



AN INCREDIBLE EPIC

Memoir of A Multi-Image Maestro

The “Incredible” History of Slide Shows

Together With

A Confabulation Based on The Author’s Autobiography

For Audiovisual Aficionados

By Douglas Mesney — As Told to Himself

File Under: Geriatric Narcissism

An Incredible Epic

Continued from Volume One

Scene from 1988 show, *Got to Be, S-AV*.



An Incredible Epic

Memoir of A Multi-Image Maestro

Volume Two

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The author has researched the information contained in this book to check accuracy.

The opinions expressed in this book are solely based upon the author's own experience.

The author assumes no responsibility for errors and inaccuracies.

Resemblances to persons living or dead may be coincidental.

Some names may not be real.

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¹ In *The Trip to Echo Spring* by Olivia Laing, confabulation is described as "so-called 'honest lying' or false memories." I would add that, we remember (and edit) selectively what we like and repress what we don't. Wikipedia defines the term as: "... a memory error defined as the production of fabricated, distorted, or misinterpreted memories about oneself or the world, without the conscious intention to deceive."

Notes to Reader

- *An Incredible Epic* was started ten years ago, in 2015. It is a work in progress; being expanded and upgraded as new articles and pictures become available. New versions are periodically published. You can see your Edition Number on the title page (iii).
- Volume Nine is filled with pictures that relate to the first six volumes. Volume Eleven has even more, woven into a 1982 treatise called "Confessions of A Multi-Image Maniac"; that is a precursor to *An Incredible Epic* about how to produce multi-image shows. Volume Thirteen, currently in the works, is a 'catch all' for additional material being continually re-discovered in my archives.
- Videos of forty-one Incredible slide shows can be seen on Vimeo (search for 'Mesney') or www.imcredibleimages.com, threaded into an abbreviated biography. Additional shows by other producers have been restored and curated by Steve Michelsen and can be seen at www.youtube.com/@AV_archaeology/videos.
- As the Epic has evolved materially, so too has the refinement of its style(s). Please excuse the small inconsistencies you will encounter. And please don't fret about any spelling errors; they are elusive little buggers; but let me know about them, please.
- The original Epic was split into seven parts when the size of the single volume overwhelmed Microsoft Word (I should have used Adobe InDesign). The index (Volume Eight) could not be split and ceased being updated. Thus, the index is of limited usefulness, covering only the content in the original manuscript – about 80% of Volumes One through Seven.
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¹ Confabulation has been variously described as so-called 'honest lying' or false memories fabricated, distorted, or misinterpreted about oneself or the world, without the conscious intention to deceive. I would add that, we remember (and edit) selectively what we like and repress what we don't.



In memory of these mentors, colleagues, and friends, who departed
during the production of *An Incredible Epic*:

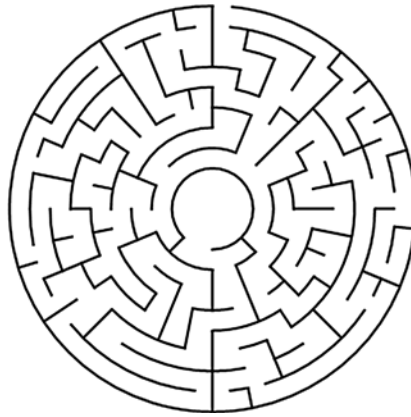
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Doreen Jacklin
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Rick Sorgel
Larry Spasic
Charlie Spataro
John Stapsy
Christine Ströman
Donald Sutherland
Randolf Taylor
Glen Tracy
Duffie White
Randy Will
Mike Yugas
Constantine Zacharius

With appreciation for their contributions
to my life and well-being.



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"You have to go where the story leads you."

Stephen King (PBS interview)

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Backstory

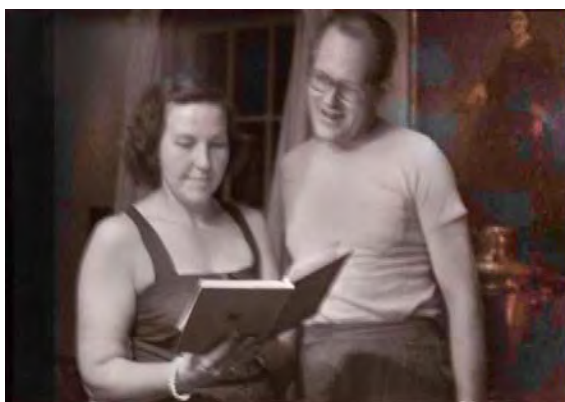
Volume One traced my life up to 1969, the fateful year I opened Mesney's Mad Medicine Show and committed myself to a career as a commercial photographer.

I was born in Brooklyn, New York, on January 28, 1945. I'm an Aquarian with Scorpio rising, Moon in Leo and Venus in Pisces. That should tell you all you need to know. But there is more....

Dorothy Mesney, my mom, was the daughter of a prominent New York judge, Franklin Taylor and Kathrine Munro, a socialite from Montréal, Canada. My dad, Peter Mesney, was the offspring of Roger James Mesney, the British chief engineer of the Anglo-Dutch Mining Corporation, and London actress Marjorie Unett.

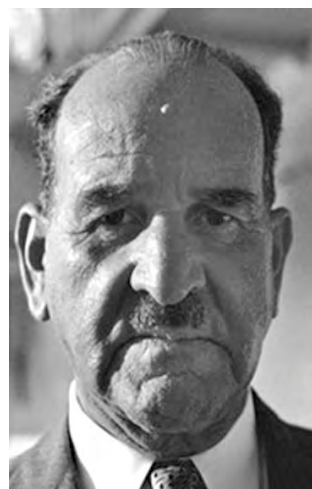
I grew up in the affluent neighborhood of Douglaston, New York. Grandpa Taylor died when I was five; he had been supporting the family and after that they struggled. Dad couldn't keep-up with mom's spending. From the age of eight, I worked at various jobs to earn my own money, starting with door-to-door selling of pot-holders and jewelry that I made myself, then greeting cards and eventually pictures.

I was brought up by theatrical parents (left). Dad went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts [London] and Mom was a piano teacher and singer of gospel, spiritual and folk music. I had piano lessons in grade school but switched to a trombone in junior-high and as a *Froshman* (cross between Freshman and Sophomore—I was in an accelerated junior high school program and did high school in three years instead of four) I was a member of the band and orchestra at Bayside High School until my trombone got stolen.



Six weeks after that, Grandpa Mesney (right) visited America from England and gave me a professional-grade Minolta SR-2 camera. I got hooked on taking pictures. My science class term project was a series of two dozen slides illustrating the growth of a bean plant from seed to sprout, including shots taken with a microscope adapter.

Then a neighbor, Glen Peterson, gave me a summer job at his photo laboratory in New York (Peterson Color Laboratory, favorite among New York's advertising agencies). I learned about the advertising business delivering work to Mad Men. I used the money to build my own darkroom in the basement of the family house.

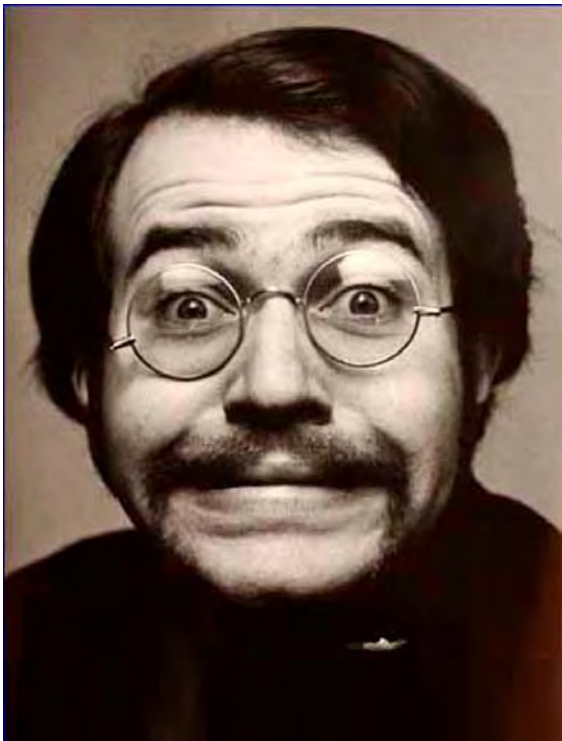


I was mentored by my alternate father, Bob Banning and Life magazine photographer, Ted Russell. In my sophomore year at Bayside High School, I teamed up with David Nolte, a fellow student. Mesney-Nolte Photographers shot portraits, weddings, bar mitzvas and whatever other jobs we could land.

I spent my first year of college at St. Lawrence University. I had a scholarship but had to borrow most of the tuition money (~\$15,000) because my folks were going broke. I learned all about the ravages of debt watching my parents flounder and quit St. Lawrence in favor of more affordable Queens College [City College of New York (CCNY)]. Tuition was only ~\$2,000 and I could live at home in Douglaston. I attended classes at night and worked days to pay off my student loan.

My first jobs were in the advertising business. I learned the ropes of the PR business from Louise Friscia first, then at J. DeBow and Partners. After that I worked as a board man for Seymour Levy at a little ad agency called J. Charles David, Inc. I enjoyed doing layout and paste-up work and Seymour let me take pictures for a few of his ads—a huge motivator. Seymour also loved to take pictures; he understood my passion for pictures.

Next I worked for an industrial advertising agency called Basford, Inc. where I re-learned how to write (think) under the tutelage of Burt Holmes, one of my top three mentors. Holmes also allowed me to photograph my own projects (fact sheets for the American Iron and Steel Institute). Throughout this period, my photo kit and expertise ramped up. I continued to do private assignments outside of the office and began selling pictures to magazines; Car and Driver became a steady customer.



As the Viet Nam War dragged on and the Beatles started dropping acid, so did I. Starting in high school, in 1959, I smoked weed on a regular basis. I led a double life; most people thought I was a drinker (I was that, too). My hair got longer and I grew a Fu Manchu mustache. That irritated Burt Holmes' boss, department head John Paluszek, who subsequently fired my ultra-efficient secretary because he was a black man (in a world where secretaries were normally female and frequently hired for their looks and other benefits). That was cause for my resignation.

By that time (1967), I was ready to move on. Paluszek had been getting on my case ever since Burt allowed me to shoot my own jobs; in his opinion, photography interfered with my work as an assistant account executive and copy writer. Then, stodgy old industrial Basford got bought by a dynamic young consumer agency called Creamer-Colarossi. *Vive la difference.*

Other account execs asked me to shoot for their projects, and that really pissed off Paluszek. But I was sleeping with Don Creamer's secretary (so was Don) and she

arranged for her boss to put Paluszek in his place. I did more and more photography and those assignments, plus time spent with other Basford colleagues in the art department, particularly Kurt Boehnstedt, reinforced my desire to be a photographer.

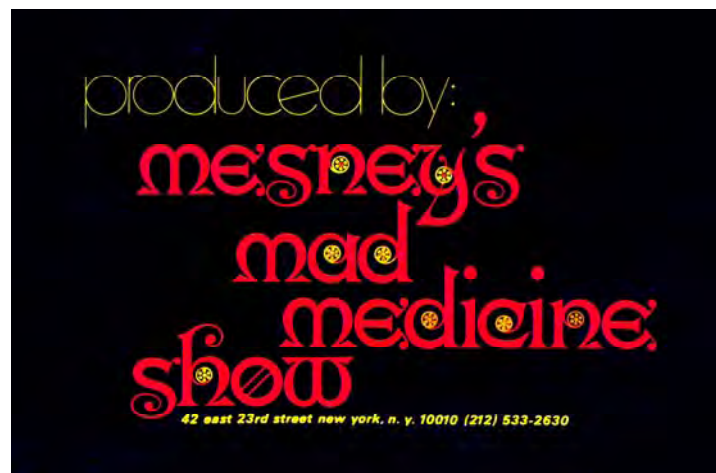
After Paluszek fired me, the agency's other partner, Ben Colarossi, arranged to get me an office space at small film-production company run by Bob Gurvitz at 346 East 50th Street—a prestigious address. I worked out of there for the first year. My wife, the former Leslie Shirk, supported me. We married in 1966. She had a cushy job as a systems analyst for a burgeoning young enterprise-computer-software company called Management Assistance Incorporated [MAI].

Along the way I met Justine Reynolds in 1969. She was opening a school for aspiring models called Justine Model Consultants. She offered me the opportunity to share a large loft space on 23rd Street and Madison—it was the heart of New York's so-called Photo District at the time, a perfect location and a great opportunity to expand into fashion photography, where there were big bucks to be made (and beautiful girls to be laid).

However, I couldn't do it without Leslie's financial support—and my relationship with her was dicey; she caught me cheating and subsequently ran off with a surfer for half a year. I convinced her to return and try again; she did and helped me build the new studio. On the night we finished, after the champagne toasts, she announced that she was leaving me and moving to Virginia with her boss, who two years earlier bought my Corvette. (!)

By then I was on my feet, generating enough income to support my newly expanded operation; but I was working my ass off to do it, days at my profession and nights screwing models.

As Volume One ended, I had just thrown a studio-opening party for Mesney's Mad Medicine Show called the Mad Ball. It was the kind of event you might see in a movie. Justine and I collaborated; the guests included a bevy of her beauties. The darkroom was set-up as a sangria bar; red, white and rosé sangria were mixed in and served from the 3½-gallon [~16-liter] stainless steel film-processing tanks. Slide projections, color lights and a mirror ball illuminated my half of the loft; the shooting stage became a dance floor; Justine's space was the chill zone. Business doubled shortly after the Mad Ball, and that's where the story picks up.



1970 – Entourage – Good Karma

Tom Allen was the first of a dozen groupies who hung out in my studio, helping me with occasional work for cash (off balance sheet).



Tom Allen as the Dickensian character, Fagin, 1971.

I wish I could remember how I met Tom Allen but I can't, even after 36 months drilling down into my past. Tom (was that his real name? ...he was mysterious) appeared shortly after I opened the 23rd Street studio; a year or so later, he disappeared, never to be heard from again.

Allen was one of the gentlest beings you can imagine; he was willing to help in any way, just to be there, as part of the studio. Tom ran errands for me; anything to stay connected and hang out.

I never knew where he came from, really; he said he lived in Jamaica, that he had a wife and child, but the story didn't jive with his hanging out in my studio.

Nevertheless, he was a willing helper who looked up to me as some kind of hero.



Richard Faye (right) was another of my groupies at Mesney's Mad Medicine Show.

Like Tom Allen, Faye just appeared and became a studio fixture whenever he was in Manhattan (he lived upstate in Brewster, New York).

Richard, who was about two stone overweight [a stone is 14 pounds], starred in a series of pictures I made, about the importance of exercise, for Hoffman-LaRoche, as part their Vitamin Education Program press kit and slide show.

Faye also starred in an ad for the Motorcycle Industries Council (described a bit later).

Ed just in an Escapade magazine spread, 1973.

Ed Just was discovered sleeping in Justine's office one night, when I was working extra late.

Something fell over in Justine's space; I had a key so I went to investigate and discovered Eddie, getting ready for bed (he kept a cot under the make-up counter).

Ed apologized for disturbing me and explained that he stayed at the studio as part of his payment for being Justine's secretary/assistant.



Staying in the studio saved him the long-distance commute from his family home in Pennsauken, New Jersey [across the Delaware river from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania]. Ed came to New York to become a model; he was an impressionable soul and Justine suckered him in right away. Eddie started working for Justine, to pay for his modeling lessons.

As I tell you about Ed, keep in mind the Anthony Hopkins's character, Mister Stevens, the butler of Darlington Hall in the 1993 film *Remains of The Day*. Unlike the reserved Mr. Stevens, Ed Just was the second most optimistic person I have ever known (Pamela Swanson is the first); he was full of good humor and always saw things on the bright side, with a smile and a wagging tail. Like Mr. Stevens, Ed was a professional butler employed by aristocrats (like the Astor family). Some people get their kicks out of serving others; there is a universe of servers ranging from roller-skating waitresses at drive-ins up to the Mr. Stevenses of this world, who cater to the élites. I had the opportunity to watch Ed morph from a southern-Jersey blue-collar guy into meticulously mannered Stevens.

With little to do in the evenings, Ed would come over to my studio and help me with whatever project I was working on. There was plenty for him to do, especially clerical work at which he excelled. He helped me with the production of the monthly mailings of *Exposure* and *Pixies*. Ed and I spent a lot of time collating, stapling and envelope stuffing together; the studio's mailing list swelled to more than one hundred. Those were the days when I routinely worked all-nighters, and occasionally went two or three days without sleep.

1971 is known as the year of the Nixon Shock, when President Nixon unilaterally cancelled the convertibility of the United States dollar to gold, marking the end of the Bretton Woods Agreement that had been the framework for the world's economy. The end of the gold standard and fixed currency-exchange rates began a period of economic discombobulation with "floating" exchange and interest rates. It was hard to figure what a dollar was worth if you couldn't convert it to gold anymore; so, people and businesses tightened up, along with credit; a recession started to take root. That was bad enough; but, making matters worse for Justine, one after another of Justine's investors shut off their support leaving her high and dry; soon, she was out of business.

Fortunately, my business was doing well enough to take over Justine's lease; so, the studio suddenly doubled in size. Just before that, Justine asked Ed to stop sleeping in her studio, as mentioned. It was for the sake of propriety and appearances, triggered by an uproar when one of Justine's students discovered Ed in his pajamas one morning. That's when I agreed to let him stay in my space; it was a great deal for me; the studio had been burglarized in the recent past and it was nice to have a night watchman staying there (I was still commuting to and from my apartment in Flushing at that point).

After Justine let him go, Ed turned to the catering business; he did quite well working as a waiter. He stayed in my studio during the week and went home to Pennsauken on weekends. With fair regularity, he would bring back scrumptious leftovers from the events he served. One such episode that I'll never forget was the time he brought back a full case of mushrooms. I cooked them up a half-dozen ways; we had a dinner party for ourselves and a few of the other studio helpers; that is how I came to learn that mushrooms are a powerfully diarrheic if you eat enough of them.

Ed worked his way to the upper echelon of waiters in short order. He learned every napkin-folding trick in the book, how to decoratively carve fruits and vegetables, Silver Service (a method of plating and serving food) and Emily Post's rules of etiquette.



Another of Ed's unique skills was giftwrapping. He turned gifts into masterpieces using a special chrome-silver Mylar (an IBM printer interleaf film) that his mother retrieved from the trash at a printing office where she worked. The flashy gift-wraps became a signature trademark of my studio.

Every Christmas, clients would receive a framed photo print and bottle of Grand Marnier, both transformed by Ed into silvery spectaculars. The flashy gifts would be hand delivered by Ed himself, dressed as one of Santa's elves. [Hey, if you are trying to make an impression, why be discreet?] To this day, I still have two rolls of that Mylar and continue to wrap special gifts with it, emulating Ed's packaging prowess but never duplicating it.

[For more, read *From Ed Just* in the Appendix.]

1970 – Geoff Nightingale – Armco Steel

Experience with direct mail promotions at Basford taught me that I should get a three to four percent response rate to my monthly newsletter, *Exposure*; but the results were a lot better than that—a half dozen interviews a month and from those two or three new clients. One of those new clients was Geoff Nightingale, a creative director at Burson-Marsteller, the world's second-largest public relations firm. Nightingale became my biggest client of all time; his business transformed my life.

Nightingale intimidated me; he was a bear when things didn't go his way. When I arrived at the agency to present my portfolio to Geoff, I found him reclined behind his desk groaning orgasmically, his pelvis pulsing provocatively; he excused himself explaining that he had a milking machine under the desk. Ha! What an outrageous character Nightingale was, a real showman. Straightening up, sort of, the next thing he did was put on a bright yellow hardhat and ask me if I wanted to wear a red one; non-plussed, I donned the red hardhat and tried to make a serious presentation. When my presentation concluded, I left in a fog of confusion, wondering what just happened.

The fog lifted a week later when Nightingale called me back to the agency for a production meeting about the Armco Steel Student Design Program. The steel giant awarded Parsons School of Design with a grant to generate new concepts for living; the grant was part of a larger PR campaign conceived of and orchestrated by Nightingale to strengthen Armco's image as a benevolent corporate citizen. My job was to photograph the twelve students selected for the program, together with their projects, for a brochure about the Student Design Program as well as for general publicity.

Producing pivotal pictures of the projects was problematic; aside from one student whose furniture ideas were built life size, most of the other students' ideas were embodied in small, hand-made models of inconsistent quality. I needed to come up with shots good enough for magazine covers and/or big spreads in their editorial pages; but all I had to work with was an odd-lot bunch of mini models that included a car, a helicopter, an eco-friendly building, a submersible boat and half a dozen other pieces that somehow had to be included in a theme picture. Using a Swiss-style grid to organize the group of small pictures would have been easy; instead, I came up with a plan that incorporated the most of the little models into a single, large one—a futuristic metropolis called "Armco City" that could be built in my new studio.

When I came up with the Armco City idea, I was afraid that the costs would be too high so I low-balled the estimate to encourage its approval; I wanted the job for its size and complexity; it would make a good case history story about the capabilities of Mesney's Mad Medicine Show. When I was awarded the contract, I needed someone to organize and supervise the building of the model (left); then, that person walked in looking for a gig.



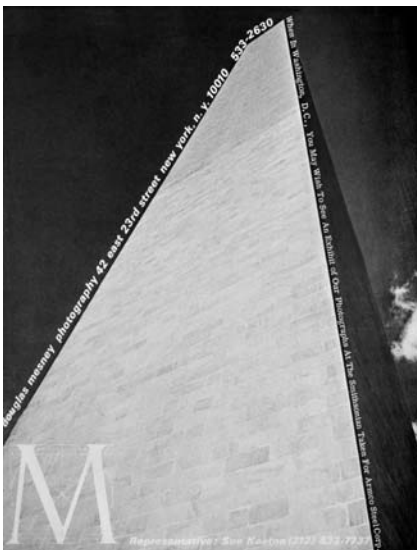
It was Kathy McMasters, the diminutive daughter of Eugene McMasters, Justine's current beau and backer. Kathy had recently graduated from college with a degree in art and was having a hard time finding work. That was due in part to a birth defect that left her somewhat deformed. However, Kathy's physical disabilities meant nothing to me. I hired Kathy and, between us, we came up with the plans for a model measuring 12 X 16 feet [3.66 X 4.88 meters]. The big model swallowed most of the available studio space; to get to the darkroom or to the back of the studio, we had to maneuver ourselves under it.

Before model building began, the camera was put into position and locked down. Then Kathy, helped by Tom Allen and some of her friends, built the model in front of the camera; that way, they were always able to view their work through the lens, ensuring that the model's scale and perspectives were correct, that the illusion was realistic. The huge project didn't make me any money, but it put me on the map inside Burson-Marsteller, positioning me as a guy with creative ideas, a guy who could get 'er done. Chris Haynes [aka Raven Slaughter] modelled for that gig, with the designer, Robert Olsen (far right).



Olsen's project didn't fit into the Armco City concept: it was a set of interlocking seating elements cut from a large block of urethane foam. I shot the futuristic foam furniture in one of my favorite locations—the abandoned sand quarry out in Commack, Long Island.

To milk the Student Design Program for as much publicity as possible, Armco paid Burson-Marsteller to arrange a display of my photographs at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C.; that prestigious exhibition was cause to create a special direct-mail flyer, sent to everyone I knew and a whole lot more that I didn't know, but wanted to.



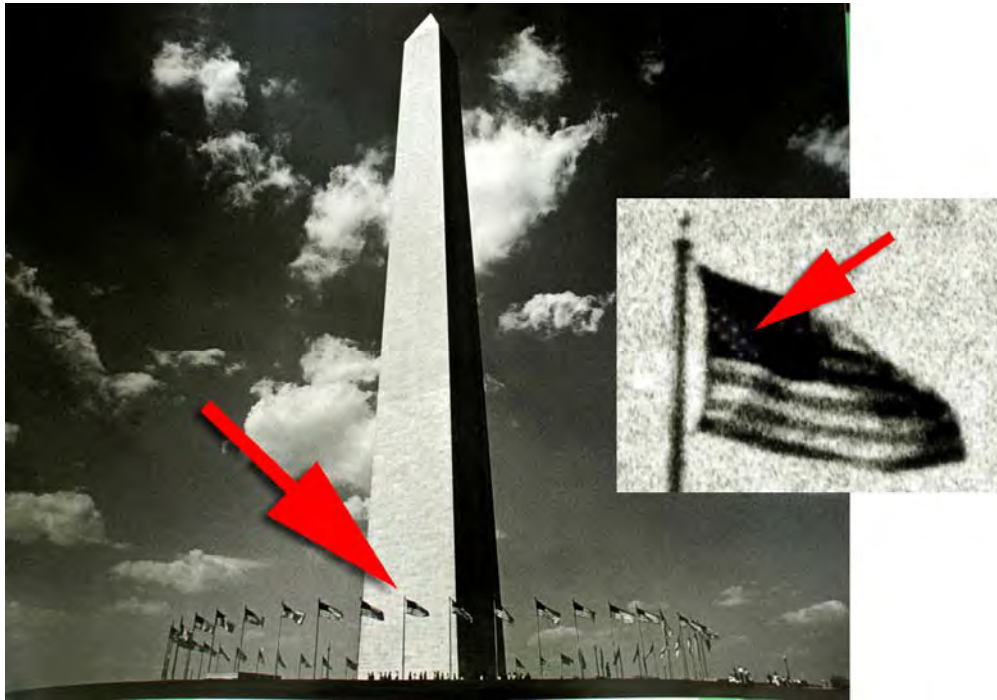
The letter sized mailer (left) featured a wide-angle, black and white picture of the Washington Monument shot in 1965, while I still worked at Basford.

I used a 21 mm Nikkor, one of the sharpest lenses ever made by Nikon; it was an old lens, made long before the advent of SLR [Single Lens Reflex] camera bodies and meant to be used on Nikon rangefinder cameras.³

The 21 mm lens was a *deep profile lens*, more than half of it extended deep into the camera body; the rear-most lens element was only one inch [2.5 cm] away from the film plane. To use that lens on my SLR Nikon F camera, the mirror needed to be locked in the up position. That presented problems—I couldn't see through the lens.

³ With a Single-Lens Reflex, an internal mirror bounces light from the lens up to the eye piece—you look through the lens to compose and focus the picture. When the shutter button is pressed, the mirror snaps up, out of the way during the exposure, allowing the light to reach the film. Before SLR cameras, the photographer looked through a so-called "rangefinder" and focused by bringing two overlapping images into alignment.

Instead, I had to roughly compose the shot by looking through an auxiliary viewfinder; that only gave me an approximation of what I was shooting; thus, I shot a lot of film to make sure the monument filled the frame at the right angle.



Later, when I was printing a long shot of the monument, I was astounded to see that the 21 mm lens resolved stars in the flags that were no bigger than the film's emulsion grains.⁴

Of the three dozen Nikkor lenses I came to own; none was that sharp as that 21 mm.

1970 – Vitamin Education – Creative Consultant

Nightingale's next assignment for me was a vitamin education program put together for the Swiss Pharmaceutical giant, Hoffman-La Roche. At a pre-production creative session, the challenge was to come up with concepts for pictures that were interesting enough to get published. Editors received dozens of pictures and news releases every day; they were spoiled for choice; you had to have a unique and appealing story to make ink.

Even though I realized that humor can backfire and that there is nothing worse than a joke that falls flat. I suggested a series of pictorial "cartoons" featuring a character actor named Marty Sherman; I had used Marty for a Car and Driver job and had a hunch that he could pull off the assignment without going over the top.

Marty played the role of someone who needs vitamins, a person having problems doing simple things that a fit person would breeze through, like riding a bike. After I sold Marty to the client, he reneged on me. (Marty turned out to be prone to "episodes," but I didn't know that until he let me down on this job.)

⁴ I was using Panatomic-X film, Kodak's finest-grain emulsion; Panatomic-X was the best black and white film ever made, in my opinion.

In place of Marty, I ended up using Richard Faye, one of the students involved in the Armco Student Design Program who became a studio groupie. Faye was the kind of person you might have characterized as a country bumpkin; his *avoir-du-pois*, combined with his natural slouch and disheveled clothes, made him the perfect personage for my pictures. The result was a collection of a half-dozen theme shots that garnered more press than Hoffman LaRoche ever received before; they became a loyal client for years. [See Plates.]

1970 – New Rep – New Pictures



My school friend and gardening-business partner, Allan Seiden, was by now living in New York, trying to make a living as a travel writer and photographer. That was a tough row to hoe because it combined two disciplines each considered sacrosanct; how could a writer also be a good photographer, or vice versa?

Allan enlisted his current girlfriend, Marie Rivera, to represent him. She took his portfolio around to travel magazines; but she couldn't earn a living repping only Allan and asked to include my work in her presentations. Soon, Marie was essentially my rep; my stuff sold better and I cut her in for 10% of my income, so that she could make enough to rep full time, without needing supplementary work. I couldn't really afford to pay her that much, but having a rep enhanced the studio's credentials; and it would have seemed odd if she suddenly stopped repping me.

1970 – Trick Photography – Photo Illustration

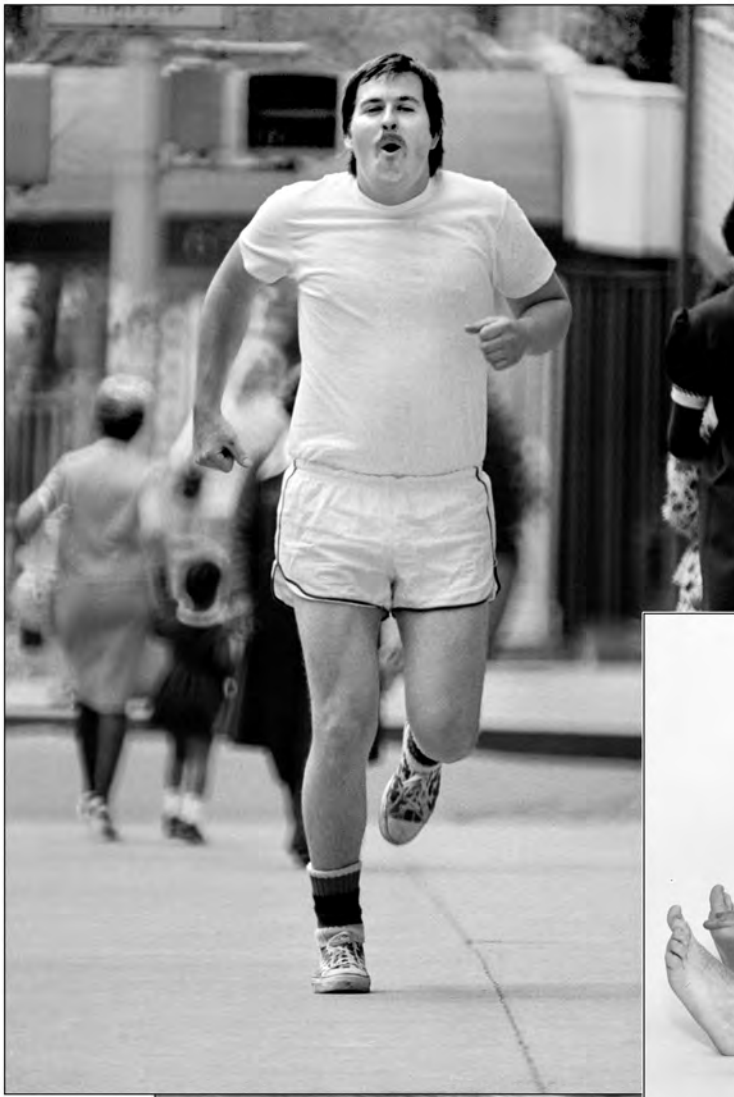
When Gene Butera took over, in the mid '60s, he redesigned *Car and Driver*. The magazine acquired a more sophisticated look that stood-out on newsstands; Gene's style set C/D apart from its half-dozen or so competitors, particularly *Road & Track* and *Autoweek*.⁵ Gene was himself a photographer himself, and a good one; he liked to shoot his own stuff for the articles he designed; who could blame him for that? We got along famously, but I always felt that my client was also my competitor; he kept all the juicy jobs for himself and gave me ones that were either too much like work or that he found conceptually challenging; that in turn challenged me, to make pictures that I knew Gene couldn't or wouldn't shoot. I did that by using lenses he didn't own, or, more frequently, with darkroom and retouching tricks.

⁵ Gene survived a decade of editorial upheaval at *Car and Driver*; first, Gordon Jennings took over as editor when Leon Mandel left for *Autoweek*; shortly after that, Bob Brown took the editorship from Jennings, but he got a better offer from *Sports Illustrated* and took it; so, Steve Wilkinson was brought in from *Flying* magazine; then, in 1974 Don Sherman took the post [Sherman was the first (and only) "car guy" to work his way up the ladder to the editorship of *Car and Driver*]; and only two years later, in 1976, David E. Davis returned to take the job from Sherman and reoccupy the office he surrendered to Leon Mandel in 1966. Through all those changes, Gene Butera managed to mask the editorial upheavals with classy, consistent graphic design. Gene was a designer's designer; he didn't copy anyone else's style and cared less about whatever new typeface was trendy. Under Butera's art direction, *Car and Driver* was as well designed as any of the top consumer magazines. Gene had an eye for innovative work; he hired top talents and gave them a showcase; good photography became a hallmark of the magazine.



1970 | HOFFMAN-LAROCHE | VITAMIN EDUCATION PROGRAM | PLATE N° 1

Richard Faye pantomimes those at risk of vitamin deficiencies.



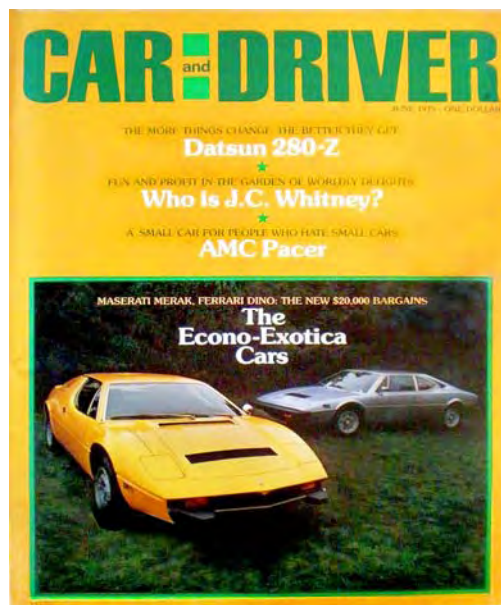
1970 | HOFFMAN-LAROCHE | VITAMIN EDUCATION PROGRAM | PLATE N° 2

Richard Faye pantomimes those at risk of vitamin deficiencies.

As my photo work became more illustrative, I acquired a new identity with Gene; he started inviting me to collaborate with him on pictorial concepts. However, except for a few choice stories, Gene left the bulk of the magazine for his assistant, Noel Werrett. Werrett liked conventional pictures shot with “normal” lenses and shied away from “trick” pictures. Werrett put me on a creative leash; he made detailed sketches of the pictures and give strict instructions about how to shoot them; sometimes he and/or the writer came along on the shoot and directed me. I hated that.

As my work became more esoteric, I got fewer assignments from Noel. Whenever I did get a gig, the weather usually sucked. I got nicknamed “Murky Mesney” because I always seemed to shoot on stormy days. To live down that reputation, I went to great lengths to compensate for lousy weather.

On one occasion, shooting a Maserati Merak and Ferrari Dino on a cold, gray day in January for the June 1975 cover, I brought along several gallons of grass colorant and spray-painted a drab field bright green. On other occasions, I shot at night and/or used colored filters to jazz-up otherwise dreary scenes. It was in search of new ways to compensate for inclement weather that I purchased an air-brush outfit and began teaching myself rudimentary retouching.⁶



That led to doing strip-in work (assembling together pieces of several pictures to create a new scene).

Thus, began my shift from pure to illustrative-photography.

For example, floating Rod Serling’s face in the night sky for a Car and Driver retro feature story about a 1950s Ford station wagon.

Serling actually came to my 23rd Street studio to have his picture taken. He was one of many celebrities to do that, including Irene Heckert, Lily Tomlin, Tennessee Williams, Willie Nelson and Xaviera Hollander.



⁶ My first airbrush lessons were from Frank Pilliero, a board artist that Kurt Boehnstedt used to make the mechanicals for my AISI newsletters [*Containerization Today* and *Farm Facts*].⁶ On several occasions, Kurt let me bring his layouts to Frank's East 54th Street studio, to explain the jobs. That didn't happen often because Kurt also liked to hang out at Pilliero's studio; Kurt was in love with Frank's upstairs neighbor, a Swedish gal named Gunilla.

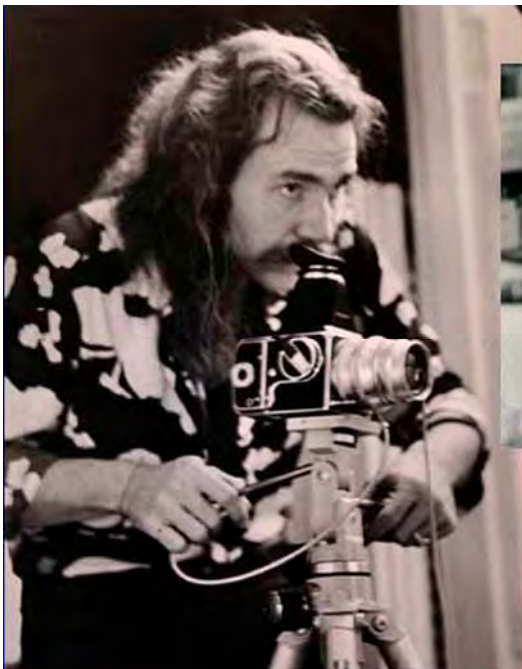
With mastery of retouching came creative liberation. I graduated from being “just” a photographer and earned the vaunted status of photo-illustrator—a photographer who *makes*—instead of *takes*—pictures. That changed everything.

As my ideas got wilder it got to be a bit of a game with Gene; I liked to surprise him. Gene would give me the keys to a car without having a clue about what I would do. That was risky, because a lot of work went into my illustrations, more work than I was getting paid for (the \$150 standard page rate).

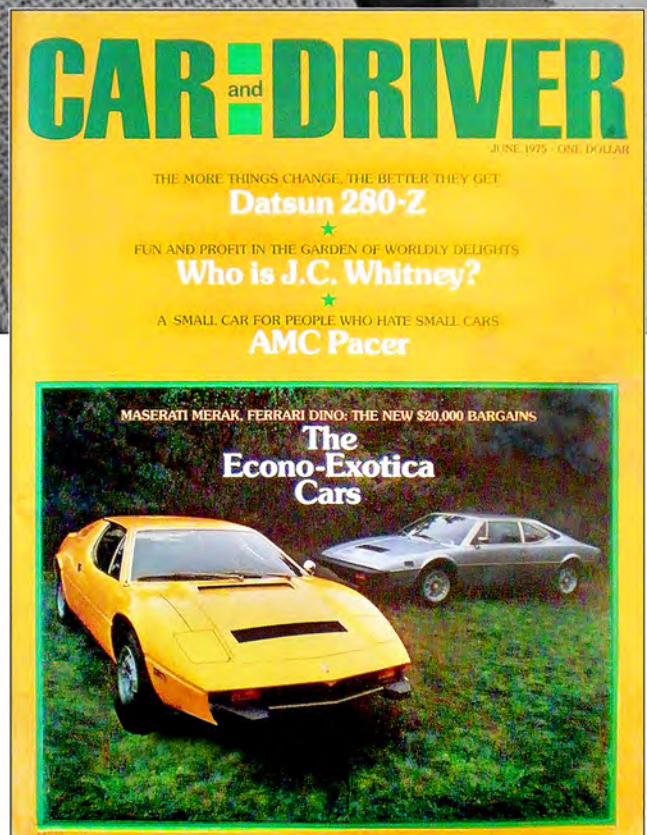
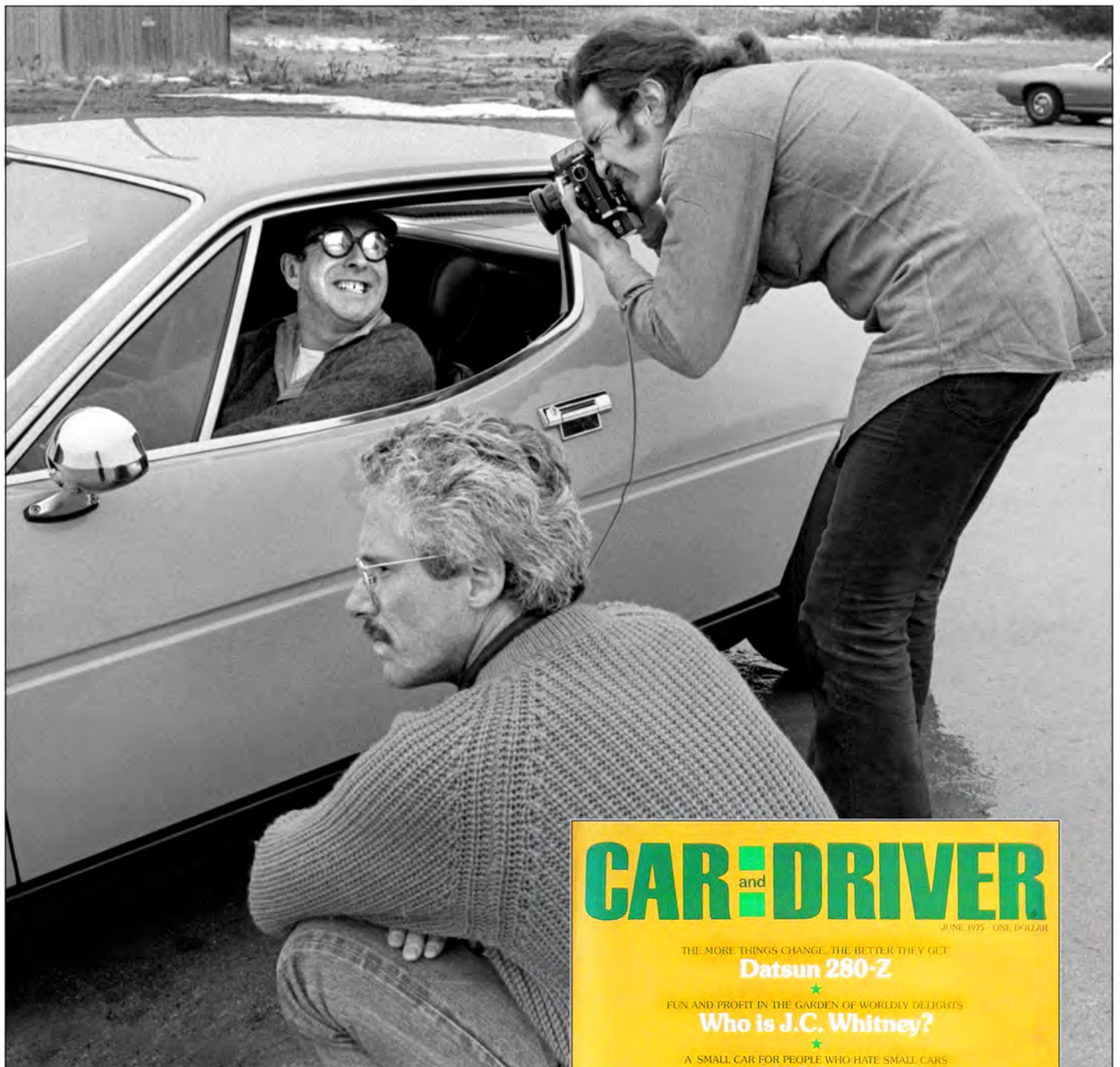
Butera never rejected any of my work, although there were times when his eyes would roll in mock displeasure and he’d complain: “Mesney, what have you done to me this time? How can I take this upstairs?” Upstairs meant upper management—the publisher, Marty Touhy, and the Ziff-Davis Board of Directors. Gene had to fight Touhy and the Board to get his most creative designs approved; somehow, he always managed to get his way. One day he taught me how he did it.

Gene would first produce a design as he wanted it to appear in print; then, he’d put that first one away and make a second one, a really wild one; when the Board rejected the wild idea, he’d produce a third design that was plain vanilla ...boring; and when the Board rejected that he’d submit his first design, presenting it as a compromise between the other two. That invariably won approval. I almost never lost a pitch again, after Gene’s lesson in positioning.

Positioning ideas was actually the second life-altering lesson Gene taught me; the first was to dress for the part you are playing. Butera gave me that advice when, about a year after leaving Basford, I confided in him that I was having a tough time getting work from other art directors. Gene put down his cigar, turned to me, gestured at my outfit with a dismissive wave of his hand and said something like: “You don’t look like a photographer; you look like the Fuller Brush salesman.” Whoa!



It was true—I always wore a suit (and not just any suit, I wore Brooks Brothers suits, exclusively)—I wanted to appear conscientious and business like. But according to Gene, suits made the wrong impression; they made me look like, well, a “suit”—a businessman instead of a creative photographer. As soon as I traded in my silk ties for satin shirts, my luck changed.



1975 | CAR AND DRIVER | ECONO-EXOTICA SHOOT | PLATE N° 1

Steve Wilkinson wasn't amused with my pictures of Marty Serman. | He didn't agree with Butera and me.



1975 | CAR AND DRIVER | ECONO-EXOTICA SHOOT | PLATE N° 2

Character actor Marty Sherman as Joe Six-pack, cruising suburbia in a "bargain-priced" (\$20K) Ferrari Dino.

Over the years, I worked out a series of *uniforms* that I wore for work and travel. When it wasn't cool to be a hippie anymore, I switched to a para-military look.

That worked best of all; I looked as if I were possibly a war correspondent photographer. Whatever they thought, anyone looking at me knew, beyond a doubt, that I was a man on a mission.

1985, Sweden, Yours Truly checks bumper-mounted camera, while shooting for SAAB.



I like to believe I was the most creative lensman on Gene's roster, and certainly the most unpredictable; but I wasn't the only photographer in his Rolodex; he doled out a ton of work to Humphrey Sutton (my nemesis) and Californian Pete Biro. One day, however, Gene found himself flummoxed when David E. Davis wrote a story about a fictitious English car maker, Denbeigh Motors; and their latest racing model, the Boss Denbeigh. Butera was stuck for an idea about how to illustrate the Davis' piece. Possibly, because there was no actual Denbeigh car to photograph, Gene gave me the assignment, making it my problem to come up with a solution.

The story was about the day when the Boss Denbeigh disintegrated during test trials at a drag strip. Gene was on the verge of calling illustrator Ken Dallison, Baron Storey or Thomas Quinn and have one of them make a drawing of the fabled race car.

However, I happened to be in his office and he invited me to add my two cents. I suggested we shoot the aftermath of the explosion—wreckage strewn across the track. He bought it.

Gene was headed out of town to do some shooting for other articles; he was going to be gone for a week; I said I'd have something for him when he got back; then, I decided to surprise him by delivering a finished picture instead of a sketch; I was confident that my idea was brilliant enough to take that risk.⁷

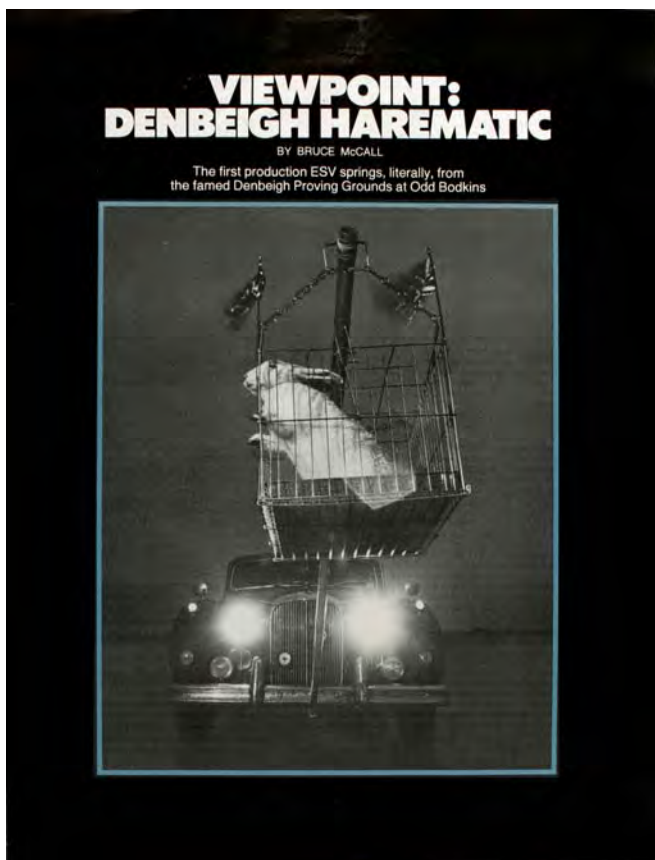


⁷ Indeed, it was worth risk; the Boss Denbeigh article received an Award of Merit in the 1970 New York Art Directors Club Exhibition. (Another article I illustrated for Gene—about the Chevrolet Corvette Coupe—won an Award of Excellence in the 1971 Society of Publication Designers show.) After that, Gene gave me free rein.

I hired Richard Faye to help me; I didn't have to pay him much; he just liked to hang out at the studio and surreptitiously live my life. The two of us went to an auto junk yard out in Flushing and filled Faye's van with as many bits and pieces as we could stuff in there. We brought everything: pistons, gears, a drive shaft, bent wheel rims, twisted steering wheel, burned out seats and more. We schlepped the lot of it out to a famous local drag strip, Islip Speedway. It was off season so there was no problem getting permission to take pictures. The lonely guard was happy to have company for an afternoon; he ended up giving us a hand. First, the car parts were spread down a 100-foot length of the speedway [30.48 meters]; some of them were packed with smoke bombs.

The trickiest part of the job was lighting all the smoke bombs in sequence, to give the illusion the car disintegrating as it sped down the track. I needed to be behind the camera, so it was Faye's job to ignite the smoke bombs. Unbeknownst to me, Richard decided to try one of the smoke bombs, to get the fuse timing worked out. That was a smart idea. Doing it in the race track control tower wasn't. Under the bemused eye of the guard—who by now couldn't quite believe what we were doing—Richard burned his finger and dropped the lit bomb into a full box of them; they all went off together and created a cloud of smoke so thick that alarms went off and the Fire Department arrived on the scene. It was a real SNAFU [Situation Normal—All Fucked Up] but the shot got done.

Boss Denbeigh re-set my reputation at Car and Driver; from then on, I was always asked in to dream-up pictures for difficult subjects. One of them was Davis' sequel to the Boss Denbeigh story, about the Hare Denbeigh, a fictitious British luxury car that used a live rabbit to sniff out trouble on the road ahead.



For that shot, I rented a rabbit from a little girl in Douglaston and carted it out to Jones Beach where the caged rabbit was attached to the end of a long pole mounted to the bumper and front axle of a vintage Rolls-Royce.

After rigging it, the Rolls was driven down the Jones Beach Causeway, following me, shooting from a station wagon with an open rear gate.

Of course, it rained that night and the whole shoot was a major pain in the ass. Making things worse, the flash was on the fritz, which I didn't know until I processed the film.

That's when I discovered that the job would have to be reshot.

(And you thought being a photographer was easy?)

Then there was the time when a Jaguar XKE convertible nearly sank in a New Jersey pond. That was when long-haired Tom Ridinger took over from clean-cut Noel Werrett, as Gene's assistant.

As soon as Ridinger came on board, my life at Car and Driver changed for the better.

Ridinger and I were on the same page, stylistically. He was a fan of European graphic-design; his own work emulated *Twen*, a German picture magazine that was a super-hip version of *Life* or *Look*. The photography featured in *Twen* was usually shot in available light with wide-angle lenses; that was like my style; so, Tom and I got along famously. We even looked like brothers.



Tom was more counter-culture than me. His idea for the Jaguar XKE feature story was a double truck [2-page-spread] of a young black couple swimming—nude or nearly so—in a secluded pond, with the car in the background.

You can imagine how that idea went over when Gene presented the concept to the Board. The idea defied Marty Touhy's unwritten law that, "The car is the star."

But Gene won the day—arguing that it would be nice for the magazine to use black people once in a while. Ha!

So off we went. I drove with the girl in the Jaguar; Tom and the male model rode in the camera car.



After driving all over northern New Jersey for the better part of a gray day, we finally found a secluded pond in a glade just off the highway. However, getting the Jaguar into a sweet spot in the background proved problematic. Near the edge of the pond, the ground was too slick for the Jag to get traction and the car slipped perilously close to submersion. We stopped everything and shot what we had, while we had it. (!) Once the shoot was in the can, we set about getting the Jaguar back on terra firma using the camera car to give it a gentle tug and got back to Car and Driver before the Red Ball Garage closed.

Ridinger and I really hit it off on that shoot; the two Hippies got a rep for radical progressive ideas about graphic design and pictures.

1970s | Portfolio | Part One | Plates N^{os} 1-192

This section of the 1970s portfolio presents my automotive work, particularly Car and Driver magazine, from 1968 through my last automotive print assignment, in 1975. Following the Car and Driver section is a collection of the work that sprung from C/D. The work is not presented in strict chronological order.

Plate N^o1: Yours Truly; portrait by Dona Lakin Plink; probably shot at my request.

Plates N^{os} 2-3: Car and Driver's editors had a beef with the kangaroo courts that threatened Alabama drivers with highway robbery. The sequence was shot near an interchange on New Jersey's Garden State Parkway; the Alabama flag was a prop. Photographer Barry Evans, my assistant, got the timing right for the lead shot, of me photographing the roadside judge.

Plates N^{os} 4-5: The Saab 99 was my first assignment for Car and Driver. Leslie and I were still together and she supported me 101%. We shot at Fort Totten, an army fort long abandoned. Getting the mirror to reflect the sun into the camera lens was our biggest challenge. It was shot on Panatomic-X film, using a R25 (red) filter and a Honeywell Strobonar for fill light.

N^o6: The illustration gracing the April, 1970, Car and Driver cover was the work of my friends at Peterson Color Lab, who assembled the hands photo with the squeezed-car shot; that was made by re-photographing a large color print with a 16 mm, flat-field fisheye lens.

N^o7: The April 1972 Car and Driver cover features my assistant, Joey Clapper, playing lead singer with a band run by his friend, Bobby Held, shot while driving along the Causeway at Jones Beach State Park. That issue's feature story was about car stereos.

N^o8: The February 1973 Car and Driver cover features C/D's managing editor, Rich Taylor, wheeling a Jensen-Healy convertible in a tight turn. The cover story was shot at the Farber Limestone quarry, in Franklin, New Jersey; it was one of my favorite locations. Taylor got the car going in the tightest circle that he could; I dodged the car like a matador, panning with it and using relatively slow shutter speeds to blur everything but the car. What with the exposure bracketing, I must have done the shot a few dozen times. Rich complained that he was getting dizzy.

N^o9: The December 1974 Car and Driver cover was also shot at Farber Limestone; my assistant Barry Evans doubled as a model/driver for the VW Scirocco cover story.

N^o10: The June 1975 Car and Driver cover story, written by editor Steve Wilkinson, was photographed in late April. It wasn't easy finding a location large enough to accommodate the two cars in the shot—a Maserati Merak and a Ferrari Dino; Wilkinson didn't want to go as far from New York as the quarry; we had to shoot within a 50-mile radius and ended up shooting at the side of the road, off the Long Island Expressway. It was late winter; Nature was painted in gray; no matter—I painted the grass green, using a special-purpose grass colorant purchased from a Hollywood special-effects shop, applied with a two-gallon [~9 liters] garden sprayer.

Plate N°11: The February 1975 Car and Driver cover story was shot in November, 1974. The AMC Pacer was put through its paces at Riverhead Raceway; the cover shot was made in a field near the track. The golden autumn foliage harmonized with the red car and its equestrian interior.

Plates N°s 12-13: For the 1969 Car and Driver Racing Annual feature on the Formula One Championship, art director Noel Werrett selected one of my Atomicolor shots of the Watkins Glen Grand Prix. [Note: the collage of smaller shots is not my work.]

Plates N°s 14-19: The Car and Driver Boss Denbeigh photos were made at Islip Speedway. We nearly burned down the control tower, testing the smoke bombs. The Hare Denbeigh was shot on the Jones Beach State Park causeway. It was a miserable, cold, wet day; so, we didn't have to worry about any traffic.

Plates N°s 20-23: Car and Driver's Corvette Mako Shark road test was shot at the Farber Limestone quarry. My wife, Leslie, drove the beast and modelled for the shots. The lightning effects in the lead shot were a total serendipity; they were caused by static electric discharges inside the camera, either as the film was advanced or, more likely, while it was being rewound. The humidity must have been incredibly low, to have caused such sparking. I never saw that effect before or after that shoot. Fortunately, the effect added to the shot. More fortunately, nobody ever asked me to repeat the trick.

Plates N°s 24-25: This Car and Driver behavioral collage featured character actor Gene Laughton. He wasn't cheap, but he was worth every cent. For me it was easy; I parked the camera on a tripod and let him do his thing. We had been given a list of behaviors by the writer, Ralph Keyes; Laughton ad-libbed those and a dozen more.

Plates N°s 26-27: For the Car and Driver 1970 Yearbook, one of my stranger photo was selected to illustrate a piece on The Significance of the Sixties. While not being "psychedelic," per se, the shot does look like the photographer might have been on something. Actually, the shot was made during the 1969 Mako Shark shoot; the Corvette followed closely behind my camera car, from which a wide-angle Nikon, mounted on a monopod, hung just over the pavement to capture this shot, using a super-slow shutter speed (2 seconds).

Plates N°s 28-33: For Car and Driver's Jaguar E-Type [aka XKE] road test, art director Tom Ridinger and I took a lot of chances: using a black couple as models; showing a little bare tit; and nearly sinking the car in a pond. The controversial pictures enhanced our reputations as renegades.

Plates N°s 34-37: The Car and Driver Maserati Indy road test was another collaboration between Ridinger and I. Our work was heavily influenced by the German magazine, Twen. Chris Haynes modelled for the shots; she subsequently became my girlfriend, until she decided to try her luck modelling in Tokyo, Japan.

Plates N°s 38-40: The pictures on Plate N°40 explain why I went to such great lengths to make a collage for the lead illustration of the Car and Driver Transpo-72 photo-feature. The so-called Total Transportation Expo event was held in Washington, D.C.

Plates N°41: It snowed hard in Boston the day Car and Driver sent me there to photograph the EV-1, one of the first prototype electric vehicles; so, I opted for a set-up shot, in the builder's garage. [The builder shall remain anonymous for now, because I can't find the tear sheets.]

Plates N°42-46: When I heard that Brock Yates was writing the Car and Driver Thunderbird piece I was hired to illustrate, I went all out. Yates was C/D's super-star contributor; having my name with his was a feather in my cap. So, I put together a three-model shoot that looked like it cost a thousand bucks, but actually cost me almost nothing, since the talent owed me, for test shots I had made for them. The photo business was like that; there was a lot of quid pro quo. Art director Gene Butera told me about an operational steam-engine and asked for something out of an F. Scott Fitzgerald novel, like chasing trains. Kylene Golden modelled together with two of my favorite girls, light-haired Andrea Lawrence and brunette Liz Frasier.

Plates N°47-51: The Car and Driver "Butterfly Bora" was shot in a fallow potato field in East Marion, Long Island. Kurt Boehnstedt's cousin, Freya Trost, modelled as the butterfly, "for the fun of it." Ed Just played the chauffeur in the title shot (he owed me, too). The fanciful shot of the Maserati caused a stir and almost never got used; the publisher complained it wasn't automotive enough; so, I agreed to go out gratis a second day and shoot the highway shot seen on plates N°50-51.

Plates N°52-53: Following around traffic-news-reporter and midget-racer Lou Timolat for an 18-hour day put me through my paces. There were all kinds of photographic challenges, from tight quarters in his Bell G-47 helicopter (solved with a fisheye lens), to low-light conditions in and around the midget-racing track (solved with a 58mm f1.2 Nocturnal Nikkor lens).

Plates N°54-55: Although Car and Driver's Fiat 124 Spyder road test appeared in the February issue, it was shot in November, in the countryside near the Philadelphia Fiat dealership. Justine Reynolds modelled for the shot, together with her beau-du-jour.

Plates N°56-58: Editor Pat Bedard came up with the clever idea of cloning himself for Car and Driver's comparison test of a Chevrolet Vega versus a Ford Pinto.

Plates N°59-62: It rained like hell the day I had to shoot a Citroën DS21 EFI Pallas for Car and Driver. I took the car to the quarry out in Franklin, New Jersey, to get a lunar-looking background over which I printed-in a nebula and air-brushed a night-sky to create the picture I call, Space Citroën.

Plate N°63: Impaired Vision was shot along a byway near Riverhead, Long Island. The local constabulary were unusually cooperative when they heard I was shooting for Car and Driver; they re-routed traffic so I could position and light the two bike riders in the right lane, and slowed traffic in the left lane to a crawl. The effect was done by shooting through a piece of mottled shower-door glass.

Plates N°64-65: Car and Driver's managing editor, Rich Taylor, modelled for this shot, taken to illustrate writer Steve Smith's review of car stereos. [See also Plate N°7.]

Plates N^{os} 67-73: It was easy to get my car and bike-racing buddy, Wiley Crockett, to help out for Car and Driver's Corvette Mako Shark road tests. Both cars were shot in the Farber Limestone quarry.

Plates N^{os} 74-77: Car and Driver's Buick Riviera road test shots were likewise made at the quarry; I was on my own for that one, hence the driverless cars.

Plates N^{os} 78-79: For Car and Driver's Renault 12 TL, a dinner and drive-in-movie date was staged out in Little Neck and Great Neck, New York. The shoot was collaboration with art director Tom Ridinger; that's his ex-wife, Flo Fox, holding the ice cream cones. The moon and stars were painted in; and the drive-in screen was superimposed in the darkroom.

Plates N^{os} 80-85: It's times like these that make me wish I had kept my nearly complete six-year collection of Car and Driver magazines; if I had 'em, I'd be able to retrieve the back story for C/Ds feature about a Rolls-Royce hearse. All I have are vague recollections that the models might be Cook Nielsen and his GF.

Plates N^{os} 86-87: In the early days, my friend Allan Seiden frequently helped me out on car jobs, driving and with general assistance.

Plates N^{os} 88-90: I don't have tear sheets of the Car and Driver Bud Staner article, so I asked Bob Brown (former editor of the magazine) why I got paid to make those photo illustrations. Here's what he had to say:

"These challenges of yours are getting more and more difficult. That is, indeed, H. Kent "Bud" Staner. Mark McCormick's chief assistant at International Management Group. Currently, IMG is a powerful entity in several international sports and virtually ubiquitous on the US sports scene. In the early 70s IMG was just branching out from tennis, golf and skiing into motorsports.

"Clearly, Staner, who would head up IMG's motorsport operation, is in a tv control room [Staner was superimposed in the darkroom, as were the racers images on the TV monitors.] and clearly from the monitors a number of IMG's most prominent driver/clients are being featured, such as Denis Hulme, Jackie Stewart (in his Greek fisherman's cap) and Mark Donohue (above Staner). This would probably date the photo as late 1972 or 73, as Francois Cevert (on the central monitor) was killed in a particularly gruesome crash in practice for the 1974 US GP at Watkins Glen, which would render the photo unusably tasteless for any article on Staner or IMG.

"FYI Brock Yates (an IMG client), Staner and I shared the second place Dodge Challenger in the 1972 Cannonball Baker Sea-to-Shining Sea Memorial Trophy Dash (which provided the plot outline for the Burt Reynolds/Hal Needham movie).

"MORE FYI We had it won until a morning rush hour traffic jam ten miles from the finish at the Portofino Inn drove us off the freeway... with no map showing us unfamiliar local streets. so we were lost for more than a half an hour driving down grim alleys and dead-ends, backtracking and mostly yelling at each other as our lead was overtaken by Steve Behr. As they used to say, bummer."

Plates N^o 91: A candid of Your's Truly, (probably) by Barry Evans.

Plates N^{os} 92-95: To illustrate William Jeanes' retro piece about a '51 Mercury convertible, he enlisted cast members from the Broadway production of the musical, Grease, whose promoters were keen for tie-in promotions and publicity, like this article. By this time, I had mastered the super-wide Nikkor 20 mm lens. The scenes were shot at the Wetson's drive-in in Astoria, Queens; that was the home turf for the Grease gangs.

Plates N^{os} 96-99: The hardest part about Car and Driver's Triumph TR-6 road test assignment was the strip-in work required for the shot of driver Tim Wilcox talking to himself in the passenger seat. The dividing line was a diagonal slice between them, carefully retouched with Spot-Off toners and razor-etching.

Plates N^{os} 100-103: This presentation of Car and Driver's Mercedes-Benz 280 road test is missing the best picture—a super-wide shot from inside the car of a dozen boys from the frat house peering in through every window, their noses pressed to the glass. The Mercedes star was imprinted in the darkroom after which the glow was airbrushed.

Plates N^{os} 104-105: [See also, Plate N^o 8]. Car and Driver's managing editor, Rich Taylor, modeled a Jensen-Healey for this feature road test. He drove the car around a wide circle at the Farber Limestone quarry; I panned the camera, following the car, using a 105 mm Nikkor lens and slow shutter speeds (1/8th and 1/15th of a second) to streak the foreground and background.

Plates N^{os} 106-111: For Pat Bedard's Car and Driver feature, "Mustang II Meets Mazda," the magazine flew me to Detroit where we shot at Ford's test track. (Or was it GM's?)

Plates N^{os} 112-115: My assistant Barry Evans doubled as a model/driver for the VW Scirocco cover story, photographed at the Farber Limestone quarry. [See also, Plate N^o 9.]

Plates N^{os} 116-117: This was my second Brock Yates article; like the first (see Thunderbird, Plates N^{os} 46-46, above) it had to be good. Again, I went all-out. Art director Gene Butera conceived of the shot, mocking the US Department of Transportation's bureaucratic "red tape." We rigged an office at Car and Driver for the shot; Gene made all the signage. The models are, unfortunately, anonymous.

Plates N^{os} 118-119: Car and Driver only had the Ferrari 308 GTB Vertroresina for one afternoon; the pictures were made in New York City's Central Park. Let me tell you, it was crazy; shooting from the back of a motorcycle, in New York traffic. The extreme distortion of a Nikkor 20mm lens "makes the otherwise "simple" shot.

Plates N^{os} 120-122: [See also, Plate N^o 11.] The AMC Pacer was put through its paces at Riverhead Raceway; details were shot in a field near the track. The golden autumn foliage harmonized with the red car and its avant-garde interior.

Plates N^o 123: A 1973 "selfie" used as a spacer, separating Car and Driver from the rest of my automotive portfolio. My automotive (and aircraft) photography categorized me as a "sheet-metal man."

Plates N^{os} 124-125: Amalie Oil was the first spin-off from my Car and Driver exposure. They flew me to Houston to shoot legendary drag-racer, Gene Snow.

Plates N^{os} 126-127: Arrow-Hart purchased my portfolio shot, taken at the Bridgehampton Can-Am races.

Plates N^{os} 128-135: Basford art director Kurt Boehnstedt gifted me the Zn-75 job, for the Zinc Institute. It was my first big-studio experience—a big challenge. The prestige brochure added luster to my portfolio.

Plates N^{os} 136-143: Michael Parish, freelance art director of Penthouse magazine, became a big client. We shot a half-dozen jobs together. He and I worked as well together as Tom Ridinger and I had; we could collaborate; each of us was secure, in our egos.

It started with the Subaru Leone Coupe feature, which I shot at the quarry (Farber Limestone); that's Michael, at the wheel; he was a handsome lad.

The next assignment was a Volvo P-1800 estate wagon. We got flown to Florida to shoot that one, together with two professional models. Yikes! Can you imagine the costs? Well, that's the kind of money that was sloshing around then, before the famous Arabian-Oil Embargo (fiasco) in 1973.

That was followed by an article about the Mazda Rx-2, photographed in a meadow out on Long Island, using a "fruitcake filter"—a multi-faceted prism attached to the lens—for the lead shot. Parish supplied the models; I don't remember their names.

Plates N^{os} 144-150: The Penthouse magazine write-up of the Maserati Bora involved two shoots. The first was shot at the Farber Limestone quarry. I shot black and white as well as color, both "normal" and Infrared-Aero Ektachrome, aka Atomicolor. The second shoot happened in a field of wild daisies at the edge of the Long Island Expressway out in Ronkonkoma, Long Island. I can't remember the names of the models. I remember him commenting on the fact that he was being paid to drive a \$100,000 car.

Plates N^{os} 151-165: These plates document the biggest job I ever had, up 'till then: a week-long advertising assignment from Ogilvy & Mather, for Mercedes-Benz. Advertising were the crème-de-la-crème, the Holy Grail for photographers; they paid the biggest bucks. The job entailed photographing a new line-up of a half-dozen new models; performance shots; in the dead of winter.

I enlisted the aid of my friends Allen Seiden and Wiley Crockett. We were beset by bad weather and "politics" among the client's crew. By the end, everyone involved hated each other and the entire experience. Our myriad miseries are well described in the manuscript. [See, 1972 – Shooting Stars – Wishful Thinking.]

Plates N^{os} 166-167: This BMW 2002 was shot in parallel with the Mercedes shoot just described, for an Ogilvy & Mather new-business pitch; to alert Mercedes-Benz to their latest competitor. You can see, in the background, how unappealing the New Jersey Pine Barrens really looked.

Plates N^{os} 168-175: Shooting for Penthouse magazine was way different than Car and Driver for one simple reason: they had way more money. Car and Driver's page rate at the time was \$150; a cover shot earned \$350; that wasn't much, even then. Many times, I found myself working for the equivalent of one or two bucks an hour, considering the work put in. However, Penthouse paid thrice the page rate and all the expenses (like models). For example, free-lance art director Mike Parish and I flew to Florida to shoot a Jensen Interceptor III. We were hired by editor Dawn Steel, who went on to hold high offices in Hollywood, as president of one of the big studios (Paramount, I think). It rained the first two days; we finally had to shoot because we were running out of time. Ironically, the lead shot was one of the wet ones. Fortunately, the weather turned good on our third and final day. A local model was hired for a series of shots that never made ink.

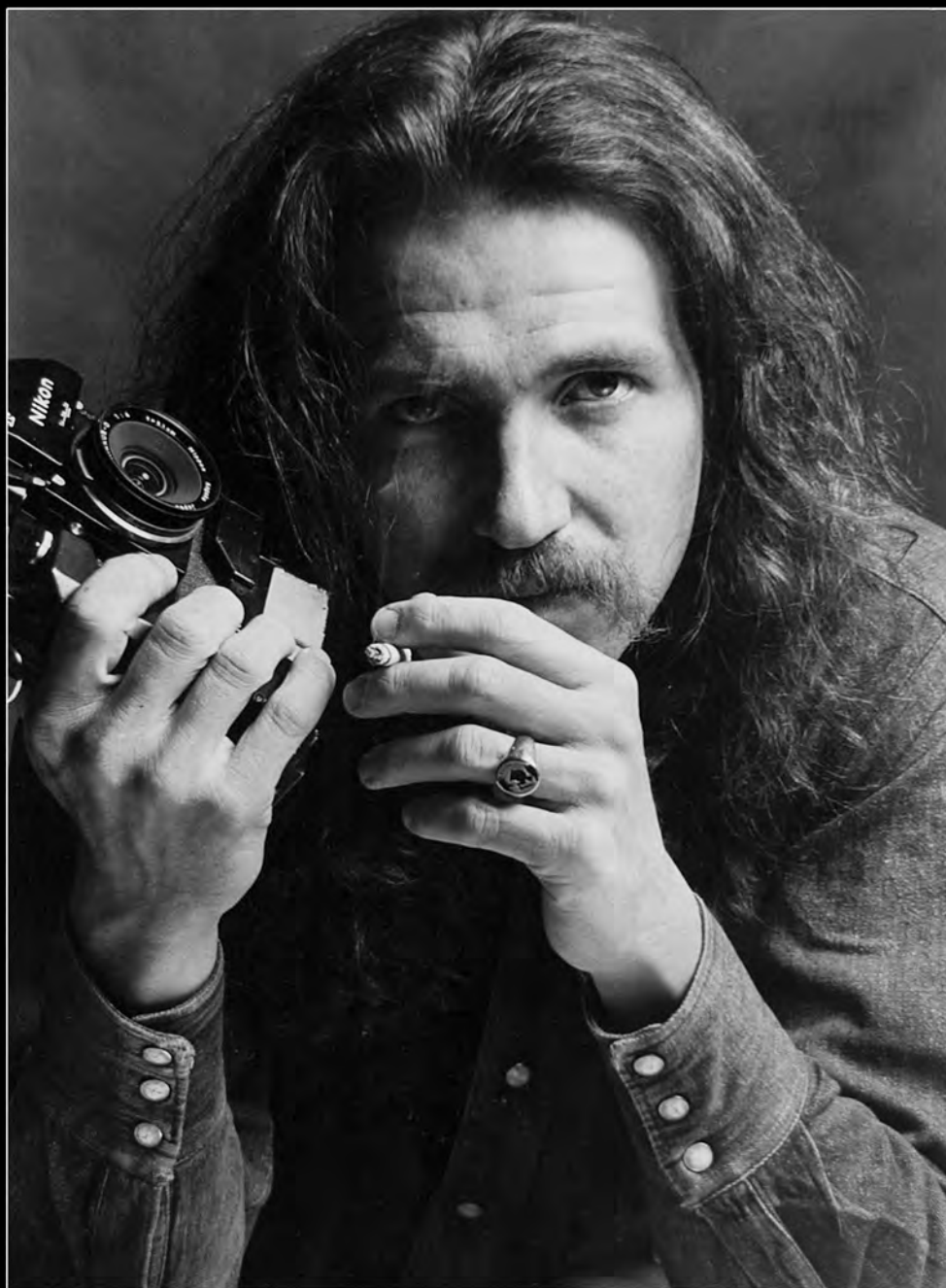
Plates N^{os} 176-181: There are very few pictures of me at work; these are among the most realistic; art director Mike Parish took them, while I photographed a Bricklin sportscar for a picture spread in Gallery magazine, a raunchier rag than Penthouse. The pictures were shot at the Farber Limestone quarry, where we had total privacy. The model (unfortunately anonymous) was hired from Kevin Barry's agency. Pete Tenney came along to help; that's him holding the flash-pack used to fill the shadows; it took four Honeywell Strobonars to overcome the bright sun (Plates N^{os} 180-181).

Plates N^{os} 182-185: Note, the pages of this Gallery magazine Mazda RX-4 photospread are not presented in proper order; the first plate is actually the last page. Michael Parish organized and art directed the shoot. It was a multi-product "advertorial" for the car as well as the fashions worn by the (anonymous) models. We shot at an upscale stable near Chester, Pennsylvania. Parish and I made a good team; he was an excellent stylist.

Plates N^{os} 186-189: At the height of his reign at Burson-Marsteller, Don O'Neill captured a big chunk of business from Rolls-Royce: the roll-out of their new Camargue model. O'Neill hired Wilhelmina models Laura White and Ken Latham and outfitted them with British country clothes from Bergdorf-Goodman; tweed outfits with a flat cap for him and a "deerstalker" for her. I was assisted by Jim Casey. We took the Rolls out to end of Long Island in search of good weather, but ended up shooting in the fog, anyway. You know what they say: if Life gives you lemons, make lemonade. I enhanced the natural fog with a filter pack on the lens that included Tiffen Fog #1 and CC 20 B (pastel blue).

Plates N^{os} 190-191: Following the success of the Rolls-Royce Camargue presser (press conference), Burson-Marsteller landed a piece of business from Renault: the U.S. launch of their Gordini model, dubbed Le Car. The pictures were shot at the Farber Limestone quarry in New Jersey. Marty Brodfurer drove the car. Shortly after, at a presser held at Flemington Speedway in New Jersey, the car was demolished when an agency guy lost it in a tight turn, doing a test lap around the historic road-racing course. It was my last car job, until I was hired by Saab, in Sweden, to launch their 9000 model in 1984.

Plate N^o 192: This automotive portfolio ends pretty much where it began, with a picture taken during one of my first assignments for Car and Driver, of an antique mechanic working on an antique, Pierce-Arrow car, for a piece written by editor Leon Mandel.



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 1

Portrait by Dona Lakin Plink | 1974



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 2
Car and Driver | "Roadside Justice" | 1973 | Photos by Barry Evans



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 3
Car and Driver | "Roadside Justice" | 1973 | *Photos by Barry Evans*



1960S | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 4

Saab 99 | Fort Totten, New York | Leslie Shirk Mesney | Car and Driver Magazine | 1968



1960s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 5

Saab 99 | Fort Totten, New York | Leslie Shirk Mesney | Car and Driver Magazine | 1968

CAR DRIVER

APRIL 1970/60 CENTS

FIRST OF THE MINICARS:

AMERICAN MOTORS GREMLIN

DRIVING TO A DIFFERENT DRUMMER:

**TWO FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE CARS:
CADILLAC ELDORADO • SAAB 99E**

CHEVY BLAZER WITH 4-WHEEL-DRIVE



CAR and DRIVER

APRIL 1972/60 CENTS

CAN YOU BE A MASTER DRIVER?

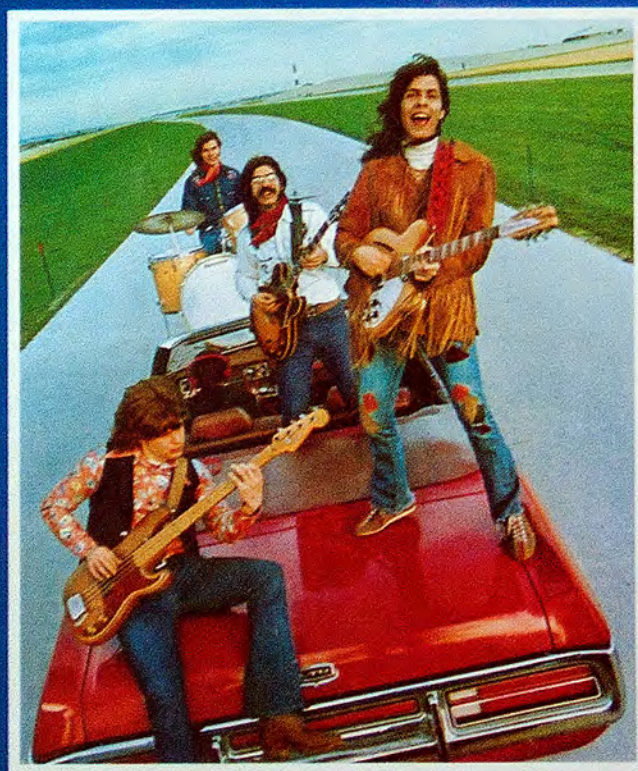
YOU MAY BE ELIGIBLE FOR LOWER INSURANCE RATES

★
PINTO'S NEW SPORTWAGONS
HONDA: LOWEST-PRICED CAR IN THE U.S.
A HORNET WITH SEX APPEAL

★
TRAIL BIKES
A GUIDE TO HELP YOU TAKE TO THE HILLS

**WHAT YOU
SHOULD
KNOW ABOUT
CAR STEREO**

RETAILERS: NOTICE OF DISPLAY-ALLOWANCE
PLAN IS WITHIN LAST THREE PAGES



18021

CAR DRIVER

FEBRUARY 1973 · SIXTY CENTS

MAZDA 40,000 MILE TEST

EVERYONE KNOWS THE WANKEL WORKS, BUT WILL IT LAST?

JENSEN-HEALEY

THE FIRST ALL-NEW SPORTS CAR IN FIVE YEARS



18021

RETAILERS: NOTICE OF DISPLAY-ALLOWANCE
PLAN IS WITHIN LAST THREE PAGES

1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 8

Car and Driver | 1973

CAR DRIVER

DECEMBER 1974 • ONE DOLLAR

ROTARY RECORD AT BONNEVILLE

Car and Driver's 160-mph Mazda

★
HERE COMES THE DRESSERATOR

The Miracle Carburetor That Works

★
A BOLD NEW CHALLENGE TO THE SUPER-COUPÉ CROWD

Volkswagen's Scirocco



18021

CAR DRIVER

JUNE 1975 • ONE DOLLAR

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE, THE BETTER THEY GET

Datsun 280-Z



FUN AND PROFIT IN THE GARDEN OF WORLDLY DELIGHTS

Who is J.C. Whitney?



A SMALL CAR FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE SMALL CARS

AMC Pacer

MASERATI MERAK, FERRARI DINO: THE NEW \$20,000 BARGAINS

The Econo-Exotica Cars



CAR DRIVER[®]

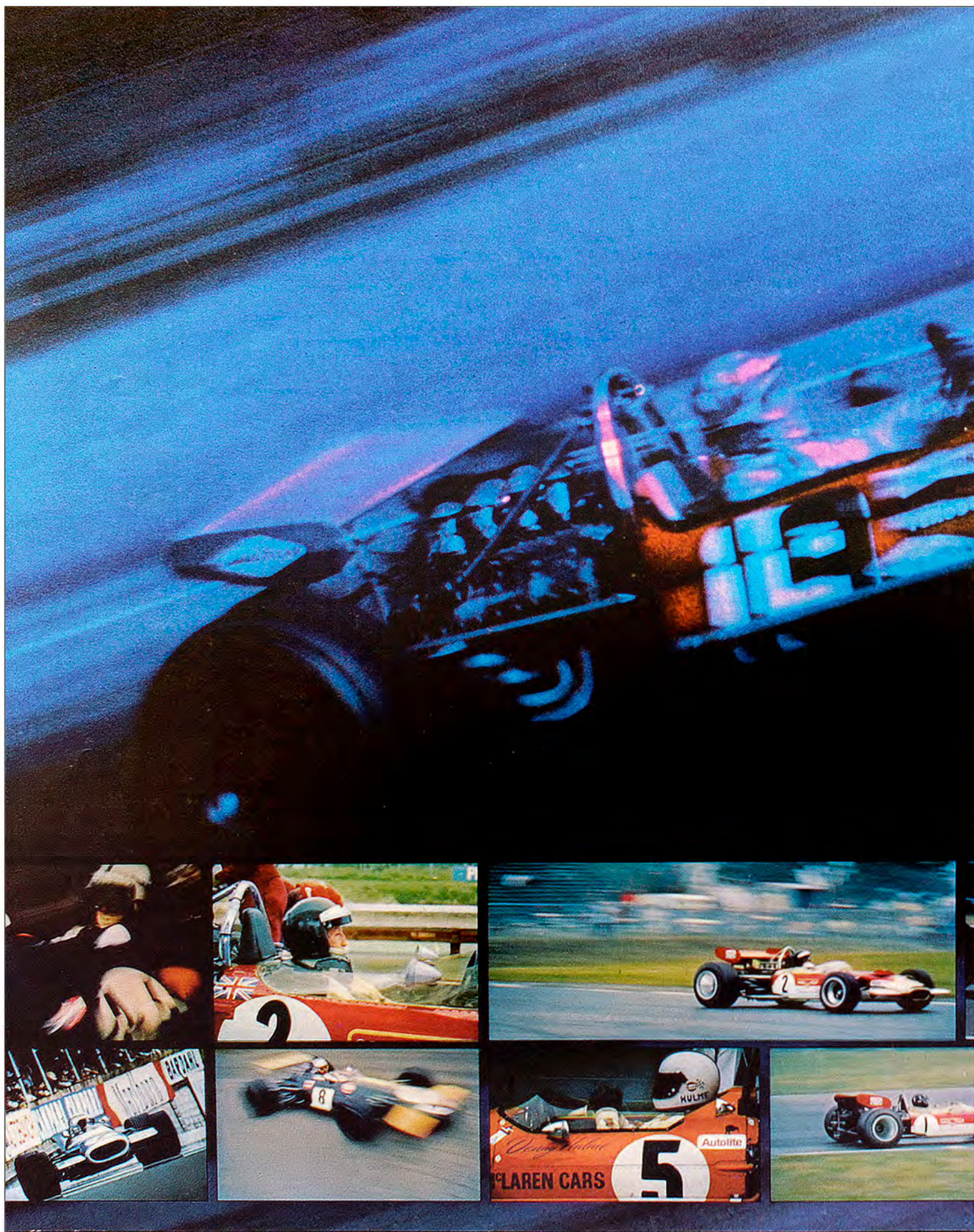
FEBRUARY 1975 • ONE DOLLAR

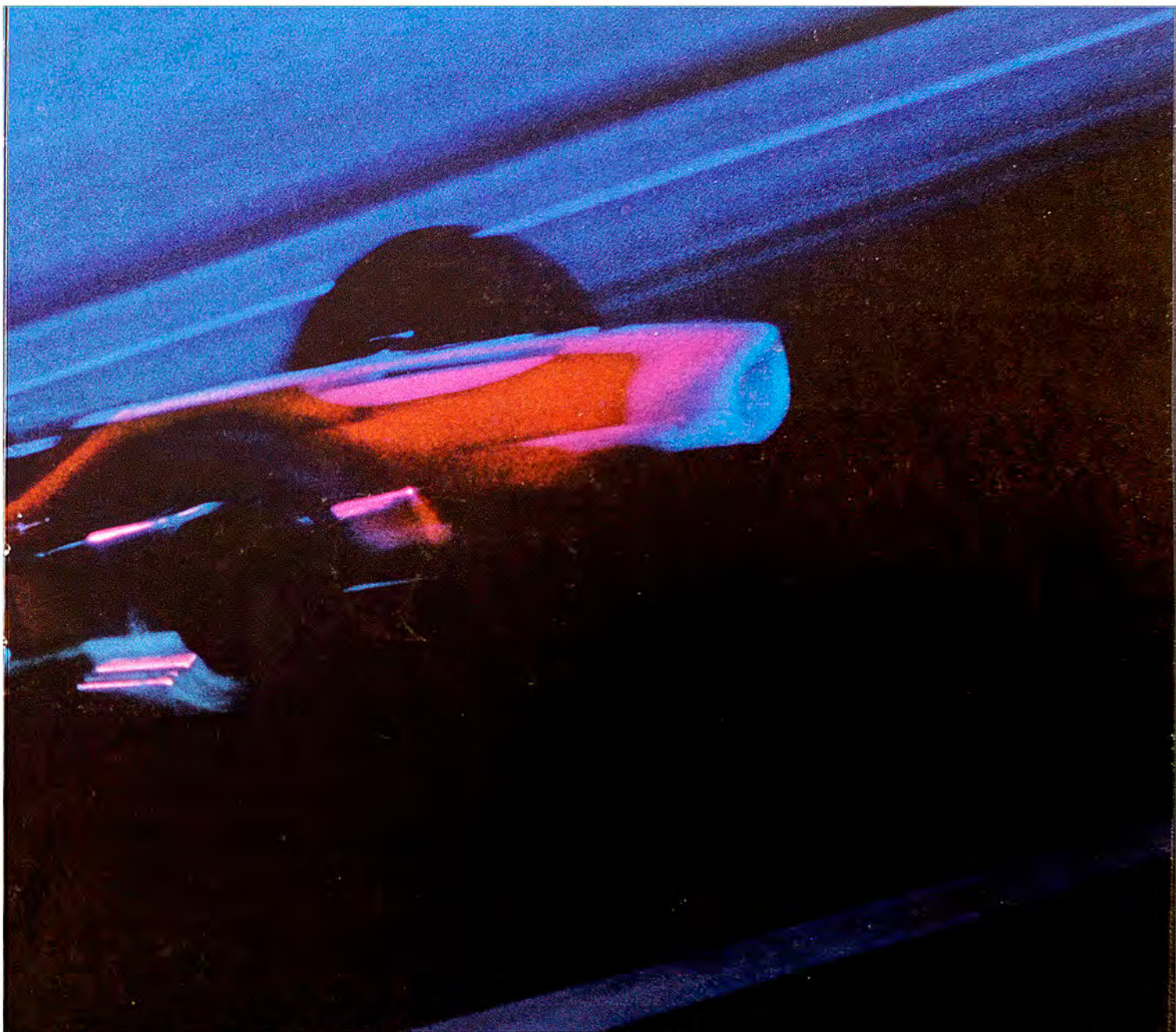
Showdown: Monza versus Mustang II
★
Why the 55-mph Speed Limit Won't Work
★
Son of Sedan: AMC's New Pacer



18021

RETAILERS: NOTICE OF DISPLAY ALLOWANCE IS WITHIN LAST THREE PAGES.





FORMULA ONE CHAMPIONSHIP: Despite the appearance (and rapid disappearance) of four-wheel-drive, Grand Prix racing is in danger of becoming a one-design—or at least one-powerplant—class. While the feisty rulesmakers debate relatively minor issues (should wings be allowed?—with the conclusion being a typically strong yes-no-maybe), no one seems to care that the normally technically innovative Formula One series has come to rely almost exclusively on a single powerplant. Only once in the past two years has a car powered by something other than a 3-liter Cosworth-Ford V-8 reached the winner's circle. And if it takes more than a record book to convince the F.I.A. that high production costs, coupled with relatively meager purses (with the exception of the United States GP), is endangering the future of its premier series, perhaps Jackie Stewart's abandonment of Matra will drive the point home. After Matra announced that it would be using its own V-12 engine in 1970, the current World Champion, who won six of the 11-race 1969 series in a Matra-Ford (the schedule was shortened when the Belgian GP was cancelled), announced that he would switch to a Ford-powered car built by the new English firm of March Engineering for the coming Grand Prix season.



1960s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 14

"Boss Denbeigh" | Islip Speedway, Long Island, New York | 1970 | Car and Driver Magazine



1960s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 15

"Hare Denbeigh" | Long Island, New York || 1970 | Car and Driver Magazine

POSTSCRIPT TEST: THE 'BOSS' DENBEIGH

BY BRUCE McCALL

A confidential report of that memorable day when the plucky English Super Car ran at an American dragging strip. Compiled from conversations over several pints of stout, correspondence wrested from the charwoman in charge of emptying the "shredder wastebaskets" at Denbeigh & Sons, and a spectroscopic analysis of metal shards found on the track verge at Pomona.

The halcyon days of the muscle car, speed savants cluck, are over. Fine and dandy; but what these inevitably American weissenheimers completely overlook is the vast time differential between their country and Britain! Every schoolboy in geography class has stumbled up against this phenomenon and so have Denbeigh & Sons' Successors Ltd., as recent completion of their "Project Waterloo" attests. This was the firm's super-secret crash program to think about, sketch, design, mock up, build, and send off to dealers and other interested parties, perhaps not excluding customers, a Denbeigh entry in the muscle car sweeps.

Project Waterloo began late and steadily fell behind schedule. It emerges just when the parade would seem to have disbanded. Not to worry, say the engineers. Both have personally visited Greenwich, home of Mean Time, and after a long chat with the boffins there (and a fascinating side trip to view the official British ounce at the Weights and Measures division) are assured that the time differential between America and England remains almost exactly the same as it was back when Project Waterloo commenced. It all has to do with the sun racing aircraft across a lot of imaginary lines on a toy globe. Heady and bewildering stuff, even for Denbeigh's engineers; the simple upshot being that whatever the Yanks off in their own

time zone may care to opine, the age of the muscle car is just now nicely dawning over Denbeighs.

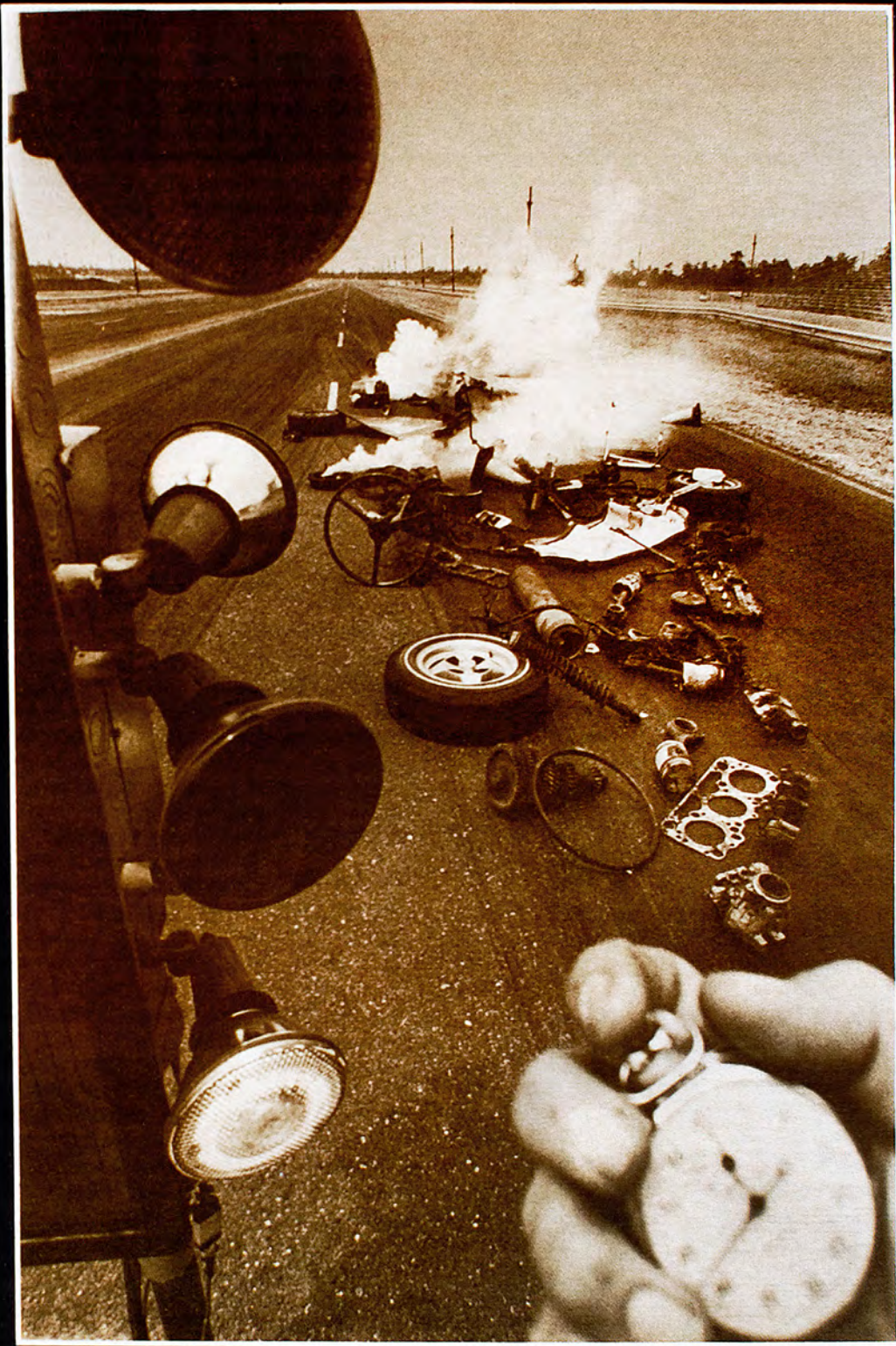
But as to the product itself. The muscle car tendency has more often than not been to invest a mundane passenger car chassis with far more engine than it was ever designed to accept, tack on pseudo-racer gimcrackery, think up some suggestively bellicose-sounding name for the all but uninsurable result, then incite buyers via inflammatory advertising.

This was not the Denbeigh approach. There was not the money for advertising. There was, however, a mundane passenger car chassis in the form of the familiar if not well nigh perpetual Super Chauvinist Mk VIII-A. No other chassis was seriously considered as the basis for Project Waterloo, perhaps because Denbeigh has no other chassis to consider. It was the Super Chauvinist or nothing; the gibe of a certain Irish motoring journal, that this choice represented a draw, made no dent on the hectic job of preparing the prototype.

All superfluous trim was first stripped away—and here came delay number one, for so long ago was the Chauvinist chassis laid down that no one could with any accuracy recall just what was or what was not superfluous.

In the end a precise mathematical solution prevailed. Every other nut and bolt, right round the car, was removed and—hey presto—the resulting pile of hardware on the shop floor registered a savings in weight of close to 800 lbs. Off came the iron statuette of Dame Perplexity that has served for lo these 50 years as Denbeigh's bonnet ornament. Away went random gewgaws such as trunk handles, window frames, and bits of angle iron from deep underneath. That nothing of importance was lost became evident when the lightened chassis not only refused to collapse, even when kicked, but when jumped up and down upon it

CAR and DRIVER



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 17

Car and Driver | 'Boss' Denbeigh | 1969

showed definite signs of springiness! And this merciless weight saving program almost backhandedly solved the problem of firming up the suspension.

Designed for the vicious tar strips of British roads, the Super Chauvinist's semibox spring system of linking car to wheels never quite "caught on" with sporting drivers or their mouthpieces in the automotive press. This suspension has oft been compared with a good Trust House hotel bed, usually in terms of a good Trust House hotel bed with four or five persons aboard moving at breakneck speed over cobblestones. But all this became academic in Project Waterloo; as luck would have it, those nuts and bolts consigned to the junk pile included every last means of connecting the suspension to the chassis. And a suspension that isn't there can hardly be said to bounce or jounce.

So much for technical esoterica. Power is the name of the game with muscle cars, and early on in the project all eyes turned to the gaping hole in the Super Chauvinist's chassis where a motor was not, but clearly had, sooner or later, to be.

Further tweaking of the standard 4-cylinder Super Chauvinist motor, even the latest super-tuned 52-hp version with head bolts, sealed exhaust manifold and metal crankshaft, was dismissed. As the press never tires of noting, each successive power rise in this motor since 1949 has seen a further drop in speed and acceleration, and the Great Harry only knows what catastrophes might follow a truly ambitious "hopping-up." The engineers' latest theory on the problem is that the motor is jinxed. Better, as it were, to let sleeping dogs lie. Thus did the engineers reluctantly turn away from the standard Super Chauvinist motor as sinew for their embryonic muscle car.

Just *how* reluctantly is better appreciated when one realizes that by turning their backs on this motor, the chaps knew they were forsaking the only motor Denbeigh has, or has had, or for all one knows, ever will have.

Another pause to ponder the empty maw just aft, at least on most models, of the radiator. . . .

Meanwhile, not only the shop canteen but also the Denbeigh steno pool hummed. Give a girl a few back numbers of *News of the World*, some coat hangers, a pot of paste, a tub of water and lots of elbow room, and in an hour or so you have more than a glob of sopping wet papier mâché; you have something very much resembling an automobile door or hood, lighter than fiberglass and possibly safer than nothing at all. Is an all-papier-mâché Denbeigh in the cards? No one is talking, but what other automobile works has recently taken out 4,000 subscriptions to the *Sunday New York Times*?

What of brakes for this British brute? The standard Super Chauvinist brakes, ugly rumors notwithstanding, have never failed those who respect their limits. This simply

means that one should think twice if he really needs to stop. Fancy gear-changing footwork, a sudden plunge to the left or right—when one takes time to plot it all out beforehand, alternatives to using the brakes often abound. And in such situations the Denbeigh brake system rivals that of any automobile extant. Why, the engineers query, change a winning combination? Do muscle cars obey some mystical higher law? Not at all. One must still think twice if he really needs to stop—only quicker. One can plot out alternatives to stopping a muscle car as with any other car—only again, quicker. And if one's reflexes are less than razor-sharp, should one be behind the wheel of a muscle car in the first place?

In any event, Denbeigh pooh-poohs the often hysterical emphasis on brakes as some sort of panacea for the auto

world's ills. One engineer shrewdly observes that automobile brakes have existed for only a bit more than 90 years and yet things have been stopping one way or another since the beginnings of recorded time.

On the other hand, a steering change was indicated for Denbeigh's muscle car. Not that the steering was numb. The Denbeigh system is famous for transmitting a lively feel of the road—and a feel of the wheels, the front end, the suspension, the engine working away and the chassis, also working away. Full points there. It was only that the tech blokes had never quite established the number of steering turns lock-to-lock, being unable to find any lock for the steering

to turn between, or against, or some similar term. If one wished to move left, one kept turning and sooner or later the car went there almost without fail. For the muscle car version this was clearly not precise enough, so for added response the steering wheel has been welded to the column and the two parts act as one. The oft-remarked "Denbeigh drama," when the wheel might go one way while the column went another and the front wheels another still, is ended in the muscle car. Now the guessing game is between the driver and the front wheels only. Who can argue that he doesn't have a better chance of getting his way?

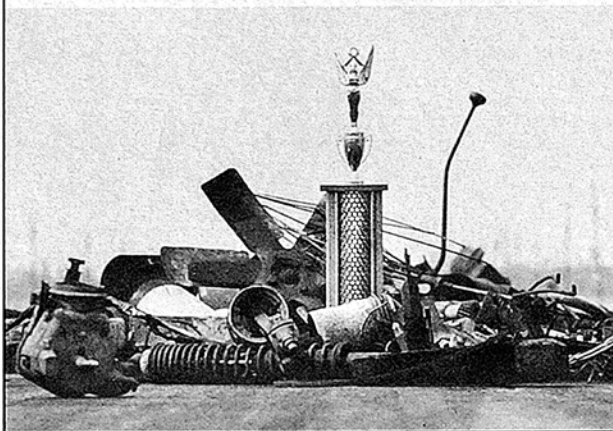
By now, the motor quandary had been suddenly, brilliantly resolved. "It come to me one Sunday while Alf, my eldest, was working at the dining room table," recalls the Denbeigh engineer who finally cracked the conundrum. "Alf, he's mad keen on art and was doing a picture with one of them E-Z Draw mechanical kits where a pencil at the end of a rod follows what you draw, only draws it larger. I watches Alf and thinks and watches, and a few hours later I knew we had her knocked."

Just so. The standard Super Chauvinist motor, but four and a half times larger than life! Slavishly each engine blueprint was copied and enlarged. The smithy shop out

(Continued on page 64)

CAR and DRIVER

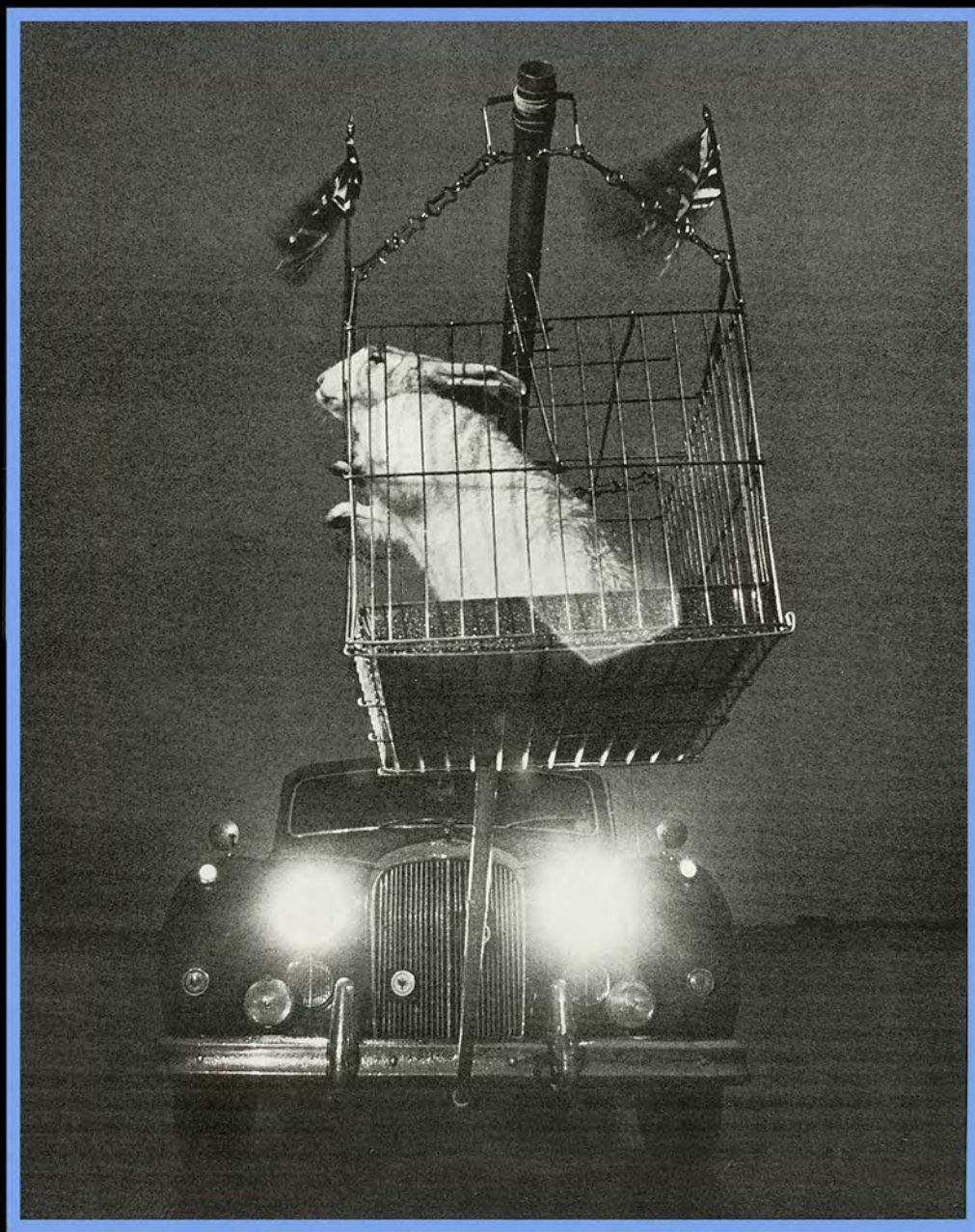
THE BOSS DENBEIGH



VIEWPOINT: DENBEIGH HAREMATIC

BY BRUCE McCALL

The first production ESV springs, literally, from
the famed Denbeigh Proving Grounds at Odd Bodkins





CAR and DRIVER ROAD TEST

Chevrolet Corvette Coupe

Its excellent engineering tends to be obscured by some rather garish styling gimmicks

Another Corvette road test? One more plunge into the verbal thicket in an attempt to describe the exact sensation in the region of the fourth pelvic vertebrae when the throttle is punched on a 427-cu. in., 435-horsepower Stingray? More open combat with similes and metaphors for the sake of establishing the fact that the Corvette is a very rapid and exciting automobile—already an article of faith among the entire population, including pre-pubescent schoolgirls? Let's dispense with all that.

If we are going to discuss the Corvette at all, let's accept a dozen premises in its behalf and hopefully avoid traveling the same old paragraphs to the same old conclusions: (1) The Corvette is surely the most popular high-performance sports car ever built, with something in the neighborhood of 250,000 examples having been sold since it was introduced in September, 1963.

(2) It is available with a variety of powertrain options, from the popular 350 cu. in., 300-hp "small engine" versions (which account for over 60% of sales) to the blockbuster 427 cu. in. units with outputs ranging from 390 to 435 horsepower, depending on which of the five optional setups is chosen.

(3) The small-engine Corvettes are marginally fast and extraordinarily civilized.

(4) The large-engine Corvettes are extraordinarily fast and marginally civilized.

(5) Corvette bodies are fiberglass, and rather heavy, somewhat noisy and tend to be expensive to repair. Corvette paintwork has a poor reputation for checking on the convex fiberglass surfaces, and the material will fracture and tear under impact. It is, however, difficult to dent and impervious to salt and other corrosive agents.

(6) Corvettes have never been totally accepted by the sports car purists, despite the fact that they will outperform—in a total sense—most of the sacred cows produced in Europe. In fact, if the Corvette was built by the dozens in a small factory in northern Italy, the same fetishists would acclaim it as one of the great automobiles of all time. However, it is dogma within this small but vocal clique that Detroit is incapable of producing automobiles that corner, brake and steer properly and the Corvette is doomed by its origins.

(7) The Corvette has an extremely loyal body of owners—probably the largest and most enthusiastic group of its type in the world. They are breathless supporters of their chosen car. Over 7000 members belong to Corvette clubs and, shades of 1952, they wave at each other when meeting on the highway! The monthly *Corvette News*, published by Chevrolet, has a circulation of 102,000, more than a number of general interest automotive magazines.

(8) Corvettes are at the peak of the performance car pecking order. Among the vast underground of street racers that total millions across this land, the man in the 'Vette is king—especially the man with the number "427" displayed on his machine's hood. In fact, more "427" badges are sold than engines—as was the case with the legendary fuel-injection Corvette engines that were discontinued in 1965. In those days, the arcane little emblem that denoted a "fuelie" was the most popular bit in the Corvette parts bin. Within the subculture of drag racers and teenie throttle-stompers, the Corvette means instant status. In fact, sales surveys indicate that a growing majority of Corvette buyers are under-25, blue-collar types making less than \$10,000

per year. Curiously, the next largest segment of buyers is over-50, white-collar men who earn over \$15,000 per year.

(9) It being a mass-class sports car, the Corvette's excellent engineering tends to be obscured by some rather garish styling gimmicks that make the uninitiated wonder if the car is a fake—a lurid, bulging, silicone-filled, automotive Playboy Bunny. This confusing identity is the result of a confrontation on the part of Chevy engineer Zora Arkus-Duntov, who is well and truly the patron saint of all Corvettes, and the Chevrolet styling department. Duntov's primary aim in his professional life is to make the Corvette the finest sports car in the world. The styling department views his car as a unique opportunity to fool around with the swoopy shapes and flashing lights that somehow to them mean "sport." It is within this minor tempest that the Corvette encounters trouble: Duntov on the one hand viewing his automobile as a purposeful, well-balanced sports car, while his rivals see it as a Flash Gordon Thunderbird for the Hugh Hefner school of mass-cult glamor.

(10) Because of this identity dispute, habitability of the car has traditionally



SEPTEMBER 1969

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1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 21

Car and Driver | Corvette Mako Shark | 1969

On one hand there is Zora Arkus-Duntov, whose primary aim in his professional life is to make the Corvette the finest sports car in the world. On the other, there is the Chevrolet styling department that views the car as a unique opportunity to fool around with swoopy shapes and flashing lights. The result of this confrontation is a lack of positive identity for the Corvette



PHOTOGRAPHY: DOUG MISNEY



SEPTEMBER 1969

suffered. Only recently has the driving position and control placement become acceptable (forward visibility on the styling department's first version of the present Stingray was so bad that Duntov and his engineers had to delay its introduction for a full year), and the jazzy coke-bottle shape means limited passenger room and a deplorable absence of luggage space.

(11) Despite its hefty cost—approximately \$5000 to \$8000, depending on options—the Corvette is not a hallmark of quality. Components tend to come loose and detailed coachwork is generally below average for a car of this price (although no worse, it might be noted, than on some European exotica).

(12) Originally intended only as an image-builder and "loss leader," the Corvette has been a pleasant sales success for Chevrolet and produces a substantial annual profit. In 1969, sales should reach 30,000.

The particular subject of this test was something more than the average Corvette. It was one of the aforementioned 435-hp monsters (the L-71, with three 2-barrels, cast iron heads and the optional transistor ignition), with a sprinkling of options, that ran the gamut between form and function. As an example of the identity problem that exists within the Corvette marketing structure, our test car was equipped with power windows and "off the road" (read "racing") external exhaust pipes. Within this framework of logic, Cadillac should be planning the Eldorado as a Grand National stocker.

Despite any efforts to soften its latent toughness with such niceties as power windows and an AM/FM radio, our Corvette came across as one thundering, hammering brute of an automobile. In bright red, the car had its share of scratches and rips in the fiberglass, giving it the appearance of a race-worn Ferrari (there is a Corvette cruising the streets of New York with Ferrari name plates affixed, as a matter of fact). Its giant exhaust pipes, its fat, black-wall tires and its disheveled surface gave it a fierce countenance indeed, but the incredible power of the beast didn't become apparent until its giant engine began to thump away and its wheels began to turn. Then it became a truly visceral experience to motor along in the Corvette—at any speed. Tires whining, the awesome rumble of the exhaust sweeping through the cockpit, the emission pump pulley screeching, the fiberglass body creaking; sounds of a genuinely exciting vehicle. Enough sounds, incidentally, to render the radio useless and to severely limit conversation with the windows down, but worthy entertainment unto themselves. And after all, if the sensation of driving a potent machine like the Corvette isn't fun by itself, one is a fool to own it in the first place.

"It's a great machine," said one of the brightest young marketing and advertising types within the Chevrolet organization in an effort to describe the Corvette. "But it's not a terribly useful device. The present Corvette is more like a dune buggy than a

conventional GT or sports car in that it can't do much that a functional automobile is expected to do." He is in many ways correct. The Corvette, with its giant engine and muscular drivetrain, packed into its space-age body, leaves precious little room for the human element. It is questionable, for example, that a couple could load aboard enough luggage for a civilized one-week journey without serious inconvenience. At the same time, the machine has such an excess of power that prolonged driving on ice and snow would become a frustrating and worrisome task.

But on dry pavement, with no place to go except a carefree spin down some interesting roads, the Corvette is an ever-loving kick. The controls are nearly perfect, the throttle, clutch and brake pedals flawlessly placed, with smooth linkages that belie the potency of the car. The close-ratio manual transmission is a joy to operate, and the suspension—firm at low speeds, but perfect from 70 mph upward—is ideally suited for the automobile. In fact, one of the most extraordinary things about the Corvette is its overall smoothness. Most cars having an excess of 400 hp are jerky, neck-snapping, uncivilized and bull-like, but the Corvette's controls are so well designed that utter novices can jump aboard and drive like veterans—up to a point. It has been a long-standing Chevrolet policy to give their high-performance engines great smoothness, with none of the tricky carburetor gimmicks that bring on a great thrust of power whenever the throttle is opened. The throats of the three 2-barrel carbs are controlled by air flow rather than mechanical linkage, giving the engine a turbinelike smoothness. If power did come in with a bang, as on some other high-performance machines, the Corvette would be a fearsome racer, safe only in the hands of responsible professionals. As it is, only imprudent applications of power on wet or loose surfaces can be dangerous, for which most of those eager young customers should be thankful.

This overall élan of the Corvette makes its performance deceiving. In spite of all the sensory inputs, it never seems as if you're going *that* fast. Power comes so effortlessly that neither car nor driver is ever called upon to strain in the slightest. Almost anyone, for example, could run the car through the quarter-mile in excess of 100 mph. An interesting test of truly powerful cars is the 0-100-0 run, wherein the time to accelerate to 100 mph and brake to a full stop is recorded. The best clocking we know of for a street automobile is Ken Miles' 14 seconds in a 427 Cobra. A number of years ago Aston Martin advertised that its big Sixes would do the job in 25 seconds. We tried it once with the Corvette. On a bumpy pavement, with a less-than-perfect start, we made the trip in approximately 23 seconds. More practice and it is probable that the time could have been

(Test continued on page 44;
Specifications overleaf)

If it feels good, do it

Cars are among the few private places left . . .
and only you know who you are in private

BY RALPH KEYES

• I became interested in the car as private space when friends of mine began screaming inside their automobiles.

The first person to tell me about this, a father of five in his late thirties, explained that within his van, driving to and from work, was the only time he felt free to rage—spit and holler—let it all out. He called it his Private Therapy Van. Just roll up the windows and howl, go crazy if you like. No one will ever know what you're doing in there.

My friend with his Private Therapy Van intrigued me, and I began asking people what they did alone in their cars, mentioning that one guy I knew screamed. With amazing frequency, faces would light up and heads nod vigorously as they heard this. "Hey, me too," they'd say. "I scream in my car sometimes, but I didn't know anyone else did."

One friend, a college counselor, shouts on the freeway whenever his tension and anger reach the boiling point. He mentioned his in-car screaming to a meeting of colleagues and found several nodding, laughing, saying they did the same. Sometimes they advised clients to follow suit.

A San Mateo schoolteacher began screaming in her car two years ago, on the advice of a therapist. This therapist had suggested vigorous shouting, laughing, crying—anything to let off tension. But my friend lives in an apartment and said she had no place to do this. No problem, replied the therapist, just get in your car and let go.

I began to wonder if there weren't some formal or semi-formal movement afoot. The screaming part itself isn't so bizarre—from Primal Screaming to Bio-Energetics, loud vocal emissions have become a common part of therapy—but doing it in an automobile did seem highly unusual.

Viola Litt Callaghan, a Transactional Analyst in San Francisco, said she got the idea from her work as a traveling auditor nearly 25 years ago. She was taking singing lessons at the time and used to practice in the car during long, lonely hours on the road between widespread appointments.

Later, after becoming a therapist, Ms. Callaghan started advising clients to let off steam loudly from time to time. Most pleaded lack of a private place to do this. At home, even in the bathroom, the family—or neighbors—might hear. Remembering her own in-car singing, Ms. Callaghan started saying, "No problem. Just get in your car, roll up the windows, turn on the radio, take off and let loose."

Ms. Callaghan knows other counselors who recommend bathroom screaming, but no one else who recommends the car. She raised the question at the recent meeting of Transactional Analysts in San Francisco and found only one other colleague—a woman who advised clients to make faces while driving along the freeways.

Screaming is only the most dramatic example of private behavior within the car. Columnist Art Seidenbaum of *The Los Angeles Times* says he knows novelists who construct paragraphs inside the car, an insomniac who finds freeways his

most relaxing environment and one father who uses time driving alone to argue with his family so he can be nice when they're actually around him.

Jack Smith, Seidenbaum's colleague at the *Times*, calls freeway time "the only time we're free; free from the telephone, free from things we ought to be doing, free from any kind of interruption but the occasional necessity of prudent steering or braking to avoid catastrophe." Smith got so much response to this position that two follow-up columns were necessary to handle the load. One woman, an anthropology teacher, wrote Smith that she found freeway time "glorious." "Those times of privacy and contemplation, of separateness and selfness, when one can be truly alone and thoughtful. I sometimes think freeway driving was made for philosophical thought and problem-solving that no other situation can afford." An interesting view.

My own informal survey has uncovered everything from thumb-sucking to masturbation going on within cars. Nose-picking is the run-away first choice for in-car entertainment, the most common activity on the freeway after driving. Singing is also quite common, and my personal choice for time alone. I yodel, badly, and find other drivers are the only people who will put up with it—so long as my windows are tightly closed—although I do get occasional stares.

One woman, a mother in her forties, confided that she often sucks her thumb while driving. I asked if that was a life-long habit and the woman replied, no, that it began just over a year ago when she asked her six-year-old why he sucked his thumb and he said it tasted good. He suggested that she try it. She tried it and liked it. Now this woman reports sucking her thumb regularly, but only when alone and often while driving.

Another teacher of sociology, a PhD. in her late thirties, says she used to masturbate while driving the lonely roads of Texas as a girl. But this is much more difficult on California's freeways, she reports, especially with all the semis passing by, and an occasional convoy of Marines.

A Los Angeles swinger, interviewed by two television reporters, was not so inhibited. "I even do it in my car," she told them, "driving down the freeway when the traffic is bumper to bumper and getting all upset about it. One hand stays on the steering wheel and the other hand goes on me."

Other activities that my survey turned up included crying, line-learning for plays, dictating, fantasizing and "telling myself secrets." The list goes on and on.

One San Diego sergeant told me he'd seen "Everything from making love to smoking marijuana," but, when pressed for verification, admitted that the most torrid thing he'd observed in 14 years was a guy driving a Corvette at 85 mph with a girl on his lap. "I did see a guy playing a harmonica once," he added lamely.

Other policemen told me of seeing drivers shaving, eating, applying makeup, filing their nails, combing hair, reading and, of course, picking their noses. Women especially seem to sing a lot, one told me, and many drivers seem just to be talking to themselves. He said you can tell the difference by

Ralph Keyes is a Fellow of the Center for Studies of the Person in La Jolla, California. He is also the author of *We The Lonely People*, published by Harper and Row.

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CAR and DRIVER



Tom Jones



Top Pick



Dennis the Menace



Timothy Leary

PHOTOGRAPHY: DOUG MESSEY



Lawrence of Arabia



Godzilla



Punch Sulzberger



Humbert Humbert



Sesame Streeter



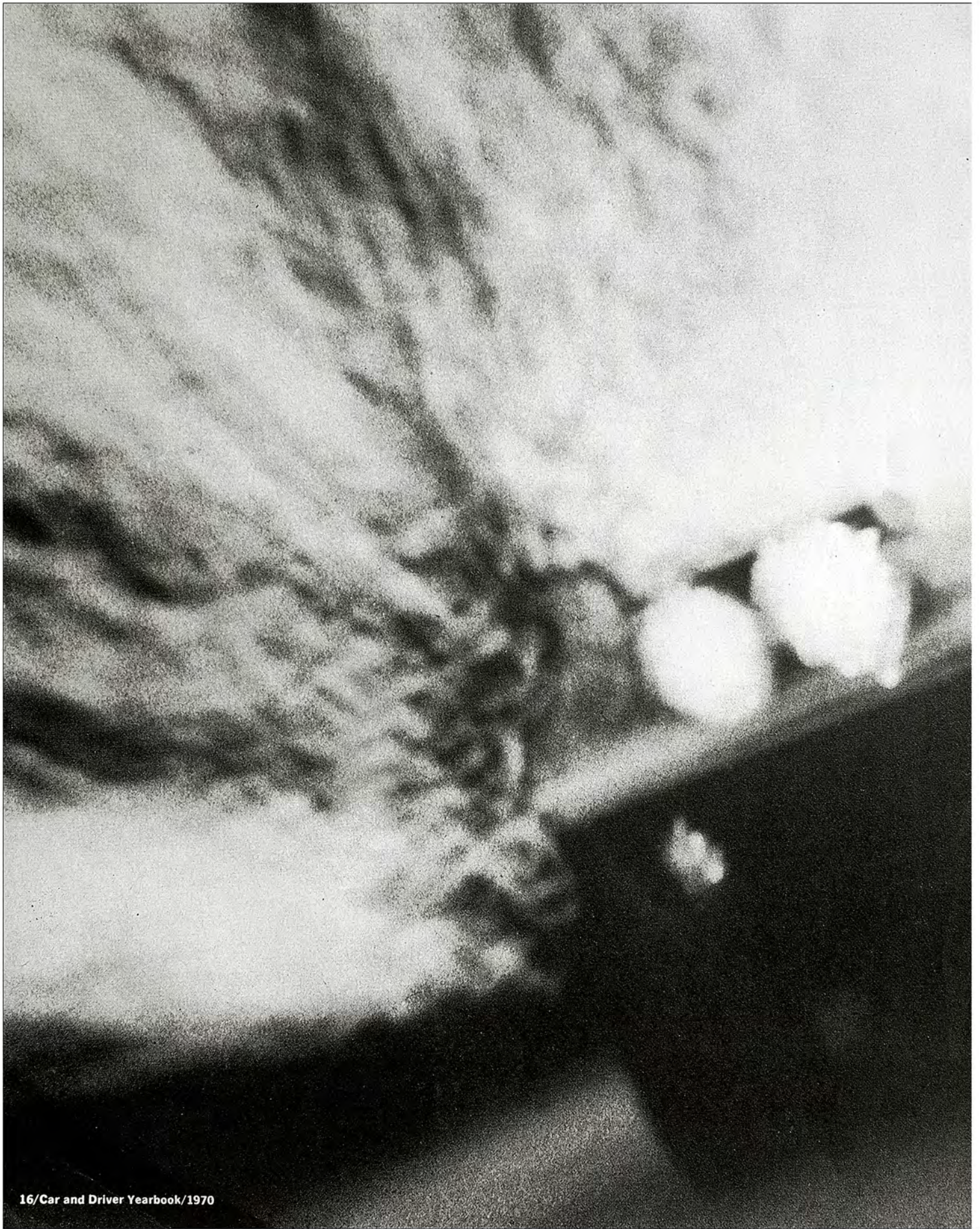
Tip-to-toe Loveliness



Abbie Hoffman



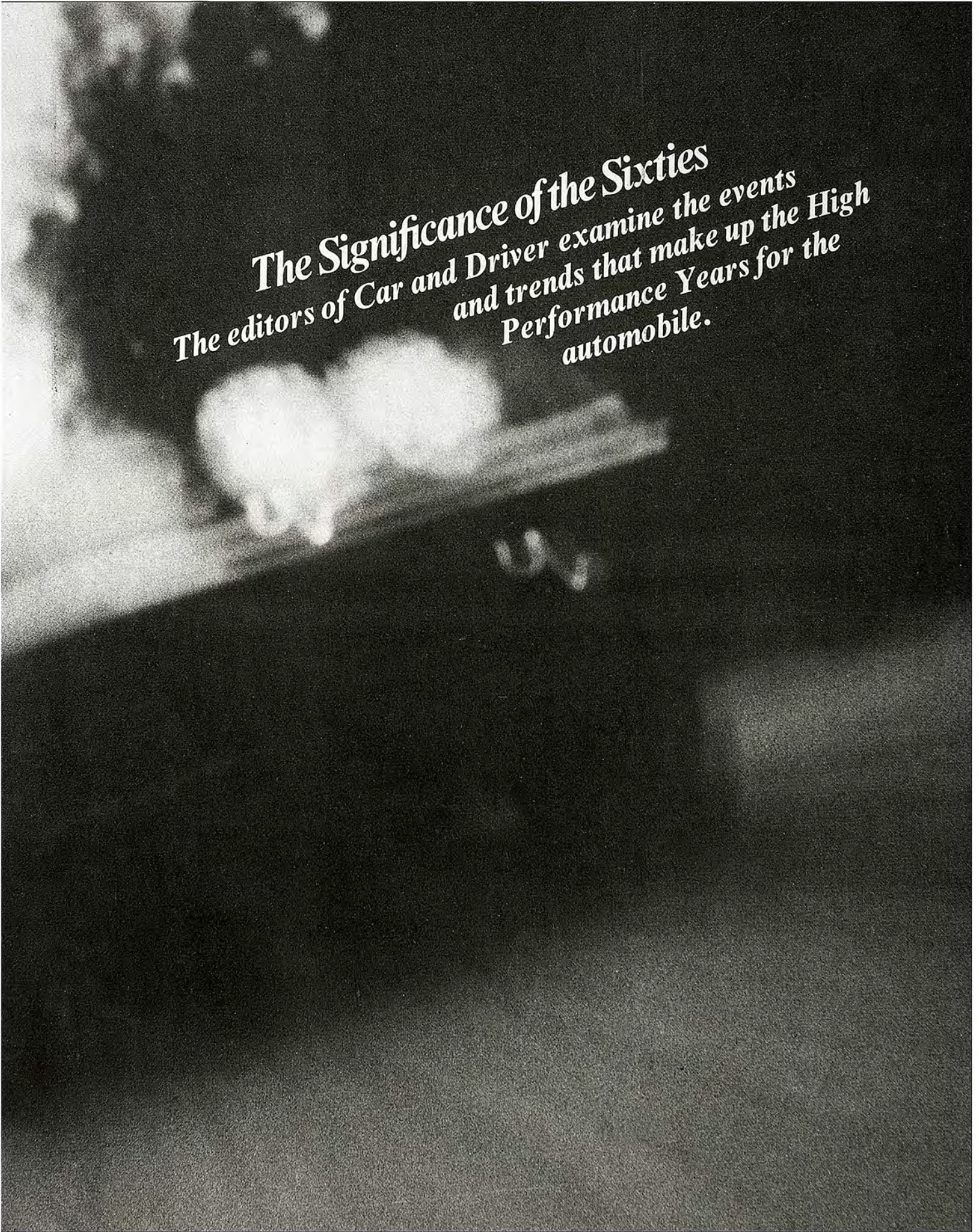
Kicking Dog



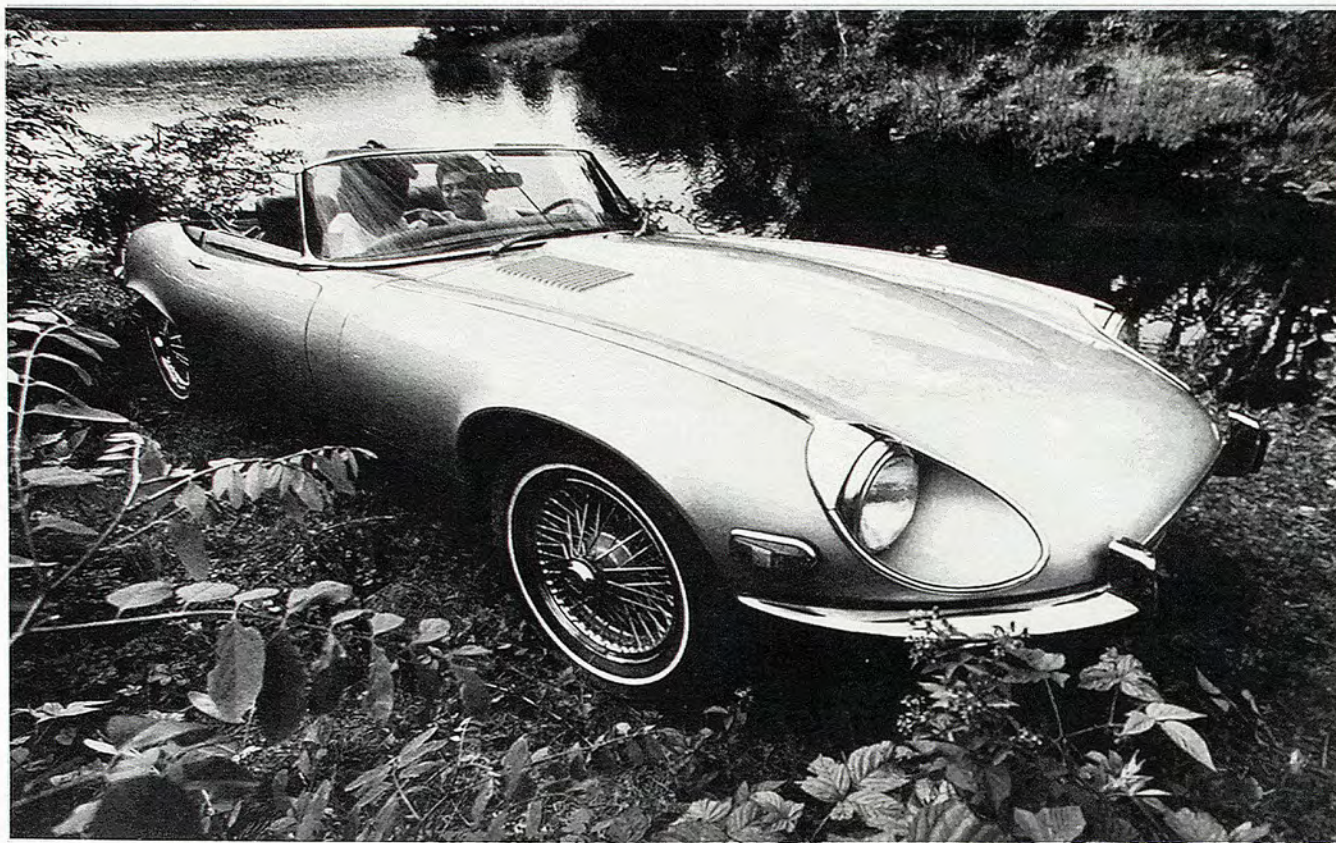
16/Car and Driver Yearbook/1970

1970S | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 26

Car and Driver Yearbook | 1970



The Significance of the Sixties
The editors of *Car and Driver* examine the events
and trends that make up the High
Performance Years for the
automobile.



JAGUAR E-TYPE V-12

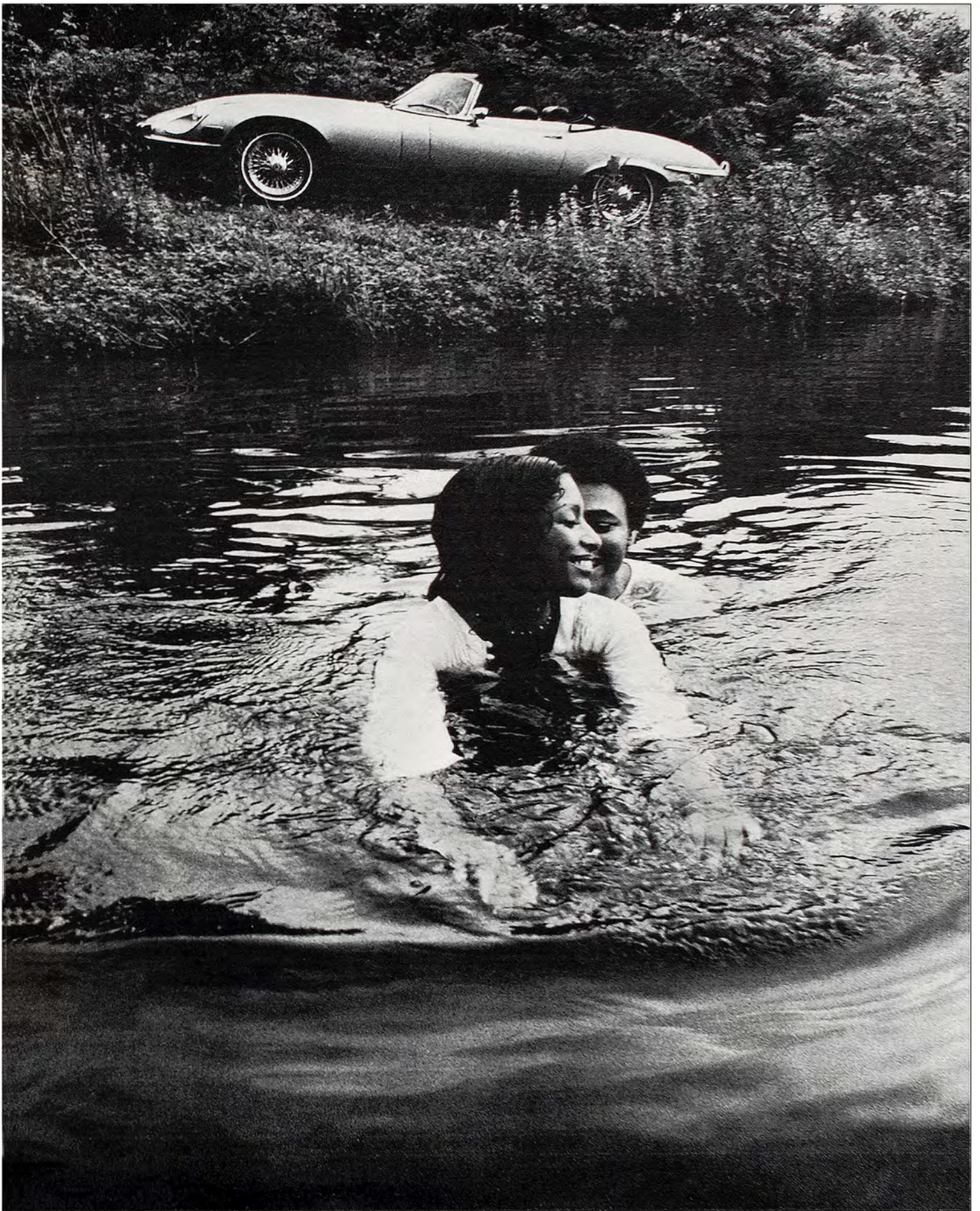
A new engine in a decade old car . . . and suddenly it's contemporary again

• Dazzling turnabouts have never been the *modus operandi* for Jaguar Cars Limited. Rather, it chooses to utilize the hourglass technique, in which subtle refinements and improvements can easily slip through like minute grains of sand—individually indiscernible but constantly creating a more substantial base. Even to the sharp-eyed marketers who scrutinize Jaguar's rivals with such dramatic lurches forward as a mid-engine layout . . . or frequent changes in sheet metal *haute couture*, the process seems especially static. But just as gravity continuously delivers more sand to the bottom chamber, development time has conveyed a better Jaguar E-type.

But recently, the U.S. government has done its utmost to upset even this gentle process. Its mercurial demands have

threatened to overwhelm the flow of improvements. The advantages of larger engine displacements have been negated by the tuning necessary to pass emissions standards. The cloud-like body contours of the E-type have had to be just as severely attacked with a grille opening rudely stretched to admit the cooling air necessary for a thermally overloaded emissions-controlled engine. Further, to mollify National Highway Traffic Safety Administration demands, headlamps now bulge too large for their original recesses and a tack-on set of legal taillamps have destroyed the once lean rear end. It had reached a point where Jaguar's hourglass restriction had become too small and it seemed that without a new car the lofty prestige of the E-type would be no more.

In reponse, a Jaguar V-12 rolled out of Coventry, England, but it's not a new car. Essentially Jaguar plugged a new engine into the same basic shell that has been around since 1961, revamped the convertible to use the 2+2 Coupe's 105 inch wheelbase, incorporated a host of subtle refinements into the chassis and eased some of the most glaring shortcomings of the old interior. The result is a more capable sports car, an engine worthy of the exotic classification in cocktail discussions and upgraded levels of comfort. Prestige among those who know cars will balloon accordingly. And for those whose automotive understanding penetrates no deeper than the nameplate, their respect can at least rise in proportion to the new \$7600 base price and attendant prestige.



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 29

Car and Driver | Jaguar XKE | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 30

Car and Driver | Jaguar XKE | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 31

Car and Driver | Jaguar XKE | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 32

Car and Driver | Jaguar XKE | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 33

Car and Driver | Jaguar XKE | 1972



from a Nash-Healy to an Aston-Martin is a Ferrari.)

"No, it's a Maserati."

"Boy, it sure is beautiful. How much do cars like this sell for? About \$80,000?"

"No, a little more than that."

"About \$9,000?"

"Well, no, more than that."

"\$10,000?" he bids, this time in a tone fortified with confidence. He is certain that he has finally topped the window sticker.

What can you say? He has only started up the staircase and he's obviously the kind of guy who won't quit until he reaches your floor. So you blurt it out: "No, actually it sells for \$18,500."

Poof! Instant fairy tale. You have the same credibility as the Mad Hatter.

"EIGHTEEN THOUSAND AND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! You could get two Cadillacs for that . . . easy." A Smiling Texaco man can't manage even a trace of a smile when his jaw is hanging in full rebound. He doesn't believe you're for real. He just shakes his head and runs a couple quarts of Sky Chief down the side of the fender before his mind snaps back to his job. Wait till he tells his wife about this.

It's always that way when you're driving a Maserati. The straight-up folks just aren't ready for you. Even in Manhattan, the capital city of the state of affluence, your passing is an event. We were locking up the Indy in a parking slot one morning under the surveillance of a very cool black cat. "Man, what'll that thing do?" was his question, and to find out for himself he cranked an eye in through the curved side-glass to check the speedometer. He looked and then slowly straightened, a beatific expression enveloping his face. "Three hundred? That's so *bad*!"

And thoughtlessly we ruined it for him, told him there wasn't any Santa Claus. We explained that this was really a European model and those were KPH and not MPH on the speedometer, and that really it would do maybe 150 at the outside. His face sagged. He was destroyed. He wanted it to go 300 mph because he had never even imagined anything as *bad* as that. He didn't want to be rational about it. Nobody



CAR and DRIVER

AUGUST 1970



CAR AND DRIVER ROAD TEST

1970's commemorative 4-passenger Maserati "Indy" has nothing but its name in common with the wire-wheeled roadster that Wilbur Shaw drove into the Speedway's record books, but it will probably be remembered just as long

MASERATI INDY



Fairy tales take many forms—all an infinite improvement on reality.

Your basic cow-jumped-over-the-moon story begins to get a skeptical reception at about age five. Still, you can't discount the whole world of goblins, hobbits and watch-carrying white rabbits as exclusively a province of children—all of those flights of fantasy were written by adults in the first place. And the truth is that adults, being no more than children with years of experience, will still trip out if you present them the right magic lamp. If you don't believe it, try a Maserati Indy on your smiling Texaco man.

"Say, what kind of car is that? A Ferrari?" (Smiling Texaco men and their brothers from coast to coast automatically assume that any kind of swoopy car



Adults, being no more than children with years of experience, will still trip out if you present them with the right fairy tale. If you don't believe it, try a Maserati Indy.

wants to be rational about a Maserati. And we don't either.

Why even try when the idea of 18.5-thousand-said-dollars-worth of transportation from a single motor car is no more reasonable than powdered water? From turn signal to trunk lid the Maserati Indy is a fantasy car, and from that view it's an enormous success. It does nothing in an ordinary way. Just its sound alone has to be worth about 16 grand. At all, an exhaust pipe at each rear corner, underneath the bumper, plays a seemingly unending series of random base beats with fidelity that would cause the world's most exotic woodpeckers to go mute in embarrassment. As you drive and the engine works its way up and down its rpm scale, the pipes speak every shade of mood from impatience to aggression. No mortal car could speak so fluently. Quite naturally, it is speaking of its engine. The Indy has a 4-cam V-8 of 4719cc displacement. Like the other expensive Italian machines, the Maserati's heads and block are cast in aluminum alloy. Four 240-hp Weber carburetors line up on top of the engine between the wide cylinder heads—enough so that there is one throttle for each cylinder and enough to produce 330-hp at 5000 rpm.

In every way the Maserati V-8 would appear to be typical of fifty Ferrari Lamborghini Maserati practice. All of those premium-priced fantasy cars have light-alloy Vee engines with overhead cams and a surfeit of Webers. And yet in one respect the Maserati is alone. Its engine is dead quiet. When inside the passenger compartment you never hear it—the exhausts, yes, but not the engine itself. If you unstrap the hood and stick your ear down next to one of the cam covers, you can detect faint clicking sounds, all backdropped by air rushing through the carburetors, but the hardware chatter is not worth mentioning. The lack of sound serves to reinforce the engine's conservative personality. It's powerful but not breathtakingly so, and even with four cams it's redlined at 5500 rpm. But perhaps its conservatism is being rewarded in that it is one of the few intricate Italian engines to meet the tightened federal air pollution standards. A General Motors air pump is used for exhaust emission control, and all Maserati models to be imported into the U.S.—Indy, Ghibbi Coupe and Ghibbi Spyder—share the same engine. Indy models sold in Europe actually have a smaller, 4199cc V-8.

And now that you know that Maserati is all straight with the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, it's going to appear a bit curious that we tested a non-emission controlled model. We plead guilty to impatience. Maserati's eastern distributor, Bob Grossman in Nyack, New York, had several legal Ghibbis in stock, but we've already tested the Ghibbi (C/D, February and September, '68). Instead, we wanted to try the new 4-passenger Indy because all of the

(Continued on page 60)

AUGUST 1970

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CAR and DRIVER





1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 36

Car and Driver | Maserati Indy | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 37

Car and Driver | Maserati Indy | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 38

Car and Driver | Transpo '72 | 1972

TRANSPO '72

Ride it, you'll like it!

That's what the Department of Transportation
said . . . We did . . . Took two Alka-Seltzers and still felt awful

• Make no mistake about it; the U.S. government is big business. It's recently demonstrated just how big at Transpo '72, an extravaganza unrivaled in scope as a transportation exposition. In one fell swoop, the Department of Transportation amassed virtually every model of propulsion: from lunar rovers to the F-14A Tomcat at the exotic extreme and Super Beetles to Chevrolets in more mundane categories.

The late Mendel Rivers originally proposed the affair as an American version of the Paris Air Show. John Volpe agreed with the potential of a trade fair for American aircraft hardware but his thinking was even more pneumatic. Quickly he sold Congress a \$5-million "total transportation" exposition on a promise that aircraft orders alone would repay the investment "10 times or 50 times over." Even that proved but an intermediate step for Secretary Volpe. Before he was through, his Department's show had swollen into an all-transportation county fair with the budget ballooned up to \$8.8 million.

As Volpe predicted, Transpo proved attractive not only to industry and governmental comparison shoppers, but its something-for-everyone aspect lured stationwagon-loads of Middle American fairgoers. And with Uncle Sam at the purse strings, not a penny was spared to elevate this government extravaganza above the grit and grease typical of its County Fair cousins. Helicopters hovered solicitously to control traffic; the soil received a special "stabilization" treatment to eliminate dust or mud; portable toilets billed as "pollution free" were accompanied by sparkling "hand washing stations." Potted plants abounded and relaxation areas with international menus were always close at hand.

In the air, the entertainment was intense. Precision jet teams laced the sky, trailing a mist of partially-burned kerosene that shaded the grounds like an all-encompassing pair of 98-cent sunglasses. Skydivers, kitemen and parachutists periodically eclipsed the sun but before the show's end, three of the aerial entertainers had plummeted to their deaths.

There was less drama on the ground, since most displays were static. All because that noxious killer, the internal combustion engine, was damned from the scene as being out of character with a modern Department of Transportation. Instead, electric power was the order of the day with golf-carts and the impressive "people movers" as the only signs of motion in the world's greatest transportation extravaganza.

Glamorous aircraft were well represented, but, since they were to be sold instead of simply gawked at, their display field was well away from the center of activity. A few hiked over for a stroll through the warehouse on wheels and wings, Lockheed's C5A transport, but for the most part, only hard core airplane fanatics and interested diplomats visited the winged forms of transportation.

The real center of interest was the four operating Personal Rapid Transit demonstrations with long lines of wide-eyed passengers waiting for a chance to try on a part of the future. Big spending couldn't have struck a more receptive note as thousands left with visual assurances that traffic jams would

soon be over. In no other exhibit was the federal expenditure so great, but only a few would ever realize that the Urban Mass Transit Administration's \$6 million (as well as \$3 million chipped in by the manufacturers), paid for hardware never to be used after Transpo's gates had closed. If nothing else, the demonstration did prove that hardware and technology do not block the path toward modern public transportation. But it still won't happen next week. The thicket of responsibilities for regulation and financing that has traditionally stillborn mass transit schemes hasn't been thinned. For the thousands that rode these practical fantasies however, the people movers were undoubtedly the least thrilling and most costly ride any county fair has had the nerve to offer.

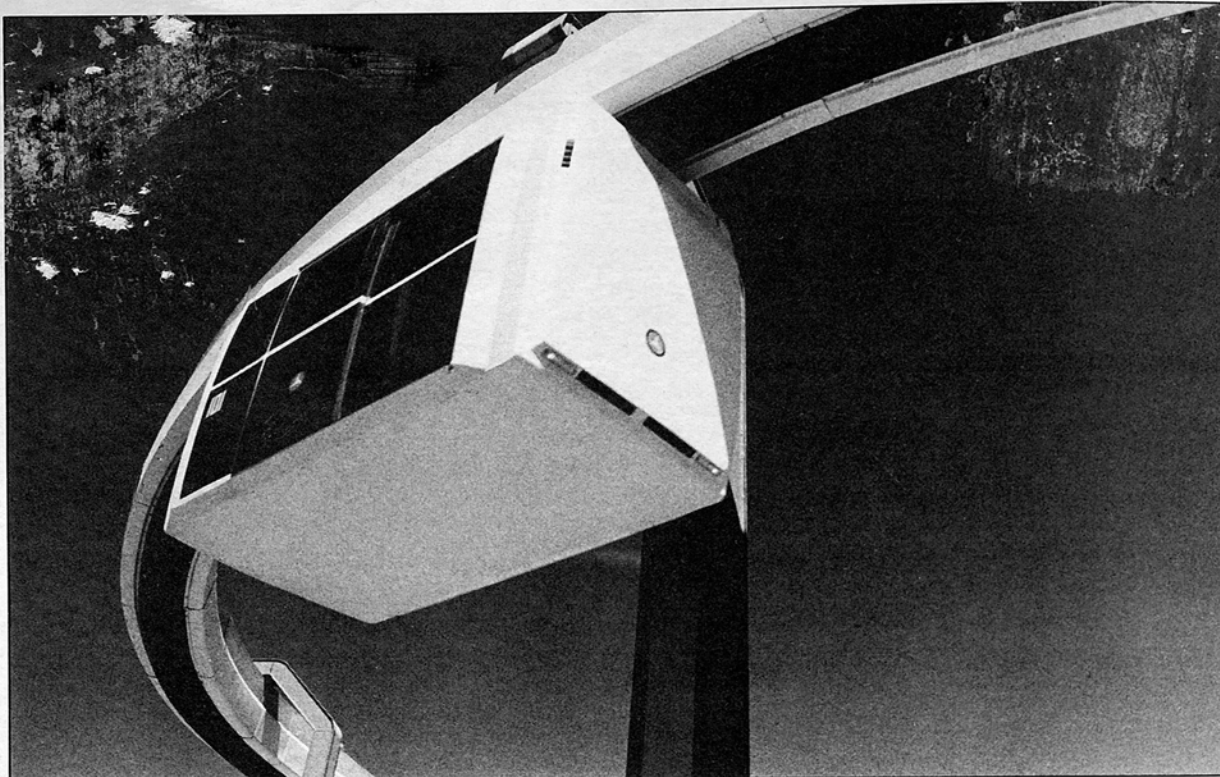
In contrast to this sparkling assemblage of new hardware was the collection of racing cars—meant to represent every version of speed on the earth—scattered about carelessly as the neglected toys of some spoiled child. Equally underplayed was the token "Dream Car," Chevrolet's well-worn Astro III, which stood as a three-wheeled reminder of the bygone days when stylists dictated the future of the car.

Nothing slammed the door on that era more dramatically than the herd of mastodon-like ESV cars all grouped in a special National Highway Traffic Safety Administration tent. In the eyes of NHTSA, all future cars will be ESVs and it took no small pains to arrange an exhibit with at least one hulking representative from virtually every major manufacturer in the world. (In fact, only a personal request from NHTSA chief Douglas Toms to Y. Katayama, the President of Nissan Motor Corp., USA, was effective in wresting the Datsun ESV out of the development engineers' grasp in Japan.)

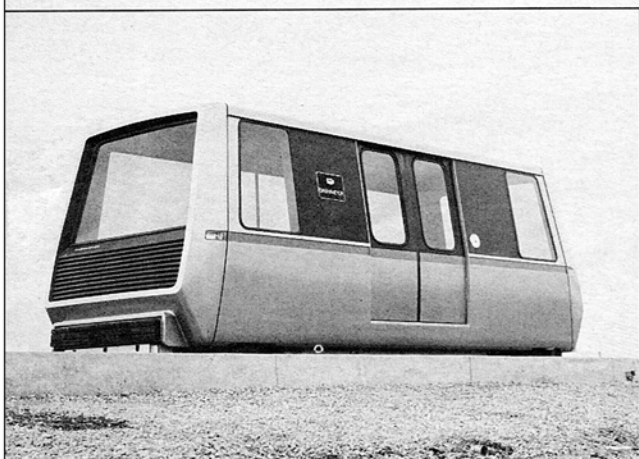
As a side show sensation to the people movers, the ESVs were an overwhelming success. The crowd pawed and peered expectantly at the monsters as if any minute the mechanical gladiators would be entering the lists in a match of head-on collisions. The ESV's appeal far outstretched that of the 1972 production models at Ford, GM and Chrysler displays. Once again, big spending caught the eye of the crowd.

One could not deny that the ESVs were novel. So removed from the present in fact, that name plates like Fairchild and AMF seemed almost in keeping. Ford and Chevrolet insignias provided a link to the past, but with little resemblance to sedans outside the NHTSA enclave. Proof positive that big government influence has engulfed something so sacred as the style of new cars. Suddenly, the Feds were fielding their own latest models . . . and outdrawing the powers of Detroit.

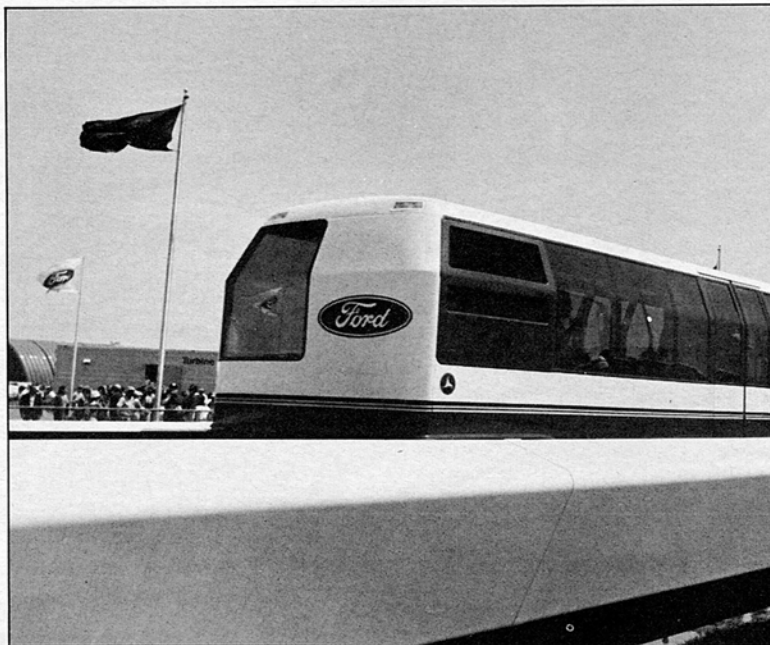
In the end, the NHTSA tent was nothing more than a freak show, demanding attention with its display of aberrations. More mundane areas where safety endeavors might be expected—such as drunk-driving prevention and driver training, were passed over by the NHTSA due to their lack of crowd appeal. As a demonstration of solutions to our current transportation problems, Transpo '72 presented very little new hardware, but as a U.S. Government County Fair, it will be hard to beat.—Don Sherman



The Rohr Monocab will transport six people at 30 mph via an overhead monorail. As in all the Personal Rapid Transit systems, electricity is the source of power, while computers control all movements and eliminate the need for on-board operators.



Dashaveyor-Bendix displayed the largest PRT vehicles for 31 riders and "crush" capacity for 44. For propulsion and guidance, the design utilizes rubber tires in a concrete channel while computers limit the speed to 20 mph.



Ford Motor Company's Automatically Controlled Transportation System carries 24 passengers on rubber tires guided by an aluminum trough. Similar cars will speed passengers up to 30 mph in Ford's new Fairlane city complex.



The capsules from Transportation Technology, Inc. demonstrate an application for Hovair, an air cushion ride system, and feature a linear induction motor for conveyance of six to ten passengers.



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 41

Car and Driver | EV-1 Electric Auto | 1972



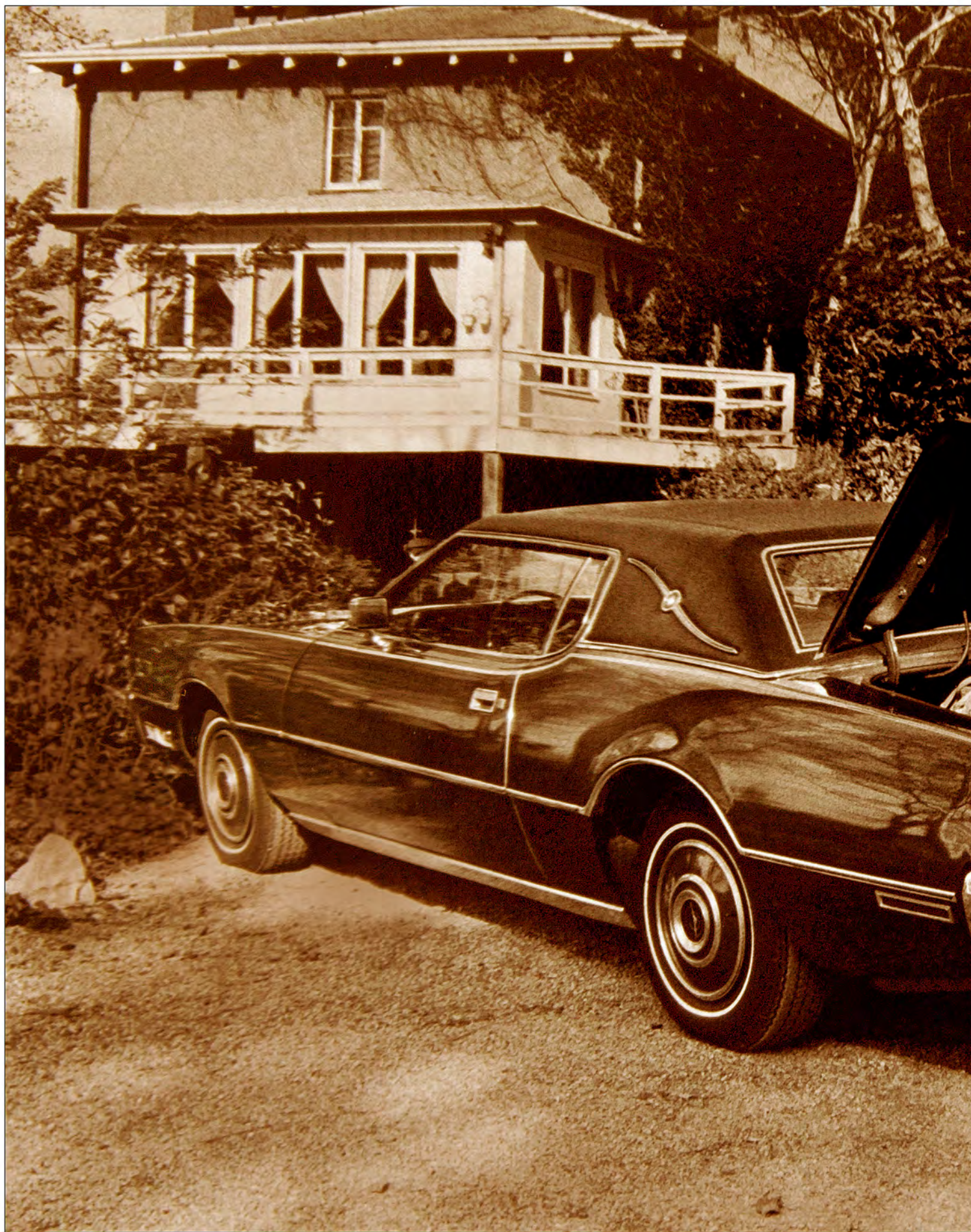
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 42

Car and Driver | Ford Thunderbird | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 43

Car and Driver | Ford Thunderbird | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 44

Car and Driver | Ford Thunderbird | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 45

Car and Driver | Ford Thunderbird | 1972



PHOTOGRAPHY: DOUG MESNEY



ROAD TEST

MASERATI BORA

There's no denying it is
a very real car—built, however,
for fantasy's children

- What you have to remember is that Maseratis are as common in some circles as dryads among the trees of Mt. Olympus. Just regular scenery, not fantasy. Like maybe Buicks are in your neighborhood—only a whole lot easier on the eyes.

Certainly they are that way to Bob Grossman. Admittedly he is not Mr. Average Guy. And being the sole importer of Maserati cars for most of the eastern United States gives him every reason to be blasé. After all, he's got stacks of them; Ghiblis and Indys cluster around his store in Nyack, New York like they are five for a dollar instead of 20 grand each. Moreover, there are customers to whom a seven percent increase in the cost of living index is looked on only as an explanation for larger dividend checks. But only Grossman has a Bora—the only one in North America—and before he would turn loose the keys, he made us promise to be *very* careful with it. For Bob Grossman, who customarily directs us to a far corner of the lot and wonders if we will be back this week or next, that is saying everything about the car. He is impressed.





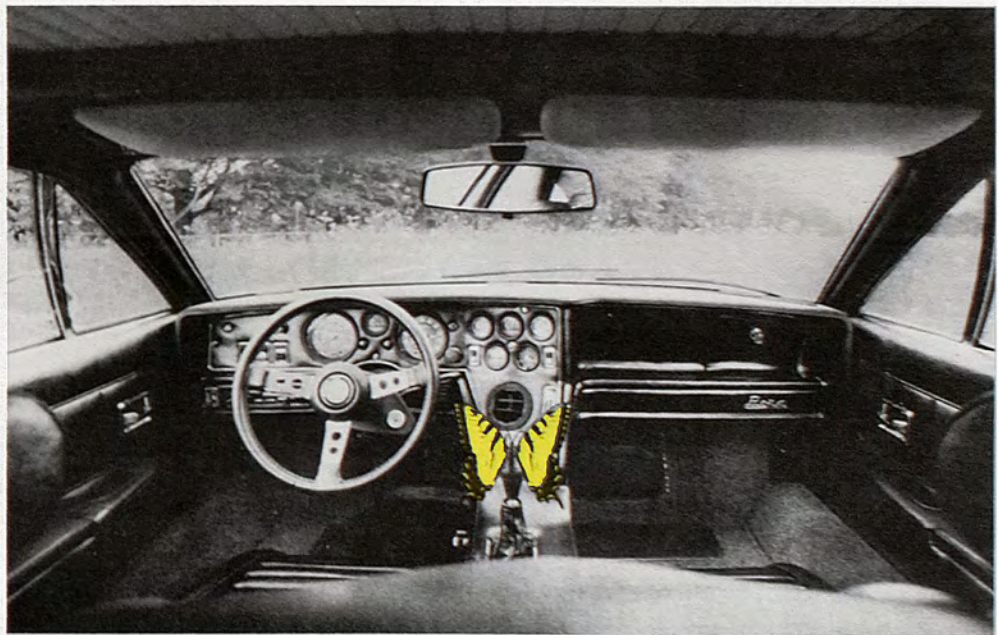
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 48

Car and Driver | Maserati Bora | 1972

num V-8 with four 2-bbl Webers—4.7 liters in the European version; 5.0 (same as the Ghibli) for the U.S. model. And all this is wrapped in carefully crafted Italian sheet metal.

The suspension creates an impression of sinewy muscles attached to the control arms. Taut but not rock hard. The Bora strides over undulating blacktop in a way that encourages you to forget speed limits. It makes you wish you were in Italy where straining Fiats and peasants on bicycles keep an eye out for thoroughbred motorcars and give them plenty of room. You don't *have* to drive fast in the Bora but it loafs at 70 mph on expressways. If you're not watchful it just creeps up to 80 and then 90. It's hungry for pavement and its appetite is insatiable. Its power and gearing are such that it bolts forward with the same force at 100 mph as it does at 50.

“
Sensitivity and wealth are
required to understand a Bora
... and the former may be
the more elusive quantity
”



Probably few drivers will ever exercise the Bora's passions. Those who have the price are almost invariably old enough to know better. But to a test driver it has a unique personality. It's smooth as you bend it around asphalt switchbacks and yet it has a character of its own. Cornering limits are high but not unprecedented for sporting machinery. It wants to be driven, not thrown. When guided by a confident hand it understeers but not much. Fling your elbows or be abrupt with the pedals and you lose it. Because, ultimately, it displays that same intolerance of the insensitive driver that is common to most mid-engine cars.

So all you need be is sensitive and rich and then you too can pursue happiness in a Maserati Bora. And if we are to believe Grossman, sensitivity is the elusive quality. Because, to hear him talk, you'd think everyone was rich.

(Specifications on page 54)

The Bora in question is a European model. Grossman himself picked it up at the factory at Modena late in June where production was already under way. He drove it around Italy and Sicily for a while and then brought it back to park in front of his store as a promise of things to come. The customers, he figures, are really going to go for it. New customers who are capable practitioners of the delicate art of discretionary self-indulgence. Until now Maserati really hasn't been a high ranking bauble on this esoteric scale simply because the tweed-capped auto press has grouched so long about Maseratis. Front motors. Solid back axles. Blimey, might just as well buy a Mustang. But the Bora has all of the double-jointed complexities you can ask for; middle motor, independent rear with a 5-speed transaxle and chaise longue bucket seats. "We've finally got something for the buffs," Grossman enthuses. He figures he can move 100 of them a year starting late this fall when the U.S. versions arrive. That is, if the factory can keep him supplied.

6

The Bora demolishes Maserati's
staid image with all the contemporary
complexities you could ask for

9

Believing in that sort of volume in a Bora sort of car may require a small act of faith on your part. But it's not as unlikely as it first sounds. Grossman will vouch that there are herds of customers who will drop \$24,800 for a new car if it strikes their fancy. And after the test we are convinced that the Bora is the only one of all the mid-engine missiles that is also a useful automobile. The others exact too great a penalty in driver comfort to be anything but sleek parade floats.

Not that the Bora isn't parade material itself. Like the Ghibli and the De Tomaso Mangusta, two of the most visually perfect cars ever built, the Bora is a Giugiaro design. Its surfaces are flat and its lines angular as only the youngest of the Old Masters can render them. But at the same time the shape is less outstanding than those of its forerunners. Very few will consider the Bora to be the most beautiful car they've ever seen. It's too fat in the middle to be perfect. And the overhang is too short. Somehow, the proportions just aren't quite right. So the Bora ends up looking only terrific instead of perfect. Let the art students grumble . . . the drivers will love it.

You don't have to be a contortionist to get in. And once you are, there is plenty of room. Your head doesn't crash against the roof on every bump; your elbows don't run afoul of the armrests with every gesture; and you can almost stretch your legs out full length, even if you are six feet tall. The Bora pretty well fits all sizes. Both bucket seats are fixed but the pedals move back and forth by hydraulic power at the touch of a lever on the dash and the steering column tilts and tele-





scopes through a generous range of adjustments. Unlike other expensive mid-engine machines, the Bora does not have the personality of a tamed racer. It's a luxury GT car from the front bumper to the back-up lights. That single quality will allow Grossman to sell 100 of them in the first year.

The Bora's designers, it would seem, are the only ones to have launched off on a project like this with the firm purpose of building a touring car. Consequently, the basic accommodations are built in. The short overhang and the fat middle are passenger carrying considerations. The Bora's wheelbase, at 102.3 inches, is four to six inches longer than is customary for this type of car and, as a dividend, the Bora has good foot room without requiring the occupants to turn sideways in the saddle. It is a wise compromise. The Bora also has equal size tires (215/70-15 Michelin) all around, even though the weight is distributed 58 percent to the rear, so that the spare will be satisfactory in all applications. The air conditioning works too and so does the ZF's shift linkage. And the cockpit is relatively quiet at cruising speeds. You don't have to be a "buff" to like the Bora. You just have to enjoy driving.

Nor do you have to be a buff, or an aerospace engineer, to understand what lies beneath the Bora's skin. It's all very conventional; a welded skeleton of rectangular steel tubing. Everything mounts to that. The suspension is made up of unequal-length control arms at all four corners. Each wheel has a disc brake. Steering motions are transmitted through a rack-and-pinion gear. The engine is a traditional Maserati all-alumi-



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 52
Car and Driver | Part-Time Racer | Lou Timolat | 1971

MAKING IT AS A PART-TIME RACER

BY LEONARD BERRY

... and guardian angel for the harried motorist.

The East River is a filthy glisten in the smog as a quick-stepping man enters the cool gloom of a hangar at New York City's East Side Heliport. With a slam, he jacks a machine onto its wheels and strides back along its skeletal frame to the tail. He reaches up for a rib and arcs back, hauling the primal-looking thing out of its cave and into the humid daylight. Already too hot by nine on a Saturday morning, Lou Timolat is fighting to keep his damp dark blond hair out of his face as he wrestles the ungainly ship into position for his pre-flight checkout. Timolat moves along the tail assembly, peering, wiggling and twisting and wiping, plucking at safety wires, squirting shafts and joints with oil, click-clacking linkages to see if clearances have become too wide. Personally he dumps a quart of oil into the crankcase of the 480-cu.in. Lycoming opposed-Six, and, rather than leave it to helipad personnel, he puts a gurgle of TCP into each of the twin fuel tanks (so the high octane aircraft gasoline won't foul the low-compression engine). Finally Timolat wipes the smudges from the plexiglas bubble of the Bell G-47, cleans his oily hands on his already oily chinos, puts on a yellow flotation collar and slides into the cramped bubble. Without drama he hollers, "Clear!" out the tiny vent window, hits the starter, and, as the engine coughs and roars, the dropping rotor blades begin spinning into invisibility. Headset on and adjusted, Timolat twists the motorcycle-type throttle and the ship rises laboriously out over the fetid river. Suddenly the New York City skyline is hundreds of feet below. Lou Timolat—one of WCBS radio's two guardian angels of New York's harried motorists—is set to begin another commentary on the state of things down there on the fuming highways of the metropolitan area.

Three minutes into the flight Lou is reporting, live, via his two-way radio, on the heavy but swiftly moving traffic on the FDR Drive, the Midtown Tunnel, the 59th Street Bridge, the Upper Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, the Triboro Bridge, and the Bruckner Expressway. Timolat is efficient, economic, *professional* as he works. Now prodding the primitive machine into a banked turn. Now throwing a quick but seems tense, well, through the landing.

On the other side Highway and the West Side Heliport predicts—accurately—the slow moving at the help of a strong Brooklyn. The spic sanitation incinerator Kennedy International no 747s on a collision claims—and gets elight, which turns the head but he'd "rattle" able—not for crash for his Saturday five nights a week tAfter swinging n down over a junky



**LOU TIMOLAT:
SIX DAYS
A WEEK GUIDING
DRIVERS THROUGH
TRAFFIC
FROM A COPTER;
SOMETIMES FIVE
NIGHTS A WEEK,
DRIVING TO AND
IN MIDGET RACES.
HE CALLS IT
A GOOD LIFE.**

midget racing car which Lou drives as many as five times a week. Timolat circles the shore, gives a wave and takes a north-west route over the rich, green estates of the North Shore, where traffic is fittingly sedate, and back for another tour of the City.

Lou is back at the East Side Heliport at 12:30 p.m., his broadcasting chores finished for the day. After dragging the chopper to the hangar, he jumps in his BMW and is off to his Manhattan apartment for lunch and a bit of rest before the 45-minute drive to Wall Stadium in New Jersey.

On week nights when he's scheduled to race, Lou has the helicopter back in the hangar at about 7:30; then, direct from the heliport, it's a dead-on battle—through the very traffic he'd just been describing—to get to tracks in Islip, Long Island, or Flemington, New Jersey or Nazareth, Pennsylvania in time for a few practice laps and qualifying heats. When he's racing, there's not even a hamburger for Lou; a bellyful of food, gulped in nervous haste, doesn't mix with the triple-time tempo of the competitive schedule. Lou is the American Racing Drivers Club circuit. He maintains this fierce, fatiguing pace almost all the time, but the thing about this 28-year-old pilot-cum-race driver is that he's in control. Content to Lou's modest earnings, he's careful with his money, plays the stock market judiciously, drinks only occasionally, doesn't smoke anything, laughs rarely, and reacts sharply and impatiently when things move out of his control. Even the minor loss of a threatened intrusion, Timolat is a sternly private creature who carefully guards the personal details of his life. He volunteers nothing about his family or friends, little about his past, and almost nothing about his future except that he is "flexible."

He is supple only by choice, his choice. Such as keeping, as he does, from the seat of one specialized performance machine to another with almost no time at all for a snatch of relaxing decompression. But he does it with somber aplomb which bespeaks ambition, barely bridled aggression, and the fact that he takes himself very seriously. Fun is not a word he uses frequently, and yet he is distantly likable—cooperative, polite—and as eager to talk about the work and accomplishments of his colleagues as he is about his own.

Lou and his pretty brown-haired wife, Carol, arrive early at Wall Stadium race track and wait amid the thickening dust and clamor of the pits for Petratis to come lumbering up in his pick-up with the blue number 40 racer carried piggyback in its bed. Pete is late and when the pits grow more crowded, Carol goes to the grandstand with the other drivers' women and Lou decides to make a practice run around the third-mile paved oval in the car of an owner whose driver is late.

Finally Petratis arrives, still in time for some practice laps. They find that the car, an Edmonds chassis, is running fast but raggedly with its new 4-cylinder, fuel-injected Chevy II. The injectors are too rich on the low end and are causing overheating on the top end. Pete, a big soft-spoken man who's been in grass roots racing for more than 30 years, fiddles with the injectors while Lou nervously checks tire pressures.

Out on the asphalt oval, modified 1940 stock cars are shattering the stiffness of New Jersey's Pine Barrens with their belching V-8s, spewing oil and metal as they spastically lurch endlessly round and round. Outside the wood retaining wall of the pits, the man with the arc-weld concession does a land-office business as the jallopies come limping in dragging frame members beneath them. Lou slips a tepid can of "iced" tea and talks with fellow midget drivers about their cars, and paces the pits, waiting.

The stockers finish practice all of a sudden and, as the sun begins to set, a scratchy recording of the National Anthem comes rattling and wobbling flatly through the dusk. All pit activity stops and Lou, ex-Army pilot now in fireproof racing uniform, stands at stove attention while the old-time grinds on. Then there is more dead time as wave after wave of stock cars go out to qualify.

When the time comes, the midgets roll down a ramp to where trucks pick up the one-trailer cars and shove them up to 30 or 40 miles an hour before they sputter and catch. The sound of the track changes as the first midget heat gets underway: this is a precise, sizzling, piercing scream of pure alcohol burning in tiny engines; it is not like the soft howl of ancient Fords or an occasional Chevy Straight Six.

Lou is in the second qualifying heat and has the pole position. When the 14 cars are all started, he lays the track as they weave behind him to find their handicapped positions. The engine is still running hot and Timolat takes them

CAR AND DRIVER

around three times without getting the flag, but on the fourth lap, sensing the pack is tight, he hits it hard and takes the starting flag at more than 100 mph. The inside of the first turn is covered with oil and sand and Lou wants to go in high. He "squeezes" the car in the second pole position, and drives through the far end of the oval, leaving the traffic more than five lengths behind. The car is running strong, but, as the laps unwind, the gap is closed and he is passed by two cars. He finishes third.

Later, back in the pits he explains to Pete Petratis that the first driver who passed him had taken a line through a turn that he couldn't hold. "I either had to bump him or give ground, so I let him by." But, as he thinks more about it, Timolat decides that it wasn't his error but that the car's throttle response had become spongy.

Pete shrugs with resignation and begins again on the fuel injection as the stock car feature gets underway. There is tension in the work—Lou and Pete know the machine is almost ready, perhaps for the first win of a trouble-plagued season (a new motor and the newly sanctioned wide tires had filled the car with bugs and Lou had been able to finish only one race so far).

Without warning, the anxiety surrounding car number 40 is shattered by a delegation of four drivers headed by Bing Metz, the man who held the outside pole in the heat just completed. Metz is sore, claiming Lou left him "in the mudholes." Without a pause, Lou fires back: "I'm starting the race, not you, and I'll start it the way I want." Metz storms off, dire warnings in the air. Later an ARDC official comes by to tell Lou he doesn't agree with the complaint and that he had, in fact, warned Metz about putting another driver on the wall three times in the same heat.

"I'm sick of all the bellyaching," says Lou, who is looking for a win. "This is no gentleman's sport. Since I'm working for a radio station they think I should be deferential and never do anything ungentlemanlike or dirty." Two other drivers come by to say, "Screw 'em. You're starting the race, so go!"

The stock car feature is a spasmodic rampage with the officials stopping the



PHOTOGRAPHY: BOB HENRY

field every few laps to clear smoking, broken heaps from the slippery track. When it finally ends the midget drivers squeeze into their little cars and roll out to the trucks. The field lines up quickly—with Lou four cars behind the pole—and then takes the flag after just two laps. The pack is fast and tightly bunched for several laps, but as soon as he sees daylight Lou makes his move, passing one car, then another, in a strong bid for a win.

Suddenly Number 40 shoots for the wall. Lou fights. (Continued on page 60)

47

PHOTOGRAPHY: DOUG MESNEY

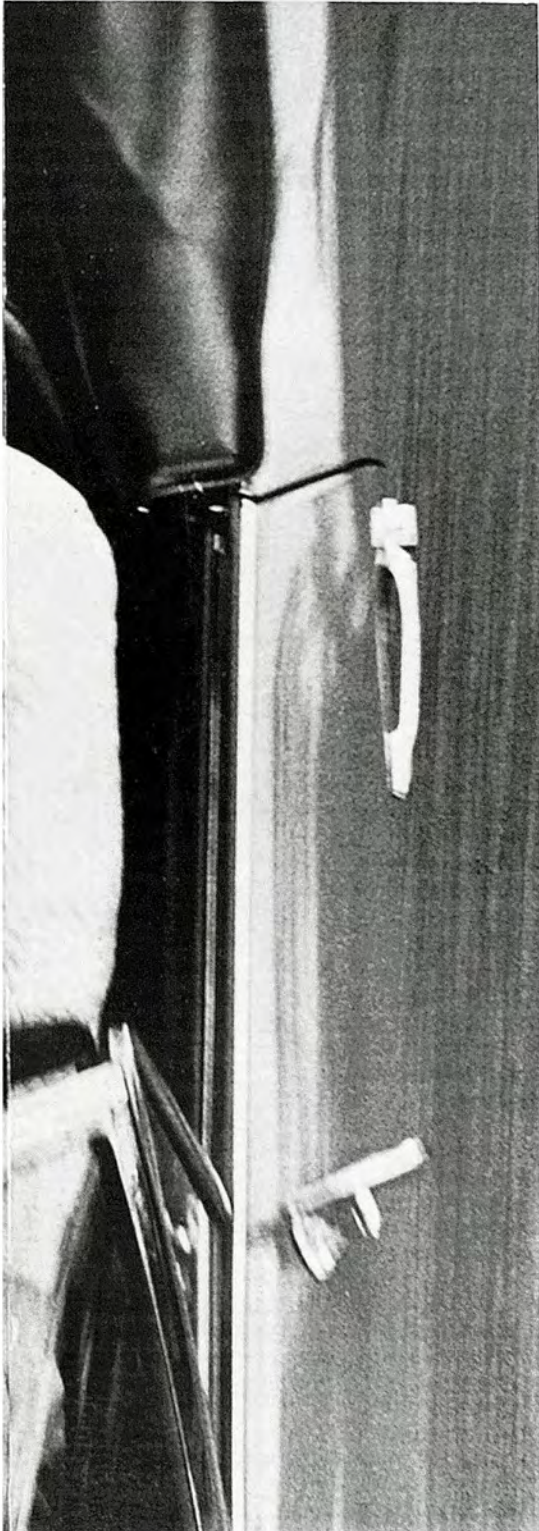


CAR and DRIVER

1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 54

Car and Driver | Fiat 124 Spider | 1971

*The Fiat 124 Spider's
effect on the human
psyche may be
anachronistic—but
that does not make it
any less enjoyable.*



FEBRUARY 1971



visceral rapport between both participants in the experience. The overall impression engenders enthusiasm. And lest we forget, enthusiasm is the *raison d'être* of the sports car.

And if you've lost sight of that fact, naïve as it may be, here's the plan. Stash your gear in the trunk, grab your Nikon and your best friend's wife and set out for the country; or coast or desert. Anywhere you can find the kind of roads that are meant for *driving*. It is there where you will discover that the 124 is a traditional sports car in the most glorious sense of the word. Observe the superb tactile communication between driver, Fiat, and road. Save your braking for the last moment and make full use of the effortless 5-speed gearbox. Savor the accuracy and sensitivity of the arms-out steering. Absorb the repeating crescendos of happy Italian cylinders and revel in the blur of scenery and the wind blowing in your face. Wind in the face? Good God! Rediscovery of days long gone—but not memory tubed.

The old days should have been so good. Similarly priced Alfas and Porsches of a decade ago were stark and bovine in comparison to this car, and the British imports were positively Neanderthal. Today the Alfas and Porsches are in a different price bracket, and the Britons are still living in the past. Though the nostalgic ties are strong, the Fiat is very much a modern car. The base price of \$3482 for the 1600 Spider (the old 1438cc model will still be sold

(Text continued on page 72; Specifications overleaf)

**15,000 MILE
COMPARISON TEST:
CHEVROLET VEGA
VERSUS
FORD PINTO**

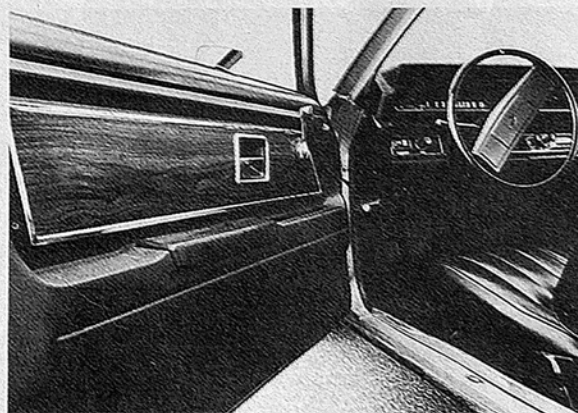
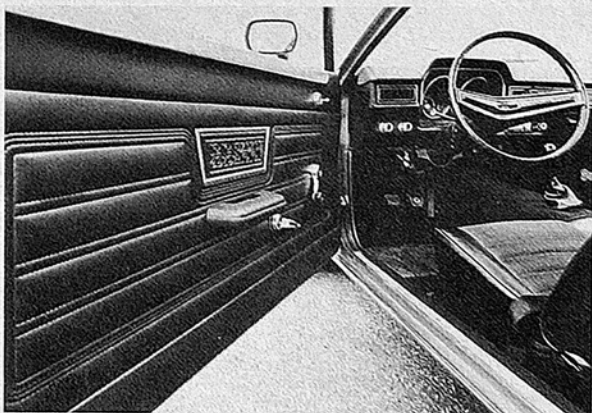


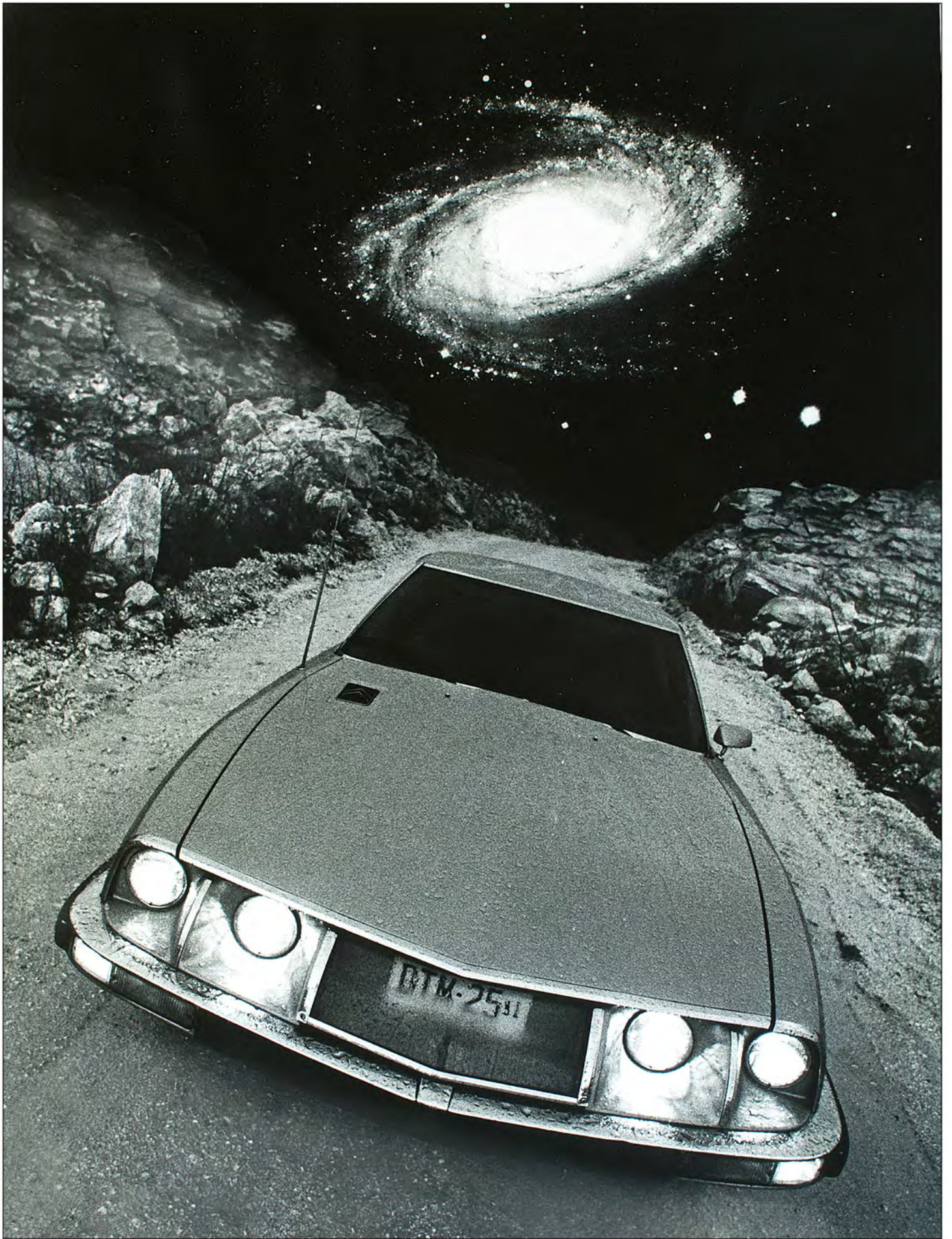
Return with us now to those nine hard months on the road as the



C/D staff recounts the thrill of ownership and the agony of service.

Each car has its own specialty—the Pinto is slippery in traffic: The Vega excels on a trip to Dubuque. Knowing these attributes is the key to happy ownership: The difference in price is not.





1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 59

Car and Driver | Citroën DS21 EFI Pallas | 1972

• What if Citroën is right? What if the SM really *is* the world's most advanced car? What if it is a prototype for every other manufacturer to follow. Will anyone really be able to tell? Because even if it is all of that, and more, it is undeniably a mystery ship.

And in order to even begin to understand it, you are forced to first realize your own prejudices about automobiles: how they should look, how they should feel, perhaps even what they should do.

And there is no subtlety in the way the SM makes that demand. Even if you think you've been sufficiently preconditioned by a decade of Citroën DS and ID styling, the SM's styling is unexpected. In fact, it probably would have been better to spend a few years with Arthur C. Clark and Stanley Kubrick to prepare you for the SM's lines.

At that, you still might not be ready for driving the SM, especially when you find that just a tiny twist of the one-spoke steering wheel will send the whole car into a banking attitude not unlike a Boeing entering its final approach pattern. The list goes on. Every response is new . . . even alien. And it's intimidating, *very* intimidating—so much so that new drivers



Citroën SM

It's unique, no doubt. But more important, it is a highly successful approach to over-the-road transportation.



should have an hour of pre-flight training in a simulator, because the first 100 miles are tense. The steering seems over quick; the brakes overly sensitive, and the body wallows. All you are really confident about is that nothing on the SM acts like a normal car. Your mind worries about the unexpected. What would you do in an emergency? Grab an armful of steering and put yourself into the wall? Or lock up the brakes and skid off helplessly into the surroundings? It's too awful to contemplate, yet your mind can't ignore it.

Then, after 100 miles of edging over every divider line and cringing at thoughts of what might have been, you begin to understand. Don't struggle with the steering wheel, light-finger it . . . just brush the brake button with your toe . . . Trust

the SM; don't overwhelm it by trying to make it do what *you* think a car should do, because the SM is happiest with as little help from the driver as possible. The steering centers itself. Directional stability is fantastic. Don't worry about it. And when you stop worrying, you can start to appreciate what the SM really is. You notice how comfortable you are, that you can sit behind the wheel for hours without going numb. That the suspension glides over pock-marked roads. That you ride so securely at 90 that you have plenty of attention left over to scan to the rear in search of cops. Of course, all this is subjective—some people will be more or less comfortable, or secure than others. But there are factors, like gas mileage, which are absolutes—impressive absolutes that cannot be denied. For instance, you can cruise at 80 mph and roll out 20 miles to each gallon. And at the same time have *better* acceleration than any of the new de-smogged luxury sedans from the popular factories. It's incredible. You begin to wonder . . . well . . . what if Citroën is right? And maybe Detroit, maybe *everyone* else, is wrong. Wrong about needing large displacement engines. Wrong about sharply-creased Art Center School fenders. Wrong about 6-way power seats that go from barely tolerable to agonizing. Wrong about short-travel suspension and weighty anti-sway bars—as wrong as Studebaker or Edsel—and yet somehow allowed to continue and prosper because they are in the majority while Citroën is a universe unto itself. Although a lot has been written about the car, no one knows much about the *real* car. We have the first smog-certified, fully U.S. street-legal Citroën SM in this country.

The SM is the kind of car a coven of out-of-work NASA engineers might design as a theoretical exercise. It's complex, extravagantly so in its powertrain and suspension, similar to everyday cars only in that it travels on four wheels. The basic laws of physics have figured prominently in its design. Isaac Newton understood the behavior of mass: that the more you have, the more force it takes to get it moving . . . and the harder it is to stop . . . and turn. Citroën engineers understand equally well. Consequently, the SM weighs 3310 pounds. And that includes a full tank of fuel, power steering, power brakes and air conditioning. The low weight means you can have good performance and fuel economy with a small engine. It is also easy on tires and brakes.

Small engines perform even better if they don't have to labor against air damming aerodynamics. Citroën has long been a believer in this axiom. And the SM clearly benefits. Its top speed over 130 mph and exceptional fuel economy are the obvious results.

As the underlying physical principles are simple, the Citroën's mechanical innards are complex. One look under the hood will be more than enough to send flat-rate mechanics into the washing machine repair business. As all of the big Citroëns, the SM employs front-wheel-drive. The engine is turned around backwards and located entirely behind the front trans-axle—in essence becoming nearly a mid-engine layout. That is the simple part. It starts getting complicated when you discover that there are two power output shafts. The transmission drives off the crank in the normal way, but all of the accessories are fed by a long shaft running forward from between the banks where the camshaft would be on a normal Detroit Vee engine.

Of course, the Citroën SM could hardly be expected to have a normal engine. And it doesn't. This one comes from Maserati, a company that merged with Citroën in hopes of brightening its financial picture. Besides bringing with it an exclusive name, there are several other predictable features

CAR and DRIVER



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 61

Car and Driver | Citroën DS21 EFI Pallas | 1972



of any Maserati engine: It will have two overhead camshafts, hemi heads, a 2-bbl. Weber carburetor for each pair of cylinders, and both the block and heads will be cast from aluminum. In these areas, the Citroën's powerplant lives up to its heritage. You could not, however, predict that it would be a V-6. But never mind that. All of the Citroën representatives love it. It says Maserati right on top of the air cleaner—which is something they've never been able to point to before. They've already learned that such an escutcheon brings with it an ability to blot the sneer off the lips of skeptics. And they like to boast about the engine's compact dimensions, particularly about how short it is. "The heads are only twelve-and-a-quarter inches long," they throw out . . . and pause to let that fact sink in. Which is commendable for a package containing 163 cu. in., but it results from a monumental compromise in engine design, easily the most significant technical shortcoming in the whole car. To make a V-6 that short, there can only be room enough for three crankshaft throws—like three-quarters of a V-8—which means that, to be in balance, there has to be 90° between the banks. When that is the case, it follows that the firing order becomes uneven—the sequence alternates between 90° and 150° of crankshaft rotation. So the engine is rough. The exhaust sounds funny, and the engine feels spastic when under load at low speeds. It's made all the more noticeable by the phantom-like smoothness of the SM's other systems. A 2-inch longer engine would be a far happier, if less unique, solution.

While the Maserati engine flies brave and proud in the face of conventional engineering practice, it's nothing compared to Citroën's own suspension. Its basic layout is remarkable for

two reasons; there is no camber change as the wheels move through the entire range of their travel, and there are no rubber pivot bushings. Let's start with the geometry. In front, the linkage is made up of two equal-length control arms pivoting on sealed bearings. So the track-width changes slightly with wheel travel but not camber. The linkage is also designed for "center-point" steering, which means that a line drawn through the two ball joints of each wheel intersects the ground at the center of the tire's contact patch. The general idea is to cancel out front-wheel-drive effects in the steering—and it works. Absolutely nothing comes through the steering wheel. This design also requires that the front brakes be inboard if they are going to be of a useful size—or else the wheels must be offset toward the inside like those of a Toronado. Citroën chose inboard discs.

At the rear, the suspension is a very simple independent arrangement with a single trailing arm for each wheel. Its unique contribution to the SM's behavior is that it causes the rear to squat under braking. And since there is no anti-dive in front, under hard braking the car comes down nearly level, lowering its center of gravity and thereby reducing the normal weight transfer to the front.

So far, all of this suspension discussion has been directed toward geometry—the suspension medium itself is no less unique. It is a gas/hydraulic arrangement that provides varying rates, and automatic leveling regardless of the load. Hydraulic pressure is generated courtesy of an engine-driven pump, and its flow to the suspension unit at each of the four corners of the car is modulated by height-sensing valves. If

(Text continued on page 102, Specifications on page 61)



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 63

Car and Driver | Impaired Vision | 1970



PHOTOGRAPHY: DOUG MESNEY

1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 64

Car and Driver | Stereo on the Road | 1972

• Why does stereo sound so bloody good in an automobile? The experts hem and haw, but the fact remains that even a cheap stereo set-up in your car rivals the sound quality of hi-fi rigs carrying big-buck price tags.

There are two program sources for on-the-road stereo: FM and tape. Not all FM stations broadcast in stereo, nor for that matter will all FM car radios play in stereo.

You can get tape players alone, or with AM/FM-stereo (or just FM-stereo) radios. Of course, the most persuasive reasons for installing a tape player in the first place are the vagaries of FM reception in automobiles. Like a television signal, FM is a "line-of-sight" medium whereas AM frequencies can more or less flow around obstructions. In the cities, tall buildings make hash of much FM reception, and when you get more than 25-50 miles from the transmitter, most FM stations—stereo or otherwise—simply dissolve into the hissing mush. Good stereo reception in a car is mostly a phenomenon of the suburbs. In any case, you must set your antenna to the proper length, which, for the center of the FM band (98 MHz), is 30-odd inches. Consult your physics prof.

Also, while FM programming is reasonably sophisticated in major metropolitan areas, there are vast cultural marshes foundering in mindless waves of Musak and bland "semi-class" pops, about as enriching as listening to your shock absorbers gurgle.

The tape format presents a misery of choice. Cassette or

Stereo on the road

BY STEVE SMITH

What you always wanted to know about automotive sound systems but didn't want to look like a dimbulb by asking

cartridge? Portable or permanent installation? Eight-track cartridge or maybe Q8? What's "quadraphonics"? "Discrete" or "derived"? Do you want just a tape player, or do you need the facility to record, as well? Can you have compatibility with the stereo tape player you have in your home?

Compared with FM, tape has a lot going for it. No commercials. Fair-to-great sound quality. Choice, not chance. With some cassette equipment (and fewer cartridge units), you can record your own tapes "live" off the radio, or from your own record collection.

If you plan a lot of dictation, we advise against a "convertible" tape player/recorder; the kind that slides out of a bracket inside the car. Get a plain old, over-the-shoulder cassette portable. Sears and Wards have good ones for under \$60; the best one we know of is the Sony TC-110A, for about \$120.

APRIL 1972

We'll explain what we don't like about the bracket-mount portables presently.

If you spend a lot of time on the road, taping your own kind of music is the only way to go. We know one cat, an equipment freak ("I'm a technological *junkie*, man") who first buys his music on records—even many cheap 45 rpm "singles" are now in stereo—then transfers ("dubs") selected cuts to cassette tape on his \$280 deck. He's always equipped with enough tape—*only the stuff he likes*—to make it the whole length of Interstate 80, S.F. to N.Y. And when he notices a cassette isn't getting much play, zzz!, he erases it and makes another. (After all, the original is preserved in his record collection.)

For extended travel—like doing Europe in a camper—there are always specialty items like educational tapes (the return of the travelogue?), language instruction, and even do-it-yourself, step by step tune up tapes.

But I digress. Cassettes are probably the wave of the future. The old 4-track cartridge (a format espoused by "Madman" Muntz, of the Muntz Jet) has about been replaced by the 8-track cartridge (invented by Bill Lear, of radios and planes and steam), which is itself threatened by the new quadraphonic Q8 cartridge.

The Q8 looks like an 8-track cartridge, but instead of only two program tracks (stereo), the Q8 plays four entirely separate program tracks ("surround sound," stereo stereo—call it what you will) through four speakers.

Want a closer look, techno-freaks? Cassettes are miniature reel-to-reel tapes with the reels themselves hidden away inside the little plastic container. Cassette tape is only half as wide as regular quarter-inch tape, and it runs exceedingly slowly (1 7/8ths inches per second), so you'd normally expect a lot of tape hiss. Except that there's so much car noise—the wind, the tires, the engine shrieking, everything jiggling away like sixty—you couldn't hear hiss if you tried.

PSYCHOACOUSTIC NOTE: The ear is always a sucker for the louder of two sounds, the stronger noise "masking" the weaker. Loud sounds even take precedence over some of the other sensory inputs, which is why some people can't sleep without the air conditioner fan on. And why, if you ask us, stereo sounds so good in a car.

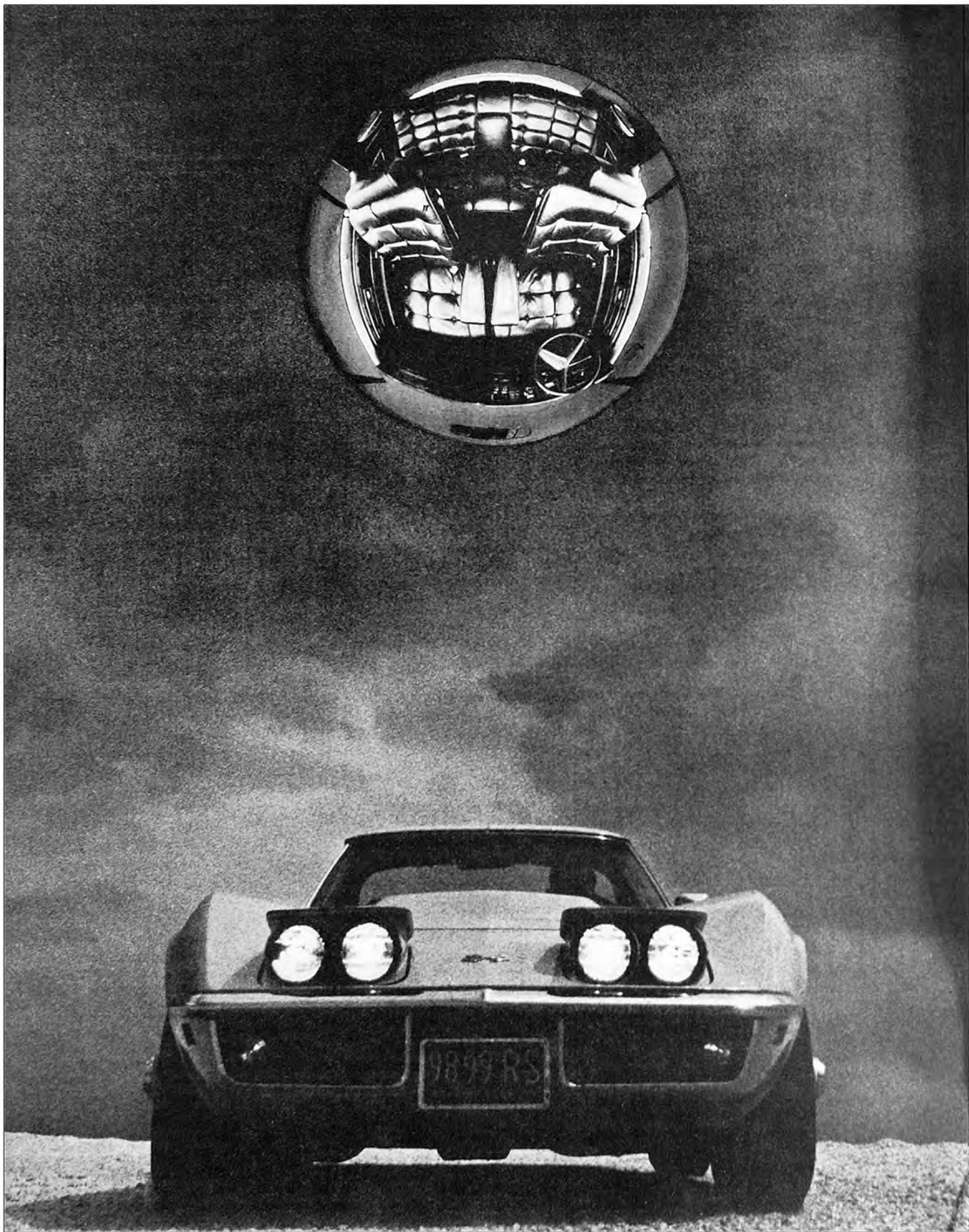
SAFETY NOTE: Whatever kind of player you get, make sure you can get the tape in and out with one hand, and operate the player without looking at it. Virtually all cartridge players are front-loading; you just push the cartridge into a slot. Some cassette players also load this way—the so-called Starr system—but others require that you fool around trying to push them into an opening on top. No *Consumers Report* alarms, but it is something to watch for. And once you've played one "side" of a cassette, you have to flip it over, or reverse it (automatically, in some players) or rewind it.

Cartridges play continuously because the tape forms an endless loop. The quarter-inch tape, traveling at 3 3/4 inches per second, goes into a kind of a whirlpool to get from the inside of the storage spool to the outside. The frantic twisting and turning of the tape that this entails puts a heavy strain on a film of plastic only 1.5-thousandths of an inch thick. Frequent results: the tape edge frays or wrinkles, the sound deteriorates, and the tape will eventually break or hang up.

Cassette tape travels in a relatively straight line. Sadly, it breaks, too; especially the ultra-thin (.0005-inch) C-120 tapes.

Bear in mind, most of the hardware (players) and much of the software (tapes) for auto stereo is in the 8-track format. Technically, 8-track may have its shortcomings, but it does have the momentum of the marketplace, as they say. About

63



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 66

Car and Driver | Corvette Mako Shark | 1972

THE CAR:

A Versatile Sex Symbol

The model you drive and the way you drive it may reveal more about your psyche than you realize.

ARTHUR S. FREESE

Although Gertrude Stein might have said a car is a car is a car, many psychologists would insist that for many it is also a penis or a womb, a wife or a mistress, a phallic symbol or a weapon. These unconscious feelings about cars contribute to the annual 60,000 auto fatalities and 5 million injuries. (They have also earned Detroit auto manufacturers billions of dollars.) Take, for example, the housewife described by Dr. Frederick L. McGuire, a Los Angeles psychologist. After an argument that may have started over burned toast, her husband fled to his car and drove off, not an uncommon response to a domestic argument, particularly in view of the car's sexual associations (as we shall see). But this wife followed in her own car. Catching up with her husband at a red light, she rammed into his car—still not an unusual occurrence; angry people get into accidents readily. But then she backed up and drove into his car again—and again and again. The terrified husband abandoned what was left of his car and tried to escape on foot along the sidewalk. Then his wife tried to run him down there.

This woman isn't alone—or even rare—for millions of other “normal” drivers are just as dangerous for similar emotional and sexual reasons. A California driver deliberately aimed his car

into a head-on collision—he was the only one who survived in the two cars. Why? “I wanted to teach him to dim his lights when he sees a car coming toward him.” Another young man, whose girlfriend had just walked out on him, went veering down the highway yelling at the drivers whose cars he sideswiped: “What’s the matter—afraid to die?” He finally ploughed head-on into another car coming along in the opposite lane, killing the other driver.

As such typical examples suggest, cars are used for purposes never intended by Henry Ford. The automobile has truly changed the face of America, and in no small way the American way of sex—it has changed our rites of puberty, our courtship and mating patterns, sex crimes, even the life expectancy of our college youth.

As Dr. Richard Burnett, a well-known New York City psychoanalyst, explained, “You hear all the time about the American male who has to have a car in order not to feel castrated, and there is truth in this. The car is widely accepted as a phallic symbol, but it’s not always safe to generalize about its sexual significance to an individual.” Because it is a thrusting machine it may be associated with a penis; because a car contains people, it may be associated with the uterus.

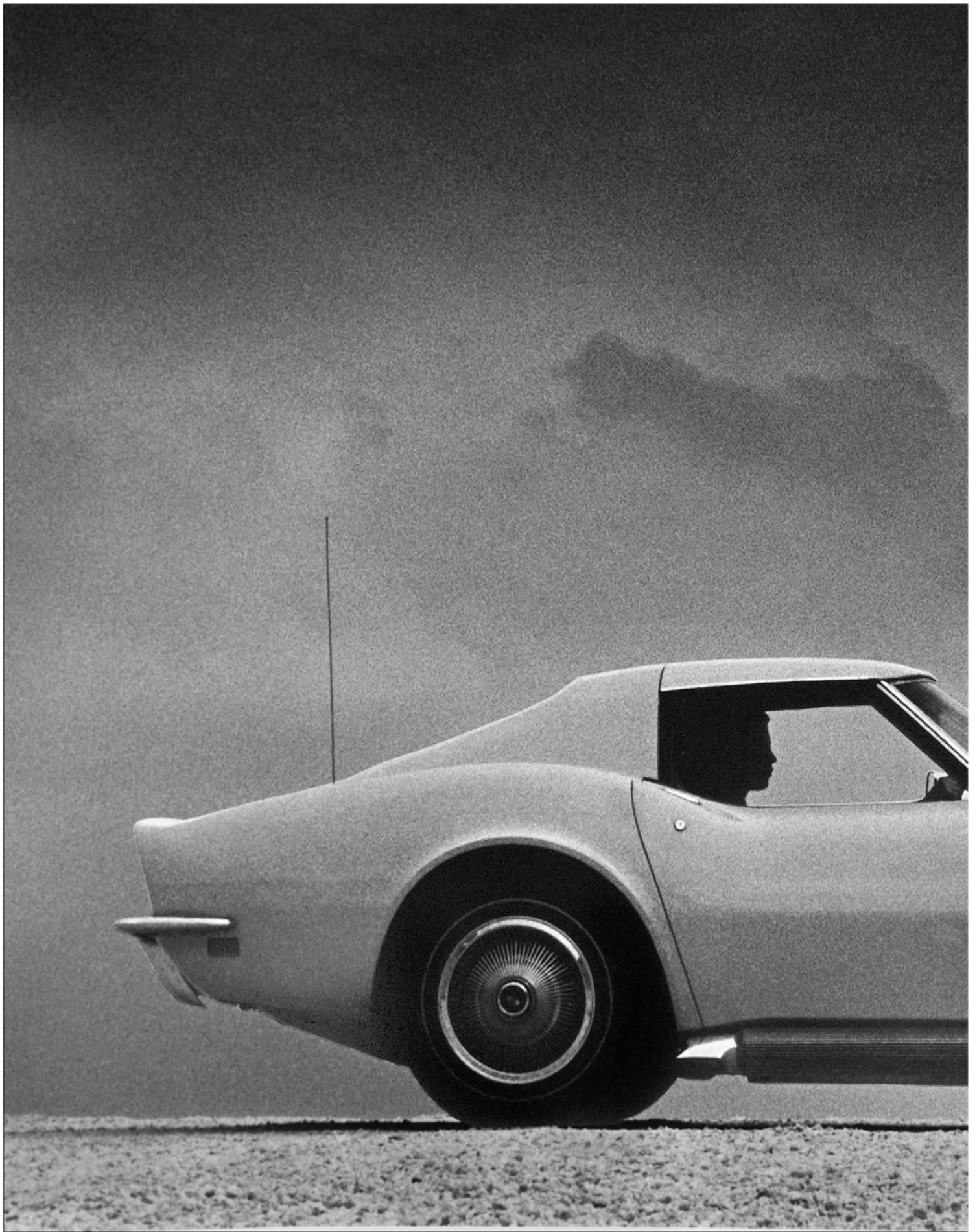
As Dr. Burnett points out, “A

dream of driving a car into the front end of another car may well represent sexual intercourse—the male and female symbols combined.” (Perhaps this was the unconscious significance of the housewife repeatedly piledriving into her husband’s car!)

Selecting a car

Such factors may help explain why Americans have such an overwhelming desire to own cars—even two or three to a family. In his classic book, *The Hidden Persuaders*, Vance Packard pointed out the three main psychological levels on which people decide to buy something: the conscious or rational on which we know what we’re doing and why—we need the car to get around; the subconscious, where we have a vague idea of why we’re doing things, of our own feelings and attitudes—we hate to admit it, but we don’t want to be seen in a 2-year-old model; and the unconscious, where we are totally unaware of what is driving us—we are trying to make up for something totally unrelated that is missing in our life, for example. It is in these last two areas, our subconscious and unconscious, that the hidden persuaders operate to make us buy such things as cars, motorcycles, and nearly everything else, and to determine which brand or model we will choose.

Dr. S.I. Hayakawa has written about the sexual fantasies revolving



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 68

Car and Driver | Corvette Mako Shark | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 69

Car and Driver | Corvette Mako Shark | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 70

Car and Driver | Corvette Mako Shark | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 71

Car and Driver | Corvette Mako Shark | 1972



1960S | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 72

"Need for Speed" | Corvette Mako Shark | Franklin, New Jersey | 1969

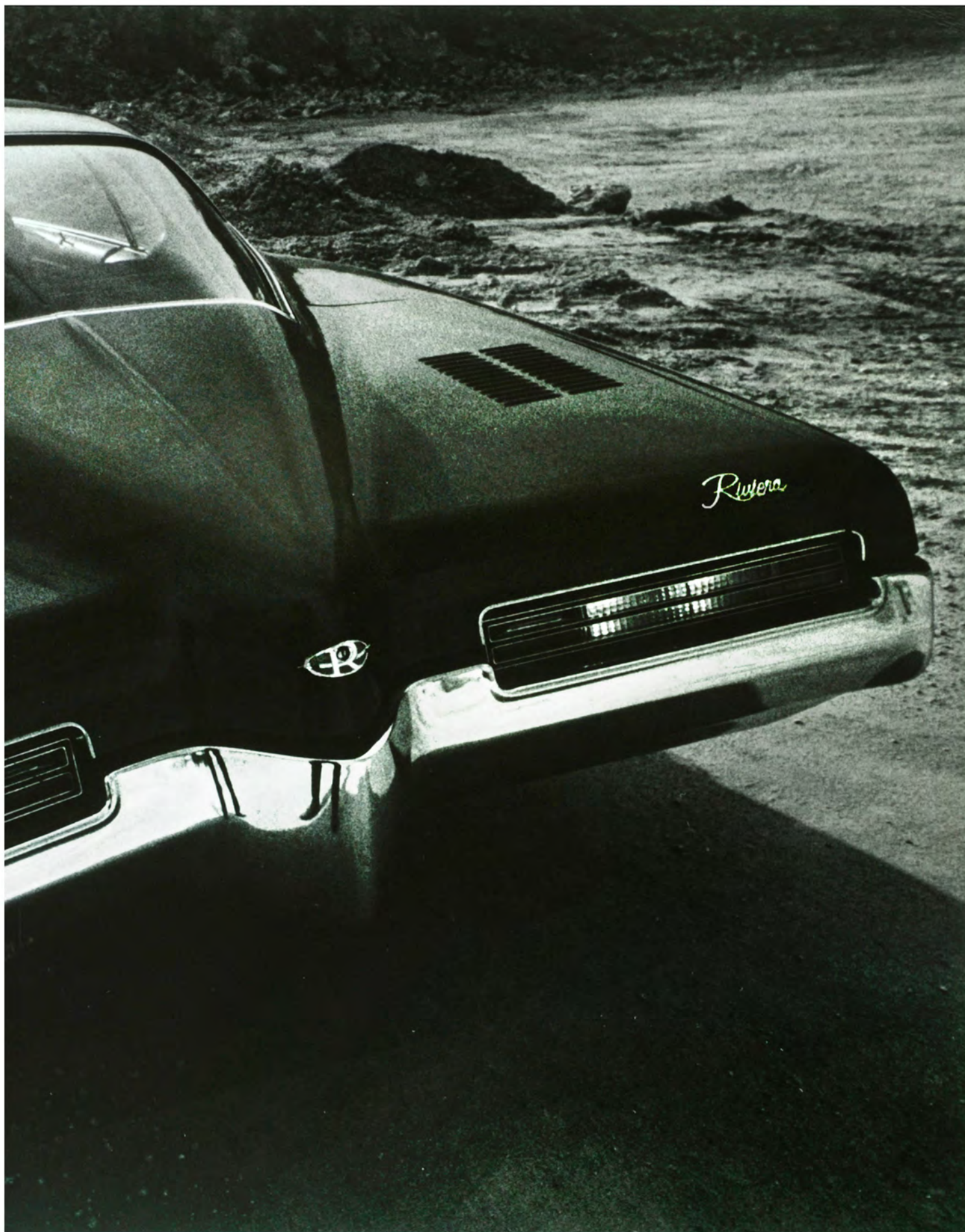


1960s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 73
“Need for Speed” | *Corvette Mako Shark* | *Franklin, New Jersey* | 1969



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 74

Car and Driver | Buick Riviera | 1971



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 75

Car and Driver | Buick Riviera | 1971



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 76

Car and Driver | Buick Riviera | 1971



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 77

Car and Driver | Buick Riviera | 1971



Renault 12 TL

An economy car in which the virtues of driving, and even economy, are secondary to . . .

Right from the first kilometer out of Paris it is clear that the Renault 12 is in its element. Oh, sure, a few Frenchmen along the way aren't ready for it. They spot the four round U.S. export headlights and do a double take. Then if there is time, they squint and try to focus on the driver, hoping to see a foreigner as familiar, yet curious, as the round-eyed Renault he is driving. But that is only the reaction of the beholders. The car itself is right in stride.

Like all good front-drive cars, the 12 has its weight concentrated forward (61.2% on the front wheels) which gives it the stability of an arrow. On the *Autoroute* down to the Cote d'Or it will run 85 mph with nothing but a buzz from the engine to show its discomfort. Which is fast, well above the newly instated national speed limit, but not near fast enough to keep ahead of the big, mollusk-like Citroëns that sail along as if they have been granted a plenary indulgence from the law of the land, and angrily flash their headlights at slower cars with the temerity to linger too long in the fast lane. In fact, it would seem that the only real reason to drive with moderation in France is the price of gasoline (the 12's 13-gallon tank holds something over \$10 worth) which, along with a stiff tax based on engine horsepower, are the principle reasons for the miserly engine displacement of that nation's automobiles.

Somehow, though, the French government finds outlets other than highway construction on which to spend the booty from this pyramid of taxes, duties, tithes and whatever. Except for the few *Autoroutes*, roads are invariably narrow, with blacktopped surfaces that rise and fall like gentle waves. And there can't have been five minutes thought per hundred miles directed toward designed-in safety: stretches of pavement are lined by enormous trees, so close to the roadside that resting your elbow on the window sill seems a risky proposition. These, then, are Renault roads. The 12 is a narrow 4-door sedan (there is also a station wagon) about three inches longer than a Vega, stable in its direction of travel, with a supple suspension that allows the wheels to patter over the humps and depressions without deflecting your path or upsetting the serenity of the French countryside with the resounding whack of fenders being wasted against those trees.

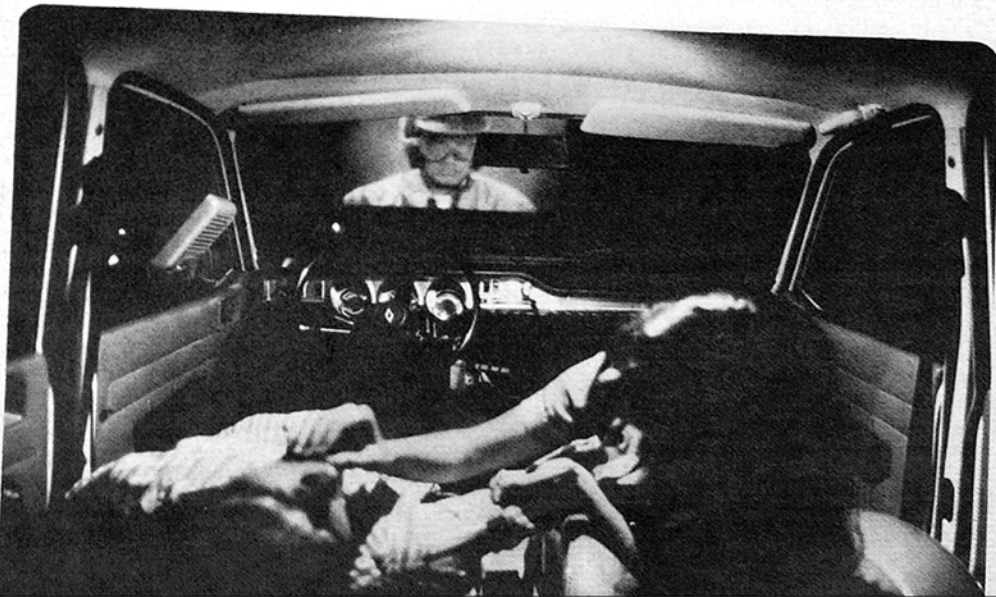
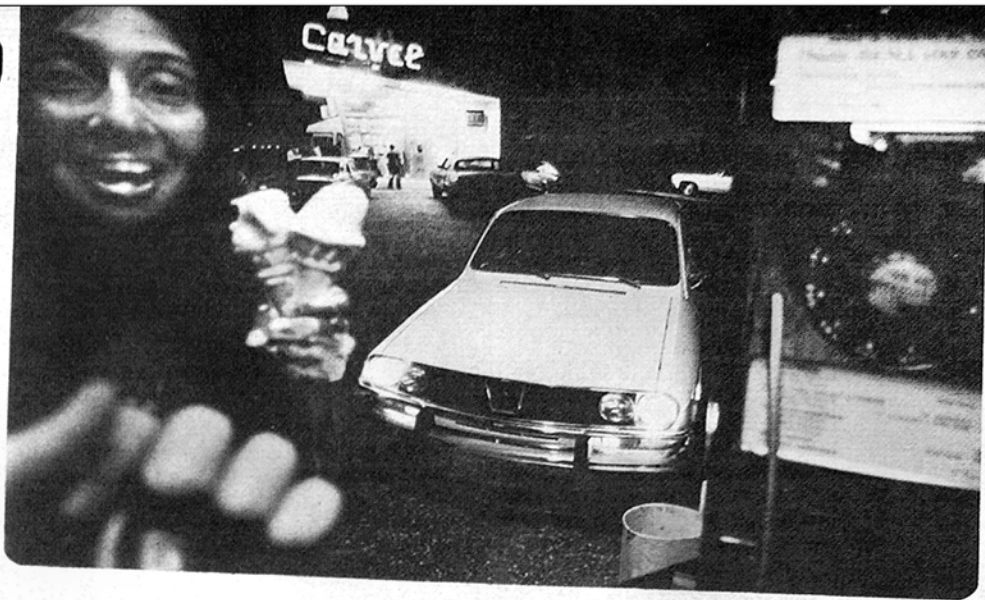
On the way back toward Paris from Le Mans, it is raining heavily. The blacktops are slippery and every depression in the road is a lake. But the Renault is ready for that, too. Its narrow Michelin radials slice through to the firm asphalt beneath the water and we travel very quickly without aquaplaning. The Renault is at home and it never deals in rude surprises.

That applies to its dry weather handling too. The 12 does not corner very rapidly but it never surprises you when it doesn't. In the south, the coast road to St. Tropez weaves through the low hills and cliffs that overlook the Mediterranean. The air there is sharp and clear and the spirit is youthful. People hurry over that road in nothing more than a spontaneous attempt to cram more into their lives. But if you should miscalculate in the Renault, if you should hurry too fast, it warns you gently by sliding its nose out and exiting a turn a little wider than you expect. It is never so cross as to twitch its tail or spin off. It's not the sort of active car that that kind of conduct implies. Rather, it's compliant. It does as it's told in the best way it can, but it never encourages feats of *macho*. It's a sedan—if it must be categorized, a comfort kind of sedan—not a sports car—and its rubbery suspension . . . and steering . . . and shifter are sufficient to keep any driver reminded of that fact. And yet, at least in France, it's a fast car. You discover that as you head into the French Alps. With the 12 you can pass in those mountains even if you are a timid driver. But not down hills. Long ago some astute physicist demonstrated that stones and feathers fall at the same velocity. The modern corollary is that a Frenchman downhill, no matter how rudimentary his conveyance, is a front runner. However, there is a limit to every downgrade, even in France, and when he hits a switchback and starts heading back up you just stand on the button and nail him. *Pass him uphill*. In the land of 2-cylinder Citroëns and miniature trucks that appear to be home-made out of corrugated roofing, the man in a round-eye Renault 12 is king. You see, there is more to the export Renault 12 than the headlights—276cc more to be precise. Which, in turn, leads us into a discussion of Renault's view of the American market, a tumultuous trading arena where, unlike the home market, Renaults are not what the majority considers to be hot property.

The unfortunate part about this, from Renault's point of view, is that the aversion is based on old news. By its own admission, Renault blew it with the Dauphine something over a decade ago and customers still won't forget it. In 1959, Renault moved 92,000 cars in the U.S. and ranked a strong second to Volkswagen in imports. Last year it languished 16th among imports, selling an annual rate of about 17,000 cars. Customers carry a grudge and they now stay away from Renault showrooms by the freewayfull. Management figures the only hope for salvation is a complete change of image, hence the strong current emphasis

(Text continued on page 78; Specifications overleaf)

CAR and DRIVER



PHOTOGRAPHY: DOUG MESNEY

1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 79
Car and Driver | Renault 12 TL | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 80

Car and Driver | Rolls-Royce Hearse | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 81

Car and Driver | Rolls-Royce Hearse | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 82

Car and Driver | Rolls-Royce Hearse | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 83

Car and Driver | Rolls-Royce Hearse | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 84

Car and Driver | Rolls-Royce Hearse | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 85

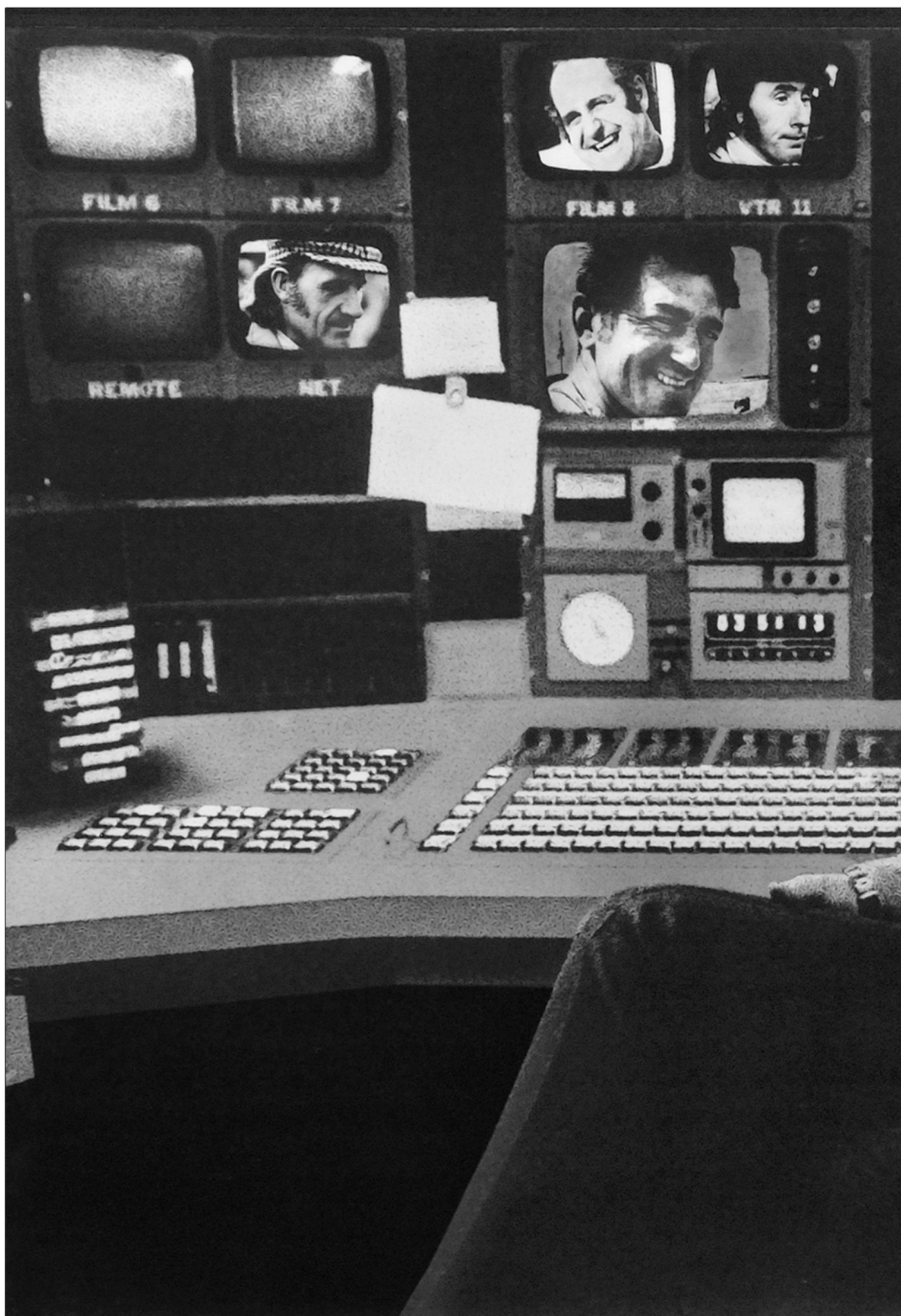
Car and Driver | Rolls-Royce Hearse | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 86
Car and Driver | Mazda RX-2 driven by Allan Seiden | 1972

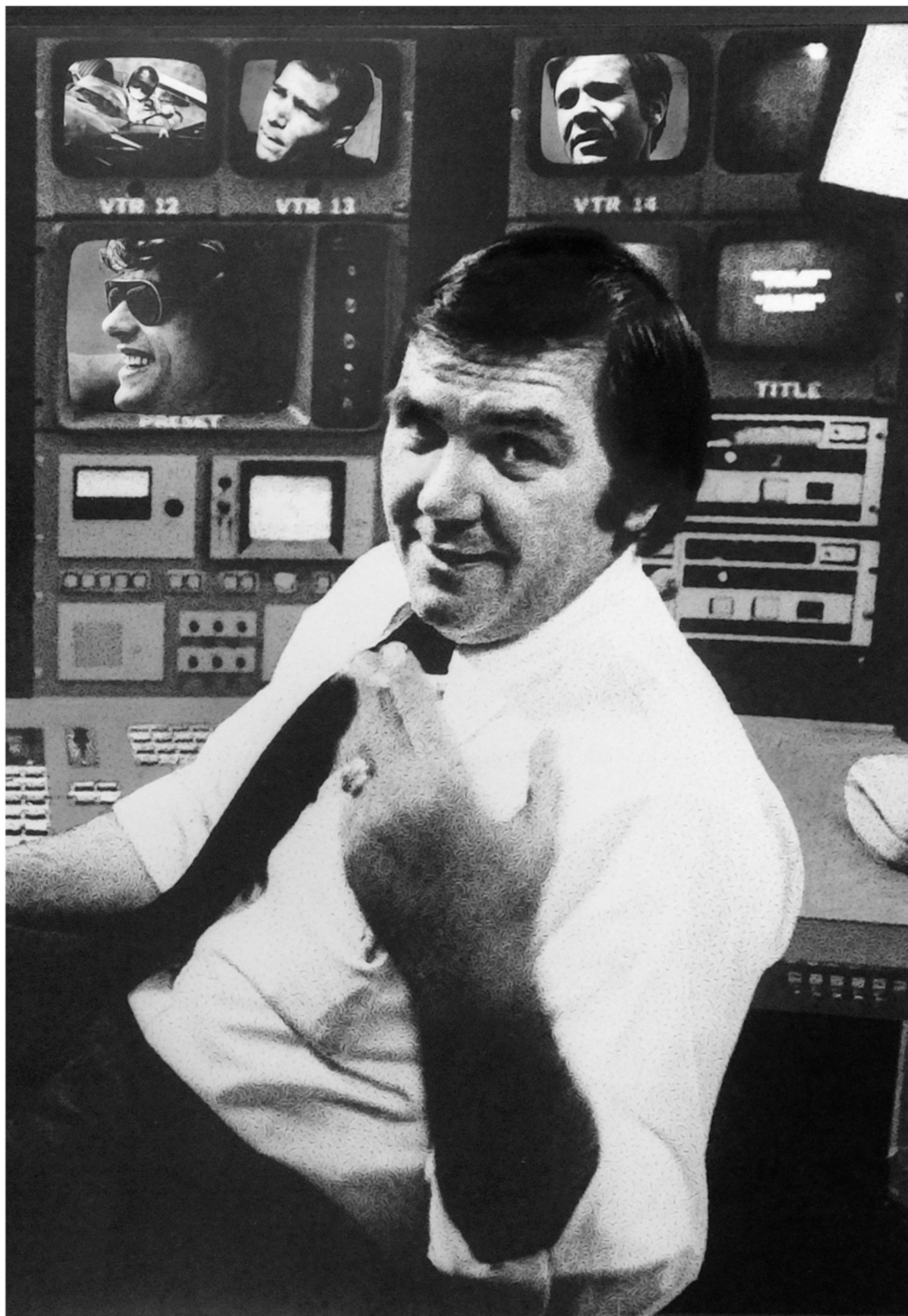


1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 87
Car and Driver | Mazda RX-2 driven by Allan Seiden | 1972



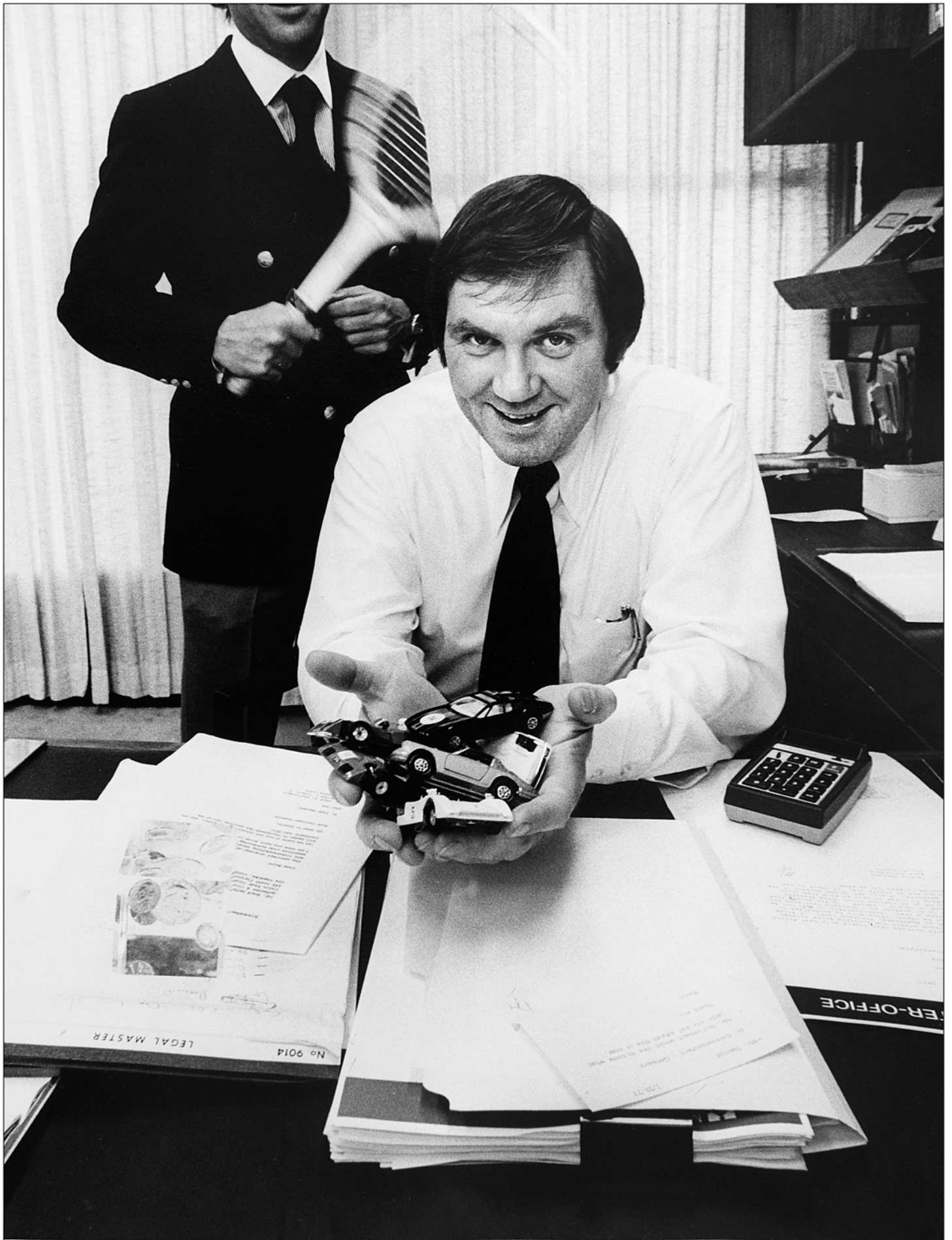
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 88

Car and Driver | Bud Staner | 1973



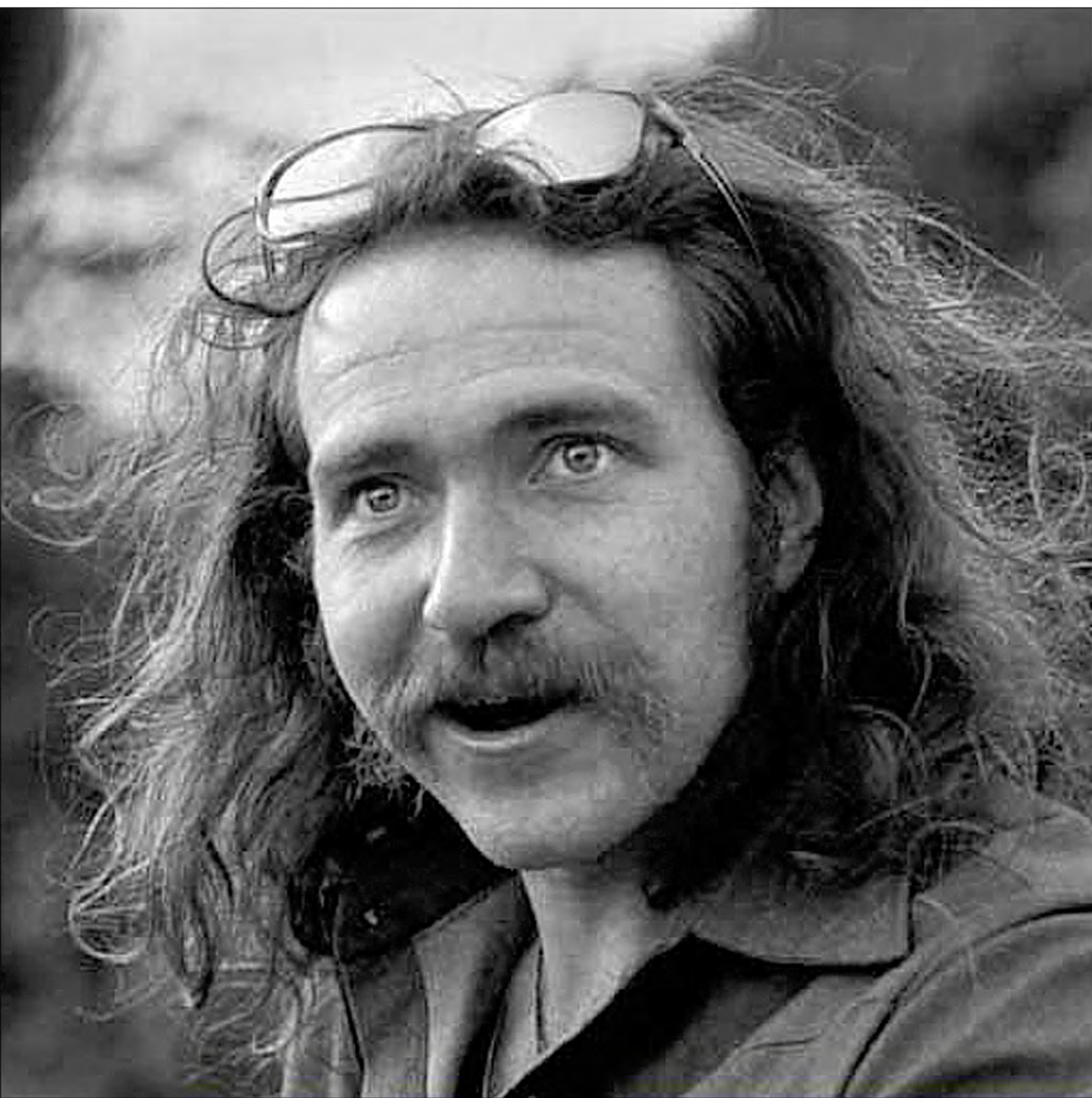
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 89

Car and Driver | Bud Staner | 1973



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 90

Car and Driver | Bud Staner | 1973

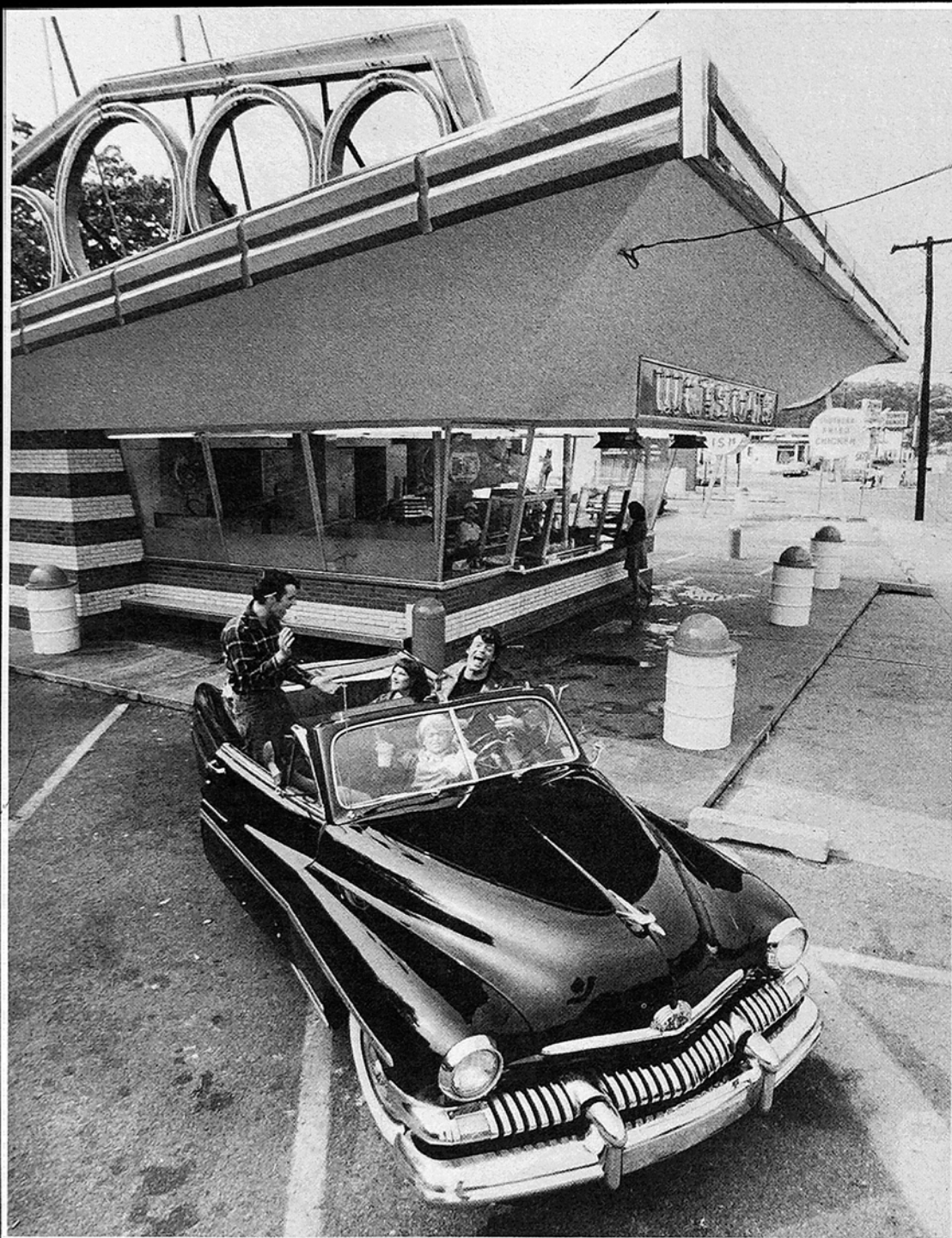


1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 91

Wild-hair portrait by (likely) Barry Evans | 1973

C'mon Baby, let the Good Times roll...again

BY WILLIAM JEANES



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 92

Car and Driver | '51 Mercury Convertible | 1973

- Remember ducktails? Dwight and Mamie? Duals and glass-packs? Danny and the Juniors reverberating at you from an echo chamber about what went on at things called "hops"?

You remember hops. Those were dances, usually held under a tangle of crepe paper streamers in a gym, where a guy went stag or drag wearing his new pink and black threads, Jarman penny loafers and ninety cents worth of Wildroot Cream Oil. He went there in a device called a "car," a word that had the magic appeal then that Lear Jet does today.

On Valentine's Day, 1972, a show called "Grease" opened on Broadway billed as "A New Fifties Rock 'n Roll Musical." There's a car in the show called "Greased Lightning." "Greased Lightning" is the rainbow's end to a character called Kenickie who sees it as a sure shot to social success and a magic carpet upon which he will float happily into the wonderful world of the make-out artist. With spotlights highlighting his greased ducktails, he tells us confidently . . . *With a four-speed on the floor they'll be waitin' at the door. You know that ain't no shit, I'll be gettin' lotsa tit. In Greased Lightning . . .*

Greased Lightning is in fact nothing but prop. Made from wood and papier-mache, it somehow manages to move about under its own power. It also manages to look like a real vehicle—a *deja vu* rendering of the sort of car that turned on the kids of the Fifties. It *might* be intended to represent a '51 Merc convertible that crashed a lot, but the intended marque matters little. What it *does* represent is the spirit of the Fifties when cars were "wheels" and even Jane Fonda went "bombing around."

It is not true that today's youth—those who have not foresworn the material benefits of capitalism—demand that Mums and Daddums replace the Mercedes when its ashtrays are filled with unsightly roaches. It *is* true that cars for the pre-college squad are noticeably easier to come by in a society far more affluent than that of the Fifties. The salient point is that kids twenty years ago were willing to accept almost anything that rolled. *Because*, if they didn't like it the way it was, they could change it—through the miracle of *customizing*, a once-flourishing art form which has disappeared from the popular scene and become an almost invisible demi-fad.

A stud began with a car considered prime customizing meat. Mercurys, particularly the bulbous '49-'51 version—the "Rebel Without a Cause" model—were by all odds the most coveted. With a '51 Merc—The Kid of the Fifties was well on his way to making out like a tall dog.

The Merc is sitting in cherry splendor on the Buick dealer's used car lot when The Kid sees it. Someone, a frugal grocer maybe, has just traded it on a real cube car—like the beneath contempt 1954 Buick Special with dumbass portholes and a moaning Dynaflo transmission. The Kid pleads, begs, entreats and otherwise sells his soul to the Old Man who agrees reluctantly to the project and who goes down to the Buick place with The Kid to perform one of his chief functions in life—Signing For Things.

Lyrics from "Greased Lightning" used with permission of International Famous Artists

Leaving the car lot is beyond question the proudest moment of The Kid's life. It is marred only by the Old Man, who failed to take a gentle hint to ride the bus home and is sitting in the shotgun seat looking like a tired Charley Ruggles. He's even wearing a tie, an accessory he's never been seen without by anyone—with the possible exception of the Old Lady. The Kid wishes earnestly that the Old Man would somehow vaporize and leave him to make his debut as a motorist in appropriate solitary grandeur. Only real yo-yos drive around with their Old Man, for Chrissakes.

Once home, the first thing The Kid does is seek the majestic solitude of a bathroom where he combs his Tony Curtis curls and peers intently into the mirror to gauge any physical changes wrought by car ownership. Noting that his eyes are steelier . . . his chin more cleft . . . his zits less numerous, he throws on his red nylon windbreaker—heedless of the Old Lady's admonition that the August heat is going to rot his arms off. A white T-shirt, black engineer boots and Levis, washed daily in pursuit of an exact but elusive shade of pale

blue, complete the rigging. He then heads for Kenny's Stoplight Drive-In where other smooth studs, all dressed in variations on the James Dean theme, hang out. They stand around stoop-shouldered, spitting a lot and silently swapping greetings and studiously laconic hand sweeps. They also swap vivid tales of chicks who are hot to trot for them . . . tales delivered from the sides of mouths and manfully designed to fake each other out. No secret is made in these discussions of the historically unassailable fact that *no* chick ever got hot pants for a guy who didn't have his own wheels. No reason was ever given for this phenomenon—or asked for.

The Kid wheels into Kenny's with the frenetic bawling and thumping of Alan Freed straining the radio speaker. He is looking as cool as possible which is to say that he is suppressing involuntary simpers only with great difficulty. Nonchalance is also demanded by custom from his new peers, none of whom would disgrace himself with an unseemly display of emotion had The Kid landed in Kenny's parking lot at the controls of a Ford Tri-motor.

Inside, sitting at the counter looking out at the Merc, is The Kid's best friend. He has no driver's license and certainly no car. He looks at the Merc with the loathing reserved for parental-ordered

destruction of ducktails and Chicago box haircuts. He finds suddenly that he hates The Kid's ass.

Eventually, the erstwhile best friend skulks away to seek puerile amusements, like lusting after Annette on the Mickey Mouse Club, and leaves The Kid hovering uneasily on the fringe of the gang. The gang, many of whom have owned cars for as long as six months, are members of the Road Rebels—as die-cast plaques hanging from a gaggle of '49-'50 Ford rear bumpers attest. The gang provides fellowship and shared experience. It also provides lookouts to protect members from the bulls as spinner hubcaps are liberated from '55 Oldsmobiles. There is, additionally, one member who is old

“
The intervention of a decade has stirred a Fifties Revival . . . it's more than simply deejays playing "Blasts from the Past," . . . just check the price for a '51 Merc.
”



PHOTOGRAPHY: DOUG MESNEY

enough to buy beer. While The Kid's new Merc makes him a candidate for membership, his inclusion is by no means automatic. He will have to suck a lot of gas and stoop to a certain amount of brown-nosing before being accorded full voting membership. There will be much ribbing:

"That thing looks like a giant turd," says one. He speaks for the entire panel of auto critics.

"Yeah."

"Jeezus."

"Grungy."

"That scuzzy thing got a stick shift?"

It is The Kid's opening. Going crisply through his three-on-the-tree pattern, he makes his crushing reply to the tormentors who would spoil his afternoon.

"Kin-A, it is."

"Is it a Six?" somebody asks, giving The Kid an undreamed-of opportunity to parade his cool.

"Shithead, Mercury don't make no Six."

Everyone realizes The Kid has made it. An unspoken agreement to add him to the Road Rebels is made. The Kid all at once feels the large charge of being one of the gang. A Road Rebel! It's the greatest!

One of the studs who has been looking darkly through his shades at the Merc chooses this moment to deflate The Kid.

"If you dig bombing around in stock wheels," he says, "I guess it'll pass."

God damn. *Stock*. A word synonymous with dumbass. Mumbling weakly that he just got the goddamn thing, the kid leaves—laying the appropriate amount of rubber to piss off the owner's brother-in-law who serves as parking lot monitor—and returns to his room where, under the watchful eye of James Dean, he pores over the murky pulp pages of *Rod & Custom* and the latest inventory of the Parts Bins of Babel, the J.C. Whitney Catalog.

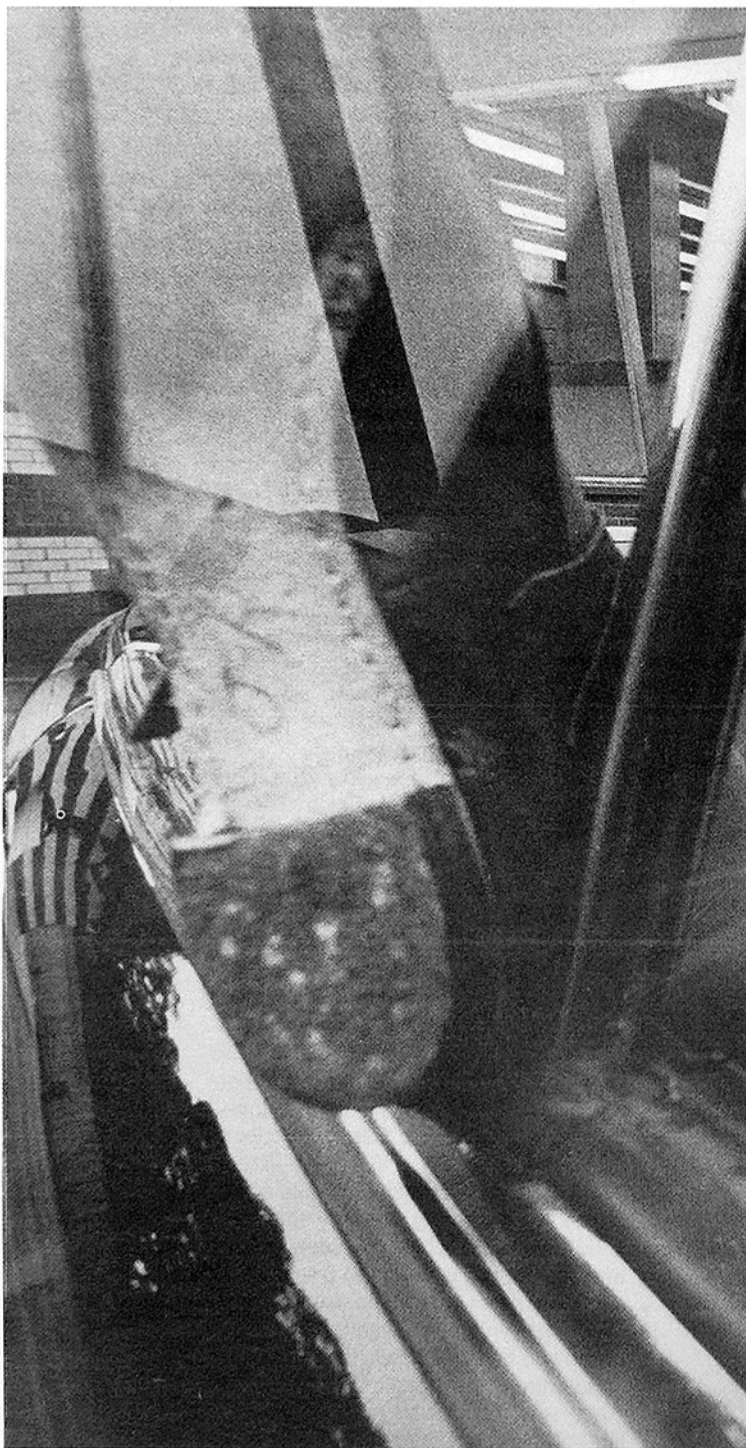
He's got to start customizing cheaply because he's just blown all his coins on the Merc. Drooling over bubble skirts, Lake plugs and continental kits, he passes to simpler goodies. For \$4.88, he buys a bullnosing strip that will replace the Merc's needle-dick hood ornament. Not as good as a real shaved hood but better than the creepy stock look. After the ninety months it takes to get to the mailbox, the already pitted piece arrives and is bolted on just in time for the Old Man to remark at length about how you could get a Model T any color you wanted as long as it was black. By God, it helps things down at Kenny's Stoplight Drive-in, though.

It doesn't take long for The Kid to realize that the chrome echo can he stole isn't going to get the job done. Despite long hours huddled down by the exhaust pipe listening while a buddy races the engine, the kid knows that the extension doesn't do much for the sound. The Merc needs duals. God. Duals—two throbbing chrome-tipped pipes extending from the rear producing solid sounds as the exhaust passes through a brace of Smithy's or glass-packs and bursts with a rumble into the sunlight. Again up the creek because of too little gelt, the kid compromises by poking holes in the muffler with a nail. The old man *really* goes ape at this ploy and the kid is threatened with grounding and loss of allowance. Finally, after weeks of stopgap sounds, he scrapes up enough cash to pick up on a glass-pack from the House of Chrome. Not duals, perhaps, but mighty close.

With the glass-pack, the quasi-shave job on the hood, spinner hubcaps and a pair of fuzzy dice draped over the rear view mirror, his stature rises at Kenny's Stoplight. As The Kid assumes his rightful place in the Road Rebels pecking order, he realizes that few of the "Double-R Cars" are actually cus-

tomized. There are no chopped and channeled jobs at all, though they are widely discussed over cherry-Cokes and fries. One guy does have a pair of frenched headlights and two studs have the desired duals—with Belonds. Most have lowering blocks, though, and this is the kid's next move. The Old Man greets this innovation with a pronouncement that, "The thing looks like it's squatting to pee." It looks tuff to The Kid though, even if it hangs up on driveways both at home and at Kenny's Stoplight. And The Kid *knows* that the chicks think it looks really wicked.

Chicks by this time are intertwined irrevocably with the Merc. The Kid's earned his first presentable hickey which was



CAR and DRIVER

“
Maybe you can't go home again.
But who's to say you
can't go out in the garage if
you want to?
”

so low down on his neck that he seriously considered making it to school shirtless before deciding upon a T-shirt with a badly stretched neck. *And now he can single date!* No more double-dating—the miserable listening to the heaves and grunts of heavy backseat petting while he and his date, hon-or-bound, stare straight ahead at Frankie Avalon in the drive-in movie. What The Kid really hates though are the later lies about the extent of the victories achieved in the rear seat. Now he can go to the passion pit and the submarine races alone with a chick. Just the thought of this scandalous freedom induces palpitations of his horny heart.

(Continued on page 106)



TIMOTHY MEYERS, JAMES CANNING, JOY RINALDI AND ALAINA WARREN FROM THE CAST OF "GREASE"



TRIUMPH TR6

A genuine sports car
for the traditionalist who desires
1952 virtues in a 1972 machine



• Howard Gaynor awakes one morning and decides that he should no longer face life through the windshield of a Volkswagen. So, to supplement his life as a newspaper reporter, he sets out to acquire a "classically British" sports car. He buys a Triumph TR6 . . . without ever driving an alternative. Others have different reasons. Arthur Pinkham, a New York stockbroker, presents his wife with a new TR6 after she demands a roadster like the TR3 they used to own. With that play he also succeeds in keeping her out of his Mercedes 280 SEL.

By far the majority of Triumph admirers are after a change in image and few cars have an identity so overtly displayed as that of the TR6. Owen Brown, a hip Manhattan photographer, needs a roadster to uphold the "with-it" impression he must convey to his clients. But whatever the case, when the feelers go out for a "sports car," they frequently touch a Triumph store first.

The reasons are simple enough. Since Triumph has been firmly entrenched in the U.S. for 20 years, "everyone knows the name, has seen the cars and can possibly recall a direct experience through friends. A few economy sedans, and recently the Stag aimed at the GT market, have also worn the Triumph nameplate but the combined impact has been so slight that Triumph means only "sports car" to the masses. When minds hunger for the open-air gaiety that is a commodity with a Triumph, they follow their predilections directly to the showroom. There the TR6 lies in waiting, essentially the same car it's been for 20 years. The long hood/short deck may have been popularized by the Mustang, but more than a decade earlier it distinguished the TR series from contemporary boxy sedans. All of the basic sports car precepts and trade-offs have been immutable in that time: cornering thrills at the expense of a tormenting ride, bushels of sunshine accompanied by a leaky seal when it rains, 2-passenger intimacy for left behind luggage, frugal fuel consumption in exchange for diesel bus-like acceleration.

To many, if it's not a roadster, it's simply not a sports car. They could never tolerate a fixed roof because such a significant portion of their driving pleasure must be absorbed from the sky. Al Polsky must have a top-down alternative to ease the grind of his 100 mile daily commute. After a long day in Manhattan, he "unwinds" during the breezy ride home in his TR6. That way his wife misses the

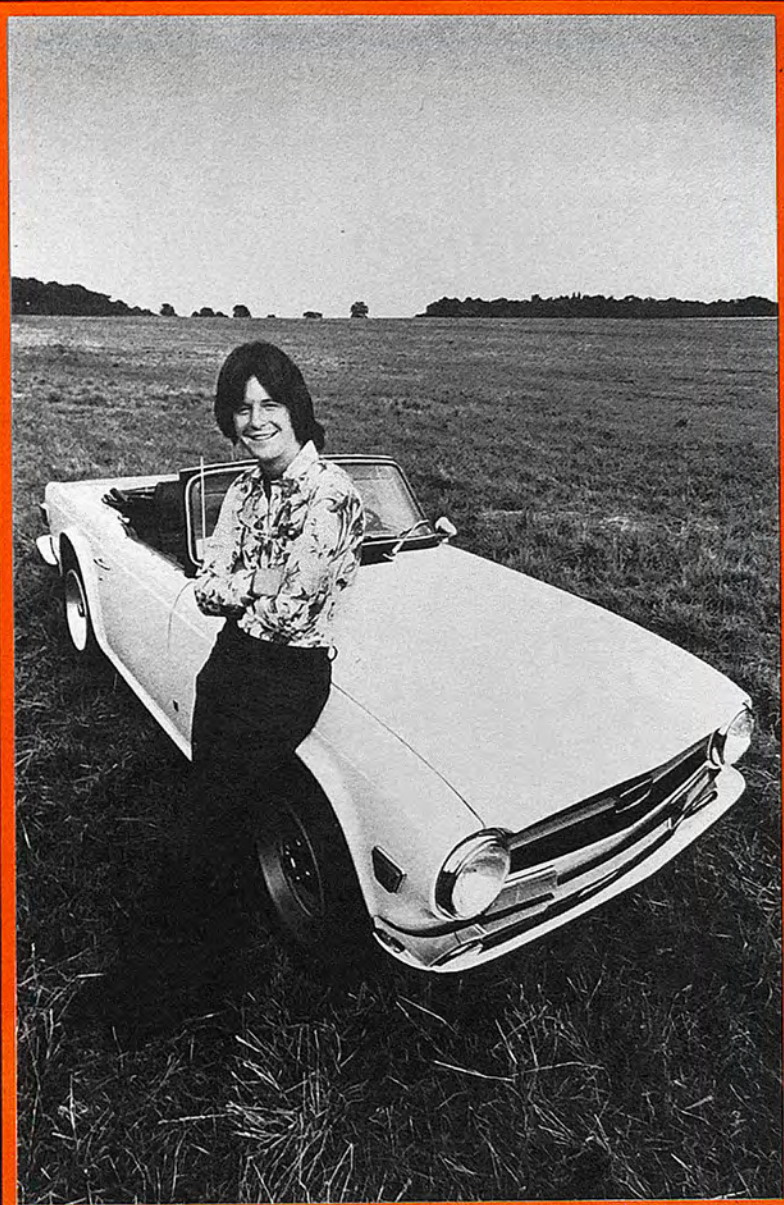
brunt of his business tensions. On the other hand, Howard Gaynor is heeding the rumblings of the foreseeable future when safety legislation will deem convertibles taboo. He bought a 1972 TR6 to preserve for the day when convertibles are a rarity. That's the kind of thinking that places the Datsun 240Z beyond the realm of consideration for the traditionalist. They all want a completely clean break from a sedan's carriage-like qualities, and the 240Z offers none of that intimate open-air connection with the environment that first time sports car owners find essential.

The TR6's basic lines have been preserved through years of filing and smoothing, and have finally evolved into a clean, crisp tribute to functionality. Fat 15-inch tires are unabashedly exposed at the side although the day of standard issue wire wheels has passed into the options sheet. Standard equipment is now steel stampings and polished trim rings and they are a travesty for those seeking authenticity. But throw on the wires and the TR6 is the perfect rendition of the sports car they've dreamed of during the years of penance in sedans. If they're really ready to shed that old stodgy image for a new cavalier chariot, they'll look no further. The Triumph's style alone will clinch the deal.

Joe Bruce, sales director of the Wilton Imported Car Center in Wilton, Connecticut, can testify to that phenomenon. He has Alfas, Fiats and Triumphs on the floor and therefore has had ample opportunity to observe—and contrast—Triumph buyers in action. Most come in with their minds made up. It's as if they are wearing blinders. While Alfas are a notch above in price, the Fiat 124 Spider is a direct competitor to everything a Triumph has to offer. And yet the Fiat seldom gets a second glance. Joe says that the Triumph buyer's first consideration is style. He wants the TR6's slab sides and brusque transitions that reek of locker room masculinity. In fact, 86% of the TR6 buyers are male and there is a strong identification with the bold cut of the Triumph's flat body panels. The sensuous contours and maidenly grace of the Fiat Spider will never do. And it matters not that there are three Spider buyers at Joe Bruce's store for every one that rolls out with a Triumph. The traditionalist is not easily swayed out of his convictions about style.

For those that will need credentials to make the swing to the sporting life, the TR6 has them all. The big 2500cc 6-cyl-

PHOTOGRAPHY: DOUG MESNEY



inder engine up front immediately discredits the 4-cylinder MGB and Fiat 124 Spider out of Al Polsky's purchasing decisions. He's the 500 mile per week commuter to New York City and has heard a lot about the ravages of emissions tuning. To lessen the debilitating effects, Polsky wanted a big Six under the hood. Compared to the early MGs that he'd driven, his new TR6 is a rocket. But in the unemotional world of recorded numbers it has only three-grand Super Coupe acceleration in a four-grand pedigreed sports car. (Mazda RX-2: quarter



mile in 17.1 seconds @ 80.5 mph, versus Triumph TR6: quarter mile in 17.3 seconds @ 78.6 mph). And compared with the Datsun 240Z's 16.1 seconds @ 86.5 mph for the quarter mile, the TR6 isn't even in the ballpark. When Polsky is confronted with the cold truth, he demands to be set apart from that unsavory group that races on the street. Sergeant Milo of the New York Police Department is in complete agreement. His Triumph has always had enough power to go as fast as he's ever desired. Little does it matter that the TR6 lumbers along with 106 net horsepower and a stately 5000 rpm redline. The Triumph's long stroke and lackadaisical response to the throttle are no bother to the traditionalist. He'll never need the power and just the vaguest hint of a thoroughbred motor under the hood will be plenty adequate. The dual carburetors alone will woo him and his brothers into unabashed admiration.

And if there's any doubt that the Triumph is a male oriented car, the trans-

mission will clear up that misunderstanding. The shifter takes a man's persuasion to change the gears. Detent springs are so stiff that a flying start is necessary with the lever just to enter the reverse gate. Add a stiff clutch that knows no attitude other than fully engaged or completely disengaged, and you have a combination that few women will be willing to contend with.

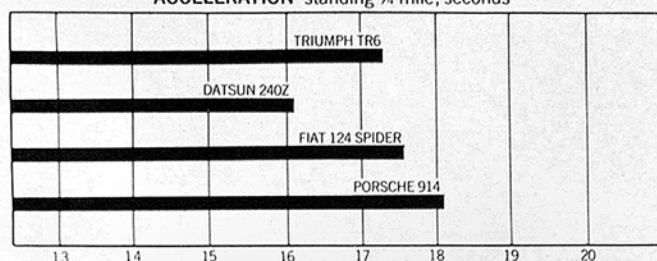
Since Triumph drivers seem to be seeking a state of mind rather than visceral high performance, few bemoan that the sacred art of heel and toe operation of the pedals is an impossibility. In fact, we had to explain the technique to every Triumph owner we encountered. Once they understood, they again hastened to inform us they do no racing on the street. Kathy Jones, a New York housewife, was one of the few who had heard of the expression but she never tried it because her father assured her it was hard on the clutch.

Even though the TR6 discourages a facile use of the controls, it does boast of current thinking in the suspension department. Triumph slipped the independent rear layout into its tradition years ago. It is done with large cast aluminum semi-trailing arms while a conventional unequal-length control arm system suspends the front. A front only anti-sway bar adds an overwhelming degree of understeer that may comfort the commuter when he overcooks a turn, but it will only frustrate a sporting driver. Sgt. Milo has never noticed that tendency. When asked what he thought of his TR6's handling, he candidly replies, "The car's a pleasure to drive."

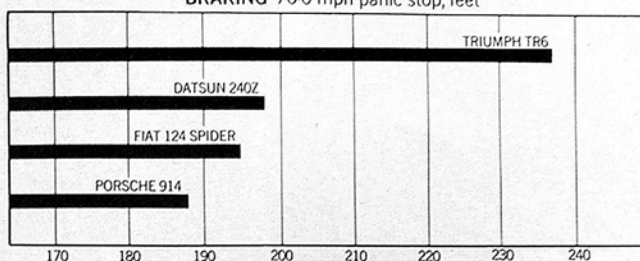
We found that sliding front tires typify the car's response to a quick steer input or any attempt at cornering near the limit. Efforts to loosen the rear toward a more neutral attitude are fruitless. The back tires are still glued to their tracks long after the fronts have abandoned all traces of lateral traction. But the only Triumph owner we found with competitive blood did not agree. Greg Babiak has turned in his driving gloves since he slalomed a TR3, but he is sure his TR6 handles much better. His new car has never run against the watch, but he can see no reason why it wouldn't do quite well. But he'd only be in for embarrassment if he ran up against something as undistinguished as a Vega GT. During the Super Coupe trials, that car would circulate a skidpad at .75G lateral acceleration. In fact, all the Super Coupes but the Toyota Celica would easily outdo the TR6's understeering .67G limit.

(Text continued on page 108)

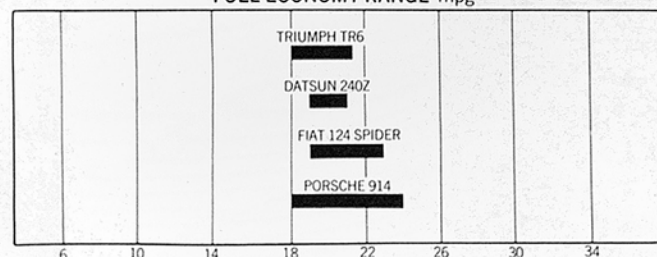
ACCELERATION standing 1/4 mile, seconds



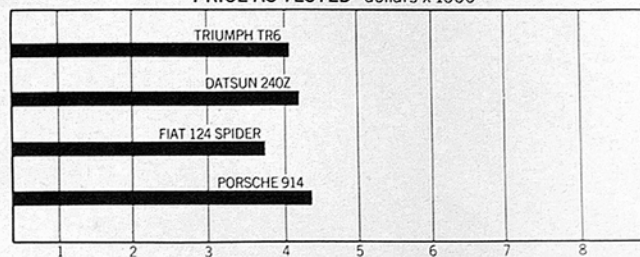
BRAKING 70-0 mph panic stop, feet



FUEL ECONOMY RANGE mpg



PRICE AS TESTED dollars x 1000



TRIUMPH TR6

Importer: British Leyland Motors, Inc.
600 Willow Tree Road
Leonia, N.J. 07605

Vehicle type: Front engine, rear-wheel-drive, 2-passenger convertible

Price as tested: \$4040.00

(Manufacturer's suggested retail price, including all options listed below, dealer preparation and delivery charges, does not include state and local taxes, license or freight charges)

Options on test car: Base Triumph TR6, \$3795.00; Dealer preparation, \$100.00; AM/FM radio, \$145.00.

ENGINE

Type: 6-in-line, water-cooled, cast iron block and heads, 5 main bearings
Bore x stroke: 2.94 x 3.74 in, 74.7 x 95.0mm
Displacement: 152 cu in, 2498cc
Compression ratio: 7.75 to one
Carburetion: 2 x 1-bbl Stromberg CDSE
Valve gear: Pushrod operated overhead valves, solid lifters
Power (SAE net): 106 bhp @ 4900 rpm
Torque (SAE net): 133 lbs/ft @ 3000 rpm
Specific power output: 0.70 bhp/cu in, 42.5 bhp/liter
Max recommended engine speed: 5500 rpm

DRIVE TRAIN

Transmission: 4-speed, all-synchro
Final drive ratio: 3.70 to one
Gear Ratio Mph/1000 rpm Max. test speed
I 3.23 6.4 35 mph (5500 rpm)
II 2.01 10.2 56 mph (5500 rpm)
III 1.33 15.5 85 mph (5500 rpm)
IV 1.00 20.6 107 mph (5200 rpm)

DIMENSIONS AND CAPACITIES

Wheelbase: 88.0 in
Track, F/R: 50.2/49.7 in
Length: 155.0 in
Width: 58.0 in
Height: 50.0 in
Ground clearance: 6.0 in
Curb weight: 2375 lbs
Weight distribution, F/R: 50.5/49.5%
Battery capacity: 12 volts, 57 amp-hr
Alternator capacity: 504 watts
Fuel capacity: 13.5 gal
Oil capacity: 4.8 qts
Water capacity: 6.6 qts

SUSPENSION

F: Ind., unequal length control arms, coil springs, anti-sway bar
R: Ind., semi-trailing arms, coil springs

STEERING

Type: Rack and pinion
Turns lock-to-lock: 3.25
Turning circle curb-to-curb: 34.0 ft

BRAKES

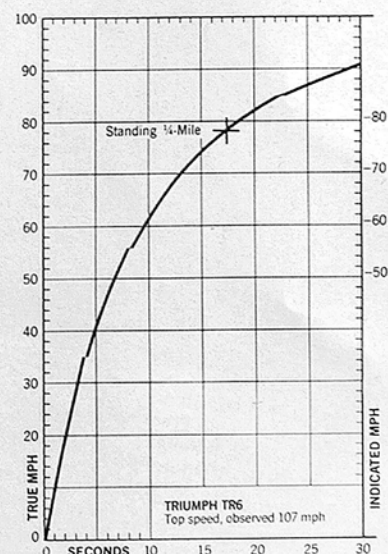
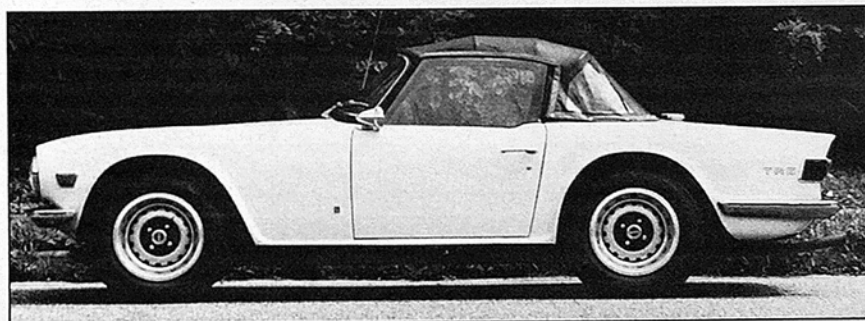
F: 10.9-in solid disc, power assisted
R: 1.8 x 9.0-in drum, power assisted

WHEELS AND TIRES

Wheel size: 5.5 x 15-in
Wheel type: Styled, stamped steel, 4-bolt
Tire make and size: Goodyear G800, 185 SR-15
Tire type: Radial ply, tubeless
Test inflation pressures, F/R: 20/24 psi
Tire load rating: 1390 lbs per tire @ 32 psi

PERFORMANCE

Zero to 30 mph: 3.3 seconds
40 mph: 4.8
50 mph: 6.7
60 mph: 9.3
70 mph: 12.8
80 mph: 18.5
90 mph: 28.8
Standing 1/4-mile: 17.3 sec @ 78.6 mph
Top speed (observed): 107 mph
70-0 mph: 237 ft (0.69 G)
Fuel mileage: 18.0-21.5 mpg on regular fuel
Cruising range: 240-290 mi





1975 | CAR AND DRIVER | TRIUMPH TR6 SHOOT | PLATE N° 1

The studio mascot, Bandit (aka Mister Moose), came along for the ride and provided endless entertainment.



1975 | CAR AND DRIVER | TRIUMPH TR6 SHOOT | PLATE N° 2
Fred Cannizzaro and Pat Billings drove cars, assisted me and babysat Bandit.



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 100

Car and Driver | Mercedes-Benz 280 | 1973



MERCEDES-BENZ 280

Mercedes' small sedan receives
a new double overhead cam engine,
but retains its high quality . . . and price

• Long before the Mercedes-Benz 280 rolls an inch, you know its personality. Just sitting in the driver's seat, or operator's position in this case, you know you are at the controls of a *machine*. The seat is firmer than that in any car you've ever felt, well into the range of industrial furniture. And the steering wheel is surely too big for a car—it's almost truck size. But the immense circumference is not only for leverage, it also visually separates the ornamental portion of the dashboard from the driver's monitors. Within those boundaries are the instruments—big, round, black-on-white dials that you can't misread from the back seat. In the same theme, the controls defy you to make a mistake. The shifter, turn signal, wiper switch and even heater knobs are little more than a hand's width away. Each operates with the precision of a combination lock and each has a distinctive feel. In a Mercedes, there is no mistaking the fact that you're in the left front seat for a reason. You are the master of a machine. It happens that the machine is a car, but only because its purpose is to move you and four guests across the face of the earth . . . in a mode befitting a \$9000 price tag.

If rock-hard seats and oversize steering wheels seem unconventional appointments in a luxury interior, it is because Mercedes-Benz smugly builds cars in an unconventional manner. While most companies arrive at such detailing via a Campbell's Soup blend of styling, engineering, marketing and cost accounting inputs, Mercedes-Benz relies almost solely on the rationale of its engineers. And they are given full franchise to set about designing a car with an undivided attention to whatever technical intricacy may strike their fancy, as well as a near disregard for its eventual price. When it comes to the ultimate tradeoffs and compromises that mold *any* car—regardless of price—the engineers assume full responsibility. The car is *theirs* and for that reason it is first of all a machine . . . and only secondly an automobile.

As a machine, the 280 is easily the most modern Mercedes to date. The 280 designation signifies a new twin-cam engine (see sidebar), fitted in the smaller "New Generation" chassis that first appeared in 1967. Some critics, GM's Chief of styling, Bill Mitchell, for instance, say this car's exterior lines are "antique" and stodgy. It's true that the body consists of slab sides and rounded corners, the stylistic approach usually reserved for refrigerators. Still, Detroit could take a lesson: within an overall length five inches *shorter* than the Chevy Nova, there's more interior leg room in the 280 than in a Cadillac DeVille that's four feet longer.

From its birth, the "small" Mercedes benefited from the

latest suspension hardware. With it came Mercedes' first departure from low-pivot swing axles in the rear, as well as a ball-joint front suspension. In confusing co-existence is the current 280S sedan series, due for replacement early this year. Although the bodies look virtually identical, there are practically no shared parts. The 280 body (identical to the current 4-cylinder 220, 220D diesel and last year's 250), is shorter than the 280S by 8.4 inches, but otherwise the same size. That the two bodies are so much alike speaks of the engineering influences controlling Mercedes-Benz. It's like solving a mathematical equation by two methods: the solution is the same either way. Both cars must convey five people so there's no functional reason for major size differences.

For 1973, the smaller car receives the latest science in Mercedes-Benz engine design. The technical advancement alone will entice those who revel over machinery—and *that* is the motivation for many who pay homage to the three-pointed star. But in terms of a modern automotive powerplant for the U.S., the new engine does not befit a \$9000 car. Its displacement is miniscule by American standards at 2750cc (168 cubic inches), and the power output (130 horsepower) is barely beyond the realm of economy cars. Yet wringing the most out of the least is understandable because the engine's primary application is Europe. There, road-use tax is based on engine size so every Mercedes battles for the last drop of power out of its meager displacement. But for the U.S., that means a thoroughbred high-output motor in an age of dray horse air purifiers. The new engine's concept may be enticing to those of us who believe the more overhead cams the better, but tuning it for emissions certification has provided Mercedes engineers with a dilemma they have yet to conquer. Drivability is the stumbling block . . . and it's a serious handicap.

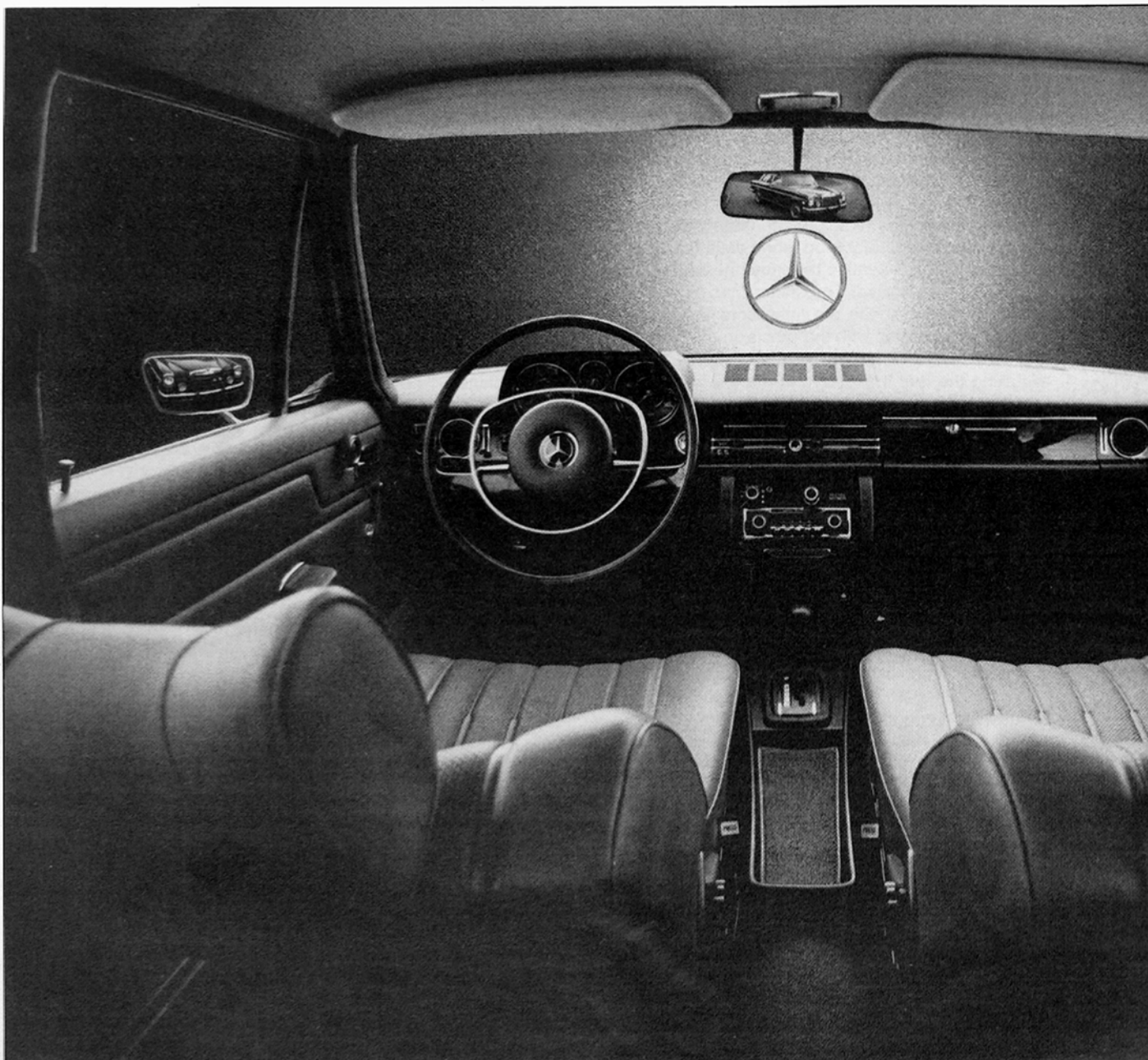
In simple terms, the engine succumbs to flat spots or sags at certain loads and speeds. As a result, the linear relationship between a prod at the throttle and a corresponding surge of power is nullified. At worst, it is more than enough to annihilate the car's flexibility in traffic.

To add fuel to that unfortunate fire, the transmission is ill-mated to the engine's requirements. It's a compromise that should not have been made. Other car makers have long ago abandoned the fluid coupling and automatically-shifted 4-speed, but at Mercedes the priorities are unique. The engineers held tenaciously to the design because they could not tolerate the 3 per cent extra power loss a torque converter would mean. Again, the concession to build a better theoretical machine has been negated by the peculiar demands

made by the U.S. To the holes in engine flexibility, the transmission adds only defiance—it often refuses to offer the proper gear ratio at any given instant. Since the cammer engine will wind to 6800 rpm, the transmission stays in third gear from 35 to 72 miles-per-hour when the throttle is wide open. But if you don't wish to scream around town with your foot on the floor, the transmission's hydraulic mind will select fourth gear by 30 mph. There is no part throttle downshift, so you end up living with the engine's mid-range sags from 30 on up unless you floor the accelerator to engage the kickdown switch. An alternative would be to leave the shifter in an intermediate position, but manual shifting in town seems hardly justified in a \$9000 car. European models do offer a 4- or 5-speed manual gearbox which could alleviate the problem but those choices are not available to U.S. buyers.


When you successfully break the Mercedes 280 out of traffic, the lure of competing showrooms is not so intense. The

280's rivals are the BMW Bavaria and Jaguar XJ6, each with a distinctive personality that quickly grips the very soul of an enthusiast. The BMW is the most fun to drive. It chews up every kind of road with an amazing alacrity, but always demands alert participation from the driver. There is no question that you're reacting *with* the BMW to elicit its response. In contrast there is the Jaguar XJ6, in which the same road flows by with a serene grace and pleasant detachment. It's so peaceful that there's never an incentive to hurry. The Mercedes 280 is equally competent in its work, and demands very little more in concentration than the Jaguar. But the Mercedes, like the BMW, asks to be driven ever faster. Its limits of tire adhesion are high enough that one seldom enters a corner that will use half the car's reserve capacity. Adding to this desire for high speed travel is the fact that the engine thrives on high rpm. It might be soft and sleepy at the low end, but it is a demon unleashed in the high rpm ranges. Undeniably the



Mercedes begs to be driven in the European manner—flat out and unhindered by speed limits.

That capability to appease those leaden of foot is every bit as surely designed into the Mercedes 280 as is a reverse gear for parking. Handling engineers spend their existence at the limit of tire adhesion, just to deliver that last increment of cornering power and steering responsiveness. With the high limits they pursue, there is little tolerance for understeer. In the 280, the rear of the car breaks away only a half step after the front during any excursions to the limit. And for this model, the previously standard 6.95H-14 bias-ply tires on 5.5-inch rims have been upgraded to 175SR-14 radials on 6.0-inch rims, with a corresponding upward increment of responsiveness. The front suspension's high caster angle remains unchanged, however. It is the prime contributor to the Mercedes' distinct feel and impeccable straight-line stability. Like
(Text continued on page 103; Specifications overleaf)



The interior of the 280 successfully carries out the car's functional theme—every control is merely a hand's width away

Mercedes has a DOHC, 6800 rpm redline engine—that is also legally smog free

- While Detroit concentrated on exhaust gas recirculation for 1973, the engineers at Mercedes chose a different course. Neither solution is entirely satisfactory to the enthusiast *driving* public. Emissions tuning had effectively sapped Mercedes' old dual carburetor, single overhead cam Six of its potential and the day was fast approaching when more room would be needed near the exhaust ports for a thermal reactor. In the Stuttgart way, the solution for the 280 is a new aluminum twin-cam head with a revamped block underneath. While everyone else worried about a few hydrocarbons, Mercedes developed a 6800 rpm redline, encouraged by the new engine's larger bore/stroke ratio.

Displacement is very nearly unchanged from its predecessor at 2750cc (168 cu.in.), yet virtually everything in the block was altered except the bore center dimension (to use some existing tooling). A new forged crankshaft has *twelve* counterweights, as well as a compound mass torsional damper for reduced vibration. The cylinder head is cast in aluminum with a separate housing to support the two camshafts. And in a day of toothed belt drives, Mercedes has selected a duplex roller chain to turn the cams in opposite directions. This counter-rotation minimizes the sliding friction of the cam lobes against the short rocker "fingers" which transmit motion to widely canted valves. As yet, development has not yielded a hydraulic lifter that is durable at 6800 rpm, so valve lash must be periodically set with an adjustable rocker arm pivot. Certain ingenuities did appear in the hydraulic cam chain tensioner, however. It applies engine oil pressure to a ratcheting mechanism so the chain is always tight, even during cranking periods when the oil pressure is low.

Inside the new hemispherical combustion chamber, the canted valves lie in a plane offset from the center of the cylinder. This arrangement induces a swirling motion to the incoming charge for more complete combustion. The sparkplugs are centrally mounted and an 8.0-to-one compression ratio allows regular fuel.

The new twincam engine was developed with both carburetor and electronic fuel injection versions for Europe. But for the U.S., the marketing men insisted on the carburetor version to avoid a \$250 penalty with the injection hardware. A Solex copy of the Rochester Quadrajet fills carburetion needs, although it is likely the source of at least some of the engine's drivability problems. The first stage of the compound four-barrel is like a small independent two-barrel. As the load increases, the huge secondaries come into play, but with an air valve and variable metering jets to maintain a constant vacuum. Under certain conditions, exhaust gases are recirculated to the intake manifold to inhibit the formation of nitrous oxide emissions.

A transistor ignition system reduces periodic maintenance with the new engine. In addition, there is a multiple circuit plug similar to the Volkswagen system to ease diagnostic and tuning procedures. With the underhood area now approaching an Apollo 17 capsule in complexity, such service aids are fast becoming the mark of advanced thinking.



The Jensen-Healey can boast of technical
exotica—with twin cams and four valves per
cylinder—but above all, it is a car of sensations



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 105
Car and Driver | Jensen Healy driven by Rich Taylor | 1973



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 106

Car and Driver | Monza II Meets Mustang | 1973



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 107

Car and Driver | Mustang II Meets Monza | 1973

Confrontation: Mustang II Meets Monza

BY PATRICK BEDARD

*The skinny little new kid on the block takes on
Ford's hot-selling bully— and comes out on top.*





1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 109

Car and Driver | Mustang II Meets Monza | 1973

- When Ford and Chevrolet put their ears to the ground, they both apparently hear the same hoofbeats. And if the Mustang II and Monza 2+2 are any indication, both companies respond by circling their wagons in the same direction. If you are looking for a 1975 sports car Detroit-style, these two compact coupes are your only choices. And though they are worlds apart visually and in terms of the corporate engineering preferences, the fundamental concepts behind them are so close that you'd think the product planners had been sifting each other's wastepaper.

Or could it be that for once they were listening to the demands of the car enthusiast? Both are compact and highly maneuverable coupes that transport two in first-class comfort. Both offer V-8 engines and taut suspensions for spirited driving yet provide a measure of utility with their hatchbacks and fold-down rear seats. On top of these basics are option lists that allow almost infinite variations between the lean machine and the opulent tourer. The Mustang II and the Monza are exactly the sort of sporting automobiles that we have been waiting for. The hard part is choosing between them, at least until you've driven them both under a wide variety of circumstances—which we've done for you.

Car and Driver tried to equip the test cars as an enthusiast would buy them yet keep them equal for comparison purposes. For the most part, this presented no problem. Both were ordered with V-8 engines (unfortunately the Monza V-8 is not available in California), power steering and brakes, limited-slip differentials, the best suspensions for handling and the largest available tires. Very likely, the serious driver would order his Monza with a four-speed transmission, but since the V-8 Mustang is automatic only, the Monza was dialed up that way too. And while the Monza is built with a 2.56 axle ratio as standard equipment, we specified the optional 2.93 to match against the Mustang's standard 3.00 gear. So there is no room for excuses. These two cars are as equal as the United Auto Workers can make them. It's Ford against Chevrolet, showdown time.

Both of the coupes borrow heavily from the subcompact sedans in their families. At the same time Ford was preparing the Mustang II for its 1974 model introduction, the Pinto was being re-engineered, so the two now share front and rear suspensions, brakes and much of the floor pan. While the Mustang II is an unmistakably quieter and more poised automobile than the Pinto, there





1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 111

Car and Driver | Mustang II Meets Monza | 1973

Road Test: Volkswagen Scirocco

A new Super Coupe to raise
the hopes of VW-lovers and to bury
the Karmann Ghia forever

• Spring cleaning at *Volkswagenwerk AG* has taken on an added intensity lately. Since Rudolf Leiding assumed the helm as chairman of the board three years ago, clean-up campaigns for the product line have stretched right past apple blossoms into summer, fall and winter. At long last, evidence is beginning to materialize in the showrooms that reveals the blueprint behind that action: a massive pitching out of the old to make way for the new.

Last spring's introduction to the program was the Dasher, a machine that comes close to defying a basic law of car design ... the one that says you can't have an interior bigger than the exterior. *Adios* Type 3 Fastbacks and Squarebacks. Now for 1975 we have the Scirocco, a torrid Mediterranean wind and also VW's first blitz on the Super Coupe establishment. The Karmann Ghia—long of tooth and by 1975 standards a veritable pterodactyl on wheels—is the casualty in this instance. VW has pulled the plug on its production line after 19 years of dutiful service to make way for the Scirocco.

The mourners will be few, we feel, because the Scirocco fills the Ghia's shoes with plenty of virtue left over. First of all, it's totally un-Volkswagen-like if you recognize the VW image as air-cooled, rear-engine variations on the original Beetle theme. The Scirocco marches down the road in a purposeful manner with its clean-cut lines and modern day chassis, shunning any heritage with the pre-Dasher (and pre-Leiding) way of doing things at Volkswagen. It is a gem of function and at the same time fun to drive. There is no secret technology involved, no revolutionary inspiration from the engineering department. Just the coming around of VW to what has been a proven fact for decades: The most efficient package for pocket-sized automobiles is a transversely mounted engine driving the front wheels followed directly by a box for the people.

Alex Issigonis originated the layout in his brainchild, the Austin Mini, which remains England's favorite mode of transportation. Chrysler France (Simca) and Fiat followed suit with the 1204 and 128 respectively, both becoming mainstays of travel in their respective countries. And Honda recently added its Civic to the growing throng. The Scirocco, you might say, joined the ranks of convention.

There are, however, distinct advantages to being the last on the scene: You can profit from everyone else's mistakes. Instead of the Simca 1204's costly torsion bars, the Scirocco

PHOTOGRAPHY: DOUG MESNEY



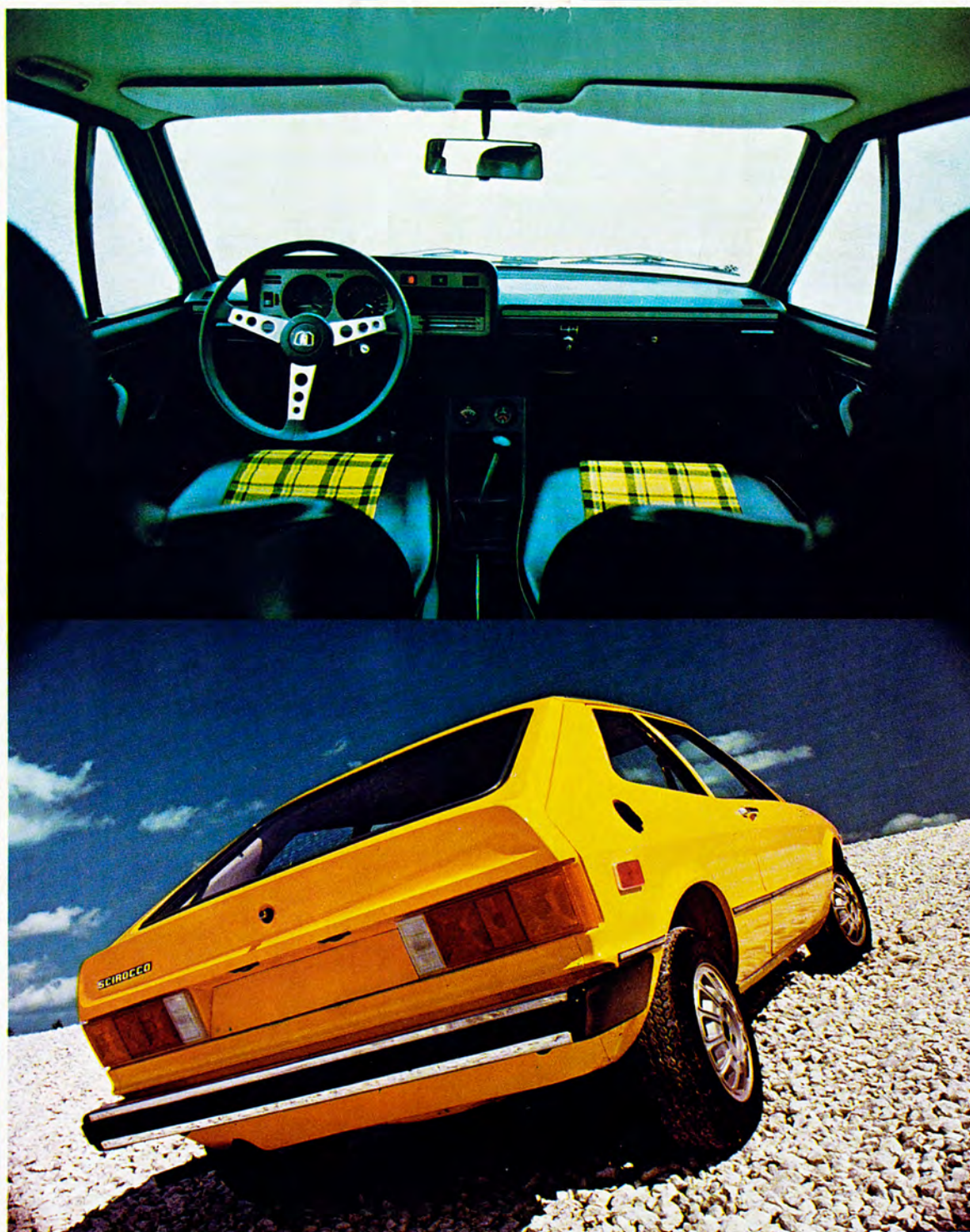
CAR and DRIVER



DECEMBER 1974

27

1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 113
Car and Driver | Volkswagen Scirocco driven by Barry Evans | 1974



With its clean lines, modern chassis
and efficient interior,
the Scirocco shuns any association
with the pre-Dasher way
of doing things at Volkswagen



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 115
Car and Driver | Volkswagen Scirocco driven by Barry Evans | 1974



PHOTOGRAPHY: DOUG MESNEY

1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 116

Car and Driver | EPA editorial | 1975

Strangers in a Strange Land

BY BROCK YATES

How in the hell can you drive down the main street of Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, right past Beedle's Alhambra Theater, the Dew Drop Inn and Muck's Lunch counter in a flaming vermilion 454 Corvette, with Donna Mae Mims perched inside telling you about her epileptic chihuahua, without thinking that you have blown every fuse in your freaking mind? Here is Donna Mae, serenely outfitted in a crocheted pink, see-thru minidress, pink beads, granny glasses with fuchsia lenses, pink plastic shopping bag and pink-trimmed boots, all accented by a great tumble of platinum hair and a "Win with Jesus" button pinned to her bosom, babbling on about her poor chihuahua, in that lispy, constricted-vowel western Pennsylvania accent of hers, and about a dozen other things, such as her plan to line the living room wall of her apartment with a pink shag rug . . . and you are wondering if this road is leading you to Yenko Chevrolet or to the nearest nuthouse.

Yenko Chevrolet! Home of Don Yenko, hardest-charging Corvette shoe in history; home of thousands of hot 'Vettes and Chevvelles; home of the Deuce; home of the Corvair Stinger; home of Donna Mae Mims, the "Pink Lady" of motor racing; home of the new turbocharged Vega.

I
Yenko Chevrolet sits in a shabby row of low, gray buildings on a busy street in Canonsburg, a crowded patchwork of concrete buildings with little more than a sign out front—part of which is falling down—for identification. There are cars everywhere. Bright, powerful Chevrolets are stuffed doorhandle-to-doorhandle in the surrounding black-cinder lots, jammed in the service bays and wedged into a small showroom. Upstairs, beneath a low gabled roof, is Don Yenko, slumped at the back of a small office that is plugged to its low ceiling with filing cabinets, copy machines, cardboard boxes, and stacks of papers. Trophies are everywhere; pewter bowls



Don Yenko, and his trusty sidekick Donna Mae Mims, have spent months charging down bureaucratic corridors trying to get someone in the government to give them permission to put a turbocharged Vega into production. They have but one hurdle left to pass, and they can do that by driving the car around the Heidelberg Speedway . . . 100,000 times.

and mugs, and plastic-winged-victory beauties on fake mahogany bases. Shiny plaques, banners and badges, race pictures, dealer bulletins and newspaper clippings cling to the walls from floor to ceiling.

Donna Mae enters, moving in a wifty Carol Channing bounce and weave, and plumps down in behind a desk. She picks up a pair of telephones, props them on each shoulder and turns up the volume on a small portable radio concealed somewhere in the pile of papers in front of her. Hard rock fills the room. Donna Mae is talking on two telephones at the same time while CCR's *Bad Moon Rising* bounces and echoes off the filing cabinets.

"You've got to excuse this place," says Yenko from behind his own desk. "We've just outgrown it. We're selling 700 new cars a year and there just isn't enough room. We've got a new dealership planned, on six acres of land near here, but until we get that built, we've got to live like this." He looks sleepy, but then Don Yenko always looks sleepy. He is a thin, loose-jointed man, one of those guys who looks like he was bolted together out of maybe six different anatomical parts bins, and none of the pieces match up very well. Slumped there behind his desk, he is kind of like Beetle Bailey in mod dress; his longish hair never quite in place, his clothes never quite fitting that odd-ball-parts body of his. He is hardly your prototype of the hard-charging race driver-businessman-sportsman.

This is the Don Yenko. The man who's won a bundle of National Championships in the Sports Car Club of America, whose reputation as a rugged, hard-nosed road racer is known everywhere, whose enthusiasm and business acumen has boosted his father's Chevy dealership in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania into a nationally-known center for high-performance cars. This is the Don Yenko who is planning to market a slick, turbocharged version of the Vega, if he can somehow burrow his way through a

(Text continued on page 84)

Sidebar overleaf

CAR and DRIVER



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 118

Car and Driver | Ferrari 308 GTB Vertroresina | 1975



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 119
Car and Driver | Ferrari 308 GTB Vertroresina | 1975

AMC PACER

BY DON SHERMAN

American Motors has decided conventional looks are passé but comfort and room for four are here to stay. The result: our first real urban transporter.

• History will prove 1975 to be a twisted link in Detroit's chain of evolution, and today's cars provide primary evidence of the metamorphosis taking place. As a tie to the past, we have contemporary full-size sedans fading toward extinction. Survival of the fittest has nurtured strong replacements for those brontosauri in the Granada/Monarch and Nova/Omega/Ventura/Apollo species. On the old subcompact branch, fresh buds have borne the Mustang II and Monza variations.

But it takes more than variations on enduring themes to leave kinks sharp enough to still stand out in 20 years. It takes a dramatically different automobile to pivot Detroit's obdurate course. An automobile like the Pacer.

It comes from AMC, a corporation committed to a philosophy of difference. The Pacer is indeed different, a mutant unlike any machine that has ever rolled out of Detroit or the doors of any foreign manufacturer.

What is unique about the Pacer is its packaging. AMC vice presidents swear that this is the first car they—or anyone in Detroit—have designed from the inside out. Four passengers were positioned with reasonable clearances and then the rest of the car was built around them as compactly as possible. So the styling does not follow the long hood/short deck or understated formal elegance themes currently overused by Detroit. The Pacer first of all holds people. It looks so different that you'd expect it to be electric-powered or keyed to a slot in the highway like some weird urban people-mover.

The Pacer's strange shape makes a little more sense once you understand the ground rules behind it. The basic plan was to accommodate four people and move them through congested cities and sprawling suburbs as efficiently as possible. So short overall length was given a high priority and that dimension was held to 171.5 inches—slightly less than the VW Dasher. But since traffic congestion does not—at least yet—stifle the other two dimensions, width and height, those limits were inflated to open up the interior. The Pacer ends up as wide as a Detroit intermediate (77 inches) and a good deal taller than most small cars.





PHOTOGRAPHY: DOUG MESNEY

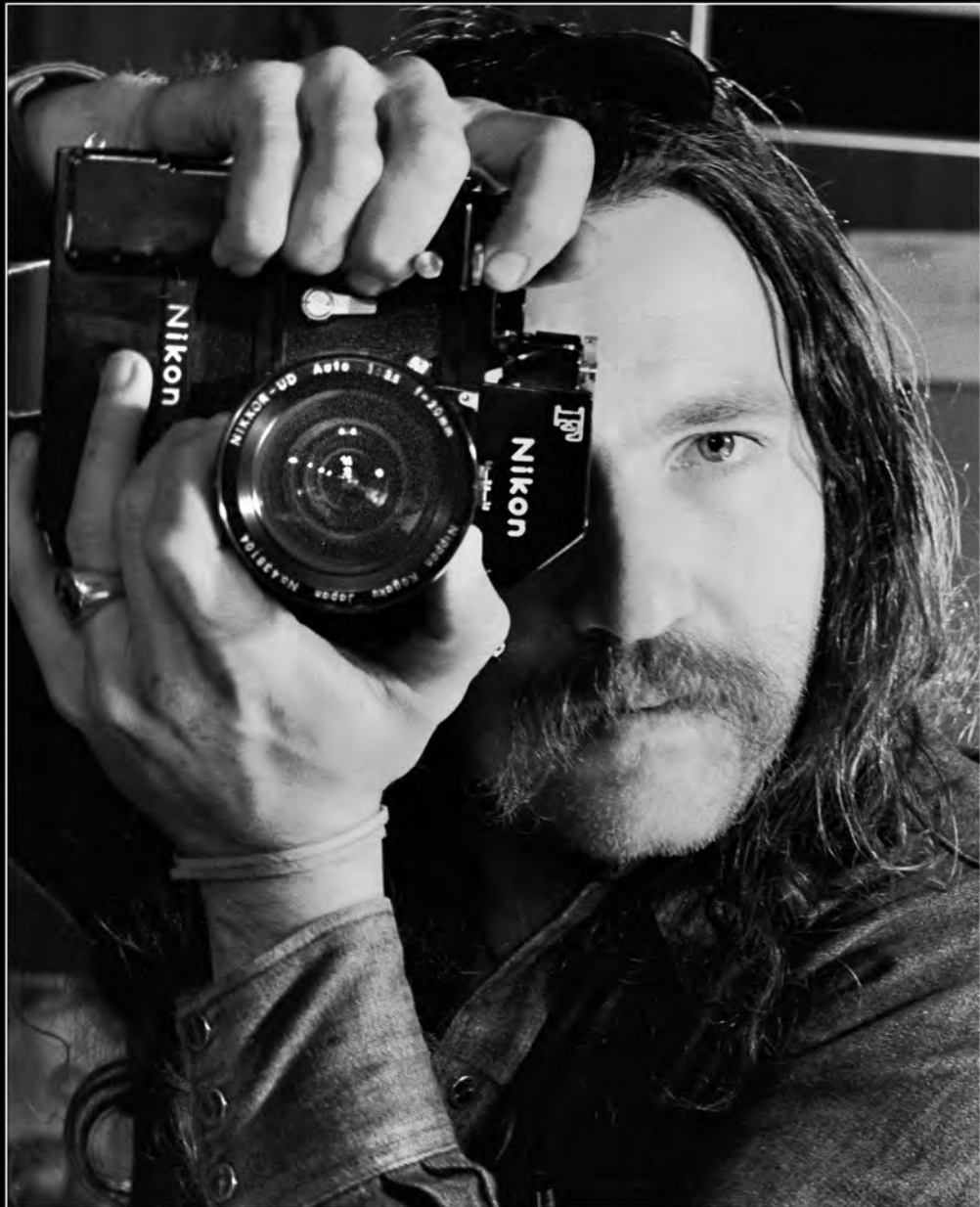
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 121

Car and Driver | AMC Pacer | 1975



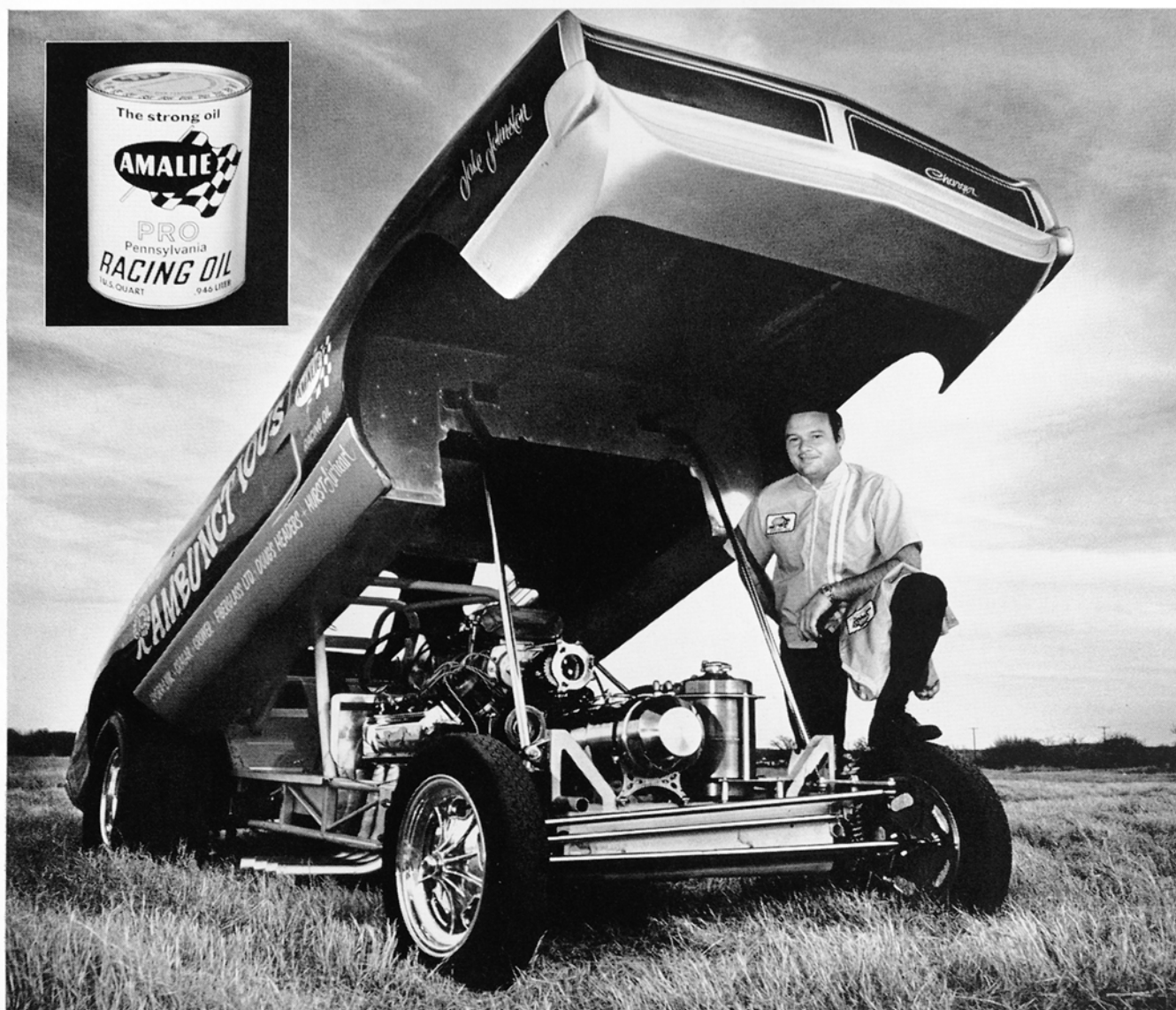
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 122

Car and Driver | AMC Pacer | 1975



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 123

Selfie | 1973



Break 200 mph like Gene Snow did, and you can have our shirt & jacket free.

How he broke 200 is Gene's secret.

But we do know that Gene had track-proven Amalie in his motor.

That's because no oil cuts down friction and wear and absorbs engine heat like Amalie.

It comes from 100% pure Pennsylvania crude. And it's loaded with additives to

handle sludge, varnish, rust, acid, ash, and oil foaming.

No wonder Amalie exceeds car manufacturers' latest warranty requirements. It's been Gene's oil for years.

Now a guy doesn't break 200 mph every day. So we gave Gene the jacket and shirt for nothing.

If you haven't broken 200 yet, they'll cost you a couple of bucks.

Who knows? With Amalie in your motor and Amalie on your back, you might just qualify for another shirt and jacket free.

Go get 'em.

Louisville Mfg. Co., Inc.
P.O. Box 1436
Louisville, Ky. 40201

Here's my check or money order (no cash or C.O.D.'s). It's \$7.95 for each Amalie jacket and \$5.95 for each Amalie shirt jac. Postage and tax is already included in the price.

Red Oxford Nylon Jacket ☐ (S) 34-36 ☐ (M) 38-40 ☐ (L) 42-44 ☐ (XL) 46-48
Wash 'n Wear Shirt Jac ☐ (S) 14-14½ ☐ (M) 15-15½ ☐ (L) 16-16½ ☐ (XL) 17-17½

Check size you want.

Name _____

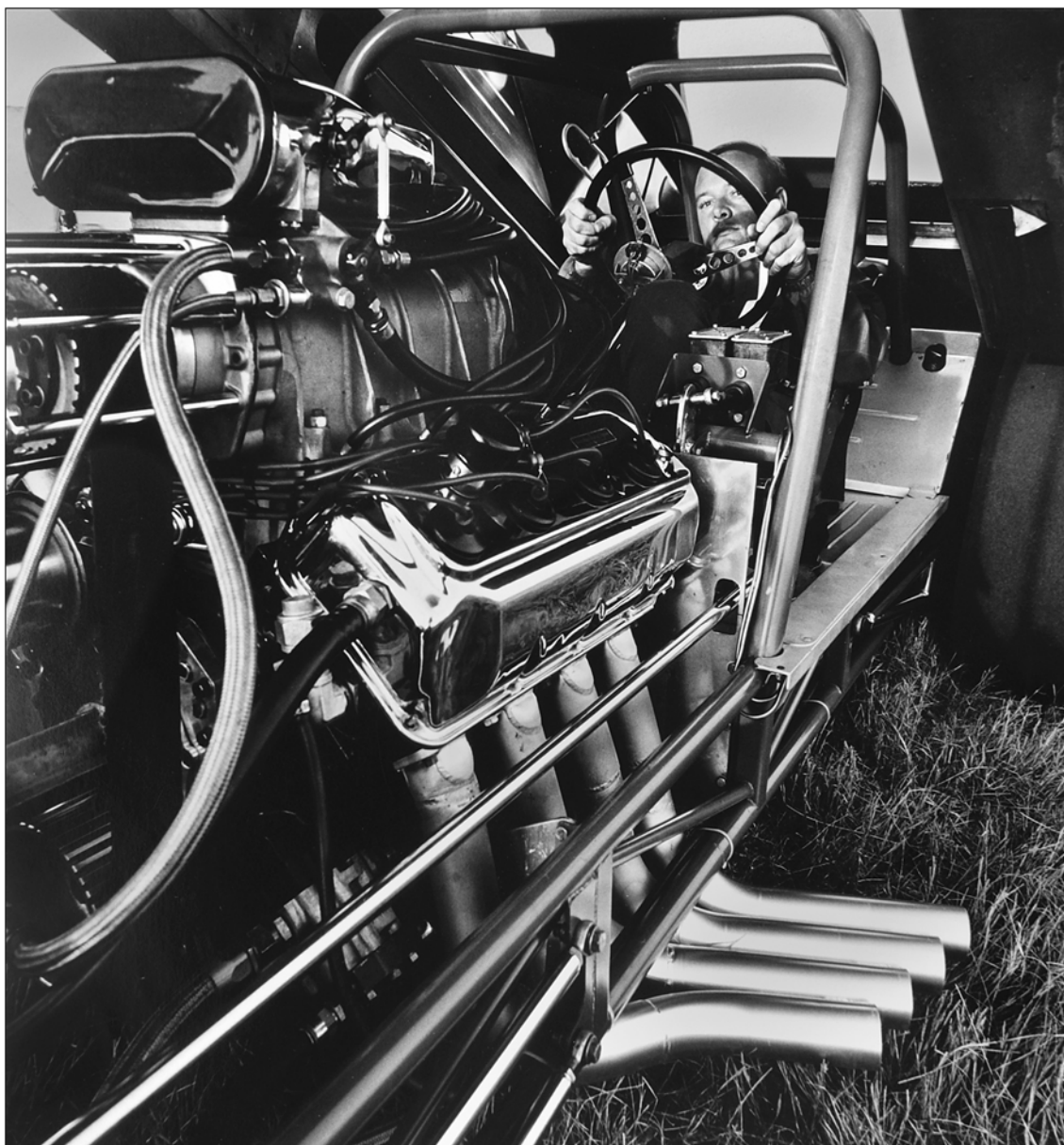
Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Amalie is refined by Sonneborn Division, Witco Chemical Corp. Sales offices: 2611 Andjon Drive, Dallas, Texas. 20575 Center Ridge Road, Cleveland, Ohio.



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 125

Amalie Racing Oil | 1968

The Competitor No.1



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 126

Arrow-Hart | 1971

The Competitor No. AH68.

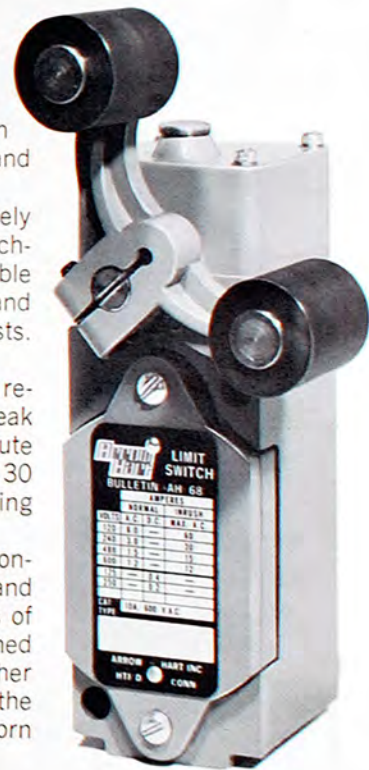
The limit switch. Designed and built to extend the far edge of endurance.

The Arrow-Hart oil-tight limit switch sets new standards for protection from oil and foreign matter. Lasts longer. Has greater electrical and mechanical reliability. Here's why:

Protection! The internal switch is completely sealed. A diaphragm seals the drive pin mechanism. The operating shaft is sealed with double O-rings. A sealing gasket joins the turret head and body. It has been checked out in vacuum tests. Operates completely submerged in coolant!

Reliability! A well-known auto manufacturer requires a limit switch to make 7.5 amps and break 1.2 amps running at 200+ operations per minute for 10 million operations. We're good for up to 30 million. But then, Arrow-Hart has been making switches of top quality for over 80 years.

There's more. Interchangeable plug-in and non-plug-in bodies. A complete line of momentary and maintained lever and plunger heads. All types of actuators. Switch can be inspected and maintained without dismounting. They interchange with other major brands. Ask any distributor that backs the big line. Or write Arrow-Hart, Inc., 103 Hawthorn Street, Hartford, Conn. 06106.



The Big Line—wiring devices/industrial controls/
specialty switches/Murray distribution equipment/
Continental switch gear



Arrow-Hart. The big line backers.



The look of tomorrow

It starts with the rocker panels. We wanted them to be sharply, visibly striated, to emphasize the Zn 75's body flow lines. So we made them of extruded zinc. While for a rakish look, we were able to gravity cast the side door scoops, thanks to a new zinc alloy, ILZRO 12. (In volume such parts would be die cast.) Matching chrome finishes bring out the elegant precision of zinc itself.



Zinc

The list of non-glamorous but essentially functional uses to which zinc has been put in the Zn 75 includes the following:

- Block heaters
- Cable clamps
- Carburetor
- Carburetor air intake trumpets
- Carburetor mounting elbow
- Distributor cover
- Engine valve covers
- Exhaust system
- Fuel intake cap
- Muffler system
- Oil cap elbow
- Oil filter element
- Oil filter housing
- Oil intake cap
- Oil pan cover
- Oil pump housing
- Radiator
- Radiator components
- Radiator fan housing
- Radiator support straps
- Transmission access plate
- Valve cover end plates
- Water pump body
- Water pump impeller
- Water tank
- Water tank cap
- Water tubing

Lead

Apart from styling applications, the usefulness of lead has been clearly established by every automobile that has ever been driven.

Lead was indispensable in the creation of the Zn 75, too, as is illustrated by the following list of parts for which it was the indicated material:

- Dispersion strengthened lead fuel lines
- Lead acid battery
- Lead sheet urethane foam composition—floor underlay
- Leaded vinyl sheet—door insert
- Lead-filled sintered iron crankshaft bearings
- Terne coated brake line tubing
- Tetra ethyl lead gasoline



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 129

Zinc Institute | Your's Truly photographing Zn-75 with anonymous assistant | 1968





Put your best look forward.

The Zn 75 was designed to do more than just sit there and look elegant. But to tell us something about the kind of man who would own such a car.

The kind of man who wants power, speed and efficiency as well as beauty.

So we created a bold body sculpture whose flow is aerodynamic in character, embellished with forms both functional and dramatic.

In expressing this design, we made liberal use of several zinc alloys and of fabrication processes new to automotive manufacture.

Rolled zinc, for example.

We used it in the headlamp assembly, the wheel opening molding, and even the bumper. (We told you this was no ordinary street car!)

Gravity casting was employed in making the twin louvers on the hood.

(As it was in the side door scoops.)

The intricate, sporty configuration of the wheel covers must be credited to a combination of gravity casting and spinning.

The windshield trim was made of extruded zinc.

Only the unfettered hand of a designer confident of his materials can achieve the look of love at first sight.

Zinc helped.





Coming or going, the look of quality.

A GT sports car should make a unified impression coming and going. It should cut a broad swath, and seem to create its own roadway—it should exude power.

Which makes tailend design a difficult and interesting art.

One must embody a certain richness of figure within an essentially simple framework.

In the case of Zn 75, this required a judicious but plentiful use of ornamentation.

And from the beading around the engine scoop to the gravity cast exhaust extension, we used zinc.

The rear bumper, like the front bumper, is made of rolled zinc. (And within it, note the grille, built up of zinc extrusions to match the feeling of the rocker panels.)

The tail light trim is made of rolled zinc finished in bright chrome, while the license plate is formed from a newly developed "super-plastic" zinc alloy. Incidentally, the two panels on either side of the license plate are finished by a new process that results in tinted and textured galvanized steel.

Our experience with the Zn 75 taught us that whatever form takes shape in the designer's eye, zinc furnishes an interesting and simple way of translating it into reality.



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 134

Zinc Institute | Your's Truly shooting Zn-75 with anonymous assistant | 1969



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 135
Zinc Institute | Your's Truly shooting Zn-75 with anonymous assistant | 1969

one, two SUBARU

Climbing the popularity polls and winning rallies with ease, the Subaru from Japan is a little car with big performance.

by Mike Parish



Photographs by Douglas Mesney






A couple of years ago few people in this country could pronounce the name Subaru, much less tell you what the car looked like. But now, many people, particularly on the rally circuits, are getting more than familiar with this tough new competitor from Japan. Last year Subaru—pronounced Soo-ba-roo, with all syllables equally stressed—moved up from 18th to 13th place in popularity among imports, ahead of well known makes like Porsche, Saab and Renault.

The car is made in Japan by Fuji Heavy Industries and its name comes from a flash of celestial inspiration on the part of the company's automotive division. They named it after the cluster of seven stars known in English as the Pleiades. It's an appropriate name because this car is a star. Contending with icy Michigan roads and logging trails, the Subaru won first and second place in its class (the only two cars to finish) in the *Press on Regardless* rally. It also proved its capabilities in warmer climates by taking first, second and third places in the sultry *Las 24 Horas de Puerto Rico* rally, a 750 mile endurance test over some of the rockiest roads in the world, with sand traps thrown in for good measure.

With front-wheel drive and radial tires, powered by a 1,400 cc four-cylinder aluminium-alloy horizontally-opposed water-cooled engine, dubbed the *Quadrozonta* by Subaru engineers, this car can tackle desert sand and mountain snow alike and not be held back. And with rack-and-pinion steering, front disc brakes, independent torsion-bar suspension behind and MacPherson struts in front the Subaru is responsive in all driving conditions.

Clock, radio and fully-reclining bucket seats that can lend an added interest to drive-in movies are standard, and air conditioning is also available. POE prices start at less than \$2,200 for the two-door sedan. Top of the line is the GL coupe which, at about \$400 more includes four-on-the-floor synchromesh transmission and a tachometer. A station wagon is also available. 



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 138

Penthouse | Volvo P-1800 | 1972



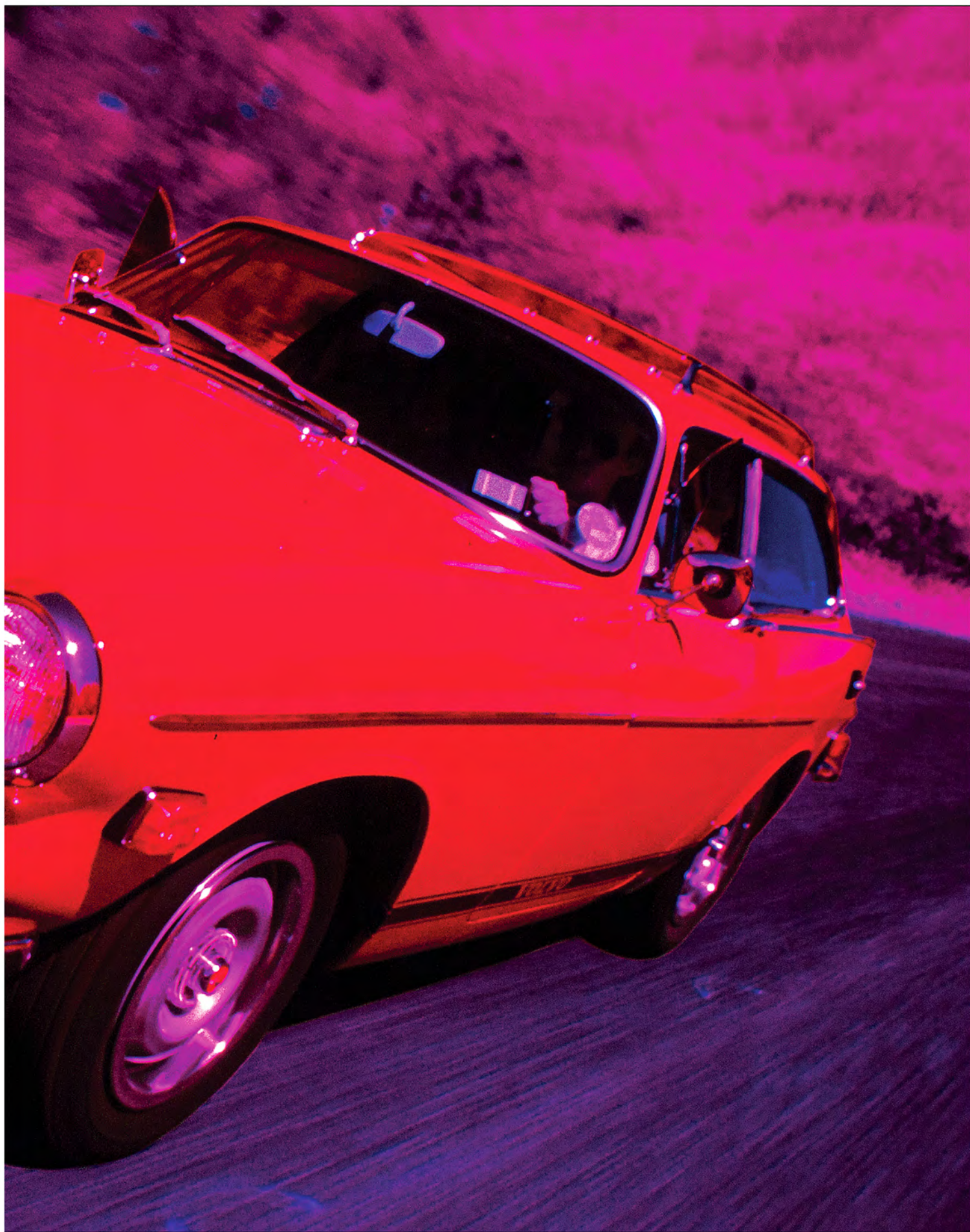
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 139

Penthouse | Volvo P-1800 | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 140

Penthouse | Volvo P-1800 | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 141

Penthouse | Volvo P-1800 | 1972



168 PENTHOUSE

Photos by Doug Mesney

1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 142

Penthouse | Mazda RX-2 | 1972

Why You Won't Catch That Japanese Thing That's Going Around


Mazda's rotary is really fast, reports Jules Siegel

Cars are like women. There are beautiful bitches, staid matrons and hot-assed nymphets. The Mazda is the new girl in town and at first look it's not easy to see why all the boys are so wild about her. The car is plain and rather ordinary in appearance. Its performance, however, is something else, with brilliant acceleration and power that keeps coming on strong, almost effortlessly reaching 120 mph. Even at top cruising speeds the engine is strangely quiet and the ride is strong and solid. There is enough room for four passengers and although the car feels much bigger than a VW bug it actually has a shorter turning radius. It is difficult to find a comparable package at a comparable price. This is really a lot of car for \$3,000.

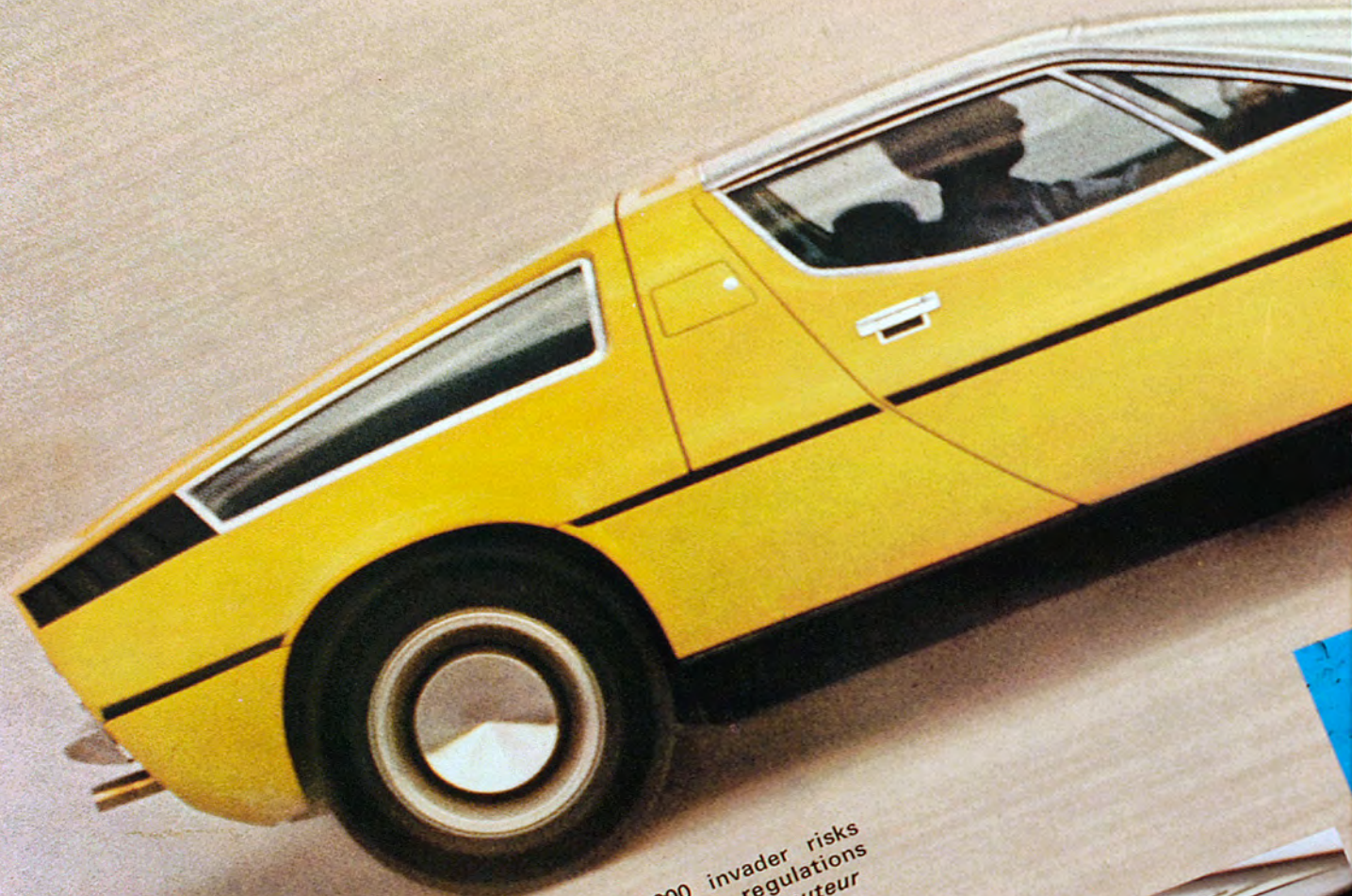
Mazda first went on sale in California in May 1971. Within seven months it was the fourth selling import on the West Coast, its engine featured on the cover of *Fortune* with the headline "An Auto Revolution Sweeps in from Japan". The magazine reported that no imported car in history had taken off as rapidly as the Mazda. Although the car is now sold in only 20 states, with the East and Midwest to be added at the end of 1972, its sales match Volvo, which has been sold across the nation since 1955.

The secret of Mazda's sensational success is its revolutionary Wankel rotary engine, originally designed in Germany. But "Mazda's claim to fame," comments *Car & Driver*, "is that it was the first company to tame the mechanical shortcomings of the Wankel engine. Solely through the persistence of its engineering department, an intriguing concept was adapted to the grim realities of durability, mass production and emission requirements." The company invested more than \$11 million in 500 designs and destroyed 5,000 engines before coming up with one that would work.

The rotary engine is a basically simple but elegantly sophisticated machine. It has less than one-third as many parts as a standard six-cylinder piston engine, and only three moving parts, yet it produces twice the horsepower of a conventional engine of equal size and weight. At its heart is a combustion chamber in the shape of an epitrochoid, a curve that looks something like a squashed figure eight. In it sits the rotor, rather like a square peg in a round hole, only it's a triangular peg in a squashed figure eight. When the gasoline is ignited the pressure of the explosion forces the motor to revolve. The four stages that occur separately in the traditional piston engine—intake, compression, combustion and exhaust—take place simultaneously in the Wankel power-plant. A two-rotor engine is so efficient that it outperforms some V-8s. It will run well on low octane gasoline, and its simplicity keeps maintenance and repair costs down.

The most impressive report comes from *Road Test* magazine, which ran a Mazda 50,000 miles and then completely tore down the engine and chassis for inspection, measurement and analysis. "After 50,000 miles," the publication concluded, "we can state that the rotary powered car offers unique advantages, among them a greatly reduced noise level and excellent performance both in acceleration and top speed . . . After conducting this fruitless search for serious wear or deterioration on the Mazda, we're convinced that here at last is a practical alternative to the conventional engine." 



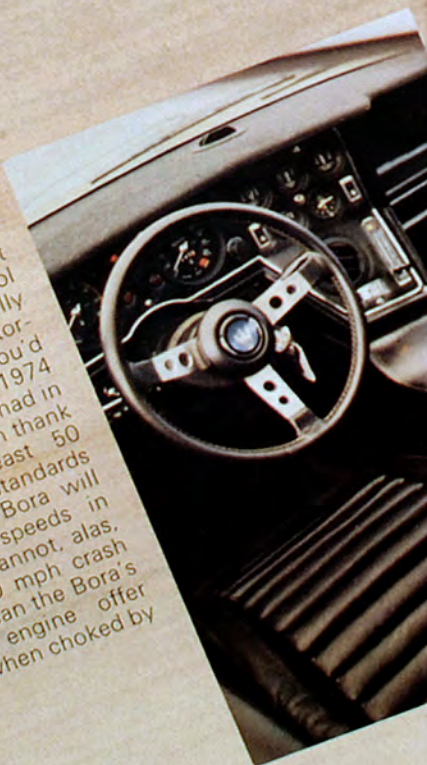


Maserati's \$25,000 invader risks transgressing safety regulations in favor of hand-built hauteur

For many Bob Grossman is the Charles Atlas of the sports car world. The sole U.S. importer for Maserati, he is in an ideal position to flaunt what he's got. And that's just what he's doing, especially with the arrival of the Bora, a near-nonpareil among the world's finest hand-built sports cars. If you want one, be prepared to lay out a cool \$24,800, which will bring you a fully equipped model at the Grossman Motor-car Corporation's showroom. But you'd better get it soon, because after 1974 there will probably be none to be had in this country at any price. You can thank Ellsworth Toohey and at least 50 pounds of federal safety standards legislation for that. A stock Bora will accelerate you rapidly to speeds in excess of 170 mph but it cannot, alas, be driven away after a 50 mph crash into a concrete wall. Nor can the Bora's hand-built 335 b.h.p. engine offer maximum performance when choked by

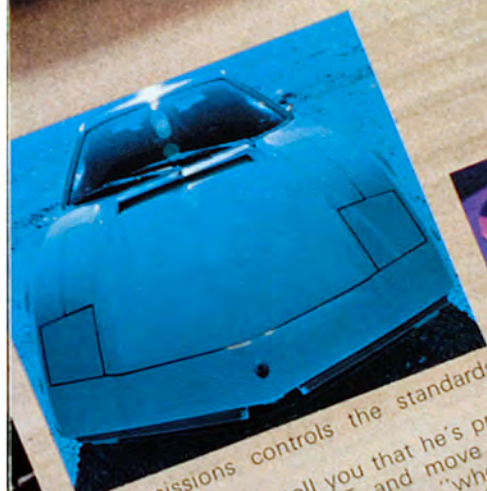
bora!
bora!
bora!

by D. Lesli





High on the hush-hush list is the real reason for the company's plant expansion: a more "moderately" priced (\$14-15,000) Maserati currently is in the early stages of development. Meanwhile you may just have to envy the guys to whom the price tag is no discouragement, consoling yourself with the thought that soon even they will need an extra set of jet fares, long-term overseas accommodations, and a brush-up course at Berlitz to own a Bora.



the emissions controls the standards call for.

Grossman will tell you that he's prepared to bag it in '75 and move his automotive empire to Europe. "where I can drive the car I want and not a three-ton ESV (Experimental Safety Vehicle) that some ignorant bureaucrat says I have to." To wit: the only cars capable of meeting the proposed federal safety and emissions standards are the ESVs, produced with great fanfare at the government-sponsored Transpo '72 in Washington. Soon they will dominate the American highway. And just as soon



the great names in sports cars—Ferrari, Lamborghini, Maserati, and Jaguar—will, for Americans, be but memories gone with the exhaust gases.

So flaunt it while you can, if you can. And with the Bora you've got a lot to flaunt. To begin with, styling by the Guigaro of Ital Design, responsible for among others, the Ghibli and Lamborghini Miura. Then, too, the traditionally superb engineering of Maserati's Alfieri. To that winning combination has been added a new consciousness of quality control. Quality control—in a \$24,800 motorcar? Indeed. Because each car is handbuilt, little bugs and gremlins (like water leaks or temperamental wipers) add nuisance value to a machine (like tended formerly to be overlooked with a certain amount of arrogance in favor of the "total car". But with the purchase of Maserati by France's Citroën corporation last year, a vast influx of investment and production technology, manifested in an extensive expansion of the Maserati plant, has resulted in even greater refinement of details and appointments. Anyway, if the \$24,800 sticker whitens your complexion, you can relax.



Photos by Doug Mesney





1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 146

Penthouse | Maserati Bora | 1972



1970S | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 147

Penthouse | Maserati Bora | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 148

Penthouse | Maserati Bora | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 149

Penthouse | Maserati Bora | 1972



1960S | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 150

Penthouse | Maserati Bora | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 151

Ogilvy & Mather | Mercedes-Benz | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 152

Ogilvy & Mather | Mercedes-Benz | 1972

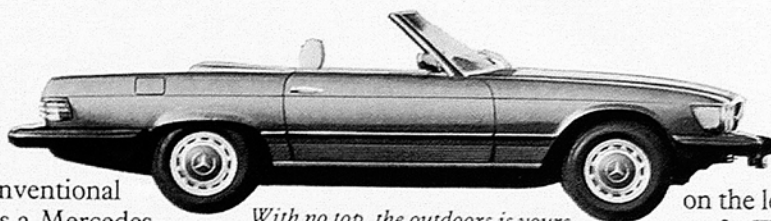


1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 153

Ogilvy & Mather | Mercedes-Benz | 1972



**The Mercedes-Benz 450 SL.
Too refined to be a sports car.
Too responsive not to be.**



This is no conventional 2-seater. It's a Mercedes-Benz. So, you can expect the extraordinary. Technological triumphs are *de rigueur* in

With no top, the outdoors is yours.

on the lean look of a jet aircraft. With the removable hard top on, *voilà*, instant coupe. With no top, the outdoors is yours. Practically three cars in one.

The no-gimmick styling is an exercise in function. The trunk, for example, is wide enough to accommodate your golf bag and several pieces of luggage. Add the inside storage well to that and you have luggage space to spare.

Pure pleasure

Swing open one of the large doors. Women who hate cramped sports cars will appreciate the ease of entry and exit with a 450SL. Whether in evening dress or a brief skirt, ladies *remain* ladies.

Orient yourself in the cockpit. Tailor the height and back angle of a formfitting seat to your body.

Turn the key.

There isn't another engine in the world like this 4.5-liter, fuel-injected, overhead cam V-8. Now challenge your favorite stretch of coun-



Controls at your fingertips.

sporting automobiles. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for creature comforts. Happily, the 450SL breaks this convention.

Standard equipment includes electric windows, air conditioning, power-assisted steering and brakes, automatic transmission — even a cruise control.

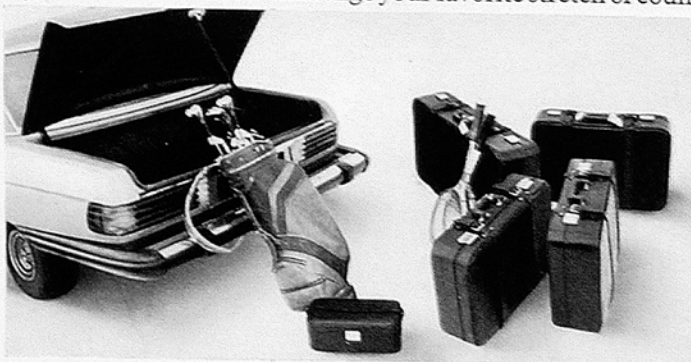
"Best sports car in the world"

The 450SL's comprehensive equipment makes it difficult for some purists to think of it as a true sporting automobile. Phil Hill, the only American ever to earn the title of World Driving Champion, had no such problem. After putting it through its paces, he called the Mercedes-Benz 450SL "the best sports car in the world."

Presence...and a split personality

There was good reason for Hill's praise. This extraordinary automobile has an undeniable presence. And a split personality.

With the convertible top in place, it takes



An idea of what fits in the luggage areas of the 450SL

try road. Marvel at the road feel. And drive secure in the knowledge that a double-circuit, 4-wheel disc braking system is at your disposal.

Performance. Handling. Comfort. Style. Pure pleasure. Is it possible to have them all in a 2-seater? Your first drive in a Mercedes-Benz 450SL will answer that incontrovertibly.





1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 156

Ogilvy & Mather | Mercedes-Benz | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 157

Ogilvy & Mather | Mercedes-Benz | 1972

**Finally, the sports machine
with seating for four.
The hand-finished
Mercedes-Benz 450SLC.
Just to see it is worth the trip.**



Only 2000 of them will be imported this year. But then, that's no more than you'd expect with a lovingly engineered, hand-finished sports machine like the Mercedes-Benz 450SLC.

Obviously, the 450SLC is no ordinary sporting automobile. It seats four, not the usual two. Lush leather interior is standard. So are the 4.5-liter, fuel-injected overhead-cam V-8 engine, 4-wheel disc brakes and a fully independent suspension system...a combination that gives you true sports car handling, braking and performance *and* luxurious 4-seater comfort and ride.

The 450SLC is a remarkable achievement, even for the engineers of Mercedes-Benz. In it, they've created a truly extraordinary machine.



There are few things in life quite like the Mercedes-Benz 450SLC. Yet it's surprisingly easy to experience. Call us. You'll see just how easy it is to arrange a test drive.



Dealer Name

**Know what it is to be in a
sure and certain world of your own.
The world of Mercedes-Benz.**



450SE



280



450SL



280C

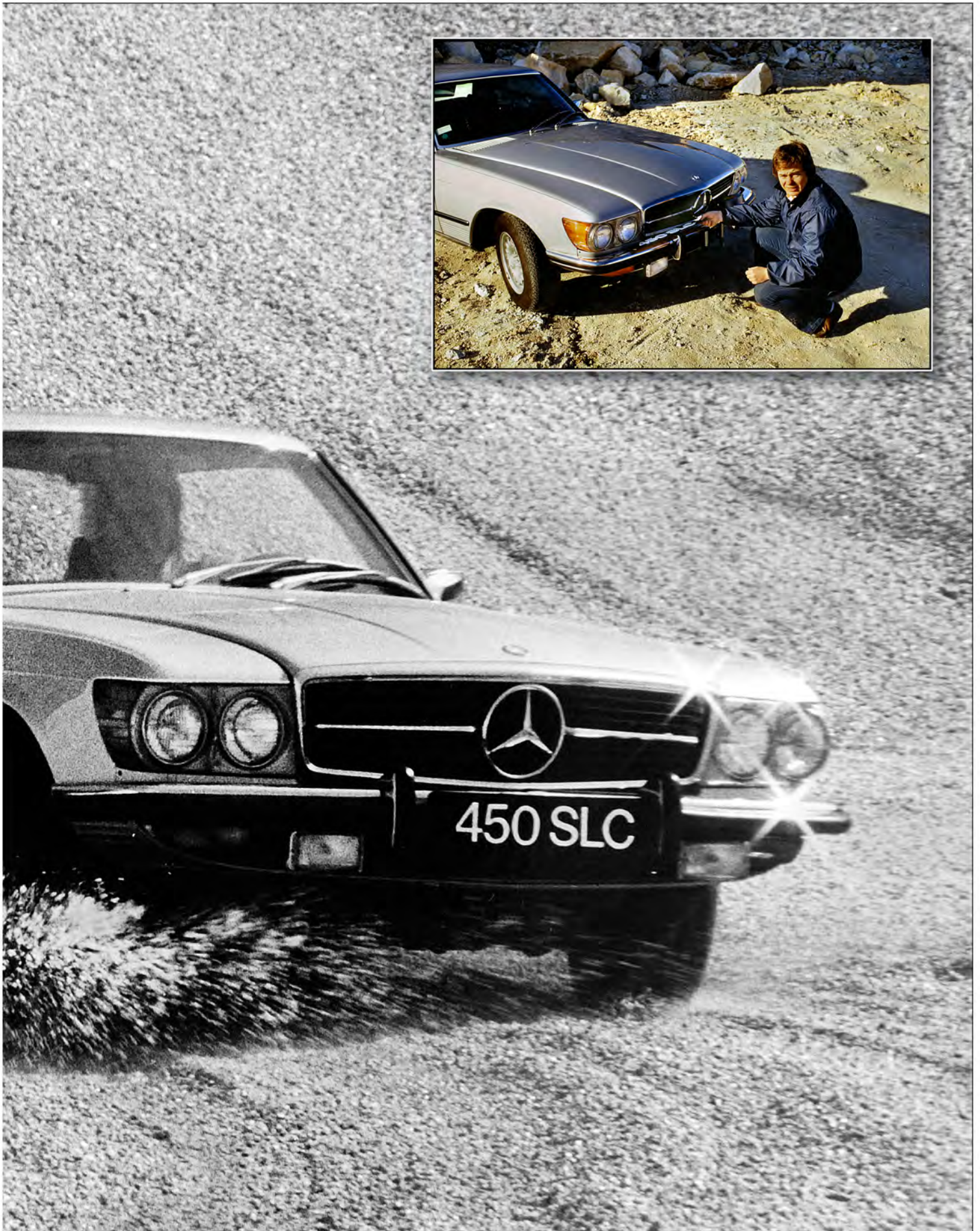


**It's surprisingly easy to arrange a test drive.
Call your dealer and let him introduce you to the
world of Mercedes-Benz.**



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 160

Ogilvy & Mather | Mercedes-Benz | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE Nº 161

Ogilvy & Mather | Mercedes-Benz | 1972 | Inset: Wiley Crockett prepares to install 450 SLC name plate.

Road & Track called the 450SL “one of the ten best cars in the world”



**Phil Hill called it
“the best sports car.”
Mercedes-Benz
agrees.**



Now from the engineers of Mercedes-Benz comes a brilliant advance. A car which, in an incredibly short time, has earned the almost extravagant praise of the men who know, drive and live sports cars. Men like Phil Hill, the only American ever to win the World Championship of Driving.

The 450SL is powered by a fuel-injected, overhead-cam V-8 engine. All four wheels are independently suspended. All four wheels have fade-resistant disc brakes. All features you'd expect in a high-perform-

ance sporting machine. But consider the following: In the 450SL, air conditioning, power-assisted steering and 3-speed automatic transmission are standard. Hardly the usual features you're given in a sports car.

The 450SL is the product of truly enlightened engineering. Mercedes-Benz engineering. Test drive it and you'll experience — maybe for the first time in your life — what a sports machine should be. Call us. It's surprisingly easy to arrange.



Dealer Name



On the test track. Picture taken at 90 mph.

The 450SE Sedan. This is the car that may finally prompt you to invest in a Mercedes-Benz.

It's only human. You see a Mercedes-Benz go by and think to yourself, "one of these days..."

Now comes the 450SE Sedan. An automobile so enlightened in its concept and craftsmanship that it may finally prompt you to invest in your first Mercedes-Benz.

"The best sedan in the world," said *Road & Track* magazine.

Autoweek's editors consider it "certainly the most exciting sedan in the world...so far ahead of its time it leaves us stunned."

The 450SE is powered by a unique engine. One which gives you better than 25 percent more power per cubic inch and better fuel economy than any domestic luxury car.

The secret is a 4.5-liter overhead-cam V-8 with electronic fuel injection. There is simply nothing like it in any other sedan in the world.

Suspension better than ever

Considering the Mercedes-Benz reputation for handling, that is quite a statement.

The front suspension of the 450SE is a direct lesson from our 180-mph experimental C-111 Coupe. Its zero steering offset gives this latest Mercedes-Benz remarkable straight-line stabil-

ity. And this full 5-passenger sedan has a turning circle only 38.0 feet in diameter.

The fully independent rear suspension is exactly like that of the famous 450SL sports car.

A coil spring and gas-pressurized shock absorber mate each wheel to the surface of the road.

Remarkable handling is the result. So remarkable, that the Mercedes-Benz engineers consider

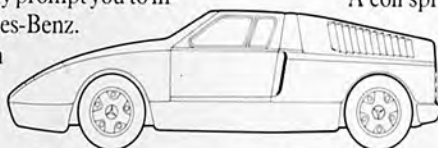
the 450SE their best handling sedan ever.

The safest sedan in the world?

Mercedes-Benz would never say that. But the experts at *Autoweek* had no qualms. They called the 450SE "the safest car in the world available to the public."

No automobile manufacturer anywhere in the world is more concerned with safety. No one else has been more active in making it a part of his product for as long a time.

Mercedes-Benz has always aimed to build not just successful automobiles, but significant automobiles. That has been achieved in the 450SE Sedan. What awaits you now is the most remarkable driving experience of your life.



Front suspension adapted from experimental C-111.



**“You’re looking at the new
Mercedes-Benz 450SE. \$13,500.*
I’d rather own it
than any car at any price
I’ve ever driven.”**

— Phil Hill



Phil Hill, the only American ever to win the World Championship of Driving, is only one of the automotive critics who’ve found it difficult to describe the 450SE in anything less than superlatives. And no wonder. The 450SE sedan offers engineering features years ahead of most cars today, features that no domestic sedan — at any price — can match. This is a spacious, 5-passenger sedan. Yet its independent rear suspension system, new “zero offset” steering and front suspension give it handling that rivals a sports car’s. It has disc brakes on every wheel — every wheel — to resist fade. Its 4.5-liter, fuel-injected, overhead-cam V-8 engine provides all the smooth, responsive cruising power you’ll ever need — and then some.

A remarkable machine, the Mercedes-Benz 450SE. One exciting to test drive. Call us. It’s surprisingly easy to arrange.



Dealer Name

*\$13,396 — East & Gulf Coast ports of entry, exclusive of transportation, other options, state & local taxes, if any.

**Know what it is to be in a
sure and certain world of your own.
The world of Mercedes-Benz.**



450SE



280



450SL



280C



**It's surprisingly easy to arrange a test drive.
Call your dealer and let him introduce you to the
world of Mercedes-Benz.**



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 166

Ogilvy & Mather | BMW 2002 | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 167

Car and Driver | *BMW 2002* | 1972



VERY GRAND TOURING

by Parker Hodges

The Jensen Interceptor III is something unique in exclusive personal transport. Propelled by an American engine and transmission, clothed in an Italian-designed body, it is crafted in England by a veteran British coachwork firm now under independent U.S. direction. Originally conceived to contain the Ferguson system of four-wheel drive, the enduring Jensen has proved pretty enough and speedy enough to survive the demise of that ill-fated venture. In its latest refinement the car's appeal lies in its rare blend of exoticism and dependability.

It takes 10 weeks to make a Jensen, and the cars trickle out of the West Bromwich plant at the old-world rate of 18 a week—a car can't be hand-assembled at the snap of a finger. Time, they say, is money, and that helps to explain why you'll need about 15 grand to put a Jensen in the drive of your Acapulco casa. There are other reasons. It takes six matched Conolly hides to upholster the interior (the steering wheel is leather-covered). Things like a tape deck, AM/FM radio with electric aerial, air


conditioning, and fire extinguisher are standard items. Then there's the Vignale body, all steel, CO₂-welded, with leaded seams so that there are no scars on this hand-made body—just the flow of self-satisfied metal.

For performance the Jensen has a proven, easily serviced Chrysler powerplant, automatic transmission and power steering, along with Girling disk brakes on all wheels. The engine winds it up to somewhere in the neighborhood of 135-140 mph. Zero to 60 is achieved in under nine seconds—not bad for a luxury car with air conditioning and other drains on the power output.

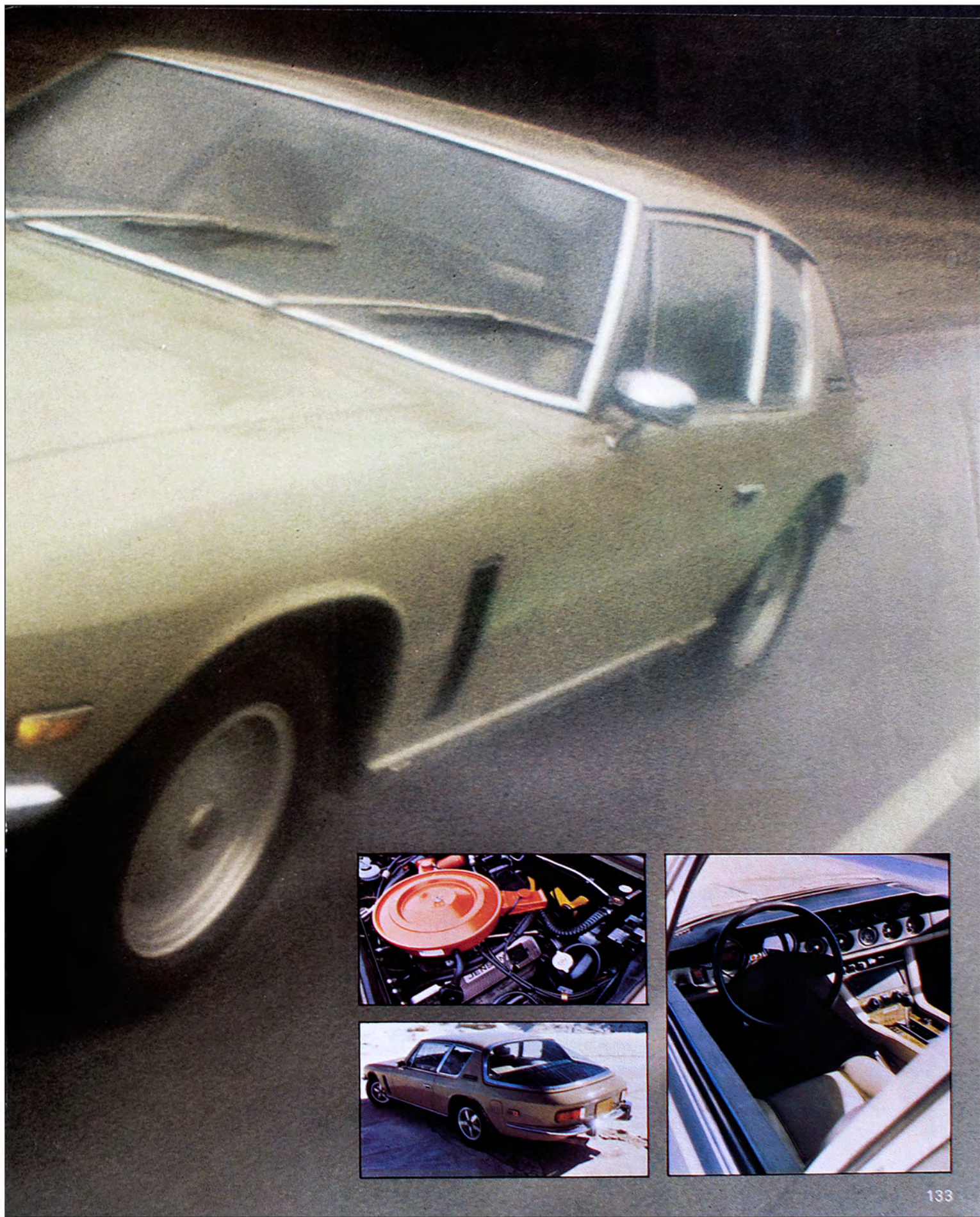
Cornering, handling? Like it was bolted to the road, smooth and secure. Fat Pirelli tires lay the car on the road like it was tracking a rail. And incidentally, the car seems to be able to go almost anywhere. Of course with a 5.5 inch road clearance it can't be slewed around a quarry or a stump farm, but the wet, semi-hard sand of a Florida beach easily supported the Jensen's two-tons plus, with no spinning

wheels or paranoia about \$15,000 worth of machinery buried hub-deep to await high tide.

But all is not flawless in the Jensen world. The luggage capacity is on the smallish side, only 12 cubic feet. And for back-seat passengers to be comfortable, the Interceptor III brochure points out that the front seats should be in "mid-position". So a tall driver should plan to have short friends. Fuel consumption is rather high, only 10 or 12 miles to the gallon—but if you can afford a Jensen, chances are you aren't going to be too upset by a little extra on your gas card.

The bodywork is especially fine. A friend who is a car freak of long standing estimates that as much as a third of the Jensen's cost goes into the impeccable detail work on the car. The doors fit, really fit. The chrome detailing everywhere on the body is precise, worked like jewelry. The grille is hand-formed. And the paint glows like a polished stone. Making a car that seems to deserve its high price is a difficult task. But the Jensen—as solid as it looks—is proven quality, proven luxury. It is the real thing. 

Photos by Doug Mesney





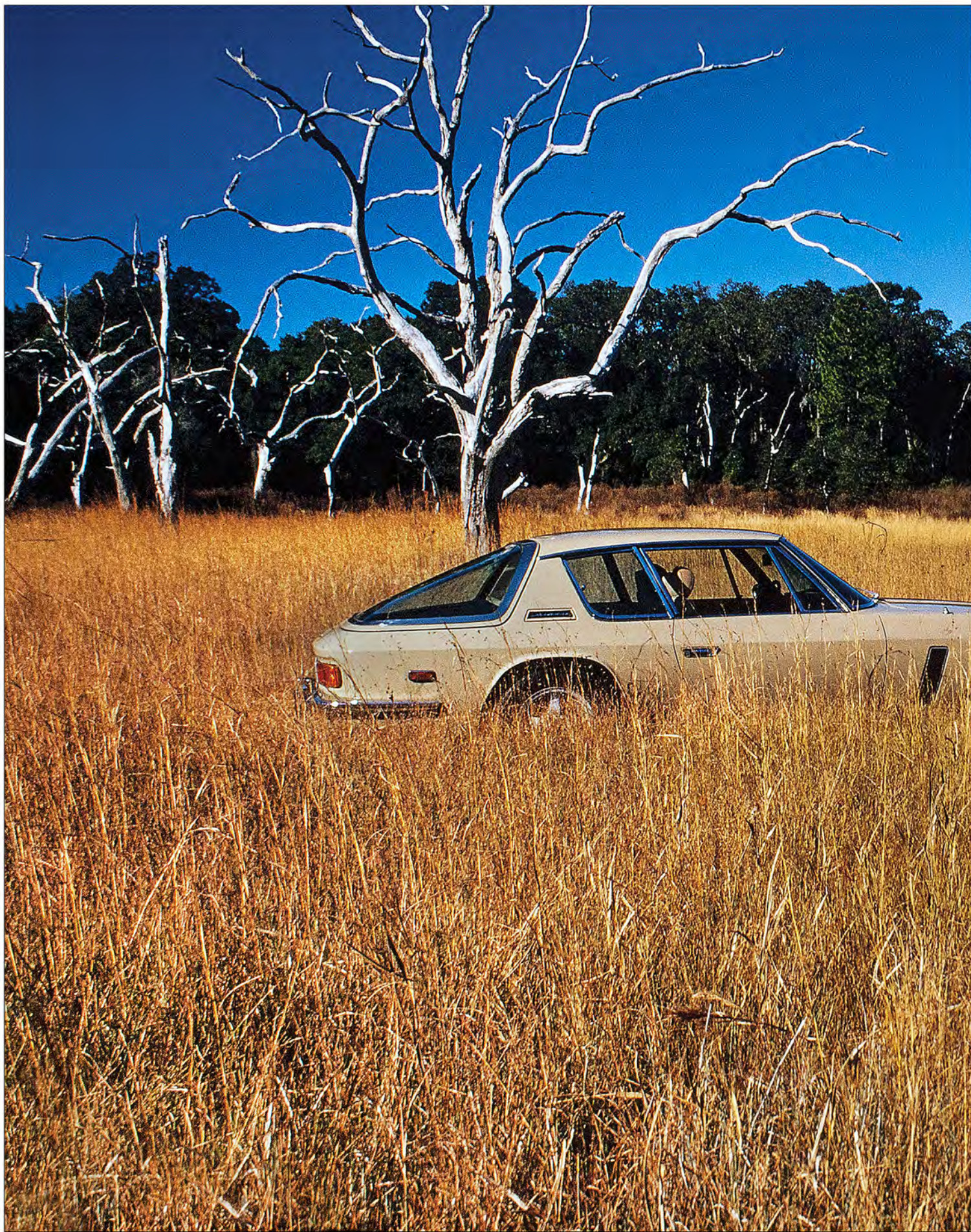
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 170

Penthouse | Jensen Interceptor III | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 171

Penthouse | Jensen Interceptor III | 1972



1970S | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 172

Penthouse | Jensen Interceptor III | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 173

Penthouse | Jensen Interceptor III | 1972



1970S | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 174

Penthouse | Jensen Interceptor III | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 175

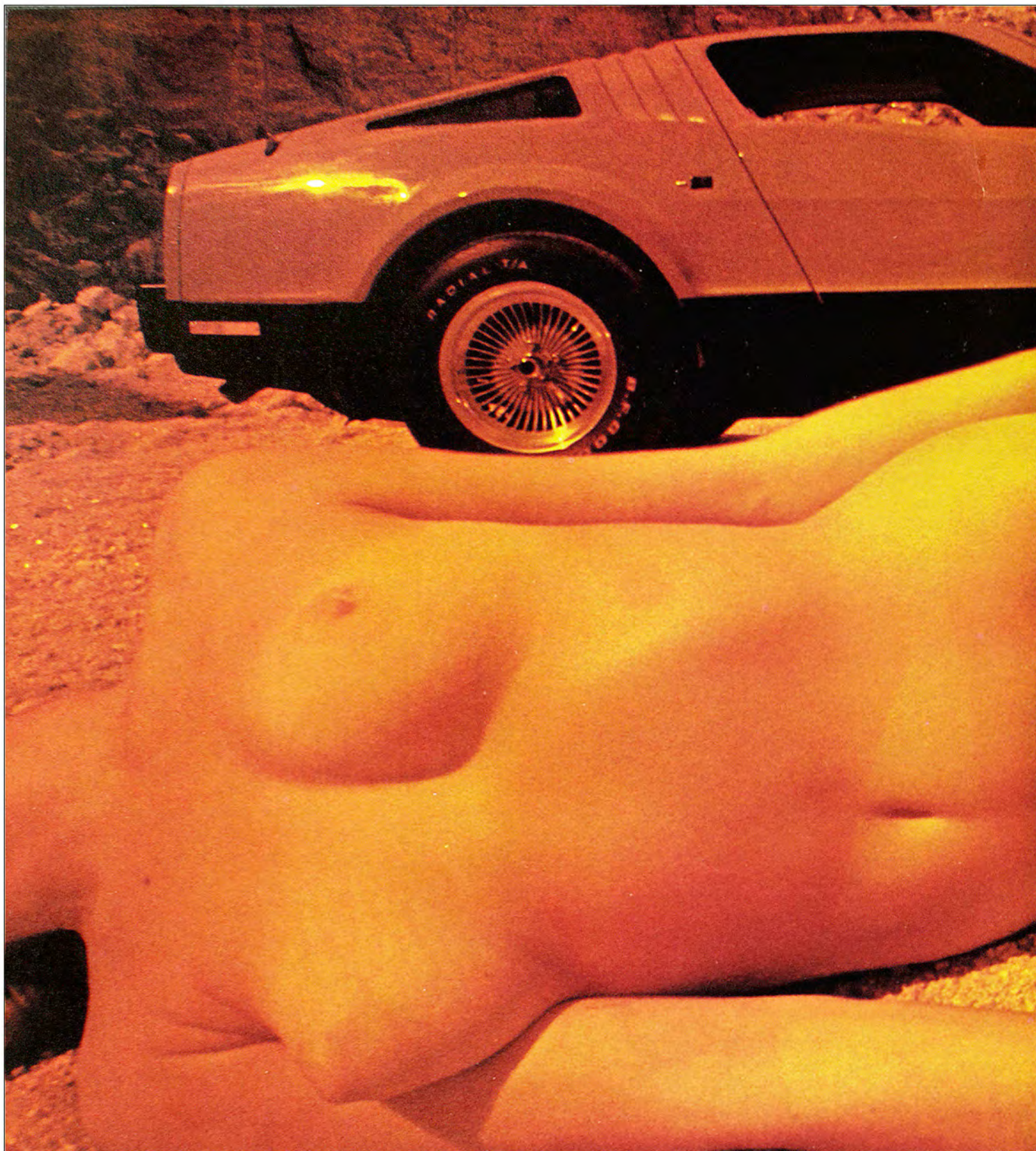
Penthouse | Jensen Interceptor III | 1972





1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 177

Gallery | Bricklin | 1971

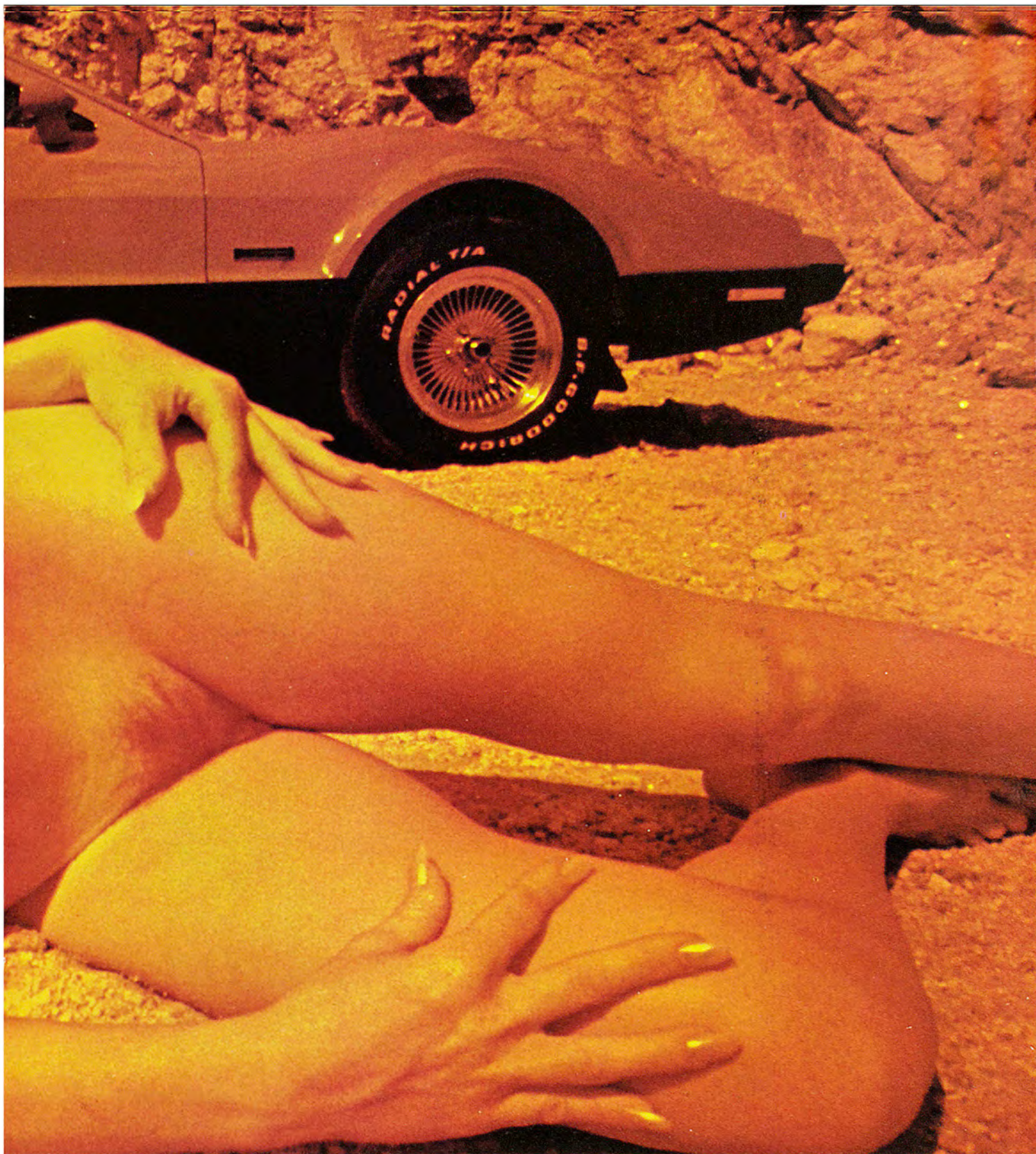


EXOTIC BODIES

GR60-15 radial tires, and mag wheels. On a wheelbase of 96 inches, the car has an overall length of 178 inches, height of only 48 inches, and width of 67 inches. With a total weight of

only 3,520 pounds and pushed by a 360-cubic-inch engine, the Bricklin is reported to get twenty miles per gallon.

Starting from scratch, General Vehicle, manufacturer of



the Bricklin, incorporated the looks and features of some of the world's most expensive vehicles. Overall styling resembles the \$29,000 Maserati with its gull-wing doors—last

seen on Mercedes-Benz's classic 300SL. If the 300SL were still in production, you'd have to wait in line if the price tag was as low as \$30,000. At a price of \$7,500 to \$8,000

(plus taxes, etc.), the Bricklin is a steal.

The sleek exterior of the fastback can be directly attributed to the use of vacuum-formed acrylic body pan-



Photography by Douglas Mesney

EXOTIC BODIES

Beauty is more than skin deep. Beneath the sleek plastic hide of the Bricklin is a tough core that wraps the passengers in an envelope of safety. Conceived—from the tires up to the integral roll bar—to wrap the occupants in a protective yet luxurious cocoon, the Bricklin is probably the safest car on the road today. The V-8-powered, gull-wing-doored two-seater contains a raft of accident-protection features, such as:

- A bumper system that provides impact resistance exceeding current Federal standards.

- A perimeter box steel frame that provides energy absorption from all sides, instead of the usual three.

- A unitized, vacuum-formed acrylic body that won't crumple or radiate damage.

- An enclosed engine and gas tank isolated from the passenger compartment.

Other Bricklin features include placement of the engine six inches farther back than the standard location, elimination of the usual grille, no exterior chrome, and a suede interior.

Standard equipment includes air conditioning, AM-FM stereo radio, power steering, power disk brakes, tilt steering wheel, tinted glass,

GALLERY 135

els which have been color-imregnated. The body won't rust, flake, or corrode, and the flexible panels spring back when struck. Scratches can be buffed out by hand to preserve the smooth finish.

The Bricklin's interior is just as classy as the exterior. A full complement of instruments—speedometer, tachometer, ammeter, oil pressure, temperature, and fuel-level gauges—are recessed into the suede-covered dash. Contoured bucket seats with integral headrests are provided for both driver and passenger. As the final touch, the cockpit-like interior is upholstered in suede.

Noticeably lacking are the cigarette lighter and ashtray, because Bricklin's designers decided that smoking while driving is unsafe. They don't want you dropping a hot cigarette into your lap and driving into a tree.

Optional features include an automatic transmission—four-speed stick is standard—and an electro-hydraulic system that opens or closes the doors at a touch. The Bricklin is the thinking man's car—if he thinks of safety and his own hide. The Bricklin slogan is: "You may think the car is ahead of its time. We think it's about time." They may be right.

EXOTIC BODIES





is located within the driver's reach. Instrumentation is exceptionally complete, with the speedometer and tach centrally located for easy reading. A nice touch is the aircraft-style, overhead console with light, adjustable reading lamp, and red warning lights for doors, seat belts, and low fuel.

As delivered, the RX-4 comes equipped with a list of features that you would end up spending a couple of extra bills for on a U.S. model. Some of the items Mazda throws in as standard—such as padded steering wheel, clock, gas-cap lock, and trunk light—are the little extras that help make owning a car more fun. The factory option list is beautifully short—power steering, automatic transmission, air conditioning, and radio. But if you really enjoy the RX-4, you'll go the route and have your dealer add a personal touch with mag wheels, body side stripes, or a luggage rack. After all, any owner should be willing to spend a few bucks on the car he loves. ●

138 **GALLERY**



His leather jacket with blue suede trim from Abraxas; faded jeans from Abraxas; boots by Frye; plaid shirt by Gentleman John. Her blue silk shirt by Gentleman John; denim jacket from Abraxas; overalls by A. Smile; boots by Frye.





His red silk shirt by Gentleman John; western belt by Lee; boots by Frye; jeans by A. Smile. Her jeans by A. Smile; yellow shirt by Gentleman John; boots by Frye.

EAST MEETS WEST

Saddle up, podner, put on your Western gear, and climb aboard a Mazda RX-4. Once you step on the gas, you get the same feeling you get riding a frisky, well-bred quarter horse. Like the quarter horse, the RX-4 accelerates like a shot and goes right where you point it.

On winding back roads or superhighways, Mazda's thoroughbred always has that solid, steady feeling that only a well-designed suspension can provide. The ride is firm—but not harsh—and the fat radials provide good adhesion in the tightest corners.

When you pull this baby away from the curb and step-on-it, you know the rotary engine is here to stay. From the

GALLERY 135



moment you pop the clutch and push the accelerator, there is a steady surge of power. The first time you try an RX-4, keep an eye on the tachometer—that 6,500 rpm redline comes up real fast. A nice touch is a built-in warning buzzer—hooked to the tach—that sounds off when you reach the 6,000-to-6,500-rpm area.

The engine is a two-rotor Wankel that spins out 100 hp at 6,000 rpm—all this from only an 80-cubic-inch displacement. With a little pushing, the RX-4 will reach 60 mph in a shade under ten seconds. If you have the time, 30 seconds of keeping your foot on it will have you touching the 100-mph mark, and there are enough rpms left to go faster—if you have the place. The engine has real guts in the 40-to-70-mph range, where maximum torque is developed.

Contrary to what you might expect, engine braking on downshifts is excellent, pulling the car's speed down rapidly when you back off on the accelerator. The power plant re-

His brown belt from Abraxas; navy corduroy pants by A. Smile; blue shirt with red piping by Gentleman John. Her pink studded blouse by Harlan Matthews; light blue cords by A. Smile.





His jeans from Abraxas; boots by Frye; belt by Lee; white embroidered shirt by Gentleman John. Her boots by Frye; red and white embroidered blouse from Abraxas; jeans by A. Smile; belt from Abraxas.



sponds so quickly that there is a tendency to skip gears when downshifting into a corner. With a little practice, you can drop from fourth to second and pull through a tight corner without touching the brakes.

Speaking of brakes, anyone who drives a Mazda RX-4 hard is going to come away raving about the brakes. If you're going to push the RX-4—and with that engine, the urge is irresistible—the brakes become a pure joy. They'll save your ass when you get it all stretched out and some jerk decides to do something really stupid, like cut you off. Panic stops can be made with full control and in remarkably short distances. A crash dive from 70 mph will bring you to a dead stop in less than 200 feet. Try that in your Detroit job and you'll end up through some wall or under the tail of a truck.

Interiors of the Mazda can best be described as luxurious. The quality of the interior trim would make a Cadillac dealer turn green with envy. Best of all, everything fits, works, and



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 186

Burson-Marsteller | Rolls-Royce Camargue | 1974



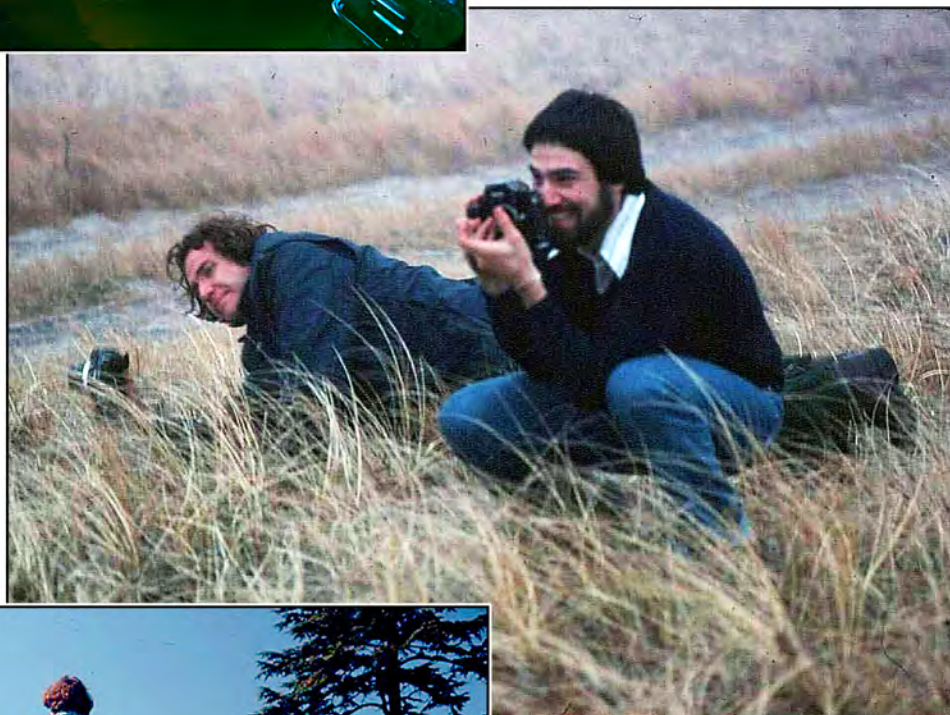
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 187

Burson-Marsteller | Rolls-Royce Camargue | 1974



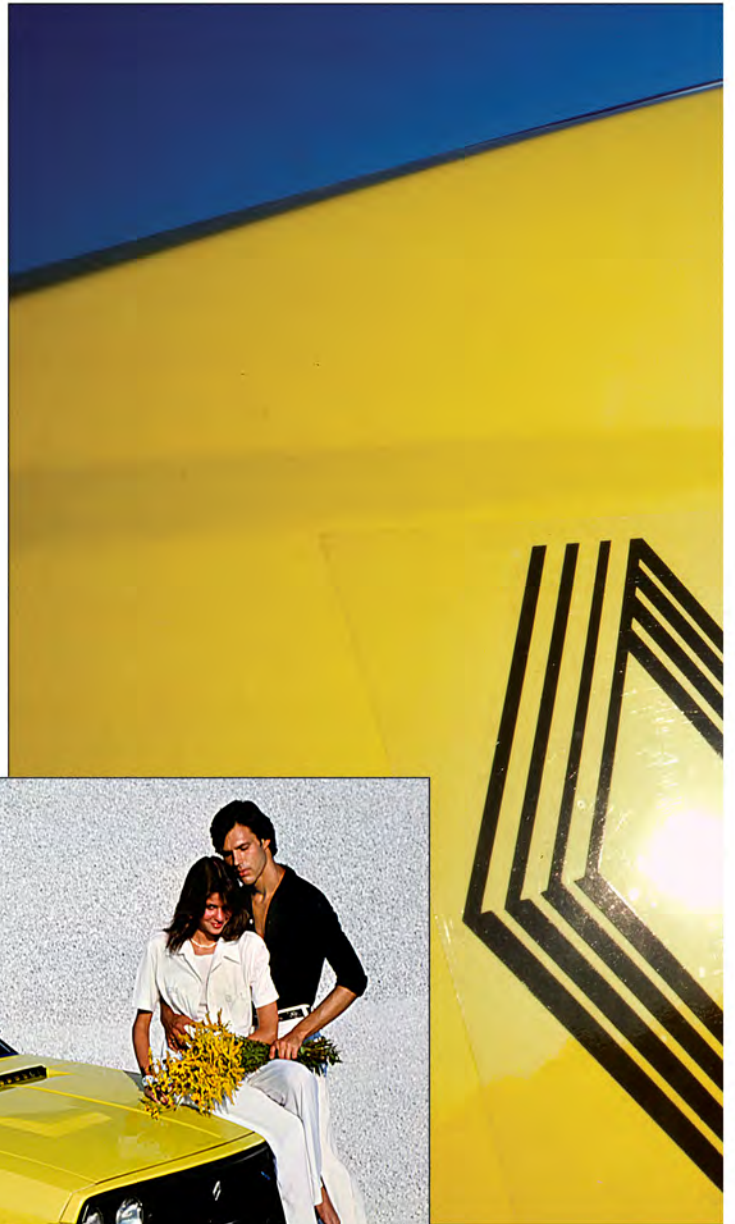
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 188

Burson-Marsteller | Rolls-Royce Camargue | 1974



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 189

Burson-Marsteller | Rolls-Royce Camargue | 1974 | Yours Truly and Jim Casey | Photos by Don O'Neill



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 190
Burson-Marsteller | Renault Gordini "Le Car" driven by Marty Brodfrur | 1975



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 191

Burson-Marsteller | Renault Gordini "Le Car" driven by Marty Brodfurer | 1975



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART ONE | PLATE N° 192

Car and Driver | Pierce-Arrow mechanic | 1968

1970 – Cycles of Life– Chance Encounter

Paralleling my inroads at *Car and Driver*, I began getting assignments from *Cycle*, a sister Ziff-Davis magazine that shared the 5th floor of One Park Avenue.

Eberhard Leuthke was the art director then, before the stress of the job exhausted him and George Ramos was re-assigned from *Snowmobiling* to take his place. Ebbie was a German import; an über nervous man who spoke English with a heavy Bavarian accent. I have never met a man less sure of himself than poor ol' Ebbie.

The good news was that I could convince him of almost anything; he was hungry for ideas and had few of his own. Eberhard learned graphic design as a craft, using the tried-and-true Swiss grid system; curved lines didn't come naturally to him; but he felt the pressure from upstairs to make *Cycle* as modern looking as *Car and Driver*. So, the first thing Ebbie did was start using the same photographers and illustrators as Gene Butera.

Given Luethke's conventional thinking and insecurity, I successfully adopted Butera's sales strategy: first show a wild idea, follow-up with a dozer, and compromise on the one you really want to do.

Eberhard's insecurity made him difficult to work with—too difficult for Art Guerro, a clever young copy writer brought in from *Cycle*'s west coast office in California. One of Guerro's first jobs was coming up with the core creative for a public service advertising campaign sponsored by the Motorcycle Industries Council (MIC).

Bikers have always had a reputation for being noisy renegades, libertarians who disregard society's mores, folkways and laws; dirt bikers were among the worst offenders, for ripping up the landscape.

MIC wanted to ~~alter~~ improve that image; their PR agency recommended that *Cycle* produce a series of full-page advertisements; *Cycle* was considered the most authoritative motorcycle publication.

Now that he was in New York—media Mecca —Art had big plans for himself; he was not about to surrender any part of the ad campaign to the likes of ~~brain-dead~~ Eberhard Luethke; instead he turned to Tom Ridinger for help with the design of the campaign, and Tom, in turn, leaned on me, for creative support.

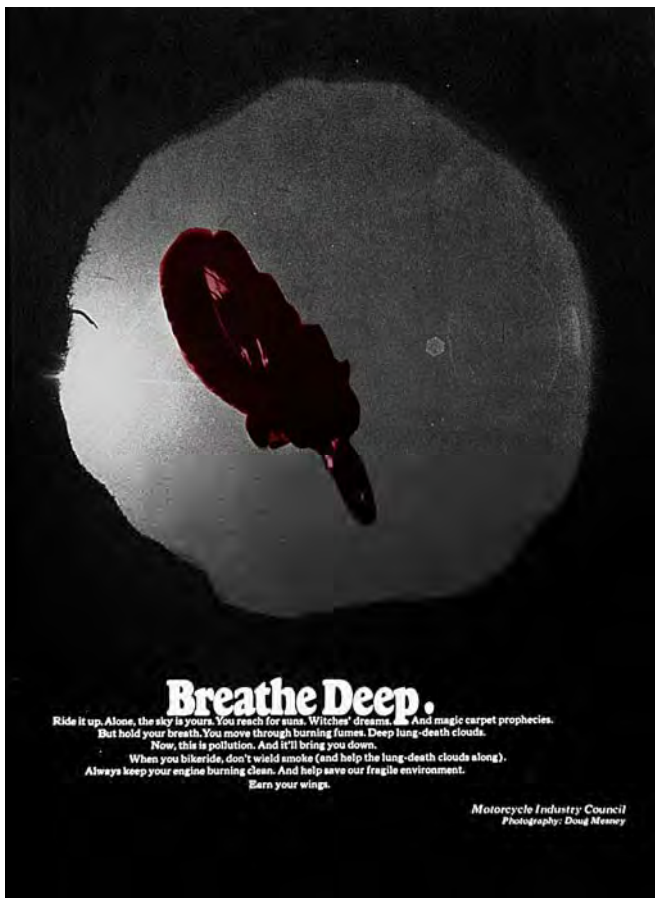
I was well into air brush and strip-in techniques by then, so the sky was the limit, conceptually. With the full support of *Cycle*'s editor, Cook Nielsen, and the help of technical editor Jess Thomas, the three of us—Tom, Art and I—produced six ads based on ecological themes involving responsible riding. The campaign was called *Earth Ride*.



The first of the six ads—headlined *Earth Ride*—was a double truck [double-page spread] of Jess Thomas riding across a barren landscape (the sand quarry in Commack) wearing a gas mask.

I printed that picture on high-contrast paper, to make the scene look harsh, and burned-in the dreary landscape to give the appearance of a polluted fog.

Richard Faye starred in the second ad—headlined *Threat*—playing an arrogant noise polluter; we rigged the bell of a French horn onto a bike and shot the scene at the quarry after photographing Jess Thomas for the first.



The third and fourth ads—respectively headlined *Breathe Deep* and *Make the World Go Away*—were illustrated with two shots from my portfolio of Wiley Crockett riding his Husqvarna dirt bike.

Breathe Deep was a shot of him jumping over a motorized Nikon camera rigged with a fisheye lens.

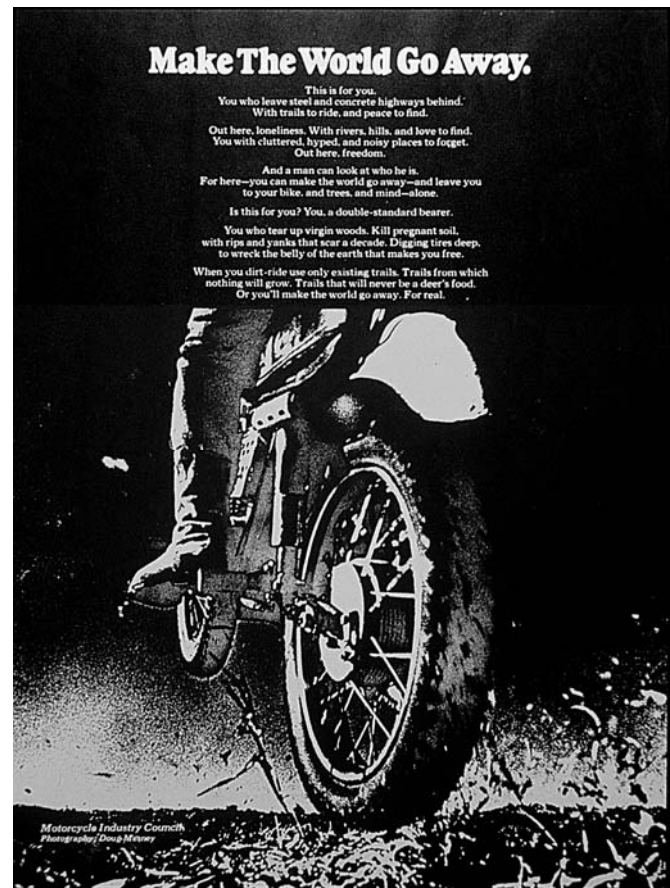
You know that warning, “Objects in the mirror are closer than they appear?” I nearly lost a pricey lens doing that shot.

Make the World Go Away was shot from ground level. A motorized Nikon was mounted onto a small, Leitz tabletop tripod, placed into the hole dug for *Breath Deep*.

The lens was the ultra-sharp 21 mm super wide angle mentioned earlier; I wanted everything sharp and clear. An orange filter darkened the sky.

Wiley jumped the bike, landing just in front of the camera—another near-miss.

The original neg, shot on Plus-X, was printed onto 4 X 5-inch [~10 X 12 cm] Tri-X sheet film, processed for reticulation (a large-grain effect) and “solarized” (exposed to light) during development. That pos image was contacted onto another sheet of Tri-X, to create a printable negative. Solarization added light to shadow areas. Reticulation was done by alternately plunging the negative into hot and cold water. The multiple flips and flops built-up the contrast, which enhanced the grain.



The fifth ad—headlined, *Miss You*—was shot at a land fill near the Commack quarry.

The place was already full of litter; but the trash needed rearranging in the foreground to enhance the composition.

The foreground shot was done with a the same red-filtered 21 mm Nikkor lens.

The “moon” is actually a NASA public-domain shot of the Earth, superimposed in the darkroom.

A 35 mm negative was shot from the 70 mm NASA transparency (shot with a Hasselblad) and printed on 8 X 10-inch [~20 X 24 cm] single weight paper. Earth was cut-out and pasted onto a 16 X 20-inch [~40 X 50 cm] print of the foreground scene. Printing plates and copy negatives were made from that master art.

The final ad—*One Life to Make It Happen*—was a bit ironic, in my opinion. It was shot in a farm field on the outskirts of Ronkonkoma, about 10 minutes away from the sand quarry in Commack. The ad's copy called on bikers to respect nature, to avoid tearing up the turf. The picture contradicts that appeal; after all, how did the bikers pictured get into the middle of that field without disrespectfully damaging it? And why were they there in the first place?



That picture likely made ink because none of us could come up with a better idea.

Our efforts (and egos) were rewarded when the campaign was accepted for publication in *Communication Arts* magazine's CA-70, a prestigious annual catalogue presenting the year's best examples of advertising and editorial design.

Shortly after that, Cook Nielsen bypassed art director Eberhard Luethke and hired me directly, to shoot my first cover for *Cycle*. Nielsen was ladies' man and a good looking one; blond, tanned, physically fit, and Californian (think Beach Boys); image wise, he was to women what Farrah Fawcett was to men; Cook could have any girl he wanted, I reckoned, at least that's the way it seemed.

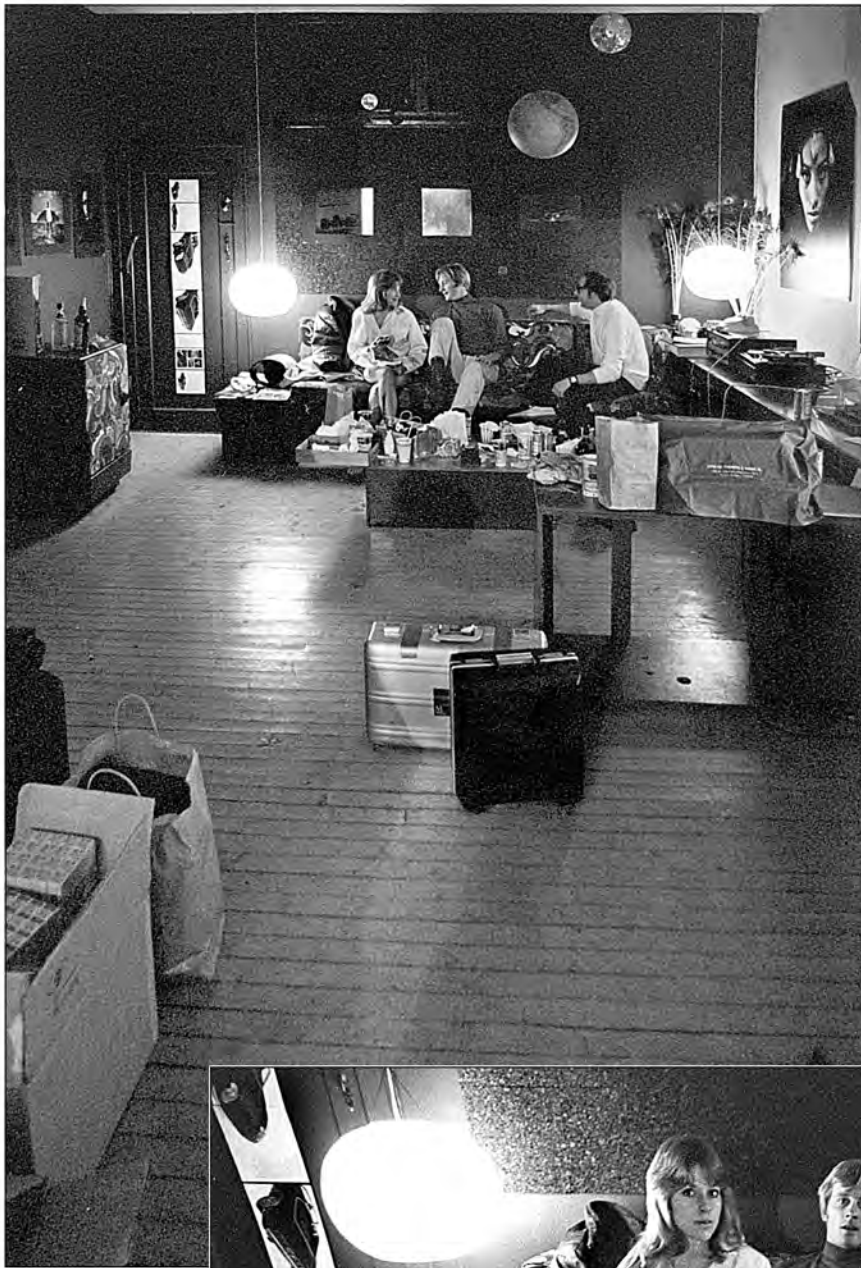


For the cover shot, Nielsen hired Michaela Lawrence, a top model, to sit on a Suzuki T-350 "Rebel" bike. Nielsen made sure he was there when the job was shot; it was pretty clear he was hoping that she would be sitting on more than the bike. Maybe Michaela suspected that, because she never showed up for the shoot; she sent her sister, Andréa, instead; that changed my life, not Cook's.

To elaborate: Michaela called the morning of the big shoot to say that she couldn't do the gig but her sister, Andrea, could and she was already on her way, from Connecticut. There was no way to contact her—it was way before cell phones. Making matters worse, it was a snowy day and every transit system was snarled.

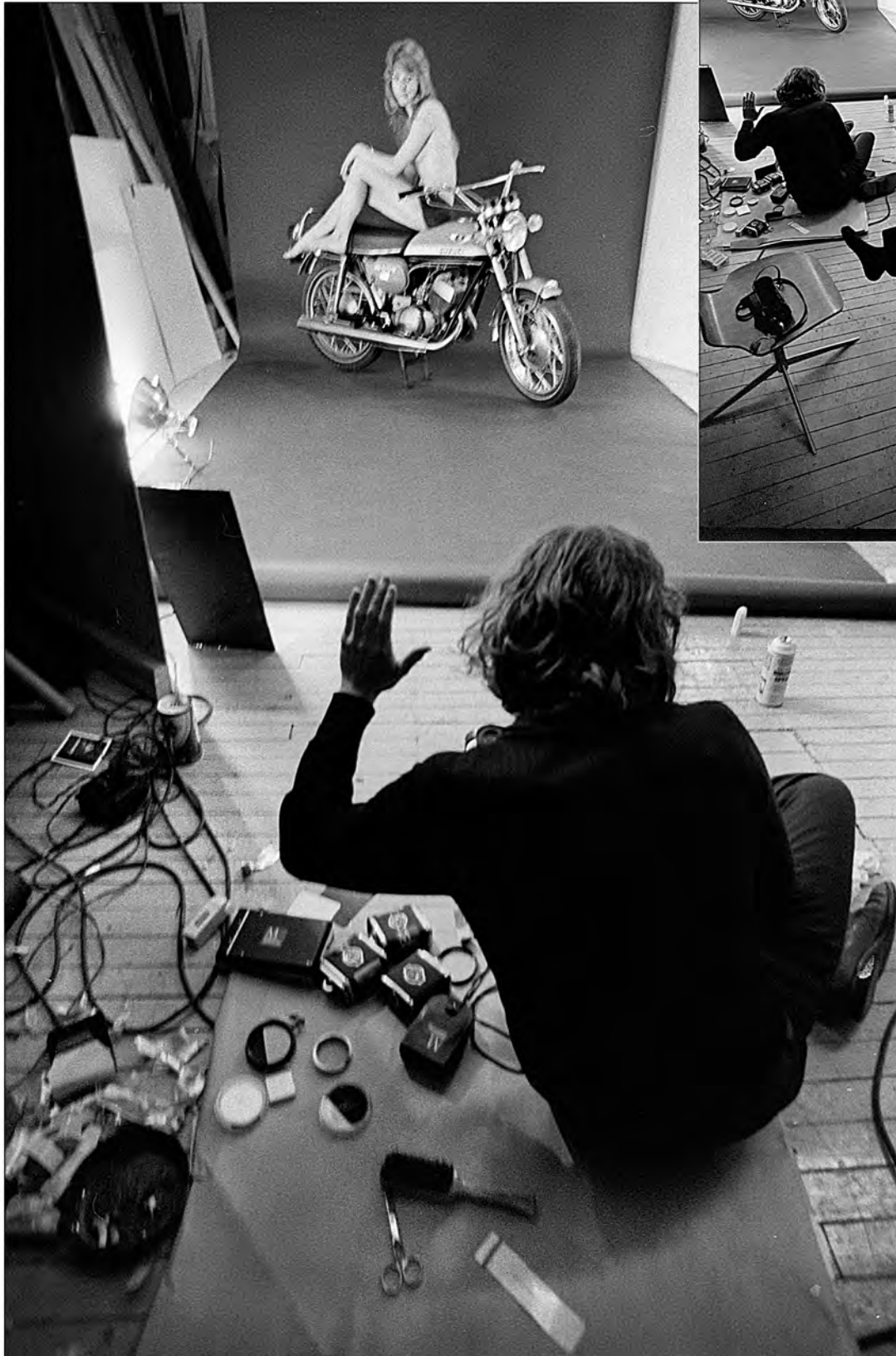
Andrea Lawrence graced *Cycle*'s July, 1970 cover; shot with infrared-color film.

The shoot was scheduled for late afternoon—at Cook's request ("...and please have some wine on hand.")—so we had some slack time built in; I had booked the talent for a 10:00 am call; that would give us two hours to block the shot and two hours for Justine to do the model's hair and make-up with a two-hour grace period.



1970 | CYCLE MAGAZINE COVER SHOOT | PLATE N° 1

Andrea Lawrence, model; Cook Neilsen, Cycle editor; and Shelly Ascher, Models Circle magazine.



1970 | CYCLE MAGAZINE COVER SHOOT | PLATE N° 2

Andrea Lawrence, model; Cook Neilsen, Cycle editor; and Shelly Ascher, Models Circle magazine.

At 11:00, a rosy-cheeked Andrea Lawrence bustled in wearing a white-fur-lined bright-red ski jacket. "Whew!" she puffed, "did you know the elevator is out?" But she was all smiles and they were mesmerizing. "I need a good cup of coffee, a cigarette and a puff on somebody's pipe!" Call me naïve, but that moment was the first time in my life when I felt love at first sight.

My attraction to Andrea (I preferred to call her Andréa, with the French accent) complicated the shoot; Cook's advances were painfully obvious. Nielsen stretched the shoot well into the evening; he ordered out food and gave me the nod, meaning turn on the mood lighting and music. Nielsen cozied-up next to Andréa on the couch during the dinner break; she played coy. I wanted to put knockout drops in Nielsen's drink.

I reckoned that I didn't stand a chance with Andréa; Cook had it all over me in looks and *savoir faire*. He suggested that we all go party together. Then, a miracle occurred: Andréa announced that she had to catch the train back to Connecticut. Nielsen offered to escort her downstairs and hail her a cab, but she fended him off. Nielsen was stunned. There was no joy in Mudville; mighty Casey had struck out.

[Spoiler Alert: Things were never the same between Cook and I after he learned that Andréa and I were dating; work from *Cycle* went on the decline.]

1970s | Portfolio | Part Two | Plates N^{os} 1 – 58

This portfolio comprises the better part of my work for Cycle magazine.

Plate N^o1: When Andréa Lawrence shot my portrait, neither she nor I realized it was almost over between us. Of note: I'm wearing Caroline Hadley's I-Ching coins.

Plate N^{os}2-11: Illustrating a road test of the Yamaha 350 Twin was my first assignment for Cycle magazine. Jess Thomas performed the tests, wrote the piece and modelled for the photographs. He had the bike at his home office in Seacliff, Long Island (about an hour out of New York, on the North Shore)—a rambling shop that occupied every square inch of the garage, basement and back yard. There were a dozen bikes in various stages of assembly and disassembly; how he kept track of it all, I couldn't imagine. We shot around the marshes of a local beach. Having the writer direct the shoot was ideal; there were no wasted frames second guessing what he might write about.

Plate N^o12: The September '69 Cycle magazine cover was my first; it featured my wife, Leslie, in a custom-made "moon suit" which she made for the occasion. The spacey helmet was made from a Plexiglas lampshade. The shot was made in an abandoned quarry, shot on Infrared-Aero Ektachrome film, using a #47B filter (pure blue).

Plate N^{os}13-15: Jess Thomas's road test of a Rickman Metisse motorcycle, this one a so-called "café-racer" racer model. The lead shot with the squiggly lights was made on the Long Island Expressway; I was in the back of a station wagon, hanging off the back with a flash camera (Nikon FTn with Honeywell Strobolar). The flash stopped the action, but I left the shutter open for a few seconds while "zooming" in. As the car rode over rough pavement, the camera bounced and the headlights of on-coming vehicles traces squiggly lines onto the film. I shot three 36-exposure rolls to make sure I got the shot and this was the only one.

In most of the others, the headlights' squiggles overlapped Thomas and/or the bike. The color differential in Plate N^{os} 14 & 15 was due to the different filters I used. The bike was red and appears normal in the small picture. In the hero shot, I was using a red filter to darken the sky; it also made the bike look lighter. Those shots were made from the foot of the Brooklyn Bridge, with lower Manhattan in the background. We waited an hour for that airplane to fly by. [Only kidding.]

Plate N^o 16: Shooting July '70 Cycle magazine cover was how I met Andréa Lawrence, modeling for a Suzuki 350 Rebel motorcycle, as described in the manuscript.

Plate N^o 17: The March '71 Cycle magazine cover, featuring a Norton 750 Roadster—aka the Norton Commando—was the most difficult studio shot I ever undertook. Photographically, it was a snap. Building the set was the hard part—cantilevering the bike to support the weight of the rider (Cook Neilsen). We went through nearly a full roll of seamless paper to get the right look.

Plate N^o 18: The April '71 Cycle magazine cover, featuring a Moto Guzzi 750 Ambassador was a straightforward undertaking. The hardest part was getting the big bike up to my fifth-floor studio in the small, passenger elevator. To light the bike, I surrounded it with floor-to-ceiling white reflector boards, which you can see, reflected in the chrome.

Plate N^o 19: The Cycle magazine cover for their 1971 Racing Annual was an Atomicolor shot I made at the Pepperell Motocross in 1968, using Infrared-Aero Ektachrome and a #72 (brown) filter.

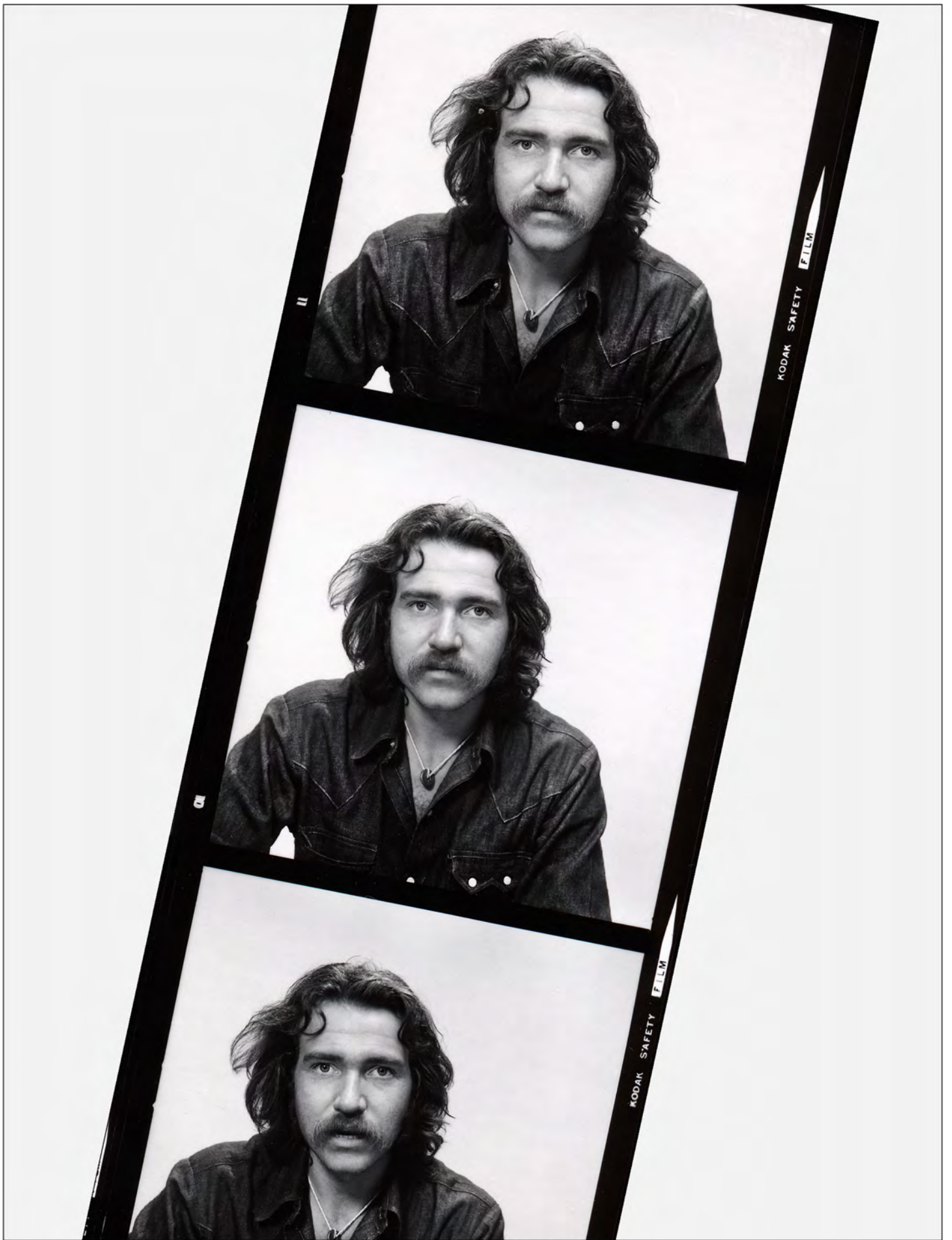
Plate N^{os} 20-27: Phil Schilling was the model for the October '72 Cycle magazine cover, featuring a Ducati 750 Twin; he also wrote the road test. We shot the bike around Bear Mountain State Park (a couple of hours north of New York City). The fold-out cover was a first for Cycle. The "night" shot [made with infrared color film and a 58G (green) filter] was added at the last minute, at Schilling's request; he needed to fill an extra page and had run out of words.

Plate N^{os} 28-29: For a feature article on a custom-built Harley-Davidson Sportster motorcycle, Cycle editor Cook Neilsen and I took the bike out to New York National Speedway, in Center Moriches, Long Island, where Neilsen put it through its paces; he was a big fan of muscle bikes.

Plate N^{os} 30-39: I knew I had arrived when Cycle flew me out to Ohio, to photograph the famous Chillicothe Hillclimb. If ever there were an endurance test, this was certainly it. I worked with Cycle's free-lance writer Frank Connors; he was well known by the event organizers and got me into the pits and in prime locations on the hillside itself.

Plates N^{os} 40-47: For Cycle magazine's Jawa Velorex Sidecar road test, I was given free reign and a reasonably significant budget; enough to hire my buddy Wiley Crockett and Barbara Wing as models and take them to Chester, Pennsylvania, about 110 miles [~180 kilometers] Southwest of New York, for the shoot. There, Justine made arrangements for us to shoot at a neighborhood mansion. Wing, an accomplished equestrian, rode Justine's horse Admiral for the lead shot.

[Continued after Plates]



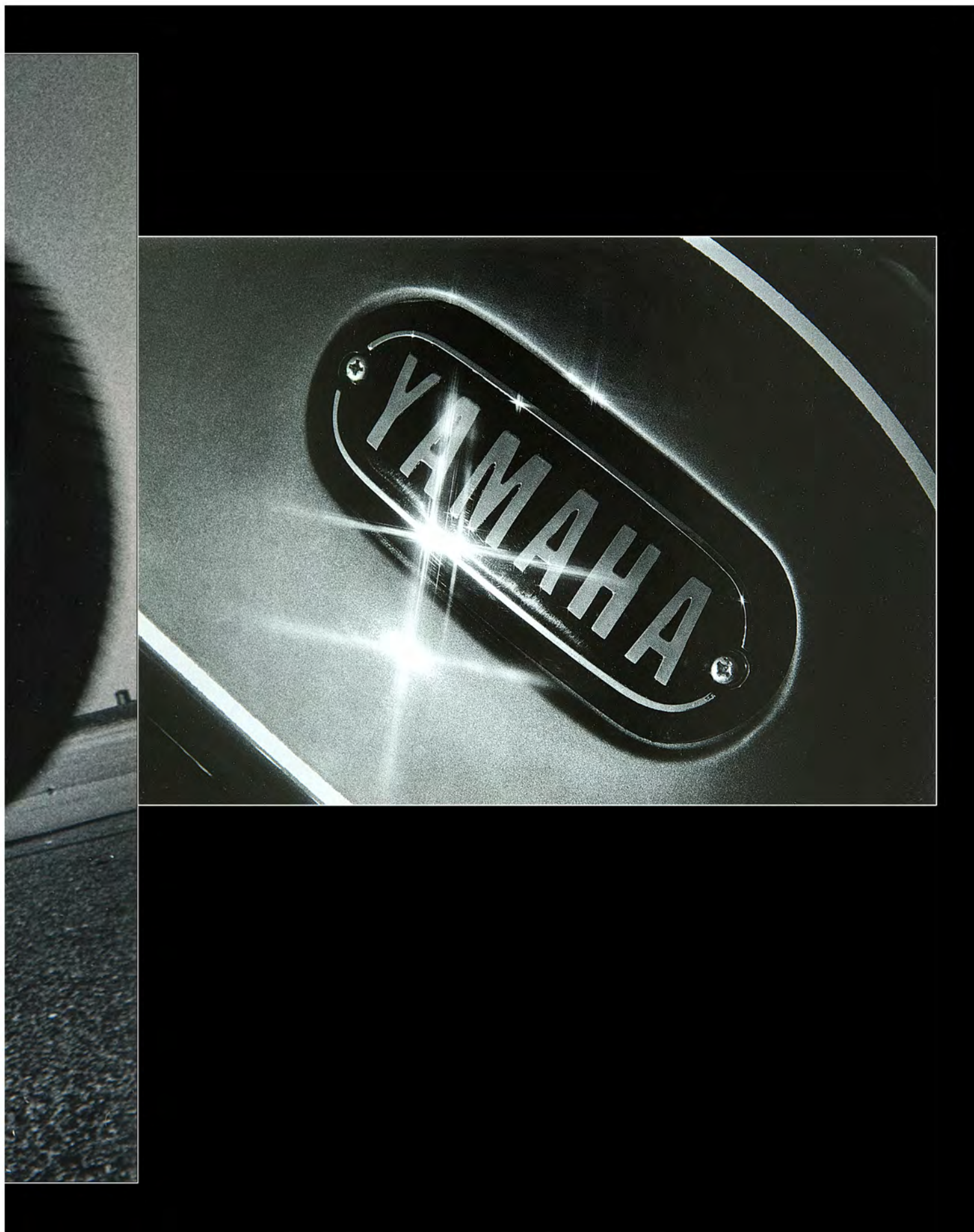
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 1

Portrait of Your's Truly by Andrea Lawrence | 1971



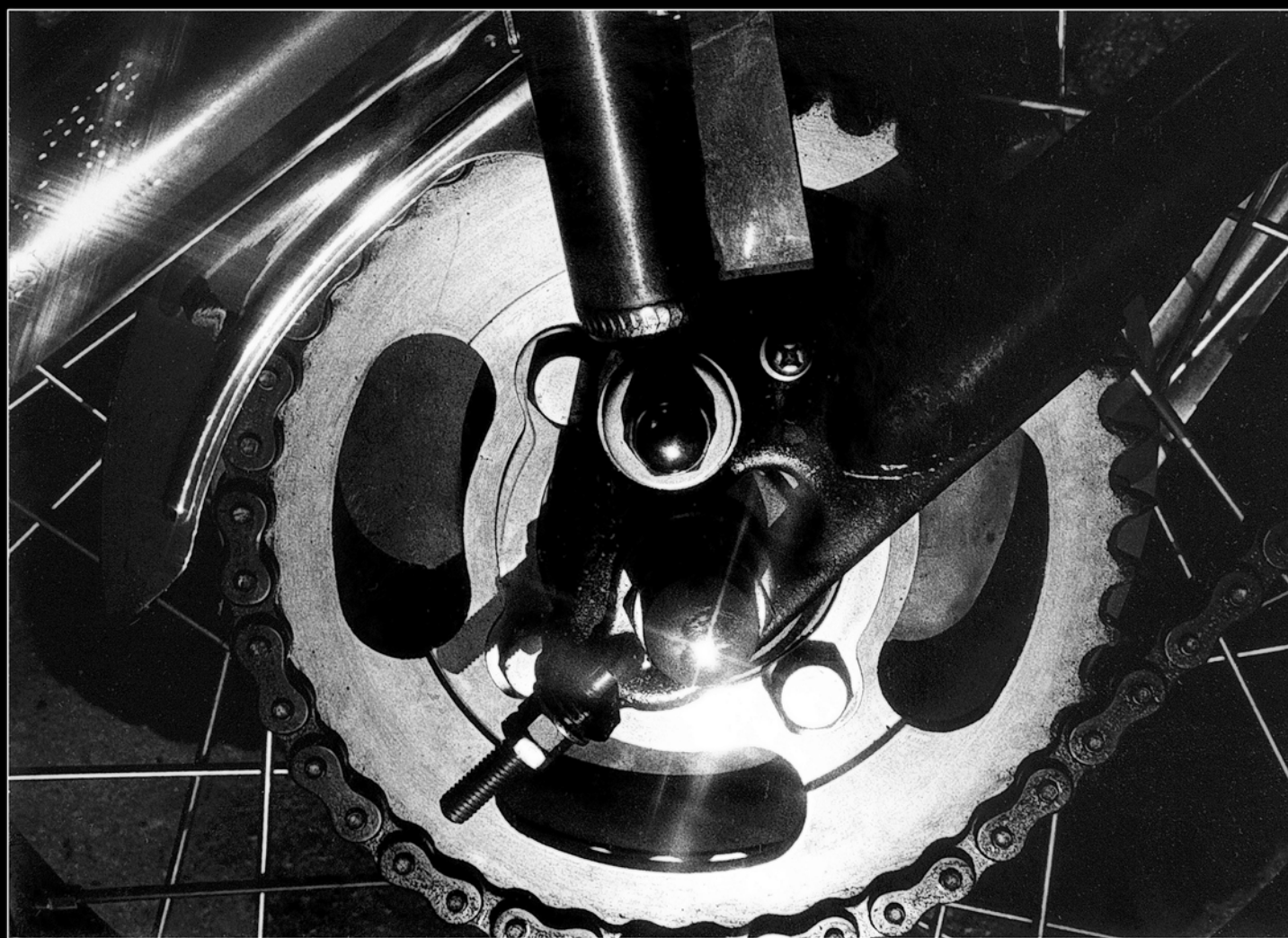
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 2

Cycle Magazine | Yamaha YR2C 350 Twin driven by Jess Thomas | 1968 | First assignment for Cycle



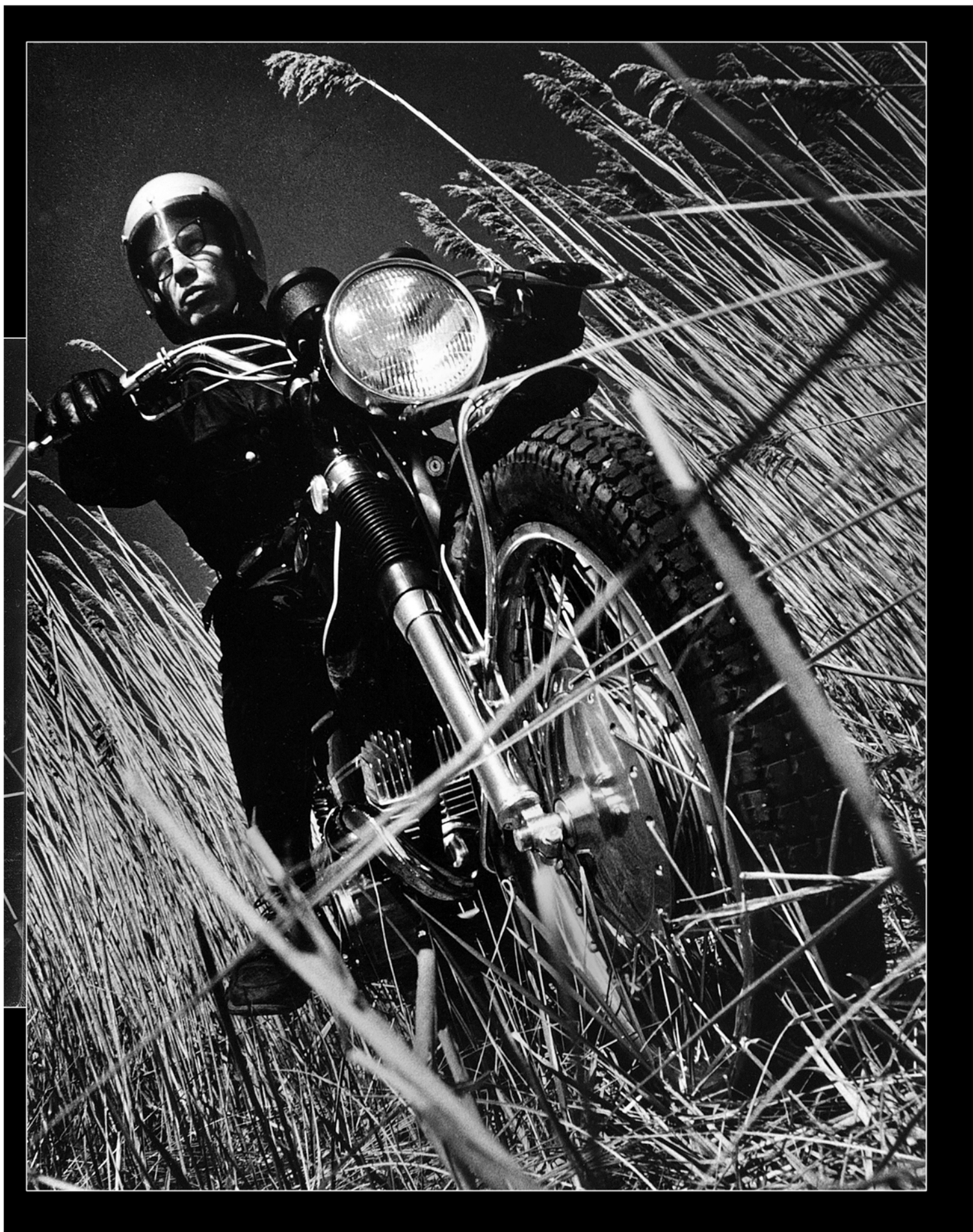
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 3

Cycle Magazine | Yamaha YR2C 350 Twin driven by Jess Thomas | 1968 | First assignment for Cycle



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 4

Cycle Magazine | Yamaha YR2C 350 Twin driven by Jess Thomas | 1968 | First assignment for Cycle



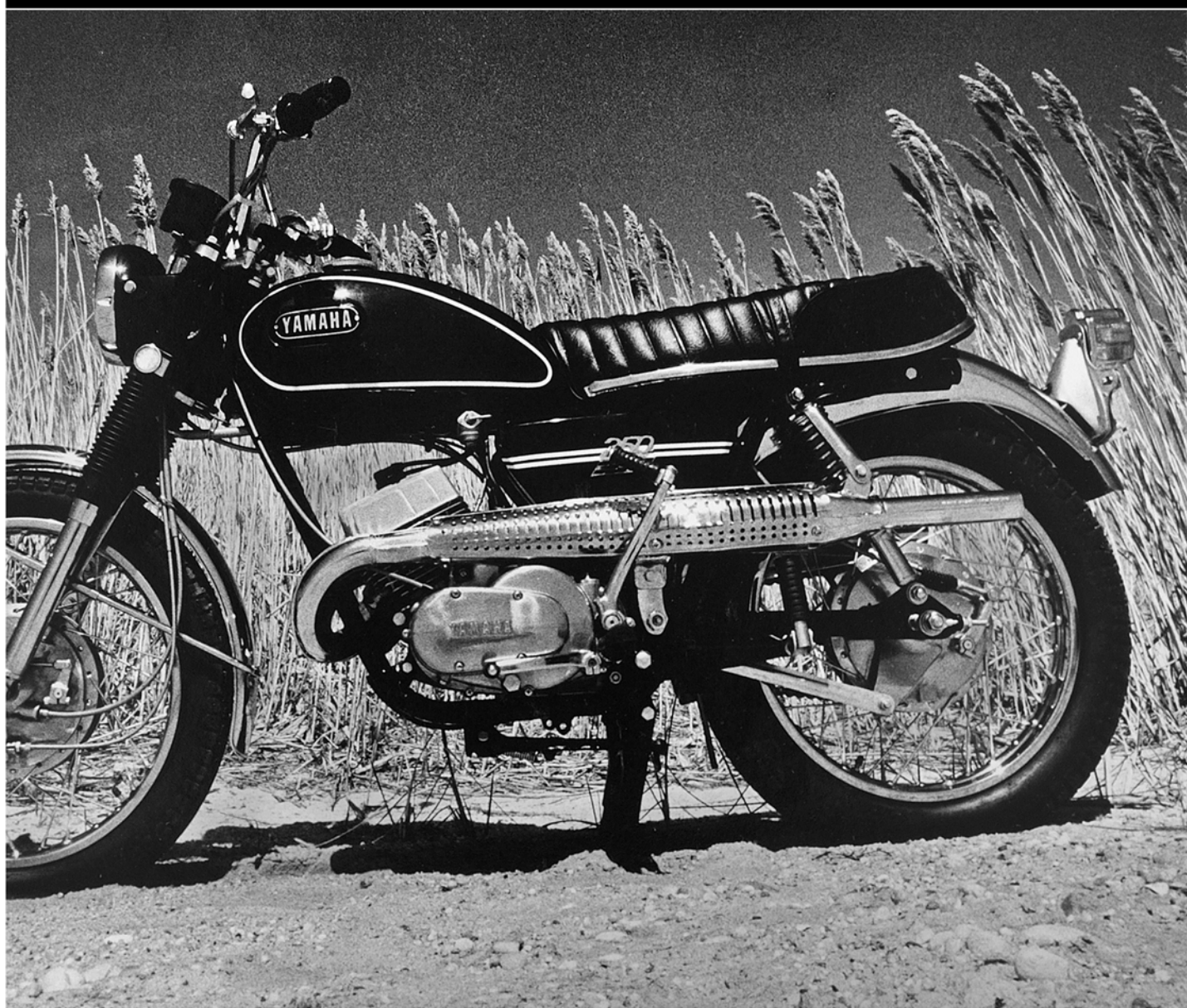
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 5

Cycle Magazine | Yamaha YR2C 350 Twin driven by Jess Thomas | 1968 | First assignment for Cycle



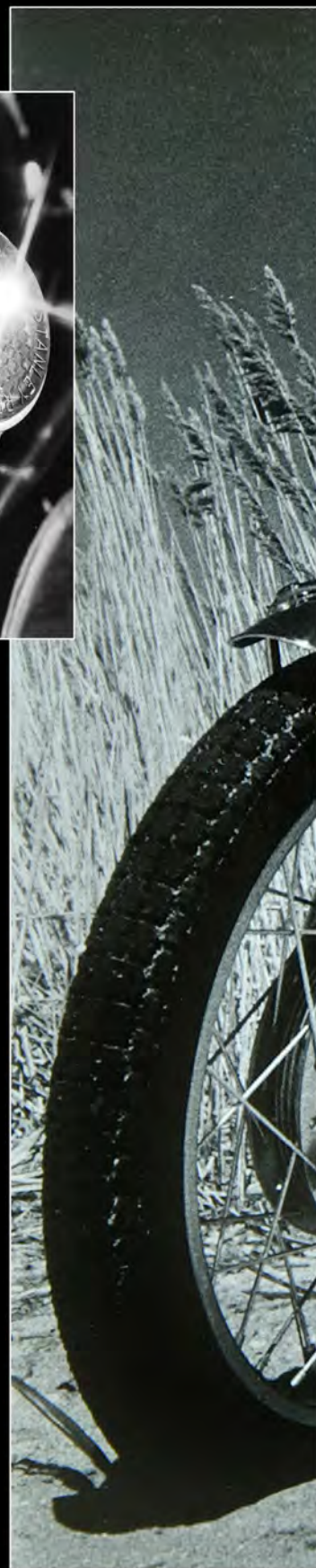
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 6

Cycle Magazine | Yamaha YR2C 350 Twin driven by Jess Thomas | 1968 | First assignment for Cycle



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 7

Cycle Magazine | Yamaha YR2C 350 Twin driven by Jess Thomas | 1968 | First assignment for Cycle



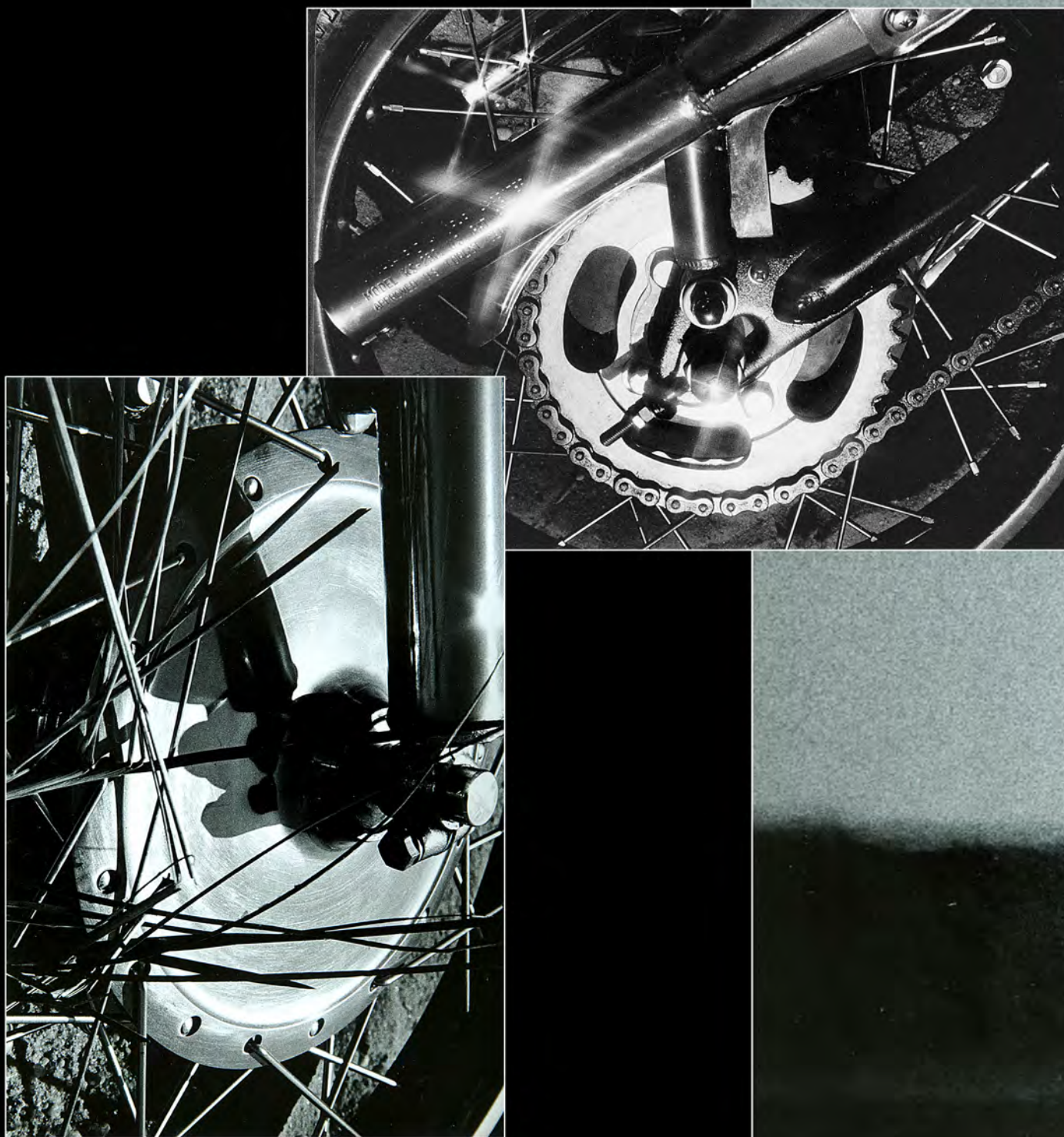
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 8

Cycle Magazine | Yamaha YR2C 350 Twin driven by Jess Thomas | 1968 | First assignment for Cycle



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 9

Cycle Magazine | Yamaha YR2C 350 Twin driven by Jess Thomas | 1968 | First assignment for Cycle



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 10

Cycle Magazine | Yamaha YR2C 350 Twin driven by Jess Thomas | 1968 | First assignment for Cycle



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 11

Cycle Magazine | Yamaha YR2C 350 Twin driven by Jess Thomas | 1968 | First assignment for Cycle

Cycle

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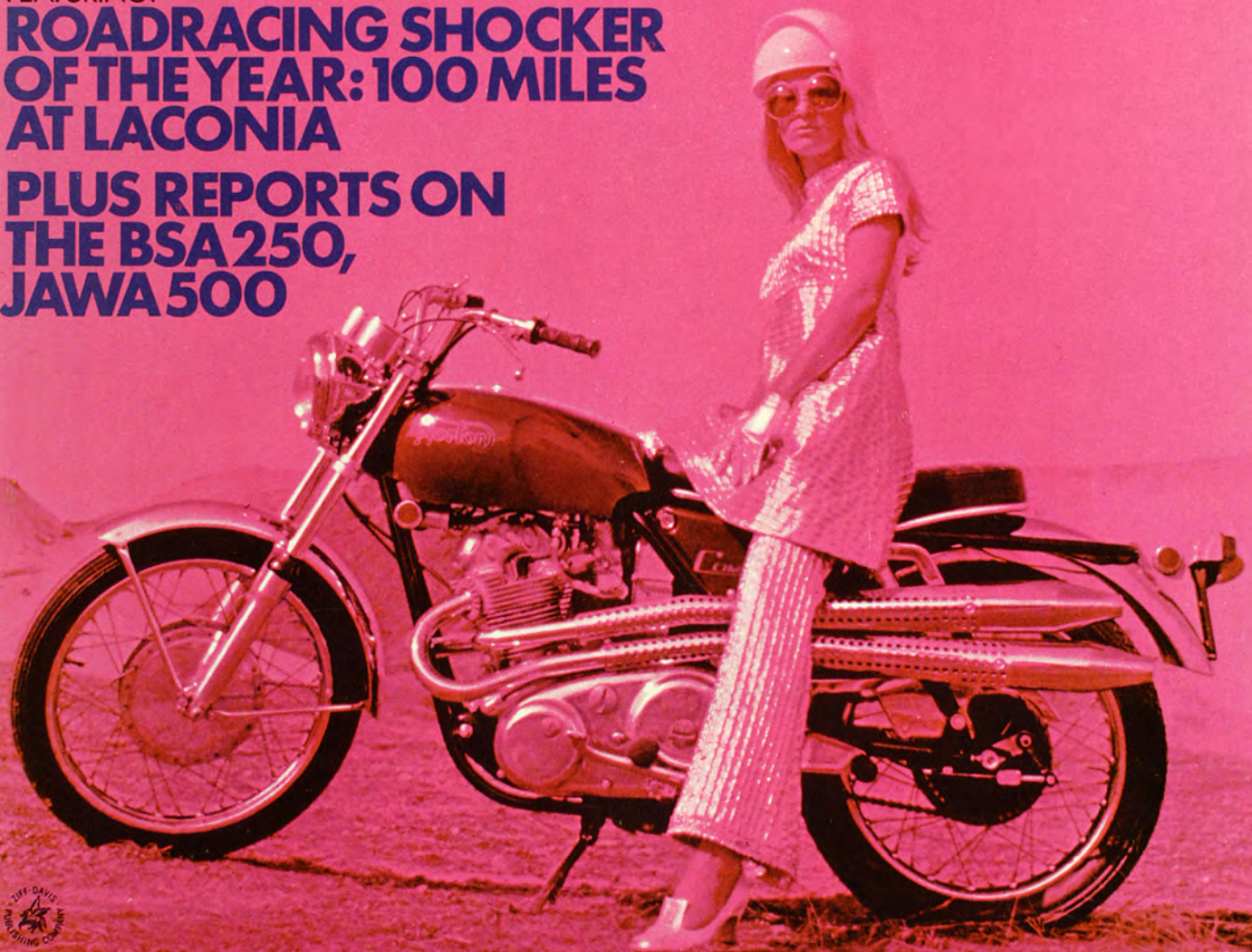
TESTING:

NORTON 750 COMMANDO'S SUPER BIKE

FEATURING:

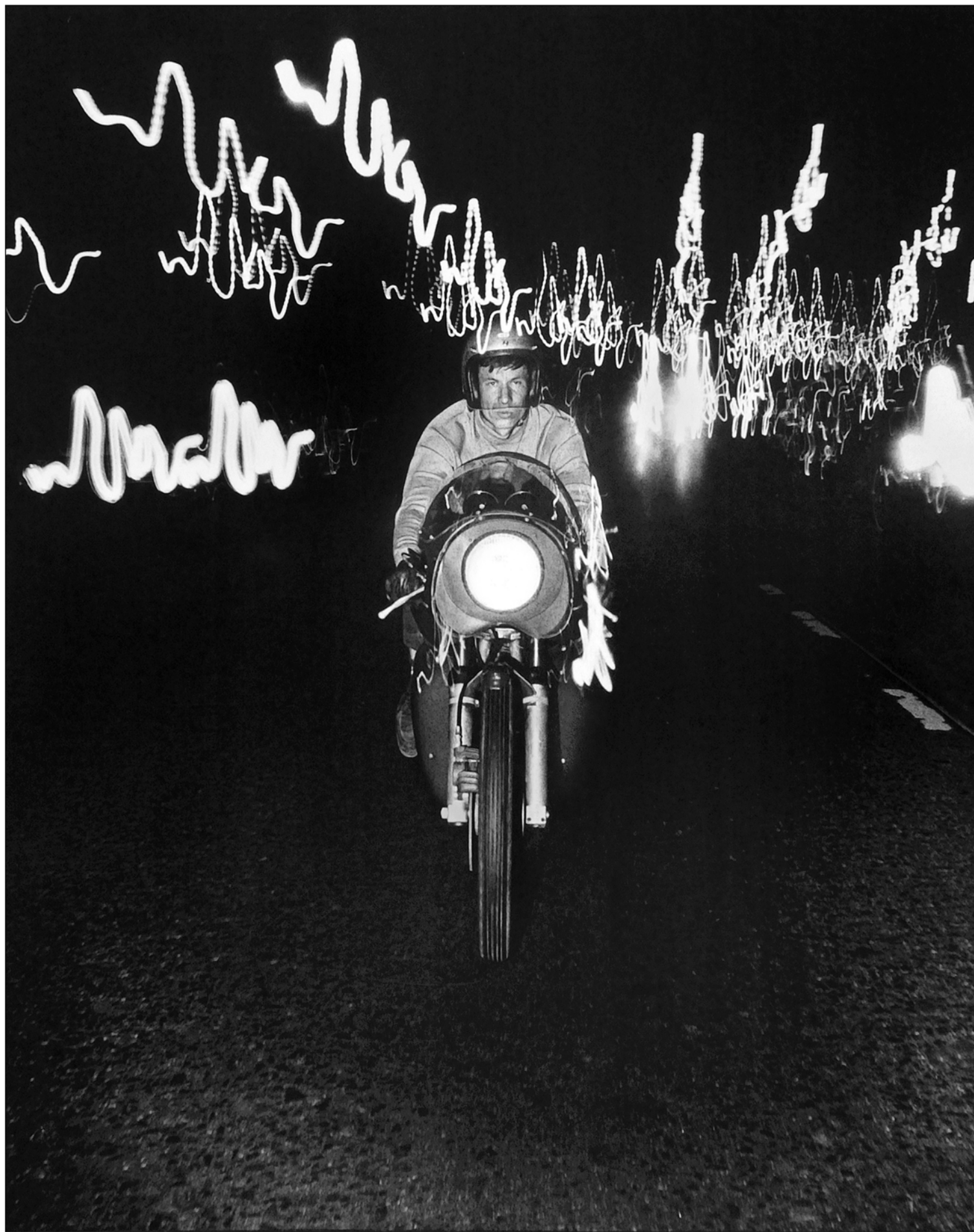
ROADRACING SHOCKER
OF THE YEAR: 100 MILES
AT LACONIA

PLUS REPORTS ON
THE BSA 250,
JAWA 500



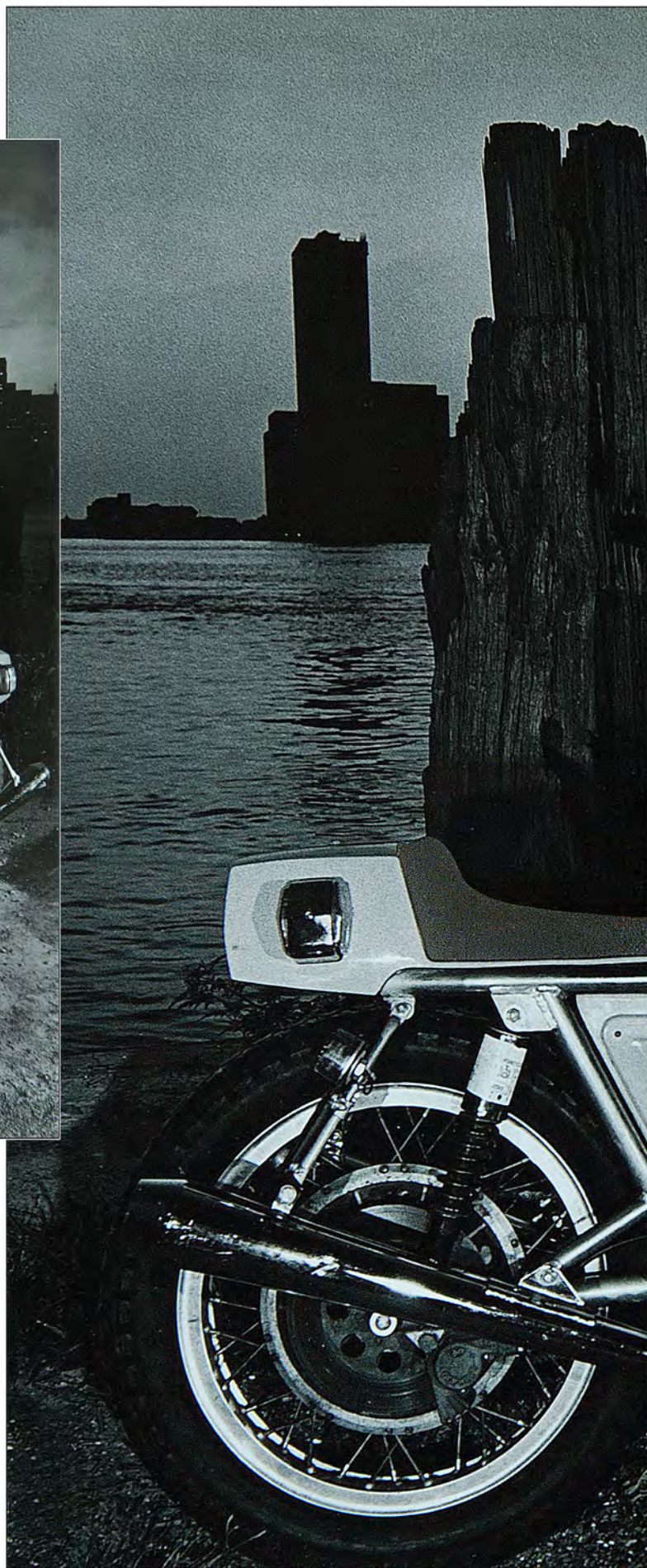
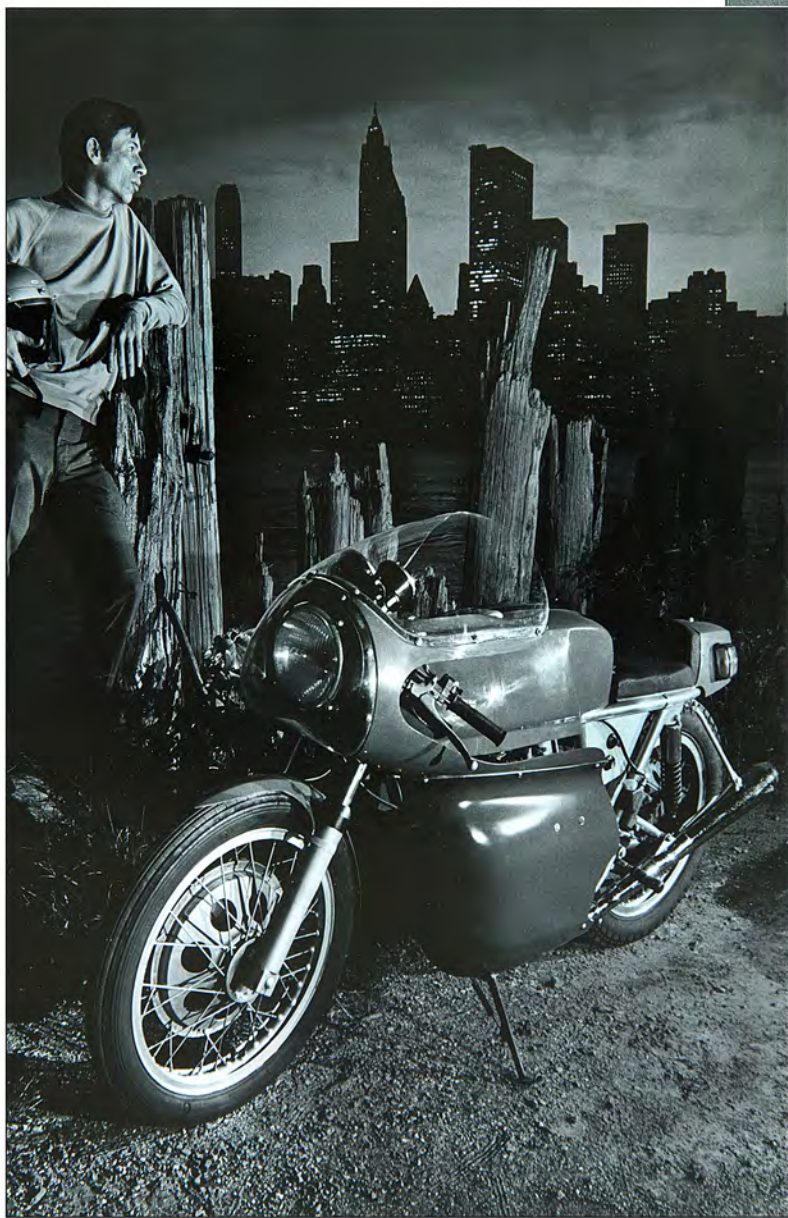
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 12

Cycle Magazine | Norton Commando | Leslie Shirk Mesney | 1969



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 13

Cycle Magazine | Rickman Metisse Cafe Racer driven by Jess Thomas | 1971



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 14

Cycle Magazine | Rickman Metisse Cafe Racer driven by Jess Thomas | 1971



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 15

Cycle Magazine | Rickman Metisse Cafe Racer driven by Jess Thomas | 1971

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The time will come
when only the mediumweight bike
makes sense.
Enough, after all, is enough.

Honda CB450 SS Suzuki T-350 Rebel

Motorcycles Vs. Environment

It can become a war with no winners.
Unless we do something. Now.



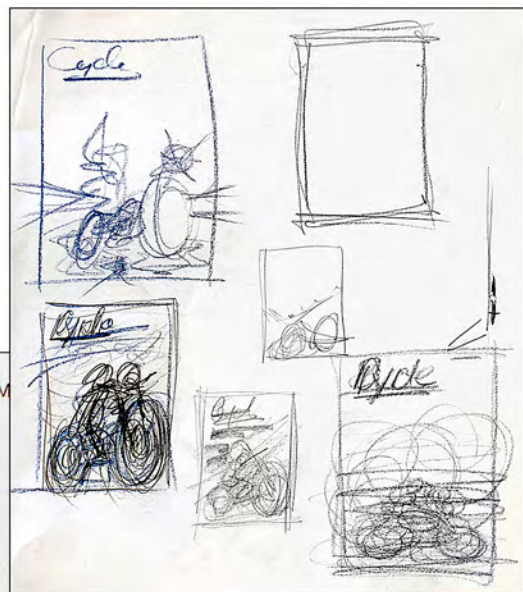
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PROJECT KILLER SPORTSTER

**1257cc OF PURE
NASTINESS!**

**Road
Tests:**

**1971 Norton Roadster 750
250cc Montesa Cota Trials**



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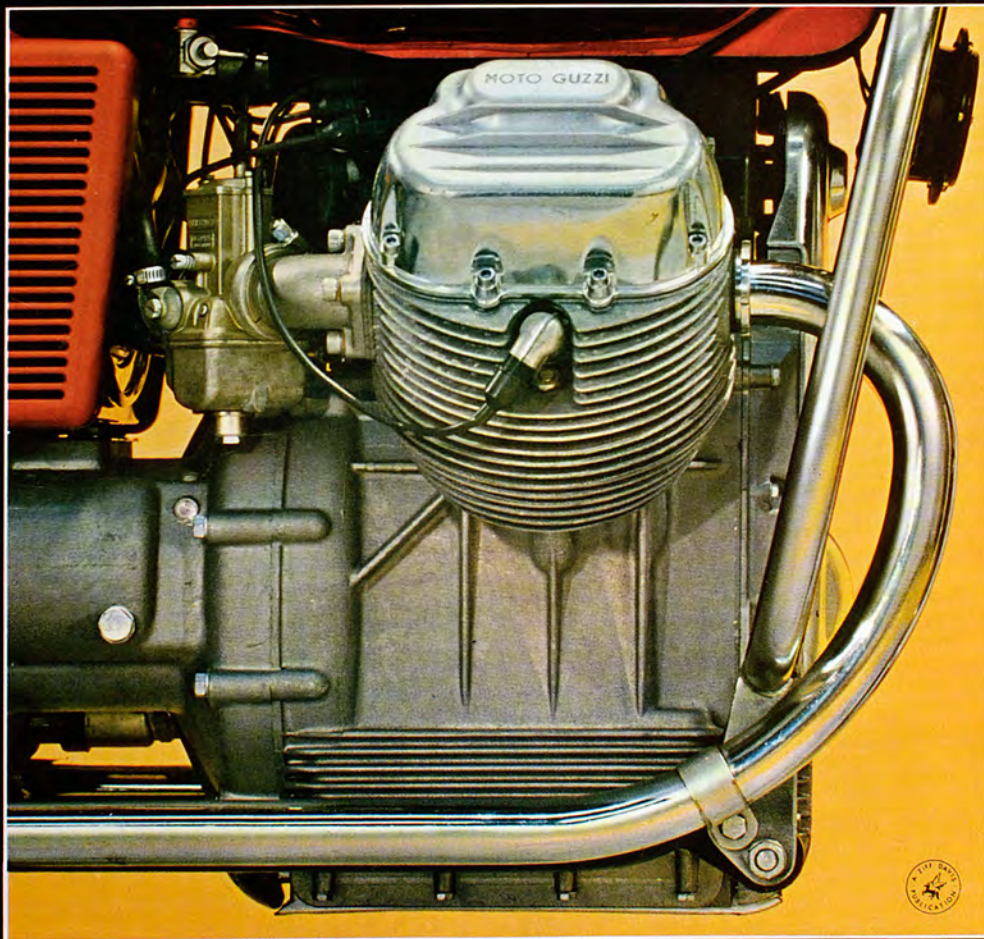
FIVE ROAD TESTS—SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY:

Honda CB-175 K5 — Ten Grand, And Go!

Kawasaki 250cc Enduro — Little Brother Straightens Out

Bultaco 250cc Matador — Change Is The Only Constant

Suzuki TS-125R Duster — Fun On A Paper-Route Budget



...and the smooth, strong 1971

Moto Guzzi 750 Ambassador

Cycle 1971 **Racing**

BY THE EDITORS OF CYCLE MAGAZINE

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Competition closeups:

NATIONAL
CHAMPIONSHIPS

THE MACHINES

THE RACES

RIDERS



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 19

Cycle Magazine | *Pepperell Motocross (1968)* | 1971

Cycle



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 20

Cycle Magazine | *Ducati 750 Twin* | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 21

Cycle Magazine | Ducati 750 Twin | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 22

Cycle Magazine | Ducati 750 Twin | 1971



CYCLE ROAD TEST

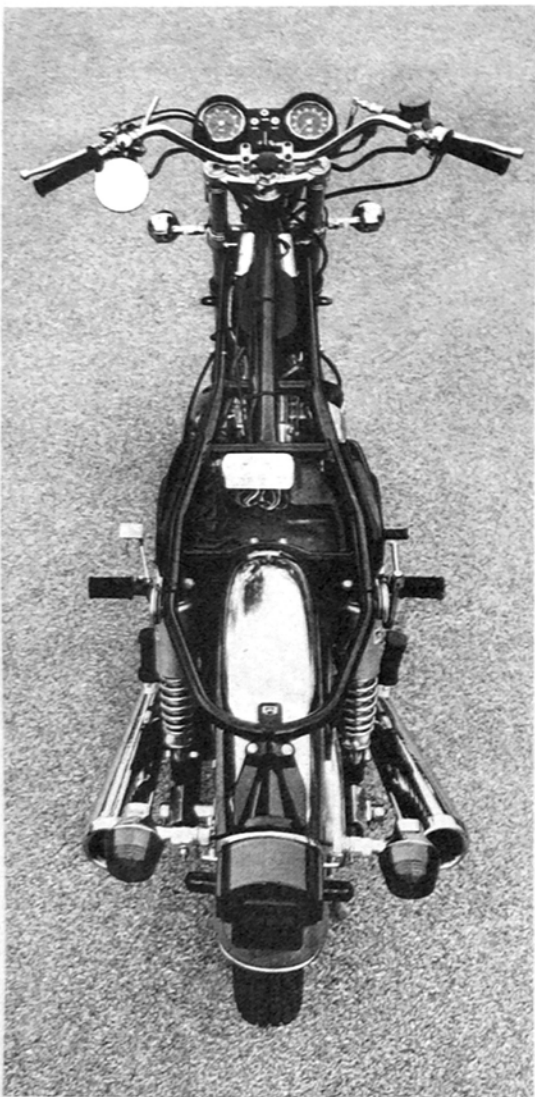
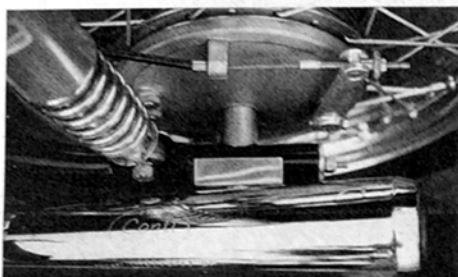
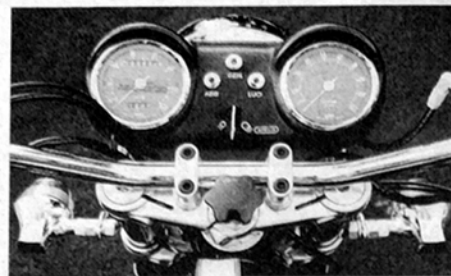
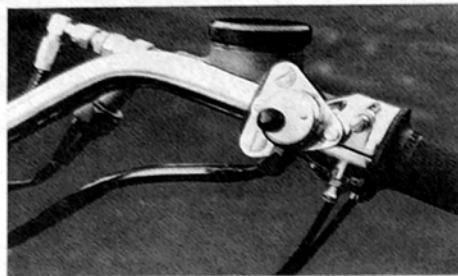
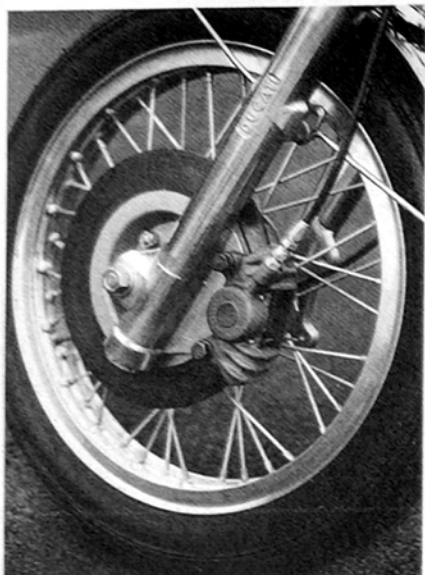
DUCATI 750 V-TWIN

• When you see the Ducati 750, you suspect. When you ride the bike, your suspicion grows stronger. And after you've spent mile after mile, corner after corner in the saddle, you know it. You know that this motorcycle did not originate in detailed market research, that no arm-chair committee of twenty corporate honchos dabbled in the design, that the power of a mainstream idea was not bled off into a hundred different tributaries. When the disc brake squeezes the bike down from three-figure speeds, when the bike connects your nerve endings to the tire patches, when the rightside peg nicks down in an 80-mph sweeper and the bike never bobbles, when the 750 leaps forward from 3000 rpm in fourth cog—then you know. You know that a motorcyclist designed this machine, and he got it right. And motorcyclists built this bike, and they kept it right. Above all else, the Ducati 750 is a motorcycle. It is not an appliance. The people who created this 750 probably could not develop a good American refrigerator or food mixer or steam iron. And about such things, thankfully, they do not care.

Ducati wanted a 750, and they wanted a good one fast. Ducati had to be dead certain—before they began the project—that the end-product would work, and work well. There was no margin for gross errors, or even little niggling ones. There wasn't time and money at Ducati to do long-term development of a multi-cylinder design, and besides Ducati just wasn't convinced that transverse in-line multis were necessarily the ultimate answer for street motorcycles.

The 90-degree V-twin is basically two 350 Ducati singles lashed together. That bald description is a lit-

PHOTOGRAPHY: DOUGLAS MESNEY



The frame is narrow and rigid; tube running from the top of the steering head neck hooks up with two cross-bridges which span main parallel frame tubes.

(Left) Lockheed caliper bites down on a cast-iron 11-inch disc; brake is powerful and predictable. Disc rusts on water contact. (Top Center) Control switches are unfortunate: too many bits-and-pieces and too hard to use. And the plumber's nightmare at the end of the brake reservoir should be sheathed in rubber. (Top Right) Instrument panel is handsome and well-angled, but the pilot lights are much too bright at night. (Center Below) SIs Grimeca rear brake works smoothly; mufflers are beautifully shaped. (Right Below) Right fork leg has boss for a brake caliper.

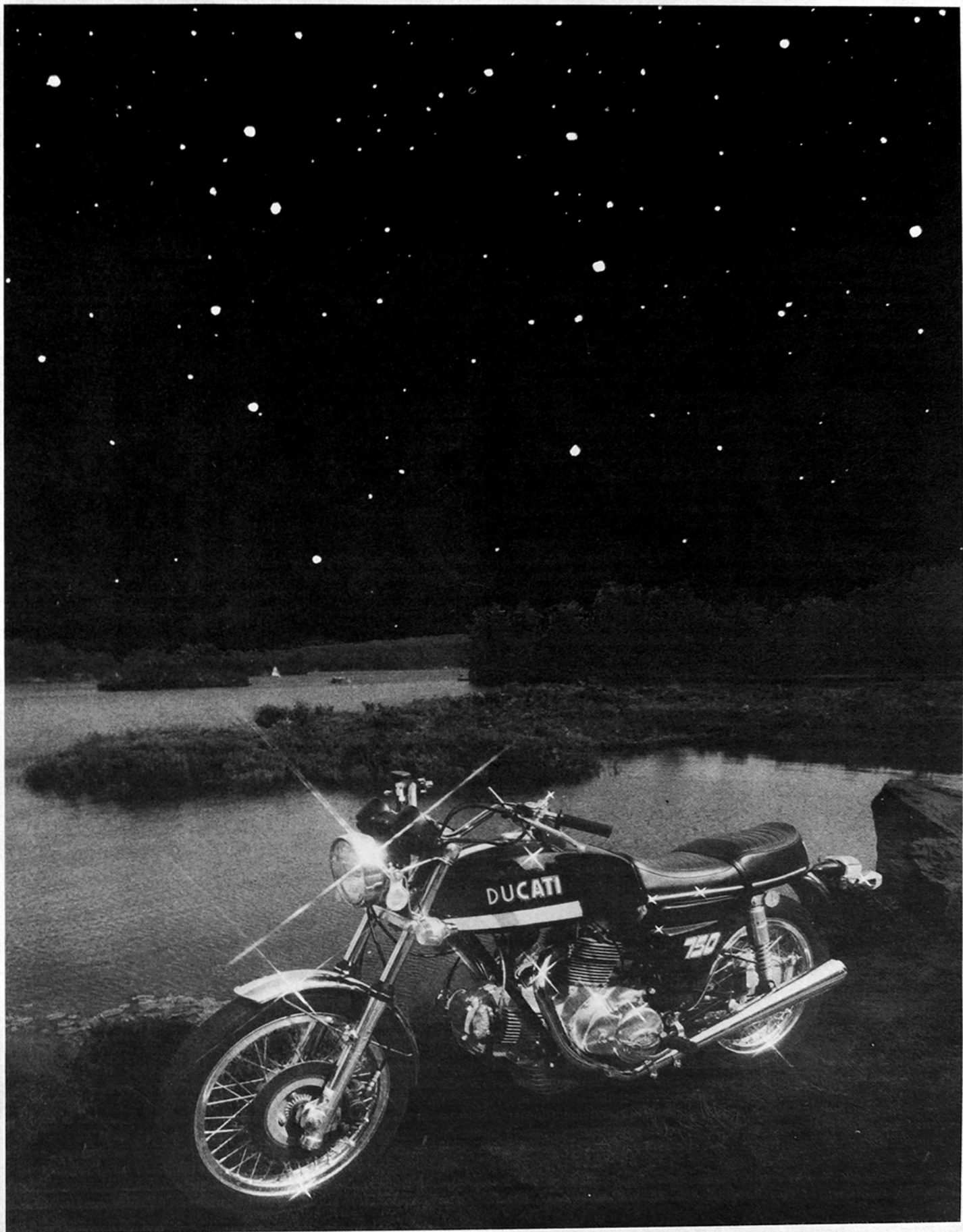
tle too simple; more precisely, the 750 engine is closely patterned after the 350 single, and both engines share the same engineering traditions and working technology. The bore and stroke of each pot in 750 is 80mm x 74.4mm, dimensions which approximate those of the 350 single (76mm x 75mm). The twin's cylinder-heads follow the time-honored fashion of the Bologna firm: single overhead camshafts driven by helical-cut bevel gears and towershafts. The camshafts, rolling on ball bearings, operate rocker arms which have no screw adjusters for dialing in valve lash. Instead, winker caps perched atop valve stems must be changed to adjust clearances (as in the old 250 Mark 3s). Mechanics who set valves by the minute-hand of the clock hate the cap system, but it is positive. There's no extra weight bobbing up and down on the end of the rockers, and there are no adjusters anywhere to come out of whack. Although current Ducati lungers continue with dated hairpin valve springs, the 750 twin, in keeping with more contemporary spring technology, uses coil springs.

The three-ring pistons gulp down fuel/air mix through two 30mm 930 (Spanish) Amal carburetors. The pistons don't pressure the charge too much by modern-day standards; compression is a fairly modest 8.5:1.

Like all Ducati engines, the twin is an all-aluminum alloy affair, and the main cases split vertically. The front horizontal

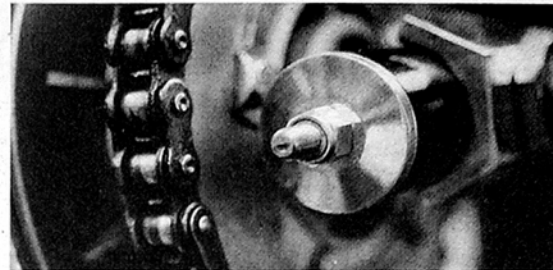
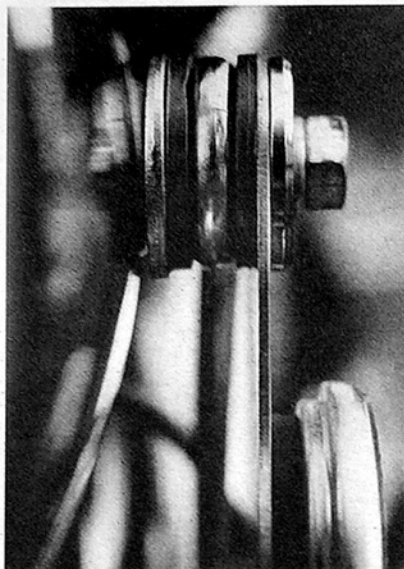
cylinder is a bit offset to the left from the vertical cylinder, and downstairs on the crankpin the forward pot's connecting rod rides to the left of the rear cylinder rod. Both of the one-piece connecting rods turn on caged rollers at the big-ends, while plain bushings do the job at the wrist pins. Ducati elected to use a pressed-together crank assembly with one-piece rods running side by side because they were positive such an arrangement would create no past development problems. Ducati had no experience with male and female con rod setups or with bolted-up flywheel assemblies—the type which Harley-Davidson employs in their production V-twins.

The 750 Ducati's lower end assembly with its truncated flywheels rides on huge ball bearings. Outboard of the left main bearing and outside flywheel, a helical-cut primary gear passes the power to a wet clutch and thence to a five-speed transmission. On the right side of the engine, a set of helical-cut bevel gears, driving off the crankshaft, turns a shaft which spins an idler gear which in turn moves the lower drive gears for the camshafts. The shaft operating the idler gear continues upward and drives the contact breaker points. Tucked into the right side outer case is the 150-watt alternator and a vane-gear oil pump. The pump is driven by an idler gear which meshes with a spur gear on the right side of the crankshaft. Like small Ducati singles, the 750 is a wet-sump engine—the sump holds



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 25

Cycle Magazine | Ducati 750 Twin | 1971



The headlight is insulated from vibrations by rubber grommets. The entire headlight/directional light assembly is mounted on chromed spring steel wires giving the front end a lean, light look—besides saving bulb filaments.

One of the nice touches on the Ducati is the chain adjusters which operate inside the swingarm tubes, making for precise and rigid adjustments.

4.5 quarts—so there are no hoses, clamps, fittings, or outside oil tanks. And no leaks.

The alloy engine, with dozens of carefully matched gears whirring away inside, is an expensive thing to build. One might expect that Ducati, having spent a bundle on the engine, would have snipped a couple of corners and slipped the bucks-up engine into a money-saving frame. That didn't happen. The frame is built of seamless, chrome molybdenum steel tubing. Double downtubes drop from the steering neck and bolt to the front of the engine. Two frame members grip the engine from the rear; these rear tubes also provide the mounting bosses for the tubular swingarm. Just above the swingarm mount, the rear tubes run upward to meet two main horizontal tubes running back from the lower part of the steering neck. A long single tube connects the top of the steering neck to two crossbraces which bridge the horizontal frame tubes; one bridge crosses just above the vertical cylinder head, the second bridge is several inches aft of the first one. The main horizontal frame tubes splay out (just under the riders portion of the saddle), travel back to locate the upper shock mounts and hook up at the rear of the bike. Support struts for the rear section of the frame join the upper shock mounts to the rear cradle tubes at a point just above the swingarm mounting bosses. The swingarm is noteworthy because the rear chain adjusters operate inside the tube itself—which makes for a very rigid and precise way of moving the rear wheel.

An 8-inch, single-leading-shoe Grimeca rear brake with a built-in cush-hub rides in the swingarm. Three-position Marzocchi rear shocks control rear wheel action, while

upfront special built-for-Ducati Marzocchi front forks deal with bumps and ripples. The front wheel hub is a beautiful piece of casting, but the real attraction is the 11-inch front disc brake. The familiar Lockheed caliper unit bolts on the left fork leg; the pucks bite on a cast-iron disc. The right fork leg carries mounting bosses for a second caliper unit, so that a double-disc setup (a la Imola roadracers) is possible.

The Ducati 750 looks different. A snap impression would label the machine as ungainly, something akin to an overgrown dragonfly: beautiful in its component parts, but unattractive as a single piece. That sort of judgment misses the point. The big Italian twin is a basic example of form following function. It looks the way it looks because that's the way the machine in its central layout and main dimensions was engineered. Any styling that was done—or can be done in the future—with this motorcycle is all after-the-main-engineering-facts.

For example, take the 90-degree engine which is buckled longitudinally into the frame. Combined with a steering head angle of 29 degrees, the layout makes for a long (60-inch wheelbase) motorcycle, and a lot of empty spaces. A vertical twin would have been neater in appearance, but that didn't matter. Ducati wanted an inherently smooth-running engine which could be built within their limits of time and money. A 90-degree V-twin has perfect primary balance, and its rocking couple occurs at twice the crankshaft engine speed—all of which means that there's no vibration worth noticing. As a bonus, the twin-cylinder 750 engine is only a couple of inches wider than a 350 single. To avoid quaking and shaking at

low revs, and to retain a simple final chain drive, the engine went into the running gear with its crankshaft rotating in the same direction as the wheels. So what you get is an incredibly smooth large-displacement twin, a motorcycle which needs no rubber-biscuit engine-insulating system, no tall vibration-damping gear ratio, no sponge-sprung handlebars or fatso foot rubbers, and no safety-wire and Locktite to stop nut-and-bolt absenteeism. The object was a smooth-running big twin. That was the result. The Ducati 750 looks the way it does because the central question was "how will it work," not "what will it look like." For all this expense, sophistication and form-following-function business to mean anything at all, the Ducati 750 has to work well—even brilliantly. The machine does.

The first thing you notice when you roll the Ducati off its centerstand is that it weighs a lot less than it looks. At 446 pounds with a full tank of gas, the Italian twin is the second lightest 750-performance bike around. (Norton's Commando is the trimmest muscle machine at 435 pounds). After you turn on the gas-taps, click on the ignition switch, shove the carburetor air-bleed lever forward, you're in for your next surprise. The kickstarter cranks the engine over with ridiculously low leg effort. You could almost start the engine—first or second kick everytime—by spitting on the kickstart lever. The mechanism, however, could use a slightly stronger return spring.

With the carb air-lever returned to its normal position, the idle settles down to a steady rumpty-rumpty-rump 800-rpm beat. The Smith rev counter and matching speedometer report all the vital numbers; the in-

struments, sunk in rubber, have little hoods over their tops, and this treatment reminded more than one staff member of frenched headlights on cars of the 1950s. The dials share the pod with a light switch and three pilot lights: a white generator light (marked *GEN*) for the alternator system; a red eye (*ABB*) for the high beam lights; and a green light (*LUCI*) which signals that the lighting circuit is operating. These little lights are annoyingly bright for night-time country riding—and they should be dimmed down.

Even though the clutch has a nylon lining twixt the cable and sheath, the clutch lever draws hard. Those enthusiasts accustomed to British machines will find the clutch draw requires "normal" effort. But those riders who have grown up on Japanese clutches will immediately develop sore wrist and forearm muscles from the Ducati clutch.

The twin produces a visceral, throbbing exhaust note below 4000 rpm—which turns into a heart-stopping warble at 5000 rpm

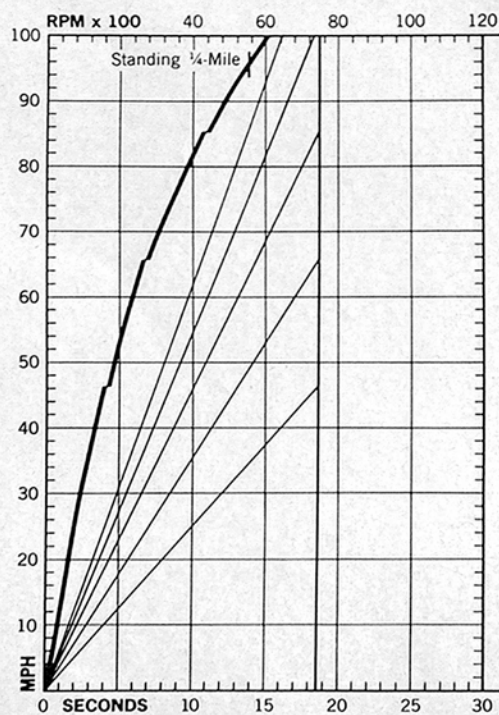
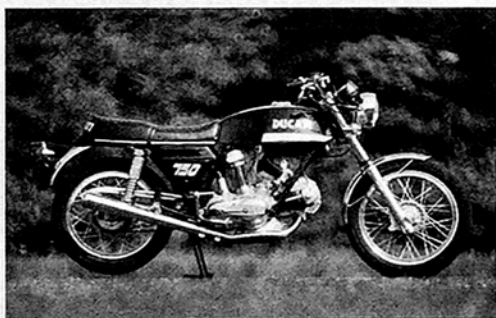
and up. Whether or not these sounds sneak inside the legal dB(A) limits, we could not ascertain at test time because *Cycle's* East Coast sound meter had gone deaf. The exhaust-note music, and the fact that the bike doesn't shake at idle or upstairs in the rev range, might keep lots of Ducati riders in town, doing a grand tour of all the hot dog and root beer stands. Of course the heavy clutch doesn't exactly encourage this sort of round-town rambling, though the engine is torquey enough so that you can be sloppy and even forgetful of gear changes. Even so, in-traffic steering is sluggish and heavy, because the frame geometry is calibrated for fast traveling on open and winding roads. Once you discover *that*, and once you realize how good the Ducati 750 is for fast road riding, you may never want to waste the bike in town again.

In the past three years, *Cycle Magazine* has found two motorcycles which have been about equal in terms of the enjoyment which

they gave the testers when riding hard on mountain roads and straight pikes. Those two machines are the Honda 750 Four and the Benelli 650 Tornado. By a small margin the Ducati 750 is more enjoyable to ride really hard than the big Honda and vertical-twin Benelli. Although the Ducati's V-twin feels fairly clumsy at low speeds, at high speed the machine is stable and predictable; it never thinks about doing any tricks in fast, bumpy corners. It doesn't hop or jump or shake. Nor do sidewinds bobble it. And we didn't even screw the steering damper down. On the left side, the centerstand grounds before the left footpeg, and you have to be motoring right along to touch down the stand. On the right side, you can dive into corners and just keep going and going until you feel the fold-up footpeg dragging away on the pavement.

Tire pressures were about 30 psi in both Metzeler tires. The tire compound seems

(Continued on page 80)



DUCATI 750

Price, suggested retail East Coast, POE \$1995.00

Tire, front 3.25 in. x 19 in.

rear 3.50 in. x 18 in.

Brake, front 11.02 in. x 1.5 in. x 2 in.

rear 7.87 in. x 1.15 in.

Brake swept area 132.2 sq. in.

Specific brake loading 4.7 lb/sq. in., at test weight

Engine type 90-degree V-twin with two
single overhead camshafts

Bore and stroke 3.120 in. x 2.902 in.,
80mm x 74.4mm

Piston displacement 45 cu. in., 748cc

Compression ratio 8.5:1

Carburetion 2 (#); 30mm; Amal 930

Air filtration Pleater paper element

Ignition Battery and coil

Bhp @ rpm N.A. (hp) @ N.A. rpm

Mph/1000 rpm, top gear 15.3

Fuel capacity 4.5 gal.

Oil capacity 9 pints

Lighting 12v, 150 watts

Battery 12v, 12ah

Gear ratios, overall (1) 12.32 (2) 8.60 (3) 6.63
(4) 5.51 (5) 4.89

Wheelbase 60 in.

Seat height 30.5 in., with rider

Ground clearance 6 in., with rider

Curb weight 446 lbs., with full tank of gas

Test weight 626 lbs., with rider

Instruments Speedometer, tachometer,
trip odometer

0-60 mph 6.0 seconds

Standing start 1/4 mile 13.93 seconds 95.00 mph

The Sportster combines touches of civilization with a kind of velvet malevolence and the result is a motorcycle that starts easily, stops superbly, goes around corners, and accelerates hard enough to rotate the earth.



Bike is shown here with a velocity stack; choke and air-filter are used on street.

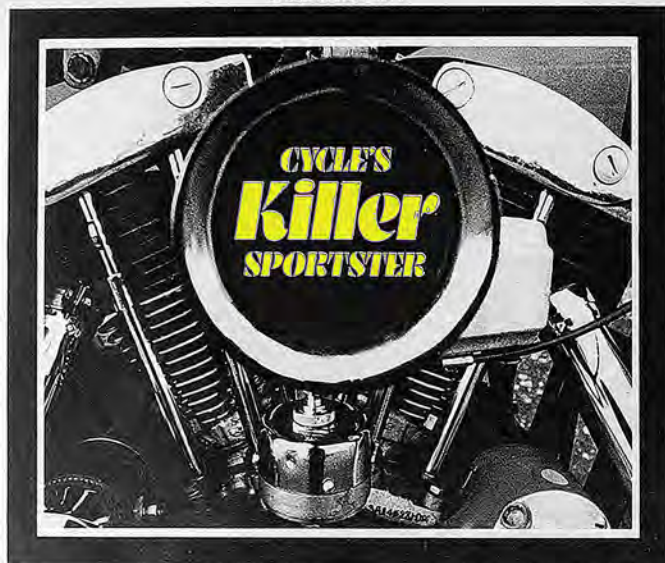
positioning of major components only. This preliminary drawing represents what we the conversion. To get the best possible handling we used tubing of 1 1/4-inch and 1 1/2-

production on such a frame requires a number of requests he receives have to be just too expensive for the enthusiast. Dragster frames—Electric-start Sportsters: Never!

But he *did* build one—our dazzler. All heliarc'd and bra flawless, and the frame itself is immune to flexure—quite an achievement when you consider that, due to start unit and its mammoth frame members connecting the and the swing-arm mount tray and circuitous paths.

While all this frame-building on, Kowchak was at work on start engine. Standard Sport 3 13/16 inches; it was increased with the adaption of a set of 8 The engine's bore started out even. A set of Dytech's 3 1/4-in ders and forged 10.5:1 piston displacement to 77 cubic inch ment that we knew the rest of

CYCLE • MARCH 1971



PHOTOGRAPHY: DOUG MESSEY

And so it comes to pass that our 85 horsepower, 77 cubic-inch, asphalt-eating, ripping, plundering, churning, Corvette-burning monster is... set loose.

Why a Sportster, for crying out loud? We can hear the wails already, from Honda Four enthusiasts and Trident lovers and those who fancy Nortons and Kawasakis. Why a Sportster? Because, by taking advantage of existing speed and performance equipment, and by taking advantage of an enormous body of knowledge that has grown up around the mystery-free and bulldozer-reliable 883cc V-Twin Harley-Davidson engine, the Sportster can be made to literally jerk your eyeballs out. Potentially, the 13-year-old engine can deliver more horsepower, more torque, and more reliability than any engine currently being installed in any two-wheeled device. That's why we chose a Sportster.

And we chose an electric-start Sportster in order to combine its horsepower potential with a modicum of civility. Further, the other

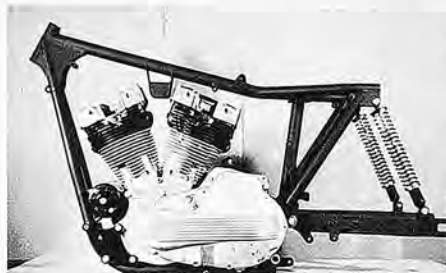
parts of the Sportster drive train—the primary chain, the clutch, and the transmission—have demonstrated over more than a decade that they are more than capable of dealing with any amount of horsepower the engine can generate.

With all that in mind, we plunged ahead. Harley-Davidson supplied us with a spanking new, unpainted XLH, which we immediately uncrated and disassembled in the Cycle Magazine shop. The engine was delivered forthwith to Charlie Kowchak (who had built an engine for the Editor in 1969 that had delivered a speed of 156 mph in the quarter-mile and 192 at the Bonneville Salt Flats). The frame and its various appendages were taken to David Yetman, who had previously agreed to try to come up with an improvement on the standard Sportster chassis. As it turned out, Yetman bit off

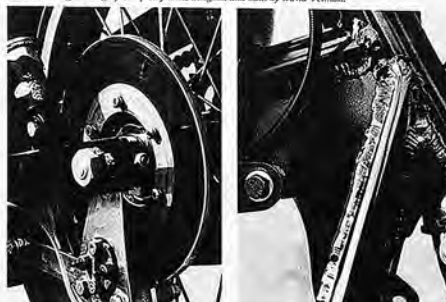
an enormous chunk; he spent over 200 hours on the construction of the frame and an infinite number of its components—and then simply stopped counting.

"The design and development of this frame was a particular challenge to us for two reasons," he said after it was finally done. "First, it was a project that (to our knowledge) had never been attempted on a commercial basis before; and second, nobody, but nobody, builds a motorcycle quite like Harley-Davidson builds a motorcycle, and our logic told us that if we could design and build a solid frame for this bike, then whatever would come next would seem relatively easy."

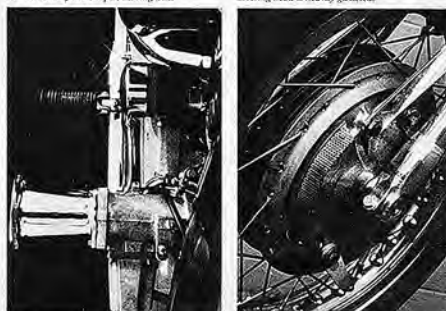
"Design and development to use a fairly standard procedure which we divide into four stages. The first stage is putting an initial sketch on paper which encompasses the



Where it all began: a highly complex frame, designed and built by David Yetman.



Rear brake: a fixed caliper, moving disc.



S&S carb is tricky, but very effective.

Ceriani snapper: almost as good as a disc.

The basics—a super-stiff frame, good brakes, and a murderous engine—were easy to decide upon and tough to build. But the detail work was what ate up the time.

on to the rear of the bike, and a set of Ceriani roadracer forks were adapted to the front—a move that both saved weight and stabilized the bike's handling characteristics. And with the new suspension came new brakes: a Ceriani four-leading-shoe unit for the front (pirated from one of the Harley-Davidson roadracers), and an I&H disc assembly for the rear (pirated from exactly the same place). Yetman had fabricated a mount for the I&H master cylinder unit when he had constructed the frame's swing-arm, and he also invented an ingenious turnbuckle-type device for the brake's torque-arm adjustment. The disc itself is made of aluminum with a hot-sprayed outer coat of bronze, and is mounted to an aluminum backing plate with six heat-treated socket-head shouldering bolts that permit the disc to move laterally and align itself between the pucks of the caliper unit.

Finally, after the stock Sportster tank and rear fender and modified oil tank and Mett-type front fender had been painted a lustrous coat of gold-underside Candy Apple red, and after nearly one hundred dollars' worth of chrome-plating had been done, and stock Sportster handlebars had been adapted to the Ceriani front end, and tires had been fitted to the bike's aluminum rims, and the S&S carburetor had been fitted to the Sportster's cylinder heads and rough-jetted, and gearing had been fitted, and a tachometer and speedometer had been bolted on, and all the wiring sorted through, finally the Cycle Sportster was ready to roll. It had taken more than a year.

It was a year well-spent. Remembering with agony what it used to take to start any modified XL, we touched the button and the engine heaved to life, settling immediately to a 1200 rpm idle. Still jetting too rich, we plunged from the shop out to New York National Speedway for some preliminary acceleration testing, a trip that revealed a few flaws: although tremendous care had been taken in balancing the engine (done dynamically by Trimble's of Philadelphia), vibration coursed through the frame and attacked the handlebars with an intensity that would have done a jackhammer proud. Strangely, the vibration wasn't intrusive anywhere else on the motorcycle—just the handlebars, which are mounted in rubber. And the bike was bothered by surge. The Sifton cams operate smoothly up to about 2500 rpm and operate smoothly again from 4000 rpm to

(Continued on page 101)

CYCLE

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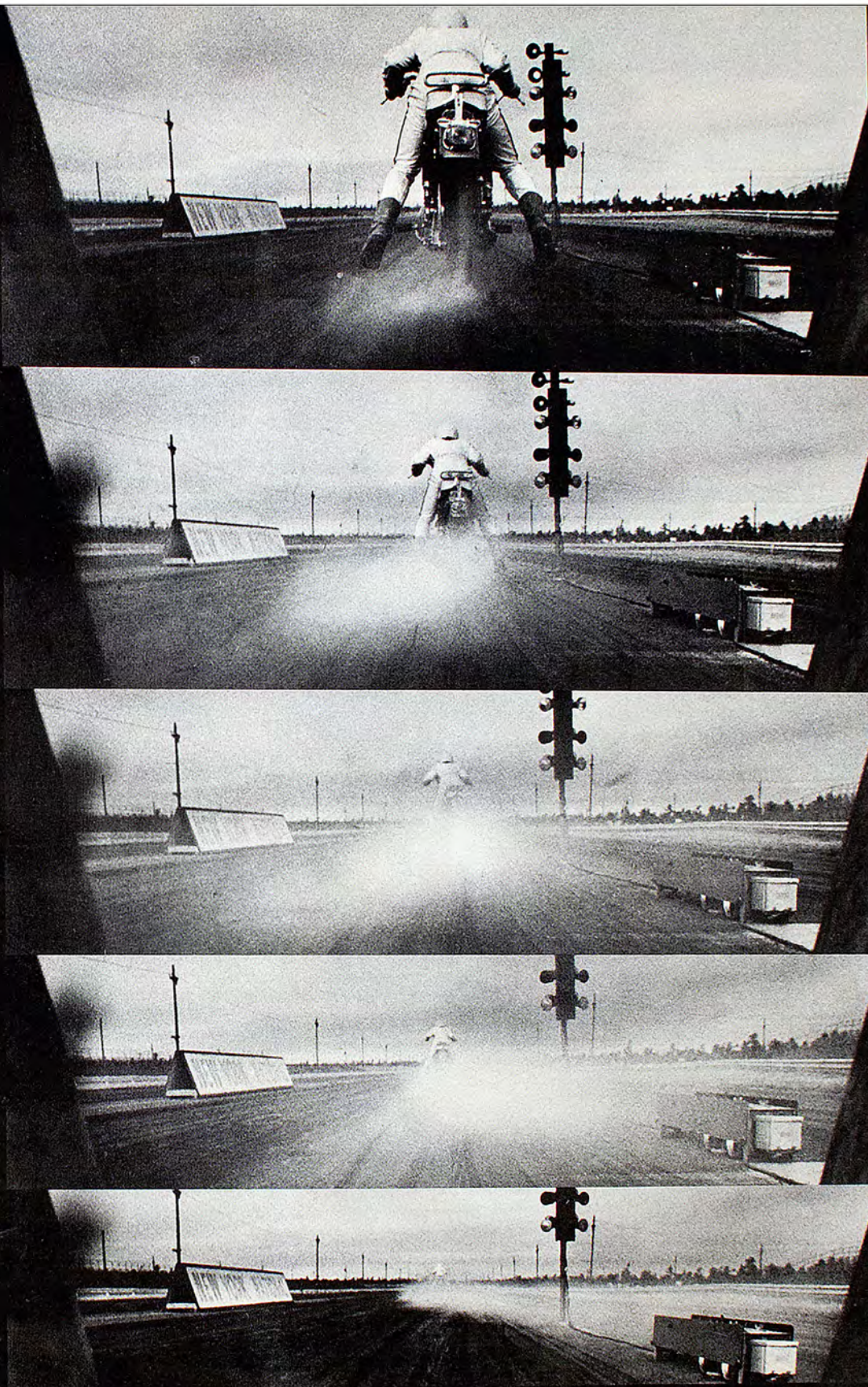
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Professional Hillclimb

If life gets boring, try racing an all-out fuel dragster on a motocross course that goes straight up the side of a mountain.

BY FRANK CONNER



CYCLE



The Hill dominates. The instant you pull into the little valley outside Chillicothe, Ohio, that crazily tilted fifty-foot-wide track of raw dirt and rocks just blows your mind. The Hill is a personal challenge: it asks, "Who are you? What do you dare?" Even when you are deep in conversation and nothing is happening on The Hill, still you find yourself glancing up at it every few seconds, automatically.

On a hot Sunday afternoon in June, a gray-haired hillclimber named Earl Bowlby backs his bike up to the log and prepares to make his second run against The Hill. A spectator shouts, "Hey, Earl, you gonna run that thing on both cylinders this time?"

Bowlby grins and shouts back, "Hey, that's a good idea! Better still, why don't you come and ride this bike instead of me?" Bowlby looks casual and relaxed as he makes his final preparations for the run. But another rider has said of him, "Earl has a split personality. He looks like a schoolteacher, but he rides like a maniac. He never lets on what he's thinking, or how determined he really is, but he'll try stuff that nobody else will try, and somehow he gets away with it."

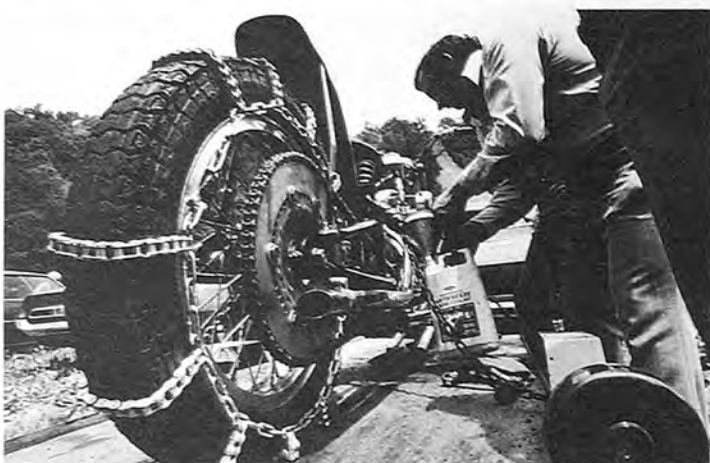
Bowlby's bike is a 750cc BSA that he built himself. Except for the chains on the rear tire, it looks like a fuel dragster (gone are the days when pro hillclimb bikes looked like

mismatched collections of tractor parts). The bike weighs about 250 pounds and develops around 150 horsepower.

The Hill is vicious. It has not been attacked by the professionals in 37 years, and nobody knows how to ride it. The course looks like two gigantic rounded-off stair steps, 375 feet high. The first 60 feet of the climb is steep, and it is covered with loose shale, eight inches deep. It is almost impossible for people to walk across this part of the course; the few who do will take a minute or so to consider where to put their feet for each step they take. And with each step they send rivulets of shale cascading down the hillside.



(Left and Opposite Page) A serene calmness covers the professional hill-climb riders. The jokes are quiet and wry. But the tension is still there; it lies below the casual, friendly atmosphere.



(Top) There's no easy way to get off the hill, riding or heaving. (Above) Hard-tails, chains and nitro-methane add up to a lot of horsepower and traction. And a quick one-way ride.



(Above) In hillclimbing everyone builds his own special, and the machines are professional, sanitary bikes. The old days of mismatched collections of parts are gone forever.

Above the shale runs a series of ledges, guaranteed to throw the bike off course. The rest of the course is rutted everywhere, and the ruts run in all directions. The Hill looks more like an observed-trials section than a hillclimb.

Earl Bowlby climbs into the saddle and hooks up his kill strap. At the other end of the thong is a piece of plastic that looks like a guitar pick. Bowlby opens an ordinary pair of contact-breaker points bolted to the motorcycle near the steering head, and he lets them close on the plastic. The breaker points are wired into the ignition circuit; if Bowlby falls, the plastic strip will be yanked from between the breaker points, which will close and short-circuit the ignition.

The Bowlby Beezer is representative of good 1972 pro-hillclimb bike design. The rules say that you can build anything you like, as long as you don't use true fuel injection or a supercharger. The motorcycles are divided into two engine classes: Formula B, with 500cc OHV engines or 750cc side-valve engines; and Formula A, with 750cc OHV or 1100cc side-valve engines.

To understand why professional-hillclimb bikes are built the way they are, you have to understand what it's like to ride one. Roger Kaler says, "There's a lot of pressure on you when you make your run. This isn't like track racing, where you often have a chance to make up for a mistake on the next lap. Here you've got maybe ten seconds to get it all together—to make a money ride up the hill without flipping the bike. One mistake and you're out of the money."

"Two or three of the best riders can pick a path up a hill like that and follow it, but the rest of us . . . we try to select a trail up through the first bad place, and after that we just hold on. So when you dump the clutch at the start, your mind is way behind you, and it doesn't even begin to catch up until you're a quarter of the way through your run. Believe it or not, I can't even hear the sound of my machine when I'm riding it; all I know is that I'm moving right along. It's eerie."



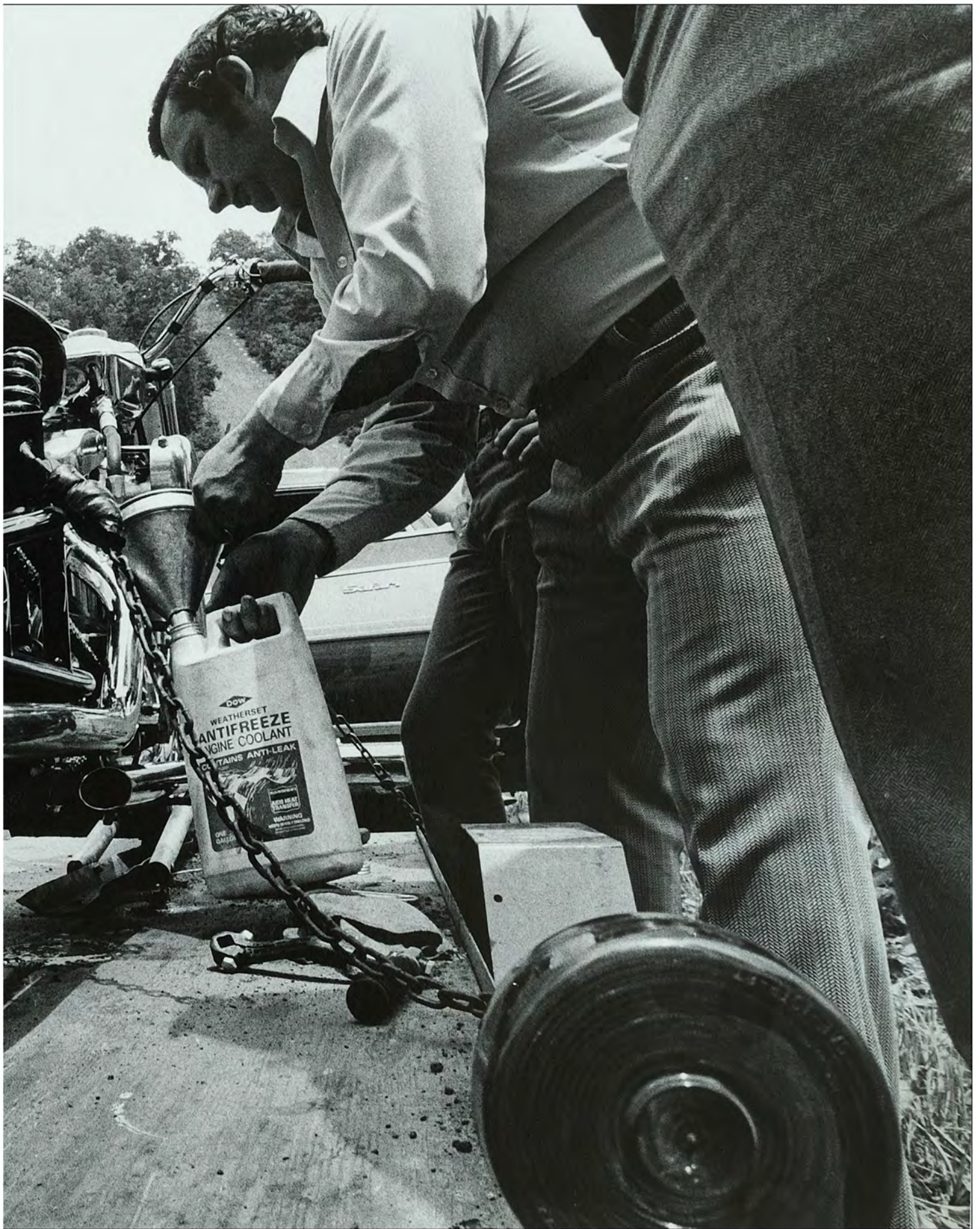
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Cycle Magazine | Chillicothe Hillclimb | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 34

Cycle Magazine | Chillicothe Hillclimb | 1972



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Cycle Magazine | Chillicothe Hillclimb | 1972



Carl Wickstrand says much the same thing: "After you begin the ride, you've got no time to think about what you're doing. You do it by reflex, or you don't get it done. Every once in awhile you get a little breather, and then you can decide to change course or something, but 90% of your riding is purely automatic."

Under those circumstances it would be nearly impossible to shift gears during the ride, so the motorcycle runs in one gear only. The ratio used generally falls between second and third gears in a street machine. Because there is only one gearbox ratio, the engine must be built and tuned to deliver an ungodly amount of torque over a wide rpm range. For example, Carl Wickstrand's ma-

chine is tuned to come on strong at 3000 rpm and accelerate to 8000.

Power-to-weight ratio is the name of the game. To get it, you can either build the bike lighter or you can crowd more power out of the engine. But you can only go so light—today's machines range in weight from 220 to 330 pounds. To reach those figures requires months and months of chopping off everything unessential, grinding, and drilling. And the builder must have an eye for structural rigidity; unless the frame is just right, the rear frame tubes will twist like damp spaghetti when the rider dumps the clutch on 150 horses. In lightening their machines, the hillclimbers seem to be bumping up against the limits now, so they are turning to

increased engine power to find an edge over their competitors.

Until three years ago, a pro hillclimber could get by using alcohol for fuel. But no longer. Now the competition is so ferocious that everybody burns nitro. At present the blend includes anywhere from 40% to 90% of nitromethane. A few riders, like Roger Kaler, also mix hydrazine (a deadly poison, and only slightly less dangerous to handle than nitroglycerine, hydrazine costs over \$100 per gallon).

Professional hillclimb bikes are fitted with chains on the rear tire, a lot like the snow chains used on cars. During the run, the tire and chains are spinning and slipping over the ground; if a chain grips the ground and

CYCLE



gets traction, it will flip the motorcycle backwards, instantly. To keep the chains from getting too much traction, the motorcycles have been built with a solid rear end—no rear suspension.

Roger Kaler explains, "When the rear tire hits a bump, the rigid frame lets the tire bounce up and skip over the bump and keep spinning; with a swingarm, the rider would get too much traction. But now, with the hotter fuels, we're starting to get so much more horsepower. As we go faster, we just can't control the bikes as well. Imagine putting a rigid-frame machine on a motocross track. I think we'll probably start going back to swingarm frames next year."

The hillclimb motorcycle usually has six

to twelve inches added to the rear part of the frame, giving it a wheelbase of 62 to 68 inches. The rider likes to get the engine as low and as close to the front wheel as he can. With the long wheelbase and the low/forward center of gravity, the front wheel will lift more slowly, and the motorcycle will be less anxious to loop out suddenly. The difficulty is in getting the weight distribution arranged to give the rear end just enough—and not too much—traction.

Most of the riders have shown great ingenuity in getting the saddle height as low as possible, but that will probably change in the next year or so. Until two or three years ago, all of the good riders sat in the saddle to make their runs, so the saddle height had a

great deal to do with the center of gravity of the motorcycle. But now most of the riders are standing on the pegs to make their runs, so the height of the saddle no longer matters that much.

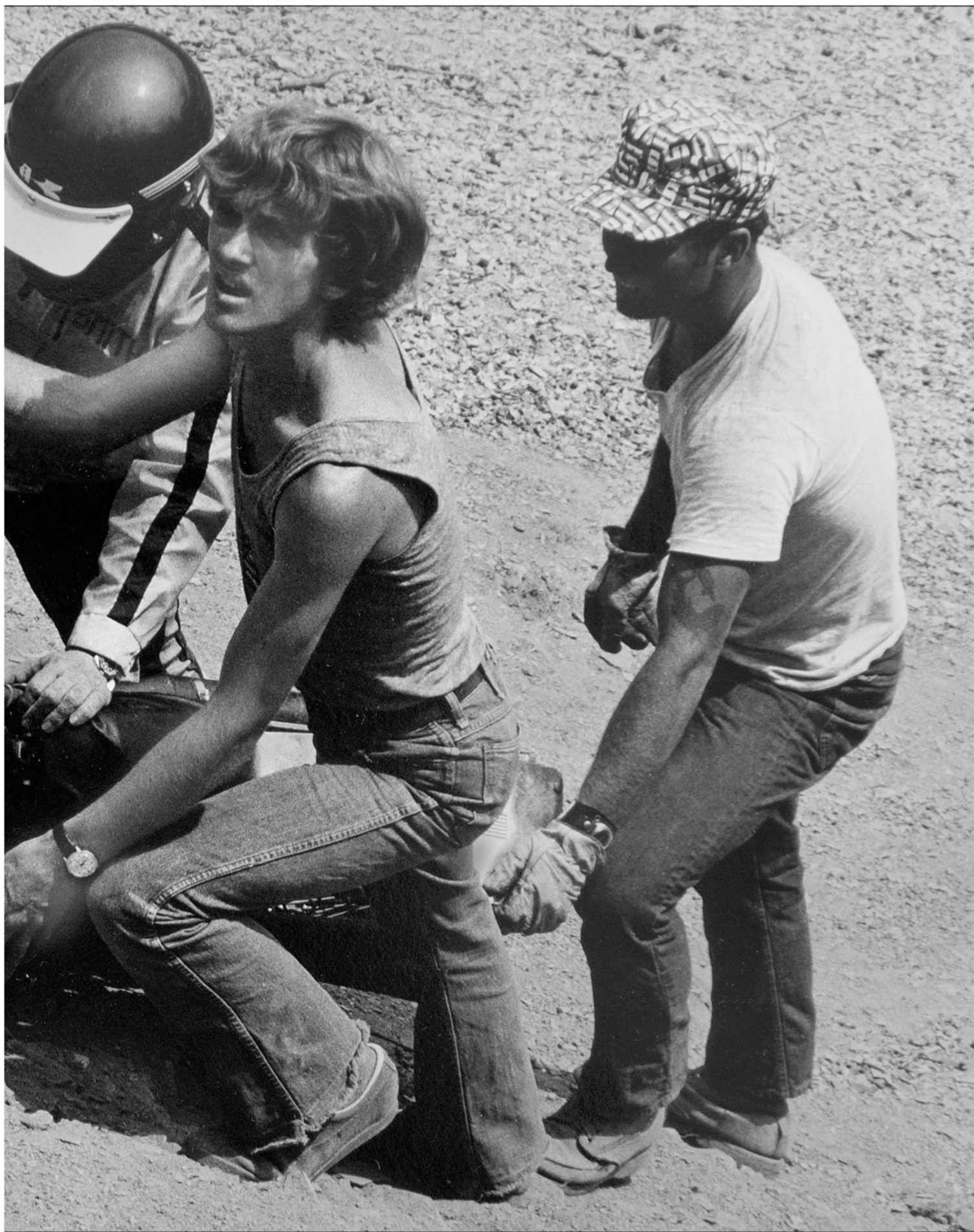
The hillclimb machine has a unique kill switch in the form of a spring-loaded lever, under the rider's index finger on the twist-grip. When the bike gets going, it's so hard to hold onto that the rider finds it almost impossible to hold on *and* rotate the twistgrip at the same time. So the common practice is for the rider to turn the throttle wide open at the start of his run, and leave it that way. Then, if the front end starts to come up or the rear end starts to go sideways, the rider

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Cycle Magazine | Chillicothe Hillclimb | 1972



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Cycle Magazine | Jawa Velorex sidecar | 1972



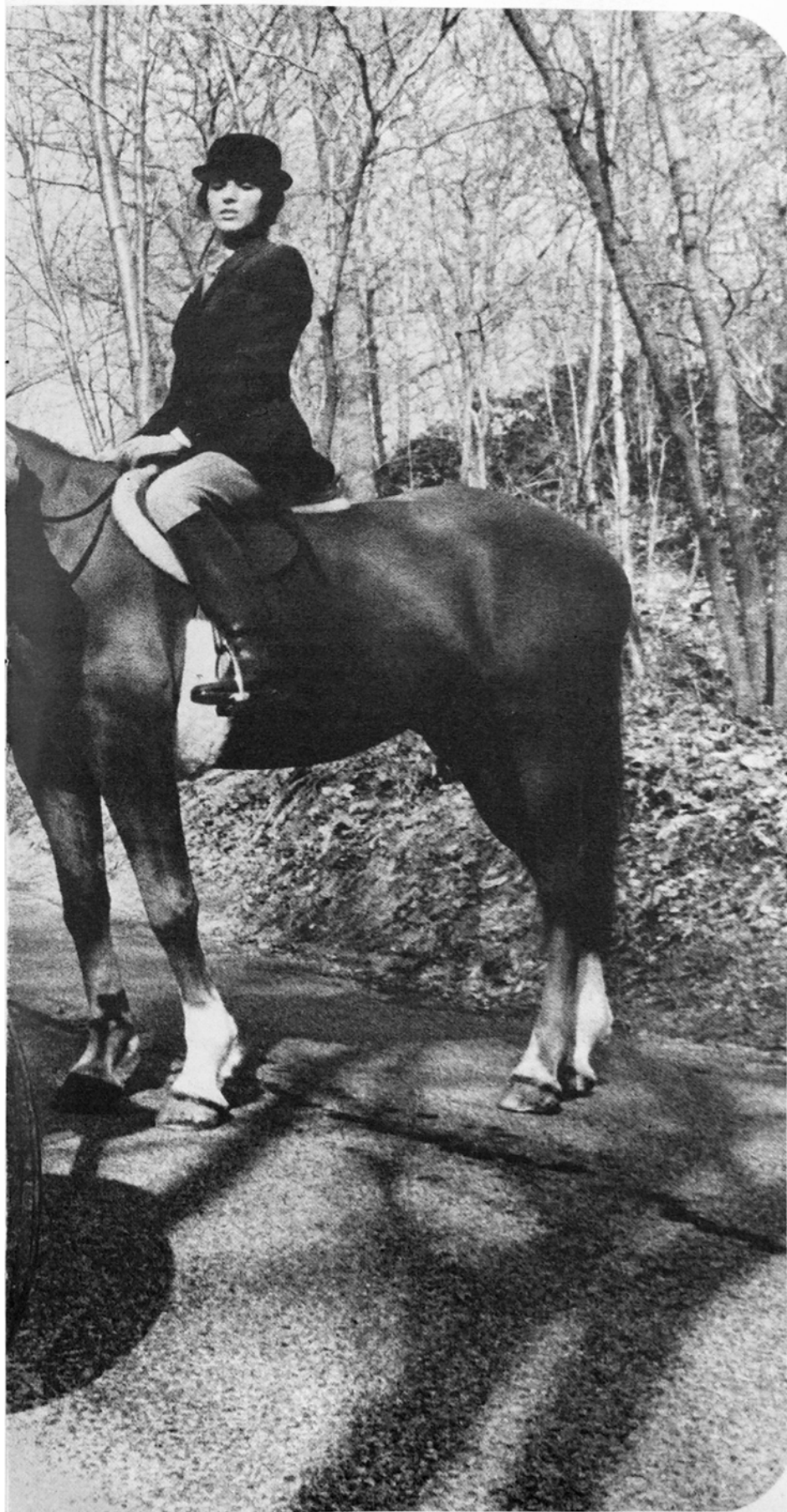
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Cycle Magazine | Jawa Velorex sidecar | 1972



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Cycle Magazine | Jawa Velorex sidecar | 1972



THE SIDECAR EXPERIENCE

Bolt on a sidecar and what you have is altogether different from a motorcycle.

Beyond an unspeakable desire to press against, and through, perimeters of behavior defined and established by their parents, nothing motivates ankle-biters more relentlessly than the Territorial Imperative and the lust for possessions. Yank yourself back to the days when you were, say, ten, and just starting to break loose. Remember wanting your own tree house? Remember wanting your own toys, and remember how you felt when some other kid played with them? Remember looking for some secret place that nobody but you knew about? Remember wanting to sit in the front seat of the car, up there where the action was, up where you could see what you were doing and see where you were going? Did your folks ever reward you by letting you sit between them in the front, radio controls and heater knobs at nose-level; or, for some unmitigated crime against nature, be banished to the back seat, solitary, brooding, and stripped of *your* knobs and *your* dials?

A sidecar—attached like a pilotfish to the side of a nice, noisy motorcycle—your *own* sidecar, your *own* place, a place with room enough for just you (or maybe you and a lucky friend, once in a great while), loaded with lots of dark, secret places and pouches to put stuff in, your very own grab-handle, your very own windshield, your very own seat, your very own wheel; maybe, if you're

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PHOTOGRAPHY: DOUGLAS WESLEY
RIDING APPAREL BY MILLER'S/NEW YORK

lucky, a sidecar with your very own name written on its side. Heaven on earth. If you're ten.

Not so bad, either, if you're a little older than that, and don't like to do the driving (or riding). Certainly you've been a passenger on the back of a motorcycle. Remember what it's like? In the first place, you have no idea of where it is that you're going: looking around to the side is hard on the neck muscles, and looking at the wrinkles between the bottom of the helmet and the top of the jacket of your pilot is unrewarding and dull. And in the second place, on most motorcycles, the position is physically uncomfortable. You pay the price, just like the guy behind the handlebars, of whatever vibration is transmitted through the pegs and the seat, but you miss out on the reward of control: worse, your knees stick out, and you feel like the view that you present behind you is all hunchback, thighs, and hiney. The sidecar, for the passenger alone, is a better deal, under certain circumstances. But its effect on the motorcycle is a matter altogether different, and the conclusion that clamping a sidecar to a motorcycle without some extraordinary precautions could be dangerous is a conclusion which, after a few days, becomes inescapable.

The rig we tested was a Velorex model 560, one of very few (if any) that can come from the distributor already lashed to a motorcycle—in this case a Jawa 350 Californian. A few words about the motorcycle: we were inclined to be charitable and kind, the words would be utilitarian, rugged, strangely free from vibration, serviceable, easy to start, and pleasing to the eye in a reminiscent sort of way. Were we inclined to be brutally frank, we would mention that the motorcycle leaked oil around the oil-tank inspection window, out of the center crankcase seam, and out of the oil filter hole; we would note that gas leaks out around the fuel tank fitting, that the tank itself is a bit overworked, what with black basic paint, a red stripe, a polished aluminum filler cap, a gold pinstripe, buffed side-panels, and a pair of red, white, and black badges; and that the paint on the box-section frame and swing-arm gives every appearance of having been applied with a broom. We would, being frank, mention that the clutch-pull was extremely heavy (around 14 pounds), that the twin mufflers emitted too much noise and too much smoke, that the brakes were next to unserviceable, that the hand-grips were small and uncomfortable, and that the engine sizzled once during the test. But the motorcycle here is unimportant; what matters is the sidecar, what it's like to ride in, what the motorcycle feels like when one is attached, and what rather peculiar demands a sidecar makes.

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Cycle Magazine | Jawa Velorex sidecar | 1972



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Cycle Magazine | Jawa Velorex sidecar | 1972

The Velorex, molded in fiberglass, is 74 inches long, 58 inches wide, 45 inches high, and weighs 154 pounds; it is attached to its sub-assembly via rubber torsion blocks, two in front and two behind, and affords ample storage space behind the seat-back. The sub-frame is attached to the motorcycle with a long adjustable arm bolted to a clamp on the frame down-tube just below the steering head; another adjustable arm clamping to the backbone under the seat; a tube and ball-socket attaching to an extension of the front engine-mount; and a tube clamping to the frame section beneath the engine. All fittings are adjustable, because alignment of the sidecar is most critical. The sidecar rides to the right of the motorcycle; when the rig is attached, the bike must be leaning three degrees to the left, and the sidecar wheel (a 16-inch) must be aimed, not straight ahead, but a little to its left, or towards a line running down the middle of the motorcycle's tires. The reason for all this jiggy-pokery became evident the first time we fired it up and tried to make it go in a straight line.

Strangely enough, one's basic apprehension about dealing with a sidecar is groundless. A motorcycle (no sidecar attached) steers in a very distinctive way, put pressure forward on, say, the left handgrip, the front wheel steers right, and the motorcycle leans left, precipitating a turn to the left. But a motorcycle with a sidecar cannot lean (under ideal circumstances), and as a consequence steers like a car. Want to go left? Steer left. Because of the heaviness of the steering and the constant attention one must pay to keep headed in a straight line, you never forget; your mind never wanders and you never find yourself trying to handle it like a regular motorcycle.

The steering exercise is one bound to build muscles like Charles Atlas. Remember, the sidecar-rig steers like a car. Rake in the world of motorcycles corresponds to kingpin inclination in cars, or caster. Cars use caster to give the steering wheels enough trail so that they self-align; motorcycles the same. But cars don't use very much of it, because if they do, steering effort goes way up—the wheels are trying to self-align with a vengeance. Most cars get by with 7 to 10 degrees. But here's this motorcycle that steers like a car, only it has the normal amount of rake (or caster) that you'd find in a bike, and the normal amount of trail. So the steering is hard—very—and because of the sidecar, it is also imprecise, even at constant throttle openings. Sidewinds do not effect a motorcycle over-much, unless the winds are brutal. But under most circumstances a good-handling bike will lean into a sidewind and keep going in a straight line. Not a sidecar-motorcycle, again, it can't lean, and buffeting from other vehicles, and

quite moderate sidewinds, conspired to move the Jawa-Velorex all over the road.

Any alteration in ground-speed does the same. Under acceleration (remember, the bike only has one driving wheel) the bike wants to pivot around the sidecar and to the right; any deceleration looks it around to the left (although this condition would be eased by a brake on the sidecar wheel that performed in concert with the brakes on the motorcycle).

What it boils down to is simply that the whole apparatus was difficult to steer accurately and nearly impossible to keep from weaving all over the road, which tends to keep you on your toes, tends to keep you from relaxing, and tends to make you yearn for the lightness and responsiveness of a normal two-wheeler.

Corners; ah, corners. Another adventure. Lefts were pretty simple, fairly free from the heart-gallops, and relatively predictable; all you had to do was crank the handlebars to the left, lean to the left to make things easy on yourself, and watch (if you were so inclined) the forks distort and the front tire trying to crawl out from under the wheel. The right-handers—much more thrilling, as you would suspect, because the bike now has the ability to flat tip over. The sidecar wheel, as you may recall, is inclined toward the motorcycle's center-line; it steers, if you will, to the left. And the motorcycle was leaning to the right (3 degrees) when the sidecar was bolted on. Both adjustments are to simplify turns to the right, and both certainly do, but when you find yourself with the sidecar up in the air and the motorcycle tilted to the left going around a fast right-hander you wish somebody had thought of something else, something more.

Another characteristic sprang into the light of day: the rig handles considerably differently with a passenger in the sidecar than it does without. The weaving intensifies, as does the darting on acceleration and braking, but right-handers (because of the ballast) are easier.

You just have to wonder how those sidecar roadracing jockies manage to keep their three-wheeled rigs between the curbs. It all looks so neat, seeing those guys power around fast sweepers with the passenger's shoulder hanging down on the pavement—and his neck stuck out a country mile. That tricky driver-passenger ballet-work is enough to make your heart stop, and then run backwards. Sidecar racers probably come from the same sort of people who do lots of airplane wing-walking at 2000 feet. But just because artists like Siegfried Schauzu make super-fast traveling in sidecar rigs look easy and graceful, you shouldn't bet that you can do the same with your first sidecar apparatus, even in the privacy of

your own driveway.

Initial reactions from sidecar passengers (all wracked with inexperience): "Hey, it's really kind of neat. The suspension works well, even if it makes a little noise, the seat's comfortable, there isn't any wind to contend with, and you sit down so low to the ground that you feel like you're going a lot faster than you really are. It's a little cramped for anyone over six feet tall, though, and the motorcycle seems to make a lot of noise."

Other comments: "There are a lot of screws sticking out of the bodywork right into the passenger compartment; you could snag your knee or leg on one of them if you weren't careful."

And one observation: the sidecar was not the center of attention that you might suspect from either straight citizens or fellow motorcyclists, and the straights didn't seem to resent it nearly as much as they do a normal bike. Sidecar: how does it hit you? Does it rekindle memories of old war movies? Does it awaken thoughts of ancient girder-fork motorcycles with wicker chairs strapped to the side, motorcycles with tank-shifters and foot-clutches? Or remembrances of an era in Europe when motorcycles (as they still do) served not as recreational vehicles but as transportation, a role they have never developed in the United States? Or does the sidecar evoke thoughts of clubbiness and communication and remote motorcycling from the category of solitary sporting endeavor wherein in the United States it has grown rich, controversial, and vigorous?

Which leads to another quandary: is a motorcycle with a sidecar really a motorcycle at all? The rapturous communication between motorcycle and rider—completely lost with a sidecar, fingertip control—also gone, feelings of independence and maneuverability—never. Does that not make a motorcycle with a sidecar much more akin to a small convertible? The wind in your face is about the same, handling, if anything, is more remote with the sidecar, and you can't lean the thing around corners except accidentally, and then the wrong way.

Are sidecars, then, to be condemned? Absolutely not. Assuming that the sidecar is well-made, well-balanced, and has a brake that works well, and assuming that the motorcycle to which it is attached is strong enough and firm enough to cope with the sidecar's additional weight, and assuming that the individual who's planning on lashing one on is fully aware of the limitations, then it's neat.

Besides, a sidecar knocks little kids for a loop. It's their own place, their own domain, their own private realm of open-air, loud-noise transportation from which they can see where they're going. And that alone justifies sidecars, and the sidecar experience. ■

CYCLE





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Motorcycle Industries Council (MCI) | "Earth Ride" responsible-riding campaign | 1972



Earth Ride.

Ride from Boston. through to Big Sur.
Jeopardy is everywhere you go.

Now they say the air's polluted. and maybe
it's going to kill you. maybe. If it
doesn't the water's sure to try the job. While
the noise gets all around you. Like a
volcano erupting in each ear. a stereo
apocalypse to chisel out your nerves.

Violent garbages scourge your eyes at every
turn to crush your spirit that's supposed to
ward off the scenic blunders of
America. the beautiful.
(The animals are dying.)

Now. are you bein' good? I mean. are
you doin' your part like the tube tells you?
America:
use it once. then
throw it away.

Every time you bike-ride. do what you have
to do. to save our animals. fields. woods. fish.
landscapes. birds. and ourselves.

Don't dirt-ride virgin fields and woods. and
take your refuse with you. Keep your engine
burning clean. use your muffler. never
spill oil in water. or on land. Save all the
things you rode out to see and feel and
touch in the first place.
While they're still here.

Earth ride.

Motorcycle Industry Council
Photograph: Doug Moore

Threat.

You see before you, death.

You see, this rider kills.
His instrument is noise, his weapon—
a bike with muffler sawed away.

Before you everywhere, his victims.
Forest animals, running from his crash and clangor.
Emergency ward patients trembling, shaking.
An elderly woman, walking down the road,
into engine thunder-mind blown and
ears shattered.

You see before you, what you must do.
You see, bikes with good mufflers will harm no one.
Before you ride, make sure death won't follow.

Noise kills.



Motorcycle Industry Council
Photography: Doug Mesney

1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 50

Motorcycle Industries Council (MCI) | "Earth Ride" responsible-riding campaign | 1972

Make The World Go Away.

This is for you.
You who leave steel and concrete highways behind.
With trails to ride, and peace to find.

Out here, loneliness. With rivers, hills, and love to find.
You with cluttered, hyped, and noisy places to forget.
Out here, freedom.

And a man can look at who he is.
For here—you can make the world go away—and leave you
to your bike, and trees, and mind—alone.

Is this for you? You, a double-standard bearer.

You who tear up virgin woods. Kill pregnant soil.
with rips and yanks that scar a decade. Digging tires deep,
to wreck the belly of the earth that makes you free.

When you dirt-ride use only existing trails. Trails from which
nothing will grow. Trails that will never be a deer's food.
Or you'll make the world go away. For real.



Motorcycle Industry Council
Photography: Doug Meaney



Breathe Deep.

Ride it up. Alone, the sky is yours. You reach for suns. Witches' dreams. And magic carpet prophecies.

But hold your breath. You move through burning fumes. Deep lung-death clouds.

Now, this is pollution. And it'll bring you down.

When you bikeride, don't wield smoke (and help the lung-death clouds along).

Always keep your engine burning clean. And help save our fragile environment.

Earn your wings.

*Motorcycle Industry Council
Photography: Doug Mesney*

Miss You.

Wish you'd come back. For all this, is yours.
Sprawling garbage craters, to ride once more.
Vile wasted mountains, and litter cemeteries.
Riverbed junk gardens, and black fuming beaches.

Molten heaps, gently steaming,
softly breeding final generations.

Where have you gone?

O return, come throw away your every whim.
Your litter, your junk. O, throw it away once more.
With passion. Throw, throw. Anywhere you
bikeride, throw. Bottle, box, cans away.
Throw everywhere.

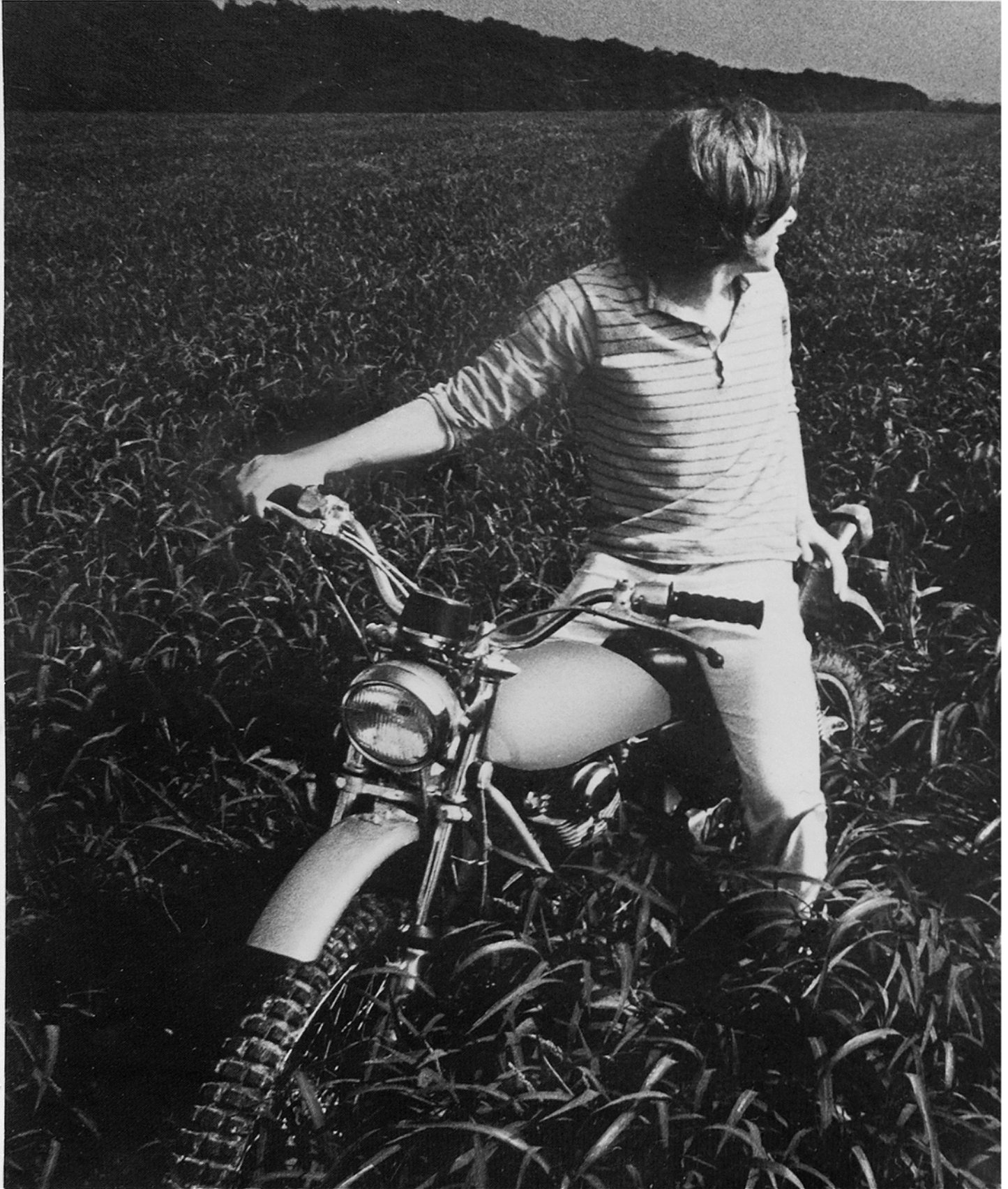
And all this, is yours.
Yours to ride once more. Where are you?

When you bikeride, don't litter.
Help save our environment.

Motorcycle Industry Council

Photography: Doug Mesney

One Life



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 54

Motorcycle Industries Council (MCI) | "Earth Ride" responsible-riding campaign | 1972

To Make It Happen.



Now there's a whole new future for you to find.

And there's only one place to go. One life to make it happen, and one way to ride.

Every time you ride, help save our environment. Because there's one chance for this planet's future.

You're it.

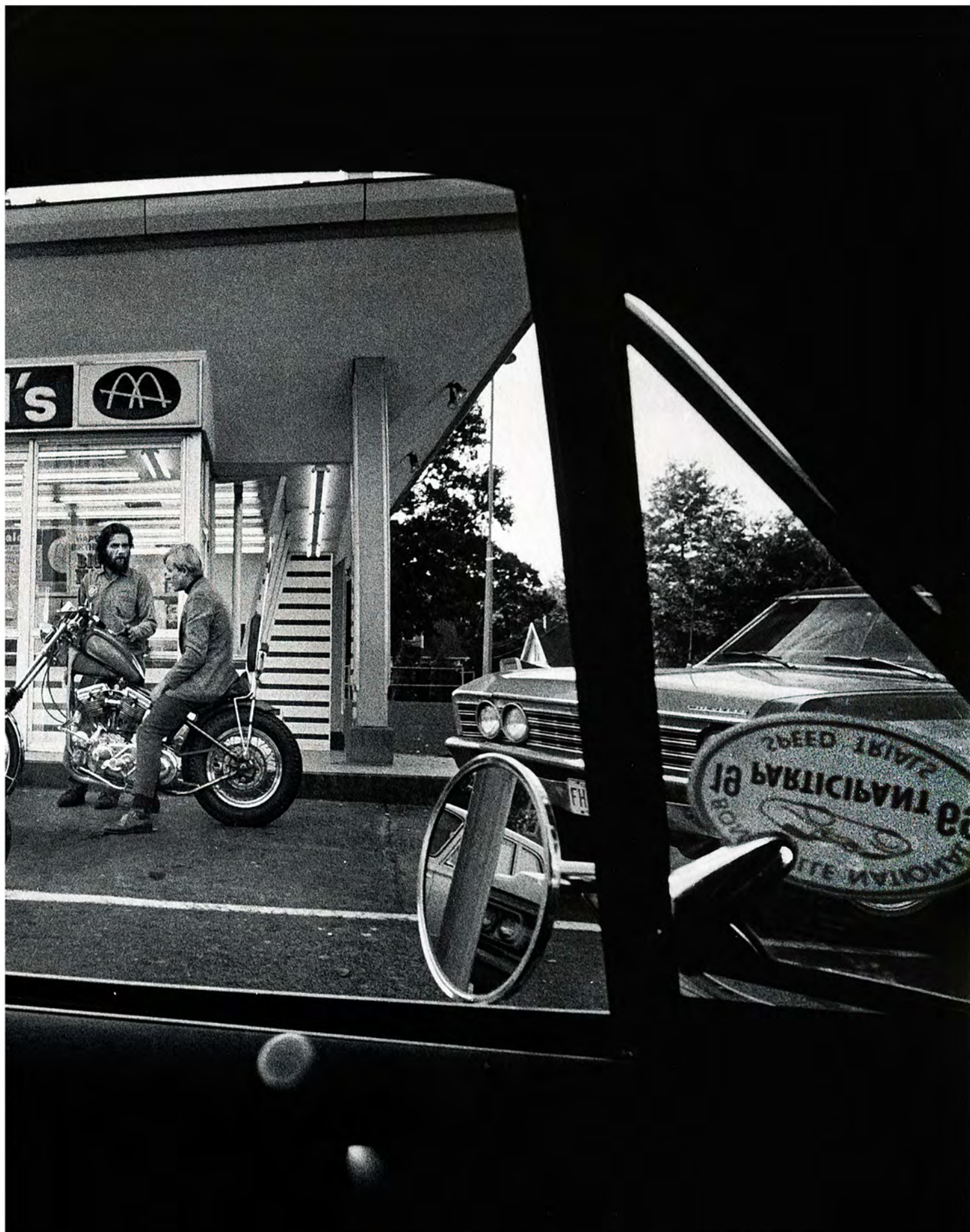
Earth Ride.

Motorcycle Industry Council
Photography: Doug Mesney



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 56

Cycle Magazine | Choppers | 1969



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 57

Cycle Magazine | Choppers | 1969



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART TWO | PLATE N° 58

Cycle Magazine | Choppers | 1969

Plate Nº48-55: The Earth Ride campaign, sponsored by the Motorcycle Industries Council [MIC] was a creative joint effort of art director Tom Ridinger, writer Art Guerero and Yours Truly. The kick-off ad for the ecologically oriented campaign featured Cycle editor Jess Thomas riding across a futuristic wasteland wearing a gas mask. The second ad, headlined Threat, was about noise pollution; it featured Richard Faye as a rude rider. Faye rigged parts of a baritone horn to the tail of a motorcycle for the illustration.

The third ad, Make The World Go Away, featured a shot from my motorcycle portfolio, of Wiley Crockett, called Jumping Bike. The fourth ad, Breath Deep, also features a portfolio shot of Wiley, called Fisheye Bike. The fifth ad, Miss You, was shot on the at a landfill site near Jess Thomas' Cycle workshop; and he modelled for the picture. Earth was added in the darkroom. The final ad, One Life to Make It Happen, should probably have been illustrated differently; what are two bikes doing out in to middle of a pristine field?

Plate Nº56-58: This was the article that got Cook Nielsen his comeuppance. For his article about choppers, Cook made a pact with the Hell's Angels he interviewed, that he would show them his prose before publishing them. When the magazine hit the stands, the Angels hit the roof; they showed up at Cycle's offices and beat up Nielsen. I don't have tear sheets of the article; and I can't remember what the fuss was all about. We drove out to Jersey in Cook's car to make the set shot; the sticker on the wing window is a Bonneville Speed Trials permit. That's the man himself sitting on a chopper at a McDonalds, where we stopped, along the way.

1971 – Everything Is Beautiful in Its Own Way – Life with Andréa

Today, California is a hub of commerce and industry; but back in 1971 Californian life was "laid back;" people went to the Golden State to surf, not to work (unless they were wannabe Hollywood stars and starlets).

Californians in general, and Valley Girls⁸ in particular, were easy-come, easy-go people; they didn't take life as seriously as East Coast people; for them, everything was beautiful in its own way.

I found that philosophy a bit naïve and self-serving; but that's the way Valley Girls were. For a New Yorker like me, Valley Girls were a push-over; I loved cruising the bars along Marina Del Rey where scoring was as easy as shooting fish in a barrel. I always wore a suit, to differentiate me from the Hawaiian-shirted local boys; my dress begged the question, where are you from? My answer worked like a charm. While for New Yorkers it was "California dreamin'," Californians dreamt of New York.

Andréa Lawrence was a prototypical *Valley Girl*. She grew up in trendy Van Nuys, the daughter of Deforest Lawrence; he was the wealthy owner of the Valley's Chevrolet franchise. Her mother was a patrician lady who kept her own name, Patricia Hurley. Like her older sister, Michaela, Andréa was well bred and well raised.

⁸ Google defines a Valley Girl as, "...a fashionable and affluent teenage girl from the San Fernando Valley in southern California. Urban Dictionary defines Valley Girls as, "...a teenage female who seems to have no idea where she is ...usually found off the coast of California ...seemingly beautiful in nature but truly idiotic ...[who] likes to use the phrases "like omg" and inserts the word "like" wherever she possibly can."

However, although she lived the poolside lifestyle of California's *nouveau riche*, Andréa had an inferiority complex which she tried to mask by adopting an ultra-cool persona.⁹

Michaela Lawrence, Andréa's older sister, had escaped the Valley and become a successful New York model, which is no small achievement (every year nearly 100,000 people flock to New York to make their fortune as models and actors and within three years 99% of them fail.) Michaela's success and hip, East Coast lifestyle made her sister jealous. Thus, Andréa jumped at the chance when Michaela invited her to visit New York. It was a serendipity that the *Cycle* magazine cover job occurred during Andréa's sisterly sojourn.

Andréa was as anxious as I was to see the results of the *Cycle* cover shoot. The morning after the shoot, she called from Michaela's condo in Connecticut, asking if she could come in and have a look at all the pictures. That was like a dream come true for me—the chance to be alone with her. I arranged a late afternoon viewing—for precisely the same reasons as Cook—and followed it up with dinner at the Spain restaurant. I played it cool and made zero advances on Andréa that day; I saw what that approach had accomplished for Cook Nielsen. Instead, during our dinner conversation, I tempted her with the offer to do more pictures and suggested that Andréa could be as successful at modelling as her sister. She soaked up my words like they were California sunshine.



Andréa returned to my studio the very next afternoon, to begin work on a portfolio. I explained that we'd begin with head shots and some full-length body shots—you know, the basics (wink, wink). By the end of that evening we were shooting full nudes—some of the best I ever shot. Although we could have easily gone all the way that night, I sent her home to her sister's place in Connecticut.

I was head-over-heels in ~~lust~~ love with Andréa, totally moonstruck. When she told me that she was heading back to California, that she had overstayed her welcome at Michaela's, I invited her to stay with me in the Flushing house. Two days later she moved in and we started building a life together.

At first, I was able to keep Andréa's attention by taking pictures of her—building her ego—and giving her opportunities to earn some money by helping me in the studio, where her presence was a boon—keeping people entertained while I got things done. She also earned her keep assisting me on shoots and modelling.

⁹ Valley Girls wished they grew up in Santa Monica, Venice or Manhattan Beach; they longed to be part of the LA's infamous social scene; to be Madonna's proverbial *Material Girl*.

Among the jobs we did together was a Car and Driver feature about the Ford Thunderbird.

Those pictures were styled with the retro, sepia look of the Great Gatsby era and shot out in Phillipsburg, New Jersey, where there was an operational steam locomotive—the New York, Susquehanna & Western Rail Road.

Andréa starred with Kylen Golden and, in another shot, with Elizabeth Frasier (see in color plates.)



Andréa also appeared in a job shot for my old Basford colleague, Bill Schroeder—a brochure for AISI's Committee of Stainless-Steel Producers, about stainless steel wheel covers. She loved the attention she was getting; I loved the feeling of taking care of someone who needed my care (or so I thought).

Early on, I introduced Andréa to my family. That August, they invited us to join them during their summer holidays in Greenport at the Mosbach Cottages.

To digress momentarily: Greenport (and East Marion) was our family's vacation spot for three decades. We began going there in 1953, when Mom and Dad drove Nanna out to Greenport to visit a friend staying at Ireland House, a guest home on Main Street owned and operated by a woman who was a correspondent for several newspapers, including the New York Journal American and Herald Tribune. She introduced them to Herman Dinsmore, a New York Times journalist who lived with his wife across the street from Ireland House; the Dinsmores suggested we stay at the Mosbach Cottages, in East Marion.

Greenport was a quaint, sleepy town. We I didn't spend much time there except to shop for groceries and supplies at the A&P, the only big food store for miles around. We got fresh produce at Marion's Farm Stand, along the three-mile [5.2 kilometer] stretch of Route 25 that linked Greenport and East Marion.



Then, and even more so now, Greenport was an expensive town, oriented toward serving wealthy yachtsmen and cruisers, who shopped for supplies at Preston's Marina. For a treat, Nanna would take us to one of the fancy eateries in Greenport—Mitchell's Restaurant or Claudio's.¹⁰ The Seafood Barge, in Southhold, was our favorite place for lobster and sautéed soft-shell crabs.



Painting © Trish Deitz

¹⁰ Wikipedia: Claudio's Restaurant believes themselves to be the oldest single family-owned restaurant in the United States.

It was in Greenport that I learned to fish. Nanna taught me; she was an avid angler. One of her claims to fishing fame was hauling in a 30-pound [13.6 kilogram] Northern Pike.

Nanna took me out on the *Tex*, a sturdy, 30-foot [9.12-meter] open boat that fished the waters of Gardiners Bay. We bought our bait and tackle at Art's Bait Shop; Art also gave us tips about the hottest spots and the best lures to use. I spent my entire allowance at Art's on many occasions; my prize possession was a 10-foot [~3-meter] surf-casting rod with a Mitchell spinning reel.

Nanna also rented 13-foot skiffs [~4 meters] from the Southold Fishing Station, so we could fish whenever we wanted to. The skiffs were rowboats with 15 hp Evinrude outboards, built for neither comfort nor speed. Going anywhere in those less-than-totally-seaworthy boats was an adventure—especially the two-hour ride from the fishing station to our house in East Marion. Although only 8 miles [12.8 kilometers] by car, the boat trip was twice the distance given the irregularity of the coastline. The little skiffs chugged along at less than 10 mph [16 kmh]; even the slightest headwind really slowed them down.

On one occasion, after navigating around the Shelter Island ferry and the huge mossbunker boats in Greenport's sheltered harbor,¹¹ a wind came up when we hit the open waters of Gardiners Bay. The sea got so rough that there were times when I thought we weren't going make it. Dad struggled to fight the waves; the little boat shuddered ominously as the bow smashed against them; the spray drenched us; water poured in over the gunnels and filled the boat with nearly a foot of water; sister Kathy and I had to bail like mad, to keep us from sinking. After that episode, Dad decided to get a more seaworthy boat of our own, which Nanna sponsored. She bought us a 17-foot lapstrake boat, a Lyman runabout with a 15 hp Mercury outboard. A year later, Dad upgraded to 20 hp motor so we could waterski.



During our first summers in East Marion, Greenport was a major hub for the commercial fishing industry; there were major fish and shell fish processing factories in Greenport harbor and huge trawlers swept through Gardiners Bay fishing for moss bunkers. The old oyster plant became the Scrimshaw Restaurant.

[Google image 8b19ac0552fc08cb808d9937ef2274b4.jpg]

Fishing in those years was terrific; we hauled in more fish than we could eat—edible ones, like porgies (bony and strong flavored) and blowfish (which taste like chicken) as well as inedible sea robins and dog fish (aka sand sharks); occasionally, we'd be lucky enough to hook a fluke, a ling cod, or rock fish. However, the greedy commercials fished out the bay and by the late fifties the fishing there was lousy for everyone.

¹¹ Mossbunker is another name for the oily Menhaden fish. [Wikipedia: Menhaden, also known as mossbunker and bunker, are forage fish of the genera *Brevoortia* and *Ethmidium*, two genera of marine fish in the family Clupeidae. Menhaden is a blend of poghaden and an Algonquian word akin to Narragansett *munhawhatteaüg*, derived from *munnohquohteau* 'he fertilizes', referring to their use of the fish as fertilizer. It is generally thought that Pilgrims were advised by Tisquantum to plant menhaden with their crops.

When we weren't fishing in the skiff, I spent my time casting for snappers (baby blue fish) from the jetty in front of the house. Schools of snappers numbering in the thousands migrated to Gardiners Bay every August; they flashed silvery blue in the crystal-clear water as they hunted minnows in the lush seagrasses. Snappers were a hoot to hook; despite weighing less than half a pound [~one-quarter kilo] they fought like the devil, jumping out of the water to spit out the lure and get off the hook. Using light tackle, landing them was a challenge; but on a good day I'd bring back a dozen. Mom would sauté them for supper; they were bony but light and tasty; very unlike dark-fleshed, strong-flavored, oily adult blue fish. But the over-fishing of moss bunkers brought an end to the snapper fishing, too; the big trawlers swept up everything into their huge nets and all those fish got turned into fertilizer and food for livestock.

Long Beach Light was another hot spot; the fishing there was almost always terrific.

Back in the '50s, before it was declared landmark and completely restored, the historic old light house was decimated by vandals.

On a couple of our fishing expeditions, we explored the spooky old place. Landing on the man-made island—a pile of rocks about 100 feet in circumference [30.48 meters]—required Dad to carefully navigate through a reef of giant boulders with sharp edges; it was a tricky business.

Long Beach Light © Elizabeth Hiddink, Orient, New York



Inside and out, the lighthouse was in ruins; thick coats of paint peeled from the walls and ceilings; chunks of dried paint and shards of broken-window glass littered the floor; the stairs were missing many steps, but we climbed them anyway, all the way up to the top of the tower, where the light was originally housed. The light was long gone, along with its huge Fresnel lenses; but the sheer size of its cradle was enough to impress a nine-year-old, like me; I easily fit inside of it. Imagine, a light bulb bigger than yourself!

When we fished at the lighthouse, we'd usually detour to go crabbing in the wetlands of Orient State Park, at the foot of Long Beach, where a network of inlets flowed in and out of a dense, odorful swamp that we called The Creek. The primeval marsh was filled with wild birds... and blue-claw crabs. (Yum!) Dad would shut off the motor and propel us along narrow passages through bulrushes using the oars as poles— that's where I first heard the term, "Up the creek without a paddle." Kathy and I would take turns manning the bow with a crab net; the trick was to scoop up the crabs before they skittered away; we missed way more than we netted, but still came home with enough to fill a 10-gallon pot [about 38 liters].

Back then, I had no compunctions about dropping the crabs into the boiling caldron; Mom said they had to be boiled alive; she said the boiling water stunned them, that it was a mercy killing, that they didn't feel any pain. Ha!

All that seemed natural, then, as did clubbing the fish we caught, to kill them quickly instead of letting them flop about in the sun, suffocating to death. Now, I am repulsed by fishing and haven't eaten a crab or a lobster in decades; although, truth told, I get tempted.

But enough reminiscing....

Fast forward nearly two decades: in 1971, the Mesney family was still cohesive. Everyone made the annual pilgrimage to Greenport that year.¹² They were all keen to meet my new gal. Having lived through my divorce from Leslie a year earlier, they knew that I was in some kind of metamorphosis and wanted to learn more about why I had given-up a good job with a solid ad agency for the Bohemian life of a free-lance photographer.

Everyone got along famously although there was a bit of a kerfuffle at first—Mom wanted Andréa to bunk with one of my sisters; she didn't like the idea of Andréa and I sleeping together; however, I prevailed and she assigned us the upstairs bedroom; that was more private, although the bed was a squeaky one.

Our holiday was interrupted when Andréa got stung by a bee. It turned out that she was highly allergic to bee venom and quickly developed anaphylaxis, which can be life threatening. Andréa's throat and tongue swelled up; she started having dizzy spells and difficulty breathing. We needed a doctor, fast; but it was a weekend and there were none to be found in East Marion or Greenport. Instead, we piled into my VW and drove off in search of help. We had to drive all the way to Southhold [~14 miles (~22 kilometers) Southwest of East Marion] before we found a clinic with epinephrine, the antidote for her bee sting.



The next day, Andréa and I drove east from Greenport to spend the afternoon exploring Orient Point, the eastern tip of Long Island, where a retired LST¹³ ferried traffic to and from New London, Connecticut. It was the same ship we used to ride, when kids. (!)

We rode that ferry on our way back to New York a couple of days later.

Photo © Card Cow [card00761_fr]

¹² The incorporated village of Greenport is located on Long Island's north fork approximately one hundred miles east of New York City. The village is bordered on the south by Greenport Harbor; on the east by Sterling Basin, a deep-water inlet; and on the west by a forested area called Moore's Woods. State Route 25 forms Greenport's northern boundary and connects the village to western Long Island. Greenport is the northern terminus of the Shelter Island Ferry, which provides access to Long Island's south fork through Shelter Island and Sag Harbor. Greenport's most notable physical attributes include its picturesque waterfront location and its dense concentration of buildings in a rural, sparsely settled area.
[http://www.livingplaces.com/NY/Suffolk_County/Greenport_Village/Greenport_Village_Historic_District.html]

There's more about Greenport in the Appendix.

¹³ Wikipedia: Landing Ship, Tank, or tank landing ship, is the naval designation for ships built during World War II to support amphibious operations by carrying tanks, vehicles, cargo, and landing troops directly onto shore with no docks or piers. This provided amphibious assaults to almost any beach.

After lunch at the historic Orient Inn, we walked around the sleepy little town. On our way we discovered a local artist named Elisabeth Hiddink, shown a couple of pages earlier.¹⁴ She painted captivating miniature oils of prominent Orient sights and scenes; among them were little 8 X 10-inch [20.32 X 25.4 centimeter] paintings of Long Beach Light, aka “Bug Light,” one of which still hangs in my home.

We spent the late afternoon on the beach overlooking Orient Point Light with Plum Island, in the distance; a decade later, I would stand on the same beach, with Sandra Sande, photographing my two sisters and Wayne Olds spread the ashes of my Aunt, Francis Taylor, over the raging waters of Plum Gut.

The Plum Gut straights¹⁵ were famous for fishing (although Plum Island was infamous¹⁶). Although always wanting to, we couldn’t fish there because our boat was not powerful enough.

After dinner at the Seafood Barge, Andréa and I went to the outdoor-movie theater between East Cutchogue and Southold, to see *The French Connection*. Being there brought back memories of the times when my parents would bring Kathy and I there, to see movies like *Peter Pan*, *Lady and The Tramp*, *Davey Crockett* and *Treasure Island*. Back then, Kathy and I wondered why the people in many of the cars around us were lying down and not watching the movie. Ha!

We finished that day having cocktails on the seaside deck at the Soundview Inn, planning the next day’s activities; those included the highlight of our excursion—going to the East Marion Firemen’s Fair, a big event that drew crowds from as far away as Riverhead.

Two years before, my sister Kathy won a live duck playing the Wheel of Fortune at the Firemen’s Fair; she fell in love with the duck and named her Lucy; Dad built a shelter behind the back porch of our Douglaston house, where Lucy the duck lived happily ever after. Not!

¹⁴ https://www.google.com/search?client=firefox-b&biw=1084&bih=582&ei=-mIAW6S4FqLZjwSs6aagDA&q=Elisabeth+Hiddink+%281910-1989%29+bio&oq=Elisabeth+Hiddink+%281910-1989%29+bio&gs_l=psy-ab.3...5585.6140.0.7077.4.4.0.0.0.147.260.0j2.2.0...0...1.1.64.psy-ab..2.0.0...0.jR6NbdkAKZc

¹⁵ The rip [t]here, especially near Plum Island, is significant even on a calm day and not for craft under 18 feet or inexperienced boaters. Beneath the turbulent waters lies a sharp reef, which attracts and holds baitfish and predators. ... Orient Point Lighthouse, or the Coffee Pot, is at the eastern end of a long reef running from Orient Point. ... As the current bottlenecks between the structures and upwells over the sharp bottom hump it forms a big rip. Multitudes of foraging bluefish and striped bass hold near the bottom in the relatively sheltered water ahead of the reef where their energy expenditure is less and food abundant. ... The Gut is commonly fished with diamond jigs, bucktails or live eels. To use diamonds, run uptide of the ripline while watching your depth finder. At the point where the steep decline reaches 80 to 120 feet (depending on tide direction and location), throw the engine into neutral and quickly free-spool your 6- to 10-ounce jig to the bottom. Immediately engage the reel and take 10 rapid turns up, then drop it back down. Continue this speed-jigging process until you approach the ripline, typically in about 60 to 70 feet of water, and then motor back upcurrent to your original starting place. Note and repeat the location of productive drifts by triangulation, electronics or following the fleet. [More at https://www.thefisherman.com/index.cfm?fuseaction=feature.display&feature_ID=1029&ParentCat=8]

¹⁶ Wikipedia: [Plum] island is the site of the Plum Island Animal Disease Center (PIADC) which was established by the United States Department of Agriculture (USDA) in 1954. The Island is also the site of the former US military installation Fort Terry (c. 1897), and the historic Plum Island Light (c. 1869), and its automated replacement. Plum Island is owned in its entirety by the United States government, which was considering sale of the island as part of a debt-reduction package.^[2] but suspended the plan in February 2012.^[3] Access to the island is controlled by the United States Department of Homeland Security (DHS).

After providing the family with a plentiful supply of her eggs over the winter—Mom ate them; Kathy and I wouldn't; the taste was too strong—Lucy took to eating the tender shoots of spring flowers in our neighbors' gardens; no amount of fencing could keep her in our yard—she just flew over them.

In the end, Lucy was taken to Alley Pond, in Bayside, where, upon her release, two dozen horny males chased her clear across to the other side of the pond, plucking out most of her tail feathers all the way. Kathy got upset; she thought they were trying to kill Lucy. Mom tried to explain that it was just their way of being friendly. Right.

We didn't have to worry about winning a duck, or anything else; our visit to East Marion was aborted when Andréa got stung; after that, she just wanted to get back to the city.

1971 – Justine Fails – Studio Expands



It bears repeating that Nixon's ending of the Bretton Woods Agreement—and with it the gold standard—began a period of economic discombobulation which resulted in an almost universal loss of trust. One after another of Justine's investors cut off the aid spigot leaving her high and dry. Fortunately, my business was doing well enough to take over Justine's lease. So, the studio suddenly doubled in size, occupying the entire fifth floor at 42 East 23rd Street. Mesney was moving up in the world; stories about the studio expansion were proudly promoted in *Exposure*, the monthly newsletter that I sent to clients and prospects.

Around that time, Joey Clapper became my apprentice; we met at a fashion show arranged by Shelley Ascher to promote his magazine, *Models Circle*; Joey was intrigued by the slide show I presented; he turned up on my doorstep and hounded me to let him be an assistant. I finally relented and he became an on-again, off-again apprentice until 1973, when he went off with two friends to start a business designing and producing promotional T-shirts for rock bands.



Dave Tonsing

Joey Clapper

Yours Truly

Joey's first job was to help me remodel and paint Justine's space. Between Joey, Dave Tonsing (St. Regis Paper Company) and Andréa, the place got spruced up in short order.

Joey was the son of a rich Fifth Avenue dentist; he wanted to get involved with the Bardo; he thought I was cool.

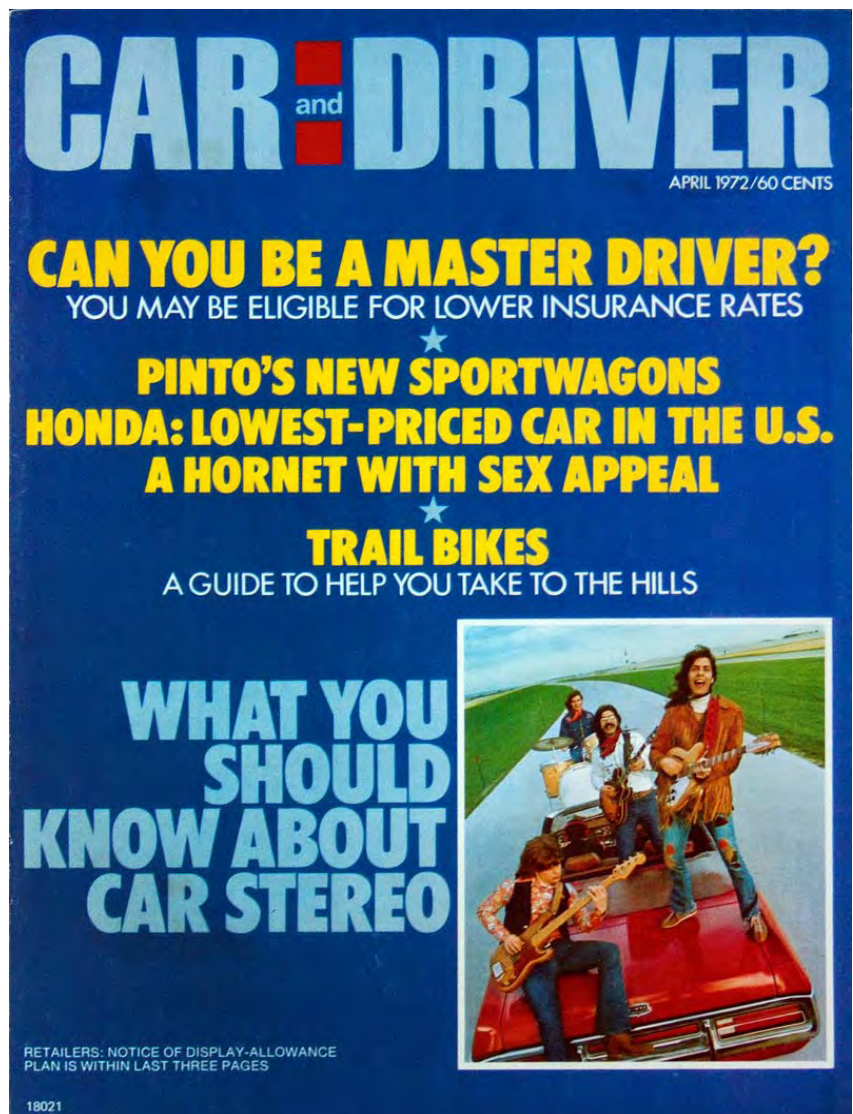
Clapper wanted to be a "rock-star" photographer; he was a Vincent Chase wannabe, straight out of *Entourage*; way too cool for his own good. However, he was also a happy-go-lucky optimist, with boundless energy.

Appreciating his enthusiasm, I let Joey in; but it didn't last long. He didn't take to menial chores. Joey and his buddy, Digger, would appear at the studio at their own convenience; there was no way to count on them; and as a result of that there wasn't any "meaningful" work for Joey. So, the two came over less frequently and then not at all.

Before that, Joey helped me with the April, 1972 cover shot for Car and Driver, illustrating the magazine's review of car stereos.

The shot featured Joey and a band run by his friend, Bobby Held, shot while driving along the Causeway at Jones Beach State Park.

The weather sucked that afternoon. The shots were so drab that I forked over half my fee to have Thad McGar beef up the colors, at Wellbeck Studio. I don't think Gene Butera was any the wiser.



1970s | 23rd Street Studio Expansion | Plates N^{os} 1-4

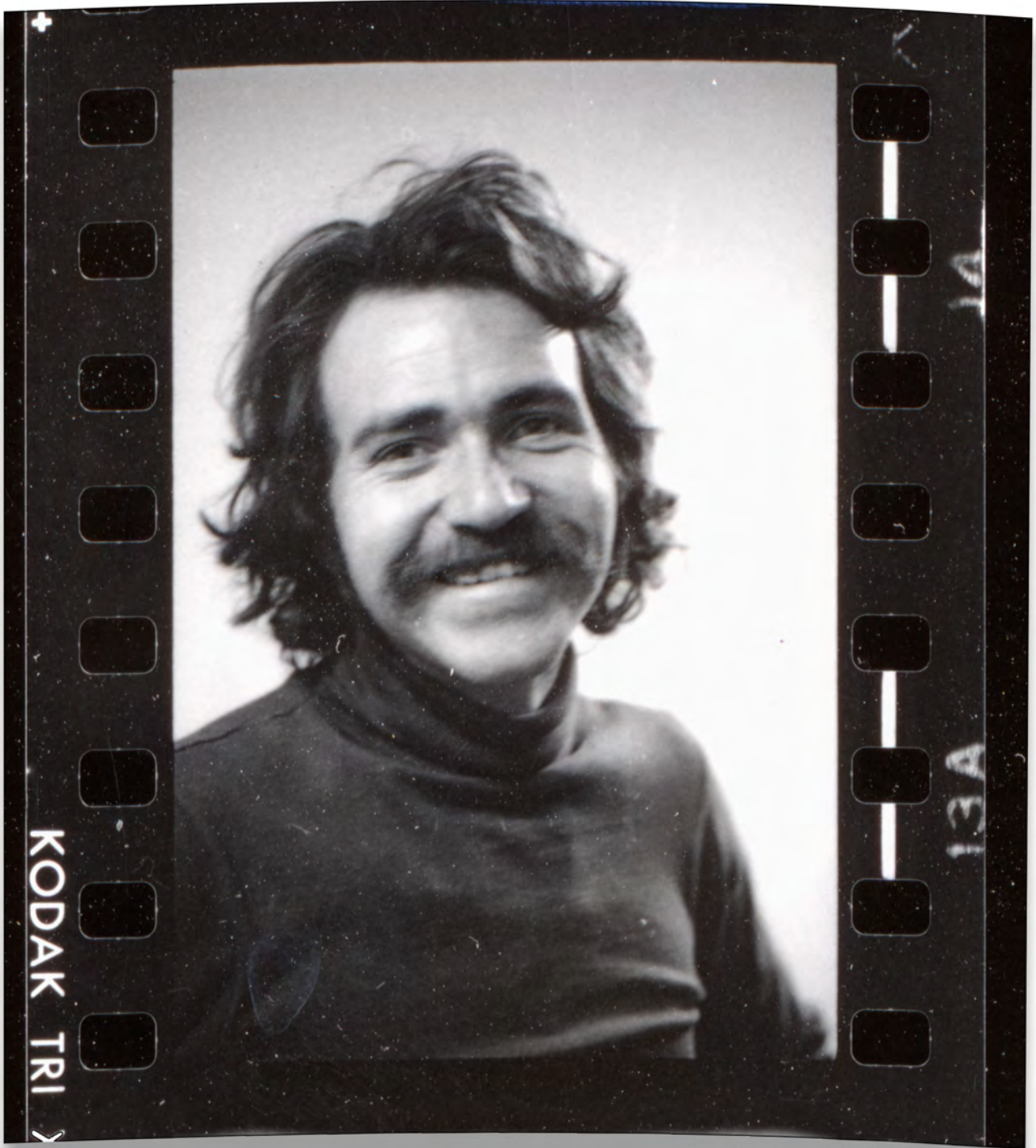
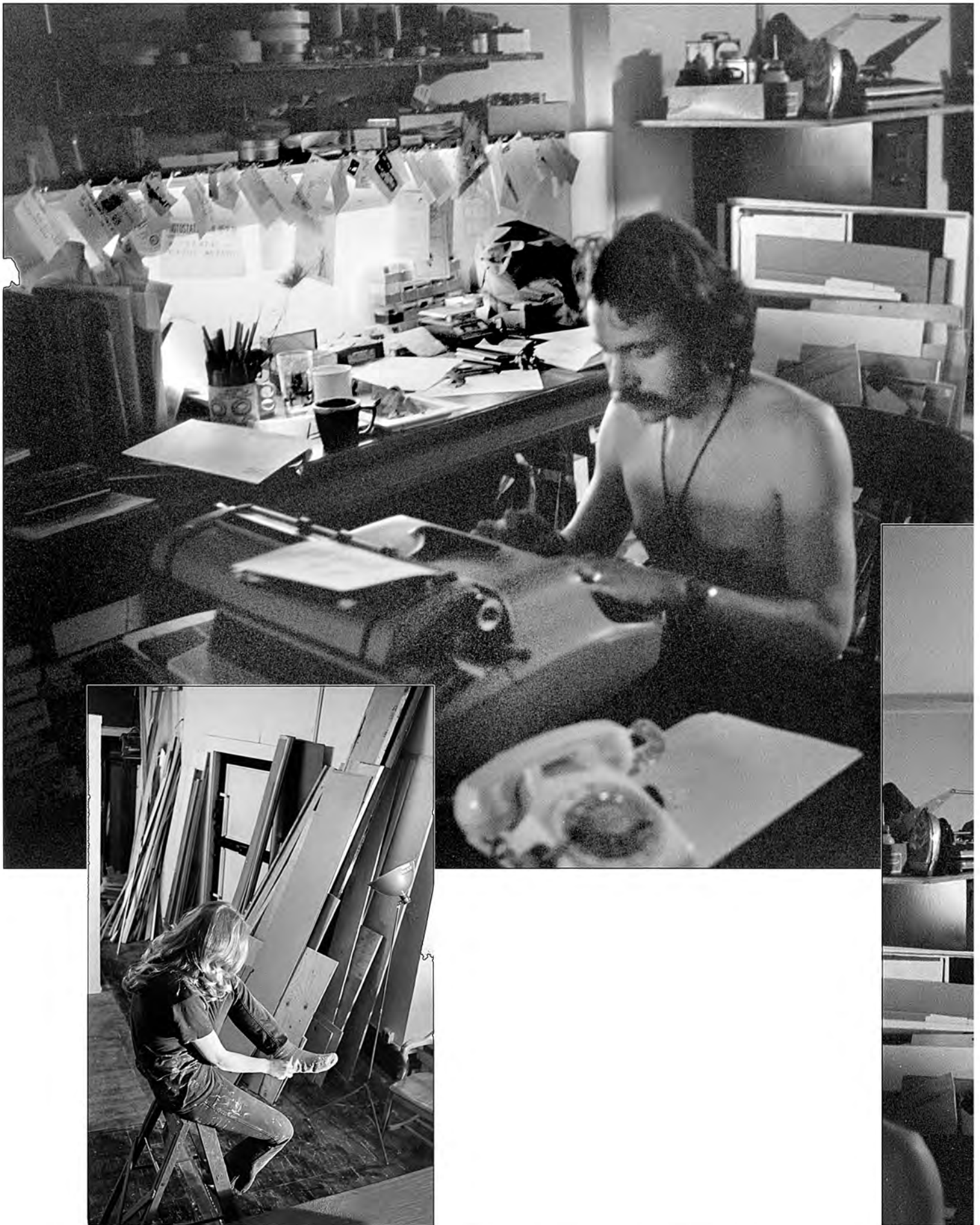


Photo of Your's Truly by Andréa Lawrence.

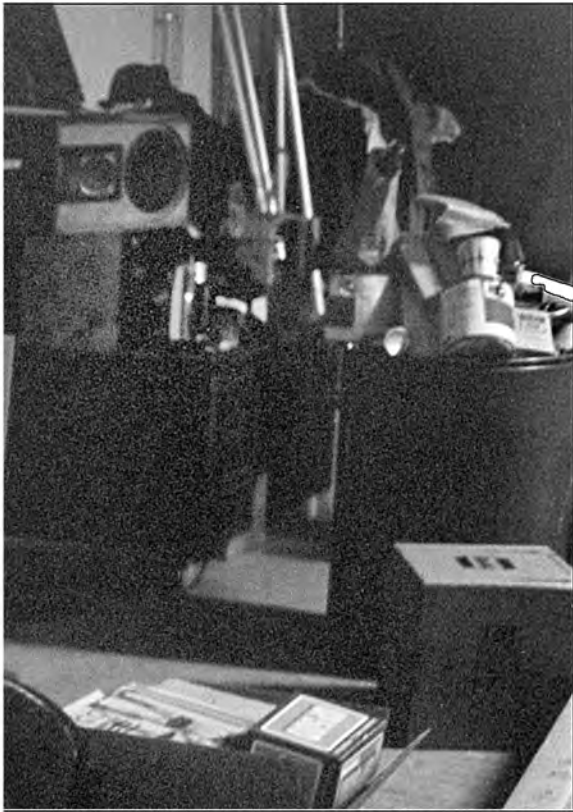
1971 | 23RD STREET STUDIO EXPANSION | PLATE N° 1

Business was good; expanding was better. | Your's Truly had a lot to smile about. | Photo by Andréa Lawrence.



1971 | 23RD STREET STUDIO EXPANSION | PLATE N° 2

While Justine's former space was being rebuilt, my studio became a shambles. | Andréa stepped on a nail.



1971 | 23RD STREET STUDIO EXPANSION | PLATE N° 3

Andréa was my number one fan and supporter. | The wicker furniture was Justine's.



1971 | 23RD STREET STUDIO EXPANSION | PLATE N° 4

Clockwise: Joey Clapper, Dave Tonsing, me and Andrea Lawrence | Lost negatives; copied from contact sheets.



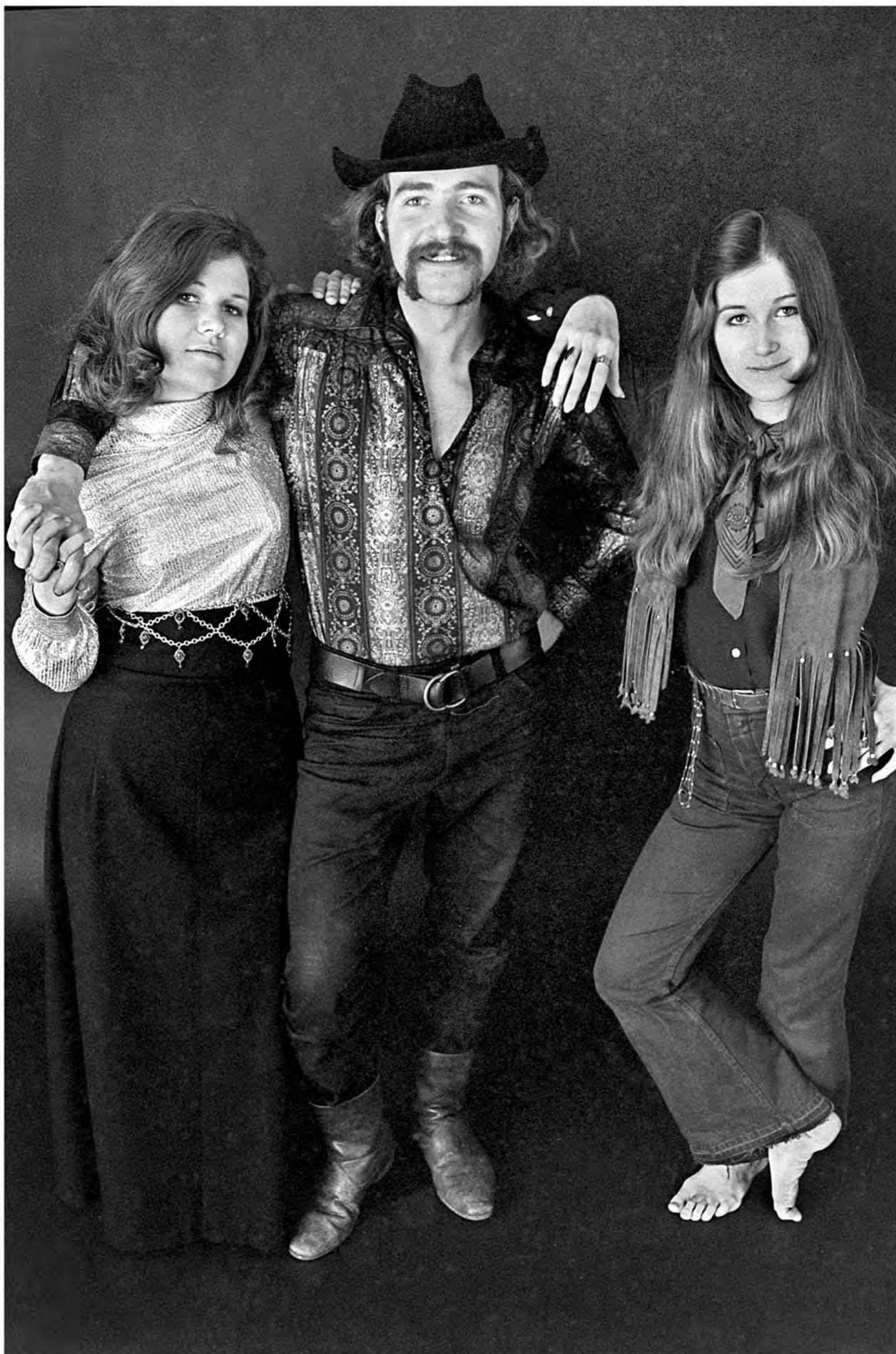
1971 | 23RD STREET STUDIO EXPANSION | PLATE N° 5

Finished renovation | front office (facing 23rd Street) | Lost negatives; copied from contact sheet.



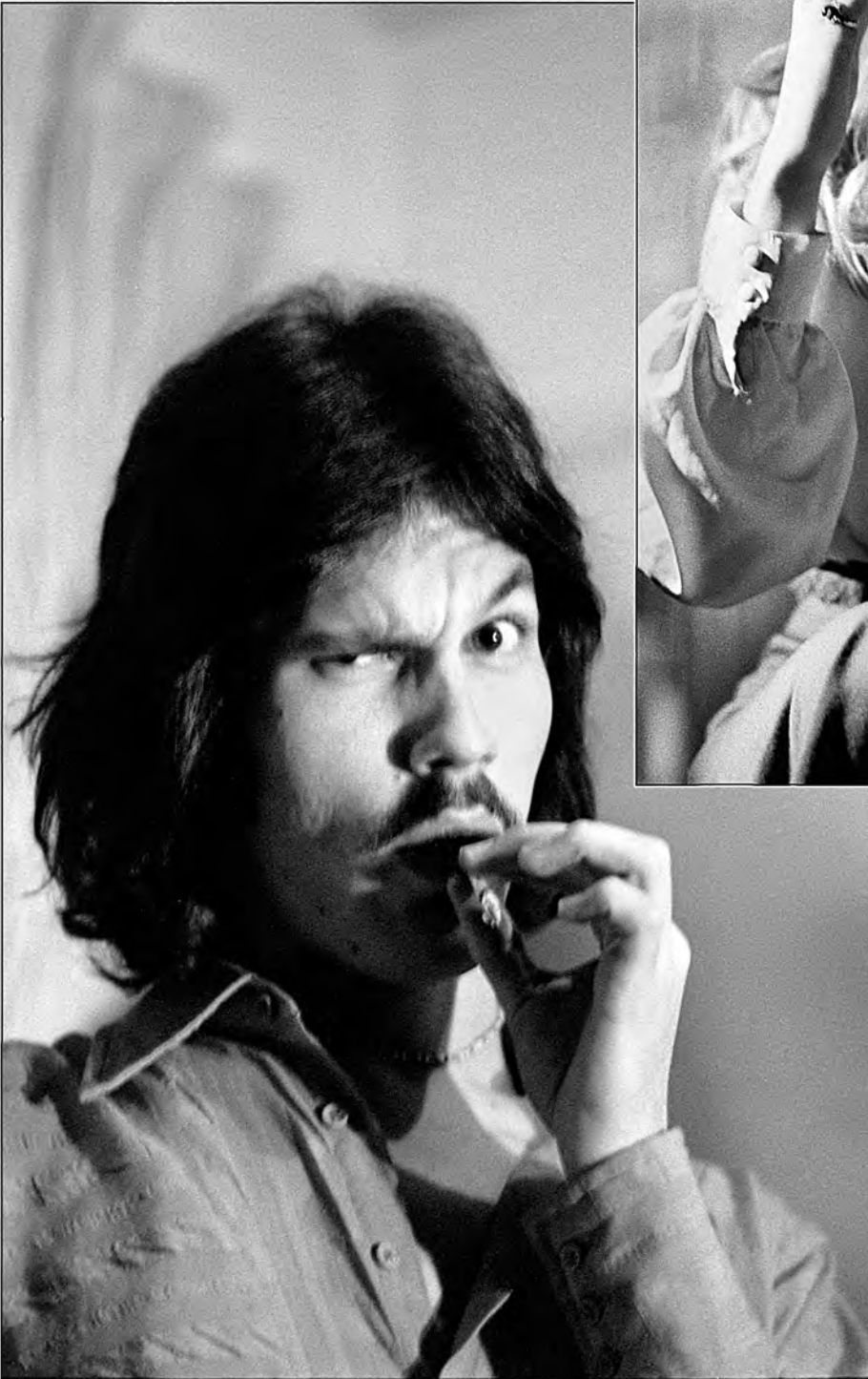
1971 | 23RD STREET STUDIO EXPANSION | PLATE N° 6

Finished renovation | Front lounge and back offices. | Lost negatives - pictures copied from contact sheet.



1971 | 23RD STREET STUDIO EXPANSION | PLATE N° 7

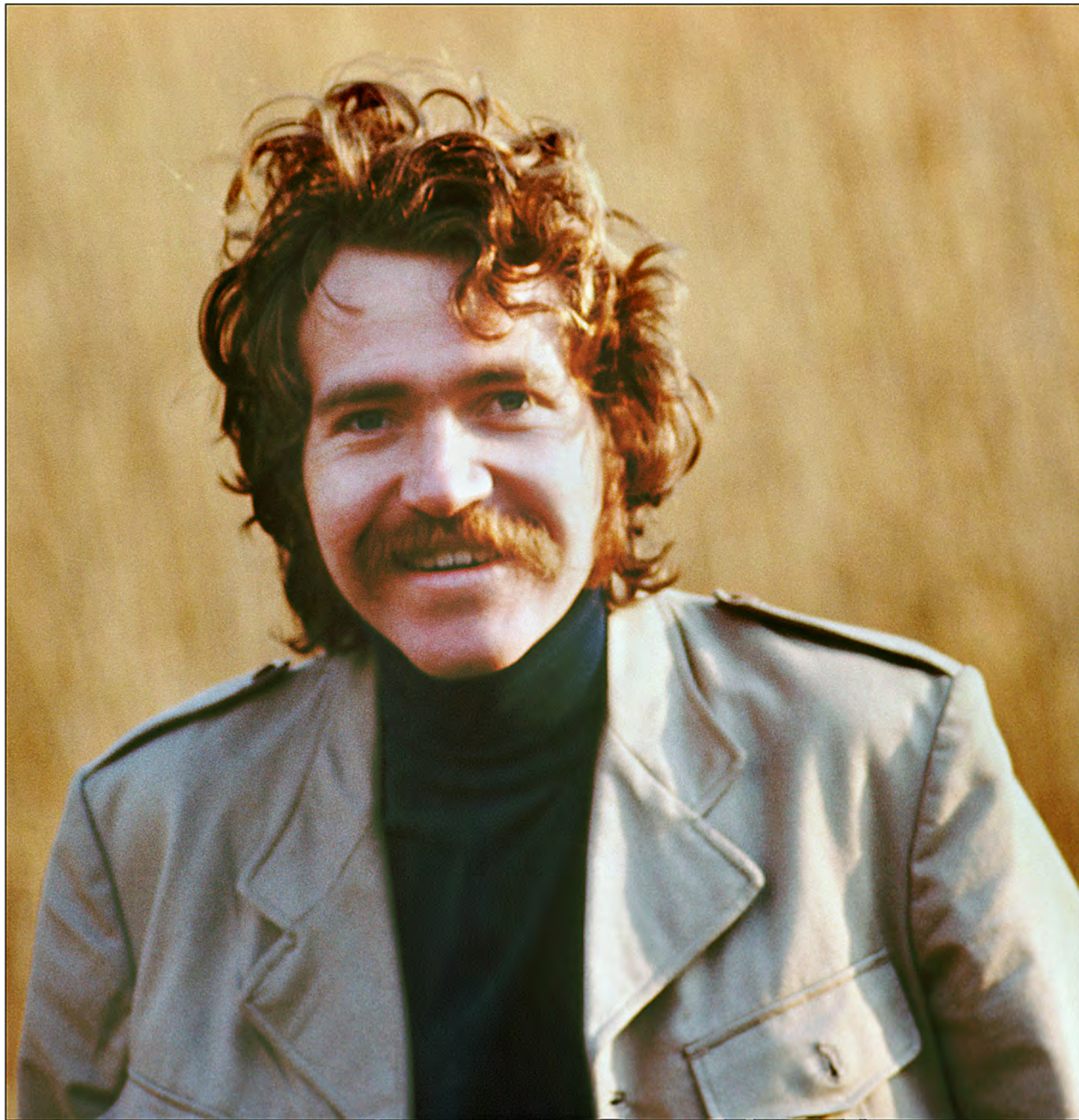
My sisters, Kathy, Barbara and I at a studio fête celebrating the studio's expansion. | Photo by Andréa.



Photos of each other by Marty Brodfurer and Andréa Lawrence.

1971 | 23RD STREET STUDIO EXPANSION | PLATE N° 8
Marty Brodfurer was a bad influence on Andréa. He became a nemesis.

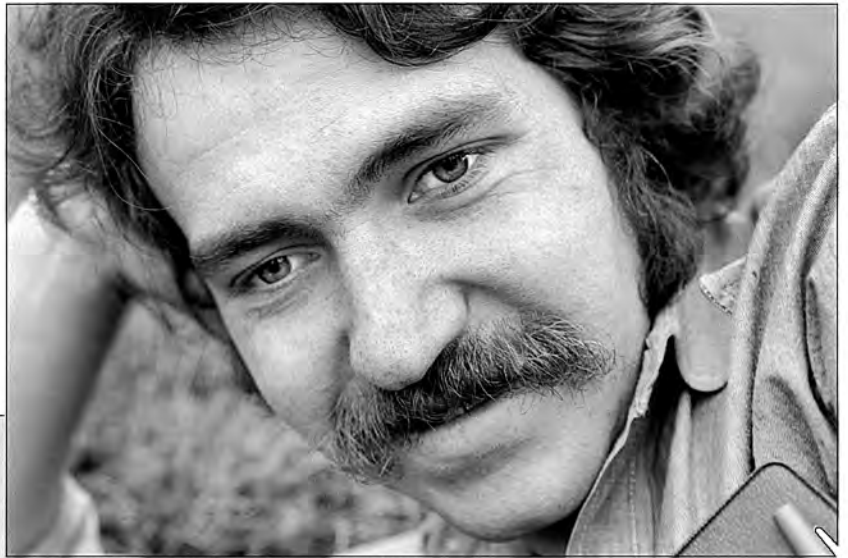
Photo by Andrea Lawrence.



1971 | 23RD STREET STUDIO EXPANSION | PLATE N° 9

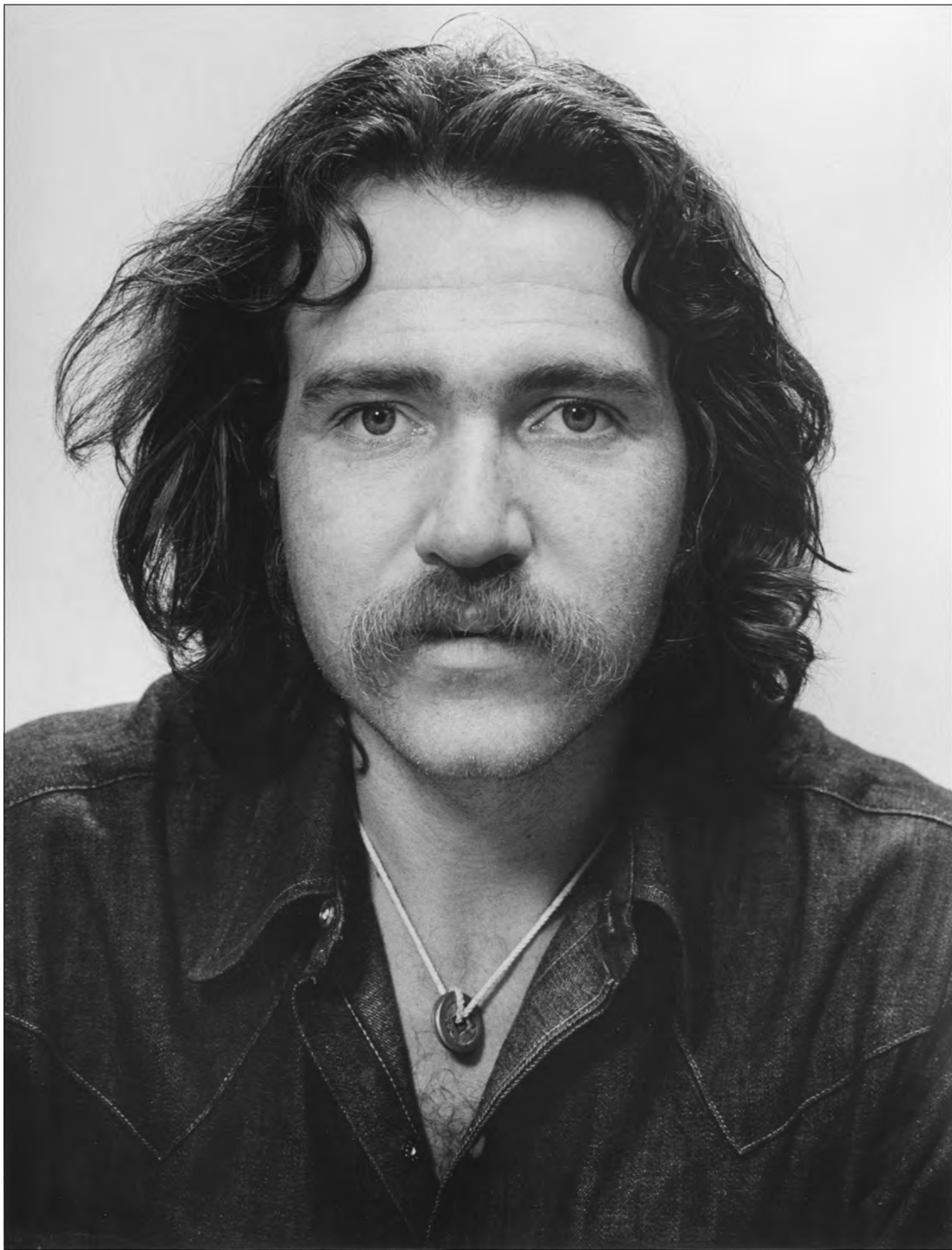
I was so naive. | Photo taken in Kissena Park by Andr ea

Photo of Your's Truly by Andréa Lawrence.



1971 | 23RD STREET STUDIO EXPANSION | PLATE N° 10

Andréa and I were not expanding. | I was gaga-eyed and too possessive. | Andréa wasn't ready to be steady.



1971 | 23RD STREET STUDIO EXPANSION | PLATE N° 11

Portrait of Your's Truly by Andréa Lawrence. | Carolyn Hadley gave me the Yi-Ching coins. | I still wear them.

Sue Keaton, my sales representative, was especially pleased at the studio's expansion; it gave her a chance to invite clients and prospects for a tour of the new space. You know, perception is everything; people do judge books by their covers. The appearance of progress reinforced everyone's confidence in me; success begot success.

Keeton became my sales rep in late 1970, after Marie Rivera left to live with Allan Seiden, in Hawaii. By then, Andréa was back to California, after scuttling our relationship. Originally, Sue contacted me for test shots;¹⁷ she had dreams of being a top model. She was certainly pretty enough to play the part; but although she was a stunner, her body didn't fit fashion-show outfits.¹⁸



Sue was a small-town gal with big ideas; a smart woman on a mission; "larger than life" but one inch too short to make it in big-league modelling. Susie was sophisticated; distinguished in the way she carried herself. Her polished persona gave Sue the ability to walk into any room and command everyone's attention. With her command of the social graces, Sue got on well with the country club set and yachting crowd; her compass of desire pointed towards Wall Street.

When we met, Keeton was already living in high style; she had a swank townhouse apartment in a trendy East 60s brownstone; I figured she had rich parents or something. She got a kick out of being a snooty rich bitch; whether it was all an act—she often commented on how we all play roles—or whether that was really Susie, I'll never know; nor does it matter.

What mattered to me was that Sue Keaton had a handle on high society; she read all the fashion magazines, kept her wardrobe up-to-date, and was a whiz with make-up and hair; in short, she was the perfect model—with the looks of a professional model and the money to afford a good portfolio.

During one of our test shoots Sue explained to me confidentially that she was being kept by a prominent architect and needed a way to explain her upscale lifestyle; so, Sue became my sales representative. It was win-win; I had nothing to lose; even if she never sold a thing, it didn't hurt to have a striking woman like Sue Keaton carrying your book around town.

¹⁷ Before they have "tear sheets" for their portfolios (published magazine pages—proof they've worked), models rely on test shots; photographers do too, for the same reasons. New models deemed to have potential are signed by agencies who send them to collaborating photographers for test shot sessions. Mesney's Mad Medicine Show was not a mainstream studio in the fashion universe; the fashion connections I had were all the result of sharing studio space with Justine Model Consultants; even so, a dozen or so new models per month stopped by to show their portfolios and announce their availability; the casting couch got recovered at least twice.

¹⁸ Mainstream range - 5'9" to 5'11" with outer fringe being 5'8" to 6" with the extremely rare exception down to 5'5" and as tall as 6'1". Thin - puts weight at 108 to 130 lbs in proportional to height. This puts dress size 6-8 with the desired figure around 34B-24-34. This can range some but waist no larger the 25" and maximum hips 35 ½." Beginning models start modeling in the age range of 13-19 and if you have not made it by twenty it is over.
<http://modelingadvice.com/fashionModelSize.html>

Schlepping my book around town was no easy task for Sue.

My portfolio at that time was colossal—a 30 X 20-inch [76.2 X 50.8-centimeter] Sam Flax presentation binder in a 31 X 23-inch [78.74 X 58.42-cm] portfolio suitcase.

It weighed close to thirty pounds [13.6 kg] and had way too many examples—about three dozen pages containing a mix of *tear sheets* (pages cut from publications of an artist's work) and photographic prints.

When opened out, as in the picture, the size was 40 X 30 inches [102 X 76.2 cm].



There was a saying that, "You're as good as your last job." The best portfolios were 100% tear sheets; printed pages proved that you were actually working, not another wannabe. Clients naturally preferred to hire artists who had a solid track record.

As a relatively new photographer, I didn't have that many tear sheets; instead, my portfolio contained mostly big exhibition prints—16 X 20-inch [40.6 X 50.8 cm] pictures mounted on 20 X 24-inch [~51 X 61-cm] black cover stock. If a picture had been published, a small photo of the tear sheet(s) was included, together with mini-pictures of any award certificates, e.g., the Art Directors Club award in center of lower spread. I used a color-dot system (upper right corners) to jog Sue's memory about how pictures were used: yellow meant advertising, orange meant editorial, green and blue indicated awards.

The exhibition-print portfolio was the best-looking of all my books; but the best-selling one was produced a year later and was 70% tear sheets; by then I had a significant number of covers and double-trucks [two-page spreads] from *Car and Driver*, *Cycle*, *Penthouse* and *GQ*. [See picture plates.] However, that portfolio was also big and heavy.

I hadn't learned that less is truly more when it comes to portfolios; that showing too many examples of your work confuses viewers and makes you look insecure; plus, the more examples you show, the greater the chances that some will fail to impress.

As P.T. Barnum said, "Leave them wanting more."

Sue enjoyed hanging around with the Upper-East side club crowd but didn't like to walk in to any club unescorted. I became her chaperone at the various clubs and events where she wanted to be seen. I was a safe bet; her sugar daddy (let's call him Arthur) was never suspicious of me; for him and everyone else, I was Susie's "employer." Indeed, Arthur never had anything to worry about; it was strictly business between the Sue and I, from beginning to end.



While chaperoning Susie, I got to vicariously live the high life; I felt like I was part of the in crowd. The New York club scene was full of intrigues. Susie's favorite club was *Hippopotamus*. We always sat in the VIP section at a table permanently reserved by a handsome Italian "businessman," Ben Fabre (left). Sue was having a torrid affair with him, behind Arthur's back. My naïveté amused Benny; he'd invite me to join him in the men's room for a toot.

Benny and his friends had beaucoup de bucks; but nobody ever talked about where it came from; he wouldn't even tell Susie. One clue was that he always packed a snub-nosed pistol.

Nicky Byrnes and his wife, Carol, were frequently at Benny's table. Nick was a dapper ex-pat Brit who was independently wealthy (and old enough to have been Carol's father). Contrasting her husband's sartorial splendor and aristocratic airs, Carol Byrnes was a true hippie—an airy fairy who lived in the lap of luxury while dabbling in art. Sue befriended Carol and the two of them hung out together, a lot. Carol was a good influence on Sue, her only dope-smoking friend (except me, of course). The rest of Susie's friends were conventional people who drank and did cocaine, but none of them smoked weed. They didn't know what to make of me; I wore eclectic outfits, like boldly-striped pants with Indian tops and cowboy boots; my attire and long hair belied my conservative proclivities.

Around Benny's table there were many differences of opinion about the Viet Nam war; I often found myself the odd man out in conversations with Fabre and his entourage. Carol confirmed many of my contrarian views. Our controversial views sparked debates that lasted until all hours, frequently until the club closed, at 3:00 am.¹ When conversations got deadlocked, they'd dismiss my views—what did a hippie know, for goodness sakes.

¹ I never came in to work before noon in those days; I was a night person; I did my business during the afternoon, answering calls, whatever; then, after the rest of the world went home at 5:00 pm [17:00] my work would begin. I'd get stoned and listen to disco favorites until dawn. (Among my favorites were Isaac Hayes, The Moody Blues and Fred Neil.)

[I'm convinced that most of them secretly wanted to be hippies, but they were too uptight to risk losing whatever they had; instead, they associated with the likes of me and became vicarious hippies—'vippies.']

As Sue and I got more involved professionally, we spent more time together with Nicky and Carol. They were both impressed with my work and invited Sue and I to join them at their Bahamian home on Nassau's Paradise Island. Of course, we took that opportunity.

The Byrnes' large, Spanish-style house sat on the promontory of a small islet overlooking the bay and the city beyond. It was a fabulous location to photograph Sue; she brought a trunk full of clothes and spent a week shooting portfolio pictures all day, partying with the Nick and Carol all night.

Most of the time was spent doing fashion stuff; but we also cruised across the bay in Nicky's boat, to Nassau town where I shot all the obligatory tourist hot spots. He also took me out to make action pictures of luxury yachts cruising the harbor (see pictures, overleaf); the best of those subsequently became part of a portfolio of yachting pictures. Another portfolio was a black and white photo essay called *Tongue of The Sea*; I shot those pictures along the rocky sea coast near the Byrnes' house, of the detritus that washed ashore; it seemed poetic at the time; even then, there was plenty of pollution; plastics encroaching everywhere.



1970s Portfolio | The Tongue of The Sea | Plates N^{os} 1-24



1970 | NIKKI BYRNES | NASSAU, BAHAMAS | PLATE N° 1

In Memorium

for leslie, with love
"the tongue of the sea"
7 march '70

notes of solitude fill the vacuum
occasionally striking chords
upon the circle.

the sea is still.
though through a portal viewed
she lies before me.
she is but two score and five steps away.

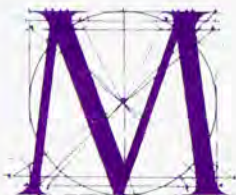
to her I would wend my way
but for the steps, their shadows,
and the darkness;
and though she knows more of me than I of her,
there is more:

heavens' mirthful wrath
blows foam upon rancid shells
as we live amidst our destiny.

diadems glissen upon rock.
silently born of the ether
crystalline gems evaporate
corroding the warden in their manifest.

pausing at the breakwater
we would share the shores' plasticity.
born of the earth
yet would's't the sea cleanse us;
and in her ebb would's't we emerge,

much as the phoenix.



douglas mesney
photography
42 east 23rd street
new york, n. y. 10010



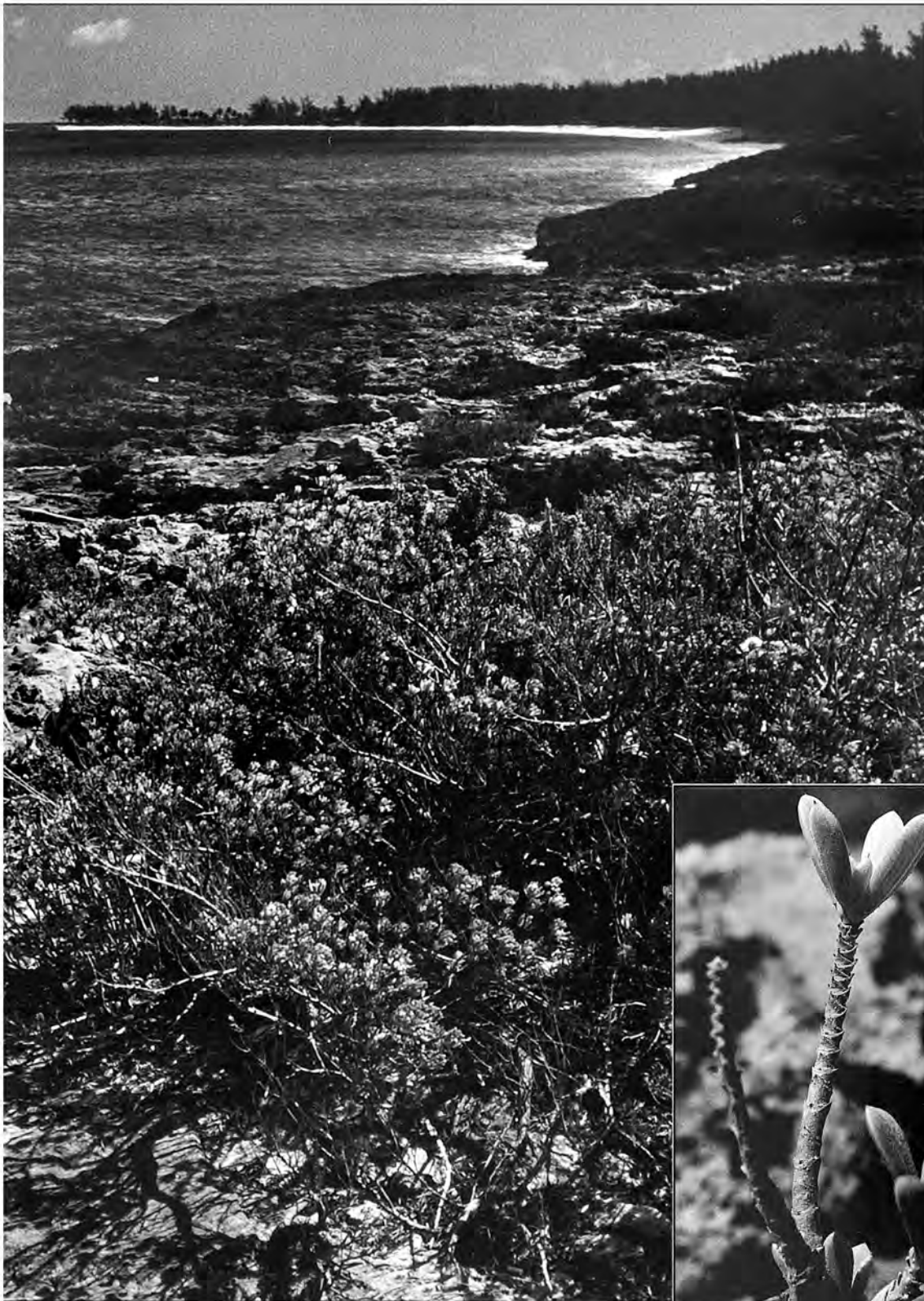
1970s | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N°2
Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N°3
Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N°4
Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N°5
Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970

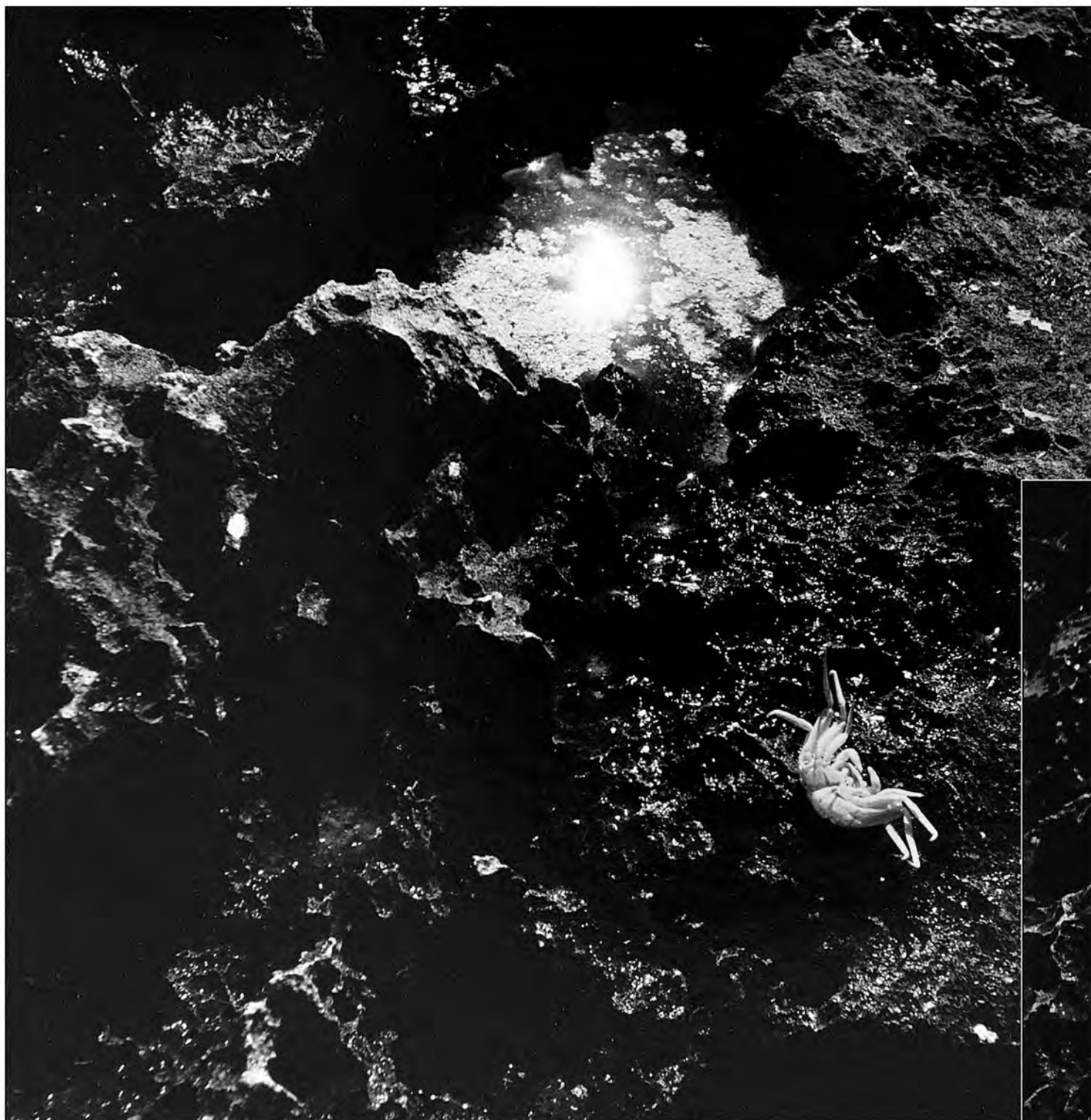


1970S | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N°6

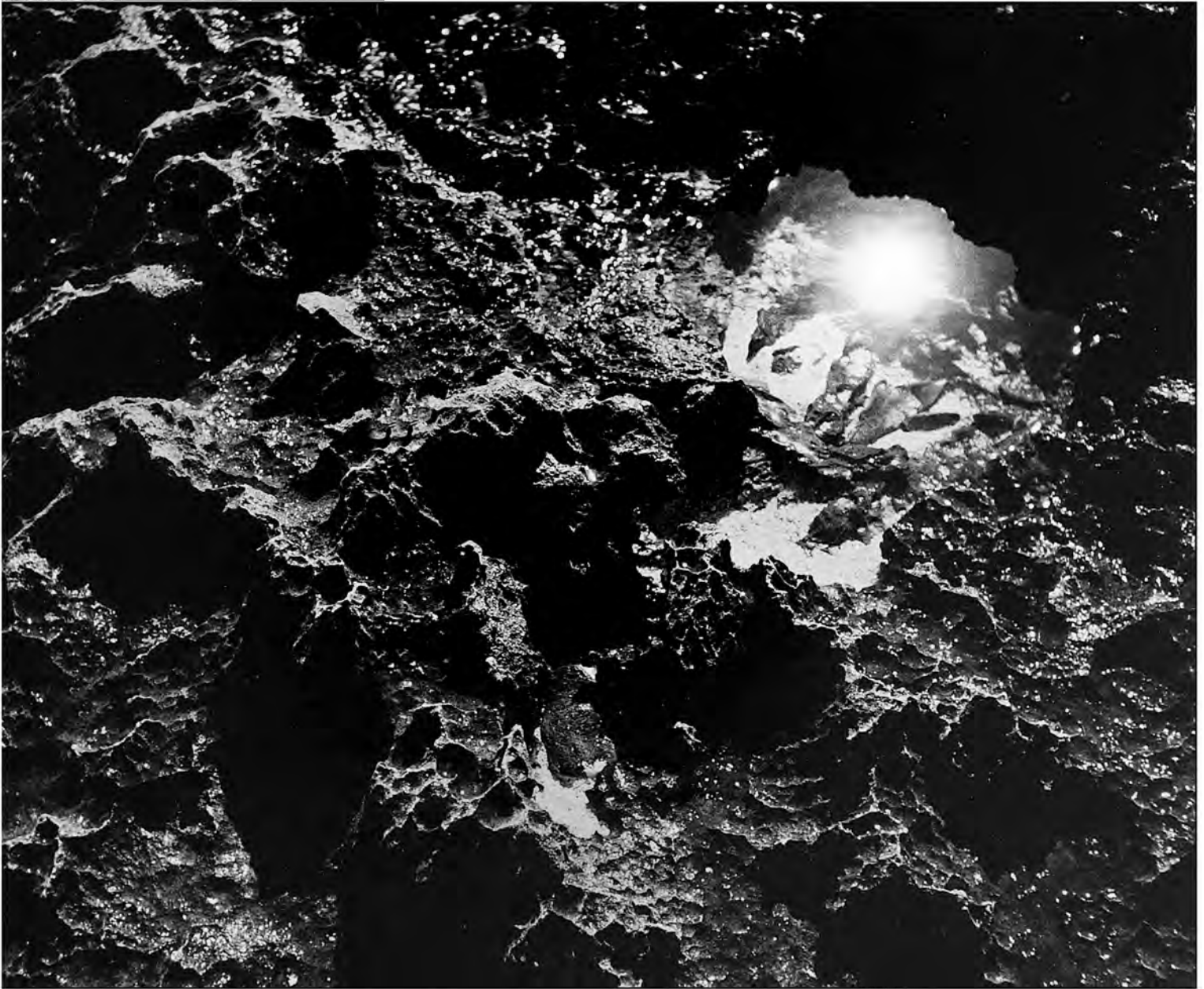
Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



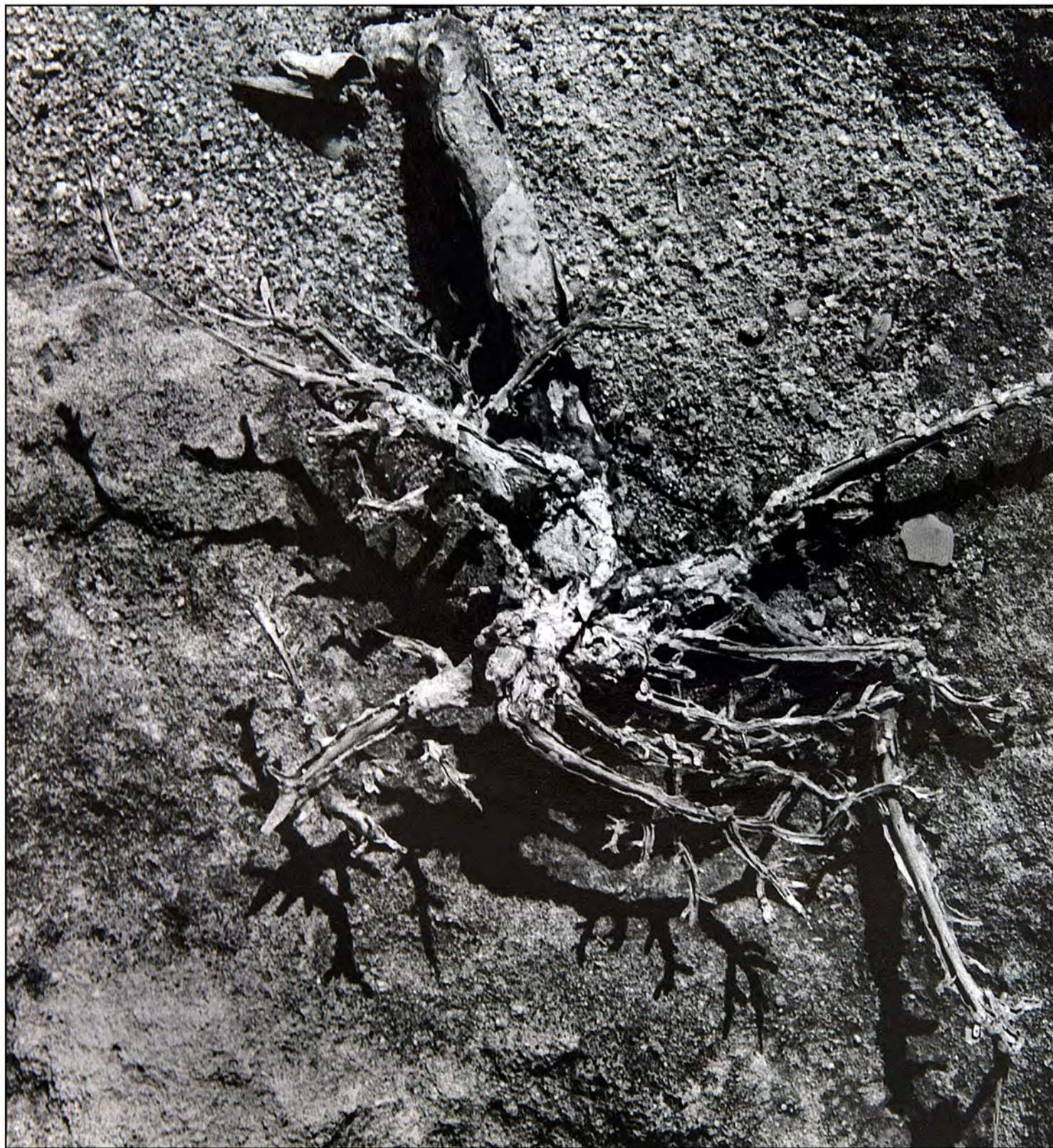
1970S | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N°7
Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



1970S | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N°8
Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N°9
Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970

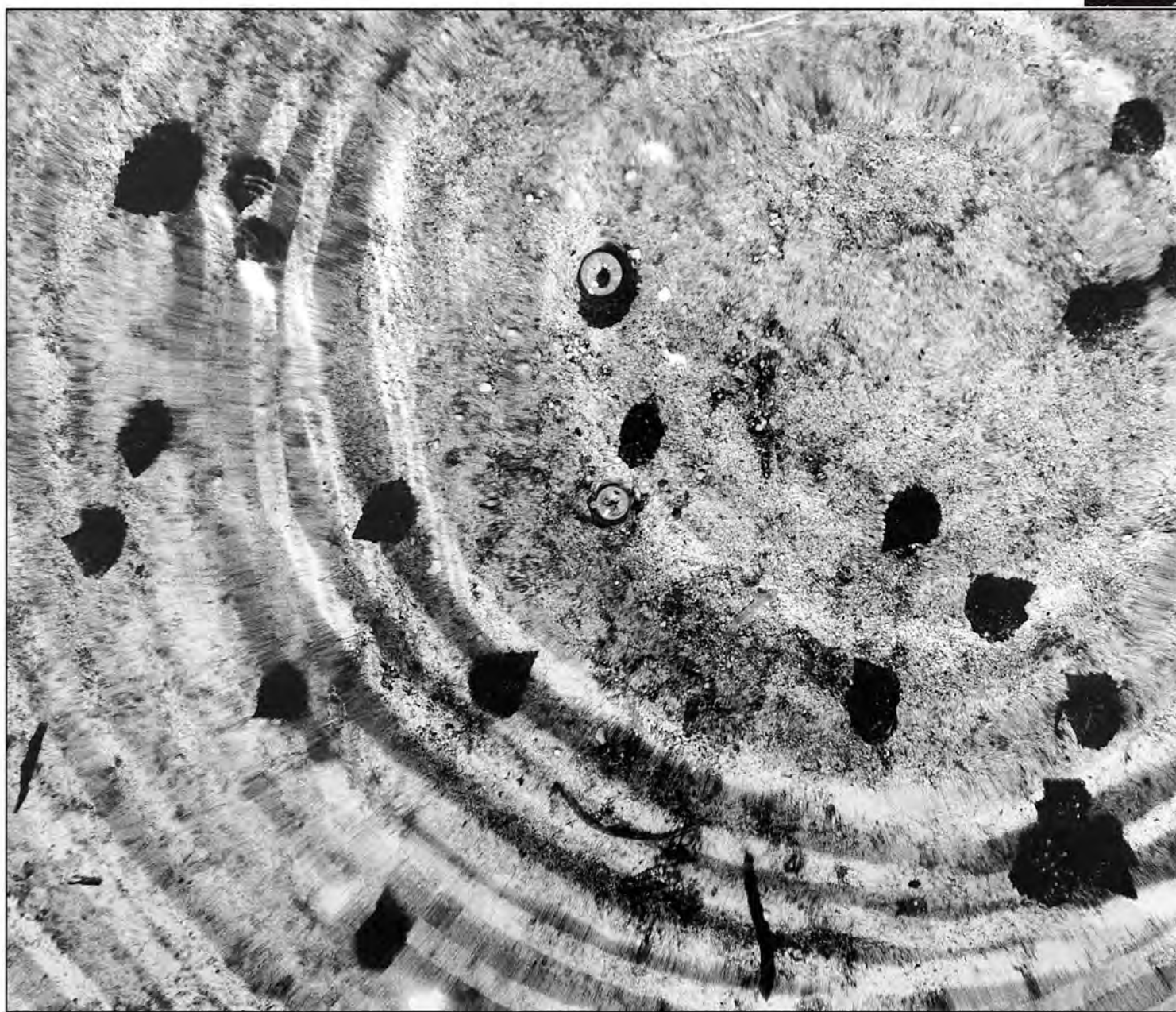


1970s | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N° 10
Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N° 11

Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



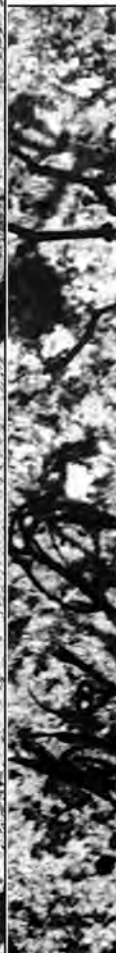
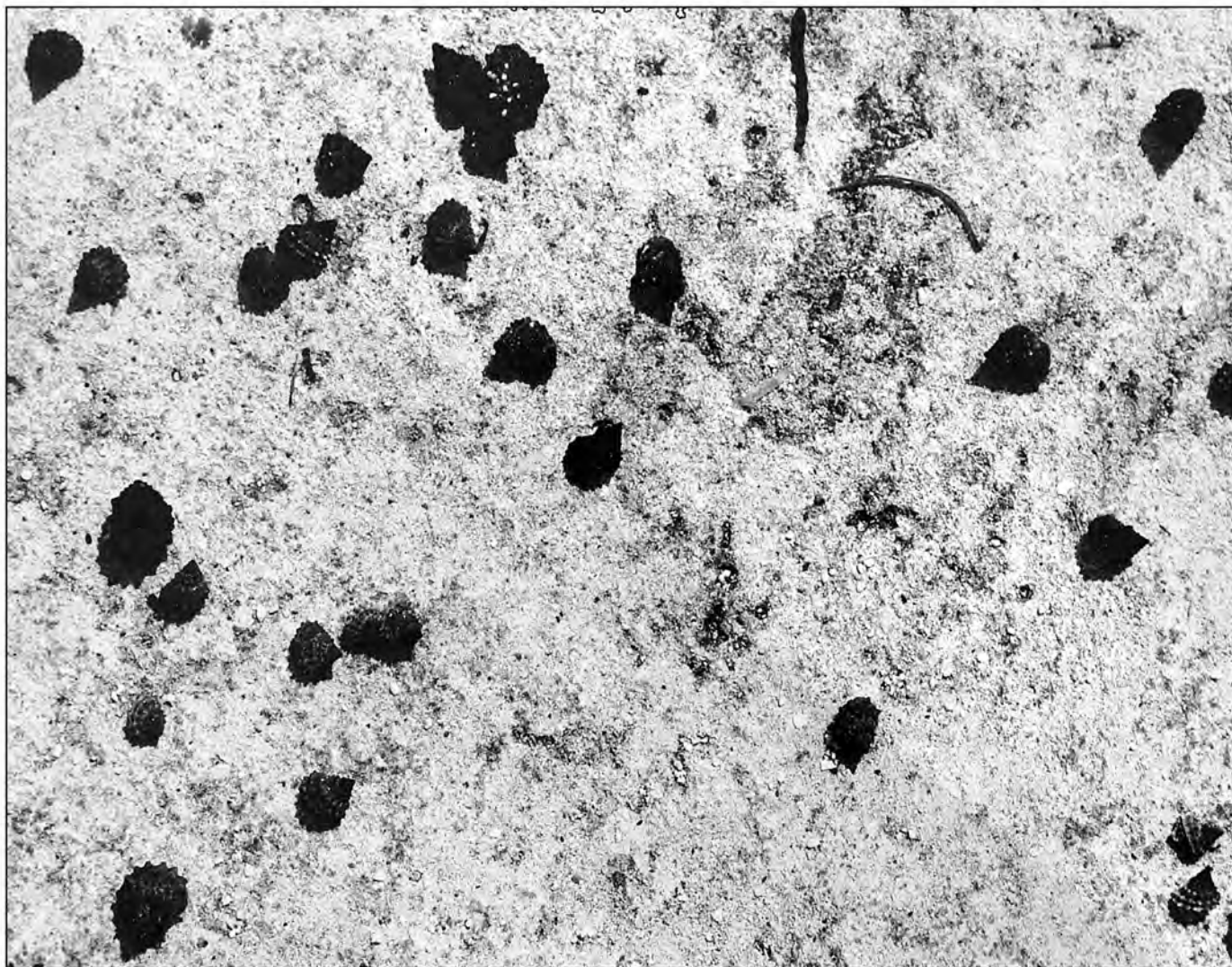
1970s | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N° 12

Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970

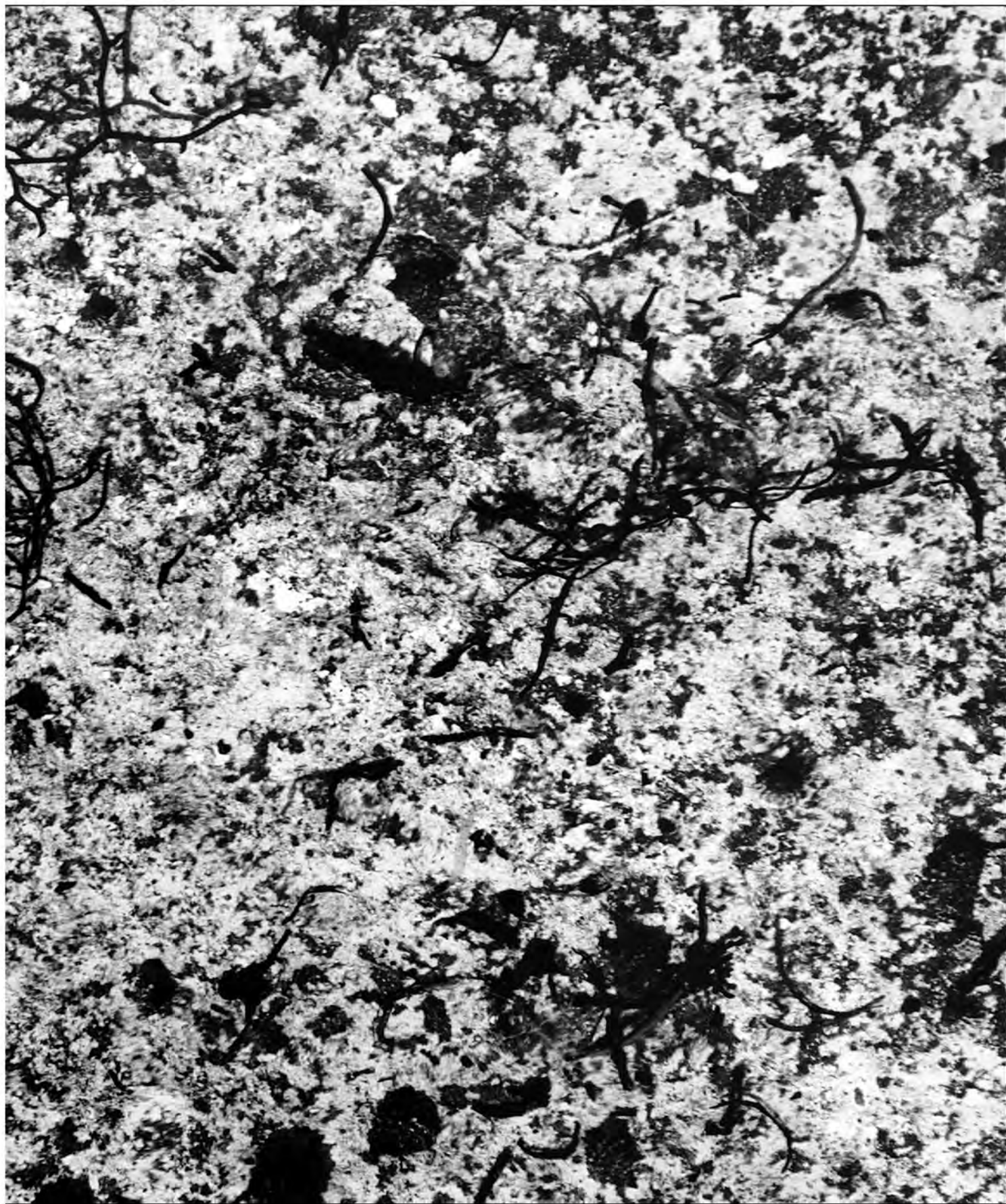


1970S | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N° 13

Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N° 14
Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N° 15

Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970

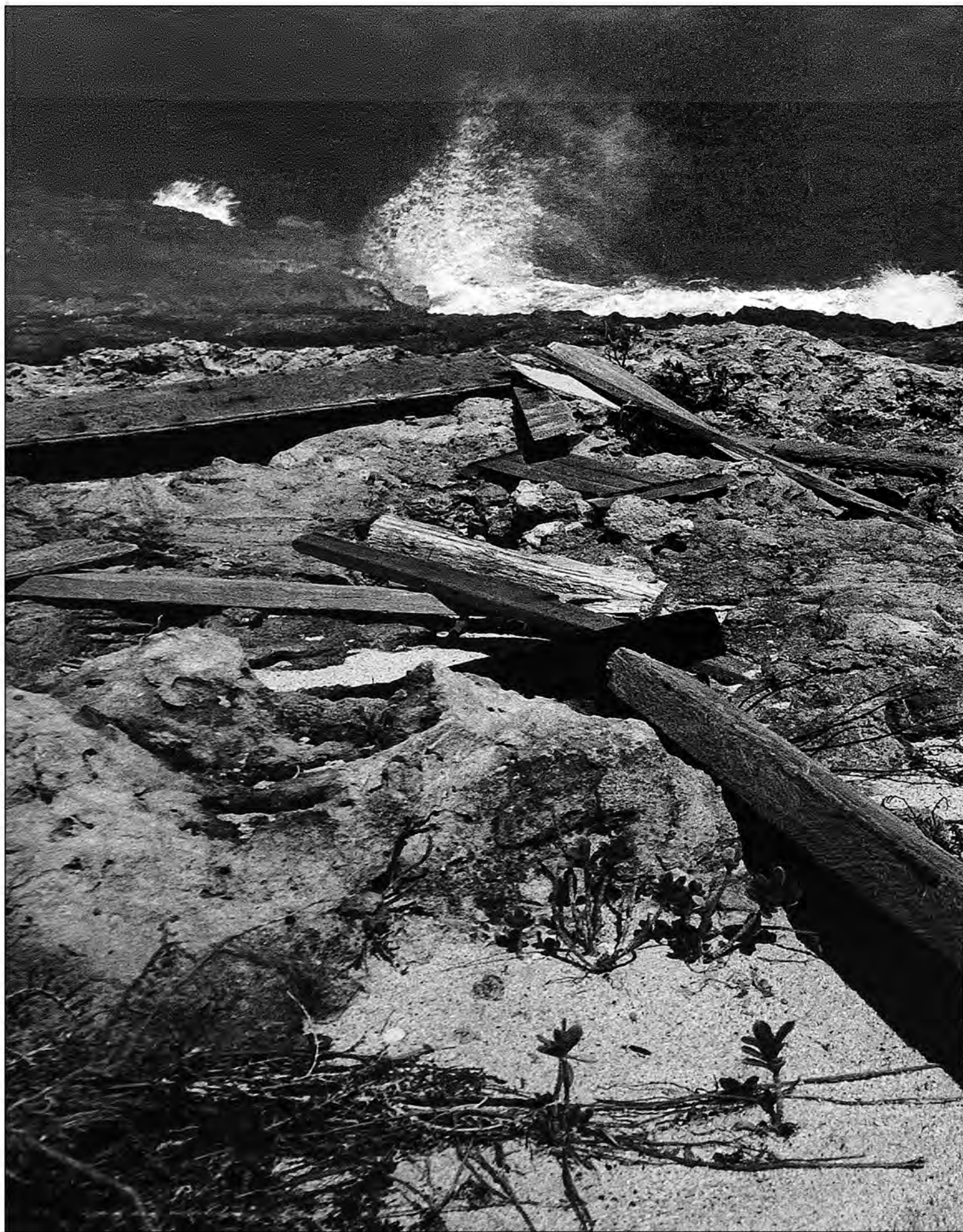


1970s | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N° 16
Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



1970S | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N° 17

Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N° 18

Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



1970S | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N° 19

Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N°20
Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N°21

Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N°22
Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



1970S | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N°23
Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



1970S | PORTFOLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N°24

Paradise Island | Nassau, Bahamas | 1970



1970s | PORTFLIO | THE TONGUE OF THE SEA | PLATE N° 25
Photographing Sue Keaton dominated the Nassau trip. | She wanted to be a contender.



Five minutes before showtime,
the joke tray was always good fun.
Photo by Barry Evans.

"What can go wrong will go wrong."

Murphy's Law

Whatever it is you do, things will go wrong; they must, if only to give insurance salesmen and bookies something to bet on. When I went into business as a professional photographer, the meaning of Murphy's law was fully revealed. For example, on my first assignment for *True* magazine, a faulty flash synch [synchronizer] ruined the entire shoot; every frame missed the flash; every picture was underexposed and unusable, necessitating a re-shoot. Of course, I re-shot the job; however, there was not enough time to re-do the original concept—a group of spies synchronizing their watches under a street light on a rainy night—so, the concept changed to a street-vendor's display of watches pinned inside his cloak; the new concept was easy to shoot in the studio; it took me less than a day to hire model Kylen Golden, tell him what kind of outfit to wear, get Justine to do his make up, shoot, process, and deliver the pictures the next day; he didn't like that one either, really; so I volunteered to reshoot his original idea. That I made no money was the least of it; the big cost was loss of reputation; I never worked again for that art director or any of his colleagues. Murphy's Law, eh? That is only one of, oh, so many episodes, some far worse; all of which turned me into the "prepper" that I am today. [Hey, even the Boy Scouts will tell ya; their motto is, "Be Prepared."] I never buy one of anything; I always get at least one other, for back up. I figure it's like insurance; you don't need it until you need it.

It feels like I've spent my whole life on a voyage; destinations have changed through the years, mostly to solve circumstantial problems. I've run out of money three times, each of those crashes was the result of boom-bust cycles in the world's economy; forces beyond my control. I relocated with regularity because of those cyclical ups and downs, living in five countries and working or playing in close to 100 others. In the countries where I chose to live, my impulse was to build-up and expand my interests—what people call *empire building*.

Living abroad gives you more opportunities to become a star; your self-perception becomes distorted what-with the extra adulation you receive, just by being an American; in the old days, that was like being from Wonderland; but that was then, when America was a wonderland. Now, I clad myself in Canadian-flag tee-shirts when I travel. Back to the point: if you are good at anything, you will usually do better for yourself in a place where you are considered unique—it makes sense in terms of supply and demand. The key is to be good at something that makes you unique.

For the better part of my life I took things too far too fast, eventually running out of gas and finding myself out of the race. I failed to account for the kinds of economic storms that devastate the general economy. (I should have taken those business courses at college.) I never had enough reserve capital to outlast downturns because a.) I didn't see what was coming and didn't prepare, and b.) spent what was leftover on extravagances, both professional and personal.

I wanted to be a star; success and its trappings were important to me; I worked hard at building my self-image. Making myself famous didn't come to me naturally because I am essentially an introvert; but I looked on it as *acting*; I could be anything I wanted to be; overcoming inhibitions became the mission.

[See: True magazine watches spread.]

There have been a few times in my life when I have truly felt that I have a lucky star; one of those occasions was at the Byrnes' house on Paradise Island. On our last night, we partied into the wee hours; Nicky supplied the champagne, Carol brought the cocaine, and I had the remains of a film can full of Acapulco Gold. Today, that combo would land me in bed, but back then it made me a Master of The Universe. Ha!

I don't remember much, but I do recall this: I woke up the next morning to a funny smell; it was my mattress. smoldering. (!) During the night, half the mattress had charred; only the part under my body remained un-scorched. I was so drunk that I didn't even wake up. It's a miracle that the house didn't burn down.

Sue and Carol stayed in touch but I never heard from Nicky again; that is, until maybe ten years ago, when I got a long-distance call from him; he tracked me down through my website. It was a difficult call; he sounded demented; he wanted to know if I knew how to contact Sue Keeton; he wanted to tell her that Carol had died—of an overdose.

1971 – Check, Please – An Existential Lesson

The Nassau shoot invigorated Sue Keeton.

Having shot well over one hundred rolls of film, there was a bucket-load of good shots. I made Sue a new fashion book and added new pages to my own portfolios. The number of sales calls Sue made began to add up, generating momentum. Her phone started ringing and new clients brought in work. One of them was Mark Penzer, editor of a men's magazine called *True*. His assignment was a two-page-spread for a fashion feature about men's watches.

Penzer's comp²⁰ showed a circle of umbrellas under a streetlight; under them were men synchronizing their watches. I hired Richard Faye to help pull-off the shot; he had a truck and a bunch of friends who thought it would be a kick to be in a magazine picture; they worked for minimum wages, as models and assistants.

The shot had to be rigged; I needed rain on demand and control of the lighting. The exposure had to balance between the natural illumination—street lights sparking on wet cobblestones—and the strobe-lit models. As well, the high-voltage strobes lights needed to be protected from the rain, natural or man-made. The tough part was getting all the watches to catch and reflect the overhead strobe-light.

Being in the streets of New York with expensive gear is dangerous any time of day, but especially after dark; and we were shooting on a back street, off the beaten path, where we wouldn't disturb anyone. The location where we shot in is now some of the most expensive property in New York, but back then it was a warehouse district just north of the Fulton Fish Market on the lower west side; the perfect spot for the shot, but not the safest. I did the shot nearly one hundred times to make sure I got a perfect one. It took several hours and everyone was grumpy by the end; it was well after midnight by then; everyone was pretty whacked on weed and caffeine.

²⁰ Composite—a graphic designer's sketch for a magazine layout]

I dropped the film at the lab on my way home and waited to see the processed slides. When I opened the first box, they were all black. That's funny, I thought, an unexposed roll must have slipped in with the others. But the second roll was also black, and the third. Ye Gods, there were no pictures at all! How could that happen? I was using a brand-new camera and had forgotten to set the flash synchronization for strobes; when the flash fired, the shutter wasn't open. Dumb. The next morning, I went to see Penzer in person, to deliver the bad news. He could see I was shaken and mortified. Of course, I offered to redo the complicated shot. However, the deadline was hard, so a new concept was created, one that could be shot quickly, in the studio.

The new comp showed a mysterious man revealing the dozen watches he had pinned inside his black raincoat.

Kylen Golden was available to model for the job, and agreed to do it on the cheap.

He owed me for several sets of test shots; plus, the assignment would give him an impressive set of True magazine tear sheets for his portfolio.



Kylen's look was Mediterranean, greased-up he could play a Grecian god or Roman warrior; he wasn't mysterious looking; but he was handsome enough to be approved by the client. The final piece got printed and looked good; I proudly put it in my portfolio, anticipating more to come from *True*; but that turned out to be *untrue*; I never worked for them again; it was quite a lesson, and one of the reasons I am not a pilot. Since then; I use a checklist and check it twice before leaving on any assignment.

Ironically, about a half a year later, when I told Michael Parish about the doomed episode at *True*, he hired me to reshoot the original concept, of spies synchronizing their watches under a streetlight, for *Penthouse*.

To be sure, that time I shot the job in my studio and used Polaroids to confirm that the strobes were also synchronized.

I had to wonder, was Mark Penzer a *Penthouse* reader?



We all like to think of ourselves as invincible, especially when we are young. Of course, every failure is devastating in its own way; but you learn that failure is part of life, and that there is life beyond failure.

But I was far from such a philosophical outlook at the time the True calamity occurred. The incident rocked my self-confidence; Sue Keeton's confidence in me was also shaken.



I sank into a depression and took my fifth and last acid trip. I spent that time alone; you're not supposed to do that, but I wanted to explore my own mind and not be distracted by anyone and start going off on *their* trip.

Although I can't remember where I went on that trip, when I got back, I feared I had become like the guy the Rolling Stones sang about in their hit song, *The Under-Assistant West Coast Promo Man*.

An urge grew within me to pursue a new muse, to make "significant" pictures. I saw my work as shallow commercialism; as "Mucho ado about nothing," to quote Shakespeare.

Acid or not, something fundamentally changed. I took to making *interpretive* pictures between commercial gigs.

Photo of Yours Truly by Randy Ettman

The first such project was a conceptual photo collage called *The Square Root of Thirteen*; it was a grid of 169 pictures arranged like a checkers board, with thirteen squares across and thirteen down; each row presented thirteen views of one of thirteen people.

The idea of *Root Thirteen* was to present a range of humanity. There were a lot of unusual people coming in and out of the studio, a huge assortment of character types, unusual models that I took to photographing in a faux-Karshian style. Benny Fabre was one of the first to be photographed; with his good looks and gun, he represented the dark side, along with gaunt, macabre-looking Gene McMasters. For a touch of irony, I also included Susie's sugar daddy, Arthur, and her dapper lawyer (and for a while mine), Elliott Livingston.

I shot just about everyone who visited the Mad Medicine Show studio: Cesare Charro (Sal Cannizzaro); Nicky and Carol Byrnes; Elliott Livingston; Benny Fabre; Josette Elley; Larry Barger; Robert Fox; Bill Murray; George Brenner; Tom Allen; Benny Fabre; Arthur Davis; Sue Keeton; Gene McMasters; Richard Faye; Justine Reynolds; Patty "Marney" Martin [Kevin Barry Models]; Bart Stewart [Wagner]; Chris Morais [Wagner]; Kylen Golden; Maize Klein; Gene Kane [Eyelash Studio]; Barbara Wing [Stewart Models]; Greta Gunnarsdotter; Karen Parker [Kevin Barry Models]; Raven Slaughter (Chris Haynes); and others I don't remember.

The models who made the final cut for *Root Thirteen* were:

Gene McMasters
 Angelique
 Monique
 Benny Fabre
 Sue Keeton
 Arthur Davis
 Josette Elley
 George
 Brenner
 Chris Morais
 Robert Fox
 Pam Nystul
 Bart Stewart
 Barbara
 Mesney
 Larry Ellison



The grid-like collage of little 2 X 2-inch [5 X 5 cm] prints was assembled on a big 32 X 40-inch [81 X 102-cm] black matte board, displayed prominently in the studio. Most of the pictures were black and white, interspersed with prints hand-tinted with colored dyes; there was rhyme and reason in the color patterns—too bad I can't remember what it was.

The color plate of *The Square Root of Thirteen* is a 2012 photo-copy of large, 30 X 40-inch [~76 X 102 cm] original, before it was burned in a ceremonial fire pit during The Purge, its ashes buried on Vashon Island, forty-two years later.

1971 – Wins & Losses – Abandonment Issues

With Justine's help, Sue Keeton landed a big job from Vidal Sassoon, photographing a series of six new hair styles, designed and cut by the master himself, for a beauty-shop poster promotion.

The posters appeared all over the country and gave my work visibility. It was a big break, but it came at a cost. Sassoon turned into the client from hell; he ended up on my black list—and I on his, no doubt.



VIDAL SASSOON WIGS

The shoot was brutal, but that was my own fault. Truth told, I didn't know how to shoot hair; I was used to setting up my lighting for cars and reflective surfaces, for which you use broad, diffused or reflected light; however, hair requires lots of undiffused lights shining directly on it, to get a glistening effect. Moreover, I was still using hot lights; that was a big problem; I couldn't use too many of them because the models might sweat and/or their hairstyles wilt.

Not having enough light for a fast shutter speed, I had to ask the models to hold dead still, so they wouldn't blur the picture. The models weren't used to doing that because most fashion and beauty photographers used (expensive) strobe lighting, which is instantaneous and stops action; those photographers encouraged models to move, to be animated. Having the models sit still resulted in pictures that looked stiff and stilted.

Sassoon rejected my shots; he claimed they lacked enough detail. To save face, I paid for a massive retouching effort to salvage the best six pictures; those were begrudgingly accepted. We were all devastated by the experience, especially Susie. Sassoon had been her one and only big victory as a rep; generally, she hadn't been scoring. Susie's problem was one that many artists' sales reps shared: they were sales-oriented people who'd go after any and all job opportunities—business was business after all. Sue Keeton unfortunately fell into that category; she showed the "right portfolio" to the "wrong prospects." For every job she brought in, she went on a dozen go-sees. Eventually, she concluded that it wasn't worth her effort and decided to quit repping me. Her lack of success was not entirely her fault, though; the general economy had turned down and in bad times expensive advertising was the first thing to go.



During the Sassoon ordeal, Andréa was supportive; our life together seemed to be in stasis. She got interested in photography and I set her up with a camera and some lenses. She did some reasonably good nature stuff; flowers and the like. But she was also capable of some very strange pictures of people she came to befriend.

[Spoiler Alert: The loss of Sassoon's business was a lesson learned. I took out a line of credit at the bank and bought a set of Balcar strobe lights. With them, the look of my hairstyle shots improved dramatically. That enabled me to garner work from Clairol and Ardell. The expensive flash units paid for themselves within a year. Ha!]

We spent romantic moments in Kissena Park that autumn, taking pictures together of the fall-colored foliage and of each other. Andréa also started painting with acrylics; she was genius with that, reminiscent of Dali; but she was too stoned to finish them. I kept two of her paintings; I was going to finish them for her one day (what was I thinking?). That never happened; the unfinished masterpieces got burned and buried when my Vashon life fell apart, forty years later.



Around Halloween, things between us started getting weird; she didn't like Flushing anymore, it was too déclassé for her; she longed to live in the city and hang with her growing circle of druggie friends. Andréa got a part-time job at a massage parlor on the Upper East Side run by friends of her friends; she said the place was legit, that everything was on the up and up; but I was suspicious, especially when she started working late and staying in town some nights. I began to wonder if my days with Andréa were numbered after a Halloween party we went to together. She was invited by one of her new friends, Ellen, who she met through another new friend, Marty; he was a bisexual friend of model Pat Smith (see GQ magazine pictures three chapters below), who was a colleague of Andréa's sister, Michaela.



The party—themed as a Roman orgy—was held in a four-story, East-60s brownstone owned by a wealthy gay couple. A pair of muscular, tattooed bouncers stood guard at the front entrance; as they opened the doors, my eyes nearly popped out of my head:

The townhouse was elaborately decorated as a Pascha's palace straight out of *One Thousand and One Nights*. Nearly-naked young men crawled on all fours, carrying huge platters of food on their backs; wine flowed from fountains; topless gals wearing micro skirts (without knickers) mingled with the mob serving cocaine from mirrored trays hung from striped-velvet suspenders; a fog of reefer hung in the air; couples lined up at the foot of the stairs, to take turns in the upstairs bedrooms. Our hosts, dressed as Caesar and Cicero, offered us togas; I was the only one who didn't wear one. Andréa scoffed at my prudishness; she disassociated herself from me and disappeared onto the crowded dance floor; I quickly lost track of her among the couples undulating sensually to the sound of Santana's *Black Magic Woman*. Talk about dirty dancing, by 11:00 pm [23:00] half the crowd had doffed their togas; those who weren't dancing lounged in small groups on plush cushions, making out. It was truly orgiastic. The night was still young when I decided it was time to go home; I was out of my element; the idea of group sex turned me off. Andréa wouldn't leave; she ended up staying at Ellen's apartment that night, or so she said. Driving back to Flushing alone, I feared it was the end of the road for the two of us. Andréa showed up at the studio the next day, her cheery face aglow. You'd have thought nothing happened; I guess maybe nothing did, as far as she was concerned.

We tried to keep things going but it got tougher all the time; her friends were just too far out for me; I had no interest in being a party person; but we had some good times along the way. Andréa's gang—Marty, Ellen, and Pat—would meet at *Timothy's*, a Tudor-style neighborhood pub on Lexington Avenue at 29th Street, just a few blocks from my studio. All sorts of liaisons and shenanigans happened at Timothy's; I stayed away from there as much as I could; however, I was still trying to hold onto Andréa and had to show some interest in her friends once in a while.

Most of the people who hung at Timothy's were there to hook up; they lived on the borderline of consciousness—smoking weed, drinking shooters and punctuating their pleasure with “poppers” [amyl nitrate—a drug meant to stimulate heart-attack victims]. Everyone did poppers together, supplied by bartender Tim. They'd down shooters then crack open their poppers and sniff the intoxicating vapors. Poppers came on fast in a rush of physical sensations that were so bizarre that everyone's reaction was the same—hysterical laughter. The time I tried them, everything I looked at *melted* like hot wax. I could only handle one or two of those trips, but most of the gang carried on like that all night long.

1971 – Prestige Gigs – My Ship Comes In

Peter Tenney called in the midst of the madness and made an appointment to discuss a big project.

His job was to organize yachts for a *GQ* [*Gentlemen's Quarterly*] magazine feature about nautical fashions [described a bit further below]. Tenney had seen my boat pictures at the New York National Boat Show, when they were featured in a slide show at the Nikon exhibition.

The format for Nikon's slide show was a 5 X 3 matrix of 36 X 24-inch [61 X 91.5 cm] rear projection screens made by Motiva, Inc. Motiva boxes were made of black sheet metal with an RP screen [rear-projection] on one side and a pair of projectors, inside. I had never seen anything like that fifteen-screen show—nor had anyone else; it was cutting-edge audiovisual technology.

The slide show was put together by Bob Schwartz at Comart Aniforms;²¹ he was the one who developed the technique for cutting pictures into pieces and the technology for putting the pieces back together using grids of Motiva boxes.

²¹ The name “Comart Aniforms” combines two contractions: Comart (Communications Art) and Aniforms (Animated Forms), the latter being the name given Comart's patented video characters. *Aniforms* were simple video puppets that were used as a gimmick for presentations; the trick was having a hidden puppeteer who could see everything going on in the room, remaining unseen by the audience. The Aniform might, for example, call out an audience member by name, or wise-crack about something the presenter did or said; the live interactivity is what kept audiences spell-bound; each show was as good as the puppeteer/actor; they were a rare breed of clever, fast-on-their-feet comedians. Behind the scenes, Comart was a full services company for meetings and events; they aggressively competed with the likes of Caribiner and the Sant'Andrea brothers for lucrative, industrial-sized events like product launches and corporate sales meetings. They produced their own content for meetings and events and had their slide-show department, run by Bob Schwartz; he was no slouch, having designed and built the gear necessary to do multi-screen shows; Bob's system ran on 2-inch-wide [5 cm] punch tape synchronized with sound pulses from a dedicated track on the audio tape; it was like the AVL punch-tape system, a predecessor on steroids.

To be shown on the full 15-screen matrix, a picture was first printed on a sheet of 8 X 10-inch color film [20.3 X 25.4-cm].

The enlarged transparency was then carefully cut apart, using a special jig, into fifteen pieces, each the size of a 35 mm slide—1.5 X 1 inches [3.8 X 2.5 cm].

Besides big, fifteen-screen pictures, other layouts included combinations of vertical, horizontal and/or square pictures, as shown in this picture of the exhibition.



Six display panels flanked Motiva's slide screens, presenting a print show of my work.

Schwartz's multi-screen technology was a revelation for me, especially his precise synchronization of pictures with music. There was no off-the-shelf technology for that; I did it by hand, advancing slides when it felt right; but manual synchronization was imprecise; no two performances were ever quite the same.²²

Schwartz used a punch-tape control system to synchronize his slide shows. The way punch tape worked was simple: When triggered by audio tones—called *beeps*—the punch tape ran through a reader at a constant speed of twenty perfs [perforations] per second until commanded to wait (for the next beep) or stop. The holes punched into the tape triggered switches in the projectors that controlled functions such as *cut* [quick change between slides] or *dissolve* [slow change].

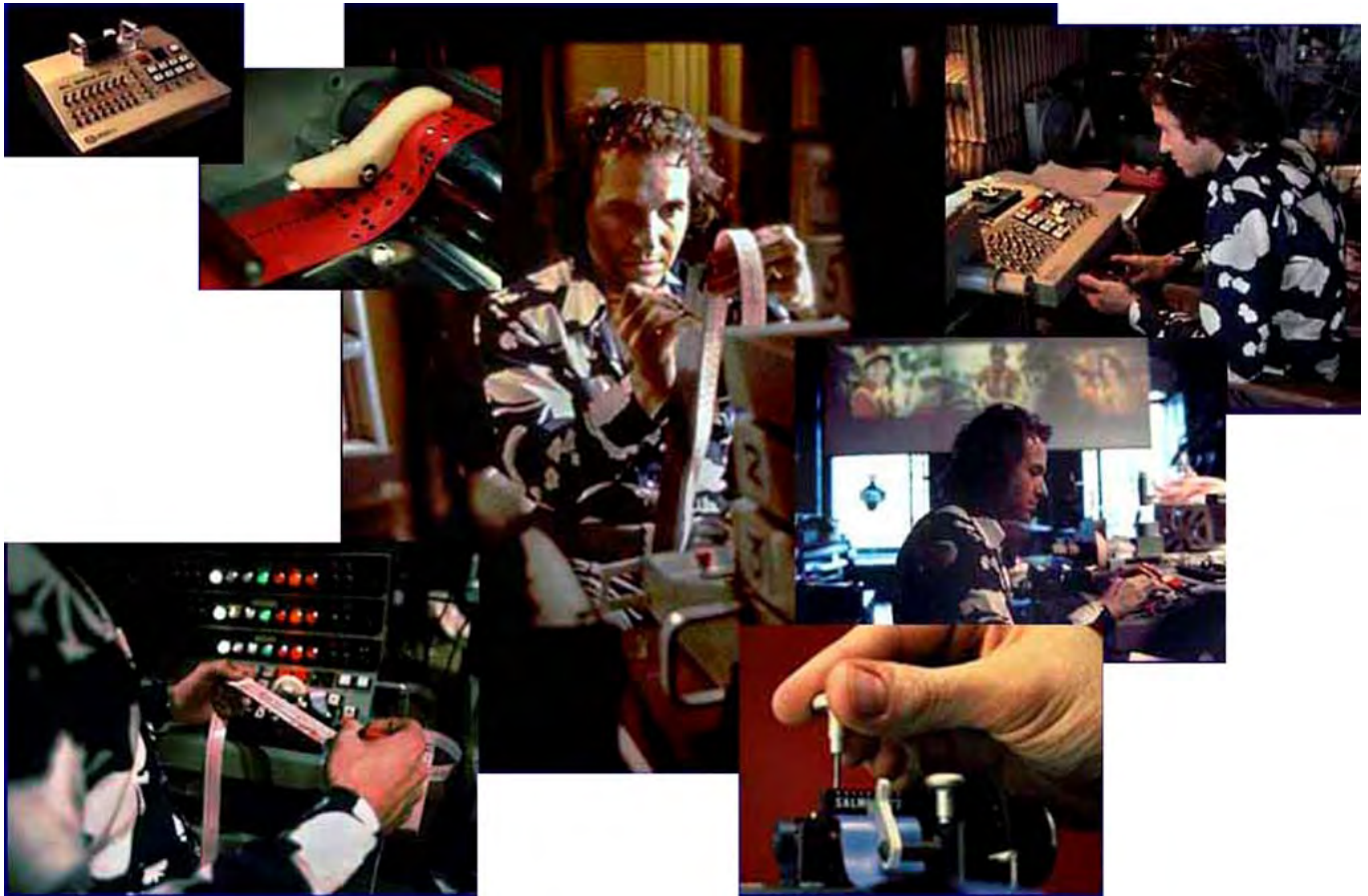
Those projector-control instructions were written by punching combinations of up to eight holes for each perf [20th of a second]. The beeps were recorded on a separate audio track at musical or other audio "events"—sound effects or words in a script.

For example, when programming a written script, I would time each sentence and make its slide sequence slightly shorter—for a five second sentence, I would let the tape run four and a half seconds, then stop until the next beep.

²² Duffy White, (Photosynthesis, Denver, Colorado) made a name for himself by manually performing a multi-projector slide show using projectors controlled by Kodak remote-control switches (called "pickles"). He made a kind of keyboard with the pickle switches, and played them like a piano. Brilliant.

During the four-and-a-half-second tape run, I could write up to 20 different instructions—called *cues*—per second (full-speed); or I could write just a few projector instructions interspersed with wait cues, like this 4.5-second sequence:

- Cut
- Wait one second
- 2-second dissolve
- Wait two seconds
- 1-second dissolve
- Wait one second
- Cut
- Wait one-half second
- Stop



For music, it was essentially the same; I would time the beats in each measure (aka “bar”) or a series of them and write blocks of code that were a tad shorter; the synchronization beeps were generally recorded at the beginning of the measures.

The show Schwartz designed for Nikon was tied-in with and designed to promote *Nikon World* magazine; the current issue featured four of my “Atomicolor” [infra-red-color] sailing pictures. However, Schwartz needed a lot more than four pictures for his 15-screen slide show; thus, I agreed to let him use as many of my pictures as he wanted, at no cost.

As a result, a good chunk of my yachting portfolio was featured in Nikon's five minute, "looping" (continuous play) show. That portfolio included sailboat racing shots taken during Block Island Race Week, the stuff I shot in Nassau and the picture essay about Van Waring's 50-foot [~15-meter] English cutter, Wanderer.

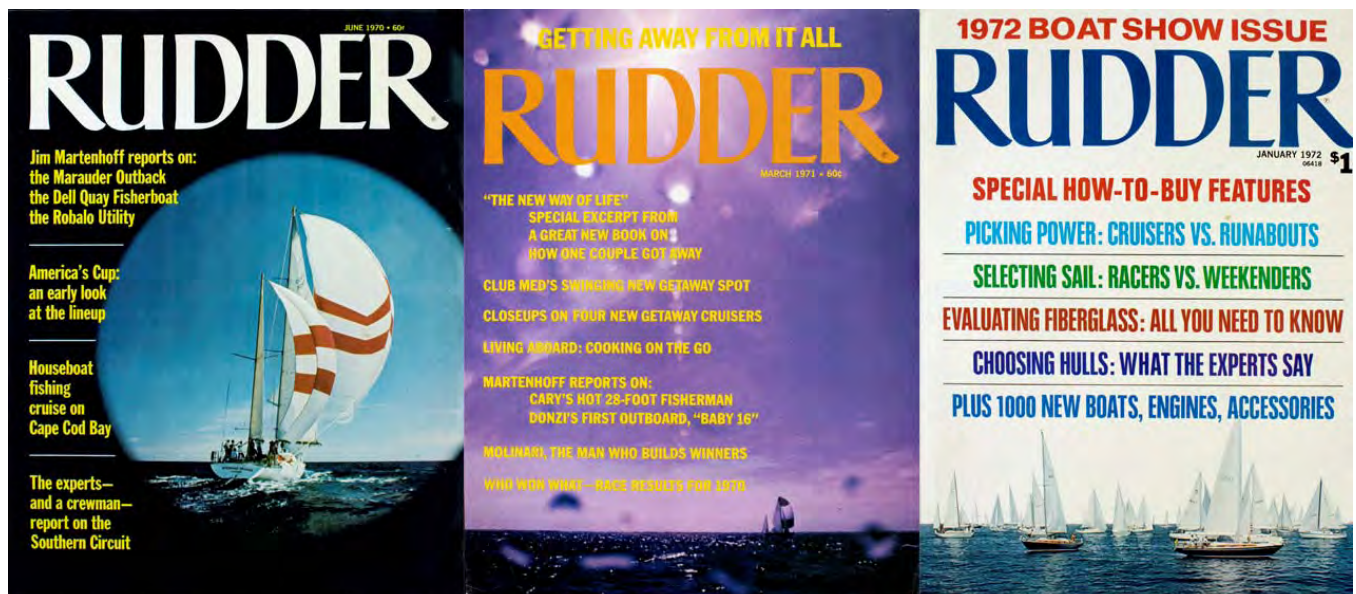
To digress for a moment, about the Block Island Race Week: The Block Island shoot became the foundation of what could have become a career in marine photography.

I was rising star in the field; in my own small way, I was challenging Stanley Rosenfeld, the most famous marine photographer of all time. Besides Rosenfeld, there weren't many boating-picture specialists.

As a result, my rep, Sue Keeton (and Marie Rivera before her) received enthusiastic receptions when they showed my portfolio to the major boating magazines.



Those publications were starved for fresh material, especially non-traditional stuff, like mine. Rosenfeld's work was classic, like Ansel Adams; most other boating pictures were, too—likely because other photographers copied emulated Rosenfeld's style. But my pictures were different; mine were stylized, hyped by special effects. No other marine photographers were doing that. Soon enough, there was a buzz about Mesney.



My boating business began with the June '70 cover of *Rudder*, followed by a second cover in March, '71 and the cover of *Rudder*'s Boat Show issue, in January '72. That cover coincided with the Nikon show.



During the same period, pictures from the Block Island shoot appeared on the cover of *Boating* magazine, where Wiley Crockett's wife, Barbara, went to work as a feature writer a couple of years later, before she and Wiley started their own magazine, *Northeast Sailing News*.

Back at the New York Boat Show, the biggest boat show in America at the time, Ehrenreich Photo Optical Company, the Nikon importer, asked me to shoot a series of black-white character shots for an advertisement that appeared in the National Boat Show guide.

The guide also featured my *Sail Power* image, which was that year's Boat Show theme picture. The Nikon exhibit was seen by untold thousands of people during the week-long Boat Show.

However, the most important person to see it was George Rounds, ad manager for the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers [NAEBM], the trade association that organized the annual New York National Boat Show.

Rounds saw the Nikon show, liked the vivid-color photography and hired me to produce a slide extravaganza for NAEBM's 1971 annual meeting, to be held in the Bahamas. His original idea was to hire Comart to make a new show using my pictures; however, I talked him into giving me a whack at it and he did, as you'll read about in the next section.

Give your 5 favorite men a Nikon to remember you by

Whether this man in your life is really dandy, or just one variable husband, we've got the keys to lasting riches in their fond memories: precision named Nikon. It's a name that means surpassing, embracing quality. It's a name they'll recognize and appreciate for a lifetime!

For your Scuba diver, a Nikonos II
If he dives, swims, or just wets in the sun, he'll love one of the world's truly unique cameras. It goes under water without any housing just as it comes out of the box, and also takes great pictures on dry land. Ideal for divers, boaters, any outdoorsman. Suggested list price \$795.

For your director, a Nikon movie camera
It's a camera about as big as time making, great for the Nikon Super 8mm. One of the finest 8mm lenses ever put on a Super 8 camera, and it's ideal for use with Kodak's new Ektachrome 160 film. New Christmas morning movies with just the available room lights! Suggested list price \$299.50.

For your artist, a Nikon FTN
Anyone with just a touch of the artist in him will stick to this new 35mm camera. It has a way of making him in photography, even if he's never taken anything but snapshots before. The built-in through-the-lens exposure meter makes it easy for him. Interchangeable lenses. Suggested list price \$279.50.

For your boatman, Nikon 7x50 Binoculars
The brightness and clarity of Nikon prism optics makes the difference between seeing a buoy or charted marker and catching it. Nikon 7x50's are light, compact, built for a lifetime of better viewing. Color picture. Suggested list price \$165.

For your perfectionist, the Nikon F
Some people have to have the best of everything. The best reason. This is that a compact throughout world over as a symbol of ultimate quality in 35mm photography, that's the Nikon F. Suggested list price \$275, with lens.

Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Enterprises, Garden City, N.Y. 11530. 3682

Although a strait-laced, religious conservative, George took a liking to me and we became friends (I talked to him only last year). The summer after the Boat Show, George invited me out to his spacious house in a well-to-do Connecticut suburb, to photograph his family.

A terrible thing happened there: in the middle of the shoot I felt a stab of pain in my groin; I excused myself to the bathroom where I discovered pus dripping from my dick; it could only be one thing: gonorrhea! I felt so dirty; I didn't want to touch anything in the Rounds' elegant home, especially his kids; I didn't even want to shake his hand when I left, which he must have found odd.

The NAEBM sales meeting job provided the impetus and wherewithal for my metamorphosis from a purely photo/graphic design studio into a slide-show production company; a transition from print to screen.

1971 – Metamorphosis – Print to Screen

While sourcing slide-control “programming” equipment to make the NAEBM show, I discovered Audio Visual Laboratories (AVL), a start-up tech company run by a former Bell Laboratories engineer, Charles “Chuck” Kappenman.

Working out of his garage, he had developed a line of lighting-control equipment which was marketed by United Audio Visual [UAV].

Their products included programmable dissolve-control units for pairs of slide projectors. For a time, UAV had the market all to their own and the rising popularity of slide shows for corporate meetings and events fueled their growth. Chuck could hardly keep up with the demand.



Kappenman hired a neighborhood friend, Ed McTighe, to help him build the machines; the two knew each other from The Quay, an oceanside watering hole where Ed was a bartender. McTighe convinced Kappenman to form a new company and cut UAV out of the loop. They called their new venture Audio Visual Laboratories; what a great name, eh? AVL quickly left UAV in the proverbial dust, and then proceeded to knock-off all their other competitors one by one until, with huge hubris, the company failed for the very reason it had become successful: marketing. But that came later.

Although he considered himself foremost an engineer, AVL’s founder Chuck Kappenman was a marketing man, and a good one. Before the term even existed, he possessed a keen understanding of MOPE—Management of Perception Economics. Marketing is a much-abused word. For the sake of clarity, here is my definition: marketing is the marriage of invention and persuasion.

To elaborate: marketing is the identification and fulfillment of people’s needs; that can involve creating needs where none previously existed and often involves the invention of products that, in their turn, create more needs. To manifest their ideas, marketing people coordinate sales promotion, advertising, and public relations specialists as well as product designers and manufacturers.

Whether he knew it at the time or not, Chuck hit on one of the oldest and most successful promotional methods of all time: the road show. AVL’s marketing challenge was simple: since there was nowhere to see AVL’s gear demonstrated, AVL needed to bring their demonstrations to the producers. Thus, AVL trooped impressive shows to major cities. Their state-of-the-art productions were screened at well-attended cocktail parties held in major hotels.

It was at one such event in New York that I got to know AVL. That night they were screening *Life in America*, a picture story by David Fellowes; I was seriously impressed and left thinking two thoughts: first, that I would without question start using AVL gear; second, that I would hook-up with AVL, as David Fellowes had done. It was pretty clear to me that hitching my wagon to AVL's was a great promotional piggy-back. I began by bartering with AVL—their equipment for my demo shows; that grew to the point where, three years later, my company became AVL's defacto ad agency.



My first piece of AVL gear was an Acuetone programmer (as in Accurate Tones), so named because it used telephone-like tones to control dissolve units that cross-faded between two slide projectors.

Given Kappenman's prior experience at Ma Bell, it is no surprise that Chuck re-applied telephone technology to a slide-device controller.

The Acuetone was first of many.

There were other dissolvers on the market—the dissolve effect, that the French aptly called *melting pictures*, was already being used for most professionally-made slide presentations. However, those dissolvers only had one dissolve speed—about two seconds. What the Acuetone brought to market was a wider range of dissolve speeds: Cut (nearly instantaneous); two-seconds; four-seconds and eight-seconds. The latter two speeds were especially good for creating “third images.”¹

To use the Acuetone, up to nine control tones were recorded on one channel of a stereo (or multi-track) audio tape, with the show's soundtrack on the other channel(s). Although the technology worked well, the Acuetone was difficult to use because if you made an error you had to pretty much start over from the beginning. Even with the best prompts, it was always a challenge to remember and flawlessly execute the hundreds of cue-tones in a lengthy show.

Nonetheless, for the NAEBM show, I used two Acuetone programmers to control six projectors—two each for three screens arranged with a large, horizontal center screen flanked on either side by smaller vertical screens. While that arrangement may seem simple now, back then people had never seen anything like it—including the security and customs officials at the airports we travelled through, from New York to Nassau; they were not used to seeing a long-hair with twenty cases of gear for... a slide show?

Whazzat?

¹ As the two pictures dissolve into one another, a “third image” can sometimes be seen at the midpoint of the fades.

George had chartered an airplane to fly everyone together; that made things somewhat easier than trying to check that many bags onto a commercial flight; still, clearing all the gear took time and I was late to the gate when I encountered something I had never seen before: a metal detector.

It beeped as I blithely strode through, triggered by a little aluminum film can with a yellow screw-top; the kind that Kodachrome film came in; except this one did not have film inside.

Opening the can and sniffing the contents, one of the security guards ordered me into an adjacent room to be interrogated. Of course, all my bags were ordered back to the examination room to be searched for more contraband.

Meanwhile, the planeload of NAEBM elites were wondering why they were still at the ramp.

George showed up at the interrogation office just as they were about to start taking apart the twenty boxes of gear. He took the security agents aside for a word in private. I will never know what he said; whatever it was, it worked.

The search was ended with cautionary words from the guard: "Next time, leave the weed at home." Whew.

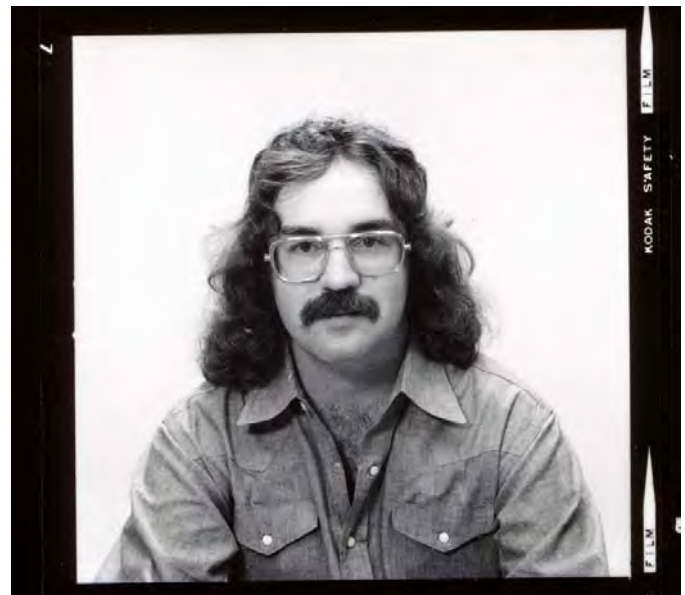
That was the closest call I've ever had in that department. Not a word was mentioned; only George and I knew what happened; but I sure was blushing as I walked down the aisle looking for my seat on the plane.

1971 – GQ – It's A Mad World After All

It was in the wake of the Boat Show that Pete Tenney called.

He was working as a freelance writer for George Rounds' PR agency. When the editor of *GQ* [*Gentlemen's Quarterly* magazine] called George seeking yachts for a pictorial feature about men's nautical fashions, he assigned the job to Tenney.

Pete met up with me at the studio; there was good chemistry, we were like frat brothers; we even looked alike, sort of, although we were light years apart temperamentally.





Pete explained that GQ wanted help with more than sourcing yachts. They asked him to produce the whole gig—to find a photographer and manage the execution of a ten-day cover shoot.

Cover? Whoa!

Tenney told me he was also interviewing a few other photographers, but he was inclined towards me; he liked that I was a multi-discipline photographer—I did fashion and beauty as well as yachting photography.

Andréa was a big draw, too; I could see a twinkle in Pete's eyes that was a bit worrisome, but I let it go.

Tenney went on to explain that the shoot was 25% about boats, the rest was about boating fashions.

GQ's editor came up with a pictorial storyline that tied-together a wide range of outfits—swimwear, après swim, casual clothes, and evening wear.



The storyline was contrived: a rich old geezer likes to hang with young people and throws parties on his many yachts.

That simple guidance gave us a lot of leeway, creatively and strategically.

Pete took me with him to a production meeting at the magazine; they gave us a budget and the merchandise to shoot; our job was to turn that into enough content for 16 pages plus cover. The way the *GQ* deal worked, as Pete explained, was that each participating manufacturer shared in the costs of production, which were enormous. For example, Chris-Craft paid the costs to produce their part of the story; it was a sweet deal for everyone involved.

To digress momentarily: back in the early-to-mid '70s, expensive location photographers were becoming an endangered species; so, I was lucky to land such a “junket.” The big job also extended my good fortune with Andréa; suddenly I found myself back at the top of her A list; of course, who wouldn't want to go to Florida in the middle of winter? (Snark.)

Pete did a fine job organizing four boat companies in St. Petersburg, Florida. We shot for ten days in and around Marco Island and Sanibel Island as well as off the coast of Treasure Island and St. Pete Beach. The locations were a photographer's dream come true.

Tenney, Andréa and I flew from LaGuardia to St. Pete-Clearwater airport. We set-up a base camp near the University of South Florida.

There, we held a mini jobs fair in the cafeteria and hired a group of students to be our models.

GQ was well-enough known and had a decent-enough reputation that we had no trouble casting the shoot. Once again, Andréa was the draw; she pulled in few good-looking guys, explained the deal and asked them to go find the girls they would like to work with.

That tactic worked brilliantly. Within two hours we had our cast of young party goers.

Later that day, two models flew in from New York to play the leading roles: Andréa's friend Pat Smith played a vamp kept by a sleazy millionaire—her friend, Scoop Gutterman.

It was Gutterman's first modelling job; in real life, Scoopy was a Brooklyn bookie with a Yiddish accent thick enough to cut with a knife.

We were a tight team: As photographer, I called the shots; Pete's job was to ~~schmooze~~ interface with the yacht captains and boat-manufacturers' reps; Andréa coordinated the models and kept the parties going; she was ably assisted by Pat Smith.

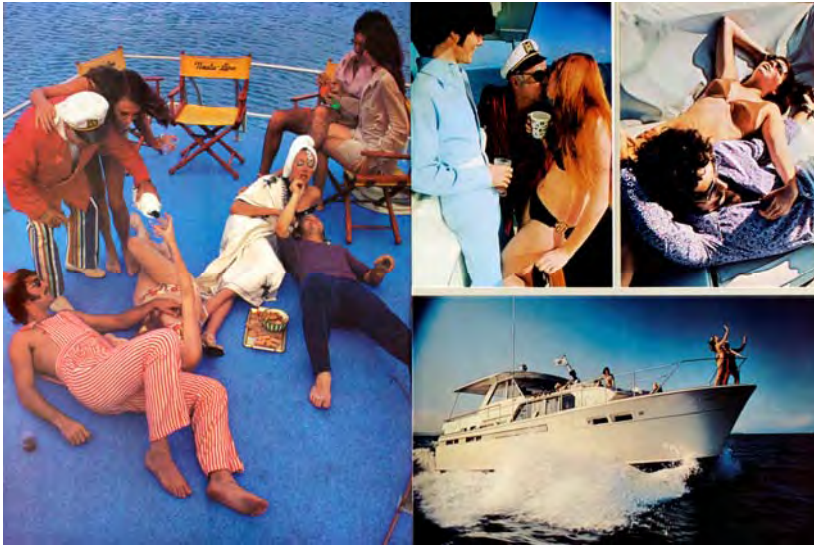
The kids were excited about the concept of partying for nearly a week on four yachts; who wouldn't be?

On the first day, we had a production meeting at the yacht club and a warm-up shoot aboard the Irwin 30 sailboat.

All the gear worked well but the kids were stiff; they seemed kind of camera shy. Fair enough, that's what the warm-up session was all about.

After a dockside lunch, we left the harbor and set sail along the Treasure Island coast. The conditions were superb in all possible ways.

The skies were clear; the seas were calm (less chance of falling overboard) and there was enough wind to fill the yacht's sails. However, the kids were still stiff.



I took Andréa aside and asked her to spike the afternoon lunch punch with an extra bottle of rum; that did the trick.

By 2:00 pm [14:00] Andréa had the cast sufficiently lubricated to disregard me—as I jumped around like a monkey photographing from as many different angles as I could dream up—and get into partying. I stayed straight; but I was the only one; everyone else was drunk by sunset.

We had been shooting for a long time before anyone noticed that captain Ted and “Auntie” Pat [that’s what the kids called her; she hated it] were missing in action. I considered the horrible possibility that they had fallen overboard and were too drunk to scream for help; in that case, how the hell would I get the ship back to port?

But the two of them emerged from the head with rosy cheeks and big smiles; their escapade changed the tone of the party. After that, the kids became more daring; a couple of the girls went topless.

Ted was a sport; high as a kite, he managed to navigate us all safely back through the dark to his private dock; then he invited everyone to keep the party going at his dockside home. Geez, was Irwin’s wife surprised when our drunken party landed on her doorstep; Pat barely managed to keep her smirks under control.



The second day was easier because the boat was smaller, limiting the number of scenes that could be put together.

However, what the boat lacked in size it made up for in speed.

It was a Cigarette speedboat—the Corvette of racing boats—rigged for water skiing.

We couldn't fit the full crew into the boat; there was room for only four, plus me, of course; so, half our crew got the day off; the rest of us had a high ol' time speeding around Marco Island.

I insisted on having a ride before the day was over; I was granted my wish and had the ride of my life on water skis.

The Cigarette got going to a speed of about 60 miles per hour [90 km/h], then the wise-ass driver set the speedboat into a hard turn—that nearly doubles the speed for a skier arcing out behind the tow boat.

That's not me, water-skiing.



I couldn't hang on and bounced my bottom across the waves for a good 100 yards before coming to a stop. I hadn't a clue where the skis went and my swimsuit was down around my knees (at least I still had it).

We shot all the way through sunset; by then I was tired and careless. While changing film, I momentarily rested the camera on the bow of the speed boat; just then, a rogue wave rocked the boat and the camera—a brand new motorized Nikon—dropped into the sea.

(That was a mistake I thought I would never make again; but I was wrong. Twenty-two years later, while photographing friends splashing in the surf off Salt Spring Island [near Vancouver, sort of]. I rested a Nikkor tele-extender on a rock and a rogue wave swept it away. Fortunately, the water was shallow and I was able to grab it out of the sea quickly; I rinsed the lens thoroughly by immersing it in a bucket of fresh water; then, after patting it dry with a towel, put it in a slow, 200-degrees oven [about 90 degrees Celsius] for twelve hours. The save worked; the lens survived and I use it to this very day.)

On the third day, we had another killer party, this time on a Chris Craft; the gang was into it by then. We didn't even think about shooting until after lunch; before that everyone was too hung over.

We left the harbor at 2:00 pm [14:00] to get the best afternoon light. Andréa prepared a new kind of punch; anything red was outlawed after the wine stains on Ted Irwin's sailboat; so, she made a version of my old favorite, the Slimy Limey [vodka with Roses' Lime Juice].

Andréa's was more like lemonade, but it packed the necessary "punch. Everyone kept the uproar to a minimum, knowing we had another shoot the next day.



For those shots, we headed out into the Everglades in a house boat. It was a dull shoot by comparison to the preceding three; the cast was wiped out by then; nobody was up to speed.

That day I didn't get many good shots; but that didn't matter in the larger scheme of things.

There was a plethora of material, and a huge film-processing bill awaiting me.

Over the five days, I shot about 300 rolls worth of fashion stuff and another 100 rolls of yacht shots. Fortunately, I had shot with two cameras because one of them had a problem. Once again, I jinxed myself by not having a check list. If I had one, it would say in bold type: "Check the film gate!"

The film gate is a frame that overlays the film, holding it in place and flat during exposure to light. Hairs and dust can lodge in the edges of the gate. In this case, a little piece of crap, probably wool from a sweater, lodged in the gate and cast a shadow of itself on every picture taken by the camera after the second day. That was a near disaster; retouching all the pictures was out of the question, too expensive (although they made me fix one frame, as a kind of punishment). You better believe that I never took another picture after that without checking the film gate. Fortunately, there were enough pictures to fulfill my contract; but it was a close call [and the last time I worked for GQ].

After our fantasy shoot in Florida, Andréa wanted nothing further to do with Flushing; she started staying in town with Ellen and Pat Smith and went back to work at the massage parlor. In desperation, I tried my best to reignite her interest in photography—and me; but my efforts must have seemed like cajoling to her; her resistance made me feel like a *wheedler*.

It ended for us the night I went to pick-up Andréa at yet another party. There was some commotion when I showed up; I had to wait in the hallway for a while before they let me in. When the door opened, I understood why—the two dozen party animals were all stark naked and stoned to their gills.

Pat Smith was the only one I recognized; Andréa was nowhere to be seen and when I asked about her, Pat got agitated and gave me some lame excuses; she said that Andréa would be right back.

I parked my myself on a couch, to wait; Pat brought over a stunning red head who flirtatiously handed me a glass of champagne as she sat down in my lap and tried to start up a conversation. But I felt too weird; I didn't want to get naked, get stoned or make out with her. I was being true to Andréa; but Andréa was apparently not being true to me.

I never saw Andréa that night. After waiting a half hour, a smirking guy with the biggest dick I have ever seen emerged from a bedroom and approached me to say that Andréa was the best fuck he ever had. Then someone cried out that Andréa had fallen out the back window, that she had hurt herself and run away. Say what?

The next morning Andréa showed-up at the studio with her arm in a plaster cast. She told me she had a taxi waiting downstairs, that she was booked on a flight back to Los Angeles. She asked me to mail her clothes to her mother's house; as for her pictures and paintings, she said, "Just let them go." Then, poof; she was gone.

[Spoiler Alert: Ever the optimist, I stayed in touch with Andréa; we exchanged letters for twenty years; some of hers were quite passionate. Wondering if there was still a chance, I visited with Andréa in the late '90s. She was living near Tempe, Arizona, and I had business there, with the Marron-Carrel company, after attending an AMI convention in nearby Phoenix. We met at my motel; she was as alluring as ever, but somewhat the worse for wear. We had a catch-up over coffee; she told me that she was battling "feminine" cancer. A year later, she died. Although mean-spirited, I couldn't help thinking how ironical it was that she was taken down by her nymphomaniacal ad-dick-tion.]

Despite being one of the craziest adventures of my career as a photographer, the GQ shoot was also one of the most lucrative. As I owned the rights to the pictures, they offered me tremendous added income as stock pictures; in fact, I made more on stock sales than I did on the original assignment.²⁴

One such sale was to *Watersport* magazine [published by BOCA, the Boat Owners Council of America]. Art Director Russ Wein laid-out four double-page color spreads; he also selected one of my Atomicolor shots of Block Island Race Week for the cover (one of the three featured in *Nikon World* magazine). That issue of *Watersport* was a real showcase. I bought 100 copies and sent it out as a direct-mail promotion.



²⁴ Today, only top photographers retain the rights to their assignment work; most clients these days insist that photographers and other artists surrender the worldwide copyright of their work to them; photographers frequently must get written permission from their clients to legally show their pictures to anyone, or publish them on their internet websites. Can you imagine?

1971 – Blonde Bliss – Butterflies Are Free

With Sue and Andréa gone, my life became my own again; I was, as the saying went, “Free, white and twenty-one” [26 actually].



Portfolio figure study of model Andrea Suter, 1971

The next couple of years became focused on shooting nude pictures of attractive young women, with as many associated benefits as possible. Opportunities abounded; more and more models were passing through the studio, not only via Justine, but also from a growing number of jobs from the fashion and beauty world, among them Oscar de la Renta and, as mentioned, Vidal Sassoon.

Having people like that as clients gave me creds [credentials]. Few wannabe models said no when offered the opportunity to do some nudes. After a while, I had quite a portfolio and the beginnings of a reputation.

With so many new contacts in the beauty industry, I had resources to call upon, and did just that. Even my automotive clients noticed the difference, particularly a piece in *Car and Driver* called *Butterfly Bora*; those semi-nude pictures made ink by the skin of their teeth. Marty Touhy wanted to bounce the spread— “This is a car magazine!”—but Al Grossman, the Maserati importer, loved the shots.

There’s nothing better than being a little controversial; it keeps you in the conversation, in the zeitgeist. At C/D, Tom Ridinger and I had nearly broken the ice on nudity with the Jaguar XKE piece, the one with the black couple swimming in a pond, mentioned earlier. That paved the way for *Butterfly Bora*.



I took a calculated risk with the semi-nudes of Freya Trost; making those pictures was a lot of work, a ridiculous amount, in fact; I earned less than a buck an hour; but sometimes money doesn't matter; you do them because you want to; because you can; for the fun of it.



Besides the time it took to shoot Freya in the studio and on location, I spent another couple of days in the darkroom, assembling the scene(s). The so-called "strip-in" printing technique involved "hold-back" masks that created "windows" into which other elements were printed. Even the best masks didn't fit precisely; white outlines had to be cleaned-up by retouching with Spot-Tone dyes or airbrush pigments; black outlines had to be chemically bleached (with potassium ferrocyanide) and/or etched by gently scraping away emulsion with single-edged razor blade—a tricky business, at best.

Truth told; I had the hots for Freya Trost. She wasn't a model; she was a graduate student at Columbia University, visiting from Germany, and staying with Kurt Boehnstedt's nephew, in Flushing. Freya came to Kurt's birthday party, which is where I ~~fell for~~ met her; it was lust at first sight. I am a sucker for blondes and Freya was one of those rare, northern-European white-blondes, the kind they make in Finland; all her hair was white-blonde. (!)

Getting the Maserati *Bora* assignment was a real feather in my cap; Gene Butera usually reserved the super cars for himself. I didn't tell him that I was planning to shoot the car with a nude nymph; instead, I told him that I had a gorgeous gal lined up and planned to shoot her with the car in a field of flowers—Queen Anne's Lace, to be precise. He bought it; that was good because the location was 100 miles away [160 km], out in East Marion, near the northern tip of Long Island at Orient Point, right next to the Mesney family's summer vacation rental. It was worth driving two hours to a known location rather than waste possibly more time than that searching for another location.

Cars are tricky to photograph; they are big; so, a lot of background gets included; it's always been hard to find roads and places without telephone poles, wires, tall buildings and the like. "Ha!" chortled Butera, when he heard my ~~justification~~ explanation, "You just want to drive the car!" (No argument there.)

It didn't take much convincing to get Freya to agree to be my model. I invited her to the studio, showed her my car-portfolio slide show and took her out for dinner before sending her home. We had cocktails at the studio during the slide show. I told her how much I liked the style of the German magazine, *Twen*; that put us on the same page. When she was sufficiently lit, I titillated Freya's imagination with my butterfly idea, sketching it on a layout pad as I dreamt it up.

As I described how the butterfly character would be created—by photographing her nude in the studio and adding wings in the darkroom—she gave me a wink and a sly smile. She liked the idea, said it was very European.

The next afternoon we did nude work; I was a gentleman throughout; I didn't want to scare Freya who, despite being open minded, was shy about her body. (Although she was beefy by Vogue's standards, she had no reason to be shy; she was just a big girl, with big bones and a solid frame, who would have made her a perfect model for *Modern Farming* magazine.) Being timid, Freya was a bit stiff on the set.

Did I say, a bit stiff? Freya had no poses, no moves and no imagination; her self-consciousness paralyzed her and no amount of wine or weed helped. We did the best we could and I sent her home to get ready for the next day's trip to East Marion. That evening, I developed the film of the afternoon's session, anxious to see if Freya's timidity was visible; it wasn't, but I decided that I'd best shoot some back-up shots of Freya in a frock, in case the butterfly idea didn't fly.

Driving a bright yellow Maserati draws attention; we got pulled over by the police in Riverhead, for no offence; the cops just wanted to see the car. When I explained to them that we were on our way to East Marion to shoot a feature for *Car and Driver*, the constables obliged us by phoning ahead to their colleagues and asking them to give us royal treatment, which they did.

When we got to the location, I discovered that the field of flowers had been fenced and the gate was padlocked; but when the owner saw the Bora, with a police escort, how could he say no? [A couple of Ben Franklins helped, too.]

The Bora was not designed to drive through fields; it was so low-to-the-ground that the robust Queen Anne's Lace might have marked the front-end paintwork if we simply drove the car into position. Instead, we had to mow a path in such a way that it appeared no mowing had taken place; that was done by hand, with a pair of grass shears. I didn't have to worry about the audience that had been gawking at us through the fence; by the time the grass cutting was done and the car rolled into place they were so bored that they left.

By the time I got the car in position it was 4:00 pm [16:00]; that gave me two hours to get the shots before we lost the light. The first hour was spent on the CYA [Cover Your Ass] shots of the car, with and without the pretty (dressed) girl. After those were in the can, I switched into infra-red mode to capture the backgrounds needed for the butterfly illustration; I wanted the scene to have the ethereal look that infrared film provided—greenery turned white, trees looked surreal. The Bora perfectly suited a surreal scene; the radically-designed car was dominant enough to command attention in any scene.

However, shooting with real infrared film was challenging. As mentioned earlier, the film had to be loaded in a light-proof “changing bag” and the opaque infrared filter blacked out my view—everything had to be set before the filter was put on the lens. Once the filter was in place, I was shooting blind. That wasn’t a big deal, except it slowed things down.

There was a lot to do. Besides beauty shots of the car, I needed reference frames for the butterfly illustration, shots with Freya in position, re-enacting the nude nymph we shot in the studio. Although our small audience may have loved it, Freya wasn’t nude for those pictures, she wore a body stocking; being covered erased her self-consciousness and she blossomed, as a model.

We got back from the East Marion shoot well after dark; it was a hot August night and New York City was percolating. Freya invited me in; she was living just a few blocks from my studio, having moved into Manhattan for her last month in the States. I dumped the car at the Red Ball Garage, grabbed my gear, and taxi’d back to Freya’s flat on East 37th Street.

Freya whipped up a pasta dish; it was one that I still make; an amazing tomato-meat sauce spiced heavily with fried fennel seeds, incorporating peanuts and raisins. [The recipe is in the Appendix.] Dinner was served after a candle-lit cocktail hour spent in one of those deep, old, stand-alone bath tubs; blonde bliss.

I was pretty well hooked on Freya by the end of the evening; I wanted to keep seeing her, but she turned out to be a real-life butterfly. Much later, I found out that she was the betrothed of a history professor at Columbia; no wonder she flew away.

[Spoiler Alert: They ended up married a short time later and moved to Egypt; I lost track of her after that; so did Kurt.]

1971 – Penthouse – Upward Mobility

Allan Grossman loved the Butterfly Bora pictures so much that he recommended me to Penthouse magazine when they did a feature story about the Bora. So, a month later, I got the same car back to do more pictures—for Penthouse magazine.

That time, I hired Andréa’s friend, Marty, to be a model, together with his *nymph-du-jour*.

Although I had planned to shoot the car on the beach at Fire Island State Park, a sudden storm put the kibosh on those plans.

I ended up shooting it in another wild-flower field; the car took a beating but we got the shots. Grossman was pleased with the results; so was art director Michael Parish.



Parish was Jim Goode's golden boy. Goode was the managing editor of Penthouse—the guy who actually ran the magazine (while Bob Guccione traipsed around the globe photographing naked women). Goode was an Andy Warhol wannabe, a control freak and a driving force at Penthouse.

Parish and I hit it off on the Bora shoot. He may have been as queer as a three-dollar bill, but professionally we were like brothers.



Soon enough, I was rehired to shoot a Penthouse feature about a Volvo P1800 Sportwagon on location at the Villa Vizcaya²⁵ museum near Miami, Florida.

Villa Vizcaya was like stepping into Tuscany. The estate featured an Italian Renaissance mansion built during the first World War on the beachfront of Biscayne Bay surrounded by splendiferous formal gardens.

We were spoiled for choice at Villa Vizcaya; the car looked good anywhere we put it. The shoot went like clockwork, we were out of there with plenty of time to spend the evening cruising the beach bars. Miami was low key then, compared to today; there was still a chance of bumping into the likes of Fred Neil or Jimmy Buffett.

Michael started involving me in other articles, besides car reviews. One such assignment was shooting a pictorial product feature about massage oils. Parrish preferred to shoot on location (that was way cheaper than building studio sets), but he wanted the look of a studio shot; that is, well-lit pictures shot with big lights. I was willing to schlepp around the lighting gear necessary to give him the look he wanted.

²⁵ James Deering, who built Vizcaya as his winter residence, made millions manufacturing machines for farmers [the Deering-Harvester Company became International Harvester in 1902]. In 1910 Deering traveled through Italy with Vizcaya's artistic director, Paul Chalfin, to purchase art and antiquities, and to glean inspiration touring villas. In 1912 they hired architect Francis Burall Hoffman to be the villa's architect and Columbian landscape architect Diego Suarez to plan the 180-acre grounds and design the gardens, which were completed in 1921. At the opening celebrations in 1916, revelers dressed as Italian peasants. Deering died in 1925, followed by his brother Charles, in 1927, one year after the Great Miami Hurricane of 1926 wreaked extensive damage. Paul Chalfin returned to restore the estate in 1934 at the request of the Deering family; two years later, they converted Villa Vizcaya into a privately-owned museum. After the second world, 130 acres was conveyed to the Catholic Diocese of St. Augustine for a hospital and the Bay Heights residential subdivision. In 1953, Vizcaya opened to the public when Dade County took over the property; from that time, the museum and its remaining grounds have been supported by charitable events, visitors' entrance fees, as well as more lucrative "location fees" charged to professional film makers and photographers; which is how we managed to secure the swanky site.

For the massage session, he located a penthouse spa with a Jacuzzi tub in an upper-east-side town house. His idea was to surround the Jacuzzi with a bazillion candles and feature the massage oils in the foreground. The room was built as a glass box making it like a hall of mirrors; it was almost impossible to keep camera and lights out of the shots. We settled for a high angle, looking down into the scene, cropping out the spectacular windows.



To do those shots, I schlepped a Balcar strobe-lighting set—including two 1200-watt power packs, four strobe heads, and a dozen different umbrellas, diffusers and flags—up up five flights of stairs, along with the Hasselblad 500C camera system and a sturdy Gitzo tripod. Using the medium-format camera and strobe lights made every shot more intentional than shooting available light with a 35 mm camera; that is, “Think twice and shoot once.” (With a 35 mm SLR, I had a tendency to shoot everything willy-nilly, one hundred different ways.)

Parrish and I worked well as a team. Michael liked to compose the pictures, organizing and placing all the elements; he liked having the camera on a tripod and being able to examine the scene on the Hasselblad’s big, ground-glass viewfinder. I had no problem with having him direct the shots; my hands were usually full rigging the lights, flags, flares, etcetera.

With so much work coming in from Penthouse, I had high hopes; but Jim Goode got canned. His exit was prompted by editorial changes made by Guccione. I also heard they didn’t get along. Jim was a sourpuss; frown lines were deeply chiseled into his cheeks and jowls and he had a disparaging disposition that matched his drooping face. However, a tightening economy and geopolitical tensions brought about fiscal austerity. Times were getting tough; businesses were getting back to basics; the days of expensive junkets were coming to an end. At Penthouse that meant Guccione shot more and freelancers shot less. It was a sign of the times; worse was yet to come.



After that, Goode and Parish put in a brief stint at Gallery magazine, working with art director Paul Virga.

I shot a couple of assignments for them, including a feature about the Mazda RX-4, shot in New Jersey.

That was followed by an outrageous nude spread for an article about an exotic sportscar called the Bricklin.

If you recall, there was a major turf war going on between the men's magazines. Each dared the other to bare more; separately and together they pushed the limits of decency to win the eyes of American men. If I remember correctly, it was Gallery that first showed a full-frontal picture of a nude woman, including her bush. That was taking chances, but taking chances and being controversial was what Jim Goode was all about. Thus, when Goode decided to review a Canadian built *Bricklin* sports car, he sought a photographer who had a reputation for both car work and nudes. Guess who filled that bill?



I made arrangements with my old friends at the Farber Limestone Company in Franklin, New Jersey—Forbes Dunn and Irene Charney—to shoot the Bricklin there.

Normally, I wouldn't have had to call; they knew me well from all the Car and Driver gigs I shot there. But nude photography was another matter.²⁶

By that time, I had a handle on Kodak's Infra-Red Aero Ektachrome film; I was marketing IR shots under the tradename, *Atomicolor*.

²⁶ The quarry was my favorite car location; it doubled for the Sahara Desert for many shots and looked like some kind of lunar landscape for others; I knew every corner of the place having shot pictures there so many times before.

For reasons unbeknownst to me, I seemed to be the only photographer besides Pete Turner to have control of that film; that is, to be able to get predictable results. In fact, I was a trail-blazer; nobody else figured out how to get the colors I did. [Hint: I used filters #29, #47, #63, #72 and #89].

The Bricklin assignment was an opportunity to showcase Atomicolor in a major magazine. However, although an IR-photo feature would be a first, Goode and his acolyte Parish didn't just want funky colors. They wanted a full-on shot of a nude girl posing with the phallic super car.

Planning the shots together, I sketched the scene with the sun appearing as a big star in the background, centered over the car. Although all eyes would likely focus on our model's svelte blonde pussy, the car had to command some attention, too; it needed to look lit, not shadowy.



To pull-off the shot required enough fill-in flash (provided by four Honeywell Strobonars) to match the intensity of sunlight.

Shortly after the Bricklin piece appeared in print, Goode and Parish split for the West Coast. Maybe they hoped to follow in the footsteps of Dawn Steel, Jim's predecessor at Penthouse;²⁷ she went on to become a big VP at United Artists or Paramount, in Hollywood. When they disappeared from the New York scene, so did their business.

Shooting for Penthouse gave my reputation a boost; I started getting calls with lucrative assignments from car companies and their ad agencies—photographers lived in hopes of getting ads to shoot. There was no money in editorial work. Car and Driver used to pay \$150 per page; Penthouse magazine paid more than twice that; but a full-page car ad could pull in ten times that or more. I needed those big bucks to cover the rents and running expenses for the two loft spaces on 23rd Street and my apartment in Flushing. There were economic headwinds; keeping all the balls in the air was getting tougher.

1971 – Stop Thief! – Mockery of Justice

When Leslie's pocket book was stolen in 1968, I reckoned that the chances of something like that happening again were slim, that the Wheel of Karma had moved on; so, I was surprised to discover one morning that someone had broken into my studio by smashing the ventilation window above the freight entrance.

²⁷ Allan Grossman was originally contacted by Dawn Steele; she was the one who booked the Bora feature; those wheels were already turning when she left for Hollywood; Jim Goode and Michael Parish inherited that story from her.

Two of six camera cases were missing—my beloved Russian MTO telephoto was gone, along with a pair of Honeywell Strobosars. The incident happened in August, right after I got carted to Bellevue for a mental assessment—that’s another story.

To digress, I fainted momentarily at the 23rd Street Post Office, while pasting postage to an outgoing mailing of my monthly Exposure newsletter. After an all-nighter, the heat and humidity got to me, or maybe it was licking all those stamps; whatever it was I went down; awakening, a policeman was standing over me, asking me not to move, informing me that paramedics were on the way. OMG.

I felt fine, really, I did; but they would have no part of that; so, in due course I was taken away to Bellevue, colloquially known as the loony bin. The examining physician could see that I was in a clear state of mind and good health; he commiserated with my explanation, that I fainted from overwork and the taste of 200 stamps. Then, he explained that I was taken in because of the rubber bands on my wrist, that junkies wear rubber bands on their wrists (they use them as tourniquets, to find veins); however, those rubber bands accumulated on my wrist as I un-bundled and posted the newsletters. They let me go, but I’m sure there’s a note in one of my dossiers, somewhere. Anyway, from that point on I was “a person known to the Police.”

Back on point, I stayed in the studio that night instead of going back to Flushing. I reckoned that the thief would come back for more and was intent on preventing that. It was a restless night and nothing happened.

Same again on the second, third, fourth and fifth nights. Then, on the Sunday afternoon of Labor Day Weekend, I heard shattering glass; the hair stood on the back of my neck when I realized it was the same window. Whoever smashed the window fled; had I scared them away?

I was in the front half of the studio when that happened and was able to call 911. Disappointingly, it took some time for the Police to respond. I have a theory why: I had a record of having been sent to the loony bin a week earlier; or maybe they were on lunch break. Whatever the reason for their delay, the police eventually showed up, took note of the broken window, and left.

While I was waiting for the police, I climbed the stairs to the tenth floor and reported the incident to my landlord, Nat Steckler. He told me to stay alert, that the thief would be back. Nat should know, I reckoned; he was a cop, a detective in the NYPD [New York Police Department]. Nat said that it was a common practice for a thief to smash a window to see what happens; they wait until the police have come and gone, then go back and make their haul. He also said that the thief likely came from Madison Square Park, just up the block; that was where the area’s bums and junkies congregated.

No doubt those low-lives noticed the trendy traffic in and out of 42 East 23rd Street; the clientele coming to my studio and Justine’s modeling school were quite unlike the people who frequented Shelley’s Coffee Shop or State Optical Company, the only other tenants dealing with the public. Doubtless, too, the thief had noticed me loading my gear in and out of cars and taxis; aluminum camera cases were so easy to spot.

Nat was right. About an hour later I heard a few shards of glass fall to the floor and realized that the thief was back. Suddenly there he was, outside in the hallway, below the broken window—or maybe not; I couldn't actually see who was there; maybe it was just one of the derelicts and junkies who hung out up the street in Madison Square Park and occasionally found their way to our toilet. [Spoiler Alert: it wasn't.]

When I heard the crashing glass, a plan was set in motion. I had been waiting for the moment the thief would return, rehearsing a dozen scenarios. I called 911 again—at the risk of seeming like a crank caller; the voice of the operator belied her skepticism; she said, “Didn’t I hear something like this from you a little while ago?” However, she must have heard the panic in my voice because, this time, the police responded in just five minutes. Those were the longest five minutes I’d ever lived through.

After calling the cops, I grabbed a 30-inch [75 cm] cane-cutter’s machete that I kept for protection at a time like this; it was one of two that I bought in Puerto Rico, during the surfing safari with the Hawkeys; that souvenir suddenly had more than sentimental value.

My plan was to trap the intruder behind the hallway door that separated the vestibule for the toilet and rear service entrance from the main hallway. Working quietly, I opened the studio door just enough to see that there was nobody in the main hall, that the thief had to be in the rear hallway. I sprang to vestibule door and jammed it shut with my foot; but the thief pushed back hard and managed to open the door enough for us to look each other in the eye; I gave a banshee cry and flashed the machete; surprised by my aggression, the thief retreated and the door shut. It never occurred to me that the guy might have a gun (it’s the first thing I’d assume, today). Luckily, he didn’t and remained largely compliant after a couple of more unsuccessful attempts push the door open and escape.

After a seeming eternity, I could hear the police downstairs discussing their plan with Nat Steckler; I yelled down, “Up here!” One officer took the elevator up, stopping on every floor; the other walked up the stairway; they both arrived about the same time, guns drawn and aimed squarely at yours truly, ordering me to drop my weapon and surrender. Ha!

Things were soon sorted when the thief made a final attempt to crash through the door. The police took him away and booked him, but not for robbery; for that the thief would have had to have been caught *inside* my studio, not out in the hall; hallways were considered public spaces; so, the thief was only charged with breaking my window. Hmm.

Three months later, my case went to trial in the dingy old New York City Courthouse at 27th and Madison. I sat for four hours while an endless parade of pathetic people appeared before a tired, cranky old magistrate. The thief, being tried as just a vandal, turned out to have had sixteen previous arrests ranging from petty larceny to assault. However, the court-appointed ACLU [American Civil Liberties Union] lawyer defending the thief, argued that it was I who should be on trial, for attacking his client with a machete and holding him in bondage, essentially kidnapping him. The judge almost went for that argument. Yikes!

I argued my own case without a lawyer. Countering the ACLU's contention, I defended my actions by explaining that I could not have captured the vandal without threatening and trapping him until the police arrived; that mine was a citizen's arrest.

In the end, the guy was sentenced to just three weeks in the County Jail on Rikers Island; then he was back out on the streets. That outcome made a mockery of the Justice system, as far as I was concerned; it made me understand why people sometimes take the law into their own hands. For a long time after that I felt nervous coming and going from the studio building; I feared the thief and his low-life friends would seek revenge.

1972 – Tough Economy – Tough Decisions

Inflation became rampant; everything cost more and then more; professionals like doctors and lawyers were raising their fees; eventually I had to raise mine as well, just to keep up.

The inflationary economy gave people pause; they felt uncertainty amidst the volatility of market forces beyond their control. Companies and people alike trimmed the fat from their budgets, cut the frills from their bills.

United Press International [UPI] Announcer: "As the year [1971] began, many people were asking, 'How long can this continue?' They were referring to the economy of the United States. 1970 was the most inflationary year since the Korean War, and there seemed to be no relief coming. Prices of food and services, construction costs and wages, like a determined mountain climber, went higher in 1971. Taxes increased in kind and amount. A steamroller effect kept the trend going, and unemployment figures added to the woe. And people complained." [UPI.com]

Slumping sales required a lifestyle change for me; I could no longer afford the combined rents for the apartment in Flushing and the 23rd Street studio in Manhattan. It was time to downsize. The Flushing apartment had to go. The Medicine Show also needed to pull-up stakes; the studio space was not zoned for live-work, it was strictly commercial. It was bad enough that Ed Just was staying there at night. (Ed was discreet and Nat Steckler, never caught on.) However, it would have been impossible for me to stay there, other than crashing for an occasional all-nighter. Besides, the robbery cursed the place; I never felt comfortable there after that. What to do?

Milton Epstein came up with a solution; my attorney suggested that I rent the third floor of a townhouse at 23 East 73rd Street, where his ex-wife, Kay, had an art gallery.²⁸ Milton and my accountant, Roy Kramer, helped me develop a re-organization plan; The plan involved another of Roy's business colleagues, the New York Bank of Commerce. The idea was to lose both the 23rd Street studio and Flushing apartment, and consolidate myself on the third floor of 23 East 73rd Street—the posh part of town—financed with a line of credit at Bank of Commerce presided over by Vice President Ken Nordt.²⁹

²⁸ Milton was my attorney for many years; we met when Leslie sent me divorce papers and I needed a lawyer; my accountant (for three decades!), Roy Kramer recommended him, and we hit it off. Milton became like a grandpa to me, a Jewish grandpa; his advice was always sage; eventually, he guided me through another divorce, from Sandra Sande, in 1990.

²⁹ Ken and his bank supported me for just shy of a decade; in the end, when Incredible crashed, I burned him, walking away from \$20,000 in unpaid debts. That sounds like a lot, but more than a million went through the bank's till during the decade we did business together; they didn't lose a dime, if you take the long view. I paid my small suppliers first.

I was a man on a mission, determined to be the next Pete Turner, Richard Avedon or Ryzard Horowitz. With the new plan in hand, I negotiated my way out of the 23rd Street lease and flat-out broke my Flushing lease. (Don't cry, the absentee landlord, fireman James Ray, was glad to see me go; my departure freed him up to raise the rent and maybe get a handle on inflation.) Simultaneously, I signed a two-year lease for the third floor at 23 East 73rd Street—a townhouse that was claimed to be the former Wanamaker mansion.³⁰

(Wanamaker's was one of New York's exclusive department stores, akin to Saks Fifth Avenue, Lord & Taylor and Bergdorf Goodman.)

I was keen on the idea of living in a millionaire's home; it appealed to my ego. The air of the neighborhood lifted my spirits. I was living half a block from Central Park, around the corner from the Whitney Museum of American Art, up the block from actor Roy Scheider; across the street from the Cameroon Embassy.



People (read: clients) were as captivated by the Wanamaker story as I was; not until today did I doubt it. However, fact checking for this book, I discovered at Wikipedia what appears to be the real story, which is interesting in its own right, especially architecturally. [See footnotes.]

Whatever the case, the townhouse was as up-market as you could get in New York; it reeked of success; just the address said it all. By the same token, moving there was a roll of the dice, existentially speaking; I would have nothing if I didn't make it; it would be back to the salt mines, working for someone else.

The 73rd Street studio began on the third floor; it had two big rooms connected by a hallway kitchenette. The formal, oak-lined front room had once been the residence's library; it was worth the price of admission all by itself, a prime example of turn of the [19th] century English interior design and woodworking, replete with a black-marble fireplace. That regal room became a multi-function "lounge" where I talked business and entertained.



That was an interesting period when I lived as a kind of outlaw, at least in my own mind. It was the first time, but not the last, that I was dishonest.

³⁰ Although told that the house once belonged to the famous family, I seem to have been misled; either that or an architectural reviewer was; his interesting history of the house is at Wikipedia. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wanamaker's> and, about the mansion, at website <http://daytoninmanhattan.blogspot.ca/2012/12/the-architectural-surprise-at-no-23.html>]

The antique furniture inherited from Grandpa Mesney and Grandma Taylor looked at home in the 73rd Street studio; Nanna's library table sat in one corner of the room; her round, parquetry table in another; and her tall-boy desk sat between the two big front windows.

Dominating the center of the room, across from the fireplace, was an 8 X 10-foot [2.4 X 3-meter] platform that was 2-feet-high [0.6-meter] and furnished with a glass coffee table and the striped-velvet couch & chair combo from the Flushing house. Under the platform there was a huge storage area, perfect for my gear. What made that room extra special was the jungle of plants brought from the Flushing porch garden. It looked like a page out of an architectural magazine (or, Bill Hawkey's book, *Living with Plants*).



Tom and Flo Ridinger are on the couch behind me and Donna Plink.³¹

Behind them is Nanna's painting of Venetian fishermen.

Tom's son Ronnie sulks to our left.



³¹ See 1972 – *Complications* – *Change of Heart* in Volume Three



The kitchen area was in the hallway between the front and back rooms. The back half of the third floor was a room that also needed to be multi-functional. One entered the space through a bead curtain. Inside, there was a white-stone fireplace on one side. Across from that I built a combination work counter and bed enclosure (the bed slid out from under, see top picture).

Antique bookcases that once belonged to my maternal aunt, Francis Taylor, flanked the fireplace; the Chinese chest given to me by Grandpa Mesney became a glass topped table; another old chest that I picked up along the way and painted white, provided wardrobe storage; a single bed from the Flushing porch doubled as a couch; and there was a glass-topped, light-box coffee table and two stools from the 23rd Street studio.



There was an extension to the back room that included a spacious, white-tiled bathroom and behind that a very small room that came to be when the mansion was converted into apartment suites and the back stairway was eliminated.

That space became a darkroom initially and later an office for Jon Bromberg. His bathroom office made Jon the butt of many jokes (hahaha).

At the top center of the picture, notice the string of clothes pins, used to hang rolls of processed film, to dry.

The building's plumbing was a bit primitive, considering the house's legacy. So were the heating systems. During cold snaps, I'd get ice a half-inch [~ 1.25 cm] thick on my bedroom windows.



The transition happened fast; once something is decided, I don't like to waste time. Working very long hours, the whole move was over and done in two weeks.

The hardest part was moving from Flushing. I couldn't afford a moving company and did it myself. The antique furniture got wrapped in padded movers' blankets, then the fun began—rolling the big pieces, end-over-end, ever so slowly, through the house, across the front porch, down a flight of six steps at the front entry, across the front lawn, and finally up into a truck.

Fortunately, I had help unpacking at 73rd Street. I couldn't have done that part by myself. Those heavy antiques had to go up the stairs because the aged two-man lift was too small and too frail.

Somehow, everything survived the move unscathed, save two mishaps: Grandma's big desk was never as sturdy after that until it was restored in Seattle decades later after years spent languishing in a Hawaiian storage facility. And one of the three bank chairs from 23rd Street also became a casualty when it fell out of the over-loaded pick-up truck in the middle of a major intersection at Park Avenue South and 23rd Street; it bounced and flipped along a good twenty feet [~6 meters] without hitting anything or anyone before coming to rest in the middle of the street. Retrieving it amidst all the honking was embarrassing. Annoyingly, that seat never sat right after that; the frame had been permanently tweaked. But it didn't matter; I got rid of those chairs less than a month after moving into the 73rd street townhouse; they were too *déclassé*.

It was difficult transitioning into a smaller space; a lot of stuff that didn't fit in the new scheme of things got left behind or given away. That included all the counters, shelves, mirrors and darkroom at 23rd Street. In Flushing, the Polish couple who lived upstairs took my desk set, their friends took the king-sized bed and the landlord inherited the rest (a couple of bunk beds and some porch furniture).

News of my move came to as a surprise to everyone. I hadn't told many about my plans. Suddenly there I was, calling from my new studio on the Upper East Side. For the first couple of months, I entertained a string of old friends and colleagues from Flushing and Douglaston; most of them turned green when they saw my new digs and I didn't hear from them much after that. Replacing them, some of my colleagues at Car and Driver became friends, particularly writer Charlie Fox and art director Tom Ridinger.

Entertaining in my lounge became my way of promoting; I rigged up a pair of slide projectors, an electric screen, a dynamite sound system and a mirror-ball lighting effect, transforming the classical library into a theater.

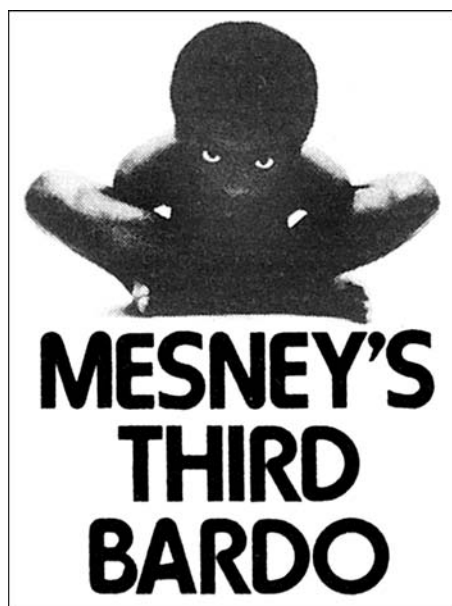
1972 – New Name – New Image

The move to 73rd Street was positively transformational; however, my business name, Mesney's Mad Medicine Show, didn't fit anymore. It may have been OK for a pink and purple warehouse space on 23rd Street, but not for an up-and-coming atelier on New York's chic Embassy Row. I wanted to re-brand myself, to start over as a cooler and more sophisticated version of myself, while remaining, "Not for everyone."

For the new name, I was inspired by the *Tibetan Book of The Dead*.³² My life was going through a metamorphosis; I was entering a new stage of development, a third phase. To convey that symbolically I chose the word *Bardo*, the name of a state of being between life and death—which was kind'a how I felt, having had the winds knocked out of my sails by the nation's faltering economy.

³² *The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying*, written by Sogyal Rinpoche in 1992, is a presentation of the teachings of Tibetan Buddhism based on the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* or *Bardo Thodol*. The author wrote, "I have written *The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying* as the quintessence of the heart-advice of all my masters, to be a new *Tibetan Book of the Dead* and a *Tibetan Book of Life*." [1] The book explores: the message of impermanence; evolution, karma and rebirth; the nature of mind and how to train the mind through meditation; how to follow a spiritual path in this day and age; the practice of compassion; how to care for and show love to the dying, and spiritual practices for the moment of death.

OK, you can say I was going heavy on the symbolism, but the business name got renamed Mesney's Third Bardo. The momentous move was commemorated with a new logo and a two-sided promotional poster co-designed by Tom Ridinger. Tom would soon quit his magazine job at Car and Driver to work with me at the Bardo, after going through his own changes. [Read about those in the Appendix, *From Tom Ridinger.*]



The logo Ridinger designed featured an androgynous black nude (Andrea Sutter) sitting on a pedestal comprised of the company name. I reckoned it would repel most right-wingers and hippie-haters, while appealing to the liberal minded.



A big bang was needed to make an impression in a market going through a downturn.

Sutter's picture was also used for the Third Bardo's double-sided poster illustration; that featured a pos [positive] version on one side and a neg on the other, printed on ultraviolet-light-sensitive paper.

The poster promotion was expensive—we sent out 200-plus copies; but it paid off. The phone started ringing immediately after the mailing.

Although I was struggling, downsizing had to appear as growth. The extravagance of the poster promotion did the trick. The implied success of my business stood out in the depressed economy making me seem all the more successful—and you know what they say: success begets success.

My dance card filled-up fast; soon I had more business than I could handle. But there was an irony in that: the very same portfolio I used at the 23rd Street studio was suddenly getting hits; that proved to me that life is really just an illusion, that people really do judge books by their covers. The take away? Success is all about managing perception.

The Fed also uses the technique called MOPE—Management of Perception Economics; they discovered that they can get the same response by just saying that they are going to do something without having to actually do it.

Like the Fed, I was learning how to create and manage people's perceptions about me. Doing so, I discovered that the more I became *myself*—unique and authentic—the more command I was granted. I became a multi-faceted set of characters; it was like playing various parts in a reality show; one moment I was a photographer, the next a salesman, or a reporter—you get the idea. When I played the part(s) well, people listened and responded.

They say, "Clothes make the man." I spent a lot of money on clothes, fashioning myself after Jim Morrison [lead singer for The Doors]; my favorite outfit for clubbing was an embroidered, white-silk, Indian top and a pair of dark-red, leather pants (a gift from Dona Lakin Plink-Tracy). Satin shirts were another favorite, especially lilac and purple. Many of my older clients must have wondered what was going on with me; but they didn't wonder about the quality or creativity of my work; that was getting better and better. Slowly but surely, those who thought I was getting too far out dropped me and my clientele shifted from industrial to fashion and beauty.

Gene Butera remained a loyal client throughout that period of change; he must have been chuckling to himself as he watched me take his advice (dress for the part you are playing) to the extreme. I thank him for originally cluing me in to dress the way people expect you to dress; to wear a *uniform* that announces to the world who you are (or want to be).

Gene took to mocking me, in a joking way, about becoming a Super-Hippie. "The way you look, how can I send you anywhere?" he'd complain with a wink.

I used Car and Driver jobs as loss-leaders. I gave up trying to make money on them and instead considered my page space in each issue as a form of advertising.

Of course, Gene knew that; he milked me while stroking my ego; he knew I'd take whatever concept he threw at me and produce it to the "nth degree." I gave him more bang per buck.



I was into *making* pictures instead of *taking* them; he never knew what to expect and I enjoyed surprising him. Just about everything I was doing involved some kinds of effects; I seldom shot anything “straight” anymore. I wasn’t straight either; I was living a hyper-creative life; everything was about growth and expansion; and part of that involved expanding the mind. Those were heady days; more people were doing drugs more openly than ever before. But society was bifurcated; the majority were drinkers. I did both, on a regular basis, as part of a daily routine. Daytime was for business night was for creative work. I drank coffee all day then switched to gin at 7:00 pm [19:00]. If I was doing core creative, I would smoke some dope, especially for conceiving and writing. Many people use booze and drugs to party; I use them to escape into another dimension, one that is more focused. I don’t like being high around other people, or when I’m out-and-about; then I get paranoid. Mostly, I get high by myself, so my mind can wander where it wants to—what some call stream of consciousness. I’m high right now, writing this, enjoying some of last year’s crop.

1972 – Shooting Stars – Wishful Thinking

One of my last assignments for *Car and Driver* was photographing the start of the *Cannonball Baker Sea-to-Shining-Sea Memorial Trophy Run* (aka Cannonball Run). One of the magazine’s super-star writers, Brock Yates entered the legendary race. Yates was a motoring madman. I met him when *C/D* covered the Watkins Glen Grand Prix in 1968 and I got hired as a photographer. One night, after pizza and beer, the *C/D* gang decided to switch to another bar at the other end of town and, while at it, have a race to see who would pay for the drinks. I ended up in Brock’s car—it was a tweaked muscle car, like a GTO. I was supposed to take pictures but spent most of the time just hanging on for my life. Before or since, I was never in a car being driven by a master like Yates; he got that beefy car to turn on a dime; at one point, he spun the car 180-degrees in a used-car lot; that was breathtaking. the ride of a lifetime, but no pictures. Anyway....



Jack Cowell (left) also participated in the Cannonball Run that year, dressed as one of three priests (to deflect the law) driving a vintage Mercedes. Jack was Marty Touhy’s answer to a prayer; a guy who bridged the gap between editorial and advertising; until Jack, that was a feat only accomplished by Gene Butera. Butera came at it from the creative standpoint, Jack approached the great divide from the outlook of an MBA.

Cowell was a strategist; he soon graduated from *C/D* and became the protégé of advertising guru David Ogilvie, the fair-haired boy at Ogilvy & Mather—the ad agency for Mercedes Benz. For whatever reason, Jack—who I had never been particularly friendly with, he with short hair, me with long—convinced the agency to hire me to shoot an advertising campaign. That was the most lucrative job a photographer could get.

At that point in my career, the shoot for Mercedes was the biggest assignment I ever had. I hired two friends, Allan Seiden and Wiley Crockett, to assist me. Wiley wrangled cars. Allan helped me on-camera, changing film, fetching gear, etcetera.

The shoot became a disaster when the weather turned against us. It rained and rained and rained for the entire week. Wherever we went it was gloomy and wet; not the best conditions for taking beauty shots of cars.

We started the Mercedes shoot at my favorite car location: the Farber Limestone quarry in Franklin, New Jersey. I knew that place inside and out having shot a dozen cars there. The piles of gravel looked like the sand dunes of Arabia.

We got some good shots but after day one, the gray weather precluded beauty shots, so we moved to the Pine Barrens on the south-Jersey shore.



The State Park there, nicknamed the Pines [pronounced, Pine-ees], had acres of stubby pine trees trying to earn their living in the sandy soil of former sand dunes and miles of little-used roads. The scrubby landscape was not what I'd call beautiful even in the best of weather and looked even more pitiful in the rain.

I shot with a slow shutter speed to blur the bleak background. The wet weather prevented me from using electronic flash for fill lights, so the whole shoot looked like gritty reportage coverage instead of the well-lit, polished, studio look the agency guys wanted. They got more upset as the rain persisted. They insisted on getting beauty shots but had no recommendations as to how we were going to do that. I became the fall guy. (I told you before—when the weather sucks, the photographer always gets blamed.)

The Mercedes-Benz 450 SL.
Too refined to be a sports car.
Too responsive not to be.

Best sports car in the world
The 450 SL, a comprehensive sports car, makes it difficult for some people to think of it as a pure sports automobile. Phil Hill, the only American to ever win the title of World Driving Champion, had no such problem. After racing it through its paces, he called the Mercedes-Benz 450 SL "the best sports car in the world."

Presence...and a split personality
There was good reason for Hill's praise. This is a transverse automobile that is outstandingly precise. And a split personality.
With the convertible top in place, it takes the form of a luxury car. With the top down, it's a sports car. With the top down, it's a sports car. With the top down, it's a sports car.

Pure pleasure
Bring open one of the large doors. Winners who have cranked sports cars will appreciate the ease of entry and exit with a 450 SL. Whether in one of the four seats or in the back, you'll find the 450 SL a pleasure to drive. The 450 SL is a pleasure to drive. The 450 SL is a pleasure to drive. The 450 SL is a pleasure to drive.

Time the key
There's no 450 SL anywhere in the world like this. 4.5 liter, turbocharged, overhead cam V-8. New 450 SL is a pleasure to drive. The 450 SL is a pleasure to drive. The 450 SL is a pleasure to drive.

The situation was excruciating as it played out. I overheard Cowell and his agency team planning their excuses for a failed shoot. By the end of the week, morale was non-existent. And, to top it off, a dozen lenses crashed three feet to the ground when Allan forgot to latch the lens case closed. Thankfully, the lenses landed on rain-softened sand; none broke, but all needed to be cleaned and dried, which meant going back to the hotel; that caused a significant delay that was later held against me when the client tried (successfully) to scam me on my bill.

1972 – Fire in the Hole – Booming Business

Business boomed; I was doing a lot of board work (layouts and paste-ups), which generated too much mess for the elegant library; so, I moved my art table from the front to the back room; there I could spread out over the darkroom counter and bed when extra space was needed.

Having a fireplace made working there very convenient; I could simply burn the voluminous scraps of paper and illustration board. However, one afternoon I nearly burned the house down. The chimney flue had somehow shut and the fireplace was well-stuffed with scraps of paper coated with rubber cement. The tinder went up in a massive ball of flames that licked out of the fireplace up to the mantle, scorching a painting on the wall above.

Fortunately, I had a fire extinguisher. Unfortunately, it was a powder extinguisher. Have you ever used one of those? The powder gets into everything, everywhere—worse than dry-wall dust. It took two days to wipe down the room and repaint the fireplace. [Spoiler Alert: two years later I made the same mistake on the second floor; but that time I had a CO2 extinguisher.]

Right after Christmas, Kay Epstein went out of business. The entire second floor of the building became available. It was a real showcase, even more elegant than the third floor.

Kay was dating the CEO of Lincoln Steel, Bob Schwartz; he was impressed by Kay's presentation and deal-making skills; he made her an offer she couldn't refuse (considering that her gallery sales were in the toilet, thank you *Dick Nixon*).

Bob was fascinated by my crazy lifestyle; he hired me to make a brochure about the company and an art promotion for Lincoln's steel telephone and street-lighting poles. I made Schwartz a poster graphic—called *Endless Highway*—that he used for an art-print promotion, like the limited-edition pieces I made for Harry Mote at Basford (*Tube City* and *In the Stars*).

Schwartz was the one who suggested I take over Kay's lease, to guarantee that the space would be mine. Otherwise, if it went back to the landlord—Andrew Michaels—he might lease it to someone else for higher rent. I was on good terms with Michaels. He was a Swiss financier who owed the building as an investment. A year later; he offered me a one-third interest in the building, which I declined; but, that's another story.

Kay was offering me the opportunity of a lifetime and I jumped on it. The expansion couldn't have happened at a better time for me; business was booming. With two floors, I could separate the space to fit my life; working on the second floor, living on the third. The new space had higher ceilings.

The front room, once Kay's white-painted gallery space, became my photo studio. It was also a great playroom for Dona's kids, Angela and Damien, when they visited. [See 1972 – *Complications* – *Change of Heart*.]



The back half was a magnificent, wood-paneled room where I made into an art studio. Graphic-design work was a growing part of my business; it was what kept the Bardo alive, I couldn't have afforded the rent selling only pictures. The little back room, behind the wash room, became my business office.

1970s | Portfolio | Part Three | Plates N^{os} 1-68

The third part of the 1970s portfolio continues where the second part of the 1960s portfolio leaves off—at Mesney's Mad Medicine Show, on 23rd Street. The work is not presented in strict chronological order.

Plate N^o 1: Andréa Lawrence snapped the shutter for this selfie, in 1970. The picture emulates one I saw of Jim Morrison [The Doors] with whom I identified.

Plates N^{os} 2-3: For the first month, Andréa was OK with living in Flushing. She was getting into photography; we'd take photo walks in Kissena Park, near my Quince Avenue apartment, where these pictures were taken, with a 300 mm Nikkor lens. Andréa's holding a Nikon FTn with a 55 mm Micro-Nikkor lens.

Plates N^{os} 4-5: Apologies for the moiré pattern; I probably shouldn't have enlarged the lead shot, of the front and back of the 4-sided folder I made for Justine Model Consultants when they moved uptown, to Vidal Sassoon's prestigious salon at 803 Madison Avenue. The inside spread is shown on the bottom of Plate N^o 4. Part of the job entailed designing Justine's logo. The picture of Justine on N^o 4 was taken during WOR-Radio's interview of Justine and Wilhelmina. Plate N^o 5 shows Justine working with model Patty Martin.

Plates N^{os} 6-8: Stanley Kubrick's epic drama, 2001: A Space Odyssey, had an enormous impact on me; I went to see it a half dozen times, at the Keith's Theater, in Flushing, a huge, art-deco, 1920s theater with a big screen and a dynamite sound system. After that, space became a theme in many of my photo-illustrations. Both of these are of model Andrea Suter. Reach for The Stars, (originally called Universe Lady) was the first, followed closely by Space Lady, which was used for a 2-sided poster, when the studio became Mesney's Third Bardo, in 1972.

Plate N^o 9: This shot was model Kylen Golden's idea; I went along with it to "balance" my growing portfolios of nude girls. The shot was eventually sold to Bee Line Books, for a cover. [See 1970s | Portfolio | Part Four | Plate 39.] A Hasselblad camera with a 150 mm Zeiss lens was used for the shot; the lighting was a bank of ten 500-watt photo-flood lamps; they didn't provide much light (for a big space) but sure got the studio hot. Golden wasn't sweating, however; he greased himself with Tropicana Sun Tan Oil for the shot.

Plates N^{os} 10-11: The Square Root of Thirteen Times Thirteen Squared, aka Root 13, was the name of this so-called "photomic apperception test." The original was assembled on a 40 X 40-inch [~ 100 X 100-cm] black illustration board. The little pictures were 2 X 2-inch [~ 5 X 5-cm] cut-outs, from contact sheets of Hasselblad negatives, all shot with a 150mm Zeiss lens, some of them colored with Kodak dye transfer colors.

Plates N^{os} 12-13: Apple Eye was put together for Apple Records, for a corporate ad in Billboard, the newspaper of the music industry. Joey Clapper brought in the job; he and his friend, Bobby Held, were rock-star wannabes. He also brought in the Billy Preston job on Plate N^{os} 16. The record company never paid me for the shot and Billboard's printer made a mess of the picture; so, there was no chance to use the Billboard tear sheet in my portfolio; but, I adapted the original picture to make Four Eyes.

3.5-inch-square [~9-cm-square] prints were displayed in plexiglass prisms; those were used for the Third Bardo's Christmas gift that year, for special clients.

Plates N^{os} 14-15: I got hooked on airbrushing; it was fun and the results set me apart from other photographers. The airbrush illustration, Mobius Roadway, was made on spec for Car and Driver; I was going to superimpose cars, but never finished the piece. "Andrea Bubble" was an enormous undertaking. After a master bubble was airbrushed, photo-copies and step-printed 24 times in 12 sizes. Those bubbles were cut out and pasted-up to create a master bubble-ring, which was in turn photo-copied, printed in three sizes, and pasted onto an illustration of stars. The master artwork was made on a 30 X 20-inch [~75 X 50-cm], double-weight Bainbridge board; that was photo-copied by Modernage Labs to make a 4 X 5-inch [~10 X 15-cm] master negative.

Plate N^o 16: Joey Clapper, my ultra-cool assistant, figured he could land an album cover for Billy Preston; he persuaded me to make a sample he could show Preston's record company, Apple Records. After my first experience with Apple, I was reluctant; but he was insistent that we give Apple another chance; so, he and I went to Preston's concert at Radio City Music Hall (Joey got us press passes) and shot Preston at his Wurlitzer organ; then, I copied the background from Reach for the Stars (then called Universe Lady) and airbrushed in some clouds. It wasn't too much work, so I agreed to it. Do I need to tell you the upshot? Right: nada.

Plate N^o 17: Westchester Medical Center got my name from the American Bible Society for whom I occasionally did pro-bono work. They hired me to shoot an aerial picture of their vast campus in Valhalla, New York, for the cover of a fund-raising brochure. I hired a Jet Ranger helicopter for some \$800 an hour. For basic coverage, the chopper circles the campus while I shot with a 28 mm Nikkor lens and R25 (red) filter, on Panatomic-X film, for the finest grain and detail. Then I hung a motorized Nikon FTn with an 8 mm Fisheye-Nikkor 15-feet [~3 meters] below the helicopter (to avoid the landing skids) with a special harness, hand made, with a 25-foot shutter release cord. The fisheye shot didn't cut it, because the central point of the campus complex was a patch of grass and the buildings were hard to distinguish. Neither did the low-profile, four-storey-high buildings stand-out much better in the straight shots. So, I combined them into one of my growing collection of star-light scenes, using the fisheye shot like a moon. The campus buildings were highlighted by graying-down everything else, using diluted Spot-Tone with the airbrush. The stars in all my night scenes were painted by hand, one by one, placed carefully, not willy-nilly, to approximate the natural look of heavens.

Plates N^{os} 18-19: Robert Olsen's Cubic furniture (all cut from a single cube, like a three-dimensional jig-saw puzzle) won a place in Armco Steel's Student Design Program, in 1970. To do the publicity shots, he and I hauled the furniture prototypes out to the abandoned quarry on Long Island that featured in so many of my pictures. As I was dating Chris Haynes (aka Raven Slaughter), I worked her into the shots. A 20 mm Nikkor lens was used, with an R25 (red) filter to blacked the sky.

Plates N^{os} 20-21: Next to the Zinc Institute's Zn-75 job, Armco City was my biggest studio job. It involved building a set that incorporated models of the futuristic concepts selected for Armco Steel's Student Design Program. I sketched the scene and handed it off to Kathy McMasters, one of my studio groupies.

She built it with the assistance of Tom Allen and Richard Faye. It was a fantastic construction of papier mâché over chicken-wire frames; the surface of the sea was blue Plexiglas. McMasters built almost as many models as the students, to "round out" the scene. It was shot with the Hasselblad and a wide-angle 50 mm Zeiss lens (about as wide as a 28 mm lens on a 35 mm camera).

Plate N°22: I was beginning to generate considerable income selling my work as "stock" photography. My rep, Sue Keeton, captured an ad campaign for the printers'-ink-maker, Compton & Knowles, featuring two of my Atomicolor shots: Red Surfer, shot in Rincon, Puerto Rico, and Night Sail, shot off Block Island, Rhode Island.

Plate N°23: My live-in helper, Ed Just, modeled for this press-release photo of a Lanier dictating machine, in 1970. It was shot for Burt Holmes who, by now, had also left the Basford agency to go in business for himself, as a PR consultant. It's shot with the Hassie (Hasselblad) and a 150 mm Zeiss lens.

Plate N°24: Sue Keeton modeled for this shot, taken in Nassau, at a seaside villa on Paradise Island, Nassau, rented by her Hippopotamus Club buddies, Nicki and Carol Byrnes. Together, we made a portfolio that she used to promote herself as a model and me as a lensman. Alas, she was impatient and moved on before her efforts bore fruit.

Plate N°25: Sue Keeton had the hots for Rod Laver; she loved to hang with the tennis set. "For the book," (portfolio) "please shoot Rod at the Forest Hills Tennis Open." How could I say no? So, we went (she wrangled tickets through her rich BF, Arthur Davis). We couldn't get near enough to get anything during the matches. I took this frame during the warm-ups, using a 200 mm Nikkor lens and a slow-shutter, 1-second exposure. The camera was not on a tripod; I hand-held it steady enough to get a point of clarity, in this case, his shoe. Hello, Nike?

Plates N°s 26-31: George Ramos, art director of Snowmobiling magazine, modeled as the Abominable Snowman for a fictitious feature. I wish I got paid by the hour, instead of the page rate; the make-up and costuming took forever; and the hot lights I was using got the studio so hot that the make-up ran and Ramos almost suffocated in the thick fur suit. Plate N°26 was a composite of the studio character pasted onto a shot of Washington State's Mount Ranier. N°s 30 and 31 were composites of studio shots with photos made in Central Park after a wicked snowstorm, and stock photos.

Plate N°32: Robin Ross modeled for this Extrudo Film ad. I guess it was easy for her to look coy at my lens; we had been sleeping together.

Plate N°33: Chemical Week magazine purchased one of my stock photos of the Americas Cup Race yacht US22 Intrepid, for a cover story about boating chemicals.

Plates N°s 34-35: Sue Keeton scored another stock-photo cover, for the October '70 issue of Modern Plastics. The art director like the look of my Atomicolor work and subsequently hired me to shoot a plastic-sheet fabrication machine for the January '71 cover, which was shot on Infrared-Aero Ektachrome using a Nikon FTn, a 20 mm Nikkor lens, and a two-filter combo of a Tiffen 2 mm cross-star and a #58G (green) filter, which rendered the scene in shades of magenta and blue. The 20 mm had such a wide-angle view that the filters had to be oversized (95 mm) to avoid clipping the corners.

Plate N°36: The infamous watch incident surrounding True magazine's watch photo-feature is detailed in the manuscript [See, 1971 – Check, Please – An Existential Lesson]. Art director Bob Beauchamps original concept, spies synchronizing their watches under a streetlight in the rain, was re-shot—for Penthouse magazine. But True didn't have time for a reshoot. Instead, I shot Kylen Golden in the studio, late at night the same day the first take came back blank, to meet Beauchamp's press deadline. He's wearing my family-crest ring; that added a little gold to his "fence-man's" outfit.

Plate N°37: Yours Truly in the 73rd Street studio with my favorite set-up for shooting portraits: A Hasselblad 500C camera and Zeiss 150 mm lens mounted on a Gitzo tripod with an RN-3 head modified with Slik's more ergonomic tripod handles. Behind me is a twin-head Balcar strobe fitted to a 6-foot-diameter [~2 meters] white umbrella. Note the extra-long shutter-release cable draped over the lens. Gitzo made the best tripods, then and now; I still have four of them.

Plates N°s 38-39: Sue Keeton peddled my sailing pictures all over town; these two Rudder magazine covers were among her first scores. They were both shot at the 1969 Block Island Races, from the good ship Aquarius, piloted by Wiley Crocket. The boat's owner, Eugene Carduner, was a bon-vivant who took sailboat racing semi-seriously. At the request of his wife, he stayed ashore one day, for a social event, and let Wiley take out Aquarius; with space for one more, Wiley invited me to come along. That was the day I shot these two Rudder magazine covers. The telescope effect (Plate N°s 38) was done by putting the tubular lens shade of a short-telephoto 105 mm Nikkor lens onto a wide-angle 28mm lens fitted with a Tiffen polarizing filter. The spray effect (Plate N°s 39) was done by placing glycerin drops on a UV filter; water drops were impossible to control; glycerin stayed put and didn't evaporate; and it was easy to clean off, with water. The lens was a 28mm Nikkor fitted with a 95 mm Tiffen polarizer over 72 mm UV droplet filter.

Plate N°40: Nearly a year later, Rudder magazine bought another of my sailing photos, for the January '72 cover; by then Sue Keeton had left the studio, too late for the myriad sales of stock sailing shots, stimulated by the first Rudder covers and the work done for the New York Boat Show [see, Plates N°s 48-52].

Plates N°s 40-42: Two Boating magazine covers, back-to-back, in May and June, were a direct result of the work done for the New York Boat Show [see, Plates N°s 48-52]. Both were shot during the 1969 Block Island Race Week, from Eugene Carduner's Aquarius.

Plates N°s 43-52: Sue Keeton's biggest score was the sale of four stock sailing pictures for Kenyon Marine's 1971 Christmas-gift promotion—sets of 5 X 8-inch [~12 X 18 cm] art prints, contained in specially-printed folders. The pictures were all Atomicolor shots, including three of US22 Intrepid and one of a Chris Craft shot in Florida during the GQ adventure.

Plates N°s 48-59: Left: the first National Boat Show poster, produced for the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers [NAEBM]. Right, the line-art version of the same artwork, rendered using a wave-line screen. Two Atomicolor shots from the GQ shoot were merged by Thad McGar at Wellbeck Studio; the master art was an 11 X 14-inch [~27 X 35 cm] transparency.

Plate N°50: One hundred copies of the first National Boat Show poster were sent to clients and prospects. Attached to each was a giant dollar bill, 8.5 X 20 inches [~20 X 50 cm], together with a mini flyer headlined: "Is the dollar really shrinking?" The payoff line was: "Can we help enlarge your corporate esteem?"

Plate N°51: NAEBM did not purchase a transit-billboard advertising package in 1972, so the second National Boat Show poster was smaller and more Pop. Recall that the art world was still heavily influenced by the legendary Pop Art work of Peter Max and Tom Daley. Art director Tom Ridinger's typographical choices were right in keeping with the times. Again, two Atomicolor images from the GQ shoot were merged by Thad McGar at Wellbeck Studios. The composite was framed with pearlescent-silver ink.

Plate N°52: As described in the manuscript [see, 1971 – Prestige Gigs – My Ship Comes In] Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Company, the US importer of Nikon cameras and Nikkor lenses, used my work for a tie-in promotion at the 62nd National Boat Show. They sponsored this ad for the Boat Show program. Until I remember his name, the model shall unfortunately remain anonymous.

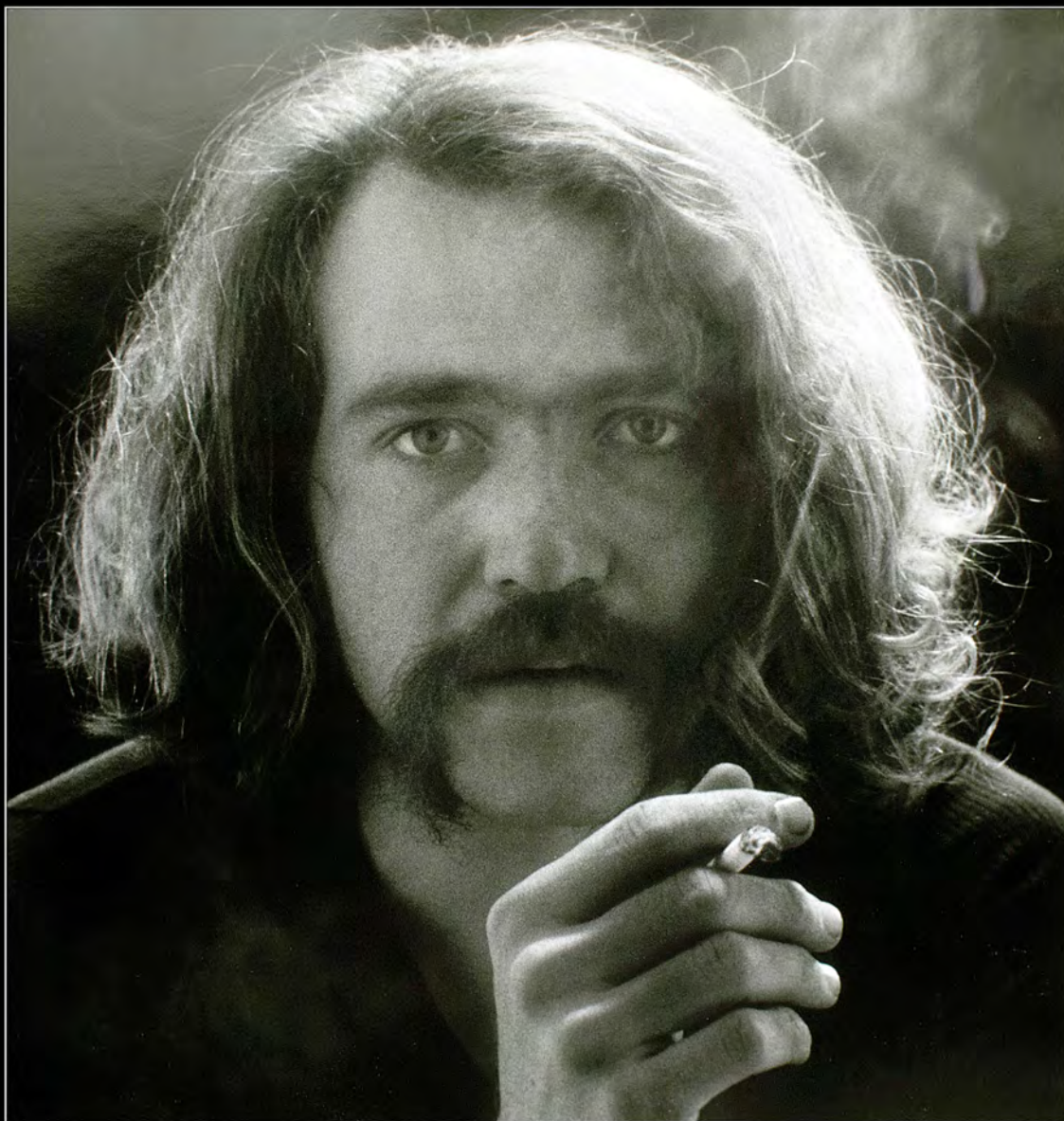
Plate N°53: The cover of Chilton's Marine Products Magazine was yet another stock photo sale of a US22 Intrepid Atomicolor shot. At the time, Chilton was a major publisher of business-to-business magazines; Iron Age was their biggest, most successful publication. When I worked at Basford, several of the press releases I wrote for American Iron and Steel Institute were published in Iron Age.

Plates N°s 54-61: The two-week photo odyssey in Florida, organized by Pete Tenney for Gentlemen's Quarterly, is well documented in the manuscript [see, 1971 – GQ – It's A Mad World After All]. The "plot" for the 12-page, men's-nautical-fashions photo feature was anchored on a story about a fictitious old millionaire (played by Scoop Gutterman) and his trophy concubine (Pat Smith) who throw a series of yacht parties for her friends. Andréa Lawrence accompanied me on that trip; she organized the refreshments and kept the parties going. Tenney, a free-lance writer, scored the gig and made all the arrangements—with Chris Craft, Irwin Marine and Cigarette Racing, through NAEBM. The most fun I had was a ride on water skis behind the Cigarette racing boat shown in Plate N°60.

Plates N°s 62-65: Another offshoot of my National Boat Show work were two spreads in WaterSport magazine, published by the Boat Owners Council of America. Managing editor, Glen Helgeland, first published an Atomicolor shot from the 1969 Block Island races (Plates N°s 62-63) and followed that with an eight-page spread of pictures taken during the GQ odyssey, described above (Plates N°64-65).

Plates N°s 66-67: I couldn't resist adding the stars to the GQ shot of a Cigarette racing boat. The original was shot on Plus-X film using an R29 (red) filter to blacken the blue sky and water. I shot from the bridge of a Chris Craft using an 85 mm Nikkor on a motorized Nikon FTn. This shot mimics an earlier version of the speedboat floating in the stars.

Plate N°68: The third section of the 1970s portfolio wraps up with two shots of my old neighborhood, Madison Park. The Medicine Show studio was just down the street from the Flat Iron building, where my maternal grandfather, Franklin Taylor, had his law offices.



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 1

Portrait by Andrea Lawrence | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 2

Andrea Lawrence | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 3

Andrea Lawrence | 1970

"THINK PRETTY: JUSTINE TEACHES YOU ... THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BECOMING A ONE-OF-A-KIND BEAUTY?"

GOSMOPOLITAN



Beauty Psychology

make-up design
facial realization exercises
free fluid movement
fashion form

NOW AT VIDAL SASSOON
803 madison avenue/new york, ny 10021
(212) 535-9200



model consultants limited.

justine 

A PROFESSIONAL MODEL KNOWS HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO PROJECT BEAUTY. SHE REALIZES THAT TOTAL WOMANHOOD IS KNOWING THAT INSIDE SHE IS MANY DIFFERENT PEOPLE. THE MODEL GIRL IS PROFESSIONAL BECAUSE SHE KNOWS HOW TO BE WHOEVER SHE WANTS. SHE COORDINATES ALL THE ASPECTS OF HER COMPLETE BEING... AND THAT'S WHAT MAKES HER TOTALLY BEAUTIFUL.

NOW HERE'S JUSTINE... NOW THERE'S A UNIQUE WAY FOR YOU TO KNOW WHAT MODELS KNOW. JUSTINE IS THE MODELS' MODEL. SHE HELPS YOU UNDERSTAND MORE ABOUT HOW TO BRING YOUR INNER BEAUTY OUT. IT'S SIMPLE, BECAUSE PROFESSIONAL MODELS CONSULT WITH YOU, SO YOU CAN SHARE THEIR SECRETS. AND WHO ELSE COULD TELL YOU MORE?

JUSTINE'S NOT THE SECRET... YOU ARE. BUT SHE HOLDS THE KEY... THE KEY THAT WILL HELP YOU UNLOCK YOUR INNER SELF AND REVEAL YOUR TOTAL BEAUTY. SHE'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO HARMONIZE YOURSELF... SO YOU BECOME MORE AWARE OF YOUR OWN BEAUTIFUL POTENTIALS, AND MORE ALIVE BECAUSE YOU ARE IN CONTROL. YOU'LL GO BEYOND VIBE BEAUTY INTO A NEW WORLD OF TOTAL SELF-FULFILLMENT.

"she's the model model!"

PHOTO/GRAPHICS: MESNEY

• VIDAL SASSOON WANTS YOU TO MEET

Justine*



model consultants limited

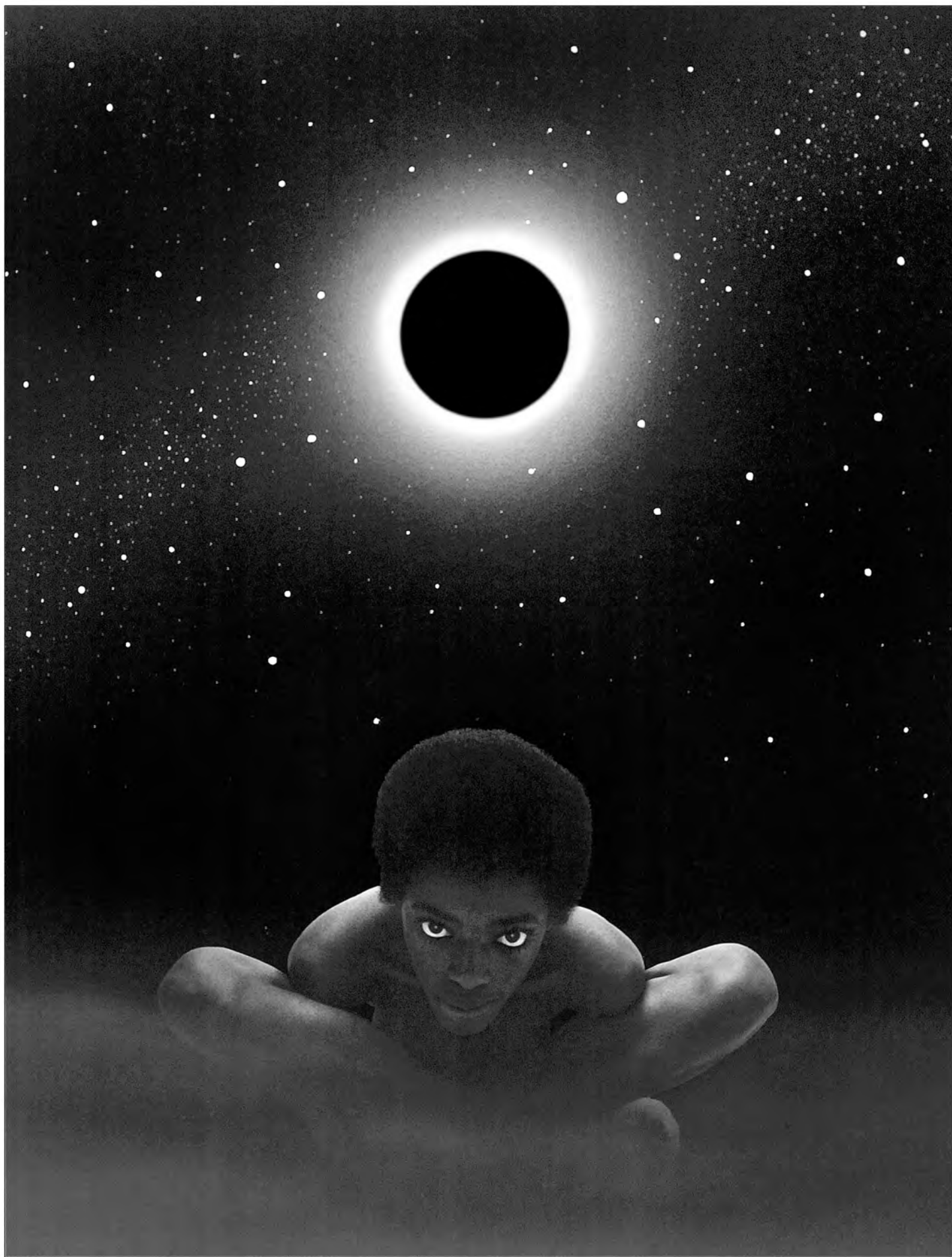
803 MADISON AVENUE/NEW YORK/N.Y. 10021/(212) 535-9200

MODEL MARIE ENGLISH



1970S | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 6

"Universe Lady" | Andrea Suter | 1969 | Renamed "Reach for The Stars," 2006

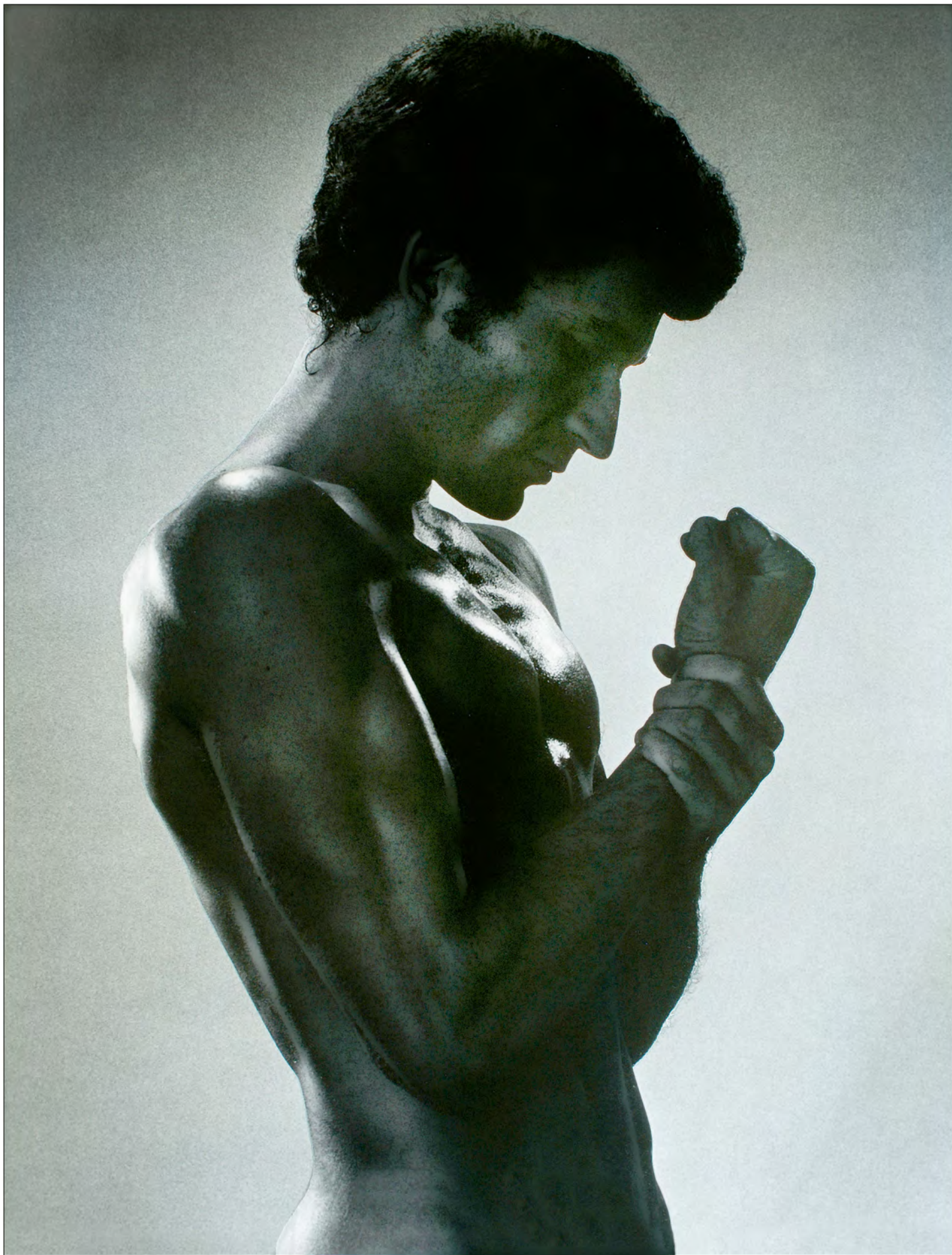


1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 7
“*Space Lady*” | *Andrea Suter* | 1969 | *Third Bardo* two-sided poster, 1972



1970S | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 8

"Space Lady" | Andrea Suter | 1969 | Third Bardo logo & two-sided poster, 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 9

Kylen Golden | Bee Line Books | 1970

Y



M

X

1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 10
 The Square Root of Thirteen Times Thirteen Squared | 1971



THE SQUARE ROOT OF THIRTEEN TIMES THIRTEEN SQUARED

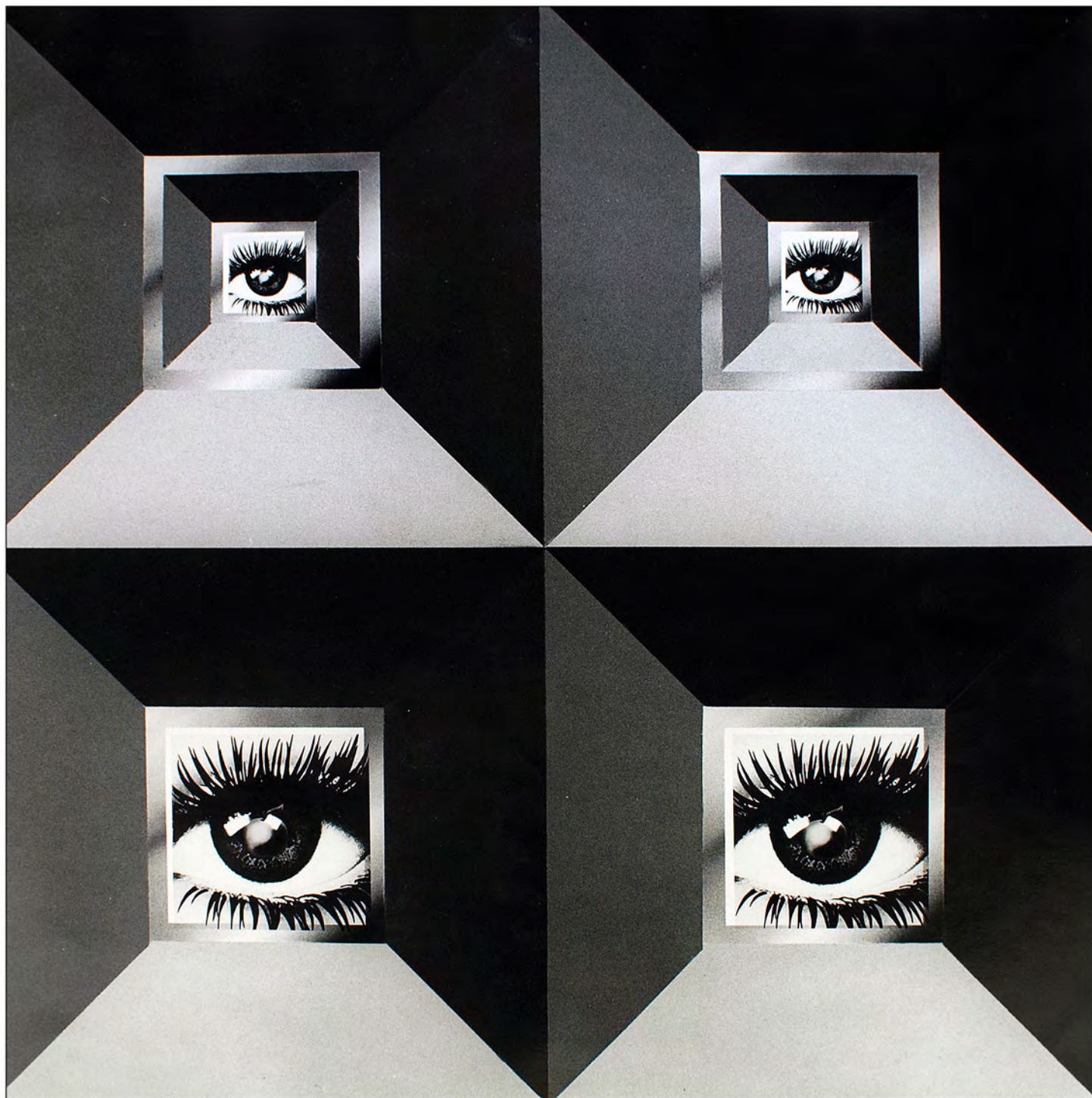
ROOT 13 is a "photomic apperception test," if you will. Or at least a modest attempt to graphically depict the correspondence of emotions among people as reflected in their facial expressions.

Using the "Y" axis as that of Hate, and "X" that of Love, each horizontal line presents the basic thirteen emotions of each of thirteen subjects who, in their own gestalts, range from more loving (bottom line) to more hating (upper line). Each vertical column presents the range of differences with which different people express a common emotion.

Also depicted are the lines of shared emotions. Thus the Blue line traces the aspect of Hatred relative to a person's Being, Red the line of Yearning, Yellow the line of Joy, Sepia the line of Sentimentality, Purple the line of Justice,



douglas mesney
photography
42 east 23rd street
new york, n. y. 10010
(212) 533-2630



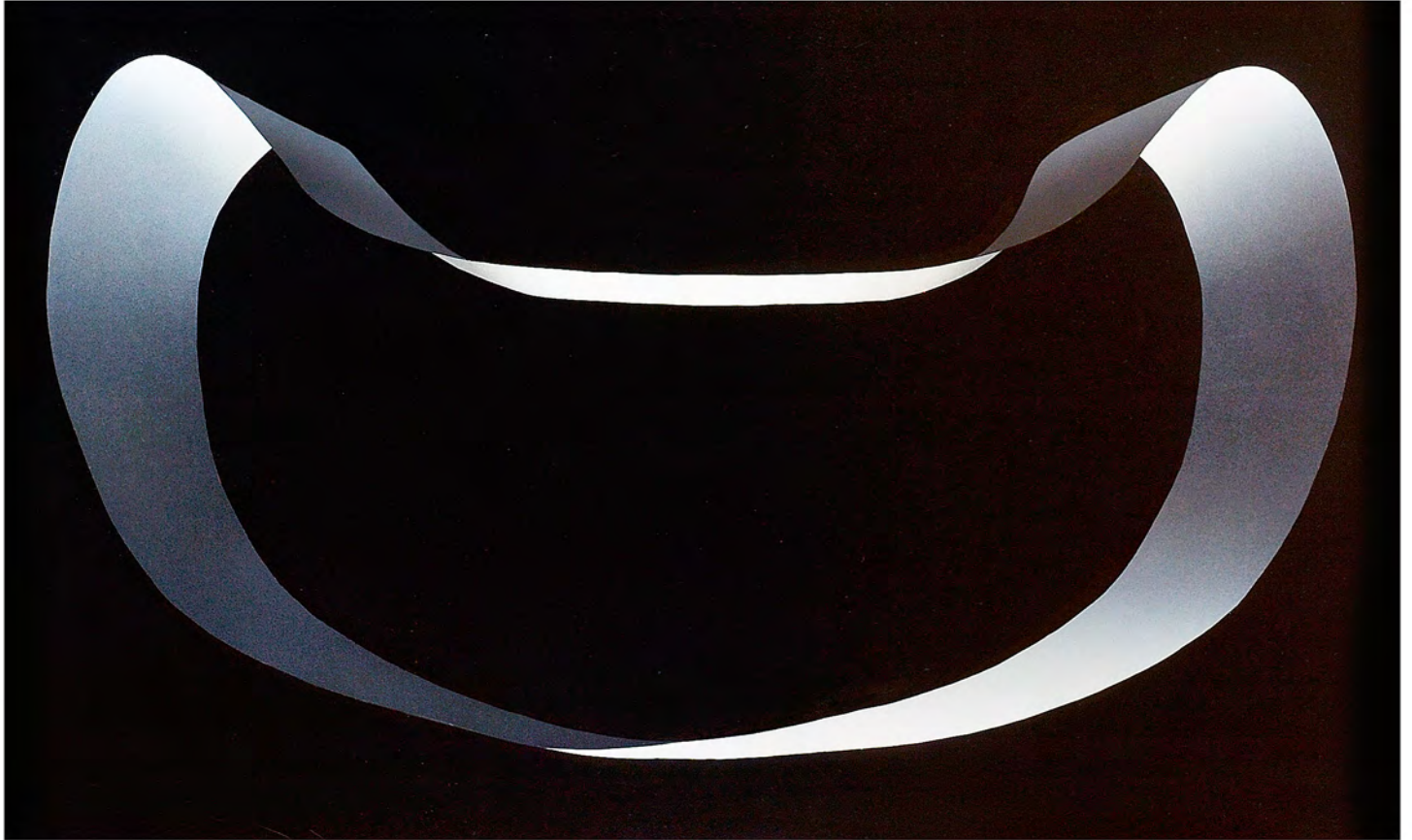
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 12

Four Eyes | *Airbrush study* | *Apple Records* | 1973



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 13

Apple Eye | *Airbrush study* | *Apple Records* | 1973





1970S | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 15

Andrea Bubble | *Airbrush study* | 1973



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 16

Billy Preston | Album liner | 1971

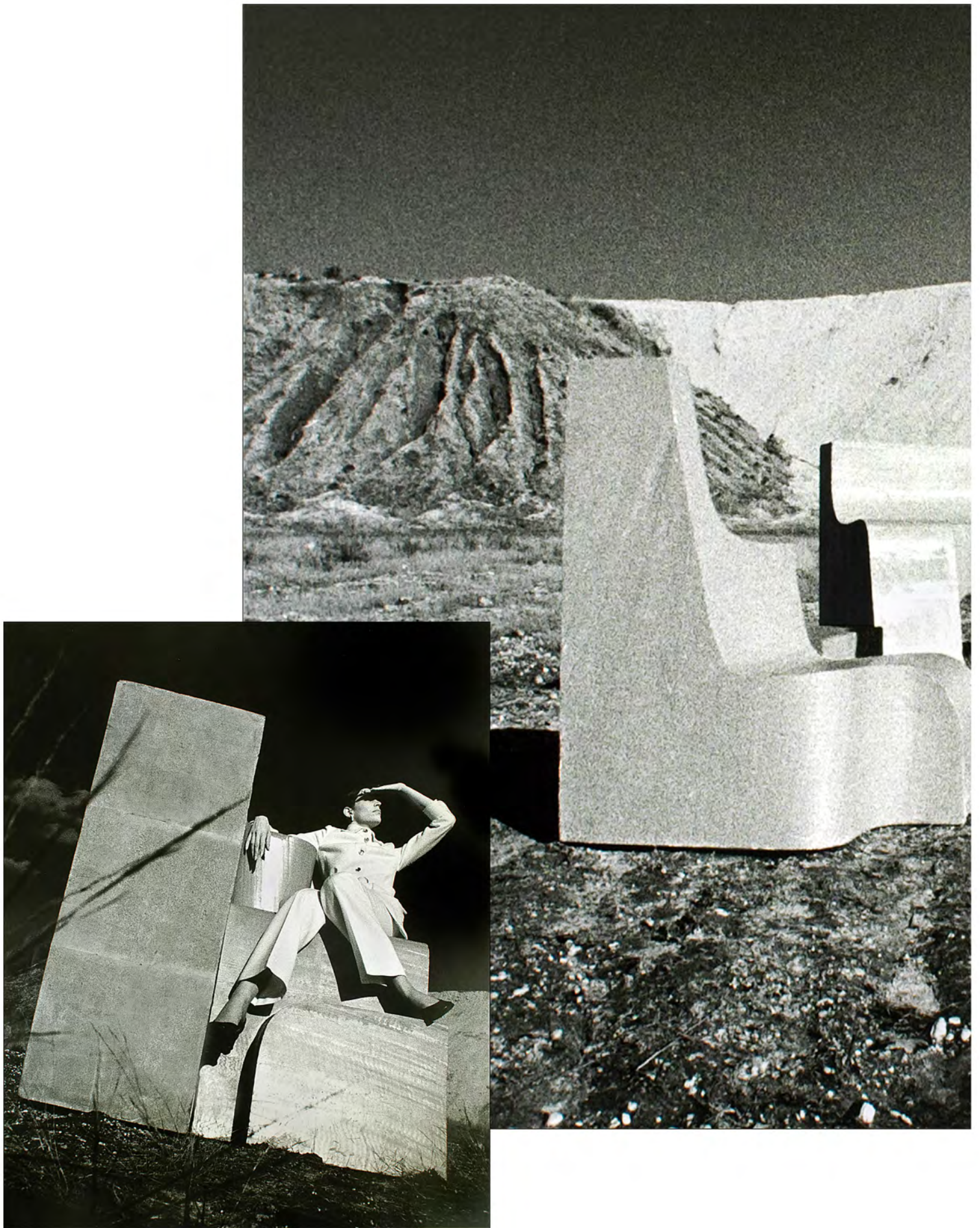
An aerial photograph of the Westchester Medical Center campus, featuring several large, light-colored buildings and parking lots, surrounded by dense green trees. In the upper portion of the image, a large, transparent globe is superimposed against a dark, starry night sky, with the campus's layout visible through its surface.

THE WESTCHESTER MEDICAL CENTER

A New Dimension in health
care, medical education and
community service.

1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 17

Westchester Medical Center | Brochure cover | 1971



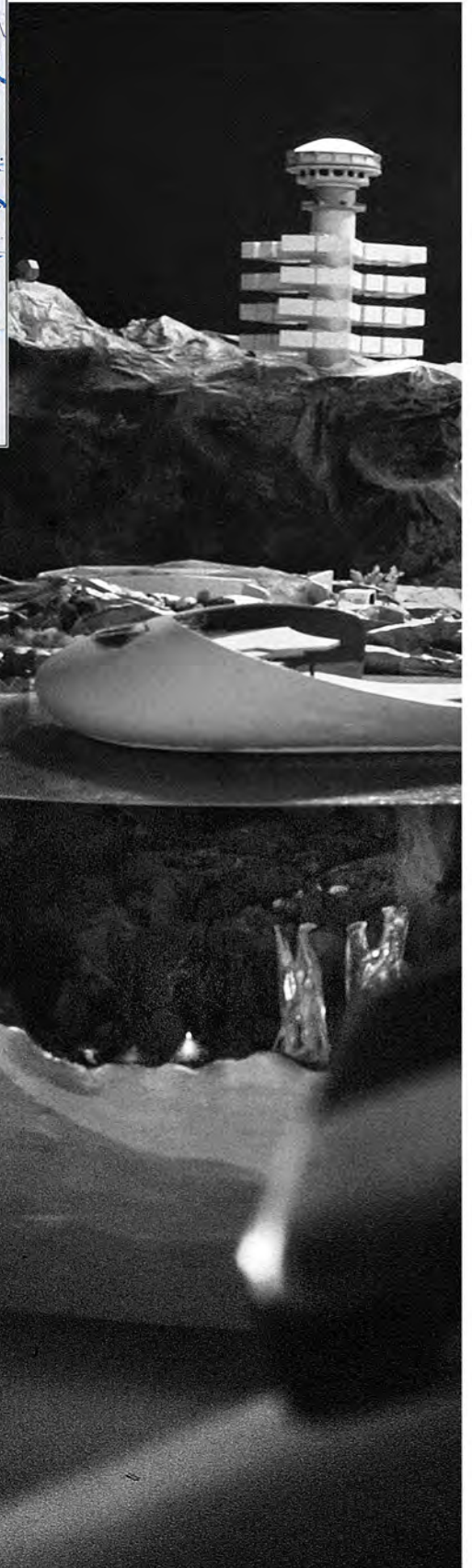
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 18

Armco Steel | Student Design Program | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 19

Armco Steel | Student Design Program | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 20
 Armco City | *Armco Steel* | *Student Design Program* | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 21
Armco City | *Armco Steel* | *Student Design Program* | 1970

A master of dyes sees color in many different lights.



As masters of dyes, we see disperse dyes and textile auxiliaries for texturized polyesters in many different lights.

In light of putting quality into each dye and chemical as if all our business depended on it—while still having a broad line so no customer is caught short.

In light of being so involved in your dyeing problems, we're just naturally called masters of dyes.

In light of that, we can talk to you about our Intrasil™ line of special disperse dyes for both piece and yarn dyeing of 100% texturized polyester knits. Specifically, these dyes are suitable for almost every type of dyeing machine and their various wet processing conditions. They're particularly suitable when fastness and brightness are critical. Our Intrasil Brilliant Yellow 6G, Orange R, Brilliant Red

4G and Red FTS have won wide acceptance in these applications.

Then, too, we offer a broad line of workhorse dyes—Intrasil Yellow 2GW, Orange 2RA, Dark Blue RB Conc., and Black PR, among others—that provide economy along with top-quality results.

Yes, we're masters of dyes, but we're something else, too—a multi-national network of manufacturing centers, sales of-

fices, service laboratories, research and development, and people dedicated to the business of dyes and chemicals.

Our disperse dyes for polyesters could put you on top of today's fashion trends. Your Crompton & Knowles salesman can give you all the details.

Crompton & Knowles
Dyes and Chemicals Division, Fair Lawn, N.J. 07410

A master of dyes sees color in many different lights.



As masters of dyes, we see disperse and reactive dyes for polyester/cotton and polyester/wool in many different lights.

In light of having the right people and equipment in our plants to make sure the dye product has all the required reproducibility and is also delivered on time.

In light of making a substantial investment in research and development, so we usually surprise the competition,

instead of the competition surprising us.

In light of that, we want to mention our Intracron® reactive dyes for cotton and polyester/cotton that feature exceptional reproducibility, levelness and penetration. They have excellent brilliance, ease of application and clarity.

Then, for reactive dyes for wool and polyester/wool, our Intracron W dyes not only provide the fastness that's so critical

for washable woolen goods, but also the reserve that's needed for the polyester fiber.

In addition, we also offer our specially developed Intrasil™ disperse dyes for both piece and yarn dyeing of the polyester portion of blends.

Yes, as masters of dyes we've mastered the science of dyemaking—but we're very practical, too. We know the real meaning

of money value and how to put it in our products.

Our disperse and reactive dyes could put you ahead of competition.

Your Crompton & Knowles salesman will give you all the details. Or, write to us at the address below.

Crompton & Knowles
Dyes and Chemicals Division, Fair Lawn, N.J. 07410



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 23

Lanier | Ed Just | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 24

Sue Keeton | Test | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 25

Rod Laver | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 26

Snowmobiling | Abominable Snowman | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 27

Snowmobiling | Abominable Snowman | 1970



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 28

Snowmobiling | Abominable Snowman | 1970

THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN



The strange, giant creature hid for centuries in the snowy highlands, eluding search parties of scientists and explorers. Then came the snowmobile, and a group of brave adventurers who tracked him down, found him and photographed him! That strange, giant man-beast called Yeti... Bigfoot... Sasquatch. And here he is! In the flesh!

As told By LADY PRIMROSE-SMITH,
wife of explorer Lord Edmund Richoff Primrose-Smith

Investing had become dull fun, indeed, with the dollar in such an ungracious slump, so Lord and Lady Primrose Smith, of the exclusive New Delhi set, were forced to discover other diversions with which to occupy their fertile minds and pocketbooks. It was on the recommendation of one Leif the Green (better known as Loch Ness Leif) that they outfitted themselves in the best of Neiman-Marcus tradition, with the latest in paraphernalia necessary to the hunting and photographing of big game beasts.

Nothing was to stop them. Into deepest, darkest Africa they went, trailed by thirty Pygmies who carried thirty cameras and thirty camera lenses, all of gigantic proportions, besides blow guns and poison water pistols, wardrobe trunks full of sporting clothes and the appropriate formal wear, a pull-apart, put-together emergency helicopter, an easy-assemble Amphicar, Newt the Bold (an ATV), and a box-case of Swiss Army knives, each with no less than 42 pull-out blades. Fanny Fishbein's Catering Service followed closely behind.

They returned from the jungle with rotifera, porifera and protozoa; with close-up photographs of the slimiest of snakes, the most toothsome of alligators, the most giant of elephant ears and the most ferocious of ferocious lion roars—and about half of the Pygmies with which they had started the journey.

Then off to Australia they went, seeking the platypus and the koala bear and back to the Himalayas to discover the Giant Panda and home again, only to discover that alas, there was nothing left to discover. Or photograph.

Of course, they had heard about the wild west of the United States and thought that there might be something huntworthy

there, although, pitifully, the bison was a bust and the wild horses pretty much rounded up by now. But on the off-chance, for things were getting frightfully boring, they placed an ad in the *Seattle Times*.

WANTED

One Beast. Never Before Hunted or Photographed.

If you Know of Such an Animal, Please Contact:

Prim. Box 121, Seattle Times.

What the Primrose-Smiths didn't know was that they had landed smack dab in the middle of Sasquatch country and that the Sasquatch was just the animal they were seeking. Our own Jerry Montgomery, of the *Seattle Times*, discovered the article and brought us in on the news. We supply the Primrose-Smiths with snowmobiles and a guide. And if, indeed, they flushed out a Sasquatch, we would gain exclusive right to the photographs and interviews.

Perchance you feel that it was our duty to submit these photographs to the international news media—to *Life* or the *New York Times*. Not so, ladies and gentlemen. In view of their obtuse views on snowmobiles, we held onto the information. It remains in our hands exclusively. (Take that, you scoundrels of the world press.)

Well, it happened. The Primrose-Smiths did discover that very beast who has roamed snowlands for centuries but has never been captured (dead or alive) or even photographed—a trait much emulated by and oft causing him to be confused with Mr. Howard Hughes, purportedly of Nevada.

It had been long established that such a creature existed (the Abominable Snowman, that is—Howard Hughes, heavens, no!) and that he roamed far off mountain slopes, ever elusive to the advances of man-

kind which, due to the ruggedness of the terrain have been mercifully slow. His names are various: the Yeti, Bigfoot, Ohma, the Bogs.

The Sasquatch was named "Saskehava" by the Indians, a word that means "wild-man". The Chehalis tribe believed the man-beasts to be descendants from two bands of giants who were almost exterminated in battle many years ago but still meet on occasion, causing great rumbles and fires in the mountains. Some folks say that he is an Indian. Some say that he is a big bear. But those who had seen him swore that he was a giant man-animal, a manimal, a fact that Lady Primrose-Smith has certainly borne out by her excellent photographs.

The Sasquatch walks erect, has fingers and toes and generally human features, with the exception of a couple of over-enthusiastic teeth and a very harried exterior—the latter characteristic causing certain Northwestern non-believers to claim that he is more an overgrown hippie than a Sasquatch. (Shame on them.) His voice is a shrill bark and he's said to be very tall indeed. He is a friendly beast, if he is a beast, but then again, he's possibly a man.

SNO: Lady Primrose-Smith, what led you to leave your home in New Delhi and come all the way to Washington State to seek out the Sasquatch?

PRIM: Well, it was my guru, of course, who convinced me that my telepathy was clear and that we would find the poor beast in the United States, and possibly liberate him. Besides, it was a nice day and there wasn't anything better to do.

SNO: You never doubted his existence?

PRIM: Oh, heavens no, man! Why there have been people who have seen him before, seen whole tribes of them if you will!

Why a perfectly respectable man, named Warren Scott, held hands with a Sasquatch back in 1961. He was captured by a band of the dears somewhere in British Columbia (near Lake Harrison—ed.). He was doing bush work for the Mounties, I believe. One of them picked him up while he was in his sleeping bag, slung him over his back and took him to their leader. There were Sasquatch caves all over the valley (the creatures live in caves you know), and Scott was dumped into one.

SNO: And he escaped?

PRIM: Oh, well, they let him go, I suppose. They are friendly creatures, anyway. Scott said they treated him like a pet dog.

SNO: Do you know of any other Sasquatch sightings?

PRIM: Well, my word, there are many, many of them. Entirely too many to talk about.

SNO: What others are of particular interest?

PRIM: Why a lady, a Mrs. Chapman of British Columbia, was chased by a Sasquatch back in the '40s. But they go much further back than that. They say that the first recorded sighting was in 1841. And two teenagers were just recently chased by a ten-foot tall Sasquatch. And there's that lady in Seattle who says that she talked to the Sasquatch. She said "Are you a Sasquatch?" And he said "yes." It was through mental telepathy, of course. I was much too busy photographing him to engage in conversation. Photographs are better evidence, don't you agree?

SNO: Absolutely. We want to ask you about your photographs in a minute. But won't they be amazing to people like John Green and others, who have spent so many years in pursuit of the beast, the manimal as you call him?

PRIM: Oh, indeed. John Green was the man who wrote the books, wasn't he? You know, there are several books on the poor creatures. But Green spent a fortune hunting down the Sasquatch. Yes. He was editor of a weekly paper, I believe. And he used to carry around a tape recording of a Sasquatch scream—not a real one, but one made by a man—to attract them, you know. But I hardly think that is the way to attract a Sasquatch. First off, you need a snowmobile. Green says that the Sasquatch kept him broke for 12 years. We're thinking of setting up a fund for him. You know, he's got a computer on the trail. He set it up to correlate sightings with moon phases and so forth. Very intriguing chap.

40

But he really needs a snowmobile, you know.

SNO: What about footprints? There have been a lot of giant prints found, have there not?

PRIM: Oh, yes. Why at one time, they found 4,972 prints in a row before they faded out. Prints are found quite often.

SNO: What do they look like?

PRIM: Well, like a big man's foot. They say they've measured prints up to 17 inches long and strides up to five feet long—ten feet when the poor manimal runs. They're so big, they can step over fences. Scientists estimate from prints that the average Sasquatch is about 9 feet tall, and weighs about 400 pounds, although Scott says he saw baby Sasquatches about four feet tall.

By the by, there are also a number of

been discovered. Disbelievers, all!

SNO: Have there ever been any other photographs of this creature?

PRIM: Now, we really musn't call him a creature. He is a manimal, I am convinced of it. Yes. There have been pictures. A gentleman named Marx, Ivan Marx, I believe, had some color film, about two minutes of it, taken from some distance away. Marx said that the Sasquatch had been hit by a train. He is hardly visible crawling in the underbrush, then walking. Oh, not very good photographs, I dare say. Sasquatch are curious cre—manimals. The Indians used to say that they were often seen floating down rivers, just like logs. One fellow swore that he saw one swimming the Pacific during World War II. I think that fellow has a very vivid imagination. They say that an American oilman offered one million



Polly Primrose-Smith leapt into the cabin the Sasquatch left.

very respectable organizations interested in the Sasquatch. There's the International Wildlife Conservation Society, Inc., in Washington D.C. They have appropriated funds for numerous hunts. And the Northwest Research Association. And the Pacific Northwest League for Protection of Sasquatch has gone so far as to rally on the capitol steps in Olympia. Honest men, and good. They knew the Sasquatch to be in danger of extinction and wanted to protect it. Last summer, they rallied. There are fifteen members of that group. Sasquatch opponents immediately wanted to know how you could save an animal that hadn't yet

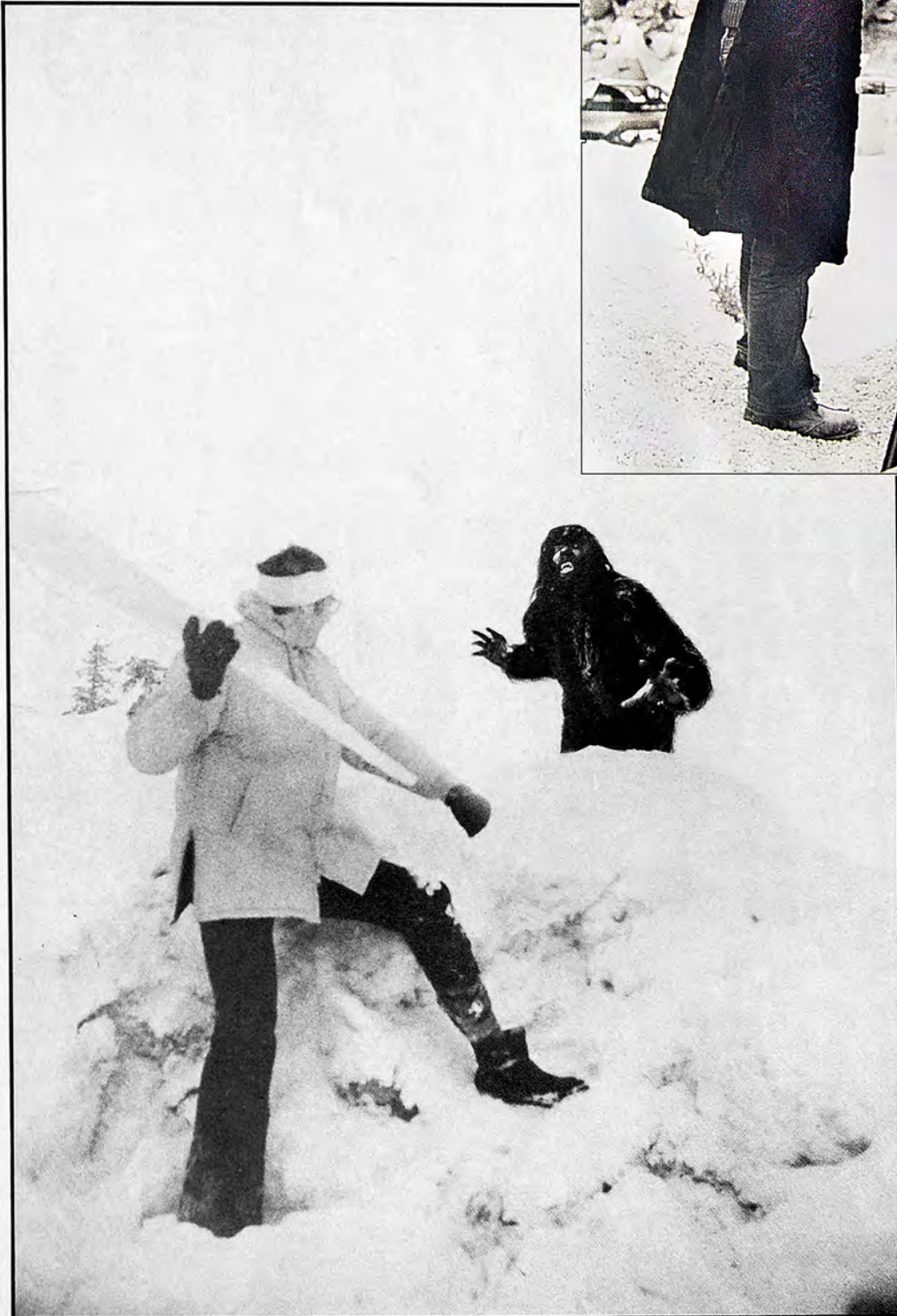
dollars for anybody bringing him a Sasquatch. Of course, you know that it's illegal to hunt Sasquatch in some places.

SNO: No. What is the story?

PRIM: Well, there is no closed season on Sasquatches in Canada, for instance, but a Sasquatch is a manimal, after all. He's at least *part* man, so he's not anyone you should go aiming rifles at indiscriminately. Up in Skamania County, Washington, they will give you five years in jail and a \$10,000 fine for killing one of the poor souls. It's the least they can do.

SNO: Well, Lady Primrose, didn't you take any weapons with you? And if not,

INVITATION TO SNOWMOBILING



Lord Primrose-Smith held the Sasquatch at bay with an enormous icicle.

(continued on page 106)

JANUARY/FEBRUARY

41



"Extrudo, I've heard you can get
anybody into films."

Well we can, my dear. Because Extrudo is the only big film producer making three basic types of films:

First, our polyethylenes. All kinds. Every price range. With specs that would make your lovely eyes sparkle.

Then there are our biaxially-oriented polypropylenes—films so talented that we're still discovering new ways to use them.

And third, for unmatched optics and audience appeal, we cast polypropylene.

Are we casting it now?! Certainly are. And frankly, we'd love to see how you'd look in it.

After all, if we can fit any type of film to any kind of product, we'd be fools not to try to fit one to you.

EXTRUDO FILM CORPORATION, An Affiliate of Enjay Chemical Company, 111 West 50th Street, New York, N.Y. 10020.

A McGraw-Hill publication 50 cents September 9 1970

Chemical Week

French chemical outlook: c'est formidable
Benzenoid chemicals industry fights to hold U.S. markets
AMERICA'S CUP: PACE-SETTER FOR BOATING CHEMICALS



October 1970

Modern Plastics

The voice of total plastics involvement

Cover feature:

Plastics race to meet

Detroit's challenge

Page 60

New way to make a sandwich:

injection mold

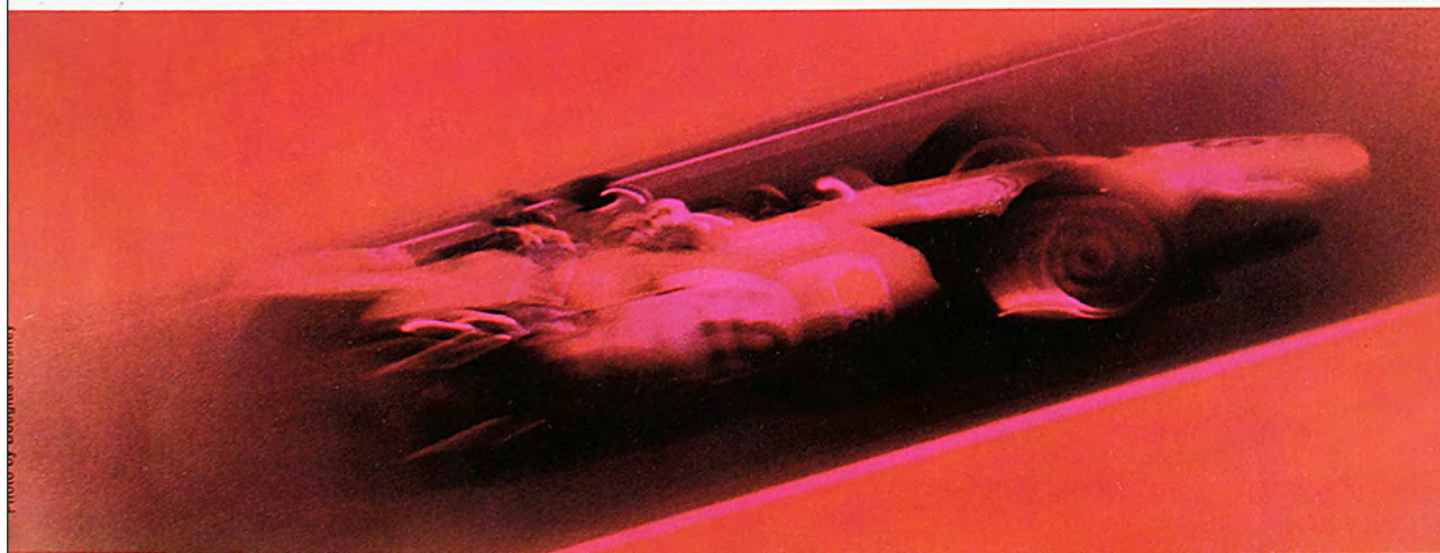
Page 66

Marvel of auxiliary equipment

Page 72

The new flammability indexes

Page 92



January 1971

Modern Plastics

The voice of total plastics involvement

Cover feature:

**Surprising 1970: Markets, p. 44;
Materials, p. 60; Statistics, p. 65**

**The profits in
materials handling systems
Page 78**

**Plastics in Japan
Page 93**

**A new PVDF
Page 110**

Photo by Douglas Mesney

1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 35

Modern Plastics Magazine | 1971



PSSSST!

WANNA SEE SOMETHING NEW IN WATCHES?

If you have the money, the watch industry has watches with a guaranteed accuracy to within one minute a year. (Tuning-fork watches like Bulova's used to own the accuracy record at a minute a month.) The heart of the new watches is a quartz crystal vibrating at 8192, 9350 or 32,768 times per second, depending upon the type of quartz.

In the 1920s, scientists discovered that electrically stimulating a quartz crystal caused it to vibrate at stable high frequencies. Because a watch's accuracy depends on how finely it can divide time, a crystal splitting a second into thousands of equal parts should have been a breakthrough. Keeping a crystal going and translating its vibrations into a watch-size timekeeping system, however, required the use of microelectronics, which in the '20s simply didn't exist.

Now manufacturers have the sophisticated electronics—tiny transistors, integrated circuits, miniature batteries, etc.—needed for a quartz watch. Its problem-free reliability, however, may be running behind its accuracy. Like early color TV, quartz watches may need lots of testing before all the bugs are squashed. For competitive reasons, many watch companies felt they had to have quartz watches now. To keep sales down while making improvements, a few manufacturers have pumped enough precious metal into their cases to price the watches out of the mass market.

Japan's Seiko started the quartz rush in December '69 and has been refining its \$1250 model ever since. In April '70 Bulova (\$1000) became the next entry in the race. Bulova and Omega (\$2200) have a movement designed by the Center of Electronic Horology (CEH), a group scientific effort sponsored by several watch companies. Not all the manufacturers tied into CEH are satisfied. Rolex (\$4000) is final-testing its CEH movement before releasing it in early '72 and Elgin is so wary it won't set a price or an on-sale date.

On its own, Longines (\$595) has come up with a computer-like watch in which a vibrating motor is constantly checked and corrected by a quartz oscillator. Also using its own design, Girard-Perregaux (\$250) is one of the few watchmakers gearing for a big quartz plunge. This company could have marketed one a couple of years ago, a spokesman said, but waited until it had a smaller, more dependable product.

Though the quartz watch is in the spring of its development, it's going to be around, in some version, for years to come.

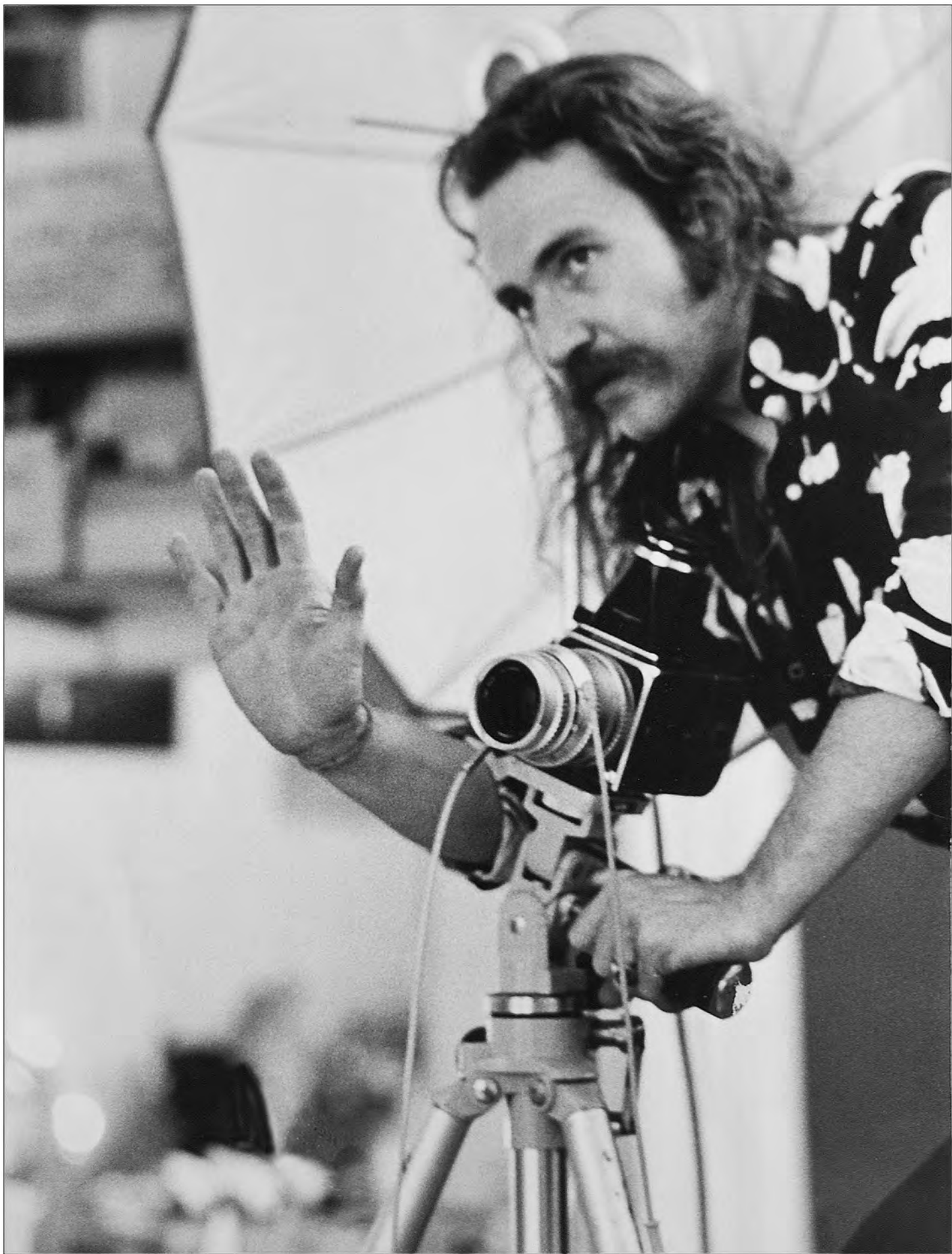
A sampling of quartz watches (from l. to r.): Rolex, Omega, Seiko, Girard-Perregaux, Elgin and Bulova.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MESNEY



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 36

True magazine (below) and Penthouse watch features | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 37

Portrait by Dona | 1973

JUNE 1970 • 60¢

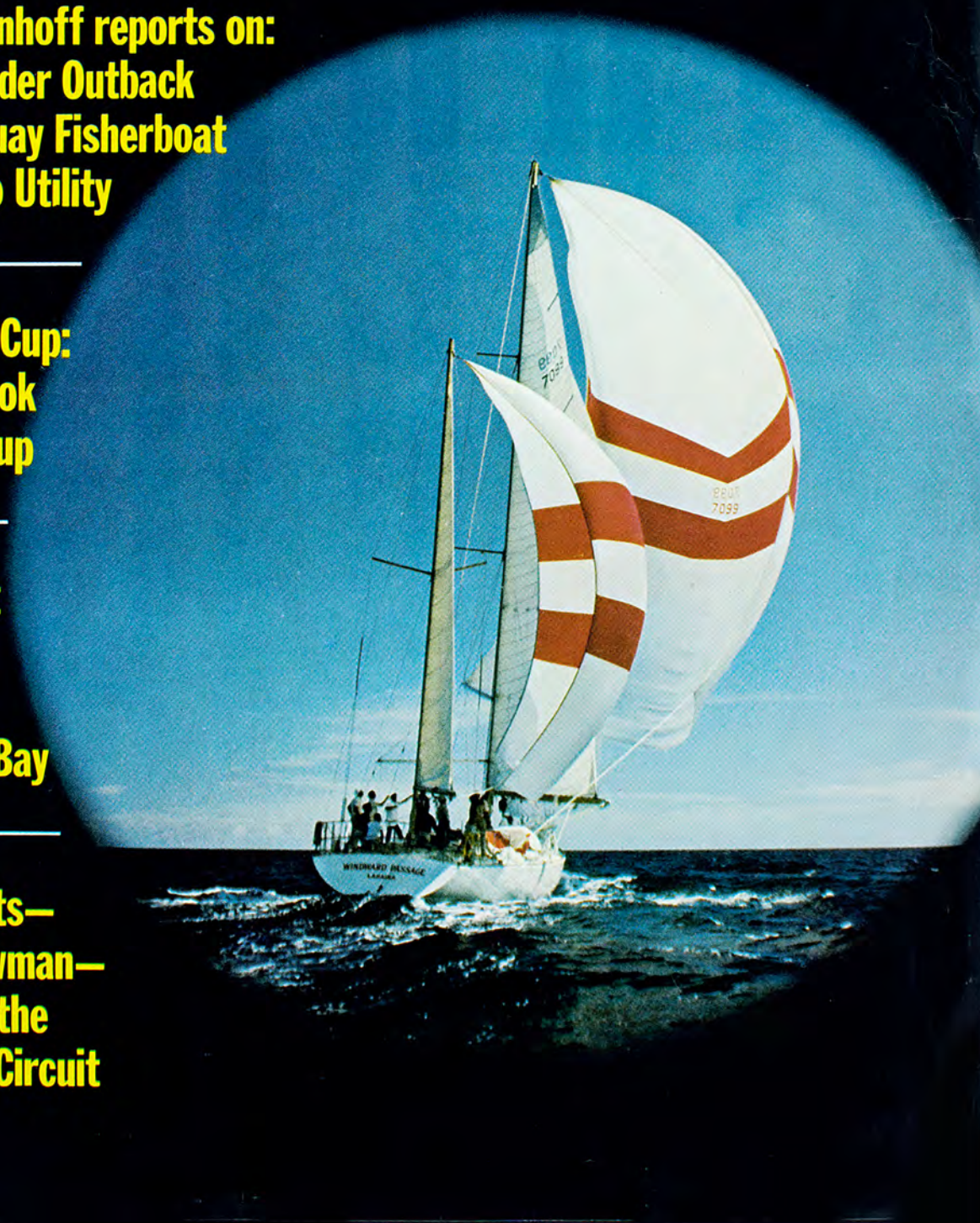
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the Dell Quay Fisherboat
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an early look
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Boating

WORLD'S LARGEST CIRCULATION BOATING MAGAZINE

**"We collided
with a tanker..."**

**How to provision
for cruising**

**Boat Test No. 199—
the Chris-Craft
28-foot Commander**

1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 41

Boating | 1972

JUNE 1972 • 75 CENTS

Boating

WORLD'S LARGEST CIRCULATION BOATING MAGAZINE

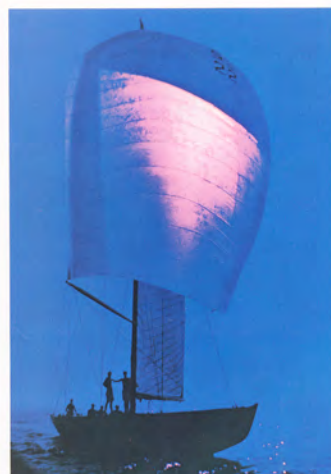
Guide to the
INTRACOASTAL
WATERWAY

BOAT TEST NO. 200 — SeaBird's V-36 flybridge cruiser

18071

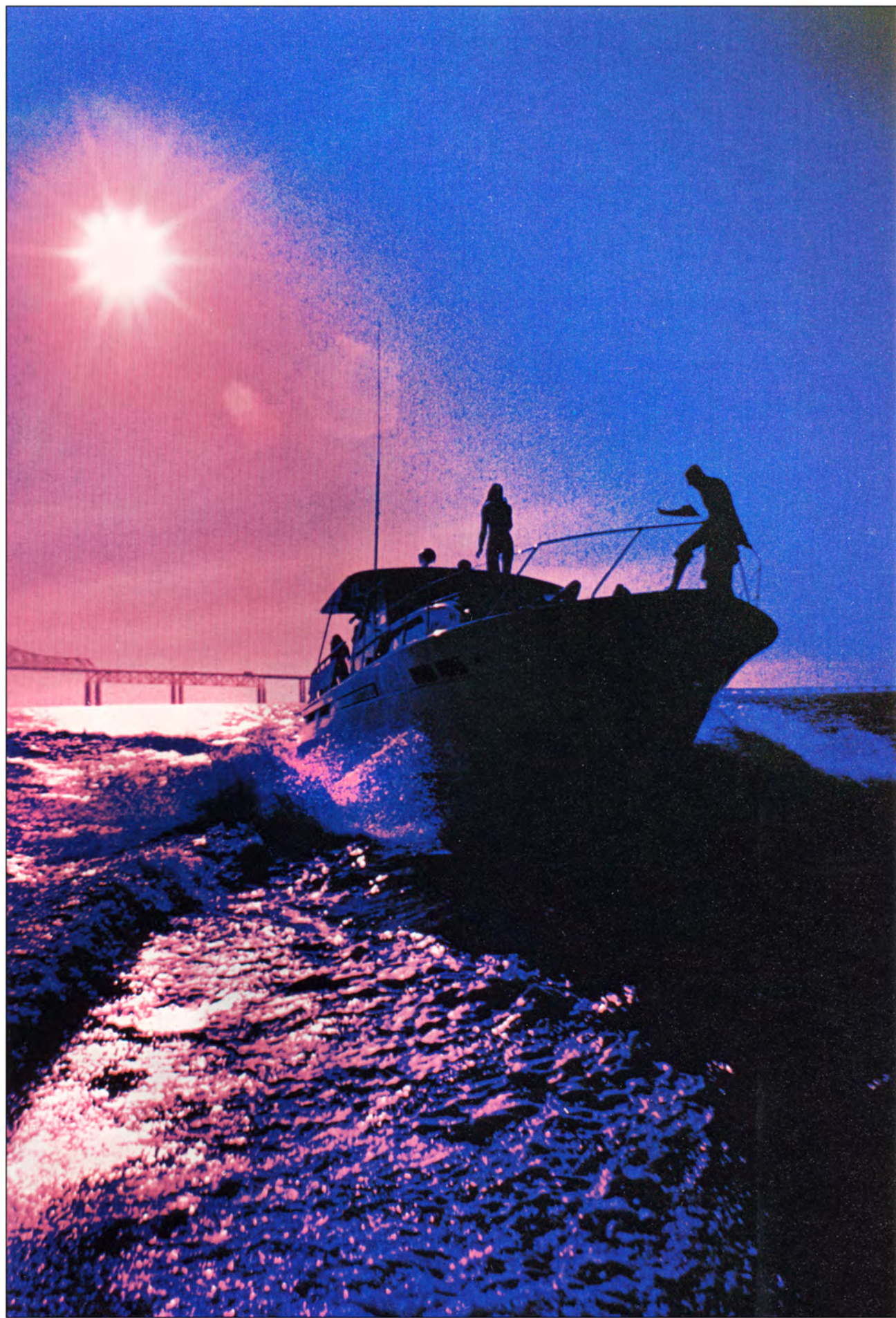
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 42

Boating | 1972

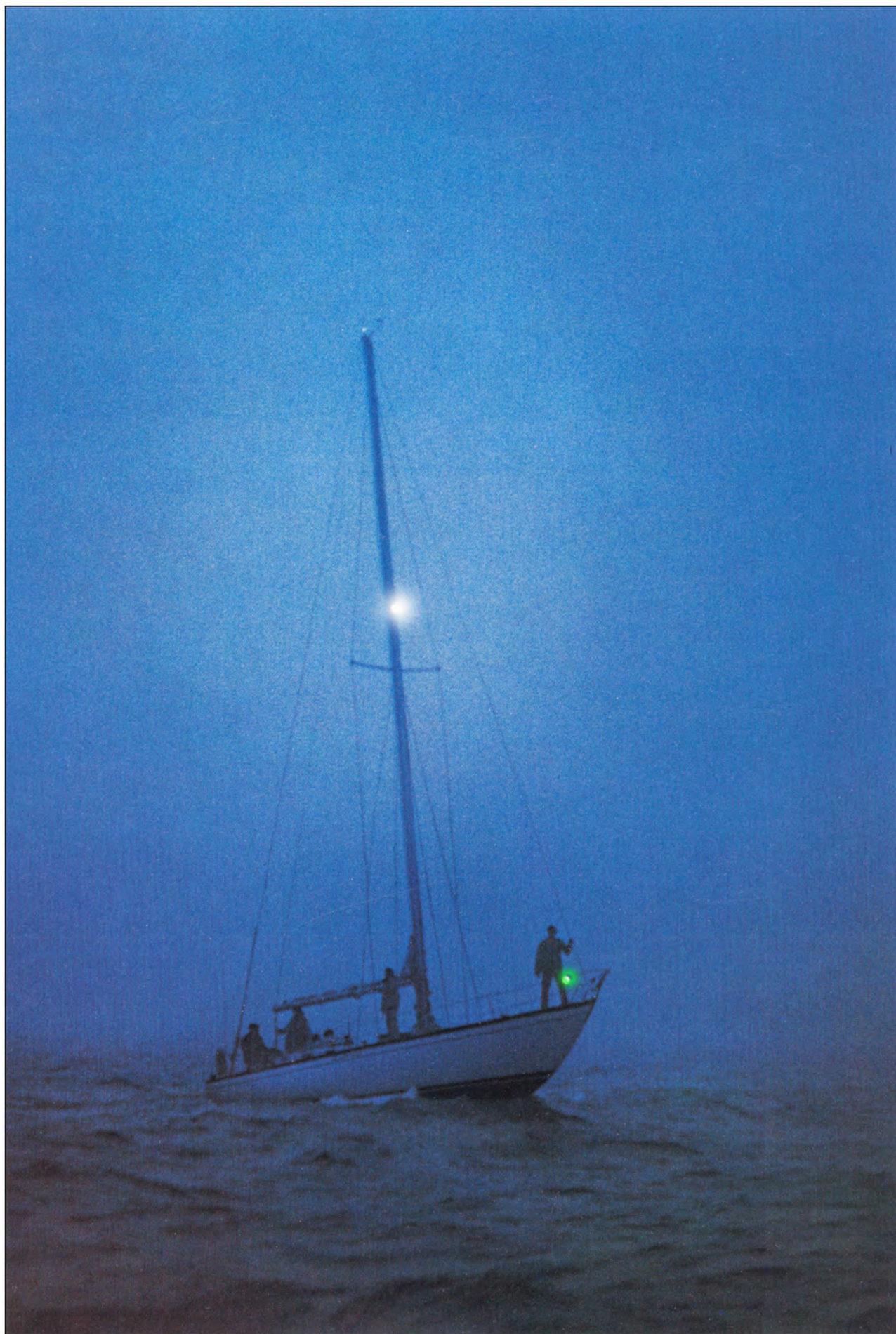


*Seasons greetings from
Kenyon and Seaboard.*





1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 44
Kenyon Marine | Limited-edition, art-print, Christmas-gift sets | 1971

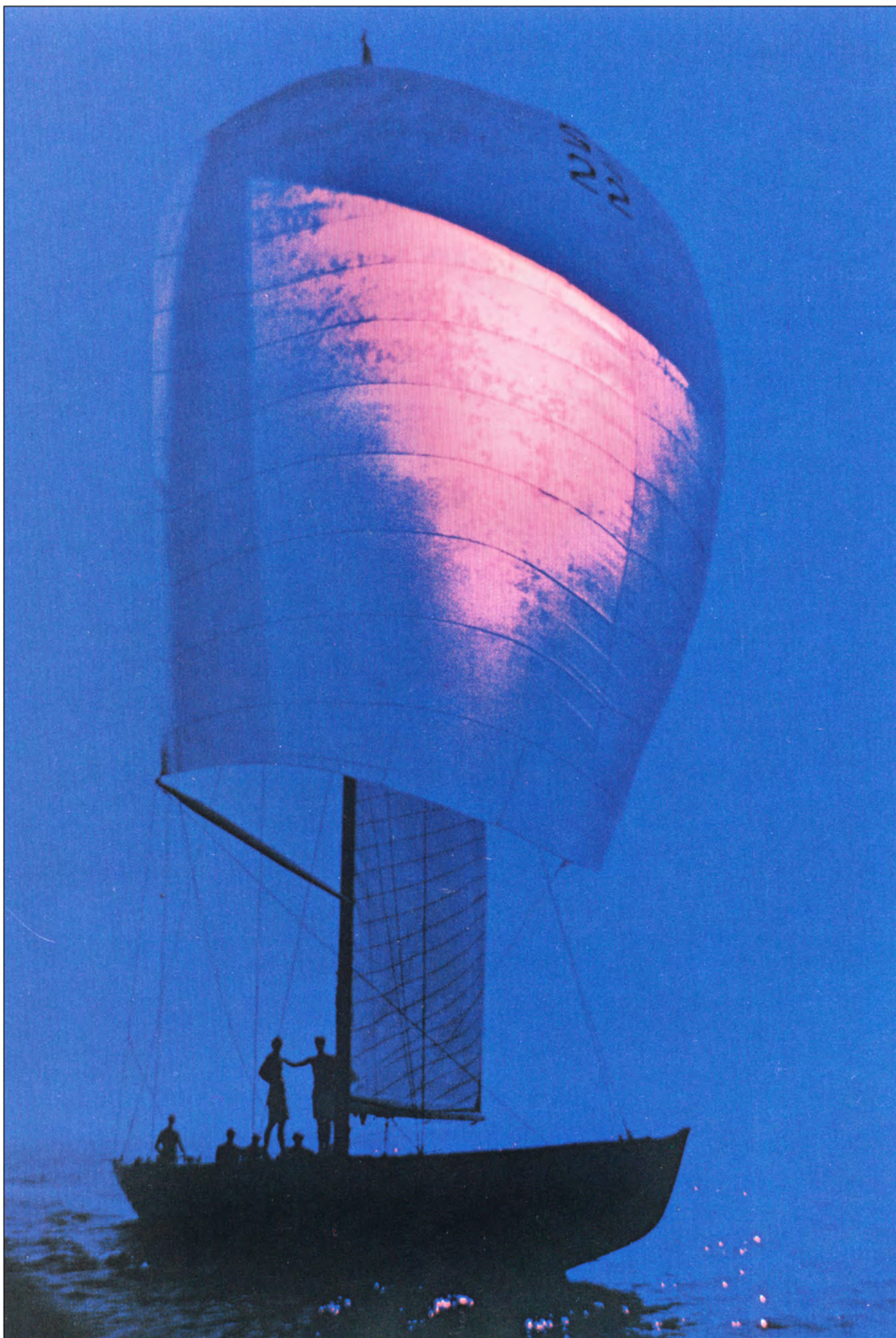


1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 45

Kenyon Marine | Limited-edition, art-print, Christmas-gift sets | 1971



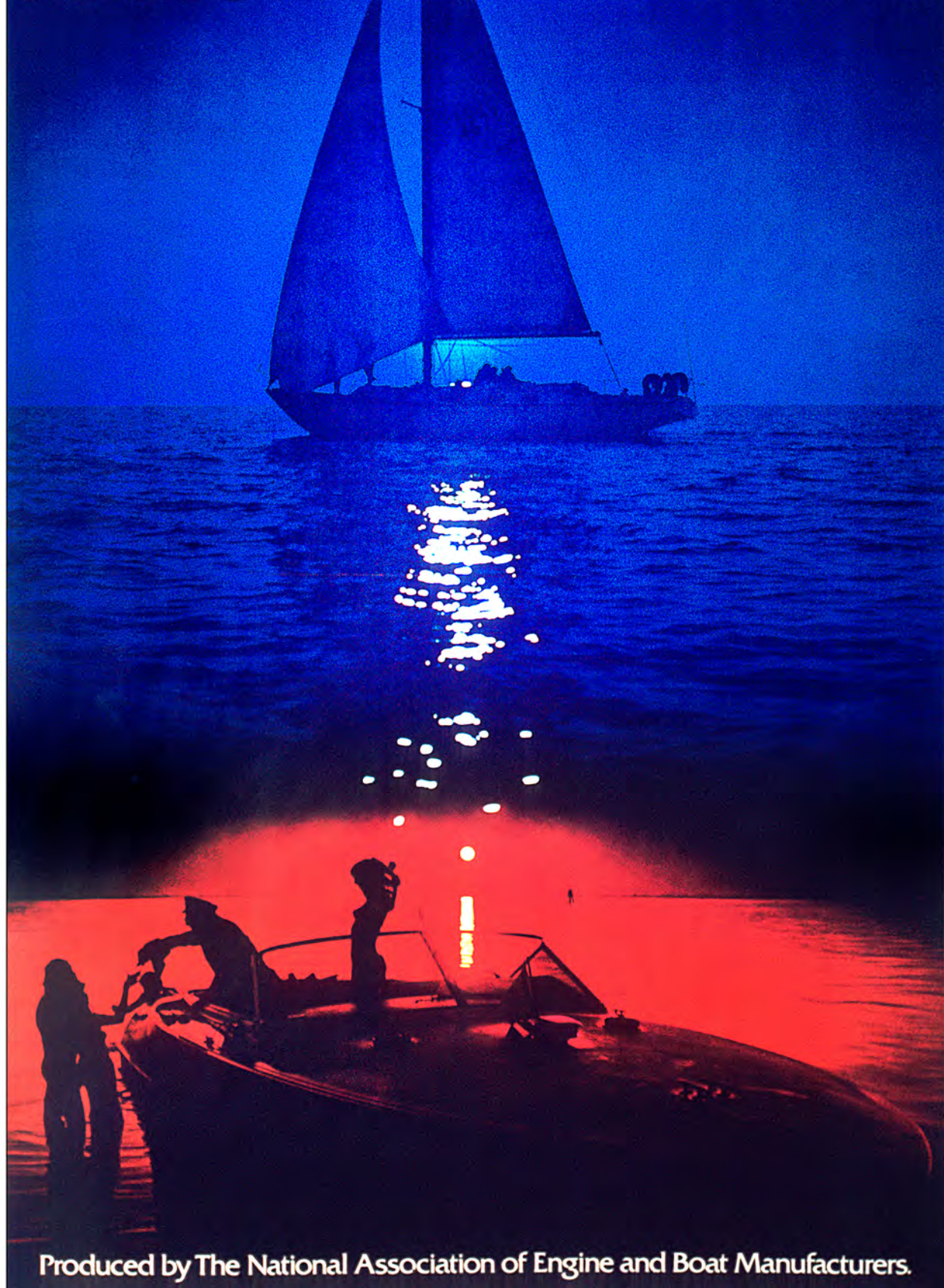
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 46
Kenyon Marine | Limited-edition, art-print, Christmas-gift sets | 1971



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 47

Kenyon Marine | Limited-edition, art-print, Christmas-gift sets | 1971

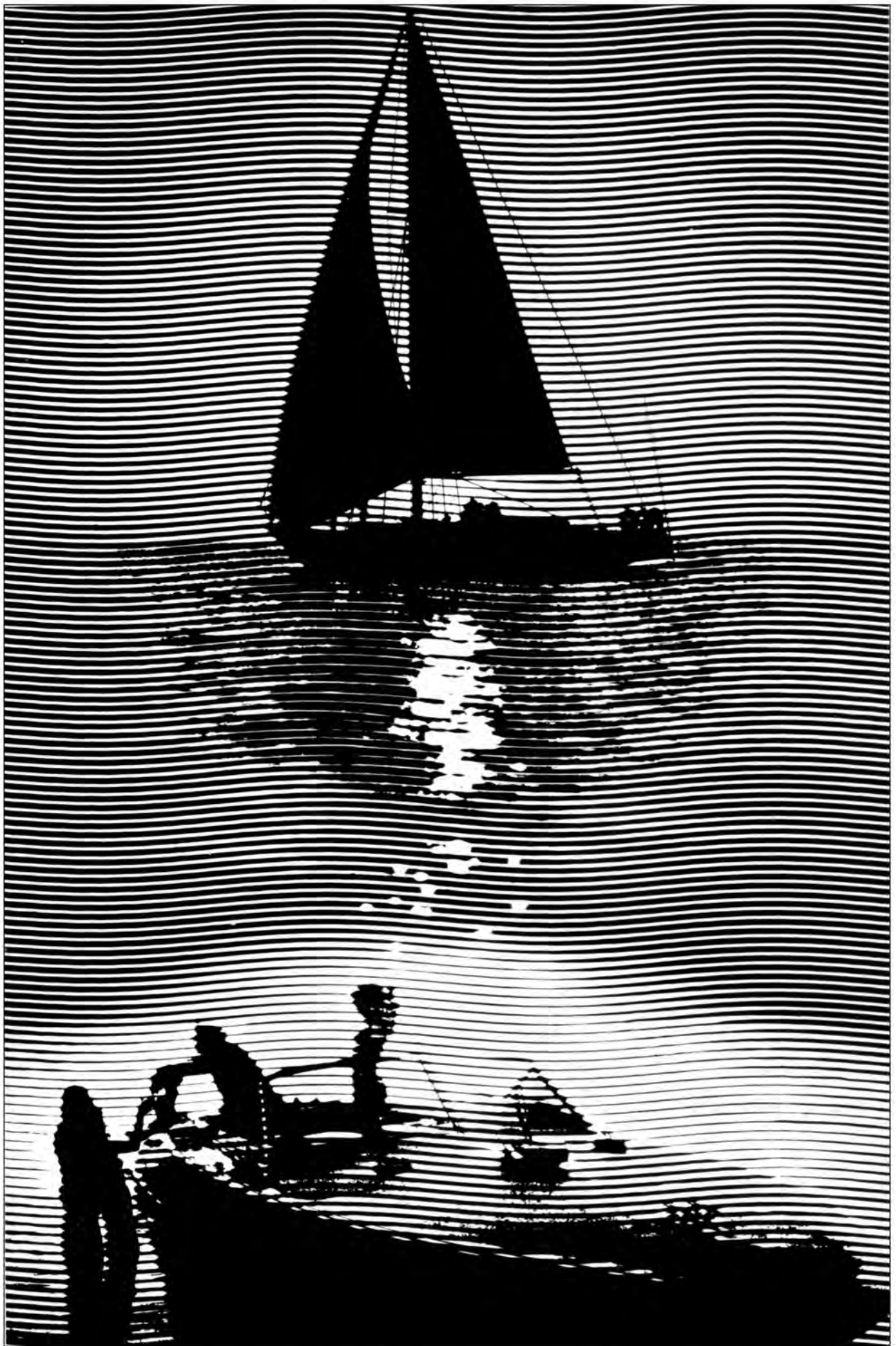
New York Coliseum/January 22-30
NATIONAL BOAT SHOW



Produced by The National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers.

1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 48

NAEBM | National Boat Show | 1971



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 49

NAEBM | National Boat Show | 1971

New York Coliseum/January NATIONAL BOAT

Is the dollar really shrinking?

Attached is your 1972 National Boat Show poster with our compliments and best wishes. The giant greenback is thrown in to show you how we can stretch your promotion dollar.

For The National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers we developed the visual theme for the National Boat Show, then produced this poster as well as the Boat Show radio and television commercials, Official Program cover and commemorative stamp.

We operate as a free-lance creative/production department with "think tank" and in-house design, graphics, copy and film production facilities that are custom-packaged to match your specific promotion requirements — as large or as small as they may be — with the benefits inherent in one-source buying.

Can we help enlarge your corporate esteem?

Mesney's Mad Medicine Show
42 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y. 10010
(212) 533-2630



Is the dollar really shrinking?

Attached is your 1972 National Boat Show poster with our compliments and best wishes. The giant greenback is thrown in to show you how we can stretch your promotion dollar.

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Can we help enlarge your corporate esteem?

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42 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y. 10010

(212) 533-2630

of Engine and Boat Manufacturers.



National Boat Show

NEW YORK COLISEUM
JAN 26-FEB 4

Produced by The National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers

1970S | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 51

NAEBM | National Boat Show | 1972

Give your 5 favorite men a Nikon to remember you by

Whether the men in your life are really plural, or just one versatile husband, we've got the keys to lasting niches in their fond memories: presents named Nikon. It's a name that means surpassing, enduring quality. It's a name they'll recognize and appreciate for a lifetime!

For your Scuba diver, a Nikonos II

If he dives, swims, or just walks in the rain a lot, give him one of the world's truly unique cameras. It goes under water without any housing just as it comes out of the box, and also takes great pictures on dry land. Ideal for skiers, boaters, any outdoorsman. *Suggested list price \$195.*



For your director, a Nikon movie camera

If he's serious about super-8 film making, give him the Nikon 8x Super Zoom. One of the finest zoom lenses ever put on a super-8 camera, and it's ideal for use with Kodak's new Ektachrome 160 Film — film Christmas morning movies with just the available room lights! *Suggested list price \$299.50.*

For your artist, a Nikkormat FTN

Anyone with just a touch of the artist in his soul takes to this fine 35mm camera — it has a way of involving him in photography, even if he's never taken anything but snapshots before. The built-in through-the-lens exposure meter makes it easy, too. With interchangeable 50mm f2 lens, *suggested list price \$279.50.*



For your perfectionist, the Nikon F

Some people have to have the best of everything. The finest there is. The one that's recognized throughout world over as a symbol of ultimate quality. In 35mm photography, that's the Nikon F. *Suggested list price from \$316, with lens.*

Prices subject to change without notice.



For your boatman, Nikon 7x50 Binoculars

The brightness and clarity of Nikon prism optics makes the difference between seeing a buoy or channel marker and identifying it. Nikon 7x50's are light, compact, built for a lifetime of better viewing. Case included. *Suggested list price \$145.*

Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. 

Chilton's
MARINE PRODUCTS
Magazine



DECEMBER 1970

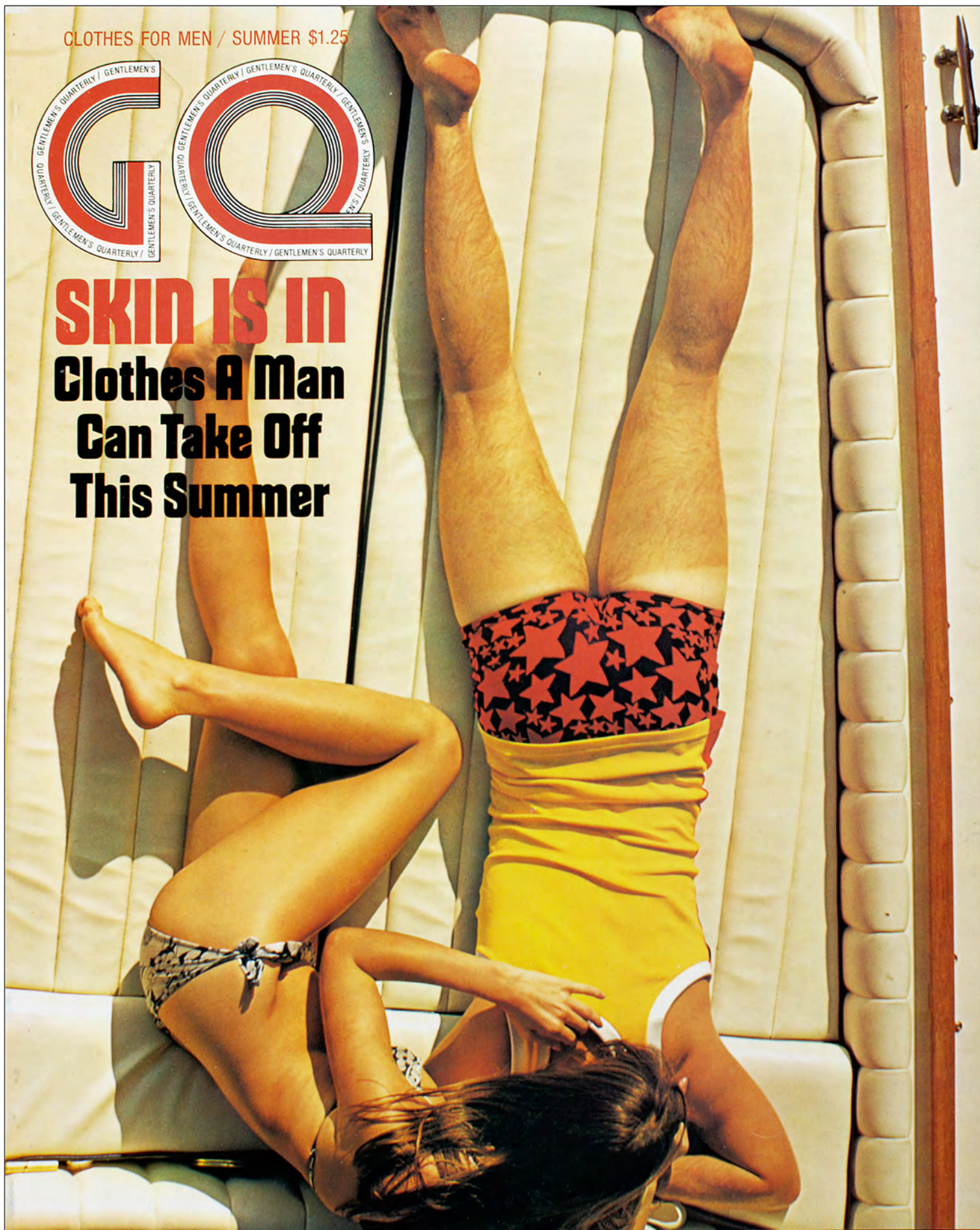
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 53

Marine Products | 1970

CLOTHES FOR MEN / SUMMER \$1.25



SKIN IS IN Clothes A Man Can Take Off This Summer





AT SEA

Let the champagne flow and the good times roll. If you can't find the scratch, don't itch on the public beach—win the beautiful-person-for-a-day contest and sail off to the high life. Aboard, maybe, the 10-berth, 43-foot Nautica-Line houseboat (above). Lounge on its sun deck in a cream cotton-mesh and canvas vest (by Robert Lewis, about \$15), and short tie-dye denims (by Robert Bruce, about \$7). At the party (left): striped cotton terry overalls (by John Weitz, about \$75, to order); double-breasted wool sport coat (by Louis Roth, about \$185), worn with striped pants (Sea Squire) and a zip-up white cotton turtleneck (Gino Paoli); and a short-sleeved pullover (worn left) with waffle-stitched front, skinny-ribbed waist and sleeves (by Herman Phillips, about \$13), worn with terry pants (Forum). Be a dirty old man of the sea (right) in a pink safari shirt (by Vico of Holland for Arthur Roth, about \$160), and rose-color knit shorts with cuffs (by Irene Allen, about \$34). Houseboat from \$24,495.

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY DOUGLAS MESNEY



As a beautiful person, your crewmates should—naturally—be other beautiful people. Light them up (left) in a white cotton sailing suit with a zip-front jacket, flap pockets and a nylon hood, by Europe Craft (top about \$20; pants about \$10). The crew-neck pullover is in two-tone blue cotton (Himalaya). Beachcomb on a sandbar for pearls or silver dollars (right) in a blue cotton pullover with red collar, short gold sleeves and white four-button placket front, by Europe Craft (about \$15). The pants are banana-colored corduroy jeans (New Man-Paris). Before the tide covers the sand, leap back aboard the houseboat (below) for a party on the sun deck.



The jet-set was last year, remember? This year it's private railroad cars and your own cabin cruiser. And a new wave of flashier duds to rock the boat of the old flannels-and-blazer brigade. Let's go boating, as the boatmakers are apt to slogan, in a beige and brown speckled cotton knit sleeveless suit (left), by Ninth Street East Limited (top about \$9.50, pants about \$18). The belt is by Pierre Cardin for Canterbury. Girl's clothes by Elaine Post. The double-knit shirt-suit (opposite page, top left) is by Stuart Nelson for Stanley Blacker (top, with white patent leather belt, and pants; both about \$40). Stretch out in floral-wheel motif shirt, by Medici (about \$16). Girl's bikini by Bidermann of Paris. They're skimming the waves at 20 knots-plus in the Chris-Craft Commander, a 47-foot seagoing cabin cruiser. It has two 300-hp. Chris-Craft engines, fiberglass hull, and sleeps up to eight. Price is around \$136,000.



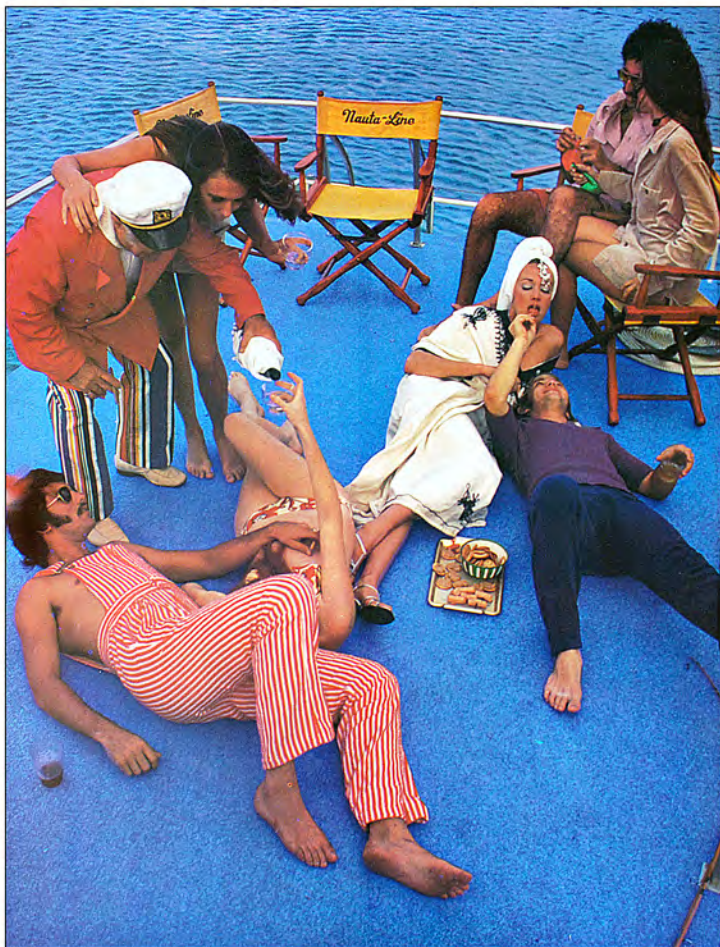
There are those for whom sailing means oilskins and thrust-out jaws. Take an easier tack in a double-knit sailing suit (*left*) by Mighty-Mac. Or deck out in a nylon sailing suit (*top*) with buttoned-flap chest pockets, by Oleg Cassini for Sea Mark (about \$50). Riviera sunglasses.



In quieter mood, watch the sun going down from the deck of the sleek Irwin 43-foot sloop (*opposite page*). Designed for racing and cruising, the sloop has a fiberglass hull, 870 square feet of sail and accommodations for nine in three private cabins. Price, without sails, is \$33,900.

Take command (*left*) in a heavy canvas awning striped sailing jacket, with patch pockets and waist drawstring (by Robert Lewis, about \$35). The jacket is worn over brushed-denim trunks (Sea Squire). Grab hold in pirate-style suede pants (*below*) with 6-inch cuffs (by Bidermann of Paris, about \$75). Lace-up top by Europe Craft.



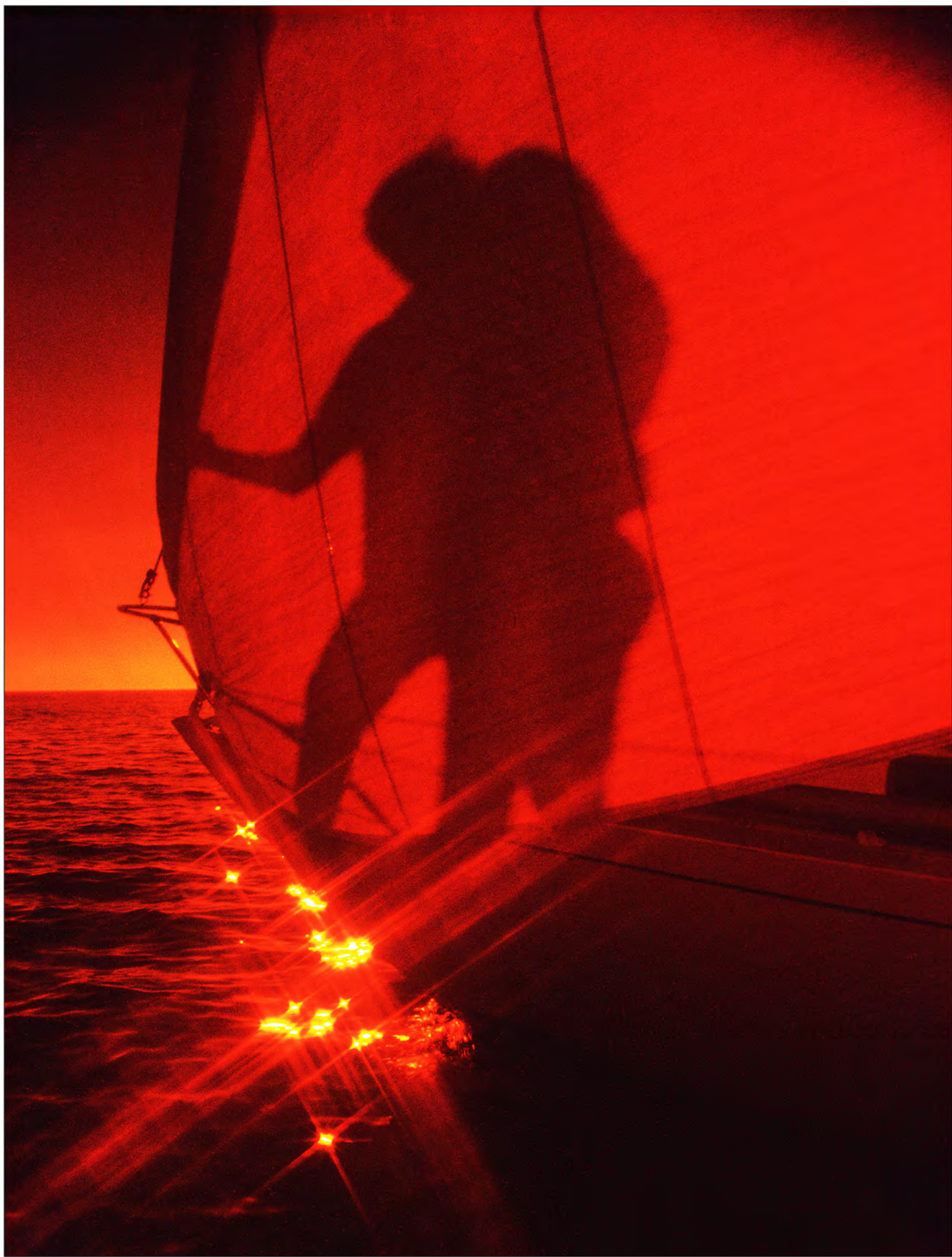


Good times are what you make them. If sailing slows you down, take some speed. Leave the yachts behind in the Fino Marine 30-foot DeLuxe sport boat (left) as you sip champagne chilled in its built-in refrigerator. Or worship the sun on the rear deck (opposite page, top) in a three-tone tank top and nylon trunks (both by Peter Max for Sea Mark; top about \$10). Ice-maker, bar and refrigerator are standard equipment on the DeLuxe, along with hot-and-cold running water and a full-size bed. Options include air-conditioning in the forward cabin and a four-speaker stereo tape player. The hull is fiberglass and the power comes from two 325-hp. Mercruisers. Price: about \$28,800.



Leave the wheel and be a back-seat driver (left, and opposite page, bottom) in a wave-print two-piece cotton cabana set (by Sea Squire; top about \$25, trunks about \$13). Bikini by Bidermann of Paris. Sunglasses by Riviera. But it's uncool to let the high life turn your head. Keep a good balance (above) in a Twenties-style, black-and-white-striped nylon cord swimsuit (by McGregor, about \$16).

GQ / SUMMER 83



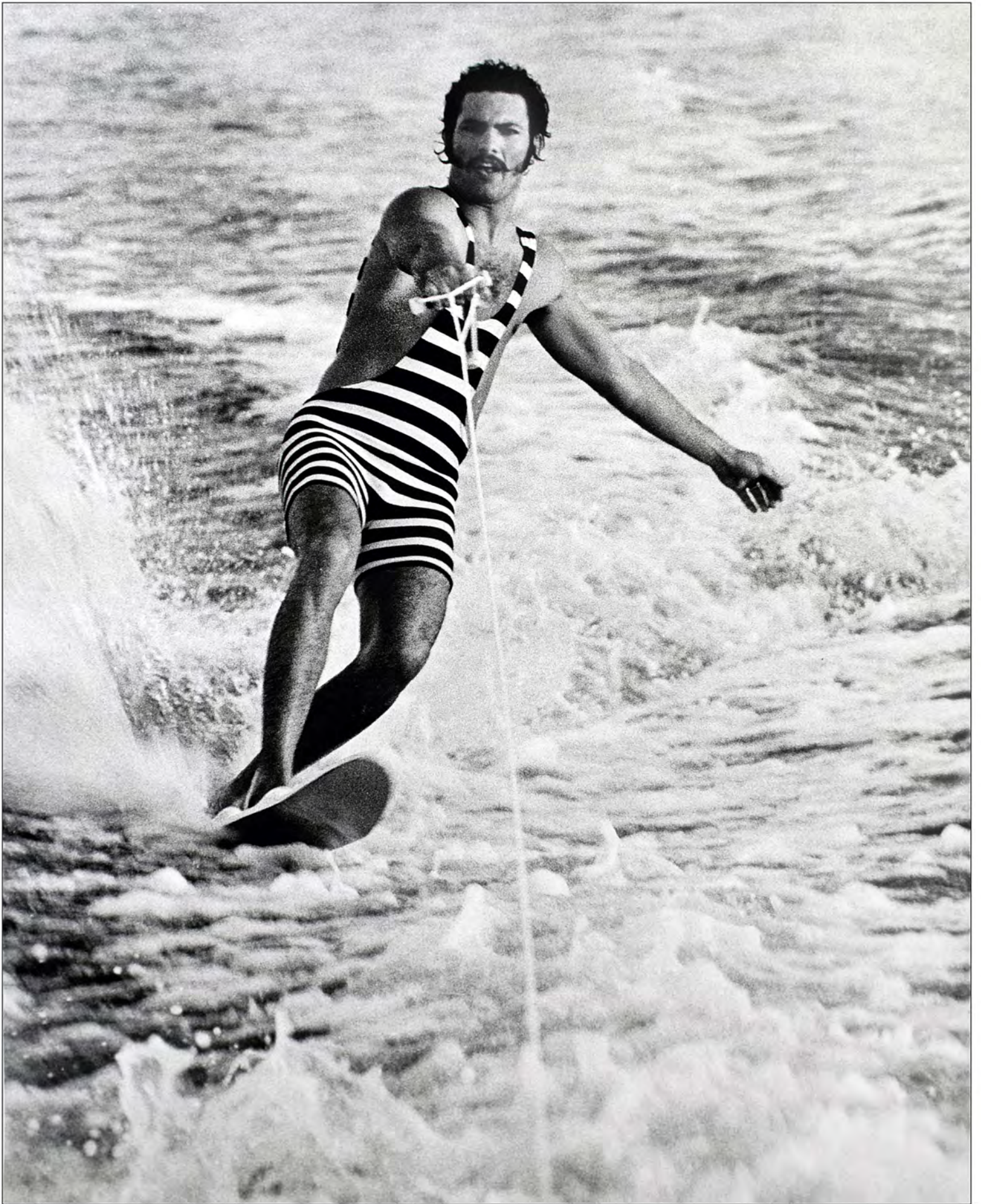
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 59

GQ | 1971



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 60

GQ | 1971



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 61

GQ | 1971



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 62

Watersport | 1971

WaterSport

The quarterly magazine of the Boat Owners Council of America
534 North Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis. 53202 414 / 273-5580

March 17, 1971

Mr. Doug Mesney
42 East 23rd Street
New York, New York 10010

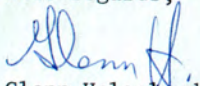
Hello Doug:

This is a fine batch of boating photographs. You use color better than anyone I've seen.

We're holding 14 photos: 5 originals and 9 duplicates. When we schedule the use of any of the duplicates, I assume the original will be available at that time. Correct?

The other 35 photographs are returned herein.

Best regards,



Glenn Helgeland
Managing Editor

GH/slp

Enclosure: (35) photographs



DOUG MESNEY is an Aquarian (Scorpio rising, moon in Leo). Maybe, he admits somewhat joshingly, that's what accounts for his thing about water and boating photography.

Whatever, he's danged good at it. His published boating photography in 1970 brought two national awards – the National Art Directors' Club prize for a sailboat piece he did in Nikon World magazine, and the Society of Publication Designers' prize for a six-page spread of photos from the 1969 Block Island Race Week regatta published in MD magazine. (Watersport's centrespread photo in the November, 1969 issue was taken at this same race.)

Doug specializes in what he calls "stylized reality." He spends a good share of his time developing new techniques. He admits that many of his clients refer to his photos as "spaced out," and that these tricks helped start his Mad Medicine Show banner, and that these tricks have been worth whatever labels they receive.

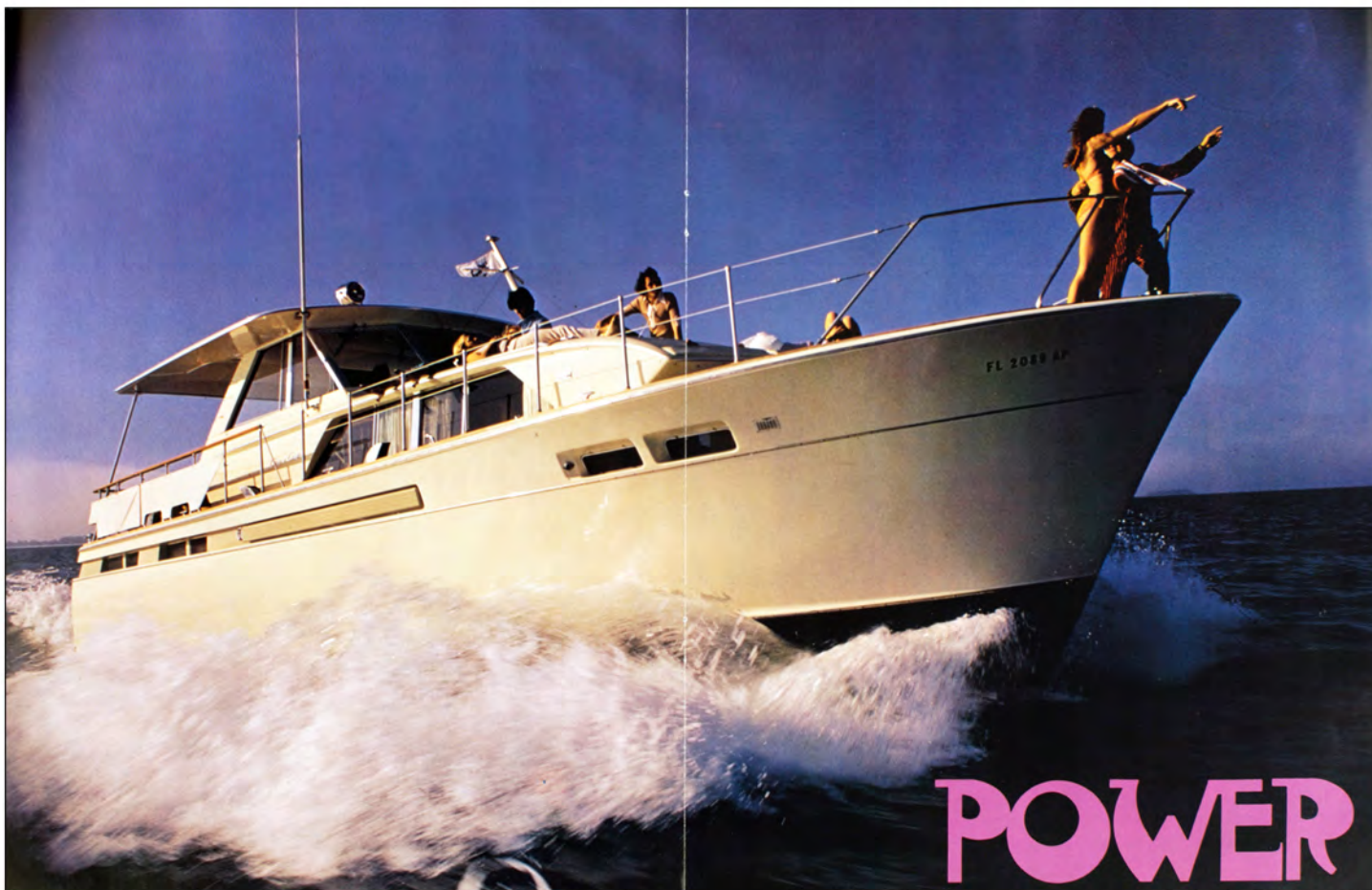
Doug's particularly skillful at applying his ideas to sports and sailing shots. Not particularly interested in "reportage" photography per se, he tries to capsule in one shot the entire feeling or effect of an event.

Stripping reality down to essential elements and moods accomplishes greater simplicity of design with more impact, he says.

"I look at boating much the same as I look at any potential subject; I look for those elements of form and function which define the subject. I've been a boating freak since I was a kid, so I suppose I have more inherent feeling for the sea and boating than I do about most other things."

Watersport supposes so, too. That's why you're seeing this gallery of his photos. We hope you'll enjoy the Mad, Mod Moods of Mesney.

mad mod moods of Mesney





ACTION

20



21





1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 66

GQ | 1971 | Stars added 2019



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 67

GQ | 1971 | *Stars added 2019*



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART THREE | PLATE N° 68

"The Old Neighborhood" | Grandpa's office in the Flatiron Building (left) & mine at 42 East 23rd Street | 2014

1970s | Portfolio | Part Four | Plates Nos 1 – 31

Plate №1: You know the saying; Necessity is the mother of invention? Forced to lower my operating costs and overhead, I consolidated the Flushing apartment and 23rd Street studio spaces—about 3,000 square feet [~280 square meters]—and downsized into a 700-square-foot [~65 square meters] space at 23 East 73rd Street, a 7-storey Victorian townhouse some say was the former Wanaker mansion. I rented the third floor, to begin with.

Plates Nos 2-3: Interior details of the 73rd Street studio space. There was a lot of carved wood and black marble. The original, glazed windows were authentic; they looked terrific, but were anything but airtight; the place was cold and drafty in the winter, like an old castle. No problem, though; the fireplaces made it cozy.

Plates Nos 4-5: The front half of the 73rd Street studio was the former mansion's library, a magnificent, wood-paneled room with book cases built-into the walls on three sides. It became my office, lounge and dining room. The plants I brought from the Flushing house didn't last long.

Plate №6: Family visits were an exception to the rule; I was a workaholic. An exception was made for my Aunt Frances Taylor's birthday. Mom and I visited her Bronx, New York, apartment. It was the last time I saw Aunt Fanny alive. She died leaving Mom with a diary of her dreams that was several thousand pages; nobody knew what to do with it. I hope that's not what happens to this book.

Plate №7: Life at the Bardo: Dona Plink, her kids, Ed Just and Fritz the cat. Dona moved in and set up house with me in the autumn. It was tight quarters for a while; she had two kids and Ed Just was still bunking with me, during the week. The situation improved when I took over the second floor, the mansion's formal parlous and dining room. The front half became the photo studio; it doubled as the kids' playroom when they visited, every other weekend. The kids loved the little two-person elevator; it opened right into our spaces; Dona is pictured emerging from the mini lift (center, right). Dona and I shared private quarters in the back half of the third floor (lower left); the back half of the second floor became my office, seen here full of glittering Christmas gifts, being wrapped by Ed Just (lower right).

Plate №8: Above: my dog, Bandit, later re-named Mister Moose, in 1974. Three years later, when the business grew too big, I had to let him loose. Below: Yours Truly at the art table in my second floor, wood-paneled office.

Plate №9: My first and last candle-lit Christmas Tree was colossal—12-feet tall, with an 18-foot girth. I nearly blinded myself lighting the candles, when hot wax dripped onto my eye. A couple Ed Just's flashy, silver-mylar gift wraps can be seen behind me. Dona and I were at the zenith of our relationship.

Plates Nos 10-11: Ed Just came up with endless ways to wrap gifts with rolls of silver mylar he got from his mother, who worked for IBM. My second floor office is filled with Christmas booty for my clients; they were given a matted print of my picture of the year, together with a 750 of Grand Marnier liqueur. Eddie slept on the couch for the better part of a year, during the week. He moved out when I hired Pat Billings.

Plate №12: Mom was at the high point in her career; her vocal act was augmented with self-accompaniment on the autoharp (left) and Appalachian dulcimer. The upper shot was taken out in East Marion, while the family was vacationing at the Mosbach cottages. Mom was more sunburnt than I ever saw her; and she'd taken to bleaching her hair blonde, telling friends, "the sun did it." The lower picture was made in the studio, lit with my new Balcar strobe system.

Plate №13: Dona Plink, in a shot taken in front of the 73rd Street studio, for the FEEC World Book show, sporting the FM-stereo headphones I wore just about everywhere for a few years.

Plates №s 14-15: To learn how to use my new Balcar-strobe studio-lighting system, I made pictures of family and friends. This is the best picture I ever made of my parents, although a bit more front-fill light was in order. This picture made me aware of the need to have some light, even a small one, fill the shadows and give the eyes a "catch light."

Plates №s 16-17: Tom Ridinger and I were super tight for a couple of years. He left his art director job at Car & Driver to work with me at The Bardo. His wife, photographer Flo Fox (aka Photo-Flo—the nickname was a play on a wetting agent called Photo Flo used in film processing, to prevent beading and water marks) and he were going through changes, which he describes in the Appendix [see From Tom Ridinger]. But you'd never know that from this family portrait, taken in the third-floor lounge. The Ridinger's' son, Ronnie, is at left; he was a taciturn lad. Tom, who remarried years ago, won't talk about what happened to Ronnie; he could be taciturn, too.

Shortly after Tom and Flor split up, so did Dona and I. Flo and I got hot and heavy on one occasion after that; but I blew it. I can't tell you who took the studio picture and Tom doesn't remember who took the shot of him watching TV, enjoying a Ballantine's Ale, our mutual favorite. Hanging behind the couch is Grandma Taylor's oil painting of four Venetian fisherman, which I lost along the way.

Plates №s 18-31: Owens/Corning Fiberglas [OCF] was my bread and butter client. PR manager, Marti Evans, contracted me for ten shoots a year. The work I did for them was done at the zenith of my career as an industrial "process photographer." Most of it went into OCF's periodical, FRP=Productivity/Update [FRP=Fiberglas Reinforced Plastic, the stuff they make cars, boats and bathtubs with (and so much more).] Each issue was filled with case histories about successful ways FRP was being used; my job was to illustrate those stories.

The house-organs were designed by Robert Cooney, a free-lance graphic artist hired by Burson-Marsteller. Cooney was a follower of "Swiss Grid" design; that was always stylish, like an English-cut, pin-striped suit. The pages presented are fine examples of the grid approach; pictures are sized and placed in boxes that fit within the three-column-per-page format. The approach of magazines like Life and Twen was to let the pictures rule the design. This book falls somewhere between those styles.

Plate №18: The cover of OCF's 7th Update featured one of my stock-photo sunsets, taken in Rincon, Puerto Rico, with the Russian MTO 500 mm mirror-telephoto lens, with a rear mounted R25 (red) filter.

Plate №19: An FRP solar collector panel, shot Ektachrome film in Manchester, New Hampshire, using a 20 mm Nikkor lens with a Y12 (yellow) filter.

Plates №s 20-21: "Winding in Place" was a new way to construct farm silos with FRP. A trolley, carrying 24 rolls of fiberglass "thread" and a resin sprayer, circled a silo form, on a track; a hydraulic-lift raised and lowered a 16-thread applicator apparatus up and down the form. The whole thing could be set-up and run by one person. Note that the operator is not wearing any face mask or safety glasses. Fiberglass bits are as diabolical as asbestos. The job was shot on Ektachrome film with a Nikon FTn and 20 mm Nikkor lens, fitted with a 95 mm Tiffen polarizing filter.

Plates №s 22-23: The guy working at this FRP shower-tubs factory isn't wearing face or breathing protection either; those were the days before OSHA [Occupational Health and Safety Administration] regulations were enforced. I was flown to South Carolina to shoot the fabrication of FRP tub-shower enclosures at Corl Corporation. The factory should have been condemned, there was so much fiberglass in the air; I was only there for six hours; but those poor workers; you can see it in the guy's face. The job was shot on High Speed Ektachrome film with a 28 mm Nikkor fitted with a CC30M (magenta) filter (to correct for the green florescent lighting).

Plate №24: More reportage about FRP solar collectors, these in Weare and Wellfleet, Massachusetts. To and right shot with a 20 mm Nikkor lens on Ektachrome film; the other shot with an 85 mm Nikkor.

Plate №25: Working for OCF was occasionally fun, like the time I got flown to Amarillo, Texas, to get an aerial shot of OCF's new 500,000-square-foot [4,645-square-meter] FRP plant. The conditions were perfect; it was the shortest helicopter job I ever shot; it took less than a half-hour, start to finish; but I got paid for a full day (\$850).

Plates №s 26-27: Another fun job was a day spent in testing lab of Gould, Inc., a manufacturer of electrical equipment. The job was to photograph the electrical resistance of FRP laminates for circuit-breaker switch supports. To get the "lightning" to stand out, the room lights were turned off and the scene lit by a single desk light. The scene was shot on Ektachrome with a Nikkor 20 mm using a slow-shutter speed of two seconds, to capture multiple lightning bolts in a single picture.

Plates №s 28-29: A so-called Rapid Injection Molding process was the subject of this case history, about the Glastic Corporation in Cleveland, Ohio. Their specially-built, 175-ton, injection-molding press, had observation ports, to view experimental products being formed.

Plate №30: In Flint, Michigan, I photographed a 2,000-ton press making Chevrolet grille-opening panels, at General Motors Plant #6. It was a tripod shot with a slow-shutter exposure (1-second), on High Speed Ektachrome film, using a 28 mm Nikkor lens with a CC30M (magenta) filter (to compensate for the green Mercury-vapor plant lighting).

Plate №31: Corrosion-resistant FRP "down-hole" tubes for oil drilling was the subject of a case history about the Koch Products corporation, of Wichita, Kansas.



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 1
"The New Neighborhood" | 23rd East 73rd Street | Street | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 2
23rd East 73rd Street | Fireplace detail, third floor | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 3
23rd East 73rd Street | Bedroom windows, fourth floor | 1974



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 4
23rd East 73rd Street | Third floor, front | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N^o 5
23rd East 73rd Street | Third floor, front | 1972



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 6

Visit with Mom to Aunt Frances Taylor | 1973



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 7

Life at the Bardo | Dona Plink; her kids, Angela & Damien; Ed Just and Fritz the cat | 1973



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 8

Christmas at the Bardo | 1974



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 9

Christmas at the Bardo | 1974



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 10
Ed Just wrapping Christmas gifts in my office | 1973



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 11

Ed Just wrapping Christmas gifts in my office | 1973



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 12
Dorothy Mesney | Promotion portraits | 1973 (above) and 1974



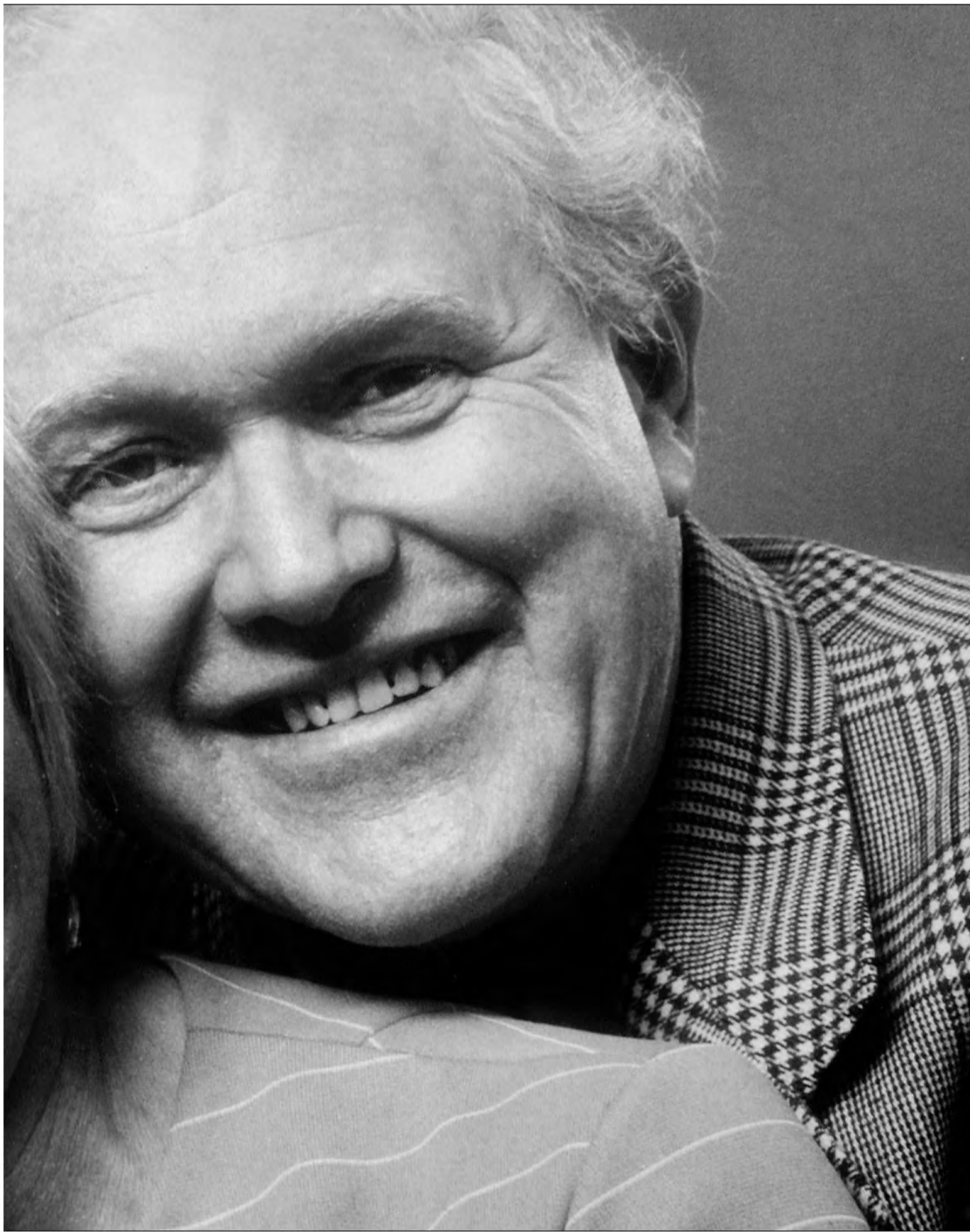
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 13

Dona Lakin Plink | 1974



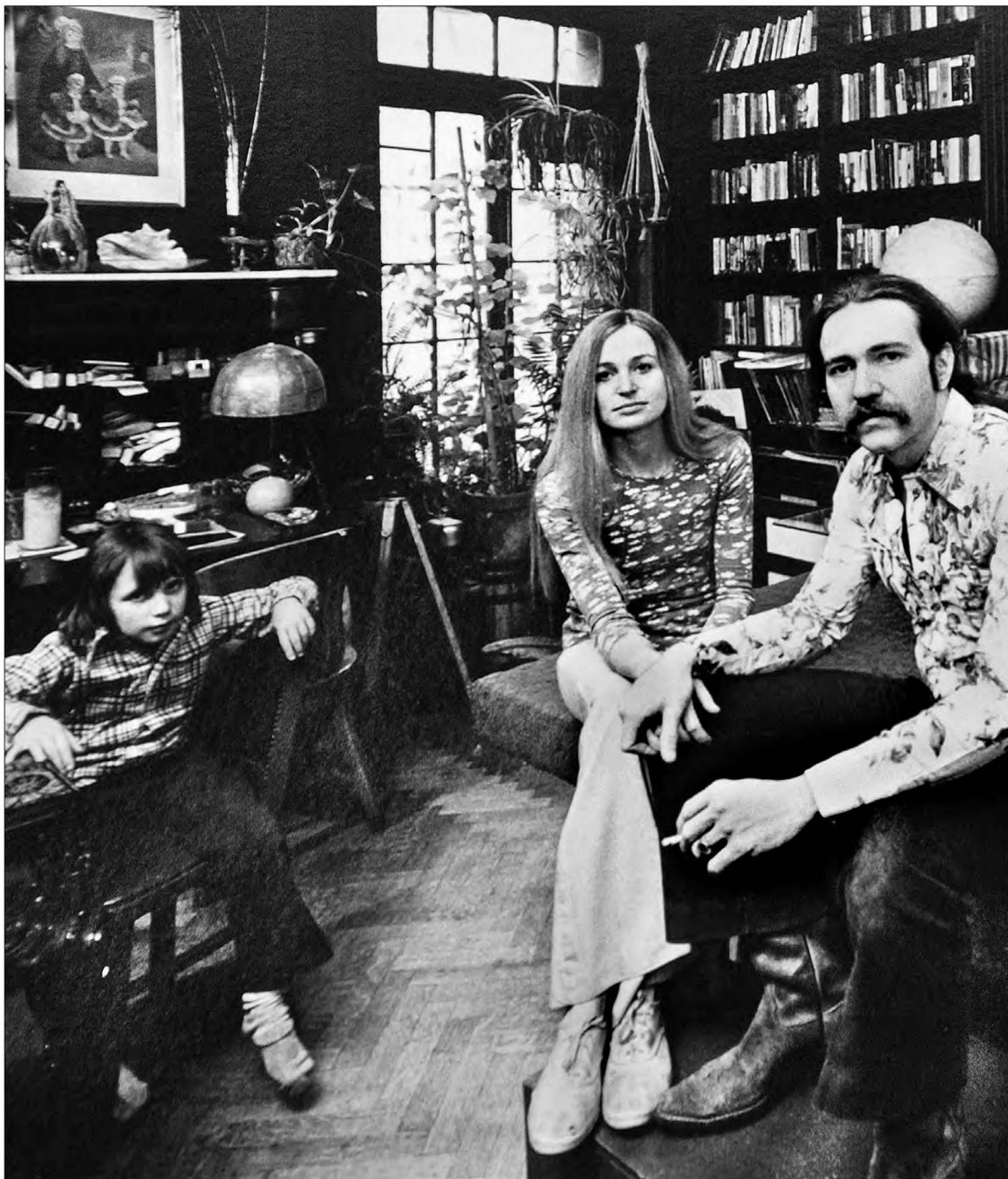
1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 14

Dorothy & Peter Mesney | 1974



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 15

Dorothy & Peter Mesney | 1974



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 16

Third Bardo family portrait | 1974



1970s | PORTFOLIO | PART FOUR | PLATE N° 17

Tom Ridinger at home | 1974

FRP=PRODUCTIVITY

update

VOLUME ONE / NUMBER SEVEN



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FRP Finds Its Place In The Sun

A special kind of FRP is playing a significant role in the rapidly expanding technology of solar energy. Thin sheets of translucent thermoset polyester reinforced with chopped fiber glass strands are replacing tempered glass in cover plates for solar collectors and glazing panels for solar windows and walls.

FRP can be formulated for solar energy applications with all the intrinsic benefits of glass. It resists moisture, corrosion and ultraviolet degradation. FRP systems can operate efficiently at temperatures higher than the 200 °F reached in most systems. Like glass, FRP also produces the "greenhouse effect," allowing short-wave solar radiation to pass into a collector but keeping it inside once it is converted to heat energy.

However, FRP has several advantages over glass in solar collector design. One FRP solar panel manufacturer compares the 5.5 lb weight of its 18 sq ft collector cover with the 58 lb of tempered glass to capture an equivalent amount of solar energy. The weight differences directly affect building design loads, installation procedures and shipping cost. Despite their light weight, FRP panels resist shattering, so are less vulnerable to vandalism or hail than more fragile panels.

Also, the random dispersion of fiber glass reinforcement results in translucent window or wall systems which transmit the same amount of light as transparent glass panels, but without the hot spots or glare.

Passive systems

A recent surge of interest in solar energy centers around "passive" heating systems. Passive systems use a building's exterior as the solar collector and a wall or row of tubes behind the glazing panels as a storage medium.

"In contrast to active collectors, which are engineered appliances like an air conditioner, a passive system is a fundamental of designing for energy conservation," says



Bruce Keller, vice president, Kalwall Corporation, Manchester, N.H., a major manufacturer of FRP panels.

"For the most part, a building must be originally designed for passive collection of direct solar heat. One of the simplest methods is to increase window surface area on a building's southern exposure. In sophisticated passive systems sunlight passes through the translucent surface of a wall and is converted to heat and stored in a thick concrete inner wall or in drums filled with water."

Because of summer heat, most passive solar installations are built into walls, not roofs. These vertical collectors repel rays from the summer sun when it is directly overhead, while allowing the more oblique rays of the lower winter sun into a collector or into a room.

How They Work

A typical passive solar furnace from Kalwall is constructed with single or multi-layer composite FRP glazing panels. The face sheets are bonded to a grid of interlocked,

extruded structural aluminum I-beams and erected to form window walls.

A row of collector-storage tubes is installed vertically along the entire interior of the solar window wall. The storage tubes, made of translucent FRP, are treated with a heat-absorbing coating and filled with water that collects and stores solar energy by day.

An insulating curtain is lowered between the solar wall and the tubes at night and on cloudy days to prevent collector heat from escaping. Between the tubes and the interior room is an insulated partition which can alternately store or emit heat to maintain room temperature. A fractional horsepower blower can increase the heat flow rate by connecting the solar storage units directly to existing hot air ducting.

FRP is also used in many "active" solar heating systems, which contain elaborate

3.5–5x10⁶ psi; flexural modulus of 2.5–3.0x10⁶ psi; vertical tensile strength of 6,000–8,000 psi; and vertical tensile modulus of 2.5–3.0x10⁶ psi.

The process also yields uniform thickness and can orient the glass fiber reinforcement in the direction of the greatest stress. Because of these properties, FRP is widely used in high-strength hollow structures, such as pipes, chemical and fuel tanks and pressure vessels.

"To date, we have field wound more than 70 FRP tanks," says Douglas Barno, division manager, FWPT division of Stebbins Engineering, "with resin liners formulated to withstand many different chemicals."

The winding machine lays resin-saturated strands of continuous glass fiber roving around a stationary mandrel—in this case, the integral tank liner.

The quantity and orientation of glass in a completed tank is closely controlled by programming the winding machines to follow a continuous, exact pattern. The basic resin functions are to provide chemical resistance, to fill spaces between filaments and to fix the alignment and distribute bonding and shearing loads.

In the Temple-EasTex job the prefabricated FRP cover and inner liner sections were shipped from Stebbins' Port Allen, La. shop. At the site, they were positioned on the vessel's concrete foundation, and welded together by overlapping the joints, bolting together and sealing, or bonding with reinforced plastic.

Sandwich Construction

The inner liner is the tank's corrosion barrier. It is also non-conducting and lightweight for ease of handling and installation. Once the liner was in place, a patented mobile machine wound structural glass reinforced resins directly onto it. The winding machine, set on a runway around the concrete base, laid a three-inch band of glass rovings onto the vertical mandrel at a rate of nearly 250 lineal ft/min. The resulting tank shell is free of exterior joints subject to hoop stress.

Mobile filament winding machine (top) has enabled Stebbins to reduce shipping costs by winding storage tanks on site, including this 50,000 gal CLO₂ tank at Temple EasTex pulp bleaching site Silsbee, Tex. Insulated tank (bottom) has inner FRP liner formulated to resist corrosive effects of stored chemicals, yet retains structural strength in 16x32 ft above ground configuration.



Next, a 1-in. layer of polyurethane foam was applied to the walls—2-in. on the tank cover—which acts as the insulation layer. The tank is able to withstand external temperature variations of 35°F to 220°F. (The completed FRP portion of the tank has a thermal conductivity of 1.0–2.5 BTU/hr/ft sq/°F/in. and thermal expansion of 4.0–4.5x10⁻⁶ in./in. °F.)

A final FRP outer layer was then applied completing the sandwich-like construction which prevents weathering and accidental damage.

Attachment of nozzles, ladders, pipe supports and other fittings, and spray up of the tank floor completes the installation process.





Field Crews Spin Off Filament Winding Process

Resembling moths spinning huge cocoons, field construction crews are increasingly filament winding large diameter storage tanks on-site for a variety of liquids.

The filament winding process exploits the design and engineering properties of fiber glass-reinforced plastics (FRP). Used on-site, it significantly reduces factory processing, transport and assembly costs.

With minimum startup time, a three-man field crew can set up a filament winding apparatus and fabricate an FRP vessel up to 100 ft in diameter and more than 60 ft high. The filament-wound outer barrier structurally reinforces and protects a prefabricated FRP liner formulated to resist attack by the stored liquid. Current resin technology offers corrosion protection against more than 600 chemicals and hydrocarbons.

"On-site filament winding reduced the original costs of a new chlorine dioxide tank by half compared with tile-lined steel," comments Norman McLain, senior project engineer at the paper manufacturing company, Temple-EasTex.

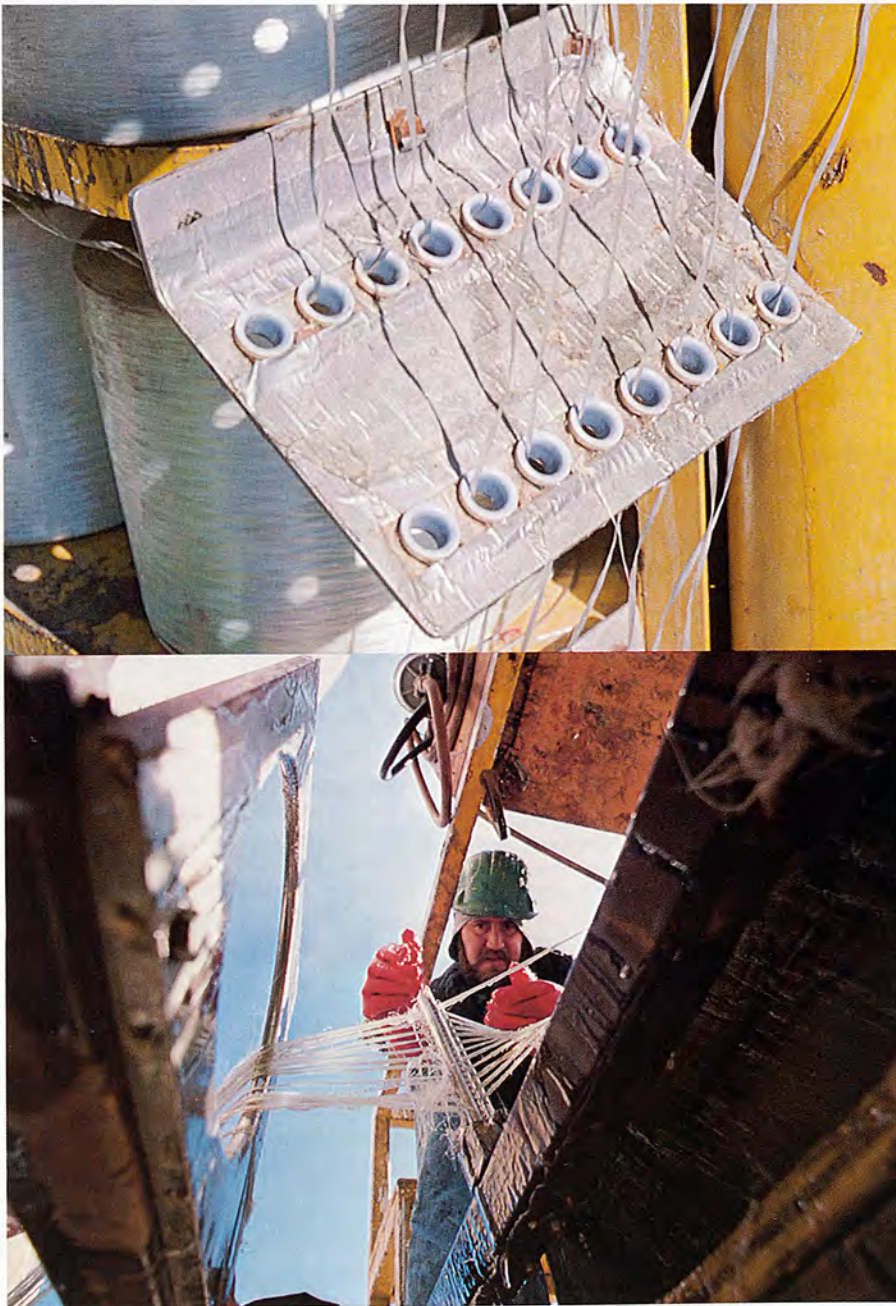
Stebbins Engineering and Mfg. Co., a construction engineering firm, recently built the 50,000 gal, 16x32-ft tank at Temple-EasTex's Silsbee, Tex., facility. The tank is one of four used to store and recycle chemicals for bleaching pulp, a process that sometimes requires up to five bleaching stages.

Because chlorine dioxide (ClO_2) is both volatile and aggressive, the tank had to be insulated for constant storage temperatures of 35 to 45°F. In addition, the structure had to resist external and internal corrosion and maintain the atmospheric pressure needed to contain ClO_2 .

High Strength, corrosion resistance

Filament-wound FRP has a unique combination of structural properties that qualify it for a variety of storage tank uses. In the fabrication process, materials are compounded to provide hoop tensile strengths of 50,000–55,000 psi; hoop tensile modulus of

Field crew from Stebbins Engineering and Manufacturing accomplishes preparatory tasks before on-site filament winding. Glass fiber continuous rovings are strung from spools mounted on mobile winding machine (top). After saturation in resin bath tank strands are oriented for winding (bottom) to assure proper glass content and placement as they are wound.



Color Coordination

Corl offers its line of tub/shower units in 22 colors, ranging from standard white and gold to exotic frost green and misty rose. Component surface color and textures can be coordinated to match most ceramic bathroom fixtures.

"Changing drums of gel coat used to mean changing colors," Mr. Harward explains. "When you finished a drum you kept a gallon of each batch coded in a storeroom somewhere. If a unit came back for repair, you had to reference back to that gallon."

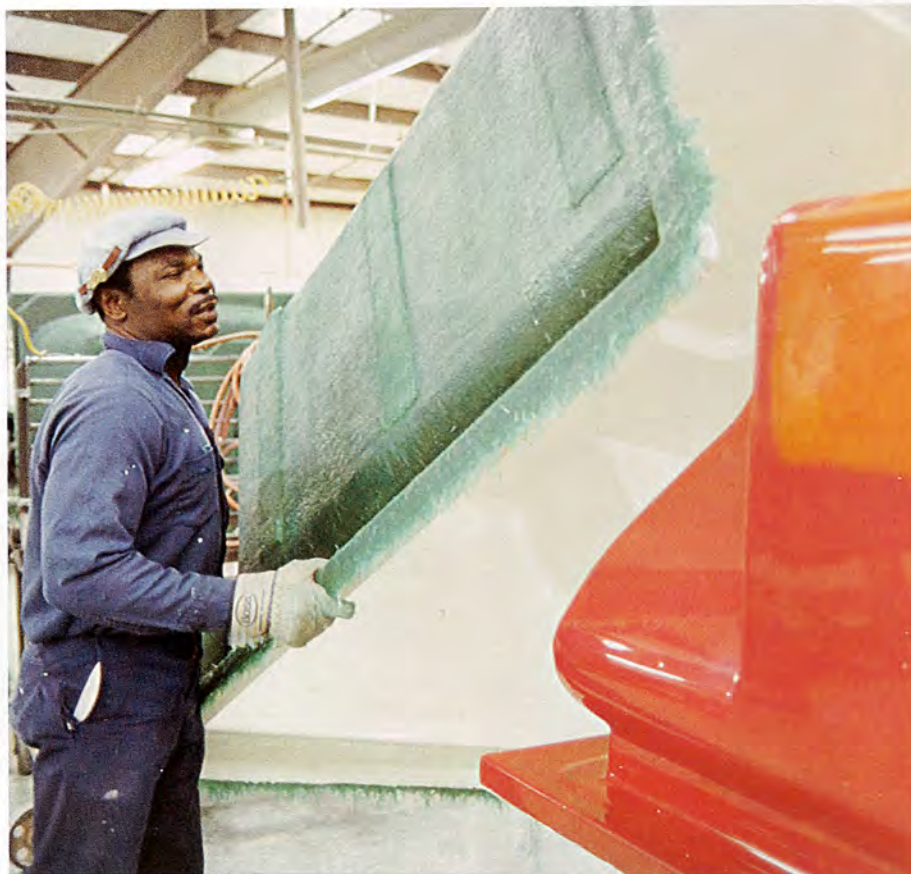
A key development in color matching was Owens-Corning's development of its computerized "Color Eye" system. At its Anderson, S.C., gel coat plant, the company has computerized spectrophotometer testing of shade and hue to assure batch-to-batch adherence of its E-8000 series gel coats to an original color standard compatible with components made of other materials viewed under all lighting conditions.

High Performance Resin

The tub/shower industry's quest to improve resin application efficiency in spray-up, contact molding methods has also led to development of high efficiency (HE) resins. All unsaturated polyester resins will lose some volatiles during their use in a spray-up facility. Close control of the resin while stored and during the spray-up process lowers airborne waste and thus, substantially improves the amount of catalyzed resin reaching the mold.

The better efficiencies of specially formulated HE resins cuts by as much as 25 percent the normal wastage associated with tub/shower spray-up.

Corl derives several other benefits from the HE resin system. For example, a new wetting agent improves wet-out and roll-out of the fiber glass. Better application results in fewer finished parts that require repairs to rework.



Corl Corporation executives predict FRP plumbing components, such as tub/shower unit above, will capture up to 50 per cent of the tub/shower market by the end of the decade.



Bathing Environment "Turns On" FRP Manufacturers



Low capital requirements and the capability for high line speed have made spray-up FRP manufacture popular for large, complex shapes such as plumbing components. Worker first sprays gel coat on mold to give product a smooth, colorful surface. (top) After hardening, coated surface is sprayed to predetermined thickness with resin in fiber glass chopped roving.

As people have become more interested in home decor, particularly the bathing environment, plumbing components manufacturers have placed more emphasis on bathroom components which are esthetically pleasing as well as being functional.

The challenge has been met with typical creativity by the manufacturers of fiber glass-reinforced plastic (FRP) bath and tub systems.

In recent years, the design of light-weight, colorful, easy-care FRP bath systems have become as varied as the tastes of the homeowners, apartment dwellers, and travelers who use them.

It is this attention to modern design styles which accounts for part of the success of FRP plumbing components. The sleek sculptured lines of both the single and multi-piece units cannot easily be duplicated by cast iron or steel tubs. And the ability to build in such amenities as toiletry shelves, grab bars, and soap dishes provides added convenience to the user. While manufacturers sought to improve production techniques and produce more durable and pleasing tubs, demand for FRP units has climbed steadily until they now account for almost a third of the total bath fixture sales.

Most of these changes have taken place in the oldest and most widely-used FRP process—spray up. In this process, fiber glass continuous-strand roving is fed through a combination chopper and spray gun. An operator sprays the resulting stream of chopped roving and catalyzed resin onto a precoated mold.

Although spray up is the most labor- and materials-intensive FRP process, its ability to produce large, complex shapes, low capital requirements and high line speed have led to its wide use in the marine and plumbing components market. And, as materials suppliers, such as Owens-Corning Fiberglas, learn more about the process, new generations of resins, reinforcements, and coatings are continually improving process efficiency.

Corl Corporation, for example, a major molder of tub-shower units, recently con-

verted a gel coat-resin combination that improved materials use (with fewer end-product defects).

"The gel coat is the all-important beginning of the tub," says Ron Harward, vice-president of manufacturing, Corl Corp. "The gel coat" he explained, gives the tub/shower unit a durable, high-gloss surface that's easy to clean. And it's the gel coat surface that the plumbing contractor and customer see in the dealer showroom.

High performance gel coat

The base resin for the gel coat Corl now uses is formulated with a 100 percent neopentyl glycol (NPG) in the glycol component and 100 percent isophthalic acid in the acid component.

This high performance formulation gives finished tub units resistance to scratching, discoloration, and blistering.

Neopentyl glycol-based gel coat is a low viscosity material, particularly compatible with airless spray up applicators (although it is interchangeable with air atomized systems). These systems use high fluid pressure rather than air volume to atomize the gel coat for application to a mold. Waste, reduced with any airless spray up system, is further minimized with the NPG formulation, which requires only about 30 minutes to cure before spray up of the tub-shower can begin.

"With the low viscosity, you get a better break-up of material than with the thicker, heavier gel coats currently available," Mr. Harward notes. "You apply less material, more quickly, at a lower pressure, so the finished unit has a smoother outside surface."

For the customer, this means that he gets a better-looking tub that's more durable and easier to clean.

exchangers for piping or pumping heat to storage units and back to buildings when needed. But the technology has been slower to evolve and experimental systems remain too expensive for the average homeowner or commercial enterprise.

Keep Solar Heat Out, Too

"Every building envelope must be designed to balance natural light transmission and solar heat gain into the building with thermal loss through windows, walls and roof," Mr. Keller notes. "Sometimes, preventing heat gain or heat loss in a building is as important as collecting solar energy."

This is why Kalwall also makes FRP window systems that cut winter heat loss and block out summer sun while transmitting natural light.

Every Kalwall FRP panel or composite insulates to some degree. The standard 2¾ in. composite glazing panel, for example, has an insulation "U" value of .41, about 30 percent better than the .65 "U" glass required for the same solar transmittance. Depending on what an architect wants to accomplish over a building's 12-month energy-use cycle, composite products can have insulation "U" values as high as .15, where only 3 percent light transmission takes place.

Kalwall window systems have been installed in more than 25,000 buildings.

New plants and shopping malls, like one recently completed in Joliet, Ill., are installing FRP component wall and roof systems to reduce utility bills. The diffused light transmitted by the panels is cutting lighting costs as well.

In the next 45 years, the solar energy industry will supply the United States with as much energy as today's petroleum and natural gas industries combined, according to the U.S. Energy Research and Development Report No. 49.

Whether or not this prediction proves accurate, solar energy and conservation systems will remain a strong growth market for the FRP industry.



Translucent FRP panels allow natural light to permeate homes in Weare, N.H. (top and bottom, left) and Wellfleet, Ma. (bottom, right) while serving as solar collector facings. Kalwall® solar furnace, located behind ceiling panels, includes water-filled FRP storage tubes coated with heat-absorbent surface to convert and store solar heat. *Registered trademark of Kalwall Corp., Manchester, N.H.

Amarillo Update Two Billion Pounds Of FRP In 1978?

Following a record year for the fiber glass-reinforced plastics (FRP) industry, the news is that 1978 may be just as good. And key reinforcements manufacturers, such as Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation, stand prepared for continuing growth.

"Despite forecasts of a softening economy," says James S. Hearons, vice president of Owens-Corning's Industrial Operating Division, "the market for FRP has remained strong during the first quarter of 1978. We're now optimistic that strength in volume markets such as transportation, equipment and construction will contribute to the use of slightly more than 2 billion pounds of FRP laminate this year—an increase of at least 8 percent over 1977."

The continued growth of the FRP market is being supported by new investments in

reinforcements capacity. All eyes are currently on the construction of the world's largest fiber glass reinforcements plant in Amarillo, Texas.

"We can report that our new Amarillo Plant is on schedule for an early 1979 start-up," says Mr. Hearons. "It will have an eventual capacity of 200 million pounds of reinforcements annually. That is currently equivalent to 30 percent of total industry capacity."

The news of Owens-Corning's Amarillo plant comes hard on the heels of a recently completed expansion and productivity improvement program at the company's Anderson, South Carolina, plant, and a productivity increase made at its Jackson, Tennessee, plant. Between them, the two plants contributed an extra 30 million pounds of new capacity during 1977 and early 1978 as a result of the expansion and productivity improvements made.

"The snugness in supply that characterized some product areas during 1977 has disappeared," says Mr. Hearons. "The outlook this year is most encouraging. We plan to introduce a number of new products designed to improve quality and increase productivity in molding operations."

During upcoming editions of *Productivity Update*, it is intended that readers will receive similar 'updates' on the market and progress at Amarillo. For information on new reinforcement products, please complete and return the business reply card at the rear of this publication.



An aerial view of OCF's new 500,000-sq-ft 'Fiberglass' reinforcements plant under construction in Amarillo, Texas.

casings to explode. It also has the dimensional stability to withstand the jolting mechanical closure of the circuits at roughly 1500 psi up to a guaranteed 8000 operations. That kind of reliability is critical for circuit breaker performance."

Reduces breaker volume

"Today's circuit breakers and switchgear are considerably smaller and better insulated than their predecessors," reports A.E. Stringfellow, manager of Insulating Materials Development for Gould, Inc., a major manufacturer of electrical equipment.

With FRP moldings for electrical and structural support of the conductors and arc chutes, Gould, Inc., made major reductions in the depth and width of its 5kV circuit breaker, cutting overall volume 39.5 percent. In addition, the switchgear for the breaker requires 16 percent less floor space than its predecessor.

Other critical Gould circuit breaker components are also made of FRP. In the bus compartment of the 5kV circuit breaker, for example, track-resistant FRP angles support the conductor, even through the wall of the

frame. On a 15kV circuit breaker, an FRP compartment provides the arc-resistance, flexural and electric strength and flame-resistance needed to enclose the energized terminals safely.

In the 5kV circuit breaker, FRP housings replace metal as the support for primary disconnects. This moves ground away from the conductors and decreases the distance needed between bushings and switchboard. The upper portions of the breaker have been made without grounded metal frames. With FRP lead support moldings, capable of handling breaker contact operation and interruption, the newer model breakers are lighter and less susceptible to flashovers.

Both the 5kV and 15kV circuit breakers have FRP arc chutes to resist burst or deformation from the force and heat of a current interruption.

Lighter, more compact equipment

Proper design and the parts consolidation possible with FRP have led to such high performance improvements as electric motor starters that maintain their efficiency, though smaller in size than their predecessors. One motor starter manufacturer cited a 64 percent weight reduction in its models above 30 amps.

In motor sizes from fractional to 100 hp, FRP acts as primary electrical insulation for movable and stationary contacts and coil terminals and as an arc-quenching barrier between contacts. FRP arc boxes, cross bars, upper base assemblies and molded case coils meet the stringent requirements of these applications.

The design of pad-mounted distribution transformers has also been improved. High electric strength, non-tracking FRP is used as physical mounting and electrical insulation for disconnect switches and fuses, as well as high-voltage through bushings to the transformer. Assembly time is faster than was formerly possible using porcelain insulators and metal enclosures. FRP can also be used for pull rings on disconnect switches and fuses and as a winder for fuse elements.

High performance, lower cost

Phenolics, melamines and acrylics also have electrical stationery properties suitable



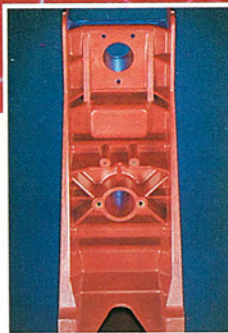
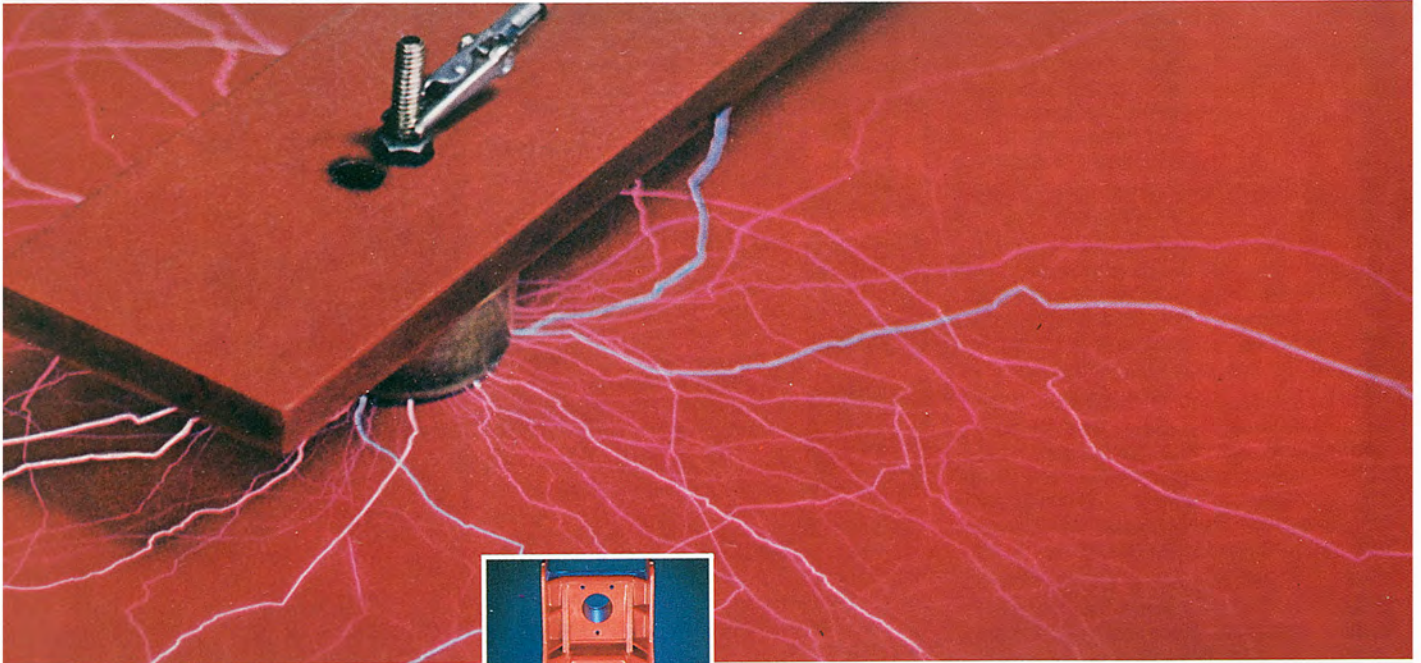
for the newer, more demanding electrical applications.

"But FRP's combination of mechanical and electric strength gives performance you just can't match with phenolics at the same price," says an executive manager of compounds and electrical insulation parts at Premix, Inc., one of the nation's largest custom molders of electrical parts.

Don Bachmeier, product manager, Compression and Transfer, The Glastic Corporation, another important custom molder, finds FRP competitive in performance with porcelain insulators.

"Impact resistance is the main advantage FRP has over porcelain," he explains. "Dimensional tolerances are also easier to control. A designer can only expect plus or minus 1/8-in. tolerances in a molded porcelain part, but new low-shrink FRP technologies make

FRP laminate for 15 kV circuit breaker switch support (inset) is specially compounded to achieve flame and track resistance. Electrical grade compounds such as test sample shown can resist up to 350 volts per mil thickness.



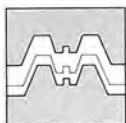
tolerances of plus or minus 0.001 in. per in. easy to hold."

Optimizing design

"With present technology," Mr. Bachmeier explains, "FRP remains a dependable primary insulator in applications up to 15,000 volts."

"In outdoor applications, FRP electrical parts have demonstrated excellent corrosion resistance and have readily withstood temperatures as low as minus 40° F. Enclosure in cabinets is recommended to ensure proper part protection."

FRP applications in the field of electric equipment design are almost unlimited, he concludes.



Rapid Injection Mold Cycle Boosts Thermoset Parts Yield

One of the driving factors behind the rapid growth of the reinforced plastics industry has been modification of high-volume injection molding techniques to handle thermoset plastics.

And the introduction of high performance fiber glass-reinforced thermoset polyester brings to maturity a process that has been used to mold everything from artificial flowers to automobile sun decks.

With the intricate mold configurations, automated press operation and close tolerances possible with injection molding, increasing numbers of original equipment manufacturers and custom molders are investing in thermoset production.

"In a 5,000-hour production year, a single-cavity injection mold can yield up to 300,000 parts," says Don Colombo, Injection Molding Product Manager at The Glastic Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio. "Injection molding's rapid process speed opens up truly large volume applications for reinforced thermosets."

Glastic, one of the FRP industry's largest custom molders, estimates that the volume of injection molded thermoset polyester parts will increase 500 percent in the next five years, as whole industries convert.

Injection molded polyester has been utilized extensively for conversion of the power tool industry to double-insulated FRP motor housings.

Prototypes are now being designed for motor housings for other appliances, as well as for handles and supports for cookware and steam irons, toaster and broiler end plates, terminal boards and coffee pot bases. Increasingly, parts for motor starters, molded case circuit breakers and other electrical equipment are also being injection molded.

Auto makers and suppliers have adapted the process to small, mass-producible parts

ranging from brush holders to air cleaner components. These parts, used interchangeably on different car models and years, are produced in quantities large enough to capitalize fully on injection molding's scale economies.

Easily automated

Injection molding is a closed-mold process for parts lighter than 15 pounds. Mr. Colombo suggests a minimum run of 30,000 pieces to justify press preparation and to take full advantage of process speed. With proper system design, injection, curing and ejection operations can be automated almost entirely, thus reducing press operator labor.

Glastic's Injection Molding and Materials Division uses a bulk molding compound (BMC) to give products a smooth finish. The BMC is formulated to flow easily through runners, gates, and cavities, thereby eliminating the need for high pressure injection sometimes seen in other thermosets.

Owens-Corning fiber glass chopped strand, up to 1/2 in. long, gives the compound mechanical strength and dimensional stability.

BMC enters the injection cylinder from a stuffing cylinder. It is injected by a screw or plunger mechanism through a "cold runner," which preheats the compound to about 175° F, into a closed mold heated to between 300° and 350° F.

Fastest cure time

Preheating accelerates cure time, normally 20 to 45 sec, and reduces injection molding to a total cycle time of 20 to 60 sec, depending on the part configuration. This is the fastest of any FRP molding process. After cure, the mold opens horizontally to release finished parts. During the automatic injection and release process, the press operator is free to do post-operation work and stack parts.

Inserts, such as metal screw mounts, can be molded into injection molded thermoset parts. Using a manual loading fixture mounted on one mold, for example, Glastic adds an insert to each of eight small electrical parts, molded simultaneously in separate cavities, with an operation that adds only 5 seconds to overall cycle time. Finishing and machining offer additional time savings.



175-ton control press allows Glastic Corp. lab to observe the injection molding of an experimental thermoset part. Clockwise from left: FRP charge inserted into

stuffing chamber; mold closed; charge stuffed into injection cylinder; pre-heated compound injected into mold cavity; mold separated; part eased off mold.



"Because injection molding is a closed-mold process," Mr. Colombo explains, "there's very little flash. Flash on finished parts is paper-thin and easily removed. Parts are usually ready for the assembler without any machining necessary."

Lower process costs

Thermoset molders achieve two other benefits with the injection process. Since the cure temperatures are significantly lower than those needed to die cast a metal, such as aluminum, molds last up to four times as long. This is significant because the mold is one of the most important cost factors in a product's life cycle.

Second, since the latest fiber glass-reinforced thermosets can be compounded to be shrink-resistant, they can be used for close-tolerance parts. With appropriate tooling, for example, low-shrink BMC allows the molding of a 1-in. diameter hole with dimensions accurate to plus or minus 0.001 in. per in.

"Such close dimensional tolerances are especially critical in such devices as brush holders and motor housings," Mr. Colombo said. "In a food waste disposer, for example, both the center bearing and the grind ring seat must be concentric with the outer diameter of the motor end housing. If not, the motor won't function properly."

Choice of strength

Compounds may be formulated to achieve the mechanical strength requirements of a power tool housing or the dielectric strength of an automotive distributor cap.

With current technology thermoplastic injection molding presses can be converted to mold thermosets. This adaptability is giving a whole new generation of injection molders access to the markets rapidly opening up for reinforced thermosets.



Technology Spurs FRP Processing Advances at GM

By 1985 a typical automobile component is likely to be as strong as steel yet much lighter, corrosion resistant, and contribute to improved productivity along the assembly line. The material that most automakers anticipate will fit this description is fiber glass-reinforced plastic (FRP).

At General Motors' Inland Division, for example, weight reduction is an added complication to the already complex demands of parts production and quality control. To people like Jim Marlow, Plastics Laboratory Head at Inland, the fiber glass-reinforced plastics industry is well placed to help solve some of these problems.

"Reinforced plastics technology has advanced rapidly since the first grille opening panels about 10 years ago," he says. "We're looking at applications for FRP now that would have been inconceivable then. We've learned a lot about how to design in FRP, developed better ways to produce parts in high volume, and instituted more effective quality control procedures. In addition the material itself looks well suited to both environmental and energy needs."

Need to harness FRP in high volume production

Improving the productivity of FRP processing is a concern of auto industry officials, such as Patrick Coletta, vice president, manufacturing staff, General Motors.

"One example is the work we're doing with multiple molds," Mr. Coletta says.

In conventional compression molding, a high-pressure press is used for the entire molding cycle—for material loading, pressing, curing, and unloading.

In GM's concept of an advanced molding system using multiple cavities, molds would be indexed through a series of stations to improve line speed and reduce processing cost. A sheet molding compound (SMC) part could be molded in the main press, then removed for curing to free the press for the next part.

"As a result," says Mr. Coletta, "the number of high tonnage presses needed for the same output could be reduced by about 80 percent. Also there would be significant savings in time and associated machinery capable of substantially reducing capital investment," he adds.

GM's commitment to FRP is perhaps best illustrated by its decision two years ago to convert one of its Chevrolet sheet metal and thermoplastics processing operations at the Chevrolet Pressed Metal plant in Flint, Michigan, to a highly automated SMC operation.

The move required a total re-education program for many of the plant's technical and manufacturing personnel.

After 14 months of intensive preparation, the facility began producing SMC front-end panels for 1978 model Monte Carlos and Malibu Classics and engine covers for GM van interiors.

The three parts produced are all high volume, requiring some 50-60,000 pounds of SMC per day. Both the handling and processing of materials had to be accelerated to meet production schedules for 1978 model components.

GM looked to automate production wherever possible. In the case of front-end panels pre-cut SMC charges are fed by automatic loaders into four 2000-ton, large-bed hydraulic presses containing two cavities. Operators locate charges within 1/4 inch of precise placement on a template car. The template car then travels under the automatic loader/unloader mechanism which accurately places the charge into the press.

One of the fundamentals of producing a 'Class A' part, is to place the charge onto the core of the mold. This way no pre-gel occurs on the exterior surface of the part, and in-mold damage and flashing are minimal. The

molded part is automatically ejected, a new charge loaded simultaneously, and with limited supervision, more than 1000 parts per day per press can be produced.

GM attributes the success of its operation to its concept of process control. That means strict monitoring of resin, glass, and filler quality in the compounding room, constant checking of charge weights, mold temperatures, and press operation during molding, and close supervision of finishing operations.

Chevrolet has made a major commitment to SMC processing. The automotive industry currently uses approximately 160 million pounds of SMC for its automotive and truck components, with growth projected at 300 million pounds by 1982.



SMC strips for Chevrolet grille opening panels are automatically loaded into 2,000-ton press at General Motors Plant #6, Flint, Michigan.



Deep Drilling Delivers Problems As Well As Oil

To help meet the nation's energy demands, oil companies have begun drilling deeper and farther afield to recover crude.

Wells as deep as 10,000 feet unearth new drilling conditions which create a whole set of engineering problems to challenge the strength, durability and corrosion resistance of fiber glass-reinforced plastic (FRP).

Most of the U.S. drilling onshore and offshore, in Texas, Kansas and along the Gulf coast, extracts more than just oil. The "downhole tubes" that puncture an oil field also transfer corrosive salt water, soil, chemicals and minerals suspended in the oil and sand which can impede the complex mechanical functions of the tubes.

Only one-third of the oil in a geological formation is easily recovered by natural pressure in a reservoir. The deeper wells are going after the other two-thirds, sinking holes at the perimeter of a field and forcing crude toward the well head. These processes use such artificial "stimulants" as gas, water injection or flooding with a mixture of CO₂ and special detergents. These pumping aids also have a highly corrosive effect on the drilling rig.

Corrosion damage in a land-based oil field can be very costly. To combat these costs, oil companies have sought equipment—particularly downhole casings and tubing—that effectively resists corrosion.

When Koch Products, formerly Rock Island Fiberglass Company, of Wichita, Kans.,

introduced fiber glass-reinforced plastic downhole tubing in 1959 for disposal and injection wells, it sought primarily to combat the corrosion problem.

Complex pipe design

But downhole tubing is subject not only to corrosion. Such factors as internal forces, collapse pressure, tensile and torsional forces required complex design. Koch was among the first to develop high-pressure FRP downhole tubing capable of withstanding all operational stresses.

In the Koch fabrication process, alternate longitudinal and lateral plies of "Fiberglas Type 30" roving are prestressed on a mandrel and simultaneously saturated and bonded with an epoxy resin. The process of filament-winding the tubes takes advantage of the strength of fiber glass, allowing them to meet mechanical performance requirements.

Koch manufactures FRP tubing in two weight grades, K-1250 and K-2000, with different tensile strength and collapse ratings for each weight. Koch's K-2000 has 8RD E4E threads (oil field threads) and comes in 2 3/8, 2 7/8 and 3 1/2 in. sizes. The common 2 3/8 in. size weighs only 1.40 lb/ft. At operating conditions of 150F, 30-ft joints withstand pressure of 2000 psig, collapse of 2000 psig and have a tensile strength of 10,000 lb.

For handling ease during installation, the tubing is usually unloaded from a flat bed truck with the coupling end toward the well. Lift pins are then screwed into the coupling end. A rod hook is attached to the lift pin and the joint picked up and run into the well.

With prescribed downhole equipment—a packer, seal assembly or submersible pump

As oil drilling rigs go deeper and use artificial pressure to increase yield from oil fields, FRP tubes (above) are increasingly used. FRP downhole tubes perform to rigid set of strength and stress specifications, resist substantial corrosion and abrasion of oil drilling operations.



An Incredible Epic

continues in Volume Three