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A word to smokers

(about nonsmokers and anti-smokers)

In the expressive jargon of jazz, a lot of folks are "into" segregation these days—for smokers.

If you've ridden any planes lately, you've found yourself banished to the back of them, last to be served, last to leave.

Here on the ground, there's a sudden sprouting of "No Smoking" signs. And if, by mistake, you happen to light up in the wrong place, you get a sharp reminder, annoyed frown or cold shoulder.

When that happens, it's easy to get the feeling you're being picked on, and made to feel like a social outcast.

But there's another side to this.

In Seattle some time ago, two restaurants tried segregation—an area for nonsmokers.

After a month, one had served 9,389 meals in the smoking side, and only 21 in the nonsmoker side. In the other, of 17,421 customers, only 23 asked to be segregated from the smokers.

The point is that most nonsmokers think smokers are O.K. and they like to be around us—when the choice is left up to them.

So take heart.

That doesn't mean that the tiny minority of *anti*-smokers are going to go away. They won't. Some of them have very sensible reasons for objecting. Smoke bothers them. And a discourteous smoker bothers them as much as he bothers us smokers. And then there are people, perfectly rational about everything else, who turn kind of paranoid when a smoker approaches.

We don't know what to do about these anti-smokers any more than you do—except to treat them all with the courtesy and kindness we deserve from them.

It works with our friends, the nonsmokers; it may also work with the anti-smokers.

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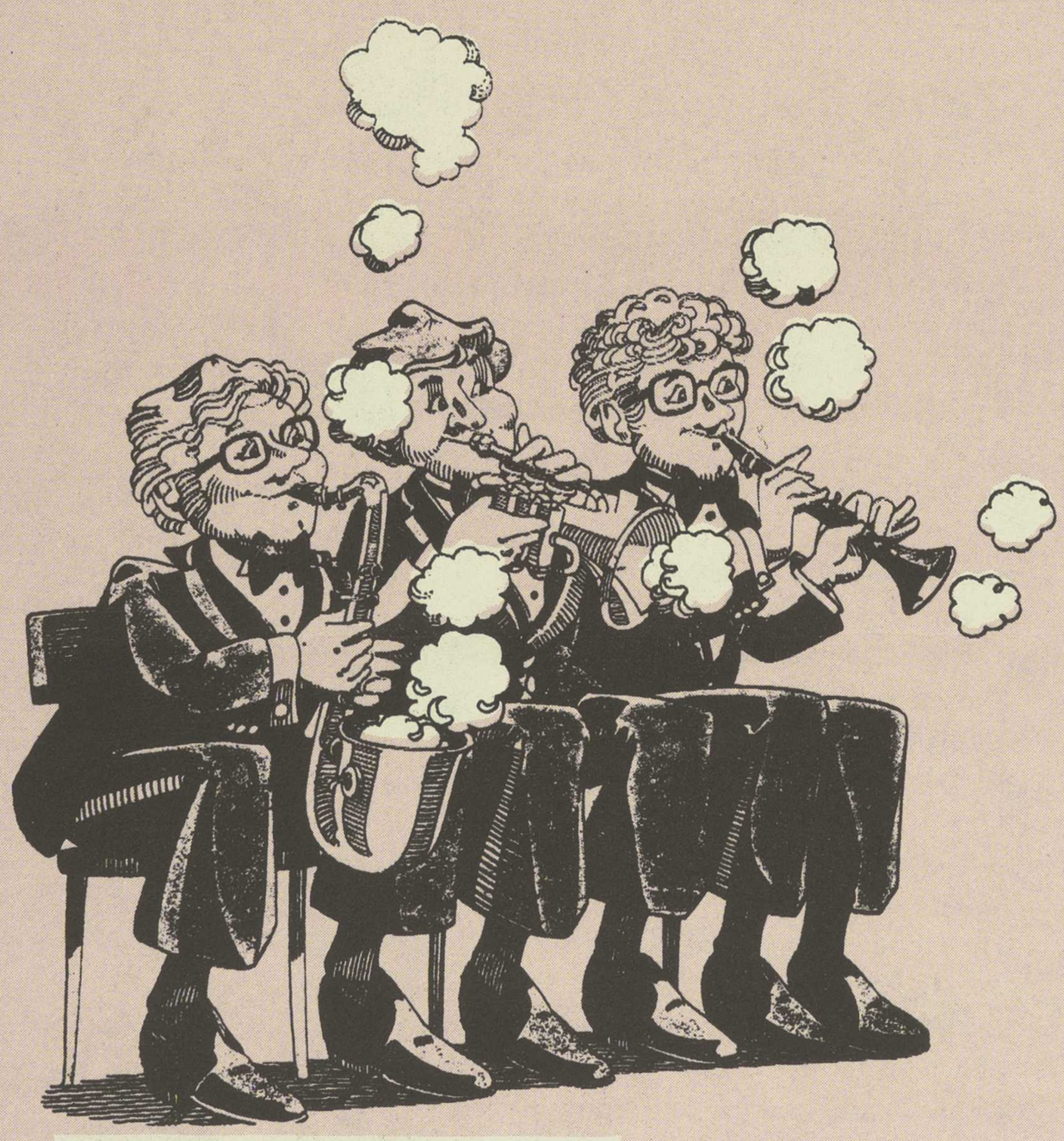

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Advertisement

A word to nonsmokers

(about smokers)

A great jazz musician once said of his art, "If you don't understand it, I can't explain it."

That's the way it is with smoking.

If you've never smoked, it just *looks* puzzling—the whole ritual of lighting, puffing. What's the point?

There's really no way to explain it.

We've all heard from the people who think the 60 million American smokers ought to be, like you, nonsmokers. But even those people know there's *something* going on that smokers like.

Maybe that's the key to the whole tobacco thing from the beginning. It's a small ritual that welcomes strangers, provides companionship in solitude, fills "empty" time, marks the significance of certain occasions and expresses personal style.

For *some* people. And by personal choice, not for you. That's the way it ought to be. Whether your preference is carrot juice or bottled water, beach buggies or foreign cars, tobacco smoking or chewing gum or none of the above. Personal style.

What we're saying is that, like jazz or chamber music, some people like it and some don't. And most of you nonsmokers understand that. It would be a dull world if everybody liked the same things.

The trouble is that some people (*anti*-smokers, as distinguished from *non*smokers) don't like those who march to the sound of the different drummer, and want to harass smokers and, if possible, to separate them from your company in just about everything.

And the further trouble is that even the tolerant *non*-smokers, and that's most of you, are honestly annoyed by the occasional sniff of tobacco smoke that's a little too pervasive.

It annoys us smokers equally.

But it would be a shame if we allowed a tiny handful of intolerant anti-smokers, and a small group of discourteous smokers, to break up the enjoyable harmony we find in each other's personal style.

Maybe if we ignore them both, they'll go away and leave the rest of us to go on playing together.

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