times.

WATTS: What was that?

CLARKE: The bullwhip—the crack it makes is actually the tip of the whip creating a small sonic boom.

WATTS: Buckminster Fuller claims that all real culture derives from the primitive seafarers, that they were the first people to understand navigation, the first people to realize the world is round.

CLARKE: I think Bucky may have been conditioned by the fact that he was in the Navy. What influence did seafaring have on the oldest culture and civilization, the Chinese?

WATTS: Not much. But Fuller claims, and he has a good case, that there are 265 much older cultures than the Chinese that were seafaring.

CLARKE: Perhaps he's right. The Atlanteans and other nuts have been saying for years that there have been much older cultures.

WATTS: I've always assumed there have been, especially in the equatorial regions, where wood and other impermanent building material would rot and crumble so the culture would disappear without a trace. There must have been many more cultures than those we know about, when you consider that man has existed for 1,000,000 years.

CLARKE: Much less than that; Homo sapiens has been around for perhaps only 150,000 years. It depends on your definition of man, of course; you could take some of the early types of man and preman and many of them wouldn't look out of place in modern society. We've had our modern brain for at least 20,000 years, which means there were men back in the Stone Age who could have flown spaceships.

WATTS: I've always felt that our archaeologists have picked at only a few tiny spots on the Earth's surface and that there are millions of square miles of surprises in store.

CLARKE: Perhaps some devastating ones, like the discovery of the Antikythera computer. In 1900, some sponge divers found a wreck that contained some of the greatest treasures of Greek art, all of which were then stored in a museum in Athens. They included various statues, plus, among other things, a rusty mass of bronze, The bronze had been sitting there in the museum for about 50 years when Derek Price figured out what it actually was: a very complex analog computer to calculate the positions of the stars, a thing considerably more sophisticated than a grandfather clock, with graduated dials and gear wheels.

WATTS: That kind of thing does not emerge except in a cultural complex that can support it.

CLARKE: Precisely. It's dated somewhere around 100 B.C., and we didn't know anybody could build things of such complexity until Ben Franklin's time. It was discovered only by accident, incidentally; it had gone down in a wreck and therefore was safe at the bottom of the Mediterranean. Otherwise, it would have been destroyed, because bronze was valuable; it would have been melted down into something else.

WATTS: It's fun to speculate whether we couldn't recapture the sights and sounds of the past if we had a sufficiently powerful detector of some kind.

CLARKE: That's impossible—at least in the standard sense-because any sound very quickly becomes thermal noise and agitation and is gone. But at least one scientist thinks he's found a process that might have captured sounds in the past-and that's the manufacture of pottery on the potter's wheel. He's been analyzing old clay pots and trying to recapture the sounds that were occurring as the potter was making them, and in one or two places he thinks he's succeeded. You see, in making a pot, you have the clay on a revolving table and a pointer touching the clay, and this is actually a primitive, inefficient phonograph. If you spin the pot and have a stylus that can play" it, you might be able to recapture the sounds in the potter's shop the day the pot was made.

WATTS: We'll undoubtedly be able to do it someday, Arthur. If the progress of science can be represented by an exponential curve, then anything will eventu-

ally be possible.

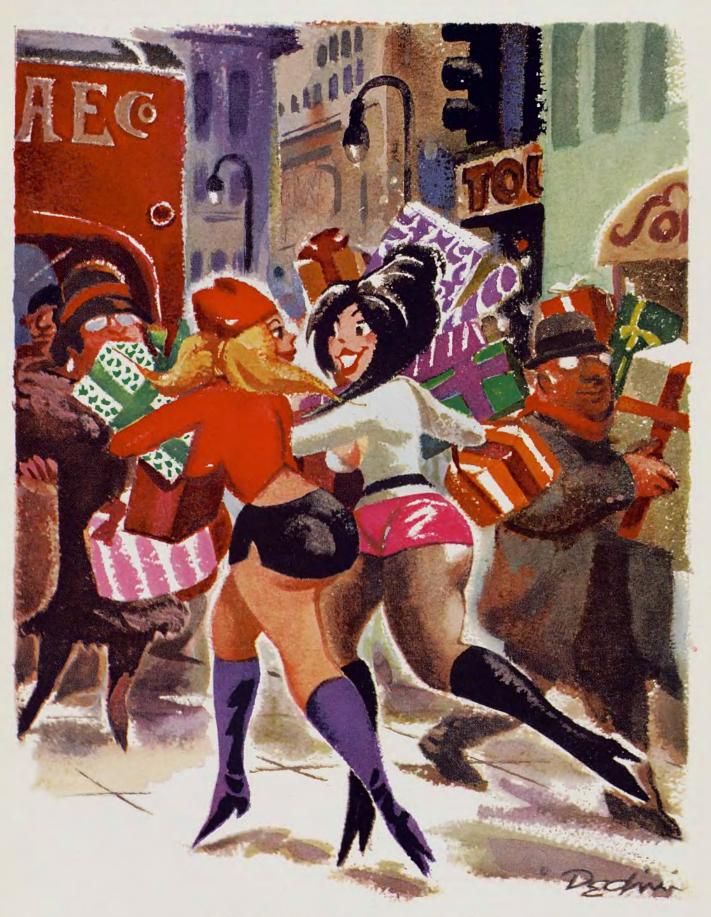
CLARKE: It isn't quite like that, Alan. The curves that between them govern man's life are the bell curve-the normal distribution curve-and the S-shaped growth curve, one that starts very slowly, then suddenly goes into an exponential rise, then flattens out and becomes a constant value again. Of course, you can have a later S curve superimposed on this. The best example of this is in transportation. You're stuck on one plateau for a long time, and then there's a breakthrough with the internal-combustion engine, which takes you up to the next plateau. Then there's another breakthrough with the airplane, another with the jet and, finally, another with the rocket. You can never be sure that the flattening-out period is really the final one. As far as speed in the Universe is concerned, perhaps there's a final flattening out with the velocity of light; as far as terrestrial speed goes, we've nearly reached the top.

WATTS: It also leaves us with this problem: When the time lag is reduced between any two places, the two places tend to become the same place in space. So Tokyo has become a mixture of Los Angeles and Shanghai, and Los Angeles has also become Tokyoized to some extent, and so has San Francisco. We're getting this weird kind of jet-aircraft culture in which every place has become pretty much the same, so there's less and less point to going anywhere.

CLARKE: The motto of the future may be: Don't commute, communicate. If we had absolutely perfect communication, so that we could be sort of physically present via some sort of hologram technique, there would be no point to having transportation at all, except for goods and services. Or if we had absolutely perfect transportation, where we could step through a door and arrive instantly in the other place, there would be no need for communication. I think we've gone overboard on transportation

up to now, and there's going to be a swing toward communications. For example, the TV tape recorders we've mentioned may be not only the end of Hollywood but the start of a real world community. Shirley Clarke, the movie producer who lives here in the Chelsea, is planning on plugging her tape equipment into our hotel cable system so we'll have our own little urban commune. Everybody has his own TV set, so we can watch what Shirley's monitor is doing, and then perhaps somebody else will get his own equipment and pump his pictures into the system, so we'll just switch from channel to channel and see what Dave is doing in room 222 or what went on in room 1010 last night. Eventually, of course, we'll have a global TV community, so it won't matter where we are on Earth, we'll always be able to get in touch with people with common interests. In Ceylon, I'll just switch on my set and see what Shirley's doing here, and vice versa. One of the objections to this sort of thing, of course, is that it's still remote and impersonal. Conceivably, we could wind up with a pathological society where people avoided all physical contact and communicated only through electronics.

WATTS: You know, Arthur, we reproduce in two ways, by sex and by art, Historically, the painter and the sculptor have striven to make more and more accurate representations of reality, a task that was eventually taken over by photography, cinematography and television. When television gives us three-dimensional holographic images in open space, we'll have attained new heights of realism. But, of course, we'll then demand tangible images for increased fidelity of reproduction, then images that respond to the viewer and the toucher in the same way as the original human who is being reproduced. Then there's Huxley's "feelies," which would not only reproduce but enable us to experience the actual sensations and emotions of the original televised person-a reproduction so perfect that we would have the sensation of being that person. Carrying all this to its logical extreme, we should ask: "Couldn't this have happened already? Isn't it possible that what I call life is watching just such a performance?" Another question could be, "Why go to all that trouble when you have the original in the first place?" There is also overpopulation in terms of this kind of reproduction or recording. It takes me as long to listen to one of my tapes as it does to record it. Beyond a certain point, seeing plays and movies takes up too big a chunk of my actual life. A camera can get in the way of the tourist's own eyes; reading about oneself in the newspaper can seem more important than the actual event. If our eventual progeny turn



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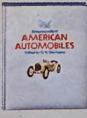
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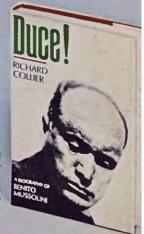
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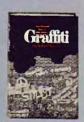
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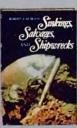


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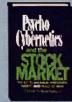
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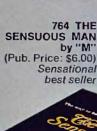
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out to be mechanical systems, reproduction by art will have superseded reproduction by sex. Which is a rather curious asceticism!

CLARKE: There was a clever cartoon some years back that sums it up rather well. It shows a man surrounded by all his gadgets and saying, "It's a full life!" Obviously, he's living an entirely second-hand life, because he's living only through his gadgets; that could be the danger. In this case, our electronic tape recorders would definitely not be considered life enriching.

WATTS: That's equivalent to being hooked on drugs instead of using drugs as instruments of investigation.

CLARKE: Speaking of drugs and electronic devices, is it true that you can, by purely electronic means, reproduce or simulate in a few hours' training the mental states that a Zen master or a yogi may take years and years of training to achieve? WATTS: Ordinarily, meditation is a very wide-awake state; it's totally alive, waiting, without expectation and without words. In contrast, most people report that their feelings of cosmic consciousness with an alpha-wave machine are achieved when they're on the brink of sleep. So I look upon the alpha-wave machine as a bit gimmicky, though it may be enormously interesting to explore with it the electrical capacities of the brain.

CLARKE: This may be a personal question, Alan, but drugs—I'm talking about the hallucinogenic ones—are on the public mind nowadays and there are always two views, that they're strictly for kicks or that somehow they give a person insight into himself. I assume your view's the latter, but I wonder how they might work in that sense.

WATTS: I consider them as scientific in-

struments used inside the skin, as distinct from those like microscopes and telephones, which are used outside the skin. Optical and electronic instruments offer to change our level of magnification, and to me that is one of the most interesting things about knowledge, to change your level of magnification so that you can see things on different levels and in different contexts. In the same way, drugs make certain alterations in the sensitivity of our nerves whereby we can change our vision. Now, that won't do anything by itself; any fool can look through a microscope and have a ball. But if a biologist or a chemist looks through a microscope, it's going to tell him something important. Some people can have weird trips on LSD, but to a student of the psychology of religion or the psychology of aesthetics, it can be extremely interesting and informative.

CLARKE: Just how was it informative for you?

WATTS: LSD has made me more tolerant. I can even understand in what way a Southern Baptist can be a manifestation of the divine principle, which I couldn't see before. Once when I took LSD on a Sunday evening, a group of us were listening to a religious service on the radio. A Negro revival minister made sense because he was pure, exuberant emotion, but the problem we faced was with a fundamentalist Bible preacher who was a real phony. He had an echo chamber so as to sound as if he were talking in a cathedral, and after his terrible moralistic preachments from the Bible, he always had a commercial: "If you want a copy of this address, send in a dollar to this station. Be sure to send in your dollar." But as we listened to his voice, we could hear this anxious little person saying: "I'm human, too,

I have to live. Send in your dollar." Then we listened further into the sound and we could hear a frightened child crying for its mother. We listened further and heard the primordial blow of wind through a tube. We listened still further and then we heard the voice of God, the alpha and the omega. The basic vibration of the Universe was in this poor little preacher. And then we forgave him, saying, "What hath God wrought! What an extraordinary manifestation that it comes out in this weird little character." In this way, LSD has made me much more open to variations in human behavior and life style.

CLARKE: I've always been skeptical of mysticism and revelations because I think they may turn out to be just psychological aberrations. It can be a very nice feeling, this feeling of cosmic consciousness, and I think I've had it once or twice, but I don't take it seriously, because you can be mistaken so often. I've had no previous experience with drugs, but under controlled conditions, with somebody who knew what he was doing, I would be quite interested in trying some experiments. But I think I have a sufficiently adequate imagination and I'm a little scared of what might happen if it were to be enhanced or accelerated.

WATTS: Much of what people have read about drugs is misinformation, Arthur. I had a great worry about this when Aldous Huxley wrote about mescaline and let the cat out of the bag as to what these drugs could do. I felt that he hadn't said enough, but at the same time I was reluctant to say more, in view of the fact that it might stir up a wide public interest and could have terrible repercussions.

CLARKE: As it did.

WATTS: I knew pretty well that this was going to happen, so finally I felt it better to say something that I thought intelligent and important about it than to stay silent. I was trying to say that instead of sweeping these drugs under the carpet with legal prohibitions and horrors, we should bring them out into the open and let our best scientific and philosophic minds go to town on them. If we have to regulate the use of hallucinogenic drugs, then what we should do is license them the same as we do alcohol and have legally sanctioned centers where people could use them under careful supervision.

CLARKE: That's a little like the English system, which somebody in Washington recently claimed was a failure. That's utter nonsense; compared with the American system, the English system is a howling success.

WATTS: The American attitude toward drugs is a colossal racket. Our drugabuse laws are so absurd and so raise the price of an inevitable vice that any official supporting them must be



"Not in front of the parents, Ralph."

suspected of profiting from the trade. The separation of church and state should require that police *not* be asked to act as armed clergymen preventing and prosecuting crimes without victims, such as sexual irregularity, gambling and drug abuse. The prosecution of young people for use of hallucinogenic drugs has alienated almost an entire generation.

CLARKE: Some of the hypocrisies of our society are so appalling that it's no wonder the young are disillusioned and rebelling against them.

WATTS: It all comes back to personal freedom, doesn't it? There is more and more of a thirst for personal freedom at the same time that we seem to be passing more and more laws that restrict it. Yet it's obvious to any lawyer that the more law proliferates, the less intelligible it becomes. So I'm for a considerable reduction in the number of laws and a self-repealing clause in every one we do pass; if you need it again, pass it again. The difficulty is that when you handle dangerous instruments, such as automobiles or firearms, you have to curtail your freedom and obey certain game rules. There are an enormous number of rules we obey and have no objection to obeying because we see the sense of them; we couldn't be free unless we did obey them. Nobody wants to live in the 17th Century again, when we were all armed to the teeth. But freedom is a gamble. There cannot be a community without mutual trust, and yet not everybody is trustworthy. But the only alternative to taking the risk of mutual trust is the super police state. So, naturally, we're going to get burgled and we're going to have a certain number of accidents; but if you don't take that gamble, then life isn't worth living.

CLARKE: Who was it who said no harm can come to a good man?

WATTS: Nobody's a good man, Arthur. According to Hebrew theology, everyone has within him the yetzer hara, the wayward spirit, created by God and planted in the soul of Adam. I call it the element of irreducible rascality and every one of us has that within him as salt in a stew; it's an essential ingredient of human nature and I cannot relate to a human being who doesn't have it.

ctarke: Cutting down on the number of laws you have would help make for a government that's more immediately responsive to the people. There is a social invention that might well come into use within the next few decades that would help out on that, too: electronic voting. A referendum, for example, could be brought up, discussed and voted in a few minutes of attention to your TV set. The question is: Would we really need political parties with such a system?

WATTS: Parties are as absurd as nations. They're the wrong emphasis. A party is always tied to an ideology, and one tends

to vote with the party rather than about

CLARKE: The chances are very good that, with the establishment of a global society, both the party and the state will wither away.

WATTS: How do we establish that global society?

CLARKE: In the next quarter century, you'll see the development of more and more international organizations that do such vital jobs that everybody will have to cooperate with them. In the past, we've had the International Postal Union and the International Telegraph Union and today, of course, we have Intelsat, an organization of some 70 countries cooperating in the global communications system. We also have the organizations of the airlines, the World Health Organization and the World Meteorological Organization. These independent bodies and others like them will become so essential and supranational in the next few decades that they will be running the world. The nationstate will find itself a postal division, a cultural subsection in these organizations. This is how we'll merge into a world society.

WATTS: I hope your world of 2001 will be a far different and better world than the one we're living in now. But between now and then, it looks as if it might be a rough go. Do you think we'll make it?

clarke: If I thought we wouldn't, I probably wouldn't say so; I would just go and quietly shoot myself. But think back to 1945, when the atomic bomb first burst upon us with all its now feeble

20 kilotons. We've survived for 25 years since then and no more atomic bombs have been dropped in anger; the balance of terror has been a balance. It can't be a permanent nor a stable one, but even now there are indications of a loosening up of our political tensions. I think that our space program has contributed to this by giving man a new perspective on the planet; the Apollo program may have come just in time to save the human race. The concept of Spaceship Earth may be cliché now, but it was no coincidence that from the moment we first saw that photograph of the Earth hanging in space, we became aware of our human unity and of the problems threatening the survival of our planet.

WATTS: You said at the start of our dialog that the space program had given us the moral equivalent of war and, if so, it was well worth it. But to the average man, it cost 24 billion dollars to bring back a load of Moon rocks, which makes them rather expensive acreage. Couldn't we have found out as much by just sending equipment there, or perhaps not have been in such a hurry, so that the cost of getting there might have been less? I know this is hindsight, but is there any element of truth to it?

CLARKE: Well, we might have waited until we had developed the re-usable space shuttle and then done it cheaper and more efficiently. But it's done now and there's no point in arguing how we should have done it. In another generation it will seem incredible that intelligent men ever questioned the value of



"The last time he offered me a large part, it was of him!"

the space program. Anybody who can't see the value of it is a fool. The program has already paid for itself in terms of lives saved alone, the most dramatic example being the use of satellites to track hurricanes, particularly Hurricane Camille off the Gulf Coast in 1969. On the basis of what such storms did 30 or 40 years ago, the death toll on a single night might have topped 45,000, our entire death list in the Vietnam war to date. Communication satellites have already revolutionized global communications: Fifty percent of your phone calls to Europe go via satellite, and in years to come, ships and aircraft over the Atlantic and Pacific will be able to keep in contact with their home bases through satellites, especially during periods of ionospheric disturbance, when they would normally be out of touch. The revolution in education is just beginning. Continental television, which will be possible in India from a single satellite transmitter in orbit overhead, will provide veterinary and family-planning information, as well as other educational news and entertainment, for a cost of about a dollar per person per year, which is trivial compared with the social benefits involved. India may bypass the radio age like Australia bypassed the railroad age-to accomplish what this one satellite television transmitter will do would require hundreds of ground stations.

Earth-resources satellites are also, for the first time, starting to tell us what is where-minerals, fresh water, things like that. Color photographs from space will tell us where there is pollution; a Gemini photograph, for example, proved that illegal dredging was wiping out the oyster beds in Galveston Bay by showing where all the silt was flowing out to sea and killing the oysters. They'll be able to monitor global air pollution from space as well as show oil dumping at sea, Unmanned satellites will be running our world and discovering the potential of this planet; and as they become more complex, we'll be sending men up to service them. And, of course, there'll be space factories and space hotels and space hospitals. On the Earth-bound medical end, space scientists have developed sensors for monitoring people who are ill. These are particularly important in heart cases. Already a few ambulances have been fitted out with radio sensors and by the time a patient arrives at the hospital, the sensors have already diagnosed what should be done. This is entirely a spinoff from space technology. It's true it could have been done otherwise, but it wasn't; it was space technology that provided the cutting edge. But leaving all the technology aside, the most valuable thing we may have gained from space flight is a new perspective on the Earth.

of the Earth from outer space leave you with the feeling that it is the most beautiful of all jewels.

CLARKE: The Earth is certainly unique in the Solar System, and that means it's going to be unique in our knowledge and experience for some centuries to come.

WATTS: Then you don't envisage any intimate knowledge of anything outside the Solar System for quite a long time?

CLARKE: Not unless there's a tremendous instrumental breakthrough, and I can't conceive of one that will enable us to get close-up views of any planets and of the stars without sending instrumented probes there, which will take centuries.

WATTS: Do you think there's intelligent life out there?

CLARKE: I hope that I may see the discovery of such extraterrestrial life and perhaps even intelligence in my lifetime, but I wouldn't put too high a probability on it. I don't think there's any other intelligence inside the Solar System, though it would be exciting if that were the case. It's perhaps more possible and would be almost as exciting if we discovered that there had been intelligence inside the Solar System—for example, if we discovered antiquities on Mars.

WATTS: I think the chances that extraterrestrial intelligence exists are overwhelming; it may be a long way away, but it's obviously there. A thing that can happen here can certainly happen elsewhere in a

Universe this big.

CLARKE: Speaking of intelligence, I've often wondered if it isn't an accidental by-product of evolution, sort of like the armor of the dinosaurs, that ultimately dooms its possessors to extinction. You could make a very good case for this, of course, by reading any newspaper. So perhaps we and our intelligence are an accident, like the dinosaurs and their magnificent display of bone plates. Remember that the most successful animals on this planet are the great white sharks and insects like the cockroaches, which haven't a brain in their heads, so to speak, and which, unlike Detroit, haven't changed their designs for millions of years. Intelligence may doom a species; as soon as you develop it, you've had it. This is pure speculation, of course, but it's one of the reasons it's so important to discover extraterrestrial intelligence. If we pick up intelligent signals from space or discover artifacts on the Moon or planets or anywhere else-say we found evidence of early visits by creatures from another star system-this would be the first evidence we've had that intelligence has some survival value.

WATTS: However intelligent they are, in our terms, someday we're damn well going to meet creatures from other worlds, and then there'll be the problem of communicating with them—along with a lot of other problems, I suspect. Gerald Heard once suggested we might learn

how to communicate with beings from outer space by studying the dance language of bees. I thought of this when Cousteau first tamed an octopus and there were pictures of him in the paper dancing with it. I had a radio show at the time and I said that I thought a gold medal should be cast of a man dancing with an octopus to replace the one of Saint George and the dragon. Here was a man who had made friends with one of the awful-awfuls of life, the symbol of the devouring mother. Weeks later, when I was giving a lecture in Los Angeles, Cousteau was in the audience and I met him. I told him what I had said and he replied, "It was very simple -all you have to do is stimulate the sexual organ of the octopus!"

CLARKE: It will be fascinating to study the psychology and philosophy of totally alien beings. Will there be anything at all in common? You mention the octopus; my own confrontation was with what once seemed to me to be the most hideous of all things, the giant manta. It's a totally strange and alien being but, nevertheless, a beautiful creature.

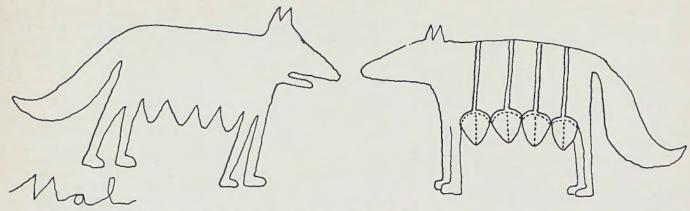
WATTS: I really wonder how much space exploration we'll actually be doing, though. There was a great psychological letdown after Armstrong stepped onto the Moon, and then the budget cutting that's followed it since.

CLARKE: In another ten years, that letdown will be part of the past and we'll go out to the planets and the stars and no one will even remember this little malaise of the Seventies. Man's future lies in space; we belong there—as well as in the sea—because it's only in those two places that we can be weightless and experience that same sense of freedom that we were born with hundreds of millions of years ago. I'm a skindiver and I always have a feeling of contentment, of belonging, when I'm back under water.

WATTS: When Dr. D. T. Suzuki, the great Zen scholar, was asked the question "What is it like to have attained satori?"—that is to say, enlightened awakening according to Zen—he said it felt like ordinary, everyday experience except about two inches off the ground.

CLARKE: Leaving the sea 500,000,000 years ago may have been a mistake. Perhaps the dolphins had the right idea: They tried it for a while and then said to hell with it, we're going back; this accounts for the vestigial rear legs of dolphins and whales.

WATTS: There's another place where you get a rather odd feeling of contentment, Arthur, and that's out in the country on a cloudless night, far away from the lights of the city, so that you can see the stars. It's a spectacular view and undoubtedly good for the soul, but every now and then it occurs to me that we're midway out in one of the limbs of the galaxy, in the Milky Way's back



"Frankly, Edith, it looks stupid as hell!"

yard, and I keep wondering what the view of the night sky might be like from the center of the galaxy.

CLARKE: The sky would be much more spectacular-a perfect blaze of stars-but I think we'd be in deep trouble, because all hell is breaking loose in the center of the galaxy; it's probably blowing up.

WATTS: We wouldn't be there for the simple reason that we couldn't live there. CLARKE: I wouldn't rule out the possibility of other things living there, though. In fact, the exploding stars, the neutron stars, are probably where all the action really is, because these storms of radiation and energy might be where very high-grade organisms or intelligences thrive because there's pure energy to live on. We say that organic life is possible only on the cold planets, where carbon-based reactions can take place. Well, we may be a very low type of organism, a statistical accident. The really spiritual beings might be in the centers of cosmic activity, right in the hearts of exploding stars and novae.

WATTS: In looking at a galaxy, we might be looking at an intelligent organism. Douglas Harding had a wonderful article on this in the old Saturday Evening Post in the series titled "Adventures of the Mind." He explained the Universe as a living organism and in a very closely reasoned argument, showed that the fact that there are people on the Earth is symptomatic of the nature of the Earth. You wouldn't call a human being a cell-infested skeleton any more than you would call a planet a people-infested planet, as if the biosphere were a bunch of germs that came from elsewhere.

CLARKE: Eddington once suggested that life may be a disease that attacks matter when it's in its old age, when it's too cold to sterilize itself.

WATTS: But "attacks" implies it comes from somewhere else. I would rather say that life is something that happens to matter at a certain age, when it matures. CLARKE: Like a wine.

WATTS: The aging of wine, the molding of cheese.

CLARKE: There's a rather chilling thought here, Alan. The late John Campbell, the editor of Analog, suggested that we're looking at pollution in the wrong way. We're here as the result of global pollution of this planet approximately 500,000,000 years ago by early organisms that, as a result of their life processes, released enormous quantities of a deadly poisonous gas called oxygen. In so doing, they killed themselves off, but they made it possible for animals to exist on Earth. All the oxygen in our atmosphere is a result of this biological pollution. Now, perhaps, we're starting another phase; we've polluted our atmosphere so that something can supersede us-and that may well be our machines, the only organisms that could exist in the sort of atmosphere that we're creating.

WATTS: That concept's not very comforting. CLARKE: The Universe wasn't designed for

WATTS: I think there may be a semantic problem with the word machine; it's loaded in the same sense as the word nigger. CLARKE: Of course. We use the phrase "mere machines." But they're not mere machines; no machine is "mere." Many machines are marvelous, very far from being mere-and they'll be even less mere in the future.

WATTS: It's conceivable that as the next step in evolution, we could replace ourselves with solid-state electronic intelligences, which I think is what you're hinting at. They would probably keep us for a while in zoos and then finally decide that we were too sentimental and had too many irrelevant emotions that were pure static and an obstruction to the fulfillment of interesting purposes of their own. These machines would need no atmosphere, so the fact that we had polluted the whole planet and made it unbearable for us would mean nothing to them. These insectlike electronic beings would go on doing their permutations and combinations, being fully certified persons by virtue of having passed the Turing test, that fascinating test whereby you receive communica-

tions from a person and a machine, and if you can't distinguish which is which, then the machine counts as a person. I can conceive that this is exactly what might happen. But something within me rebels against all of that, because I feel that mechanical intelligence has fewer variables in it than biological intelligence. A biological intelligence contains a principle of randomness, so that it is an ever-fecund source of surprise. I think the preservation of that randomness is very important. Without it, everything would be completely predictable, and a predictable future is already past-like when the result of a chess game is known, we cancel the game and begin another.

CLARKE: The question of the position of mechanical intelligence in the evolutionary sequence is one I've written a good deal about. It's one of the themes in 2001 and I've discussed it more recently in The Mind of the Machine, an essay in PLAYBOY a few years back [December 1968]. I've suggested, as others have, that electronic intelligence represents the next step in evolution. The fact that we don't feel happy about it means no more than the fact that the Neanderthals probably would have felt pretty unhappy if they had known about us. That doesn't worry me unduly. And I don't agree with you that we wouldn't have variability with electronic intelligence. We could have just as much, if not more, because anything that can be done with biological systems can, in principle, often be done much better with nonbiological systems. The example I like to give is the eye as compared with the camera. Now, the eye is a fantastic achievement-the idea of building a camera out of jelly is incrediblebut it's a lousy camera. Similarly, the idea of building a computer out of jelly, which is what our brain is, is marvelous, but I think the brain is a lousy computer. Nevertheless, the biological system is the only way you can get from a lifeless planet to an electronic intelligence. I can't imagine all the metals in a dead 273 planet organizing themselves eventually into an IBM computer; I think they've got to pass through something like us, and this is our role in the evolutionary sequence. We are a transitional stage in the development of a high-powered, swift intelligence that is probably going to be electronic and that probably won't live on planets at all. It may live either in space or, as I suggested, in the real centers of energy in the Universe, where there are tremendous quantities of radiation and electronic activity. The first generation of electronic intelligences, which lies only a few years ahead of us if it's not already here, will be based on matter. There'll be printed circuits and electrons moving through wires and so forth, but ultimately we may get away from that into pure energy fields. The fact that we may be superseded by electronic beings upsets most people; because from a human point of view, anything that supersedes us is bad, period. But this is a self-centered, short-term point of view. We all know we're going to be succeeded by our children someday. We accept that without too much hysteria and we do our best to make them better than we are.

WATTS: I don't expect my children to be better than I am: I expect them to be different but as good in their own way.

CLARKE: The same argument is applicable to electronic intelligence, which, in one sense, may be our children.

WATTS: The heart of the matter is that we really don't believe, and probably can't believe, that a machine is conscious, that it has that element of randomness, the ability to surprise. However perfectly it replicates whatever we can do, we always feel that there is no one at home in a machine, that there isn't inside it that mysterious awareness that we mean by being alive. Let me try to state the difference between a biological system and a mechanical one. Let's assume that the Universe is a self-exploring system and that no system can fully define itselfin the same way that my index finger cannot touch its own tip and my teeth cannot bite themselves. If this is so, then the Universe will always have two aspects: the known and the unknown but knowing. Living beings comprise both aspects, but machines only the first; their operations are entirely known. I don't mean that we know everything about the physics of their metals, but that we know their design because we created it. We don't fully know, and didn't consciously create, our own design-and therefore we always embody the ever-unknown aspect of the system. Despite my demurrer, however, I am fascinated by your vision of an intergalactic network of intelligences.

CLARKE: They may already exist, you

WATTS: I assumed they did. Arthur, your exploration of the imaginative future corresponds to my exploration of the 274 present. You've shown me how I can

appreciate myself as something bounded by my own skin but also in a network of relationships that includes the galaxies. CLARKE: "I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space." A very remarkable phrase for Shakespeare's time.

WATTS: From my point of view, if your future is achieved, of course, it will only rerealize what is already here, in a way that makes it all the time seem different. That's what we want, after all, isn't it?

CLARKE: We don't really want the future we foresee, because it would be so dull. Which brings up the charge frequently made against science-fiction writers that some of us have a nostalgia for the future. But I think it's much better to have a nostalgia for the future than for the past; it has better survival value.

WATTS: I have a nostalgia for the present, because the present includes everything we know about the past and the future. There is only the present; there never was anything else and there never will be. Most people live for the future, and make all sorts of plans for it, but when those plans mature, they won't be able to enjoy them, because they'll be living somewhere else in their minds.

CLARKE: Why should we bother about posterity, what's posterity ever done for us?-that's what you want to say.

WATTS: I regard my posterity as myself. CLARKE: You don't believe in anything but the present?

WATTS: I believe that the present is the way in which we apprehend reality, and that's where it's at.

CLARKE: I guess that's fair enough.

WATTS: There are people who don't even have words in their language for past or future. The Hopi, for example, conjugate their verbs according to the reliability of the statement. The first conjugation would be: I am talking about it now and it is happening. The second conjugation would be: I did, indeed, see it as if it were just a moment ago. Third conjugation: I heard it from a reliable source. Fourth conjugation: It may reasonably be assumed that it was so. Fifth conjugation: There is a rumor. CLARKE: Using the fourth conjugation, could it be reasonably assumed-as I have inferred throughout this discussion-that you have a basic distrust of technology?

WATTS: Well, I feel that the ultimate end of technology is to control everything, and I'm not sure that I want to control it all.

CLARKE: But you want to know it all, is that right?

WATTS: No-knowledge and control are the same thing.

CLARKE: Are they? There are people who are content to simply have knowledge. That means without any control; they just want to know, they don't want to manipulate. I think I'm rather like that. WATTS: I'll go along with that.

CLARKE: It's curiosity, just curiosity.

WATTS: There are two kinds of power; one is called, if I can use Sanskrit once again, prajna; the other, Siddhi. Siddhi is power in the technological sense; prajna is wisdom.

CLARKE: And vidya.

WATTS: Vidya, from which we get our video: vision. Prajna and vidya are more what I want than Siddhi, because I know however much technological power I get, I'll never be satisfied. It's like quenching your thirst with salt water. But I can be satisfied with wisdom. To my mind, changing the level of magnification and seeing things in different contexts and on different levels is in the interest of prajna rather than Siddhi,

CLARKE: Wisdom is a peculiarly personal thing, Alan; it helps us not only understand our environment but also assess our own role in it. From this personal viewpoint, how do you look at yourself as an organism/environment, to use your

WATTS: I seem to be congenitally incapable of understanding any scheme of the Universe that involves the notion that I, at the deepest level of me, am not "what's happening." When I look out at the galaxies, I see me-oh, not the Alan Watts me; that's only a superficial social game. But I see the same sort of me out there that is functioning in my molecules and cells, my blood and my nerves. All that to me is electronic unity. I am an occurrence of this system that, given enough time, can do me again and again and again. Every time the tune comes on, it's the tune that would be associated with Alan Watts. In that sense, I think we've got to realize that the individual life doesn't mean anything. It isn't important, except to people who are incapable of experiencing it fullythey're always left hungry and wanting more. But, as Confucius said, the man who understands the Tao in the morning can die content in the evening. I can't spell it out much better than that; when people ask to have the meaning of life explained to them, it's like asking Bach to explain his music in words, Only inferior music can be explained in that way. A Bach fugue doesn't have anything to say except itself. I want to look at the Universe in the same way.

CLARKE: The purpose of the Universe, Alan, is the perpetual astonishment of mankind.

WATTS: That's as likely as any other purpose I've ever heard about. But I think that now is the time to surprise the reader and call it quits. There comes a point when discussing man's problems has to give way to actually suffering through them. I think we could conclude that man's youth-like our dialog-has been spent seeking answers. His maturity -and ours-may come only when we stop asking questions.



"It's Mr. Cosgrove to wish you the compliments of the season, my dear."

FRANKLIN AMBROSE

dirt by the white male establishment haven't you? Haven't they victimized you? Blacks and women are both——"

Frank could not believe his ears. He grabbed her arm.

"Well, we didn't get together tonight to talk about that kind of stuff," he said hotly; and as she tugged away from him, he felt his accent slipping, growing richer, thicker, "there's anything I hate, it's a woman who talks too much——"

"What? You're crazy!"

"You're crazy!" Frank yelled. A flame seemed to burn in his brain, he was so angry. "Look, you been givin' me the eye now for four months an' I been tailin' around after you as if I got nothin' better to do, when Jesus Christ, there are little girls waitin' in line—I mean waitin' in line, sister—so don't hand me none of this crap—"

Molly jumped to her feet. She yanked his pale-yellow ascot out of his shirt and up onto his face, so that he was blinded for a second.

"Get the hell out of here! Go home to your honkie wife!" she cried.

He went home, furious. He was never to speak to her again.

For weeks he went around muttering to himself, avoiding Molly in the hall, avoiding even his students. When a redhaired freshman dropped in to chat with him about the "crotic symbolism of T. S. Eliot," he did not trust his assessment of her sweet little smiles. No, he couldn't trust his judgment. Was the girl really smiling so deeply at him? Or was he being fooled again?

One day Frank put on his neatest,

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grayest suit, asked the head of the department, Dr. Barth, to call an emergency meeting of the appointments and promotions committee, and explained in a terse, quiet voice that his "special relationship" with the student body allowed him to know things that the rest of the department did not know.

When the meeting was convened, Frank spoke first. "The students have no respect for Miss Holt," he said sadly. "They laugh at her—evidently, she mispronounces words. She doesn't prepare her lectures. I've overheard her talking with students in the coffee shop and she actually gives them misinformation—it's just pathetic, unbelievable. I've put off telling you this, because the situation is so ugly. But it was on my strong recommendation that she was hired last year and it's my responsibility now to tell you what is going on."

"No complaints about her have come to me," Dr. Barth said slowly.

"The students are reluctant to talk to you, Dr. Barth," Frank said, "because you're—well, you're so obviously above their trivial problems, so they think. They come to me because there's—well, I suppose less of an age difference."

Dr. Barth nodded gravely. "Yes, I know I'm out of touch with this generation. I know. But about Miss Holt: There may be trouble dismissing her. She's going to be awarded a Ph.D. from Chicago, after all."

"No, she hasn't been working on her dissertation all year," Frank said. "I don't know what she's been doing. Actually, I wonder about her professional commitment."

The other members of the committee murmured agreement.

Frank went on solemnly, "It comes down to the preservation of our professional standards. We cannot afford," he said, looking from face to face, "in this time of disintegrating values, to have so casual and uncommitted a teacher in our department. Miss Holt is just not respected by her students. Evidently, she refers to the rest of us, in her classes, as fossils."

"Fossils?"

"I told you it was an ugly situation," Frank said softly.

Dr. Barth called a special meeting of the entire department for Monday morning. Molly came in late and Frank did no more than glance at her, nervously. She pulled out a chair at the far end of the big oval table everyone was seated around and the giddiness of her outfit -really, she had gone too far, wearing a loose-knit black tunic over violet-jersey pants to school!-seemed to show everyone how hopeless she was. Dr. Barth began the meeting in his usual grim, paternal voice, his hands clasped in front of him. He spoke of unpleasant reports, of an unfortunate situation, of the rigorous standards of this particular department, etc., etc. He was the only one who was looking at Molly, who in her turn was glancing around, curiously. Frank stared at his own manicured fingernails. His heart raced. Why, the old man sounded so sorry for her, was he going to change his mind? Maybe just reprimand her?

Dr. Barth said, "Because of special circumstances, the committee on appointments and promotions has been forced to suggest that the contract of Miss Holt not be renewed for next year. This decision was reached after many hours of anguish, after many, many hours of discussion. There are budget problems, also, which might involve our slightly reducing the salaries of other department members, unless the lectureship held by Miss Holt is terminated. But this should in no way, of course, influence your vote on the matter. Under the terms of our bylaws, I have therefore called this meeting of the department to request that you support the committee's recommendation and terminate Miss Holt's contract."

Molly was gaping at him.

"What?" she said faintly.

No one dared look at her. Many of the department members had been told by Dr. Barth of the reason for the meeting; the others stared at one another in disbelief.

Molly, sitting so pertly at the far end of the table, seemed suddenly to shrink.

"But why? What are the reasons? Can't I defend myself?"

"Under the terms of our university bylaws," Dr. Barth said gently, "no reasons



"Is it my fault that I'm faster than a speeding bullet?"

for nonrenewal of contract need be stated. Only in the case of nonrenewal of a tenured faculty member need reasons be given."

"But I . . . I don't understand. . . ."
Frank glanced down at her. That small,
pale face! That white bitch!

"If you would like to say anything, I'm sure we would all listen with sympathy," Dr. Barth said.

"I . . . I. . . ."
She fell silent.

After a minute or so, Dr. Barth said, "Then we really should get on with the vote. Some of us have eleven-o'clock classes we must teach."

Stiff white slips of paper were passed around for the vote.

Frank scribbled "Dismissal" on his ballot at once, folded it neatly in two and then in two again.

Next to him sat old Miss Snyder, a back number from the university's really mediocre years; with her billowing gray dresses and her stern, medieval nose, she had always disliked Molly Holt. No problem there. On Frank's left was the poet, Blazack, who kept shifting miserably in his seat. Around the large, highly polished table everyone sat in silence, staring down at their ballots. They seemed reluctant to vote. The only people who sat with their heads up were Frank and Dr. Barth and Molly, whose ballot lay before her, untouched.

"Really, we must hurry. It's a quarter to eleven," Dr. Barth said.

The ballots were collected by the departmental secretary and counted out. Frank could overhear the count: For dismissal. Against dismissal. He began to sweat, wondering if he might lose. What if . . . ? What if . . . ? What if that bitch had managed to win her way into the hearts of the other professors? What if she'd told them the same hard-luck story she had told him? What if they refused to believe him? His nostrils flared. In that case, he would quit. Would quit. Would quit with dignity. Yes, he would quit. He would not remain in this department if his professional integrity were doubted.

Dr. Barth announced the results: "The vote is sixteen to five for non-renewal of Miss Holt's contract."

Molly pushed her chair back clumsily and got to her feet. "But I . . . I still don't understand. . . ."

"I will be happy to talk with you and to make suggestions about where you might apply for a new position," Dr. Barth said at once. "In fact, we would all be happy to help you."

Molly snatched up her big leather purse and hurried out of the room.

Relief.

Frank lingered with some of the others, shaking his head gravely as they shook theirs. He had to admit he'd been taken in by her . . . he had to admit he'd made a mistake. . . . The whole ugly mess was his fault, he said.

"No, don't blame yourself, Frank," everyone said.

Dr. Barth patted his arm. "Frank, we belong to a profession with extremely rigorous standards. Personal feelings shouldn't enter into it at all. I'm sure Miss Holt will be happier in another university, with less demanding criteria of excellence."

But Frank found it difficult to be comforted. He felt really down. Instead of going out to The Cave with his students that afternoon, he went right home. His wife was frightened by his dour, peevish frown.

"You're not sick, Frank?"

No, not sick. He put on his smoking jacket and went to sit in his leather chair; he wanted to be alone. His wife opened his study door to ask, meekly, if he wanted dinner delayed. "Yes. Maybe an hour," he said. She then asked if the twins could come play with him for a few minutes—they'd been waiting for him to come home all day.

Frank considered this.

His eyes traveled up from his excellent shoes to his slim, checked trousers, to the casual richness of his navy-blue smoking jacket. He had knotted a white ascot quickly around his neck. He sensed his totality, his completion—a man who did not need anyone else, certainly not a woman. But he had lived through a certain emotional experience—there was no doubt in his mind that it had been an experience—and though he had triumphed, still he felt a little melancholy. It was a delicate, sensitive melancholy and the twins were so healthy and noisy that they might destroy it.

Finally, he said, "No, not right now. I want to be alone. I feel a little melancholy and I want to be alone."





"Before you continue, Miss Dean, I'd like to point out that my book, '27 Positions,' is not about exercise or weight control."

EVERGLADES

(continued from page 154)

out over the centuries by plant acids, more often a tangle of leaves. Cool water, brown but entirely clear. Small plants like green stars grow on the bottom. You can drink the water. It tastes of plant decay, but no more so than most Florida water. The cypress trees close overhead and sunlight breaks fitfully through. Lichens grow on the tree trunks, graygreen, bright-green, even pink, and moss soft as velvet, wet home for things too small to see. On the cypress branches sit air plants like isolated pineapples, their pointed leaves cupped to catch rain. Some of the air plants catch enough water to support life, natural aquariums with a crawfish and a tadpole or two up there in the trees. The nooks and crannies of life, a tadpole in an air plant on a cypress in the swamp. You realize you will not be attacked by predators and you relax, enjoying the cool water in the summer heat. You slog back into the swamp and farther back, heading toward a pond, passing a few cut stumps, then big trees never cut, trees that have grown in silence since before Columbus' first voyage, trees towering up to the sun like the columns of cathedrals. And rooted in the water, in the slow southward flow.

The pond is a clearing, one of the water holes around which the cypress grow. It is still choked with grass from last winter's drought. The grass will die, flooded out by summer rain and thrashed down by alligators. You wade to your waist in the water now, taking caution in the dense grass. Ahead of you, out of sight, frogs bleat and jump. The distance is exact, an exact territorial boundary. Cross the boundary and you throw a switch and the frogs bleat and jump. The grass is indifferent. It has grown and seeded. It has done its job. It hangs in bunches on your legs. From time to time you reach under the water and push the grass behind you. You are making an alligator trail. You are an alligator pushing through lime grass in the Florida sun. You reach the edge of the pond and climb over a floating log and re-enter the cypress shade. You could walk into eternity in a cypress swamp. It has no corners. It is not abstract and knows no titles nor plats. It flows and changes in patterns we are only dimly beginning to understand. The south Florida ecosystem has been seriously studied for less than 30 years.

If you find bogeymen in a cypress swamp, then you put them here. It is only itself, green in tooth and claw. It is what we left behind, territorial frogs and silent trees. You could live here if you took the trouble to learn how. An alligator might get you. There are worse deaths. Death means nothing and less than nothing here. Death leads back to 278 life as surely as a circle turns in upon

itself. If you died, the moss would still hang from the trees and the air plants still sit like comic birds, nursing along a tadpole or two. The resurrection ferns, come summer and summer rain, would still resurrect. The gods who designed the swamp had a sense of humor. They put air plants on the trees and greengray pads of periphyton in the water and they canceled death. The periphyton is spongy and slippery. You can mold it like clay. It feeds small things that feed larger things that eventually feed alligators, and the alligators belch and bed down in cypress ponds. Gar hover like broken branches. Leaves float by. A spider shakes its web strung on struts that reach high up into the trees. Cypress knees bend above the water. They might be shaggy ladies offering an accommodation. "How could anyone want to tear this beautiful place down?" asks my guide, a friend of the earth, How could they not, with its old mysteries scratching at their souls? It denies them their sovereignties. It reminds them that life, all life, their own life, too, is a swarm of molecules thrown up momentarily in fantastic shapes and washed down and thrown up again, like waves breaking forever against a shore, Cowering behind antique metaphysics, believing life a constitutional right and death an obscenity, most of us find such reminders hard to cherish.

As love does when it decays, the debate over the future of the Big Cypress Swamp is rapidly resolving into a power struggle. Those who believe some wild land should be preserved in America, for itself and as a hedge against the unknown effects of massive ecological change, are fighting to preserve the Big Cypress. Those who believe the land is infinitely bountiful and was put here for human use are fighting to develop the Big Cypress. Wedged between the two positions is the tender science of ecology, and it is no more capable of taking a clear stand than a child is capable of deciding between parents in a divorce.

Joe Browder, Washington director of the Friends of the Earth and the man more responsible than any other for bringing the Everglades jetport to national attention and national censure, thinks that Big Cypress development would be a catastrophe. "Failure to protect that portion of the Big Cypress that supplies water to Everglades National Park," he has written, "would, in addition to destroying the existing natural values in much of the Everglades, decrease water supply and increase water demand in southwest Florida to such a degree that additional pressures would be placed on the other major Everglades

watershed, the saw-grass glades managed by the [Flood Control District]. The extra water demands would diminish the supply available for urban, industrial and agricultural users in southeast Florida, and would further stimulate the conflict between all other users and Everglades National Park."

Landowners in Collier County, the county in southwest Florida that includes most of the Big Cypress, disagree. They believe the water is plentiful, the swamp useless and dangerous, development desirable and water into the park merely a matter of aiming a few canals its way. Their plans, they have said publicly, "could make this park into a living garden for wildlife and plant life the year round." It is that already, but never mind.

The facts, as far as they are known, fall somewhere between.

The Big Cypress is presently an unusual and largely undamaged south Florida swamp, most of it privately owned. All of its water comes from rain. The rain that falls on the Big Cypress recharges the fresh-water aquifer that supplies water for human use on the southwest coast of the state. It is the only natural water supply available to the coast. When the aquifer is full, water left standing on the ground drifts slowly down into the coastal portion of Everglades National Park, maintaining the life there under natural conditions.

If the Big Cypress were drained, its ecology would be altered from that of a swamp to that of dry land. Most of the life that thrives there would die off. So would the coastal estuary. The park would take its water from canals and the canals would certainly change and might permanently disrupt the ecology of the land within the park itself. The park's chief biologist, William Robertson, thinks the effects of development "highly unpredictable" but probably damaging.

The Water Resources Division of the United States Geological Survey, in a report prepared for Interior Secretary Walter Hickel before he left Washington, implied that controlled development of the Big Cypress would cause some damage to the park but would not seriously impair the Gulf Coast's water supply. "No estimate is available," the report said, "of the total water-supply potential of [the western Big Cypress]. The present total water use in those areas is insignificant compared with the quantity evaporated, transpired and discharged through the canal systems."

Draining the Big Cypress, then, would deliver up an enormous tract of land for human use. It would destroy the Big Cypress itself. It would turn the park into a giant zoo, an ecosystem that would look natural to casual visitors but would, in fact, be artificially maintained through canals. Pesticides used for mosquito control in the new towns north of

the park would take their toll on the park, but the effects would be long-term. Any adverse effects on the Gulf Coast water supply would also be long-term.

The question of the Big Cypress becomes a long-term question, though it must be answered now, before development proceeds any further: What kind of future do the people of south Florida envision for themselves? And that question is part of a larger dilemma: What kind of future do all of us in America envision for ourselves? Assuming that we have a choice, do we want to live entirely in cities under artificial conditions or do we want a little of the natural world around us?

The larger dilemma begins to answer itself not in the speeches of our leaders but in the actions of individual citizens moving forward along parallel lines. We laid out the land long ago, in square sections that looked logical on a map but had nothing to do with the natural divisions of the land itself and little to do with the interests of the people who lived on it. Nowhere did the fine enlightened minds that devised our Constitution fail us more completely. Over the grid of sections they fitted a Balkanized grid of political institutions, of townships and counties and states. Each had its particular sovereignties. Each developed its particular structures of power, some informal, some legally constituted. The old boundaries worked when the nation was poor in people and overrich in resources. They worked when those who differed from the established authorities had at least the possibility of moving on.

The boundaries are strained almost to breaking today, and the points of stress locate problems the entire nation is scrambling to solve. Our cities need money because their legal boundaries no longer define the metropolitan areas in which we live, areas that may well cut across village, town, city, county and even state lines, areas chopped up into small authorities that drain away tax money to duplicate services the city has traditionally supplied. Citizens in nearly every state struggle with state legislatures still gerrymandered to give dominance to rural interests. Pollution control continues by law to be the responsibility of state and local governments, while pollution blows across boundary lines. The shape of our political institutions no longer matches the shape of our purposes and our need.

Consider Florida. The Everglades, which is all one watershed from Okeechobee to Cape Sable, is divided into three counties, a state-Federal waterconservation district and a national park, each with its own priorities of water and development.

The Big Cypress Swamp is being de-



"Excuse me for shouting-I thought you were farther away."

veloped by men who have no legal nor political responsibility to consider the ultimate effects of that development. The area of the Big Cypress that preservationists would like the Federal Government to buy is located in Monroe and Collier counties. Many of the large developers live in Miami. The Monroe County seat is located in Key West, 100 miles away across Florida Bay.

Lake Okeechobee supplies water for Miami and most of Florida's Gold Coast. The water that feeds Okeechobee and is beginning to pollute it with pesticides and fertilizers rushes down the channelized Kissimmee River from farms and towns to the north, farms and towns that draw their own water supply from sources other than the big lake.

The list could be longer and it could be duplicated anywhere in America. It demonstrates a failure of responsibility on the part of institutions that no longer fit our needs but are unwilling to rearrange the authority they have held for so many years. But we have never been a people to let institutions stand in our way. When they have not worked, we have either abolished them or left them to die of neglect while we moved on to others that could do the job we wanted done. That is why a few activist men and women could work through the courts, the press, the television networks

and the lobbies of Congress to convince a President that he should personally cancel one county-sponsored jetport. That is why Congress, not the state of Florida nor the governments of Collier and Monroe counties, will probably find some way to buy or otherwise control the Big Cypress Swamp. But that is also why the battle to save the wild lands, in south Florida and elsewhere, has been so difficult for those who believe land deserves its day in court as surely as people do: because the idea is new and the institutions that will make it work are still being shaped.

The battle may be won, if there is time. No one knows how much time is left. However abstractly we divided the land, and however much we may want today to redivide it into shapes more consistent with its natural patterns, it has never been attendant to our laws. It changes with the certainty of old laws of chemistry and physics. We can misuse it, if that is what we are doing, for an unknown length of time before it fails to serve our needs; but when that time is up, it fails suddenly and totally and without much hope of recovery. Poisonous organisms have already appeared at the northern end of Lake Okeechobee. Miami imposed water rationing last winter. "The Everglades," says Arthur Marshall, an ecologist at the University of Miami who 279



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has studied south Florida for 22 years, "has all the symptoms of environmental stress and approaching catastrophic decline."

Perhaps it has. The men who believe the Lord gave us land to build on aren't worried. "Look at the Dutch," one of them, Ben Shepard, a commissioner of the Dade County Port Authority, said recently. "They completely destroyed the ecology of their land and yet it's supporting human life satisfactorily. The Dutch are some of the bestadjusted, most prosperous, happiest people today." Shepard's is the old voice, the voice of a practical farmer and businessman. It probably does him no justice to recite John Maynard Keynes's jape at such men. "Practical men," he said, "who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influences. are usually the slaves of some defunct economist." Because Florida, having everything else, also has its own little Netherlands: Key West.

Key West. A waterless island of fossilized coral surrounded by the sea. If the continent were water and the water land, Key West is where all the sweetness and bitterness, all the honey and sour acids of our complicated American lives would drain. The southernmost point in the United States, Land's end, Old glory and present decay. Haven for disgruntled Cubans paddling the 90 miles from Havana on rafts of canvas and old inner tubes. Tourist trap meringued with key lime pie. Swabbies' town clipped to a drab naval base where black submarines cruise the harbor like sharks. Where developers reclaim land from the sea, the dying mangroves stinking of sulphur. Where an aquarium displays ocean fish in narrow tanks, white fungus blinding their eyes. Hemingway's home and Audubon's shrine.

Some of Key West's water comes from the Everglades. When the Navy decided to settle permanently on the island, it ran a pipeline down the Overseas Highway to supply it with water. Before the pipeline came in, the natives collected rain water in cisterns behind their houses or bought it from commercial cisterns that dotted the island like small-town Mexican jails. With its population growing today in response to the tourist trade, Key West has gone to desalinization. Westinghouse built it a \$4,000,000 plant, the largest of its kind in the United States. If we run out of water, we can always distill the sea. With water, the motels in Key West may fill their swimming pools for tourists who come to see the turtle stockyards or to bend an elbow in Hemingway's favorite bar, hung with parachute canopies and open to the street. And no one can complain of ecological damage, because there isn't much you can do to a dry Florida key once you've kicked out the dwarf key deer. There ought to be no wilderness here at all, except the wilderness of the sea, but even here, the wilderness intrudes like a hypodermic straining blood into a dying man.

Hemingway's house hangs back on a side street, a wide, gracious house surrounded on four sides with gardens and tropical trees-a huge banyan, shading palms, a royal poinciana with all its fired flowers burning. Cats prowl the corridors and sleep under the trees. Here the man lived for years, tightening down the screws on his inner life even as his public life thickened with poisonous fame, writing less and less well. Describing love with the naïveté of a schoolgirl. Hunting Nazi submarines in the Caribbean. Converting heroism into mere bravado by dividing it from its vital source, the idea of death, his best and only theme, the theme he avoided more and more. Avoided until it killed

He was a hunter and a fisherman. He tried to come to grips with the land and the sea and at his occasional best he succeeded as well as anyone ever has; but to hunt and to fish is only to use the natural world, and to recover that world in all its intimacy, you must be used by it, must give yourself up to it as nakedly as any Indian. He could not. He walked the narrow catwalk to his study over the garage and sharpened his pencils and fought to find feelings he progressively lost because he could not bear the crowd of fantasies that came with them. "There is no timber," an Irish playwright once wrote, "that has not strong roots among the clay and worms." You must be buried alive like a seed or a larva to grow up into the sun, and to write about that growth you must willingly bury yourself alive over and over again. Paralyzed by private grief, Hemingway wielded his shovel clumsily over his own grave. Below his study, so they say in Key West, in a rusted steel safe, Hemingway's last wife found the manuscripts he had locked away there from prying eyes. She would publish them after his death to add a few thousand years more to his trial in purgatory. He bent to the wilderness and it devoured him,

Audubon owned no house in Key West, but he stayed in one that is more than a match for Hemingway's. It is a shrine today, decked out with expensive antiques that command more attention than they deserve. The house belonged to a Key West salvager named Geiger, a plump, bespectacled old scholar and hypocrite who made his living hauling in the lucrative stores of ships wrecked on the coral reef east of the island. Key West was a wealthy town when Miami was still an Indian village, and the islanders weren't above rearranging reef markers to keep it that way. Captain Geiger salvaged with the best of them and got rich on the proceeds.

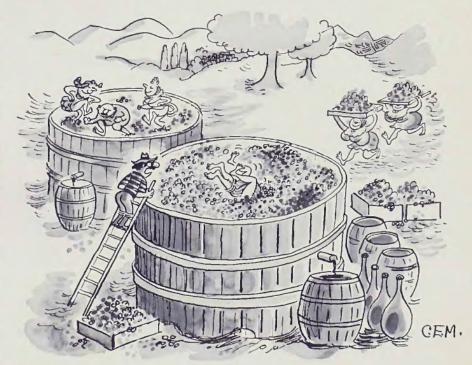
Down came Audubon one day to work up the Florida birds. The captain housed him, a rare bird himself. Once, in New Orleans, broke, months from home and marriage bed, Audubon accepted a beautiful woman's commission to paint her portrait. He hauled his palette to her back-street house and found her naked before him on a couch. She lay naked for ten long afternoons while he stared and cartooned and oiled. It was the most difficult commission he ever accepted, he told a friend later.

He brought the same compaction of frustrated lust to his birds. They perch life-size in the pages of the enormous elephant folios displayed today in Captain Geiger's house. Audubon's eye raped them alive, tore them free from the clay and the worms. They rend their prey or fix the water at their feet with high metabolic intensity or poise to leap from the paper and claw out your heart. He saw the wilderness through them, made them transparent as any lantern slide. Their hollow whistling bones and their racing wings beat from the interstices of the creamy paper against which they were thrown. Making them, building them up with remembered motions of the eye and the hand that first described them alive in the Everglades, he lived with the fear that trickled sweat down his back and pushed through to the swarming mystery beyond. The Aztec priests who never cut their hair and never knew a woman molded seeds and fresh human blood and black dirt into idols in black rooms off the main halls of their temples, and Audubon, sweating in an upstairs parlor at raffish Captain Geiger's house in Key West, molded seeds and blood and black dirt into birds and discovered the essential Florida, the Florida that not even the most ardent preservationist dares speak of, the Florida that sent William Bartram into paroxysms of bliss and Samuel Coleridge into opium dreams. Why, the wilderness is insane. It destroys us with pluralities. It skins off our flesh and shows us branching vessels and twitching meat and bubbling fluids and bones round and sturdy as tree trunks. The alligator in its drying pond chews up its young, the wild boar breeds moaning with its mother, the panther licks its wet member, the mantis eats the male it has coupled with, the strangler fig chokes to death its parent tree, the shrimp feasts

on rot and the buzzard on decay and the proud eagle on carrion, and we see into ourselves and are horrified to live in such a world, a world that so mirrors our own depths, that delights in acts we have thought depraved, have worked from the beginning of our consciousness to fence in and legislate away. We wear pants and write laws and turn over the earth and only at the climax of our feverish couplings do we dimly sense how far we have removed ourselves from the moment-by-moment ecstasies of any animal's ordinary day. And that is one reason to keep what is left of wilderness in this civilized land, not to fish and hunt but to see the complexities that lie dormant within us, the possibilities we have not yet understood, because Shakespeare and the old Indian tales and the myths of Greece and Rome together do not begin to reveal as many metamorphoses as one walk through a cypress swamp or one descent into a coral reef. Audubon knew and pushed through his fear to the other side and came back bird-maddened and showed us what he saw, the Florida that pulses inside. And for his trouble he is enshrined today on a barren Florida key fed by foul water recovered from the ocean. That is Key West, a little Netherlands. We can convert the whole continent over if we choose. Look at the Dutch.

When we came to Florida, my wife and two children and I, we took a house on the white beach at Naples, and we returned to it now by air from Key West like birds returning to an old and favored nest. At Naples the land meets the sea casually. Nothing here of rugged coast nor coral reef. You must swim out seven miles to find a depth of 30 feet. No undertow will claim you, nor any shark. Deceptive shallows, as Florida with its imperceptible seaward tilt is deceptive, a beach itself dropping slowly into the water, a ramp on which the smallest creature may generation by generation crawl out onto the land. We came from the sea, by degrees teaching our flesh to wrap the sea inside it. It courses through us every day of our lives, reddened now with hungry iron. We never returned. The fish left the sea and returned, most of them. Their blood, like ours, is less salty than sea water, because while they lived in the estuaries or in fresh water, the sea increased its load of salt leached from the land. The shark with his bitter blood never left the sea. He is old and well adapted. Older still are the airless bacteria that lie at the bottom of the lakes we have poisoned and the most terrible of disease organisms we suffer, botulism and tetanus and gas gangrene. The airless bacteria evolved before the fresh wind blew across the face of the world, evolved in vapors of methane and a saltless world of water. And learned to encyst themselves against the deadly oxygen that gives us life. Learned to wait their turn in a world gone wild with life. They wait now and will always be waiting, until sun and fresh air sting them no more.

Florida summer oppresses. Sweat collects. Clothes do not dry. You move in



"Angela! Pietro! Make wine! Not love!"

an invisible cloud of steam, smelling sea metals and the dust of palm trees. Sun on the white beach reverses colors in your eyes. At low tide, in the early evening, beachcombers pull piles of Naples starfish from the wet sand and lay them out on towels to dry, to die. My son flushes an ivory crab from its hole. It stands high on jointed legs, its eyes like black pearls glued to its carapace, and it turns in little jumps to face the boy as he moves. It is a head without a trunk, jumping on jointed legs. It skitters sideways and collects itself and runs away to dig another hole and wait in the shadow inside, and the boy is awed to silence.

Near sunset, the pier down the beach that reaches out 1000 feet into the Gulf fills up with fishermen. Young people with long hair, elderly couples in paleblue shorts and yachting caps. A hunchback whose shrunken legs dangle over the rim of his wheelchair. A fat woman with curlers in her cropped gray hair, smoking a pipe, her enormous breasts hanging loose beneath a dirty T-shirt. Fish flop on the pier and lie still, one silver eye fixed on the moon. Schools, universities of bream flash among the pilings, bream enough to repopulate the ocean if it were ever in need, bream that sound the water like an orchestra of harps as they jump and dodge the predators that chase them. A black ray, one of its wings chopped off for bait, stains the pier. The tension of the fishermen smells like boiling lead. They have come out to catch fish in the low tide. Men cast their lines and reel them up. Boys drop lines between the floor boards and lie on their bellies peering into the darkness below. A woman baits the four prongs of a hook as big as a man's fist. Back on the land a mosquito-control truck pumps mists of Dibrom through the streets and Naples disappears like Brigadoon. Brown pelicans, birds as comic and serene as Polynesian girls, birds that look like benevolent pterodactyls, circle the water beside the pier and casually fold their wings and dive and bring up fish no fisherman can touch. And fly a little way off and settle on the water and flip the fish in the air and swallow them.

The sun thickens to a giant red ball. It touches the water and flattens out at its base. The lead tension holds, vibrating like a dulled gong. At the moment of the sun's setting, everyone on the pier stops fishing and looks up to watch, pulled alert by an old compulsion. The water and the sky turn pink. The red ball grows, careless of the energy that gives everything in the world its single life. It drops into the ocean, feeding the water. Something breaks inside. The sea has 282 eaten the sun. A few at a time, the

fishermen reel up and walk away. The Dibrom settles on trees and houses and Naples returns to life minus mosquitoes. Out of sight in the swamp, in the saw grass, living mosquitoes sniff the air, the males searching nectar, the females seek-

Florida night. The thunderstorms of late afternoon have blown away. The sun has set and the fishermen are gone. The moon is down. On the porch of our house, I am drinking bourbon and talking to a friend of the earth. It is our last night in Florida and we are ready to return home, because Florida has come to seem some enormous conspiracy of contentious men and pregnant silence and I need distance to sort it out. The friend of the earth believes the wild lands will be saved because they must be if he is to find any peace in the world, Bitter at the confusion of my own life, I believe they will be turned and plowed and paved, so that homes can be built where children will grow up guarded from the stews of birth and the stink of death, out of sight of the real life of the world. He is optimistic and his optimism makes no sense. We have everywhere destroyed the wilderness, raging and whimpering as we went. Yet he believes we will put aside our old autocracies and become natural democrats.

My wife remembers then a time, as a child, when she found a shell on the Naples beach and took it to her Victorian grandmother, who told her to throw it into a pot of boiling water to clean it out. A child, she did, and something alive shot out of the shell and flailed its legs in agony up to the roiling surface of the water and died, died as terribly as anything can ever die. She understood later what it was, a hermit crab. She would never again clean out a shell. The friend of the earth remembers a time when he was lost in the mountains of New Mexico and feared that he would die. He walked out in three days without food, marveling that he had felt, after the first day, no hunger, only the compulsion to put one foot in front of the other lest he lie down and give up. He is camping in the same mountains as I write.

We are a wild species, Darwin said. We were never scientifically bred. We are a various and colorful pack of mongrels, and the wilderness made us what we are: It is the place from which we came and the place, clay and worms, where we shall go. For most of the life of man, we could not live with that knowledge. Rather than live with it, we pushed the wilderness away from us, as a child pushes away the mother who would smother him with complexity. We go into the wilderness today, what is left of it, to find out who we are; but that is not the reason we should preserve it. We

should preserve it because we need to know now, and our children and our children's children will need even more to know later, that we are not finally compelled by our raging and whimpering always and forever to destroy, that we are not entirely wedded to death. We need to leave a little food on our plates to prove that we are not impoverished. We need magnanimity, more today than we have ever needed it before.

At midnight we wade into the Gulf, my wife and the friend of the earth and I, into one small shore of the sea. The sky is clear and filled with stars, constellations we can see, formations we have never named, galaxies and suns too far from us for any except spiritual vision. They glow over the swamp, over the Everglades, over the great ramp of land that rises out of the water to cause men contention they have not yet decided how to still. Shall there be homes on the land? Oil pumped out of it? Water drawn up to wash away sweat and the spendings of the night? Shall old lizards crawl through muck there, green moss riding on their backs? And birds nest and the used shells of their eggs drop through the branches to float on the brown water? The things that live there, in the grass and in the swamp, will not know nor care what we do. They will go on as they have or they will not go on at all. They do not choose. They only live. And the sharks circle forever, waiting for their prey.

The sea water glows around our bodies as we move: night plankton; they come alive with light in the moving water we make, dots, sparkles, flashes, flares. We stare under water at a flood of stars glowing around the tips of our fingers, lighting our kicking feet and our stroking arms. They were here all along in the bright day and we did not know. We swirl them into light and they decorate us, imitating the stars above, microscopic things glowing in the water like the giant stars reduced by incomprehensible distances to points of white in the black sky. The stars in the sky and night plankton making stars in the water wherever we go: layers, and layers under layers down into the very center of things, and layers there too small to see, and layers below those layers until the head swims and still more layers then. We are no more divided from the world than the water itself is divided. When we damage the world, we damage ourselves. If we destroy it, we destroy ourselves. A piece at a time, we think, a part at a time, but the world has no pieces and does not come apart. Wherever we put our hands, points of energy trail off from us like the tails of comets. The tree that falls without sound falls within our hearing.



"Frankly, Dick, I couldn't care less who wins the Rose Bowl game tomorrow."

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