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MARCH 1966 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY



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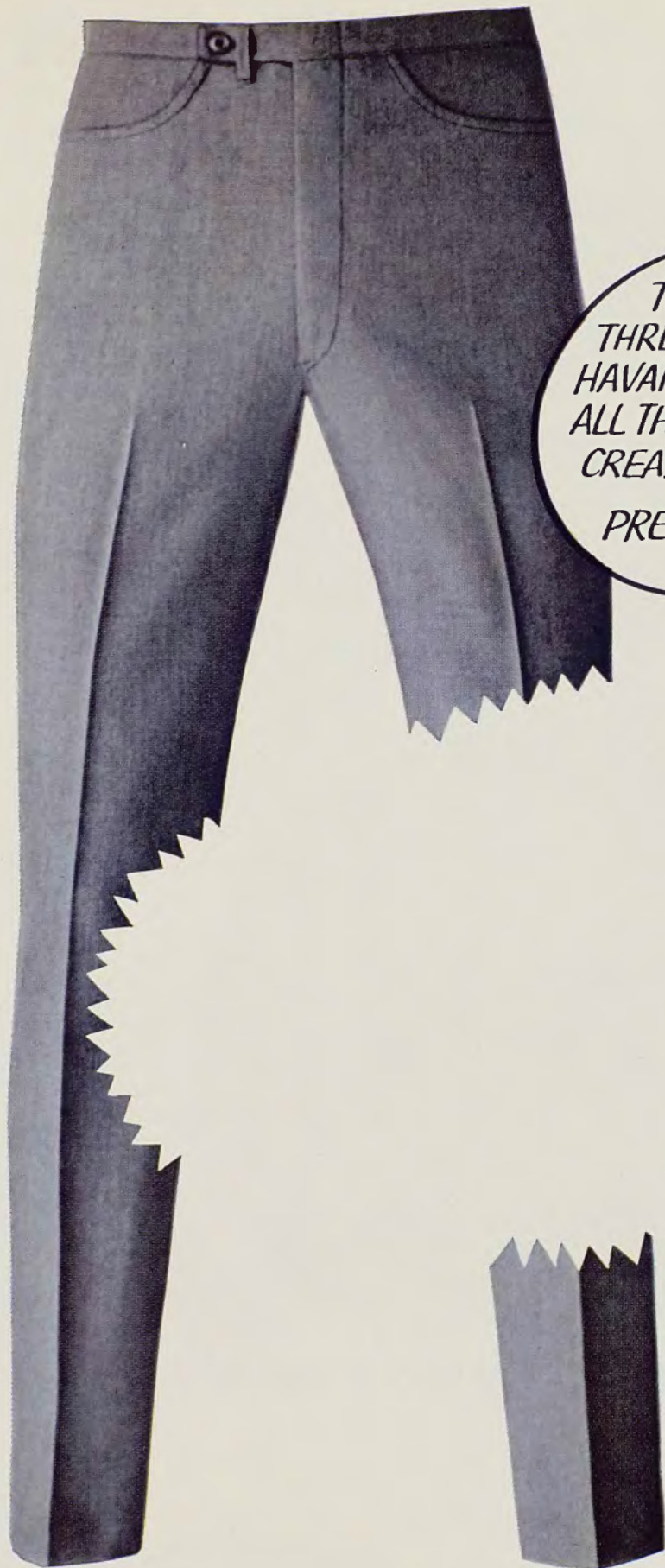
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•DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK

PLAYBILL GRACING OUR COVER for the sixth time—and bedecked in more apparel than is her wont—is our frolicsome Femlin, snowman constructress *extraordinaire*. But in addition to Femlins and snowmen we bring you this March a bonus in fine fiction to brighten the days 'twixt winter and spring.

First, our secret agents have unearthed *Octopussy*, a two-part James Bond adventure previously undiscovered. This is the sixth Bond escapade we have published and posthumously continues Ian Fleming's long and happy association with *PLAYBOY*, which began in March 1960 (we discovered him before President Kennedy did) with a short story, *The Hildebrand Rarity*. Approximately three years later, in April 1963, we began to serialize—before book publication—*On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, which is now in production as the next James Bond screen thriller. Then, the following January, came *The Property of a Lady* and in April, May and June of 1964, we similarly serialized *You Only Live Twice*, 007's Japanese caper in which he finally demolished the superfiend Blofeld, and practically destroyed himself. Last year, in four installments, we published Fleming's last novel, *The Man with the Golden Gun*, which concluded with Bond apparently headed for the altar, an unlikely odyssey for him. And now, Bond returns to *PLAYBOY* for what may be his final bow. But don't bet on it, for although Fleming has left us, James Bond—like Sherlock Holmes—lives on.

This month we continue Vladimir Nabokov's eerie yet witty exploration of narcissism in Part IV of *Despair*. Nabokov, the author of *Lolita* and one of the authentic literary greats of our era, wrote a version of *Despair* in Russian more than 30 years ago; critics were less than enthusiastic about this sardonic tale. Of the new version, completed last year for *PLAYBOY*, we predict a complete about-face on the part of these critics—including that fellow from *Pravda*.

From Pietro di Donato comes *O'Hara's Love*, a story of quick passion and lingering remorse that is Di Donato's fifth contribution to *PLAYBOY* within a year. A 55-year-old former bricklayer and author of *Christ in Concrete*, Di Donato once mixed mortar for the Chrysler Building and still holds a card in the bricklayers' union. He is now at work on a novel. Its hero: a 55-year-old former bricklayer.

Another unusual writer of unusual fiction is Allan Seager, who makes his bow in *PLAYBOY* with *The Good Doctor*, a pathological caper in more ways than one. Seager is a former Rhodes scholar, Phi Beta Kappa man, an educator, short-story writer, translator of *Stendhal* and an All-American swimmer (1927–28). At the moment he is writing a novel, plus a biography of the poet Theodore Roethke. "I find I write more now," he observes laconically, "and swim less."

This month's *Playboy Panel* airs the crisis in the relationship between police power and individual rights. Bob Dylan, loner-leader of rebellious young folkniks, reveals himself, in our *Playboy Interview*, in a new, Kafka-like and introspective aspect. In *The Contemporary Planesman*, we offer the definitive take-off on executive flight, wherein man can work or play in his own plane at his own price (from \$7000 to \$1,700,000). In *Goldilocks and the Three Bears* we hail the return of James Ransom, parodist and ribald classicist, in his fourth appearance in *PLAYBOY*. "*Goldilocks* has an academic background," he explains. "On a pedagogic visit to Oxford I was given a programed medical manuscript for examination. And what we have here is a parody of that presentation." And from Nat Hentoff, author of nine previous articles in *PLAYBOY*, comes *We're Happening All Over, Baby!*, an in-depth exploration of the motives behind the new generation of social activists both on the campus and off. "I'm greatly encouraged by the new searching thrust for basic social, political and economic change by the American young," says Hentoff. "Researching this article was so stimulating, I'm going to expand it into a book."

Sex rears its pleasant head in three different guises: in the nudest of "happenings" ever viewed in this hemisphere, *Revelations*, staged by Ben Jacopetti in Berkeley, California; *A New Set of Sex Mores*, a revolutionary scheme of musical marital beds dreamed up by Auro Roselli, U. S. correspondent for Milan's famed daily, *Il Giornale*, and a recent convert to writing in English ("My next work," he informed us, "shall be entitled *An Orgasm of the Mind*. Writing in English I have just begun, but I like it."); and in *Trio con Brio*, in which we uncover three seductive European stars: Rossana Podesta (Italy), Christiane Schmidtner (Germany) and Shirley Anne Field (England).

There's much more, of course. So kick winter's traces and read on.



FLEMING



ROSELLI



RANSOM



SEAGER



DI DONATO

PLAYBOY



Airborne Exec P. 64



Revelations P. 76



Brio Trio P. 105



We're Happening P. 82

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DEAR PLAYBOY

 ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

CAPPERS

I want to congratulate you on the Al Capp interview in the December issue. I think the interviews that are being published by PLAYBOY are quite unique and a great contribution to the ever-increasing demand for forthright journalism.

Walter Wanger
New York, New York

With regard to the *Playboy Interview* in which Al Capp mentions my comic strip *Juliet Jones* as one of the best strips being syndicated today, I would like to borrow a phrase from Capp himself and say I revere him far too deeply to question his literary judgment. My reason for quoting Al in this connection is all too (sob) clear. Very few cartoonists and hardly anyone else can approach his candid eloquence with any degree of assurance. It follows that I can add little to Mr. Capp's observations, a fact that may emerge as the understatement of the year. But I do want to say two things. First: In my estimation, the *Playboy Interview* is an outstanding feature. When interesting people reveal themselves in reply to these pointed questions, there is an immediacy of rapport unobtainable in almost any other way. This direct method of personality presentation is intriguing and has great entertainment value. I, for one, find it compelling and I shall look forward to many more. Second: Al Capp needs no accolades from me. He is a legend in the profession and has achieved a level of accomplishment most cartoonists can only dream of reaching.

Stan Drake
Ridgefield, Connecticut

We subhumans put get-the-buck, strictly-no-talent, *Überrnensch* Al Capp where he is today. The hell with him.

Frank Dudock
Worcester, Massachusetts

To Al Capp's dismissal of my fantasy figures of youth as opposed to his fantasy figures of youth, I can only reply that while his had more class, mine were stronger, dumber, and could beat up all of his. I *am* in Al's debt for saying that I'm a hell of a better artist than anyone gives me credit for being, but if one tests

this comment against the credibility of his other observations (particularly on student protest, and the poverty program), one is forced to the conclusion that I must be considerably poorer as an artist than even I had dreamed.

Jules Feiffer
New York, New York

What Mr. Capp has to say about our way of life today is the kind of truth that most of us lack the guts to convey publicly. I was very happy to learn through your interview that he will now have a regular place in my home, via the boob tube, which will now seem much less boobish.

Jerry Allen
Fort Huachuca, Arizona

Will you permit me to point out some facts in connection with your interview with Mr. Al Capp? Mr. Capp states that I asked him for an autograph for my grandson. (1) I never asked Mr. Capp for an autograph for anybody. (2) I have no grandson. I have no daughter. In fact, I have no children.

He states that I attacked *Li'l Abner*, a comic strip. (3) In all my writings and speeches, I never referred to *Li'l Abner*; therefore, I said nothing about his being either depraved or incestuous. (4) I never dealt with comic strips in any of my writings or books, but only with crime comic books—a distinction that I always made very clear. (5) My book *Seduction of the Innocent* does not "fearlessly put the blame for crime and corruption" on comic books. It is based on careful clinical studies of children and points out that crime comic books are a contributing factor—no more—to different childhood troubles. My purpose was not to attack comic books, but to defend children. Thanks for giving equal time to facts.

Fredric Wertham, M. D.
New York, New York

Your interview with Al Capp was just the thing to finish off another fine year. It put the frosting on the cake.

Philip Peluso, Jr.
Flushing, New York

Your interview with Al Capp was

MY SIN

...a most
provocative perfume!



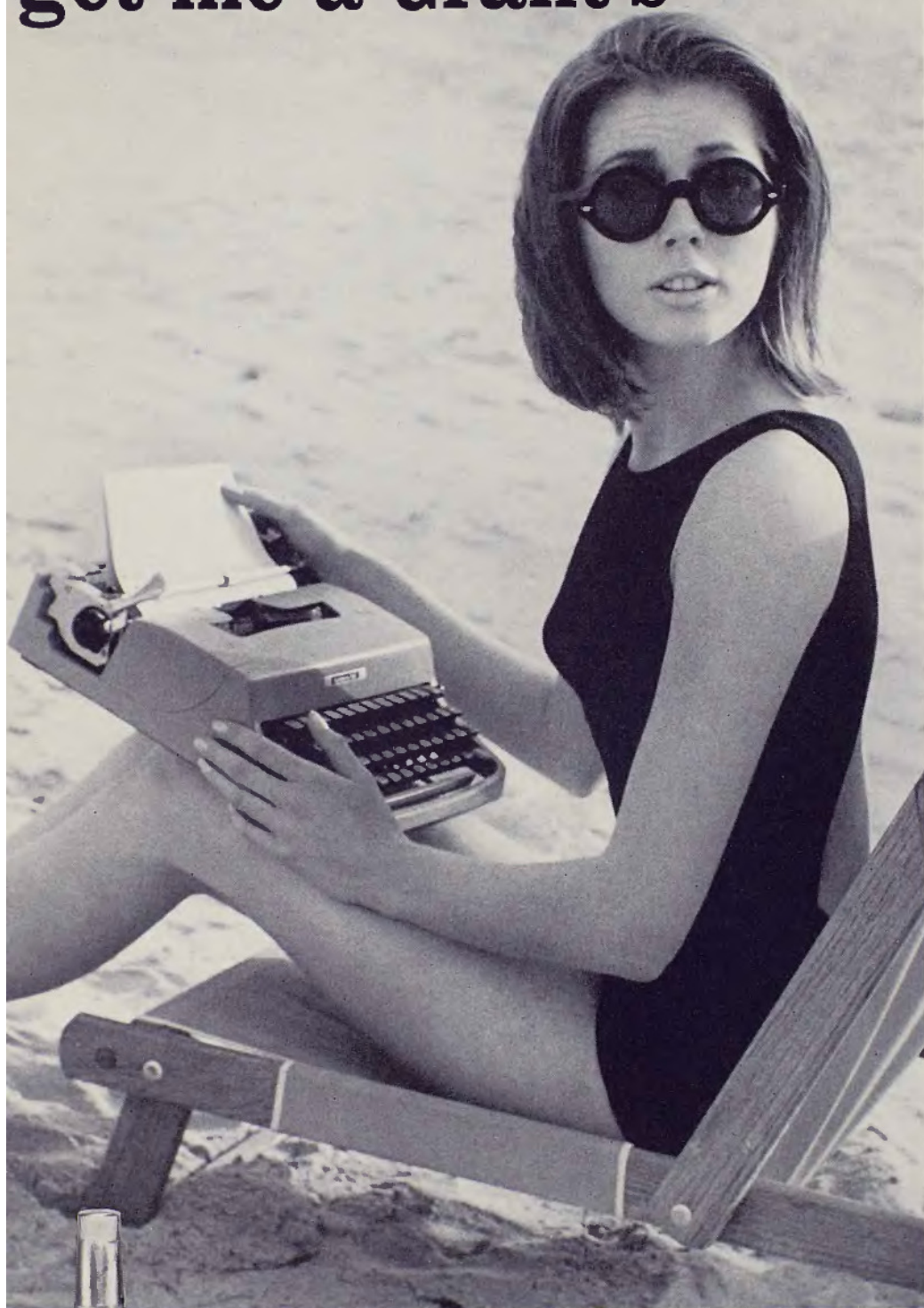
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undoubtedly the most nauseating example of pomposity and conceit that I have ever read between the covers of *PLAYBOY*. Being an avid reader of the interviews, I was not let down by this one. Al Capp's interview rates with those of Robert Shelton, Madalyn Murray and the Beatles, which showed the true and often surprising character make-up of these people.

Clifford R. Terry
Ithaca, New York

Re Mr. Capp(lin) tossing Robert Shelton of the Klan and myself in the same pot with that pediculous bearded Communist, Fidel Castro: I do not think that *PLAYBOY*'s readers are so naïve or unperceptive that they fail to observe this sneaky Jewish effort at "guilt by association." For those who fall for this sort of smear, I could easily throw Jewish Mr. Capp(lin) into a pot of my own with his fellow Jews, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg (convicted Jew-Communist spies) and Barry Goldfink. *Heil Hitler!*

George Lincoln Rockwell, Commander
American Nazi Party
Arlington, Virginia

Commander Rockwell is the subject of next month's "Playboy Interview."

Just finished reading your interview with Al Capp; he is my candidate for the Presidency in '68.

Steve Stephens
LaFontaine, Indiana


DELIGHTS IN *DESPAIR*

The first installment of Vladimir Nabokov's *Despair* (December 1965) gives promise that this novel will be the closest book of his to the incomparable and wicked *Lolita*, and I have read every one of his books to date. May I say that I think it is charming and praiseworthy of him to have made *PLAYBOY* the proving ground of his latest writing? And let me thank you for this literary coup.

Vernon Williams
New York, New York

VIETNAM REQUEST

This letter is written from the depths of the hearts of 180 officers and men of Company B, 2d Bn., 503d Inf., 173d Airborne Brigade (Separate) stationed at Bien Hoa, Republic of Vietnam. We were the first American Army troop unit committed in action here in Vietnam, and we have gone many miles—some in sorrow and some in joy, but mostly in hard, bone-weary inches. You have seen pictures of us in *Life*, 22 October 1965, and read of our victories and our setbacks in the neat black-and-white newsprint at your breakfast table, while we were picking off the leeches and loading ammo into empty magazines. We are proud to be here and have found the answer to the question, "Ask what you can do for your country." And yet we



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cannot stand alone—which brings me to the reason for sending you this request.

The loneliness here is a terrible thing—and we long to see a real, living, breathing American girl. Therefore, we have enclosed with this letter a money order for a Lifetime Subscription to PLAYBOY magazine for B Company. It is our understanding that, with the purchase of a Lifetime Subscription in the U.S., the first issue is personally delivered by a Playmate or Bunny. It is our most fervent hope that this policy can be extended to include us, so that the initial copy of our subscription can be presented to us in this manner. Any one of the current Playmates of the Month would be welcomed with open arms, but if we have any choice in the matter, we have unanimously decided that we would prefer the Playmate of the Year for 1965.

If we are not important enough, alone, to send a Playmate for, we could arrange to have her visit some other units in addition to our own. When she arrives in Saigon, we would assume responsibility for getting her to our unit and back. I do hope that you understand the deep sincerity of our request and the hope and dreams we have placed in it. We are anxiously awaiting your reply.

John S. Price

2nd Lt., Infantry

Playboy Project Officer

APO San Francisco, California

The \$150 Lifetime Subscription offer publicized by PLAYBOY some time ago indicated that—in any city with a Playboy Club—the first issue would be delivered in person by a Playmate or Bunny. We don't have a Playboy Club in Vietnam at the moment, but we aren't going to let that technicality stand in the way of having the first issue of your Lifetime Subscription personally delivered to the officers and men of B Company, 2d Battalion (Airborne), 503d Infantry, by Playmate of the Year Jo Collins. Jo is thrilled by the prospect of the trip and is receiving the series of inoculations required, while we acquire the necessary permission for the journey from the Defense Department. The Playmate of the Year—carrying the first copy of your PLAYBOY subscription—will be in Vietnam before this letter appears in print. We sincerely hope that both supply a boost in morale for the Americans fighting for our freedom so far from home.

SNOW FOOLING

In the *Dear Playboy* section of the September 1965 issue of PLAYBOY, I noted with pleasure a picture of fetching Dinah Willis, and read her letter asking to be a Playmate. Sure enough, in the December issue, there she was—Dinah Willis as Miss December. The only flaw in the otherwise perfect article was a series of three pictures captioned: “. . .

Dinah . . . finds Lincoln Park's snow-packed slopes a sledder's paradise.”

You quoted Dinah as saying, “It hasn't snowed back home in years.” Unfortunately, it hadn't snowed in Chicago between September and the middle of November (when her December issue went on sale) either. How is it possible, if PLAYBOY first heard from Dinah in time for the September issue and prepared her pictorial in time for the December issue, for her to be sledding in Lincoln Park?

Either you've known Dinah for a long time, or the pictures were not taken in Chicago. C'mon, PLAYBOY, are you putting us on?

Jeffrey H. Lite

Champaign, Illinois

How did Dinah Willis (Miss December) find snow in Lincoln Park between the publishing of your September issue, when she first contacted you, and the publishing of your December issue?

Myles Rothstein

Chicago, Illinois

We assume that most readers realize the production schedule of a monthly magazine requires the preparation of most of the editorial and pictorial contents for an issue well in advance of publication date. Neither Dinah's September letter, nor the subsequent picture story on her in the December issue, actually originated in the fall of 1965. The photographs of her sledding in Lincoln Park were taken, of course, during the previous winter. (For a frame of reference on just how far ahead even a more timely, news-oriented magazine like Life sometimes prepares its feature stories, compare the puppy pictures of the Playboy Mansion mascot on page 68D of the October 29, 1965, issue of that publication with the color photo of the same Saint Bernard, almost 200 pounds heavier, on page 112 of the January 1966 issue of PLAYBOY.)

LIGHTS OUT

Too bad it's too late to inform the late Robert Ruark that his entertaining bit, *Nothing Works and Nobody Cares*, is already obsolete so soon after its appearance in the December PLAYBOY. I'm referring to his statement, “The only thing I know of that really works anymore is Consolidated Edison.”

Emery Steinberger

Hillside, New Jersey

CREATIVE COLLECTING

I have read J. Paul Getty's article, *Creative Collecting*, in your November issue and, since my name and that of Christie's, the firm which I served for over 60 years, are mentioned, I hope you will allow me to say that I find the article very interesting and most helpful to intending collectors of works of art.

At Christie's it was my duty for many

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years to assist and advise innumerable purchasers of works of art and it was not for me to question their motives. I always find financial gain is the least attractive. I never cared for works of art being treated as stock-exchange transactions. Many bought treasures which they particularly cherished to keep for themselves, and some, like Mr. Getty, bought what they wanted with great care and because they wished to share their pleasure with their fellow citizens by giving or bequeathing their collections to galleries of their choice.

Mr. Getty quotes my endorsement of his policy of buying "only what he likes." He did and I do not think I can pay him a higher tribute. The wisdom with which he has advised your readers on the art of collecting, and the pleasure which clearly inspired his article, makes him, to my mind, the ideal collector.

Sir Alec Martin, K. B. E., L.Ld.
London, England

PASTORAL SCENE

As I leafed through my December 1965 issue of *PLAYBOY*, I ran across one of the funniest cartoons I have ever seen in my life. I refer to the cartoon on page 248 of the minister gazing at an unfolded center section in *Presbyterian Life*. As a Presbyterian minister, and as an avid reader of both *PLAYBOY* and *Presbyterian Life*, it goes without saying that I have not laughed as hard in a long time.

The Rev. Robert N. Sawyer, Jr.,
Assistant Pastor
First Presbyterian Church
Farmington, Michigan

SEX INSTITUTE

In your December issue you printed a letter from the Drs. Kronhausen in which they state that the resources of the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University are not available to visiting scholars: "... not even the most qualified outside scholars with the most unassailable research interests, to our knowledge, ever have had access to this highly qualified material." While our earlier policy was stringent, we never practiced total exclusion—as the Kronhausens' own visit attests. In recent years, we have had a policy of urging qualified scholars to visit us and make use of our archives and library. At present, the Institute averages approximately 50 such visitors per year. Some are with us only briefly—perhaps to examine one particular book or object; others are at the Institute for weeks. Our open-door policy toward persons with bona fide research needs is limited only by space considerations: We can accommodate only a few visitors simultaneously. Qualified individuals may have (and have had) access to any of our material

except for identifiable case histories and other biographical items protected by our promise of anonymity to the donors.

Paul H. Gebhard, Executive Director
Institute for Sex Research
Bloomington, Indiana

COEXISTENCE COMMENTS

The Honorable William Benton is, indeed, a master at understanding the term "propaganda"; he is even better at understanding the technique of "promotion," since most of his December article, *What Do They Mean, Coexistence?*, is a not-too-cleverly concealed promotion piece about himself.

It seems that our Ambassador to UNESCO has fallen into the trap of thinking that we are the good guys and they are the bad guys. In actuality, doesn't our connotation of the term "peaceful coexistence" mean about the same thing to the Communists?

Sandra J. Williams
Chicago, Illinois

I have read Senator Benton's article with great interest and, as always, Bill has got some very pungent and useful things to say.

Harrison E. Salisbury,
Assistant Managing Editor
The New York Times
New York, New York

RABBIT HUNT

OK. I give up. If your loving, long-cared trademark is on the December cover, I can't find him.

Kenneth Percy
Atlanta, Georgia

Where was Br'er Rabbit when the December cover was being photographed—out chasing a Bunny?!

Robert T. Richardson
Atlanta, Georgia

The *PLAYBOY* Rabbit has appeared on the cover of your magazine in many forms during the dozen years of his exuberant existence—sometimes as his full, furry self and sometimes as no more than a reflection in a pretty girl's eye. I was surprised to find him missing from your December cover, till I turned the page and discovered, on the spread inside, that Cover Girl Allison Parks had fashioned his familiar profile from the bit of ribbon that held her Christmas-ornament image on the front. It was a delightful beginning to a thoroughly enjoyable issue—one of your best to date.

Ralph Bergman
New York, New York

For a pictorial history of *PLAYBOY*'s covers and cover girls, see next month's issue.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We were reminded of the innumerable inconsistencies in the English language by a financier friend of ours who, during a recent luncheon get-together, happened to mention the prosperous economic *downheavals* of a stable post-War Western Europe. He then reminded us that the idea of altering or *outserting* various prefixes in the cause of semantic lucidity had originated in our own pages (June 1964 *Playboy After Hours*) and that he could think of no simpler technique for formulating a more limpid lexicon. Why, he pressed on pointedly, couldn't a successful son be *undershadowed* by his less resourceful father? Why not, indeed, we thought? Caught up by his enthusiasm, we began exploring whole new avenues of lexicographic invention.

For openers, we experimented with the ever-popular prefixes "over" and "under," both of which proved positive gold mines in our search for brave new words. If, for example, an arrogant individual can be called *overbearing*, it's only logical that a timid one should be termed *underbearing*. Why, we pondered further, couldn't someone who is always aboveboard be *overhanded*, or someone lacking in insight be *overstanding*; the star of the show be an *overstudy*; or an obstetrician be an *overtaker*? For that matter, if Sam Giancana is known as the "Overlord of the Underworld," why is it we never dub FBI agents "Underlords of the Overworld"?

Moving on to greener prefixed pastures, we concluded that before you can call a rash newcomer an upstart, you have to be something of a veteran *downstart* yourself. By the same token, you would want to *downbraid* an efficient employee, avoid a comic who tells *downroarious* jokes, prosecute those who *downhold* the law and avoid serious dealings with anyone too *up-to-earth*. Why, we wondered on, doesn't the chairman of the board ever call it a day by *provening* the meeting, a successful living artist receive acclaim for his *pre-*

humous works, or a psychologist prefer a suitably clinical term like sexual *outercourse* in writing about teenage petting?

Our quest for the quintessence of antonymic abbreviation inevitably led us to another source of untried utterables: words never used without their proper prefixes. If impugning one's character is a mark of disdain, certainly "pugning" is the highest form of praise, or better yet, "dain." And why grope for bons mots like meaningful and extraordinary, when "ane" and "ferior" can get the job done just as well—and in half the time?

By now, you've probably come to appreciate the finer points of this little grammatical gambit which allows you to predate the becilic, plore the sipid, or even overmine a liberal lass or two in pursuing the pleasures of the projugal bed. In any event, you'll undoubtedly want to pudently punge a few inlandish prefixes of your own.

In view of China's burgeoning population—already the largest in the world—the following headline from the Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, *Daily Republican* seemed to us a bit improbable: AVERAGE CHINESE GETS VERY LITTLE.

Hung, until recently, on the wall of an office in the Crusader Insurance Company of Reigate, England, was a poster about burglary insurance that read "It Can Happen to You." It was taken down when the employees arrived one morning to find the place ransacked and the following message scrawled on the poster: "It has."

Commuters may be interested to learn that it's illegal in Milan, Italy, to stop a train by lying down on the tracks.

The attention of agronomists, entomologists, Republican Congressmen and the Kinsey Institute is directed to a news flash in New York's *Syracuse Herald-Journal* which announced that an insect

research laboratory newly dedicated by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in Gainesville, Florida, "will study various biological measures, such as incest birth control."

Sign spotted on the tiny marquee of an art house in cosmopolitan Cincinnati: A.M. BECOMES ELECTRA.

Did you know, or do you care, that Diogenes, who spent his lifetime looking for an honest man, was wanted for counterfeiting . . . Sir Francis Bacon believed that claret wine was good for lawns . . . The troops of Alexander the Great played with yo-yos . . . Lord Nelson was seasick at the battle of Trafalgar . . . Henry III of France introduced earrings for men and insisted that all his courtiers have their ears pierced . . . Ex-Queen Narriman of Egypt, while she was married to Farouk, bought 70 dozen brasieres a year . . . Robert Louis Stevenson wrote *Travels with a Donkey* on his honeymoon . . . Oscar Wilde refused to dine where there were mauve flowers on the table . . . Walt Whitman boasted of having fathered 11 illegitimate children . . . Louis XV claimed to be better at needlework than any woman in his kingdom . . . Robert Benchley wrote an essay in prep school on "How to Embalm a Corpse" . . . Catherine the Great, for relaxation, liked having her feet tickled and her bottom slapped . . . Scarlett O'Hara's first name, in the original draft of *Gone with the Wind*, was Pansy . . . W. C. Fields listed contributions to churches in the Solomon Islands and depreciation on his lawnmower as income-tax deductions . . . Before going into battle, Napoleon sprinkled perfume on his horse's mane . . . Sarah Bernhardt traveled with a coffin which she sat in while serving tea . . . Portly President Taft once got stuck in a White House bathtub . . . Giovanni Casanova owned a custom-made portable bathtub built for two . . . Emperor Claudius, during a

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baritone sax

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Ray Brown

bass

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Ray Brown/Milt Jackson (V/V6-8615)

Milt Jackson

vibes

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The poll-winning jazz of America is on



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meat shortage in Rome, once ate mastodon steaks chopped out of a Siberian iceberg . . . And, last but not least, that Marie Antoinette had a bigger bust than Jayne Mansfield? For the interest of those who care about such things, these and other equally momentous tidbits of incidental intelligence are offered in *Useless Facts of History*, a book by Paul Steiner, published by Abelard-Schuman.

Ouch! A classified ad in the Clintonville, Wisconsin, *Shopper's Guide*—"WANTED: Stud Service. Black Poodle. Not over 12 inches. Phone 328-4792."

In a letter to Civil Defense headquarters in Washington, D. C., reports columnist Fletcher Knebel, a man wrote: "Please send me the bomb-shelter kit. In accordance with your offer, I understand this puts me under no obligation to be bombed."

Racy headline from *The Detroit News* sports page—COACH ECSTATIC OVER BREASTSTROKER.

To Whom It May Concern, this ad from the London *Times*: "Trombone player wishes to sell 28 sports jackets with one arm longer than the other."

Department of Understatement, English Division: "Our own view," the *British Civil Service Motoring Association Journal* astutely opines, "is that fatal accidents are the most serious ones."

RECORDINGS

Wilson Simonal (Capitol) marks the debut in this country of a bright new Brazilian vocal talent. Backed by Lyrio Panicali's Samba Orchestra, Simonal's big baritone turns a batch of native tone poems into vinyl delights. Among the rhythmical Rio offerings is a pair from the pen of the gifted Antonio Carlos Jobim—*Só Saudade* and *Inútil Paisagem*—that spell bossa nova at its best. In the same Brazilian bag is *Chris Connor Sings Gentle Bossa Nova* (ABC-Paramount), although Chris' craft is at opposite poles from Simonal's. For one thing, she sticks to Tin-Pan-Alley-type tunes—*A Hard Day's Night*, *Who Can I Turn To*, *Hush*, *Hush*, *Sweet Charlotte*—which have been bossa-novated; for another, Chris' voice is low-key throughout, a point of view that is echoed by the background sounds charted and conducted by Pat Williams. *The New Sound of Brazil / The Piano of João Donato* (Victor) takes the composer-conductor-pianist north of the border for a session in front of a large aggregation led by Claus Ogerman. Admittedly, much of the innocent charm of the



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Brazilian melodies is lost in the lush arrangements, but Donato's spare, single-note keyboard contemplations turn the tide in the album's favor.

For a highly pleasant aural experience, we recommend *Matt Monro / All My Loving* (Liberty). England's answer to Sinatra (vocally, at least) projects admirably on a potpourri of recent hits and tasty chestnuts. Particularly effective are *Fly Me to the Moon* and *Memphis in June*.

A rich retinue of vinyl reissues have recently crossed our desk, including a healthy batch in the RCA Victor "Vintage" series. The half-dozen at hand run from the Twenties to the Fifties. *Radio's Aces / The Coon-Sanders Nighthawks*, recorded in the late Twenties, reeks of nostalgia, if not of particularly deathless jazz, but the Coon-Sanders band was a wonderful mirror of the era and can be appreciated as such. *Count Basie in Kansas City / Bennie Moten's Great Band of 1930-1932* is Basie in the context of the fine Moten aggregation which contained, in addition to the Count, "Hot Lips" Page and Ben Webster. Basie's roots in Kaycee jazz are prominently displayed on this LP. '34-'35 / *Fats Waller* features the irrepressible Fats on solo piano or with a small group, supplying a vocal to most of the numbers and, in general, showing why his untimely death in 1943 was an irreparable loss to the jazz community. *Jumpin' Punkins / Duke Ellington*, recorded in 1940 and 1941, found the Duke's aggregation at the peak of its prowess. The 16 tunes here—from the opening Latin-lilted *Conga Brava* to the steamy capper, *Five O'Clock Drag*—are amazing examples of the band's solo and ensemble efficacy. B. G.: *The Small Groups / Benny Goodman*, etched from 1936 through 1938, has the King performing with trio, quartet and quintet, with the regular hands—Wilson, Krupa and Hampton—augmented or substituted for, on occasion, by John Kirby, Ziggy Elman, Dave Tough and Buddy Schutz, with vocals being supplied by Martha Tilton, Helen Ward and The Hamp. Through all 16 numbers, however, Benny and Teddy Wilson form a delightful Damon and Pythias. *The Be Bop Era* ranges from the first tentative steps in that direction (*Allen's Alley*, recorded by a Coleman Hawkins group in 1946), through the more adventurous approaches of Kenny Clarke, whose combo was spearheaded by trumpeters Fats Navarro and Kenny Dorham, and on to the Gillespie band of 1949, which under Diz' direction achieved a coolly passionate state of being. Nothing succeeds like success, the record companies feel, and that is why we have LP reprises of artists' past smashes. For instance: *Tony's Greatest Hits, Volume III* (Columbia) contains some of Bennett's most memorable etchings. One can choose at random from among the dozen recapped

here and pull out a plum. *I Left My Heart in San Francisco, Who Can I Turn To, A Taste of Honey, This Is All I Ask* make up just a part of the stellar tunes on tap. Need we say more? *Andy Williams / Canadian Sunset* (Columbia) once more brings to the fore the title tune, *The Bilbao Song, The Hawaiian Wedding Song* and *Lonely Street*, among others.

The LP we warned you about in December's *The Shel Silverstein Songbook* has at last been unleashed upon a suspecting world. *I'm So Good that I Don't Have to Brag! / Shel Silverstein Sings His Songs* (Cadet) is filled with the words, music and vocalizing (camp at its lowest) of PLAYBOY's bearded bard. Lyrics to a trio of the Silverstein tone poems—*Ever Lovin' Machine, Plastic* and *Yowesah!*—were set forth in the *Songbook*, but they obviously need Shel's slightly cracked *bel canto* to do them justice. Here, too—*caveat emptor*—are the title tune, *The Ugliest Man in Town, Testing the Bomb* and seven other contemporary cantatas of similarly splendid ilk.

The guitar in a variety of guises may be heard to advantage on a clutch of recent LP releases. Two of them, *Django Reinhardt / Le Jazz Hot!* (Emarcy) and *Django Reinhardt* (Pathé), recorded between 1942 and 1951, feature the jazz-guitar great who died in 1953, on tracks never before released in the U. S. *Le Jazz Hot!*, of pre-War vintage, has the guitarist struggling against the almost insurmountable obstacles of dreary arrangements and Mickey Mouse accompaniment; the miracle is that he succeeds in overcoming them. The Pathé LP exhibits Reinhardt in the felicitous context of the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, sharing honors with his illustrious confrere, violinist Stéphane Grappelly. The *pièce de résistance*, however, is an unaccompanied guitar solo of the celebrated *Nuages*. A fine contemporary guitarist is beautifully showcased on *Chuck Wayne / Morning Mist* (Prestige). With only bassist Joe Williams and drummer Ronny Bedford aboard, Wayne moves sensitively through a wide range of material—*Goodbye, Lil Darlin', Someone to Watch over Me*—all handled with impeccable taste. Guitar, flamenco style, is available on a trio of fiery, full-bodied recordings. *Juan Serrano Plays Popular Music of Spain and the Old World* (Victor) spotlights the young Spanish virtuoso in a session that goes as far afield as the Israeli *Hava Nagilah, El Rey Del Flamenco / Sabicas* (ABC-Paramount) and *Manitas de Plata / Guitarra Flamenco* (Vanguard) are pure flamenco, with the electric Manitas garnering the majority of the "Olés." Not that Sabicas is soporific, but De Plata's guitar seems to lead a frenzied life of its own. In contrast, *Alirio Diaz / Four Centuries of Music for the Classic Spanish*



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MOVIES

Cutting a suave swath through vile villains and wily women, Bond is back, in *Thunderball*. If you happen to be one of the two or three zillion buffs who get a bang out of Bond—and Sean Connery, who dumped Doris Day as filmdom's top box-office star in 1965—this one is an absolute must. There's one of those usual SPECTRE plots To Destroy Civilization As We Know It (this time the baddies have hijacked two atomic bombs from NATO and will mushroom-cloud Miami unless the Allies cough up an embarrassment of riches for ransom: \$280,000,000 worth of diamonds). The film also features a fetching plethora of pretties, none of them overdressed, who romp with Bond—and with abandon—far more than in any of the previous Fleming flicks. And there is fistwork and knifework, pistolplay, spear-gun-play and sharkplay aplenty. But the tone has changed. The Bond films used to grip with gruesome action, using sex and giggles as a safety valve. Now it's less private eye and more like a Panavision comic book with nobody expecting anybody to be seriously scared or shook up—just tongue-in-cheekily whiz-bam-zoomed with square-jawed Connery, who has solidly jelled into the ideal embodiment of Superbond the Invincible, World's Number-One Operator. Since a good deal of the story takes place in the Caribbean, there's much carnival in evidence, but even more scuba-doings, which give us a chance to see a lot of a lot of lovelies. Chief among them are Luciana Paluzzi, a spicy Italian antipasto, and Claudine Auger, a tasty French pastry. With swinish suaveness, Adolfo Celi plays the mastermind menace who finally meets his wet Waterloo in a spectacular underwater donnybrook between his aquanaughties and the Navy's aquaparatroops—led by Bond in a jet-propelled, rocket-launching Buck Rogers backpack. All in all, it's not only the funniest and farthest out but also the biggest and the best of the Bond bombshells. At presstime, we were informed that Connery has patched up his differences with the Bond producers and agreed to continue playing the title role in forthcoming epics. Good show!

Dr. Zhivago is one of the best-looking synopses of a notable novel ever brought to the screen. It was directed by David (Lawrence of Arabia) Lean and photographed by Fred A. (Lawrence of Arabia) Young, and it's swimming in Panavision and color. The locations and the immense settings are perfectly picked and deployed, and there are many sweeping

scenes (a review of troops, a lonely burial in an immense windswept valley) that hint at the scope of the book and the huge land in which it is set. But after all the compliments are in, the accounts have to be added up; and the tough truth is that this almost-three-and-a-half-hour version of Boris Pasternak's masterwork is too short for its subject and too long for its treatment. Writer Robert Bolt, also a Lawrence veteran, who did the screenplay, says he knew it was impossible to capture the novel. The next question is not "Who could expect him to?" but "If not, then why bother at all?" As most of the world knows, *Dr. Zhivago* is the story of a Russian individual's struggle to remain both Russian and individual through the tumultuous days of the Revolution and the years thereafter. We see these gigantic events through the prism of a single soul, the doctor-poet who loves his country, hates its injustices, questions the cures; who marries a sweet, devoted girl and falls in love with a wonderful, wild girl; and who loses them both in the maelstrom of the epoch and is left with his original loves—Russia, poetry, humanity—all of them in considerable trouble. Lean has done well with the large outer motions of the film, but the characters within fare less well. Primarily, Omar Sharif as Dr. Z. is reduced to a sufferer, an observer, who—except for a little doctoring—doesn't do much but observe. Julie Christie is a gorgeous gal, and any male would like to be in the doc's (shall we say) shoes; but she approximates about one quarter of Lara, the deep, stormy-serene feminine soul of Russia. Geraldine Chaplin, the doctor's wife, has a sweet female version of her father's famous face but none of his ability. Alec Guinness is adequate as the doc's hard-bitten half-brother; Tom Courtenay is inadequate as a student-revolutionary who becomes a terrorist commander; Rod Steiger slumps around in the old Steiger role of the sex egotist who knows it and can't help it; Ralph Richardson is pungent as Z.'s father-in-law. Lots of lovely work here, but not enough of the novel's texture, nor enough vitality for a long film.

Viva Maria, a French film, has a good gimmick but bobbles it. Time: turn of the century. Brigitte Bardot, daughter of an Irish mother, is taught by her revolutionary French father to bomb the British at every opportunity. She blows a bridge in a British colony in Central America, then, fleeing the fuzz, joins a show caravan which features Jeanne Moreau, a singer who has just lost her (girl) partner. The two team up; by happy accident, they invent the double striptease and set all Central America on its, shall we say, ear. Also, because of BB's passion for politics and JM's just plain passion, they get gummed up in a revolution whose heroic leader is George

Hamilton. (*Wha?*) The idea is ideal, the color camerawork by Henri Decae is exquisite and much of the movie has charm. But the script, by Louis Malle and Jean-Claude Carrière, starts like a house afire, then quickly burns low. Invention lags, and what seemed the beginning of a colossally kookie comedy remains the beginning, with occasional flurries of farce. We keep waiting, after all the pretty place setting—and what comes are bits, pieces and letdown. Also, Malle, who directed, is much better at romance than at riot. BB never looked lovelier; the woo-work of JM and Hamilton shows that Malle knows (as he proved in *The Lovers*) how to use close-ups on a wide screen. But fun is just not his forte.

Room at the Top (1958), from a novel by John Braine, now has a sequel, *Life at the Top*, from a novel by John Braine, and the message is that things are tough all over—for those with souls and those with shekels. But though the message is familiar, the film is fine, because direction and dialog, action and acting are as top as the echelon it's about. Ten years have passed since Joe Lampton, English working-class lad, studded up the ladder by knocking up a textile tycoon's daughter. Now they have two children, a chintzy chalet outside their Midlands manufacturing town, and a good dose of marital malaise. Also, Joe, who is no dope, knows that he is considered one; that people think he got his sales-exec position with pa-in-law by using something other than his brains. And as the company is soon to merge or go public, Joe wants to prove his value and insure his future. Trouble brews on both counts: His business plans are boggled and his marriage is threatened by a two-way stretch. The wife drifts into dalliance and Joe, wretched because of a rough deal in the office, bundles with a TV blonde. The ending is less rosy than realistic: Everybody is a little clearer about who he is and what is possible, and is resigned to settle for it. The adaptation by Mordecai Richler (a gifted novelist himself) has a candor and cutting edge unusual in movies, and Ted Kotcheff's direction is well up to the level of Jack Clayton's first *Top* film: People and place are used with pace and point. Laurence Harvey, again with Midlands accent, is *acting* again, for a change. Jean Simmons is wonderfully winning as the wife, and Honor (Goldfinger) Blackman is, as usual, Honor bright as the TV type. Donald Wolfit, the old man, is magnificent, and Michael Craig, the local roué, is a keen gay blade. Nothing new in the nub of the film, but it's noteworthy for its maturity and method.

The Slender Thread is a telephone line. At one end of it is Anne Bancroft,

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who has just taken an overdose of sleeping pills. At the other end is Sidney Poitier, a university student manning the switchboard at a "crisis clinic," a sort of Suicides Anonymous. It's his job to find out where she is, what she's taken and to get help to her before the other slender thread, the one by which her life is hanging, finally frays out. She toys with him, enjoying, for once in her life, a sense of self-importance. He is weary, desperate, frightened, but he must maintain the connection, electronic and psychological. It's a strong dramatic situation and, for the most part, director Sydney Pollack keeps his *Thread* stretched taut and true. He even manages to straighten out such loops and snags as develop when flashbacks reveal that the life leading up to the dive into the pill bottle was not exactly fraught with interest. The movie is based on a true story and its documentary quality is enhanced by the use of Seattle locations (it's refreshing to see some American city other than New York, Los Angeles or San Francisco in the background) and by the use of nonprofessionals in small parts. Miss Bancroft is, as usual, skillfully sodden as one of suburbia's unfortunates. Poitier, who has developed into a genuinely moving screen personality, expertly conveys the tension of a man who must control himself before he can control his situation. He never forgets that there is humor, especially self-humor, in such moments, and when he is on screen the film jumps with wayward life.

The idea is neat. It's the 21st Century and war has been outlawed. People work off their natural aggressions by joining "The Big Hunt." Five times they must find and kill a victim selected for them by a computer in Geneva. Five times they must allow themselves to be the quarry. There is a prize for each encounter they survive, and if they live through all ten of them they win a million dollars. The possibilities for terror, for macabre humor, for comment on the violence of our own times and the world it could create, are endless. But the makers of *The 10th Victim* have frittered them away like the veriest wastrels. They cannot make up their minds what they want their film to be—science fiction, suspense or, perhaps, a farcical romantic comedy. They no sooner start to build one mood than they wantonly break it to try something else, hoping they can hold the hodgepodge together by repeated invocations of the spirit of camp, which is neither high nor low—merely boot. There are some good sequences, among them the opening, where a cop interrupts a hunter in hot pursuit and demands to see his license and which also features the much-publicized firing of the brassiere gun. There are some nifty sight gags, like the planting of explosives in the boots of a heel-clicking German,

who soon thereafter snaps to attention. There is even some well-taken satire, as when a voice very like those that now urge us to support mental health urges us to join The Big Hunt—for much the same reasons. But the picture is not helped by a tacky tacked-on ending that destroys such logic as was left in the enterprise, not to mention whatever point it was trying to make. Ursula Andress as the principal huntress may not rate an Oscar for her acting ability—but, given her other attributes, it scarcely matters. She spends most of the picture in a backless outfit with nothing underneath. Marcello Mastroianni, who can act, here does not bother. Undoubtedly he shrugs instead of laughs on his way to the bank.

BOOKS

A man named Jones in Graham Greene's *The Comedians* (Viking) says that he divides the world into two parts—"the toffs and the tarts . . . The toffs have a settled job or a good income . . . The tarts—well we pick a living here and there—in saloon-bars. We keep our ears open and our eyes skinned." Similarly, Greene divides his works of long prose fiction into novels and entertainments. The former are respectable and serious, the latter—well, entertaining. It is Jones' opinion that "the toffs can do without the tarts, but the tarts can't do without the toffs," which may be true of human nature but isn't true of long prose fiction. Greene's latest novel has the literary equivalent of a settled job and a good income: a concern for important issues such as dictatorship and communism, black and white, involvement and inertia. But its ears are seldom open, its eyes just partially skinned. Greene is too old a hand to be completely dull; but in writing a book that is nine parts toff to one part tart, he is only spasmodically entertaining. The locale he chose might have served him better: Haiti under the terrorist reign of Papa Doc Duvalier and the Tontons Macoute. His picture of a country falling to pieces is vivid and even frightening, but his characters are too weak to compete with their surroundings. The narrator, a white man who owns a resort hotel near Port-au-Prince, devotes the lion's share of his time and energy to a love affair with the German wife of a South American diplomat. The sole guests at his hotel are an American couple who hope to bring peace to the world through vegetarianism. And Jones, the only major character to take arms against the Tontons Macoute, is a soldier of fortune who has never soldiered before, much less been fortune's favorite. They are all of them pale and a bit unreal compared to the brutal facts

of Haitian life. They are, in fact, not so very different from the characters in another recent book that centers on a Caribbean resort, Herman Wouk's *Don't Stop the Carnival*. And Greene, for all his accomplishments of style and thought, emerges here as little more than Herman Wouk with a troubled Catholic conscience.

The Magus (Little, Brown)—also known as the Magician, or Juggler—is a symbol in the fortunetelling tarot cards, standing for “the caster of the dice and the mountebank in the world of vulgar trickery.” John Fowles’ new novel is powered by a self-made magus named Maurice Conchis, who leads the young, unsuspecting hero (as he has led other innocents before him) into a world of endless mirrors, false doors and emotional enticements that blur all lines between fantasy and reality. The hero-narrator, Nicholas Urfe, is hurtled along with the reader through a transforming drama of symbol and mystery that remains always—and frighteningly—believable. Fowles, who created the suspenseful tale of an obsession in *The Collector*, now unlocks a modern Pandora’s box of obsessions. The story begins deceptively with what seems to be another well-told but familiar account of a young man’s off-and-on affair with a kookie blonde; but when our likable, rather ordinary hero takes a teaching post on the out-of-the-way Greek island of Phraxos, “the mysteries begin.” They are directed by Conchis, who arranges an elaborate set of real-life charades for the hero-victim that lead him to question every value and experience from lust to love and death. Wit and wisdom are interwoven in this complex drama, which climaxes with a Sade-like sexual fantasy that outdoes that recently revitalized master. In his new novel, Fowles raises as powerfully as any recent fiction writer the question of what, in our spinning times, is or can be morality.

Alberto Moravia has collected his essays on various topics, written from 1941 to the present, under the title *Man as an End* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), and for admirers of his tales, it turns out to be a disappointment. The reader’s guard goes up at once when the author says in his preface that, on rereading the widely spaced articles, he discovered “a certain unity of inspiration.” This feint is the trademark of a guilty conscience about putting out a collection. When the collection is good, the remark is superfluous; when it’s not, the rationalization doesn’t help. The title essay, the earliest, is a discussion of the decay of humanism in café-despair terms, the Continental equivalent of a dormitory bull session, full of facile doom. His essay on psychoanalysis, done in 1946, contains this ripe revelation: “I am not aware of any



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novels or other literary works directly inspired by Freud." As it gets closer to the present, the book gets better. The best essays are on Machiavelli, Boccaccio, and the long one on the lesser-known Italian writer Manzoni. The anti-religious modern author makes clear how Manzoni's mighty masterwork, *The Betrothed*, is really a subtle anatomy of the effect of religion on Italy. Also on the plus side—an insightful commentary on communism *vs.* art ("Art is memory, propaganda is prophecy"); some rewarding reflections on the novel; and a perceptive piece about Verdi's music and Italian character. But, for all the range of subject and inquiry, the result is a letdown, as when a Roman restaurant conversation, fascinating as long as it's incomprehensible, is revealed in translation as a clutter of clichés. Moravia's intellect is not in the same league with his fictional intelligence.

"If you want to read about present-day South Africa," says a character in Dan Jacobson's novel *The Beginners* (Macmillan), "the only place you can do it is in the 19th Century Russian novel." So Jacobson has tried to write that novel himself, a huge, old-fashioned, hundred-charactered panorama of the politics, religion, art, business, sex, race relations and solemn thoughts of three generations of a Jewish family, settlers in an unsettled country, aliens in a land of aliens, trying to find a place for themselves in a place where the natives themselves are outcasts. But while South Africa, like 19th Century Russia, is "writer's country" indeed, Jacobson's talents are more those of a Chekhov than a Tolstoy. He is most effective at showing how emptiness itself can be confining, at revealing the heroism of ordinary people muddling through the inconclusiveness of their lives, at describing the inner landscape of the defeated, an emotional climate where leaves bud brown and flowers wither in the spring. But too much dreariness, instead of arousing our compassion, deadens our responses; the non-descript, described at length, only blurs our perceptions; flatness of tone soon becomes a drone. Chekhov wisely abandoned his single projected novel—whereas Jacobson, unwisely pursuing epic sweep, has produced instead a faded barbershop pole: steadily moving but going nowhere. Rarely in recent years has a writer of Jacobson's skill turned out such a relentlessly conventional novel.

Somewhere in *A Little Lexicon of Love* (Sherbourne), PLAYBOY's own earthy etymologist, Ray Russell, complains that his fifth-grade teacher gave him a bum steer on the word "sweat." "Horses sweat," she taught him, "gentlemen perspire and ladies glow." Humbug, says Ray, and proceeds to prove that "sweat" is not, in a manner of speaking, a four-

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letter word; its impeccable lineage goes all the way back to the Sanskrit *sveda*. It is Ray's way in these delightful essays, most of which appeared originally hereabouts, to rescue the English language from the "taint of gentility" and restore it to its original condition—that is, as a blunt instrument of communication. One good word, says he, is worth a thousand euphemisms. Yet even the euphemisms have their fascination for PLAYBOY's ex-Executive Editor, and he is capable of devoting an entire chapter to 33 different ways of saying "fanny" (itself a euphemism). In the title essay, which you'll remember from last month's PLAYBOY, he takes us on a devious excursion into the never-never land of euphemisms for "the act of love." Ray is more concerned about phonies than phonetics, and he is adept at parodying the sort of inflated verbiage that gushes from Hollywood press agents and women's fashion magazines. In sum, his *Little Lexicon* is a welcome work.

The line between fact and fancy has been getting ever fuzzier in the book world of espionage—plots and characters are more and more coming to resemble reality. Now, in *The Billion Dollar Brain* (Putnam), Len Deighton nearly shatters the barrier. The spectacular case he gives us seems to be fresh out of the newspapers, with Deighton adding what the newspaper reader missed: the private conversations of the participants, their secret thoughts and far-from-simple motivations. Which is not to say that Deighton has skirted *all* the bogs of hokum, but is to say that he has handsomely carried off this latest sortie into that super-elite corner of British Intelligence that he has been exploring. His secret agent, a cynical, spare and sexy graduate of the Hammett-Chandler school, jousts with an entrepreneurial American spy network known as Facts for Freedom, financed and directed by a rightist Texas fanatic. (No, this crackpot didn't make it in oil—canned foods and insurance.) Through London, Riga, Helsinki, Leningrad, New York and San Antonio race the racy characters. Whenever a caper threatens believability, Deighton lays on a deft hand and suddenly all is almost credible once more—and "almost" is fair enough in the international-intrigue genre. Deighton's *The Ipcress File* and *Funeral in Berlin* were marred somewhat by an excess of plot trickiness and stagey Bogartism, but here he is more relaxed; he can even play a small game or two with the reader. After an explicit and bloody description of a carcass, he adds: "Kaarna was dead." The best of the earlier Deighton is present, too, as he casually hints that some celebrated real-life events were not exactly as represented. He implies, for example, that Foreign Office defectors Burgess and MacLean did not flee to Moscow but

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were spirited there by British office-holders to avoid the political backlash of arrest and trial. And he offers his conception of ultramodern reality: "The day of the political philosopher is over. Men no longer betray their country for an ideal . . . They do the things they do because they want a new car or they fear they'll be fired or because they love a teenage girl or hate their wife, or just because they want to get away from it all . . ." Deighton leaves the chilling impression that he has written a book that could happen—or already has.

THEATER

The cactus is a Cinderella plant, an ugly prickling—tough, bristly, unappealing, until one day it blossoms a beautiful *Cactus Flower*. In Abe Burrows' new play, based on a French comedy by Pierre Barillet and Jean Pierre Gredy, Lauren Bacall is the cactus, a starchy, antiseptic, efficient dental nurse, unyieldingly devoted to her boss and his practice. She looks, as one edgy patient describes her, "like a large Band-Aid." By the second act she has blossomed into Lauren Bacall, sexy, throaty, slinky in a spangled sheath, and capable of snaring any man or dentist—on stage or in the audience. Surrounding Miss Bacall in her transformation are some worthy comic actors: Barry Nelson as the dentist-lecher; Brenda Vaccaro as his kookie mistress; and Burt Brinckerhoff as Brenda's Beat-next-door. Author-director Burrows is a fast master of Broadway sleight of hand, but this time around his hand is too slight. There are some—but not enough—neat one- and two-liners. One-liner: "Tell me what she didn't say—word for word." Two-liner: Dentist to patient: "How does your mouth feel?" Patient: "My mouth feels fine. My teeth hurt." The gags, of varying viability, are distributed like play money among the cardboard characters who participate in this series of contrivances. Bachelor Nelson tells his girl he is married to avoid marrying her, then decides to marry her after all (and after her suicide attempt). But she demands to meet his wife to be sure she (the wife) wants a divorce. Nurse Bacall, who is already something of a wife in the office, is drafted to pretend she is the wife in the house. The incurably curious mistress *then* demands to meet the wife's lover—and so on, until the showing up of the liar-dentist and the predictable star-gets-star ending. Most of this is mildly amusing (more frivol than drivel), but none of it is hilarious until late in the game, when the actors stop shooting wisecracks and begin behaving like people. Nelson, outraged that Miss Bacall has spent a wild evening with young Brinckerhoff, fumes as if she really were his wife. "I saw him kiss your

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neck," he challenges. Imperturbable, she explains, "He's a friendly kid." It's a throwaway line and a refreshingly low-keyed moment of laughter. At the Royale, 242 West 45th Street.

Man of La Mancha is a musical based on Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, which would seem to guarantee a good book, but not necessarily a good score. Surprisingly, it turns out to be just the other way around. Playwright Dale Wasserman has been inventive enough to cast the Quixote adventures in a Cervantes framework: During the Spanish Inquisition the author is imprisoned in a dungeon and given a kangaroo trial by his fellow inmates on the charge of being "an idealist, a bad poet and an honest man." Cervantes admits his guilt but tries to justify himself by acting out his masterwork. Unfortunately, Wasserman has been unable to capture the flavor of the insanely romantic, madly funny nuttiness. Too often he simplifies and sentimentalizes instead of hardening and illuminating, and Joe Darion's lyrics tend to accent the adaptation's shortcomings. On the other hand, Mitch Leigh scores with a score of great richness and variety, one that manages to express both Quixote's passion and his humor, and to sound Spanish besides. Wisely, the musical is cast with singers who can act, rather than actors who can't sing. Although leading lady Joan Diener (whose neckline never stops plunging) has to strain a mite to accomplish the many cross-strains in her high-flying melodies, Robert Rounseville and Ray Middleton have voices much larger than their supporting roles, and on all levels Richard Kiley is a superb Quixote-Cervantes. He has disguised his leading-man looks in sad rags and shabby armor, twirling his hair into warlock wisps and assuming a demonic stance. The only out-of-tune casting is Irving Jacobson, a Yiddish-theater veteran, as Sancho Panza. Irving Panza's singsongy speech pattern is doubly annoying because he is frequently saddled with doggerel lyrics. For this ambitious show, director Albert Marre has taken over the Washington Square amphitheater that used to be the home of the Lincoln Center repertory, and, unlike the previous tenant, has made the theater work for him. The three-sided stage is almost bare of scenery but athrob with imagination and action—windmill wrestling, a tavern brawl-and-rape, the trial in the dungeon. From the roof of the house to the dungeon there descends a seemingly endless ramp, bringing the reality of the Inquisition down to the fantasy of the prison charade—a stunning stage effect for what is, on balance, a pulsating theatrical evening. At the ANTA Washington Square, 40 West 4th Street.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend, who has a great many fine qualities, does not count great beauty among them. Personally, I'm not bothered by this, but what do I say when she complains that I never compliment her on her appearance?—J. C., Los Angeles, California.

Take a tip from wise old Lucretius, who managed to come up with enough kind words to make any lady feel attractive: "A swarthy girl is hailed a 'nut-brown maid'; and even a slattern ranks as 'sweet disorder'; a cat-eyed wench is a 'latter-day Pallas,' while if she's all sinew and bone, call her a 'gazelle'; a sawed-off runt, 'my little grace,' or 'Wil's tiny looking glass'; a lumbering virago, 'a miracle of nature divinely cast'; if she's tongue-tied, a 'charming lisp'; struck dumb, it's 'modesty'; a scolding or vicious chatter-box becomes 'the torch of eloquence'; a girl too skinny to live is, of course, 'fashionably svelte'; half dead with consumption? She's 'delicate.' Bloated, with cowlike udders? She's 'Circe herself, nursing the infant Bacchus'; the pug-nosed girl is 'faunlike' or 'child of the Satyrs'; and a blubber-lipped floozie is 'an embodied kiss.'"

I have received much conflicting advice on the correct attire to be worn at the opera. Would you please advise?—G. M. M., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

There are no hard and fast rules governing the kind of attire worn to the opera. Opening nights generally require black tie or tails. On regular evenings you'd be sartorially correct in less formal garb, preferably a dark suit. Of course, all the rules go out the window for premieres of the Cedar Rapids Opera Company.

Financially, who really has it made in the world—doctors or lawyers? I always thought that attorneys outearned M.D.s, but my friends tell me I am wrong. How do the professions rate?—N. L., Chicago, Illinois.

It's the doctors by a long shot of the hypodermic needle. According to the annual statistical survey of the U.S. Department of Labor, medicos are the highest paid professionals in the country, with a median income of \$16,000. Median figures, the standard gauge used by the Government to calculate income levels, mean, of course, that half the doctors in America earn less than \$16,000 and half earn more. The range includes everyone who holds an M.D. degree, from a country G.P. starting on his first round of backwoods house calls, to a Park Avenue psychiatrist earning six figures annually. Using the same gauge for barristers, the legal profession ranks fifth,

with a median income of \$11,650. Self-employed managers in banking and finance are the second-highest-paid group in America, with a median level of \$14,050. Third and fourth places go to dentists, at \$13,050, and then medical-science professors, at \$12,850. Rounding out the top ten are airline pilots (\$11,300), osteopaths (\$11,150), college presidents (\$10,650), self-employed managers of insurance and real-estate firms (\$10,350) and self-employed manufacturing managers (\$10,000). All other professions rank below the \$10,000-median-income mark.

A friend of mine and I have been engaged in a running argument about the quality of records sold in discount department stores. I maintain that even though the album jackets are the same, the records themselves are decidedly inferior to those sold in regular record shops. My friend opines that the record quality is the same in both stores. Who's right?—B. R., Bartow, Florida.

Your friend. Some discount sources sell off-brand records of inferior quality, but where the album jacket is the same, so is the record inside—whether you buy it at the regular price or at a discount.

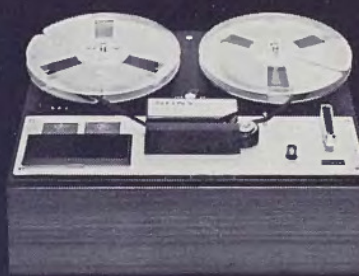
I am presently employed in a position with more than normal difficulties. My female supervisor has strong Lesbian tendencies, as well as being the most rude and inconsiderate bureaucrat I have ever encountered. Recently, I was offered a salary higher than hers. She convinced herself that this raise had nothing to do with my ability, but reflected sex discrimination against her; as a result, she started on a rampage of nit picking and badgering about my work. Consequently, I am going to resign at the termination of my year's contract. My problem is: How do I explain to future personnel directors the reason for pulling out of an organization after just a one-year stay? I don't want to discuss the relationship I had with my supervisor and I don't want to give the impression that I was asked to leave. How do I handle it?—A. B., Los Angeles, California.

In these days of high career mobility, a one-year tenure is not prima facie evidence of dismissal, or even job instability. At your next interview, there's no need to discuss the personality conflict you had with your immediate supervisor; just say you resigned for personal reasons, and give the name of the party responsible for your salary boost as reference.

While on a vacation in Hawaii, I thoroughly enjoyed a local libation called a



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Mai Tai. I have not been able to locate a recipe for this concoction since my return, and would greatly appreciate any information you can provide.—R. K. C., Frederick, South Dakota.

Place $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce each of fresh lime juice, orgeat, curaçao and 2 ounces of white rum in a double-sized old fashioned glass half filled with finely cracked ice, and stir gently once or twice (garnish with mint sprigs if available). If this sounds like too much trouble, Trader Vic's markets a bottled Mai Tai mix.

My boyfriend and I are both 22. We have been dating steadily for the past three years and are about as mentally and physically compatible as two people can be. I want to get engaged next year and then marry two years after that. This way, we would both have enough time to be sure about each other and also save some money. I feel marriages are for a lifetime and shouldn't be rushed into. My boyfriend feels the same, except that he follows the PLAYBOY line about 30 being the ideal age for a man to marry. Waiting until he's 30 is fine for him, but what happens if we wait that long and then he decides not to marry me? I'll also be 30, and at that age my chances of finding another intelligent, eligible bachelor are pretty slim. Don't you think we should get married before 1974?—Miss F. P., Detroit, Michigan.

As a general rule, to which there are quite naturally many exceptions, we consider a man best prepared for marriage—mentally, emotionally and materially—in his late 20s and early 30s. But we'd hardly recommend dating for almost a decade just to be able to marry at "the right age." Since you've been going together three years and—as you say—are perfectly compatible, tying the knot sooner than 1974 makes sense to us.

I expect to visit London soon and would like to buy some tweed and mill-finished worsted to have made into suits. Can you furnish me with the names and addresses of some stores that sell cloth by the yard?—K. R., Ankara, Turkey.

You'll find the lion's share of yardage shops in or around London's famous Savile Row. Among the best are: Kilgour, French & Stanbury, Blades of Dover Street and Simpson's. If you make it as far afield as northern England's Cheviot Hills, visit Berwick-Upon-Tweed, where you can stock up on beautiful suit and coat fabrics.

On a recent visit to Chicago I dated a girl who insisted on wearing an expensive fur coat. All the night clubs we visited refused to check the fur, even though we offered to sign a waiver of liability. So what started out to be a swing-

ing evening ended up a big drag. Every time we danced, she kept looking back to her chair to see if the skins were safe. Is "no-furs-in-the-check-room" a general policy, or did we hit the wrong spots?—R. S., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"No-furs-in-the-check-room" is indeed a general policy; many places won't even check a woman's cloth coat. Unless this girl has her furs insured against theft, you should do the insisting on your next date: Insist that she leave them in the vault, so you can both frug with peace of mind.

My brand-new husband and I are heading for the rocks, slow but sure! I will swear by all that's holy that my husband was the first man to have intercourse with me, but it seems I didn't do something on our wedding night: I didn't stain the sheets red! I am at wit's end. I feel he does not love me as he should, because he thinks I'm lying about my virginity. Is it true (or am I a freak?) that some girls do not "show" during their first sexual experience?—Mrs. C. J. S., Adrian, Michigan.

If the subject of virginity is of such importance to your husband, he ought to be aware that, during the active life led by many mid-20th Century women, a great many hymens are ruptured by non-sexual causes (generally athletic). It follows, then, that unstained sheets on the wedding night are no proof of previous sexual activity. Unfortunately, your husband's problem runs deeper than mere ignorance of this well-known fact; any man whose suspicions can be aroused with so little cause will have difficulty functioning in a marital relationship, since no marriage can succeed without a firm foundation of mutual trust. We urge you both to seek the aid of a good marriage counselor at once. He will probably prescribe some form of psychotherapy for your husband, in order to come to grips with the underlying insecurity that is the real cause of these doubts, and that will surely produce others of the same sort in the future if not resolved.

I've seen the abbreviation "VO" on the labels of different brands of liquors and wines. Can you tell me what it stands for?—R. B., Niagara Falls, New York.

On spirits, "VO" (as used by Seagram's) is an abbreviation for "Very Old." On wines, it stands for either "Vin Ordinaire," an ordinary, nonvintage table wine, or "Vin Originaire," a wine produced exclusively by the maker listed on the label.

What are the differences between the "gain," "level," "volume" and "loudness" controls on stereo amplifiers?—P. C., Rockford, Illinois.

"Gain," "level" and "volume" all do

the same thing: They regulate the amplitude of electrical signals. However, gain and level controls are used to compensate for variations in the output of different tone-arm cartridges or to balance the two stereo channels to the same degree of amplification. Once adjusted, these controls needn't be bothered with during normal operation. The volume knob is actually a master-gain or master-level control which regulates the amount of sound produced by the amplifier without disturbing the gain or level equilibrium.

Because the human ear is less sensitive to bass and treble at low volume levels, most sets include a "loudness" switch. When on, it activates a compensating network through the volume control which automatically boosts both bass and treble frequencies.

I am what might be called an on-off pipe smoker. Due to the many tensions of my job, I find a need, frequently, for cigarettes. My problem is that after laying my pipes aside for a month or so and then coming back to them, I suffer for a period of several weeks from a malady common to most pipe smokers: sore tongue. I would like to know if there is anything that can be done for the poor raw tongue until it becomes accustomed to the smoke of a pipe?—J. P. E., Chicago, Illinois.

There is little you can do for your sore tongue, if you continually switch from cigarettes to pipe and back again, just as most people can't prevent dizziness when inhaling their first cigarette after a long layoff. The only advice we can offer is to avoid mild, aromatic tobaccos each time you go back to the pipe: Because they burn hotter, and because they contain noncombustible chemicals, they tend to bite harder than a strong tobacco. Also be sure to pack your pipe with uniform consistency: not too loosely, not too tightly. These suggestions won't solve your problem, but they'll help.

Should a man button a woman's coat after helping her into it?—D. N., Tallahassee, Florida.

Not unless her fingers are bandaged or otherwise incapacitated. Helping her out of her clothes, of course, requires a different set of rules.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 68

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With the opening of the \$750,000 Bunny bastion at 54 Park Square, just across from the famed Common, Playboy's high-spirited revelry becomes an exciting reality in Boston. Bostonians will find exciting shows, 50 beautiful Bunnies and the kind of fun only Playboy offers—seven nights a week! Five levels of beautifully appointed rooms

• BULLETIN •

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CHICAGO (Special) — Beginning May 1, 1966, the \$50 Resident Key Fee will be in effect in Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri, Mississippi and the entire state of Illinois — as it is now in Arizona, Florida, and within 75 miles of Chicago.

Apply now — before the fee in your area is raised — to save \$25.

have the informal feeling of a bachelor's luxurious penthouse apartment and the atmosphere of a fun-filled private party.

Celebrities and friends have been thronging the San Francisco Club ever since its gala premiere in November. Six shows nightly (eight on weekends) in two showrooms, swinging jam sessions in the Living Room, epicurean cuisine in the VIP Room, and the best time in California in all the exciting clubrooms (except for the rousing fun found in the L.A. Club) are the reasons.

Save \$25 and apply for your key right now! The \$25 Charter Rate only applies until the \$50 Resident Key Fee goes into effect. More than 11,000 residents of Chicago, Arizona and Florida have already paid this higher fee; and starting May 1, 1966, six more states will be added to the \$50 Resident Key Roster.

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The New York Playboy Club now offers keyholders and guests an entertainment program unique in American night life—four showrooms operating simultaneously! If you like your fun in more temperate doses, you'll need five nights to take in the excitement in all the showrooms plus Kai Winding's jazz sessions in the Living Room. Go "on the town" inside the Club!

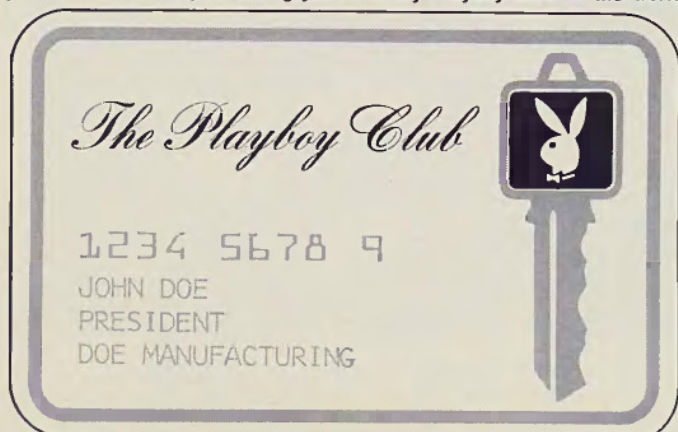
Exciting variety shows in Penthouse and Playroom showrooms, musicians, vocalist and dancing in the Party Room, intimate diversion in the VIP Room plus celebrity shows, "New Faces" nights, and a host of surprises—that's what is in store for New York keyholders.

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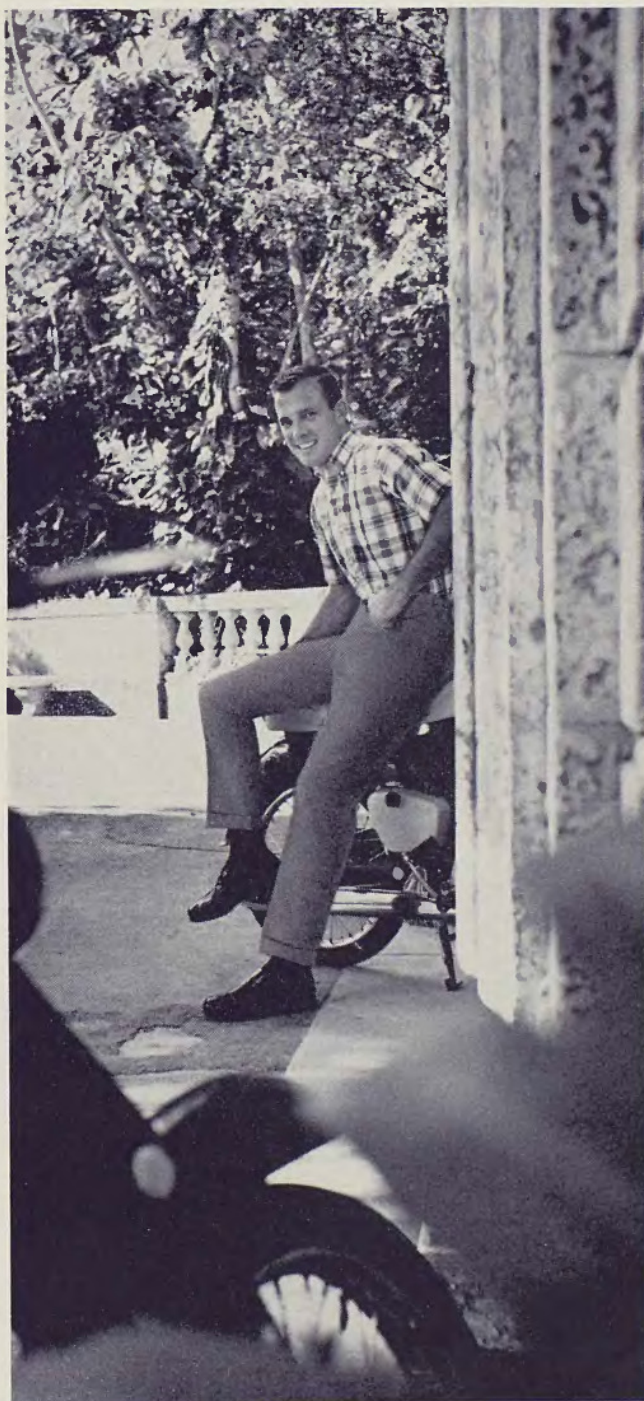
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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

EN ROUTE to Europe for a spring vacation, be sure to allow a few days for a stopover at a country deceptively named Iceland. Among other benefits offered here are the world's blondest blondes and, during the month of May, almost 24 sunlit hours a day in which to enjoy them. No icy souls. Icelanders shake off their winter shackles with a special *joie de vivre*. The streets of Reykjavik are still crowded at two A.M. with revelers strolling from one party to the next after making the rounds of the town's eight jumping night clubs. Places such as Klubburinn and Rodull often feature top U.S. jazz combos; espresso and hot-chocolate spots such as Mokkafe and Thorscafe are decorated with exciting, contemporary Icelandic art (for sale); but, more to the point, all these haunts are peopled with unescorted native pulchritude (the men are usually off fishing—for a livelihood—which leaves the hunting to you).

Once you've made contact, things to do *à deux* include dancing in the ballroom of the Borg or the night clubs of the Saga and Loftleider hotels. Outdoorish types will yield readily to the lure of an exhilarating glider flight from Sandskied Airport, or a powered sight-seeing flight over Mount Hekla and gigantic Vatnajökull glacier. Any Icelandette worth the name will then purr as you take her to a local café for a pungent native aquavit called *svartidaudi*.


Warmed by hot springs and the Gulf Stream, Iceland offers outdoor pool swimming the year round, plus glacier skiing, pony trekking, trout and salmon fishing, volcano tours and reindeer hunts. Paleography buffs can delve into the runic literature of the Vikings, while architectural *aficionados* can visit the world's oldest parliament. On the spectacle level, there are the National Theater and the national sport, an indigenous form of wrestling.

A pleasant three-hour drive from Reykjavik takes you out to the Great Geysir, the gigantic spouter that gave its name to all the rest, and which rises higher but more erratically than Old Faithful. Or fly with the blonde of your choice to Heimaey in the Westman Islands. There you'll see local lads dangling from primitive winches hundreds of feet down the faces of sheer volcanic cliffs, harvesting sea-bird eggs from the ledges. The eggs can be savored at Reykjavik's fine restaurants, which also offer whale blubber and shark (a delicacy to Icelanders). If these bills of fare seem too exotic, partake of *hangikjot*—smoked lamb with dried fish, fresh lobster, halibut or tiny but tasty shrimp.

If you're going to France this May, arrange to rent a car in advance and then make your own tour of the country's castles. Leaving Paris in the A.M., you'll arrive at the Burgundian *Hôtellerie de la Poste* in Avallon in time for dinner (the cuisine here is among the world's best). Next night you're overlooking the Loire river from your window in a converted 11th Century abbey (L'Abbaye in Beaugency). Then, on through Chambord country to D'Artigny Castle in Montbazoin, which has been restored by perfumer François Coty. Next, to history-laden Saumur, and through Normandy to Mont-Saint-Michel, the famous castle-priory romantically set on an island just offshore. After driving through Caen and Lisieux, the next stop is Les Saisons manor house at Vironvay, which boasts a great gourmet table.

Similar tours can be set up—with advance reservations of a car and castle rooms—through Austria, England, Italy, Spain, Switzerland and Germany. Indeed, in Germany, you can go one better and get a castle of your own—gratis. There's a slight hitch: The government not only requires that the land be bought, but that the centuries-old building be restored and permanently maintained. If that sounds too much like work, consider a stay at 400-year-old Gasthaus zur Krone in Switzerland's turreted, Teutonic Regensberg—still unknown to all but the most knowledgeable Americans. The \$3-to-\$4-daily American-plan tab includes such delights as minced veal in cream sauce, an open cheese *wahen* followed by vegetable pie and Regensberger rosé.

At last count there were about 30 outdoor sidewalk cafés sprouting all over New York City, with another 20 on the way. One of the newest, facing the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park, is the Café du Parc at the Hotel Stanhope, spreading red, white and blue awnings along Fifth Avenue. Oldest of the sidewalk sitters favored by girl watchers are Rumpelmayer's and Café de la Paix, both in the Hotel St. Moritz. And in the newly developing West Side area around the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, you'll find two new spots—Opera Espresso and The Ginger Man. Popular in Greenwich Village as a Sunday brunch spot for uptowners is the Jardin du Perroquet at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. There are plenty more—all great spots for leisurely quaffing while taking in the kaleidoscopic New York Scene.


For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611. 



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By PRINCE MATCHABELLI 

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

HEFNER FOR PRESIDENT

I cannot predict a grass-roots movement to the tenets of *The Playboy Philosophy* until those without status are freed from economic deprivation. If Hefner hopes to see his philosophy become a national reality in his lifetime, there is but one hope: He should declare himself a candidate for the Presidency with a platform of "A Chick in Every Sack!"

Joseph H. Whitcomb III
Charlotte, North Carolina

PLAYBOY CODE

Finally, 2000 years later, Hugh Hefner codifies human ethics in five words: "Love thy neighbor with technique."

Hef, you have a tough act to follow.

Joseph Ezhaya
University of Maine
Portland, Maine

U. S. SEX LAWS

The pertinent and provocative November installment of *The Playboy Philosophy* is worthy of the sober and sincere analysis of legislators, clergymen, teachers, and all who are influential in stimulating public opinion. The publication of *The Playboy Philosophy* constitutes a significant contribution to public education, because it focuses attention upon highly controversial questions that are excluded from public discussion and debate. Mr. Hugh Hefner is correct in his contention that "there is a serious gap between man's professed beliefs and his actions." Mr. Hefner is historically accurate in his analysis that while man has comprehended the relativity of religion and established the principle of individual freedom of thought and expression, he has "failed to comprehend the relativity of sexual behavior, and demanded—with legal force as a club—that all obey a single sexual standard." He seems to be seeking the restoration of a meaningful and legitimate basis for personal morality when he advocates, "It is our conviction that society should consider as private, to be left to the determination of the individual, all nonpublic sexual acts between consenting adults." This clarification of the difference between public and private acts is one of the most important issues in 20th Century thought; its acceptance may hasten the day when the tyranny of puritan rigidity is replaced by

mature, rational judgment and responsible, individual choice. In an era when ethical and moral values are in flux, Mr. Hefner is presenting a helpful stimulus to this creative conversation.

The Rev. Danny Ross Chandler
Minister of Youth
The Peoples Church of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

Mr. Hefner made a very good case in the November installment of *The Playboy Philosophy* for deserving his A at Northwestern, but otherwise I found the article a rather prosaic and mediocre recital of facts and arguments which by now are rather commonplace, and with which there is precious little disagreement (I think) among an articulate and quite large segment of criminologists and academic lawyers. The American Law Institute, in its Model Penal Code, certainly indicates its agreement with the basic views of Hefner, and nobody is likely to accuse the A.L.I. of rampant liberalism. Mr. Hefner is taking on too easy a foe, I think. In my criminology textbook *Man, Crime and Society*, I make essentially the same points in the section on "Sex Crimes," and I have no more brief for it as a sophisticated analysis than I do for the PLAYBOY piece.

I am not convinced at all that the liberalization of the sex laws would necessarily have deleterious consequences on the social structure, but neither am I convinced that they would necessarily have beneficial consequences, and I get no guidance whatsoever on this matter from the PLAYBOY series. Perhaps it is asking too much.

Gilbert Geis
Professor of Sociology
California State College
Los Angeles, California

Hefner indicated in the November installment of "Philosophy" that there is extensive enlightened expert opinion opposing unreasonably restrictive U. S. sex statutes, and he specifically mentioned the recommendation of the American Law Institute that private sexual activity between consenting adults should not be interfered with by the state. However, in the decade since the A.L.I. first published its Model Penal Code, only one state (Illinois) has revised its sex laws along the lines suggested.

Far from being an "easy foe," suppres-



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sive sex legislation is firmly entrenched and defies liberalization, because of public apathy and the fear on the part of many state legislators that if they openly endorse the repeal of such laws, they may seem to be endorsing "sin." In the December "Philosophy," Hefner described how organized religious pressure thwarted the 1965 attempt to eliminate consensual sodomy and adultery from the New York State Penal Code. New York's experience is unfortunately typical of the rest of the country, with no serious attempt to pass more permissive sex legislation presently contemplated in any of the other states.

In offering his conclusions regarding the establishment of a more enlightened sex code, in the current installments of "The Playboy Philosophy," Hefner is listing specific detrimental effects resulting from these overly restrictive statutes, as well as the beneficial consequences that may accrue from their repeal. In the next installment, Hefner will consider prostitution.

Hefner's position in *The Playboy Philosophy* concerning current sexual laws raises two questions: (1) What are the statistics on charges growing out of illicit sexual intercourse, excluding prostitution? (2) What power should the will of society have in determining which acts are proper and ethical?

Since I have never heard of a morals charge being brought against anyone for illicit sexual intercourse, I wonder if it is really an issue.

Also, because of the lessening influence of the Church in matters of morals and ethics, and because personal morals are not the affair of the state, I wonder just how one is to determine "right" or "wrong," "good" or "evil," in a society that does not spell it out. Do you really believe that man is so mature (following the death of John Kennedy, the rise of the radical right, the Watts riot and all the other man-induced insanities of the world) that he can determine on his own what is good and what is evil?

The Rev. Douglas Evett, Curate
Grace Church
Grand Rapids, Michigan

The only national statistics available on the arrests made for sex offenses are contained in the FBI's annual report, "Crime in the United States," which includes three classifications of sex crime: "Forcible Rape," "Prostitution and Commercialized Vice" and "Sexual Offenses (except forcible rape and prostitution)." The third category comprises, but does not differentiate between: "Statutory rape, offenses against chastity, common indecency, morals, and the like," which should include all arrests for illicit sexual intercourse, other than prostitution and forcible rape; in the most recent Bureau report, issued last July for the year 1964,

the number of arrests listed under this third category of sex crimes was 58,082.

However, the statistics appearing in this annual report depend for their accuracy on unverified arrest figures supplied to the FBI by local law enforcement agencies, and we are informed, by a member of the staff of the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University,* that they represent but a small fraction of the actual arrests for sexual offenses appearing in the local police records. Compounding the confusion, many of the persons apprehended for sex offenses are officially charged with nonsexual crimes, such as "false registration" at a hotel (when applicable), "disorderly conduct," "disturbing the peace," "vagrancy" and "loitering."

It is undeniably true that certain forms of nonviolent illicit sexual activity (indecent exposure, offenses involving minors, homosexual contacts, prostitution) are more apt to prompt legal action, when they come to the attention of the authorities, than others (fornication, adultery, cohabitation). But even the occasional, random, necessarily arbitrary and capricious enforcement of most of these laws is reason enough for demanding their repeal. Why, in brief, should even one person among the 180,000,000 living in America be publicly humiliated, fined and imprisoned for a "crime" committed, in one form or another, by virtually all of his fellow citizens?

In a democracy, society has the obligation to prohibit behavior that is harmful, or that infringes upon the rights of others, and to establish certain laws considered to be for the public good. There remains, however, an area of private moral determination that must be left to the conscience of the individual, if he is to be considered truly free. This is precisely where personal decisions concerning "good" and "evil," and "right" and "wrong," must be made. The harm that an individual engaging in consensual sex activity can do to society is infinitesimal compared with the harm an all-powerful society can wreak on the individual by exercising its will in those realms that clearly and properly belong to the private conscience of each citizen. This concept of personal freedom is precisely what sets our democracy apart from totalitarianism.

THE DEMOCRATIC WAY

The Playboy Philosophy is quite in keeping with the democratic method of government envisioned by our founding

*The Sex Institute's latest book, entitled "Sex Offenders," is the most extensively researched, authoritative study of persons imprisoned for sexual crimes that has yet been published.

fathers. Sidney Mead says in his book *The Lively Experiment*:

The democratic way is the way of open conflict between essentially selfish and biased individuals and groups, each contending for the truth as he sees it in his limited fashion . . . under the general aegis of the freedom of each and all so to contend. It is based upon the faith that the maintenance of the give-and-take under such freedom is "the last, best hope of earth." . . . One of the most ominous things in the situation today is that increasingly the hope of the people is not based on belief in the great principles and hence on the general rightness of the [democratic] movement, so much as on belief in a standard of living the primary defense of which is summed up in the phrase, "we never had it so good."

In the light of this quote, your magazine appears to be not only calling attention to the irrationality, incongruity and inconsistencies found in the varied sexual laws in our country, but it is also fulfilling the democratic principles of our Government by so doing. For this I congratulate you.

I am concerned, however, with the whole question of individual responsibility, especially in regard to the sexual behavior of the individual (which may have been raised in an installment of the *Philosophy* that I missed). One of the purposes of the law—in my opinion—is not only to be just and to encourage respect, but also to give very general guidelines in social and personal responsibility, and this is one of my greatest complaints against the present statutes that deal with sexual behavior and misbehavior. The law in Arkansas, for example, discourages implicitly any constancy in sexual attention and as a result tends to encourage irresponsibility not only in sexual behavior but in all social behavior. An "affront to public decency" is defined not in terms of the nature of a relationship between the two consenting adults, but in terms of "how many times you have been caught with same partner." Ugh! One area you have not explored has been the possibility, ignored by most people, that sexual relations in marriage may, under some conditions, be as irresponsible and as much an "affront to public decency" as any kind of sexual behavior outside of marriage.

At any rate, I extend my personal accolades for your demonstration of the irrationality and lack of logic of most American laws in dealing with the entire question of sexuality, and am looking forward to your articles containing your recommendations for new sex legislation.

The Rev. Gene R. Anderson
Leonardtown, Maryland

GERIATRIC PRURIENCE

Here is a statement taken from the book *Marriage and Morals*, written by Bertrand Russell:

It is difficult to change the law, since very many elderly men are so perverted that their pleasure in sex depends upon the belief that sex is wicked and nasty.

I believe this is true, not only of the elderly men, but of people in general.

Mrs. Wilder
Pasadena, California

MORMON COHABITATION

In the November *Philosophy* Hefner says that Utah offers a punishment of five years at hard labor for cohabitation with more than one person "presumably prompted by the Mormon practice of taking multiple mates."

Mormons stopped being polygamists before Utah was admitted to the U.S. A lot of people have the out-of-date notion that a Mormon is a lecherous old man with a harem of wives. Well, it's not true—in fact, the Mormon Church is probably the most prudish of all the denominations. An example is all those missionaries our Church sends out: *Not one* of those boys is supposed to have had any sort of sexual experience. This includes everything, except possibly nocturnal emissions. Even kissing is forbidden.

These missionaries must be at least 18 years old, and their mission lasts two years. During this time, they may not date or dance or engage in any frivolity.

But just exactly how, I ask, can a boy get to be 18 without some sort of sexual release—unless he doesn't date at all? And if he doesn't date, then how is he going to develop socially?

Personally, I think this unrealistic rule of my Church causes a lot of the boys to lie about their sex lives. And which is more important, honesty or chastity?

Mrs. Rosemarie Kline
Everett, Washington

Although the Mormon Church officially abandoned polygamy in 1890 (six years before Utah was admitted to the Union), the practice has continued to the present time. Dr. Thomas F. O'Dea, professor of sociology at the University of Utah, estimates that there are several thousand polygamous families living in Utah today. These are mainly members of fundamentalist Mormon sects who refuse to accept the Church's 1890 decision as divinely inspired. Utah's bigamy law is firmly enforced against multi-mate males, when they marry; and the state's cohabitation law is used against them, when they don't.

CATHOLIC MASTURBATION

You recently printed a letter from a reader commenting on the Catholic Church's "vicious doctrine" about mas-

turbation. I am a Catholic and would like to set the record straight.

Although I do not endorse the Church's stand, I must abide by it. As a child, I suffered extreme anxieties about masturbation. I finally asked a priest about it and learned that the Church considers it a mortal sin. The priest never actually used the term masturbation, but he did use such phrases as "touching yourself" and "that part of your body." He explained that in ejaculation, many sperm that could have grown into human beings are killed, this being murder of the unborn as much as so-called "therapeutic abortions."

This is the Church's stand on masturbation. I hope I have cleared the Catholic Church of any stigma that may have been unjustly placed upon it.

A. Rathburn
Chicago, Illinois

SEXUAL LAMENT

It was my discovery in college that most young men were not capable of being honest. They couldn't say, "Let's go to bed." They said, "I love you. I want to marry you. Let's go to bed." Even to my inexperienced ears, a declaration of love on a first date didn't ring true. Coupled with a proposition, it was ludicrous. So I did not go to bed with any of the men I met. I've often wished I could have, but there was never one I felt I could trust. Someone who lies to himself will lie to anyone. I would refuse again, I suppose, if the situation were the same. I think it probably would be. The girl who says yes has lots of dates, but with a different man each time. The girl who says no has only a few dates, but they're usually more worth while, and at least she knows he likes her for herself. (For some reason, young men seem to keep mind and body separate, and if a girl interests them one way, they steer clear of an association with the other.) But if you say no the wrong way, you might as well have come across. It is very easy for a goodnight kiss to become an uncontrolled orgy by tomorrow's history class.

As a result of all this, I, still a virgin, married a virgin male who had bothered to ask me for a second date. He is a kind, gentle and generally considerate man and I love him. But our sex life—or lack of it—is hell (for me). He says sex is dirty and messy. He feels once a month is really too often for intercourse. He claims he does it as a "favor" to me. He honestly believes his attitude and appetite are normal and about average for his age (we're both 26). I have no interest in anyone else, so that's not a solution, but it has become obvious to me that something must be done. However, my husband refuses to discuss the matter, saying I must learn to be happy and satisfied with the way things are because he is happy and satisfied.

I believe the main reason for his attitude is his mother. She was very careful not to teach him anything about sex and to cloak the subject in secrecy and the phrase "Nice people don't even think about that." I've heard her tell her youngest son not to touch "it" when he goes to the bathroom, because it will make him sick; and to be careful not to make any noise, so that people won't guess what he's doing. Although he hasn't said so, I feel sure my husband got the same treatment. This is just one good case for more and better public sex education—in the schools, the churches and on television.

(Name and address withheld by request)

SEXUAL MATURITY

One of my greatest regrets, now that I am approaching 60, is that so many years were required to attain the satisfaction of an adult attitude about sex. Guilt, carried over from teen age, contributes to a retardation of maturity. If teenagers were taught a wholesome approach to sex, maturity would be reached much earlier, and many late-teen and early-adult problems would be alleviated. I am a father of a teenage daughter two years away from college, but I am unable to communicate with her about her approaching sexual problems.

Ann Landers and Abby Van Buren are no help, for they offer no solution other than restraint, a trust in God and hope that somehow problems will work themselves out. My hearty approbation of *The Playboy Philosophy*; and I hope my daughter reads my copy of *PLAYBOY* as it lies around the house.

J. Donald Carter
Indianapolis, Indiana

CASE FOR ABORTION

I am surprised at some of your readers' opinions about abortion, since many of them have no firsthand experience in the matter. I was almost 18 when I became pregnant. The boy felt he wasn't ready for family responsibilities, leaving me alone with my problem—or so I thought. I was soon to find out that my parents could be very understanding, even though I had expected them to order me from their house. Instead, it was they who made the arrangements for the abortion, once I had decided I wanted it.

We made the trip to Mexico on a Saturday, after being refused and turned away by quite a few doctors in Los Angeles because of my age.

I was surprised to find the reception room (in Mexico) filled with American women of all ages. Until then, I had felt like the original "girl in trouble."

Yes, there was quite a bit of pain involved, because no anesthetic was used. Yes, I heard screaming and moaning, and I added my share to it. But I have

(continued on page 135)




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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BOB DYLAN

a candid conversation with the iconoclastic idol of the folk-rock set

As a versatile musicologist and trenchant social commentator, Nat Hentoff brings uniquely pertinent credentials to his dual tasks in this month's issue—as the author of “We’re Happening All Over, Baby!” (on page 82), an insightful anatomizing of America’s youthful new generation of anti-establishment social activists, and as interviewer of this month’s controversial subject, about whom he writes:

“Less than five years ago, Bob Dylan was scuffling in New York—sleeping in friends’ apartments on the Lower East Side and getting very occasional singing work at Gerde’s Folk City, an unprepossessing bar for citybillies in the Village. With his leather cap, blue jeans and battered desert boots—his unvarying costume in those days—Dylan looked like an updated, undernourished Huck Finn. And like Huck, he had come out of the Midwest; he would have said ‘escaped.’ The son of Abraham Zimmerman, an appliance dealer, he was raised in Hibbing, Minnesota, a bleak mining town near the Canadian border. Though he ran away from home regularly between the ages of 10 and 18, young Zimmerman did manage to finish high school, and went on to spend about six months at the University of Minnesota in 1960. By then, he called himself Bob Dylan—in tribute to Dylan Thomas, according to legend; but actually after a gambling uncle whose last name was similar to Dylan.

“In the fall of that year, he came East

to visit his idol, Woody Guthrie, in the New Jersey hospital where the Okie folk-singing bard was wasting away with a progressive disease of the nervous system. Dylan stayed and tried to scrape together a singing career. According to those who knew him then, he was shy and stubborn but basically friendly and, beneath the hipster stance, uncommonly gentle. But they argued about his voice. Some found its flat Midwestern tones gratingly mesmeric; others agreed with a Missouri folk singer who had likened the Dylan sound to that of ‘a dog with his leg caught in barbed wire.’ All agreed, however, that his songs were strangely personal and often disturbing, a pungent mixture of loneliness and defiance laced with traces of Guthrie, echoes of the Negro blues singers and more than a suggestion of country-and-western; but essentially Dylan was developing his own penetratingly distinctive style. Yet the voice was so harsh and the songs so bitterly scornful of conformity, race prejudice and the mythology of the Cold War that most of his friends couldn’t conceive of Dylan making it big even though folk music was already on the rise.

“They were wrong. In September of 1961, a music critic for The New York Times caught his act at Gerde’s and hailed the scruffy 19-year-old Minnesotan as a significant new voice on the folk horizon. Around the same time, he was signed by Columbia Records, and his first album was released early the next year.

Though it was far from a smash hit, concerts and club engagements gradually multiplied; and then Dylan scored his storied triumph at the Newport Folk Festival in 1962. His next LP began to move, and in the spring of 1963 came his first big single: ‘Blowin’ in the Wind.’ That same spring he turned down a lucrative guest spot on ‘The Ed Sullivan Show’ because CBS wouldn’t permit him to sing a mordant parody he’d written about the John Birch Society. For the nation’s young, the Dylan image began to form: kind of a singing James Dean with overtones of Holden Caulfield; he was making it, but he wasn’t selling out. His concerts began to attract overflow crowds, and his songs—in performances by him and other folk singers—were rushing onto the hit charts. One of them, ‘The Times They Are A-Changin’,’ became an anthem for the rebellious young, who savored its message that adults don’t know where it’s at and can’t tell their children what to do.

“By 1965 he had become a major phenomenon on the music scene. More and more folk performers, from Joan Baez to the Byrds, considered it mandatory to have an ample supply of Dylan songs in their repertoires; in one frantically appreciative month—last August—18 different recordings of Dylan ballads were pressed by singers other than the composer himself. More and more aspiring folk singers—and folk-song writers—have begun to sound like Dylan. The current surge of ‘protest’ songs by such long-



“Burning draft cards isn’t going to end any war or save any lives. If someone can feel more honest with himself by burning his card, that’s great; but if he’s just going to feel important, that’s a drag.”



“I’ve always wanted to be Anthony Quinn in ‘La Strada.’ And come to think of it, I’ve always wanted to be Brigitte Bardot, too. But I don’t really want to think about that too much.”



“The word ‘message’ has a hernia-like sound. And message songs, as everybody knows, are a drag. Only college newspaper editors and single girls under 14 could possibly have time for them.”

haired, post-beat rock-'n'-rollers as Barry McGuire and Sonny and Cher is credited to Dylan. And the newest commercial boom, 'folk-rock,' a fusion of folk-like lyrics with an r-n-r beat and background, is an outgrowth, in large part, of Dylan's recent decision—decried as a 'sellout' by folknik purists—to perform with a rock-'n'-roll combo rather than continue to accompany himself alone on the guitar. Backed by the big beat of the new group, Dylan tours England with as much tumultuous success as he does America, and the air play for his single records in both countries is rivaled only by that of the Beatles, Herman's Hermits and the Rolling Stones on the Top 40 deeJay shows. In the next 18 months, his income—from personal appearances, records and composer's royalties—is expected to exceed \$1,000,000.

"Withal, Dylan seems outwardly much the same as he did during the lean years in Greenwich Village. His dress is still casual to the point of exoticism; his hair is still long and frizzy, and he is still no more likely to be seen wearing a necktie than a cutaway. But there have been changes. No longer protesting polemically against the bomb, race prejudice and conformity, his songs have become increasingly personal—a surrealistic amalgam of Kafkaesque menace, corrosive satire and opaque sensuality. His lyrics are more crowded than ever with tumbling words and restless images, and they read more like free-verse poems than conventional lines. Adults still have difficulty digging his offbeat language—and its message of alienation—but the young continue to tune in and turn on.

"But there are other changes. Dylan has become elusive. He is no longer seen in his old haunts in the Village and on the Lower East Side. With few exceptions, he avoids interviewers, and in public, he is usually seen from afar at the epicenter of a protective coterie of tousle-topped young men dressed like him, and lissome, straight-haired young ladies who also seem to be dressed like him. His home base, if it can be called that, is a house his manager owns near Woodstock, a fashionable artists' colony in New York State, and he also enjoys the run of his manager's apartment on dignified Gramercy Park in New York City. There are tales told of Dylan the motorcyclist, the novelist, the maker of high-camp home movies; but except among his small circle of intimates, the 24-year-old folk hero is inscrutably aloof.

"It was only after a long period of evasion and hesitation that Dylan finally agreed to grant this 'Playboy Interview'—the longest he's ever given. We met him on the 10th floor of the new CBS and Columbia Records building in mid-Manhattan. The room was antiseptic: white walls with black trim, contemporary furniture with severe lines, avant-garde art chosen by com-

mittee, everything in order, neat desks, neat personnel. In this sterile setting, slouched in a chair across from us, Dylan struck a refreshingly discordant note—with his untamed brownish-blond mane brushing the collar of his tieless blue plaid shirt, in his black jacket, gray vaudevillean-striped pipestem pants and well-worn blue-suede shoes. Sitting nearby—also long-haired, tieless and black-jacketed, but wearing faded jeans—was a stringy young man whom the singer identified only as Taco Pronto. As Dylan spoke—in a soft drawl, smiling only rarely and fleetingly, sipping tea and chain-smoking cigarettes—his unspeaking friend chuckled and nodded appreciatively from the side lines. Tense and guarded at first, Dylan gradually began to loosen up, then to open up, as he tried to tell us—albeit a bit surrealistically—just where he's been and where he's going. Under the circumstances, we chose to play straight man in our questions, believing that to have done otherwise would have stemmed the freewheeling flow of Dylan's responses."

PLAYBOY: "Popular songs," you told a reporter last year, "are the only art form that describes the temper of the times. The only place where it's happening is on the radio and records. That's where the people hang out. It's not in books; it's not on the stage; it's not in the galleries. All this art they've been talking about, it just remains on the shelf. It doesn't make anyone happier." In view of the fact that more people than ever before are reading books and going to plays and art galleries, do you think that statement is borne out by the facts?

DYLAN: Statistics measure quantity, not quality. The people in the statistics are people who are very bored. Art, if there is such a thing, is in the bathrooms; everybody knows that. To go to an art-gallery thing where you get free milk and doughnuts and where there is a rock-'n'-roll band playing: That's just a status affair. I'm not putting it down, mind you; but I spend a lot of time in the bathroom. I think museums are vulgar. They're all against sex. Anyhow, I didn't say that people "hang out" on the radio, I said they get "hung up" on the radio.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think rock 'n' roll has become such an international phenomenon?

DYLAN: I can't really think that there is any rock 'n' roll. Actually, when you think about it, anything that has no real existence is bound to become an international phenomenon. Anyway, what does it mean, rock 'n' roll? Does it mean Beatles, does it mean John Lee Hooker, Bobby Vinton, Jerry Lewis' kid? What about Lawrence Welk? He must play a few rock-'n'-roll songs. Are all these people the same? Is Ricky Nelson like Otis Redding? Is Mick Jagger really Ma

Rainey? I can tell by the way people hold their cigarettes if they like Ricky Nelson. I think it's fine to like Ricky Nelson; I couldn't care less if somebody likes Ricky Nelson. But I think we're getting off the track here. There isn't any Ricky Nelson. There isn't any Beatles; oh, I take that back; there are a lot of beetles. But there isn't any Bobby Vinton. Anyway, the word is not "international phenomenon"; the word is "parental nightmare."

PLAYBOY: In recent years, according to some critics, jazz has lost much of its appeal to the younger generation. Do you agree?

DYLAN: I don't think jazz has ever appealed to the younger generation. Anyway, I don't really know who this younger generation is. I don't think they could get into a jazz club anyway. But jazz is hard to follow: I mean you actually have to like jazz to follow it; and my motto is, never follow anything. I don't know what the motto of the younger generation is, but I would think they'd have to follow their parents. I mean, what would some parent say to his kid if the kid came home with a glass eye, a Charlie Mingus record and a pocketful of feathers? He'd say, "Who are you following?" And the poor kid would have to stand there with water in his shoes, a bow tie on his ear and soot pouring out of his belly button and say, "Jazz, Father, I've been following jazz." And his father would probably say, "Get a broom and clean up all that soot before you go to sleep." Then the kid's mother would tell her friends, "Oh yes, our little Donald, he's part of the younger generation, you know."

PLAYBOY: You used to say that you wanted to perform as little as possible, that you wanted to keep most of your time to yourself. Yet you're doing more concerts and cutting more records every year. Why? Is it the money?

DYLAN: Everything is changed now from before. Last spring, I guess I was going to quit singing. I was very drained, and the way things were going, it was a very draggy situation—I mean, when you do *Everybody Loves You for Your Black Eye*, and meanwhile the back of your head is caving in. Anyway, I was playing a lot of songs I didn't want to play. I was singing words I didn't really want to sing. I don't mean words like "God" and "mother" and "President" and "suicide" and "meat cleaver." I mean simple little words like "if" and "hope" and "you." But *Like a Rolling Stone* changed it all: I didn't care anymore after that about writing books or poems or whatever. I mean it was something that I myself could dig. It's very tiring having other people tell you how much they dig you if you yourself don't dig you. It's also very deadly entertainmentwise. Contrary to what some scary people think, I don't play with a band

now for any kind of propaganda-type or commercial-type reasons. It's just that my songs are pictures and the band makes the sound of the pictures.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that acquiring a combo and switching from folk to folk-rock has improved you as a performer?

DYLAN: I'm not interested in myself as a performer. Performers are people who perform for other people. Unlike actors, I know what I'm saying. It's very simple in my mind. It doesn't matter what kind of audience reaction this whole thing gets. What happens on the stage is straight. It doesn't expect any rewards or fines from any kind of outside agitators. It's ultra-simple, and would exist whether anybody was looking or not.

As far as folk and folk-rock are concerned, it doesn't matter what kind of nasty names people invent for the music. It could be called arsenic music, or perhaps Phaedra music. I don't think that such a word as folk-rock has anything to do with it. And folk music is a word I can't use. Folk music is a bunch of fat people. I have to think of all this as traditional music. Traditional music is based on hexagrams. It comes about from legends, Bibles, plagues, and it revolves around vegetables and death. There's nobody that's going to kill traditional music. All these songs about roses growing out of people's brains and lovers who are really geese and swans that turn into angels—they're not going to die. It's all those paranoid people who think that someone's going to come and take away their toilet paper—they're going to die. Songs like *Which Side Are You On?* and *I Love You, Porgy*—they're not folk-music songs; they're political songs. They're *already* dead. Obviously, death is not very universally accepted. I mean, you'd think that the traditional-music people could gather from their songs that mystery—just plain simple mystery—is a fact, a traditional fact. I listen to the old ballads; but I wouldn't go to a *party* and listen to the old ballads. I could give you descriptive detail of what they do to me, but some people would probably think my imagination had gone mad. It strikes me funny that people actually have the gall to think that I have some kind of fantastic imagination. It gets very lonesome. But anyway, traditional music is too unreal to die. It doesn't need to be protected. Nobody's going to hurt it. In that music is the only true, valid death you can feel today off a record player. But like anything else in great demand, people try to own it. It has to do with a purity thing. I think its meaninglessness is holy. Everybody knows that I'm not a folk singer.

PLAYBOY: Some of your old fans would agree with you—and not in a complimentary vein—since your debut with the rock-'n'-roll combo at last year's Newport



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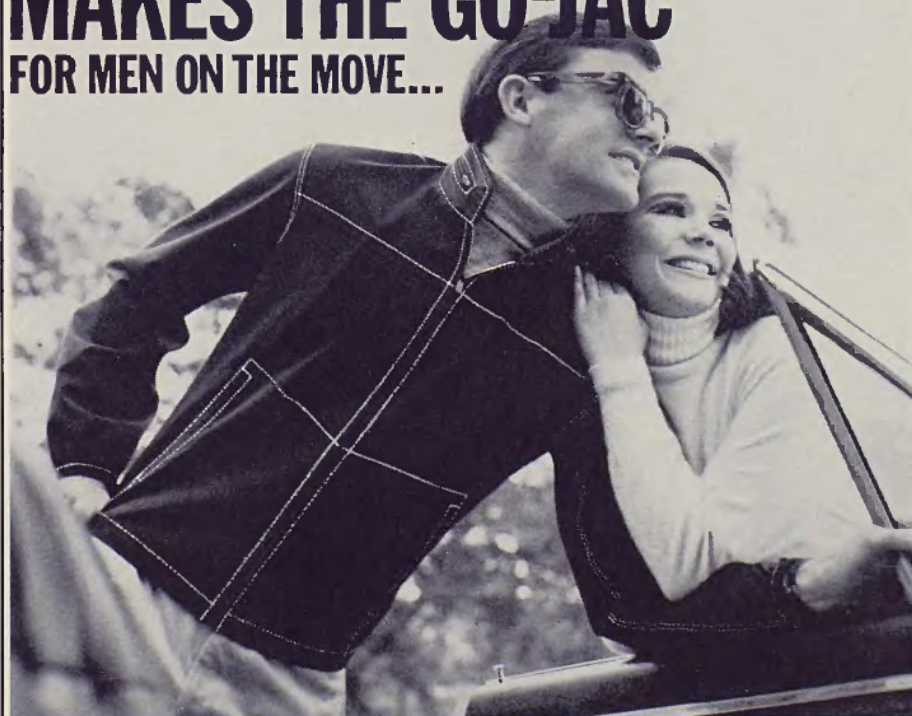
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Folk Festival, where many of them booed you loudly for "selling out" to commercial pop tastes. The early Bob Dylan, they felt, was the "pure" Bob Dylan. How do you feel about it?

DYLAN: I was kind of stunned. But I can't put anybody down for coming and booing; after all, they paid to get in. They could have been maybe a little quieter and not so persistent, though. There were a lot of old people there, too; lots of whole families had driven down from Vermont, lots of nurses and their parents, and well, like they just came to hear some relaxing hoedowns, you know, maybe an Indian polka or two. And just when everything's going all right, here I come on, and the whole place turns into a beer factory. There were a lot of people there who were very pleased that I got booed. I saw them afterward. I do resent somewhat, though, that everybody that booed said they did it because they were old fans.

PLAYBOY: What about their charge that you vulgarized your natural gifts?

DYLAN: What can I say? I'd like to see one of these so-called fans. I'd like to have him blindfolded and brought to me. It's like going out to the desert and screaming, and then having little kids throw their sandbox at you. I'm only 24. These people that said this—were they Americans?

PLAYBOY: Americans or not, there were a lot of people who didn't like your new sound. In view of this widespread negative reaction, do you think you may have made a mistake in changing your style?

DYLAN: A mistake is to commit a misunderstanding. There could be no such thing, anyway, as this action. Either people understand or they *pretend* to understand—or else they really *don't* understand. What you're speaking of here is doing wrong things for selfish reasons. I don't know the word for that, unless it's suicide. In any case, it has nothing to do with my music.

PLAYBOY: Mistake or not, what made you decide to go the rock-'n'-roll route?

DYLAN: Carelessness. I lost my one true love. I started drinking. The first thing I know, I'm in a card game. Then I'm in a crap game. I wake up in a pool hall. Then this big Mexican lady drags me off the table, takes me to Philadelphia. She leaves me alone in her house, and it burns down. I wind up in Phoenix. I get a job as a Chinaman. I start working in a dime store, and move in with a 13-year-old girl. Then this big Mexican lady from Philadelphia comes in and burns the house down. I go down to Dallas. I get a job as a "before" in a Charles Atlas "before and after" ad. I move in with a delivery boy who can cook fantastic chili and hot dogs. Then this 13-year-old girl from Phoenix comes and burns the house down. The delivery boy—he ain't so mild: He gives her the knife,

and the next thing I know I'm in Omaha. It's so cold there, by this time I'm robbing my own bicycles and frying my own fish. I stumble onto some luck and get a job as a carburetor out at the hot-rod races every Thursday night. I move in with a high school teacher who also does a little plumbing on the side, who ain't much to look at, but who's built a special kind of refrigerator that can turn newspaper into lettuce. Everything's going good until that delivery boy shows up and tries to knife me. Needless to say, he burned the house down, and I hit the road. The first guy that picked me up asked me if I wanted to be a star. What could I say?

PLAYBOY: And that's how you became a rock-'n'-roll singer?

DYLAN: No, that's how I got tuberculosis.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn the question around: Why have you stopped composing and singing protest songs?

DYLAN: I've stopped composing and singing anything that has either a reason to be written or a motive to be sung. Don't get me wrong, now. "Protest" is not my word. I've never thought of myself as such. The word "protest," I think, was made up for people undergoing surgery. It's an amusement-park word. A normal person in his righteous mind would have to have the hiccups to pronounce it honestly. The word "message" strikes me as having a hernia-like sound. It's just like the word "delicious." Also the word "marvelous." You know, the English can say "marvelous" pretty good. They can't say "raunchy" so good, though. Well, we each have our thing. Anyway, message songs, as everybody knows, are a drag. It's only college newspaper editors and single girls under 14 that could possibly have time for them.

PLAYBOY: You've said you think message songs are vulgar. Why?

DYLAN: Well, first of all, anybody that's got a message is going to learn from experience that they can't put it into a song. I mean it's just not going to come out the same message. After one or two of these unsuccessful attempts, one realizes that his resultant message, which is not even the same message he thought up and began with, he's now got to stick by it; because, after all, a song leaves your mouth just as soon as it leaves your hands. Are you following me?

PLAYBOY: Oh, perfectly.

DYLAN: Well, anyway, second of all, you've got to respect other people's right to also have a message themselves. Myself, what I'm going to do is rent Town Hall and put about 30 Western Union boys on the bill. I mean, then there'll *really* be some messages. People will be able to come and hear more messages than they've ever heard before in their life.

PLAYBOY: But your early ballads have been called "songs of passionate pro-

test." Wouldn't that make them "message" music?

DYLAN: This is unimportant. Don't you understand? I've been writing since I was eight years old. I've been playing the guitar since I was ten. I was raised playing and writing whatever it was I had to play and write.

PLAYBOY: Would it be unfair to say, then, as some have, that you were motivated commercially rather than creatively in writing the kind of songs that made you popular?

DYLAN: All right, now, look. It's not all that deep. It's not a complicated thing. My motives, or whatever they are, were never commercial in the money sense of the word. It was more in the don't-die-by-the-hacksaw sense of the word. I never did it for money. It happened, and I let it happen to me. There was no reason *not* to let it happen to me. I couldn't have written before what I write now, anyway. The songs used to be about what I felt and saw. Nothing of my own rhythmic vomit ever entered into it. Vomit is not romantic. I used to think songs are supposed to be romantic. And I didn't want to sing anything that was unspecific. Unspecific things have no sense of time. All of us people have no sense of time; it's a dimensional hang-up. Anybody can be specific and obvious. That's always been the easy way. The leaders of the world take the easy way. It's not that it's so difficult to be unspecific and less obvious; it's just that there's nothing, absolutely nothing, to be specific and obvious *about*. My older songs, to say the least, were about nothing. The newer ones are about the same nothing—only as seen inside a bigger thing, perhaps called the nowhere. But this is all very constipated. I *do* know what my songs are about.

PLAYBOY: And what's that?

DYLAN: Oh, some are about four minutes; some are about five, and some, believe it or not, are about eleven or twelve.

PLAYBOY: Can't you be a bit more informative?

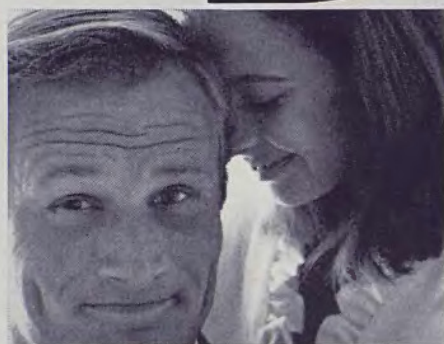
DYLAN: Nope.

PLAYBOY: All right. Let's change the subject. As you know, it's the age group from about 16 to 25 that listens to your songs. Why, in your opinion?


DYLAN: I don't see what's so strange about an age group like that listening to my songs. I'm hip enough to know that it ain't going to be the 85-to-90-year-olds. If the 85-to-90-year-olds *were* listening to me, they'd know that I can't tell them anything. The 16-to-25-year-olds, they probably know that I can't tell *them* anything either—and they know that *I* know it. It's a funny business. Obviously, I'm not an IBM computer any more than I'm an ashtray. I mean it's obvious to anyone who's ever slept in the

(continued on page 138)

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discussion

THE PLAYBOY PANEL: CRISIS IN LAW ENFORCEMENT

a timely debate on civil authoritarianism and its infringement on the constitutional rights of the individual

PANELISTS

MELVIN M. BELLI gained international notoriety two years ago this month when he publicly denounced the Dallas death sentence for his client Jack Ruby, murderer of Lee Harvey Oswald, as "the shotgun justice of a kangaroo court." But Belli had already been one of the most flamboyant, contentious and able ornaments of the American bar for many years. An embattled defender of individual rights in hundreds of criminal cases and personal-injury suits—for which he pioneered six-figure awards—he is a champion of the underdog and an avowed enemy of what he calls "the fascistic cop mentality." Author of many standard texts on trial law, a frequent lecturer on courtroom procedure, a popular and outspoken guest on TV discussion shows and a contributor of polemical opinion pieces to various national magazines, he has also been the subject of a controversial *Playboy Interview* (June 1965).

FRED COOK is the author of 11 books and hundreds of magazine articles, many of them trenchant exposés of scandals and miscarriages of justice in the fields of law enforcement and civil liberties—labors that have earned him admirers and enemies in equal measure. Winner of the 1961 Sidney Hillman Award and three-time winner of the New York Newspaper Guild's Page One Award for his journalistic public service, he made the best-seller lists in 1964 with *The FBI Nobody Knows*, a hard-hitting documentary eye opener that punctured the popular myth of FBI expertise in spy chasing and crime detection, and deplored both the autocratic power and the right-wing political philosophy of its hitherto sacrosanct director, J. Edgar Hoover.

FRED E. INBAU is regarded as the nation's foremost expert on police interrogation. A onetime practicing attorney and former director of the Chicago Police Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory, he is currently a professor of law at Northwestern University and editor-in-chief of the school's *Journal of Criminal Law, Criminology and Police Science*. Widely respected in police circles for his many authoritative articles and books on scientific and psychological methods of questioning criminal suspects, he is best known for his co-authorship of the definitive *Criminal Interrogation and Confessions*, which has been called "the police interrogator's bible."

GEORGE N. LEIGHTON, judge of the Circuit Court, Criminal Division, of Cook County (Chicago), Illinois, since 1964, has a long history of winning and making controversial decisions. In addition to numerous civil rights victories as a defense attorney in Southern courts, Leighton won freedom in 1952 for an Illinois convict after 17 years of imprisonment for a crime he didn't commit and, in a widely publicized eleventh-hour rescue, saved a condemned convict from execution in 1963. Even more celebrated was his unprecedented exoneration last year of two Puerto Rican boys charged with attacking two off-duty Chicago policemen with broken beer bottles and putting one of them in the hospital with multiple slashes on the face. His decision was based on evidence that the boys acted in self-defense when one of the policemen used excessive force in making an improper arrest—against which the citizen has a right to defend himself.

JOSEPH D. LOHMAN, dean of the School of Criminology on the Berkeley campus of the University of California, brings to the academic world a wealth of practical experience in law enforcement: as the former chairman of the Parole and Pardon Board of Illinois, onetime sheriff of Cook County, Illinois, and founder of the Southern Police Institute in Louisville, Kentucky. He is also a member of the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Crime, and a consultant to police departments in Chicago, Denver, Louisville, St. Paul, Washington, Pittsburgh and New Orleans.

JOHN PEMBERTON, JR., is the national executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union, the most militant private agency dedicated to the protection of individual rights against encroachment by authoritarian power. Among its many legal battles on behalf of minority groups and unpopular causes, the ACLU has even fought for the right of arch-reactionary right-wing groups to enjoy the constitutional privilege of free assembly at meetings where the ACLU itself has been condemned as a branch of the Communist Party—which it emphatically isn't, though it has often fought just as hard to safeguard the same right for American Reds. Pemberton is accustomed to contumely from every quarter—even from prosecutors and policemen of moderate stripe—for his unbending devotion to the Bill of Rights.



BELLI: *Peeephole surveillance is utterly and completely abhorrent, totally impermissible. It's far more immoral than the immoralities it seeks to eliminate.*



RUSTIN: *No police are going to stop and frisk well-dressed bankers on Wall Street, but they don't hesitate to stop well-dressed Negro businessmen in Harlem.*



TURNER: *It's a known fact that traffic cops work on a quota system of arrests, expressed or implied. It's not so well known, but so do criminal investigators.*



INBAU: *We urgently need legislation permitting police a reasonable opportunity to interrogate criminal suspects before arraignment—without a lawyer present.*



PEMBERTON: *The polygraph violates a person's right not to testify against himself. He is coerced by the threat of presumed guilt if he refuses to submit.*



LEIGHTON: *We're told crime has increased "five times faster than the population." I suspect that such statistics are issued to terrorize rather than inform the public.*



LOHMAN: *Once a man has been informed of his rights to counsel and to remain silent, the police should be permitted to interrogate him exactly as they wish.*



COOK: *This runaway increase in crime may be a runaway increase in calls to the police from a public panic-stricken by a crime-wave scare instigated by the police.*

BAYARD RUSTIN, executive director of the A. Philip Randolph Institute, an activist civil rights organization, has been an articulate, versatile fighter for racial equality ever since he was youth organizer of the 1941 Negro March on Washington and first field secretary of the then newly organized Congress of Racial Equality. In the course of an energetic and checkered career, he has spent 28 months in a Federal penitentiary as a conscientious objector, led sit-ins at the British Embassy in Washington as chairman of the Free India Committee, served 30 days in a chain gang for leading a Freedom Ride through North Carolina, and helped Dr. Martin Luther King organize the historic Montgomery, Alabama, bus boycott. In 1963 he was deputy director of the second March on Washington, and the following year he engineered the New York City school boycott. "His whole life," in the words of one reporter, "has been spent in a confrontation with police power."

WILLIAM TURNER, a former FBI agent and wire-tap expert, first came to public notice five years ago when he wrote to Senate and House committees—while still employed by the Bureau—demanding an investigation of FBI disciplinary measures. Immediately dismissed, he took to the air on both coasts to broadcast stinging criticisms of FBI policies and investigative methods. Since then, he has become a writer on modern police-science techniques for the legal and criminology press, consulting editor for *Police Science Library*, and a free-lance contributor of general articles to major national magazines—specializing, naturally enough, in investigative reportage. He is also writing a book, *In Light and Shadow*, about the boom in scientific crime-detection methods and their possible threats to civil liberties.

PLAYBOY: Amid a mounting chorus of ominous warnings by law-enforcement agencies of a rampaging upsurge in crime—at a rate five times faster than the national population growth, according to the FBI—the issue of "violence in the streets" has become both a tabloid catch phrase and a political football. Ignoring unequivocal statements by equally responsible authorities that the number of violent crimes, far from increasing, has actually been cut in half during the past 30 years, many pundits, prosecutors and police officials have found a convenient scapegoat in "bleeding-heart" judges—ring-led by the "liberals" on the U.S. Supreme Court—whose legal and humanitarian concern for the constitutional rights of the individual has resulted in a series of recent decisions decried by J. Edgar Hoover, among others, as a judicial campaign to "coddle criminals" and handcuff the police. "We are faced today," Hoover has said, "with one of the most disturbing trends that I have

witnessed in my years of law enforcement—an overzealous pity for the criminal and an equivalent disregard for his victim."

Foremost among the historic Supreme Court decisions deplored by Hoover—and hailed by civil libertarians—are the Mapp, the McNabb-Mallory, the Gideon and the Escobedo cases, as they are popularly known. Briefly stated, the Mapp decision outlawed any use in state courts of evidence obtained by illegal house search without a warrant. In the Gideon case, the Court ruled that anyone accused of a serious offense, if unable to afford a lawyer, has a right to court-appointed counsel. The McNabb and Mallory decisions disallowed the use of confessions in Federal trials whenever Federal officers fail to bring the suspect before a magistrate "without unnecessary delay" so that he can have a preliminary hearing upon the accusation made against him. And in the widely reported case of *Escobedo vs. Illinois*, the Court voided a Chicago laborer's murder confession because police had refused to let him see his attorney before his interrogation, even though the lawyer was in the station house at the time.

Angry prosecutors have protested that almost nine out of ten convictions are based on a plea of guilty or some other form of confession. Disallowing confessions, they argue, will fatally shackle law-enforcement officers and remove the last restraints on a runaway crime wave. At loggerheads with this view are those who point to such cases as that of George Whitmore, Jr., a Negro trucker's helper, convicted and jailed in New York City in 1964 for the murder of two girls on the strength of a six-page confession, who was later proved innocent when investigative work turned up the real murderer and proved Whitmore's elaborately detailed confession to be false; and that of the knife murderer of Kitty Genovese, who carried out his crime under the eyes of 38 witnesses in Kew Gardens, Long Island; he later embarrassed police by confessing another murder to which they already held a confession from another man. Pondering how these false confessions were extracted in the first place, the public has not been reassured by declarations such as the one made last year to a *Harper's* magazine reporter by former New York City deputy police commissioner Richard Dougherty: "It is hardly news that suspects of serious crimes often get 'worked over' in the back rooms of station houses."

Who is right—the policeman who warns that we will soon be living under a rampant reign of criminal terror unless his hands are untied, or the zealous civil libertarian who declares that the police are already too powerful and must be bridled to prevent an Orwellian nightmare of Big Brother in a blue uniform? Neither is entirely right—or

wrong—in the view of most informed and reasonable observers. In the hope of assessing the validity of these polar views, and thus of arriving at a more realistic appraisal of the problem, *PLAYBOY* has convened this panel of well-known authorities on law enforcement—representing every shade of opinion—for a discussion of the issues involved. Gentlemen, let's begin by asking whether you feel that the controversial Supreme Court decisions we've cited protect the rights of the individual or "coddle the criminal," as the police allege.

INBAU: In my opinion, these decisions have had a crippling effect on law enforcement. Because of the McNabb-Mallory and Escobedo rulings, police are, for all practical purposes, prevented from interrogating suspects in private. It's usually useless to interrogate a suspect with his attorney present; any lawyer worth his salt is going to tell his client to shut his mouth and keep it shut. Some judges are unrealistic; they don't realize that most crimes are solved not by fancy detective work from clues left behind by the criminal, but rather by skillful interrogation behind closed doors.

TURNER: I think it's often the police departments, not the judges, who are unrealistic. Once they get a confession, they think they have a case all locked up, and this leads to sloppy corroborative detective work. Then, when they go to court and have their case shot full of holes, they wail that the court is coddling the criminal.

BELLI: If any D. A.s and police chiefs are reading this, I'd like to straighten them out on a couple of basic misapprehensions before we go any further. First of all, if we're coddling anyone, we're coddling the *accused*, not the criminal. Secondly, "coddling" is hardly the word to describe the court's and the counsel's effort to guarantee the inalienable rights outlined in our Constitution to every citizen.

PEMBERTON: I agree. The Supreme Court's devotion to our basic constitutional rights isn't pampering criminals; it's simply being true to ourselves and our democratic heritage.

LEIGHTON: I agree. But if I may return to Professor Inbau's implication that restrictions on interrogation are leading to an increase in crime, I do not know of a single statistical proof that these recent decisions have hampered police. Professor Inbau says that interrogation is an indispensable part of police work, but I am told that FBI police-academy instructors emphasize just the opposite view. They insist that any intelligent investigator can usually reconstruct the crime by clues found at the scene. Even when there are few clues, however, there's no need to resort to unconstitutional interrogation if the police work is sufficiently resourceful. In Chicago not long ago, we

had several burglaries totaling \$150,000 worth of diamond-cutting tools. A brilliant police official advertised in all the papers: "Wanted: diamond-cutting tools. Buyer will pay top price." Who should show up with a greedy grin but the burglar's fence.

INBAU: Certainly there is an occasional opportunity for that kind of police work. But reality is usually different. Take the hypothetical case of a woman raped in a dark alley. All she can report is that her assailant was a white man around 5 feet, 8 inches tall, wearing a blue shirt and dark trousers. The victim was struck on the head and bled profusely. Now, suppose a gas-station attendant reports that a certain white man about 5 feet, 9 inches tall, wearing a blue shirt, borrowed a key to the men's room that same night to wash what appeared to be blood from his hands. Of course, that doesn't mean that this particular man committed the crime. No sensible judge or jury would convict on such feeble evidence, and the police would not want them to; but the only way to find out if this fellow is guilty—or innocent, for that matter—is to question him. This is the way most crimes are solved. But I want it clearly understood that the police should not be permitted any rough stuff, or to use any interrogation tactics or techniques that are apt to make an innocent man confess.

LEIGHTON: Now we're getting to the heart of the matter: Just what is "rough stuff"? Police coercion need not be physical; psychological coercion can be just as punishing and persuasive.

BELLI: And reprehensible. Perhaps the rubber hose is not so standard a piece of police equipment as it once was, but today there are far more sophisticated methods of torture in daily use. We all concede that a man must not be forced by rack, wheel or thumbscrew to confess a guilt that isn't true. But I see little difference between whipping a man and brainwashing him, or scaring him half to death. A dishonest interrogator, for example, can isolate a suspect who is ignorant of his rights and unprotected by an attorney, and murmur sympathetically to him, "Too bad you can't be home taking care of your family. We *think* your wife is going to be all right, but she's coughing pretty bad. Of course, the doctor is doing all he can, but she's calling for you. Now, if you'll just tell us all about it, you can be out on bail in an hour to take care of her." Well, that poor fellow will say just about *anything* to get out and look after his wife.

COOK: Another equally effective and insidious technique is to subject the suspect to hours and hours of questioning by relays of interrogators. Usually a tough guy beats the suspect over the head verbally; then he's succeeded by a soft-soap type who says, "I'm your

friend. That last brute who was so rough on you is a real heel and I heartily disapprove of his methods. But you and I are friends. We can do business. Have a cigarette and tell me all about it." Essentially, that's the technique the Chinese Reds used in Korea to brainwash prisoners. Today it's a standard technique of virtually all American investigative agencies. Professor Inbau's own textbook on interrogative techniques recommends this very use of alternate interrogators with different personalities and approaches. Finally, a suspect gets tired; he's half-dead for lack of sleep; his brain and will are numbed from grappling with his emotional reaction to the two different personalities, and he'll say anything the police want him to say. During the hours of questioning, the police have drummed into him all the details he needs to make an elaborate confession as though from his firsthand knowledge as the guilty man. They have repeatedly asked, for instance, "Weren't you at First Avenue and Sixth Street at 3:30 A.M. with a switchblade in your pocket?" That makes it easy for him to confess having been exactly where the police want him at the time they want him there.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the police deliberately feed suspects these details in order to extort false confessions?

COOK: Not deliberately, no. But there is a very peculiar cop psychology. When a cop arrests a suspect, he feels he's solved the case: To be arrested is to be guilty. It's a sincere feeling for the cop, an inevitable development of his way of life. All of us would suffer from the same prejudice if we were doing his difficult job. He's carried away by his theory of how the crime was committed, by his own brilliance in solving it, and he's certain the only remaining problem is to squeeze the truth out of the guy he's already chosen as the guilty man.

LEIGHTON: I think you may be a bit guilty yourself—of oversimplification. You're quite right, though, when you say that the tough-guy-nice-guy system has become a standard police interrogation procedure—almost as common as the deplorable practice of unremitting interrogation over inordinately prolonged periods. Fifteen, even thirty hours of nonstop questioning is by no means unheard of.

INBAU: Be that as it may, I think that the limits of interrogation should remain elastic. Cases differ. Suppose a suspect says he was with Joe so-and-so at the time of the crime. The police should be allowed to hold him till they can track down and question Joe and check the alibi. That may take an hour, four hours, who knows? If Joe, a responsible citizen, says the suspect was indeed with him, the police turn the suspect loose. If Joe says otherwise, however, the police will naturally want to question the suspect further. Who is to say for how long? The trouble is that the new rulings do not, in

effect, permit *any* questioning, and the situation is becoming intolerable. In a recent case in Washington, D.C., for example, both the District police and the FBI were checking on a bank robbery. They got a hot tip on a suspect and information good enough to justify issuing a warrant for his arrest. After his arrest, on the way to the police station, the arresting officers stopped under a street light and questioned the suspect for a few minutes. He told them freely that he had committed the robbery, even told them where to find the gun and loot. They went there and found that he was telling the truth. But the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, acting in accordance with the McNabb-Mallory rule, held that the confession and the gun and the money could not be used as evidence against the bank robber because of the delay of mere minutes in getting him before a Federal magistrate. Common sense says the McNabb-Mallory ruling cripples law enforcement, and this is one factor that accounts for the increase in crime in the District of Columbia—and elsewhere.

LEIGHTON: Fred, you cite the increase of crime in Washington since the McNabb-Mallory decision as though one flowed from the other, but you haven't shown any cause-and-effect relationship between these two facts. Since I've been sitting on the bench of the criminal division of the Cook County Circuit Court, I have disposed of 135 cases, but in not a single one has the right to interrogate suspects been important to the prosecution of the case. In any event, these decisions are now the law of the land, and the police have no choice but to obey.

INBAU: That's the very fact I'm lamenting.

PLAYBOY: Would you favor passing legislation to grant the police broader interrogational powers than the courts now permit?

INBAU: Indeed I would. We urgently need legislation permitting police a reasonable opportunity to interrogate criminal suspects before arraignment—and without a lawyer present; for his attorney, as I said before, is going to tell him to keep his mouth shut.

LEIGHTON: But he has a perfect *right* to keep his mouth shut, lawyer or no lawyer. The only purpose there could be in keeping him from seeing his lawyer at that point is to keep him from knowing and exercising his constitutional right to keep his mouth shut. The major point behind these criticisms of the McNabb-Mallory, Gideon and Escobedo decisions is that the pro-police people don't want any laws of any kind to govern the conduct of the police. Do you deny that a suspect has a right to remain silent, lawyer or no lawyer?

INBAU: I feel that an accused man *should* have the right to remain silent, and should be so informed before interroga-

tion begins—but by the police, not an attorney.

LOHMAN: As a former police officer, I must agree that many cases warrant brief questioning before bringing the suspect to a magistrate. Once a man has been informed of his rights to counsel and to remain silent, the police should be permitted to interrogate him exactly as they wish. So long as the suspect knows of his right to remain silent, it's senseless to forbid his being interrogated.

INBAU: Let me give you an example of the atrocious damage that results from a strict application of these rules against police interrogation without the presence of an attorney. In New York several years ago a doctor was murdered and his wife was almost killed by a man who was burglarizing their house. She was taken to a hospital. In the doctor's house, police found a discarded bloody shirt. One of the doctor's white jackets was missing. Police also found a set of keys on the floor. By checking the laundry marks in the shirt, police tracked down a suspect. He had the doctor's jacket. The keys found at the scene fitted the suspect's locker. When he was taken to court and charged with the murder, he was carefully informed of his right to counsel and asked if he had a lawyer or wanted the court to appoint one. He asked for time to think it over. The judge gave him a day. Right after that court session, the police took the defendant to the hospital, where the doctor's wife identified him as the killer. He was later tried and convicted, but the Federal Court of Appeals ruled that the state had to try the man *again*, because the police had violated his rights by taking him to the hospital when he didn't have a lawyer to advise him. That kind of excessive judicial nicety is dangerous nonsense.

PEMBERTON: You seem to regard the civil liberties granted by the Bill of Rights as nit-picking technicalities. Well, they exist to protect our concept of what is decent in a civilized society. On one hand, the government represents a tremendous power with immense resources to investigate and prosecute. The individual, even the wealthiest and most powerful individual, has no comparable financial or other resources, and the indigent suspect has so little comparable power as to call it nonexistent. It is unseemly that such a powerful government should rely on an individual's own words to justify what the government has already done—that is, take him into custody and deprive him of his liberty. Let that immense power find probable cause for arrest *before* the suspect is picked up, not after. It violates our sense of decency for a powerful government to send its agents out on a dragnet sweep of a community, raking in suspects helter-skelter, and then to force one or two of them to justify the wholesale arrests by their own

mouths. The accused—especially the innocent and, hence, presumably inexperienced accused—are at a disadvantage in a contest with the police and prosecutor. Without the help of an attorney learned in law and sophisticated in the ways of police tactics, the innocent suspect can be tricked into convicting himself with words from his own mouth.

RUSTIN: Let me tell you something about that cop mentality. In Harlem at least, police officers are judged in part by their record of arrests and percentage of convictions. For that reason, many juveniles, unprotected by the constitutional safeguards that adults enjoy in normal courts, are often persuaded by police to plead guilty to a lesser offense than the arresting charge even though they're completely innocent of any wrongdoing. Because these youngsters don't know their rights, they're tricked into building up the police record of arrests and convictions.

TURNER: Mr. Rustin's experience in Harlem is not unique. Virtually *all* law-enforcement agencies feather their nests with statistics. It's a known fact that traffic officers work on a quota system of arrests, expressed or implied. It's not as well known, but so do criminal investigators.

PLAYBOY: Do the rest of you gentlemen agree with Mr. Rustin's contention that juvenile-court procedures deprive teenagers of constitutional safeguards enjoyed by adults?

PEMBERTON: It's a very real problem. The American Civil Liberties Union is currently investigating the case of a juvenile in Pennsylvania who was jailed on hearsay evidence without an attorney and without being told what the charges against him were.

LOHMAN: Many agencies are studying youth courts to introduce reforms to ensure that juveniles will enjoy the same safeguards as adults. But I would not go so far as to suggest, as some have, that juvenile courts be replaced by adult courts. A few adult courts, in fact, are adopting some juvenile-court procedures. The juvenile court has shown us that wrongdoing is not always willful. We don't want to deprive youthful offenders of their civil liberties, but we must continue to treat the problem of criminal responsibility of the very young as quite different from the responsibility of the mature. Indeed, we should emphasize the difference even more than we do now.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those who feel that socially and economically underprivileged adult defendants are denied their constitutional rights to an even greater degree than juveniles?

LOHMAN: It is precisely to protect the liberties of the weak and the indigent that these new court decisions are being made. What the courts are really doing—without expressing it openly—is taking note of the way the power structure of

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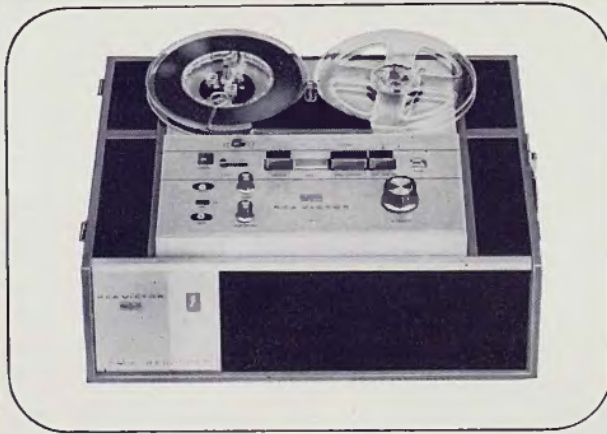
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the community has changed. Up to now, the police have acted toward submerged sections of the population without the same restraint that they've shown toward the more articulate and advantaged citizens who have long held power—and enjoyed the benefits of counsel as a matter of course. But now the depressed populations have a voice and leadership. They believe in themselves and are acting collectively—and effectively—through organizations representing them.

BELLI: We're just damned lucky that we live in a country where the Supreme Court protects the stumblebum sleeping under the railroad bridge as zealously as it does the president of the railroad sleeping in his private car. In the Gideon case, for instance, the Court weighed the appeal of an insignificant unknown convict as carefully as they would a brief from the president of U. S. Steel. As soon as the Supreme Court forgets the rights of the least of us, the rest of us are going to be taken over by the "righteous" who can't wait to ride roughshod over the Constitution. When he was Attorney General, Bobby Kennedy was quoted as saying, "We can and must see to it that America does not unjustly punish the man who is already serving a life sentence of poverty."

RUSTIN: We can and must—but we don't and haven't. We continue to maintain a plethora of statutes meant only to harass the poor and the weak. Vagrancy laws, for instance, are the most oppressive type of class legislation. They exact punishment for the so-called crime of being poor and unemployed. Making a crime out of the state of being jobless in a society steadily wiping out jobs through automation is simply not worthy of a civilized people.

PEMBERTON: Vagrancy laws, essentially, are a device used by local authorities to keep what they call "undesirables" out of the community by harassing them, arresting them repeatedly till they leave and haunt some other city. A poor drunk will be ridden mercilessly by police just for being drunk, but a rich drunk can sop it up by the gallon for years and never feel the law's weight.

RUSTIN: All too true. But that isn't the worst of it. Perhaps the most notorious inequity of all in modern law enforcement is the bail-bond system, which penalizes the poor for being poor. If a poor man cannot dig up bail, he must stay in jail for months awaiting trial—just as though he had already been proven guilty. Nobody gives him back those months of imprisonment, nor is he recompensed in any way if he is eventually found innocent. The rich offender, meanwhile, can walk the streets freely because he has the money to spring himself. Instead of requiring financial bond, courts should release prisoners to the recognizance of persons or organizations acceptable to the court as responsible agents.

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PEMBERTON: We are rapidly nearing a time when old-fashioned bail will be abolished. The Vera Foundation in New York recently carried on a three-year Manhattan Bail Project experiment during which 3505 accused were released on their own recognizance after recommendation by the Foundation staff. Only 1.6 percent willfully failed to appear in court; during the same period, three percent of those out on financial bail bond failed to appear. It's also noteworthy, and a bit sobering, to reflect that 59 percent of those held in jail till trial were convicted, but only ten percent of those who had been out on bail. This, it seems to me, may indicate that freedom of the accused before trial is an important factor in preparing a defense and escaping improper punishment.

BELLI: Another excellent reason to do away with the bail bond—if one is needed—is the simple fact that it's a dirty, vicious racket. Too often the bail-bond broker gets his cut of the criminal lawyer's fee, acting as a lawyer's agent and steering business to the highest bidder. It's a completely illegal racket, but it exists in every major city in the United States.

PLAYBOY: That brings up another aspect of legal injustice to the poor. What happens to the accused who can't afford a lawyer's fee, either? The Gideon decision requires that each accused, no matter how poor, has the right to counsel. How do you think it should be provided?

BELLI: I favor the paid public defender, like those of Oakland and Los Angeles in California. The Los Angeles public defender has a large staff with many investigators and, what's more important, all of them are sincerely dedicated to defending the poor. When I visited Russia, the people there were shocked to learn from me that in most parts of the United States the government pays not only for the prosecution but also for the defense.

RUSTIN: But to have the state pay both the prosecutor and the defender gives the state still more power than it already wields in court. Inevitably, the defender will become friendly with the prosecutor because his salary comes from the same treasury. It's only human nature for him to become, perhaps unconsciously, more on the side of the state than of his indigent clients. No, the defense of the indigent should be the function of private agencies such as the Legal Aid Society, the bar associations, civil rights groups and volunteer panels of public-spirited attorneys.

PEMBERTON: Though ours is not a legal-aid society, the ACLU is one of those private agencies Mr. Rustin just described. We've studied this knotty problem without reaching any clear conclusion, but we do favor giving the court a choice of systems: assigned counsel from a pool of local lawyers, volunteer legal-aid

societies like ours, paid public defenders—whatever system or mixture of systems each district feels is most effective in its own area. But whatever system is used, the government should foot the bill for the truly indigent. Most of our experience with the public-defender system has been good, by the way, despite the reasonable-sounding objections Mr. Rustin has raised.

PLAYBOY: For several years, Mr. Pemberton and the ACLU have been in the forefront of a campaign by various civil liberties groups to overturn local "stop-and-frisk" statutes that permit the police in some cities to accost any citizen "on reasonable suspicion," search him publicly and force him to explain his presence and his plans. The principal avowed purpose of the search is to protect the police from attack with concealed weapons and to prevent thieves and dope pushers from "dumping" stolen goods or narcotics before apprehension. Do you think this law serves its purpose, gentlemen—and that the stated end justifies the means?

PEMBERTON: The answer to both questions is an emphatic no. The policeman's right to force us to explain our presence on his beat is a gross violation of our right to remain silent—and to mind our own business. And the stop-and-frisk law gives the police the right to detain anyone they feel intuitively is about to commit a crime. How can you have probable cause to believe a person guilty of a crime that hasn't been committed yet?

INBAU: Hold on a minute. This stop-and-frisk law doesn't permit a policeman to stop just any citizen on a whim. He can stop and frisk only when there has been a crime committed in the neighborhood and the person stopped fits the description of the criminal, or when he finds persons loitering in a dark alley where they have no business at three in the morning. This is what the law means by "reasonable suspicion" that a person has committed a crime or is about to commit a crime. A policeman can't search for papers or flip through personal effects; he can search only for weapons. Should he search a wallet and find a stolen bond, for instance, that bond would not be admissible as evidence, because he would have exceeded the search authority given him by this statute.

RUSTIN: Whatever its provisions or its purpose, this law is a nefarious example of class legislation, for its effect is to permit harassment of the poor. No police are going to stop and frisk well-dressed bankers on Wall Street—but they don't hesitate to stop well-dressed Negro businessmen in Harlem and go through their attaché cases. That kind of brusque police action is reserved for the poor and minorities like Negroes and Puerto Ricans.

INBAU: You can be sure that if the police

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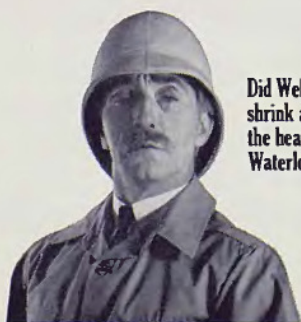
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used this power to embarrass or harass the innocent—of whatever race—there would be such an outcry that the law would be repealed. Yet in the case of *People vs. Rivera* just last year, the New York Court of Appeals upheld the validity of the stop-and-frisk statute with only one dissent, and the U. S. Supreme Court has refused to review that decision. This combination of court rulings puts the stop-and-frisk law on very solid ground.

BELLI: I wouldn't say that. The stop-and-frisk law is clearly unconstitutional, in my opinion, and I predict that it will be struck down when next it's tested by the Supreme Court.

PLAYBOY: Another police-backed local statute that's come under fire from the ACLU and other civil liberties groups is the so-called "no-knock-and-enter" law, which empowers law-enforcement officers—again, on "reasonable suspicion"—to burst into and search a suspect's home or place of business without either knocking or announcing themselves as policemen. Do you feel that this law is unconstitutional, too, Mr. Belli?

BELLI: Absolutely. And I predict exactly the same fate for it.

PEMBERTON: Both of these laws dangerously weaken the barrier between us and unlimited, arbitrary authority. They practically beg for unscrupulous policemen to abuse their power and—Professor Inbau's reassurances notwithstanding—to harass citizens they don't happen to like. We abandoned a historic safeguard of our liberties when we accepted those laws.

INBAU: Remember that the police are empowered to stop and frisk or to break in only after going through the full procedure of establishing probable cause, and in the case of the no-knock-and-enter law, of obtaining a search warrant as well. Thus the innocent public is protected from brusque, unwarranted intrusion by the police. As for the stop-and-frisk law, don't you think, in all fairness, that a policeman *should* have the right to search for dangerous weapons before exposing himself to possible criminal attack?

PEMBERTON: That argument is just as specious as the one given for the passage of the no-knock law: to permit a forcible unannounced entrance "where danger to the life or limb of the officer or another may result" from a properly announced search. But violence is far more likely to occur when police kick down a door without announcing themselves. In fact, kicking a door down is pretty violent to begin with and invites violence in return.

RUSTIN: Of course it does. A frightened householder, awakened in the middle of the night by a sudden and violent intrusion of persons unknown to him, will naturally assume he is being attacked by

criminals and might open fire on them—with every justification.

TURNER: Especially in New York, where the newspapers specialize in lurid accounts of "crime waves," there is a hysteria that could easily prompt an innocent householder to shoot first and investigate later. And the police are by no means always innocent of this kind of freewheeling violence at a house arrest—even if they don't actually kick down a door. When I was still a special agent, the FBI got a tip from a motel owner that one of his guests looked like one of the "Ten Most Wanted" criminals. They surrounded the place and banged on the door. When the guest cracked it open slightly, one of the agents shoved his credentials forward, but it was pitch dark. "FBI, open up!" he barked. When the poor, frightened guest didn't instantly fling the door open to invite this armed mob inside, they shot him in the face. It turned out later, of course, that he was perfectly innocent. The agents responsible were severely disciplined, but they didn't go to jail. This incident shows what kind of tragic injustice can result from the use of excessive force in serving an arrest warrant.

COOK: This resort to violence by the police is a bad sign of declining professionalism. One of the best cops I ever knew was a New York detective named Johnny Cordes. He piled up a fantastic record of arrests, but he developed the theory that he was a better cop if he never carried a gun, and for years he practiced his profession completely unarmed. He's still alive, retired with many honors. Contrast him with the FBI agents who were trailing a pair of kidnapers in the Thirties. The local police were cooperating and knew where one of the principal suspects was hiding out, but they wanted to catch the other one, too, when he visited his pal. The FBI had been advised that the police were staked out watching the hide-out, but they got impatient and at midnight Hoover himself led a fire fight. They got their man, all right, but not the second kidnaper: the local police found out later that he had indeed come to pay a visit that night—and had watched the whole battle as part of the crowd. The cop who depends on muscle and gunplay is always inferior to the one who relies on brains.

BELLI: Too many policemen are nothing more than overgrown kids still playing cops and robbers—only for *keeps*. But there's too damned much gunplay around on *both* sides of the badge. *Everybody's* playing with guns as though they were toys. We don't have bears prowling the streets anymore; there are no Indians climbing through the windows. The so-called constitutional right to bear arms is hopelessly—and dangerously—outdated.

PEMBERTON: Recently, Attorney General Katzenbach told a Senate subcommittee

that cities with strong laws controlling firearms have much lower homicide rates than cities with unrestricted sale of guns. In New York City, where ownership of firearms has long been supervised, the murder rate is 3.8 per 100,000 of population, substantially lower than the national average of 4.5 and about one third of Alabama's 10.2. New York City also has the lowest robbery rate of the nation's nine largest cities. These figures offer a pretty sound argument for the control of firearms. And just by the way, these figures also argue that there is a bit of hysteria behind the current tendency to call New York City's streets a jungle of violent crime.

LEIGHTON: I agree that contemporary crime statistics produce hysteria rather than thoughtful consideration of the factors that contribute to the incidence of crime. For example, we are told that crime has increased "five times faster than the population." From a definitive point of view, is this a statement that enlightens us? I sometimes suspect that such crime statistics are issued to terrorize people rather than to inform and educate the public.

TURNER: You're absolutely right, I'm sorry to say. As an FBI agent, I made arrests I was ashamed of just to play the numbers game. Conscientious cops hate it, but this business of amassing statistics is forced down their throats. Obviously, justice suffers as a result. It's an abuse that should be ended. I suppose the only way to stop it is for those who appropriate funds for police agencies to yawn when a police chief—or a J. Edgar Hoover, for that matter—tries to impress them with numbers.

COOK: The FBI crime compilations are peculiar products of a new system of tabulating crimes. In 1930, when the FBI began collecting crime statistics, only 400 police departments reported to the FBI; now about 8500 departments report. Obviously, the sheer volume of crimes reported will grow explosively when the number of reporting agencies increases twentyfold. Added to this is the fact that calls-for-service to every police department in the country have multiplied by factors as high as ten or twelve just in the last five to ten years. I wouldn't be at all surprised if this so-called runaway increase in crime is nothing more than a runaway increase in calls to the police—from a public panic-stricken by a crime-wave scare instigated by the police themselves.

TURNER: Let me tell you about a "crime wave" that hit San Francisco last year almost overnight—without the slightest increase in the crime rate. In the North Beach district of the city, some self-righteous morality groups got together and pressured the police into raiding several bars to arrest waitresses wearing—if you can call it that—topless uniforms. Flooding the area with plainclothesmen, they

proceeded to round up all the girls; and for good measure, they filled up the remaining seats in the paddy wagons with all the drunks and roisterers in North Beach—wholesale lots of them. Not surprisingly, the arrest rate in San Francisco leaped astronomically; to judge by the arrest figures, the city was running amuck. But there had been no upsurge of crime—merely a small but well-directed ground swell of bluenoses who forced chicken-livered police officers into making arrests for so-called crimes that had never bothered them before.

LOHMAN: There's still another factor that misleadingly inflates crime statistics. It just so happens that the number of people in that age group which has always committed a disproportionate number of crimes—from 15 to 24—is increasing far faster than the general population. So, naturally, there is an increase in crime rates; but this certainly doesn't imply increasing lawlessness in society as a whole.

INBAU: Be all that as it may, the FBI statistics show irrefutably that crime is increasing five times faster than the population. The Attorney General says the crime rate went up 14 percent just last year, and our general population certainly didn't jump that much. Even if the adjustment of statistical methods were to show a less alarming proportionate increase, the police would still have an enormously increasing absolute number of crimes to contend with, and they need all the tools we can give them. A murder is a murder and calls for police action whether it represents only one homicide per 1000 or per 100,000 population.

PLAYBOY: Let's discuss some of those tools. Mr. Turner, as an ex-FBI specialist in electronics devices for clandestine surveillance, how do you feel about legalized wire tapping by law-enforcement agencies?

TURNER: In the first place, by its very nature, the tap is *illegal*, no matter who does it. Technically, it falls under the heading of "search and seizure"; it's illegal because it's impossible in advance to name the specific conversation to be "searched" or the specific information to be "seized," as the Constitution requires in all other searches and seizures. In order to legalize it, you'd have to pass a constitutional amendment—and that's something I'd hate to see happen. I say this as one who has monitored many FBI wire taps during which I necessarily eavesdropped on the conversations of innocent persons discussing matters not pertinent to the investigation, therefore none of my business. It's not a nice job.

PEMBERTON: A study of wire tapping in New York City showed that of 3588 phones tapped in one year, almost half were public phones. Obviously, on a public phone only a small fraction of the conversations will be pertinent to

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law enforcement; the rest will be between innocent persons. But that won't prevent the invasion of their privacy by eavesdropping policemen. Mr. Turner's disclosure that he practiced wire tapping as an FBI agent is a fascinating bit of intelligence when you consider that J. Edgar Hoover has called the practice unethical and detrimental to sound police practice. If I remember correctly, he said, "The discredit and suspicion of the law-enforcing branch which arises from the occasional use of wire tapping more than offsets the good which is likely to come of it."

TURNER: He's quite right—though it doesn't alter the fact that the Bureau uses it as a matter of course. Very little positive information comes across a wire tap, however, unless it's from an innocent and naïve person, and those aren't the people police are after. When I was with the Bureau, we used the tap almost entirely on cases of subversive activity, but we rarely picked up anything useful. The same time and energy could have been better spent on some other technique. The FBI doesn't really depend on the tap very much; the agency rarely has more than 100 taps going at any one time.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a lot of wire tapping.

TURNER: Not when you consider that the New York City police have at least that many going at one time just within the city limits. But I think the argument over wire taps sometimes distracts from a more invidious practice: the planting of hidden microphones. A bug picks up not only phone conversations but *everything*, including pillow talk. And invariably a trespass is committed to install it, which is not the case with wire taps. As you may know, the FBI publicly acknowledges the number of taps it has across the country at any one time. Once I was ordered to pull out a tap because one was being installed in another city; this would keep the books in balance. But I was at the same time ordered to install a bug to replace the tap. The FBI does not announce the number of bugs it has going.

PEMBERTON: And our technological revolution is spawning dozens of new eavesdropping devices every year. Sooner or later, inevitably, miniature television transmitters like the ones in *Dick Tracy* will be developed and we will have entered the era of 1984 with Big Brother's eye on us day and night. And don't think certain police officials will hesitate to use it. In California they even bugged a bedroom shared by the speaker of the California Assembly and his wife. Any assumption that wire tapping and eavesdropping has been or will be confined to criminals is naïve.

BELLI: I know very well that *my* phone is tapped, and I know who's doing it. Sometimes just for kicks I give that fat

little fascist at the other end a juicy earful!

COOK: Everybody I know who is at all vulnerable *assumes* his phone is tapped. If you've ever opened your mouth in protest, raised your voice on a controversial issue, you take it for granted that your phone is tapped. But I don't know what can be done about it. It's alarmingly widespread—and becoming more so every day.

PEMBERTON: I know an enterprising reporter for the *Chicago Sun-Times* who called on 11 private detectives picked at random from the phone directory. He asked each to set up a wire tap and made his reasons progressively more despicable. Finally he asked a detective to bug a priest's confessional, rather hoping he would get a punch in the nose for even suggesting it. But the detective blandly agreed. Only one man turned him down, and even he offered to help *arrange* a tap. The reporter ended his investigation convinced that almost every one of the city's 200-odd agencies not only could have but *would* have set up a tap on absolutely anyone. It's a ghastly commentary. But how can the government prosecute when it's hypocritically breaking the same law?

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the legality and morality of other invasions of privacy in the name of law enforcement—such as the mail cover, for example, by means of which policemen keep a log of all incoming and outgoing mail with the collaboration of postal officials?

TURNER: The Postmaster General recently put a stop to that practice, I'm happy to say. At least he's *said* he has; I'm always a bit skeptical. I have every reason to believe that a Federal agency put a mail cover on *me* not long ago. I sent two manuscripts to magazines in New York, and shortly afterward, two Federal agents called on the editors and asked to see the manuscripts. They had no legal way of knowing such manuscripts even existed, much less that they had arrived at those specific editorial offices. Undoubtedly they had gotten wind of the fact that I was working on a couple of pieces about the FBI, and had correctly surmised the obvious: that they were not entirely sympathetic. Knowing that many editors could be intimidated by a call from Federal agents, they decided to try it, but one of the editors balked and that piece was published. I don't know why the agents were so concerned; it was only a critique of the FBI for its incompetence in failing to prevent the Kennedy assassination.

PLAYBOY: In addition to mail covers, postal inspectors have also resorted to spying on their own employees through one-way mirrors and peepholes in toilets. And the Walter Jenkins case revealed that the same methods are widely employed by the police for the entrapment of sex deviates. How do you feel about this kind of covert surveillance?

BELLI: I can understand how the use of wire tapping, however distasteful, might occasionally be unavoidable in order to bring a guilty man to justice—or to save an innocent one. But *this* sort of thing is utterly and completely abhorrent, totally impermissible whatever the justification. It's far more immoral than the immoralities it seeks to eliminate. How would you like to make your living by gluing your eyes to a hole in a john to see what's happening on the other side?

TURNER: I've done it—and I hated it. There is no more miserable, degrading work than that kind of surveillance. But quite apart from the basic indecency of it, this kind of Peeping Tom work is grossly unconstitutional; it's an invasion of privacy without even the pretext of looking for specific evidence of a specific crime. It's just a dragnet operation invading the privacy of perhaps a thousand innocents in the vague hope of catching maybe one guilty man. But the police don't hesitate to employ these methods with just that hope. And, unbelievably enough, many courts actually *admit* that improperly obtained kind of evidence; it's done all the time.

PLAYBOY: The reliance of police on the polygraph, or lie detector, as an interrogational technique is even more widespread than their use of wire tapping, bugs, mail covers and peephole spying in surveillance work. Distrust of the polygraph's findings, however, has spurred many cities and six states to outlaw its use, and it has recently been under attack or investigation by labor unions, the Defense Department and a Congressional subcommittee. Is their disapproval justified, in your opinion?

BELLI: Not in my experience. I've used it many times and found it a most useful and often an invaluable instrument. Once, I remember, the prosecution wouldn't let us give polygraph tests to three of my clients on condemned row in San Quentin, so we took the complaining witness to Reno and tested him there. His story proved to be completely untrue; so we saved three men's lives with that machine.

PEMBERTON: Whatever its effectiveness in detecting lies, the fact remains that the polygraph violates a person's right not to testify against himself. The individual is coerced by the threat that he will be presumed guilty if he refuses to submit. No less invidious is the fact that during the test he answers dozens of questions irrelevant to the crime, thus giving the police information that neither they nor anybody else has a right to know. And some polygraph operators have reported that certain subjects who haven't been caught in a lie nevertheless show "dishonest tendencies." It doesn't take much intuitive ability to conclude that a machine and operator capable of detecting a lie before it has even been told are clearly frauds.

PLAYBOY: The Congressional committee that recently investigated the polygraph—which was being considered for Government use—concluded that there is no such thing as a "lie detector" and that the machine's purported infallibility is a hoax. Would you agree with that?

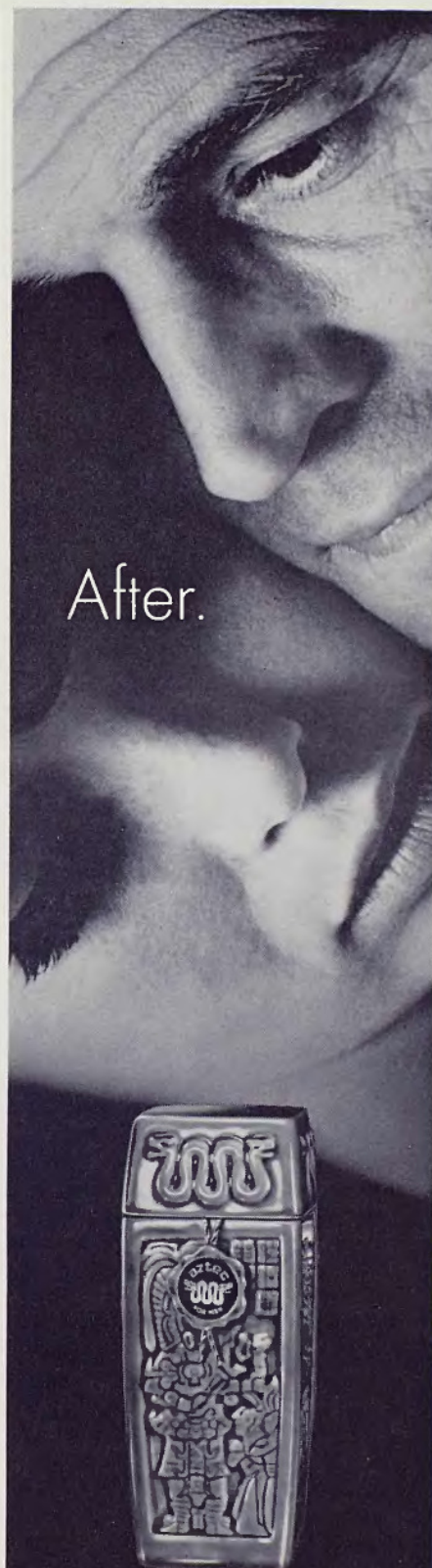
TURNER: J. Edgar himself told the Warren Commission, "The FBI feels that the polygraph technique is not sufficiently precise to permit absolute judgments of deception or truth." But I happen to know for a fact that the FBI uses the polygraph on its own personnel.

PLAYBOY: For several years, critics of the police, especially in cities with large Negro and Puerto Rican populations, have been clamoring for civilian review boards with power to fire or discipline law-enforcement officers for improper conduct or procedures, including the use of the investigational and interrogational devices we've been discussing. Police respond that they should be allowed to police themselves. How do you gentlemen feel about it?

RUSTIN: I cannot understand police objection to the idea. While one function of the board would certainly be to protect the public against police malfeasance, another equally important function would be to clear innocent policemen of baseless charges brought by mischief-makers. How could an innocent policeman object to that?

PEMBERTON: What the police object to about civilian review boards is the possibility that all kinds of wild accusations against them will get into their records and haunt them for the rest of their careers, even if they're exonerated. It doesn't seem to bother them that this is precisely what happens to innocent private citizens who get picked up in dragnet roundups for police interrogation. That arrest is on their records whether or not they're ultimately convicted. So it turns out that policemen are just as sensitive as ordinary citizens about having their records needlessly besmirched.

INBAU: It's for that very reason that I feel civilian review boards would serve merely to frustrate and demoralize the police. The right thing to do is what we did in Chicago after the scandalous discovery a few years ago that many police were involved in a burglary ring. The public was so outraged that they demanded a new superintendent of police. The city brought in Orlando Wilson, who used to hold the same chair in criminology at the University of California now occupied by Dean Lohman, by the way. Under his leadership, Chicago is now protected by what is fast becoming the best police force in the world. It's a force much more mindful of the rights of the public than the old force, and without the help of civilian review boards. The police of Chicago regulate *themselves* with an internal investiga-



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tion division. If somebody is beaten or brutalized by a policeman, these abuses are investigated by the police themselves. If he finds cause, Superintendent Wilson takes the matter to the state's attorney's office for prosecution. We are proving in Chicago that the police can supervise themselves when the public demands it.

BELLI: Well, I'm not so sure about that; but my fear for our civil liberties is not a fear of police brutality or corruption. I think the average cop on the beat is doing a hard job well. What scares me is the greed for power of people like J. Edgar Hoover and the far-right extremists who yearn for a police state. These Supreme Court decisions which they so abominate aren't making the policeman's job tougher; they're putting the bridle on Hitlerian bastards who have no place in our democracy. If we want to preserve it, we need only two inviolate rules, in addition to the writ of habeas corpus and a judge-and-jury system: (1) You don't have to say anything that may be used against you, and (2) you're entitled to a lawyer. If we can preserve just those two rules, we will be able to preserve our democracy. If you could get just those two guarantees in Russia or China, those countries would be so changed that you couldn't tell them from the United States. So let us not, in God's name, lose those guarantees here.

INBAU: We're not about to lose them, Mr. Belli. But we cannot preserve law and order when all our concern is on civil liberties, for civil liberties cannot exist except in a stable, safe society. To have civil liberties without safety of life and property is a meaningless thing. We cannot abolish the police and still maintain an orderly society, nor can we impose so many restrictions on them that they are powerless to prevent crime and apprehend criminals. Court decisions seeking to force the police to behave properly by releasing obviously guilty persons will not protect our liberties in the long run. The prime power police should have to combat crime effectively is the right to interrogate suspects privately for a reasonable length of time before arraignment. Again, I emphasize that the suspect must not be mistreated and he must be informed of his right to remain silent. But the police must be allowed to question a suspect in private, or law enforcement as we have known it will become a shambles. If police are deprived of this basic right, we must brace ourselves for an avalanche of crime even greater than we suffer from today.

COOK: I disagree completely. Regardless of the needs of law enforcement, we must preserve our liberties at all costs. The survival of each of us as an individual human being with value is precarious enough in our mass society. If we permit the watering-down of any of

our liberties, we are that much closer to disappearing into a vast, faceless police state, just as Mr. Belli fears, and human society will become indistinguishable from a termite colony. I concede that we may have more lawlessness today than in the past, but I don't feel that there is a cause-and-effect relationship between increasing crimes and court decisions that protect civil liberties. No, our whole moral tone is lower, thanks chiefly to our free-enterprise-racket society, our scramble for personal gain. You see evidence of this lax moral tone, to name just one example, in the widespread practice of robbing insurance companies by making excessive and fraudulent claims. When the little guy at the bottom of the heap sees those at the top taking moral short cuts, rigging prices contrary to the law, cheating on taxes, he figures it's only smart for him to grab his own piece of the action. In this kind of society, you're going to have more crime regardless of expanded or curtailed police power. The protection of individual civil liberties has nothing to do one way or the other with the crime rate; but in any case, they must be preserved.

RUSTIN: I agree with Mr. Cook that the society we live in does not really want true law and order, or at least is not willing to make those reforms that will lead to true law and order. In terms of human rights, the policeman is the patsy for our society; he is the instrument for enforcing a basically unjust system. Police just cannot accept poor people as being of the same value as those who have made it. Any effort to improve law and order by increasing the number of police or their powers is doomed to fail. All you achieve is to create a larger number of corrupt policemen. As long as society tolerates bad housing, antiquated school systems and massive unemployment, it will be impossible to maintain law and order. Reliance on police power has not prevented and will not prevent outbreaks of lawlessness like the riots in Watts and Harlem. These controversial court decisions, far from encouraging crime, are merely a small first step toward a larger justice. Without this minimal protection of civil liberties, law and order would be impossible. For a more orderly and just society, we must tear down slums and build decent housing, throw out our 19th Century school system and set up schools to prepare people for the technological society of this century, to provide full and fair employment for all people. Without reforms, we will be faced with increasing disorders regardless of the powers given to police. In the corrupt society of today, the policeman is just part of the widespread decay of morals. The police are themselves prisoners of the corrupt system, fall guys for a society that has no respect for them. If society really wanted to make the

police problem simpler, it would call not for more policemen with more police powers, but for more justice. Who knows? Perhaps someday it will.

PEMBERTON: Big government—and that includes its law-enforcement arm—threatens to become so powerful that to preserve the kind of democracy we've enjoyed in the past, we are going to have to *inhibit* rather than increase its power. Law in a democracy is always enforced more effectively by moral sanction than by police force. Respect for the law is the most important factor in maintaining law and order. And to preserve respect for the law, a society must have law-abiding policemen. If we maintain a police force recruited from superior types of citizens and trained in the best modern techniques of police work, it will not be necessary to abridge personal freedoms in order to preserve the peace. The public will respect the law because the police themselves respect the law.

LEIGHTON: I agree. We are demonstrating in Chicago that improvement of police communications, equipment, training and internal discipline does more for law enforcement than a dubious curtailment of civil liberties.

LOHMAN: Giving the police greater authority to abridge the rights of individuals is certainly not the answer. What must be done nationally, as is being done in Chicago, is to recruit a higher type of rookie and train him in the latest investigative techniques. But he must also be made to understand what civil liberties are, and what restrictions he must accept. If he learns his police work well, he will find that those restrictions do not hamper him.

TURNER: The modern recruit is already far superior to the old-time cop. In San Jose, California, for instance, 80 to 90 percent of the police are college graduates. Gradually a superior brand of policeman is crowding up from the bottom to replace the old-fashioned martinet who came up the hard way and hasn't even heard of such a thing as civil liberties. We still have a long way to go before we reach Utopia, and we'll probably never quite reach it, but the quality of policemen is improving every day. Meanwhile, the courts are performing an absolutely vital function in protecting the individual against the crushing power of the state. Professor Inbau apparently feels that a clearly guilty person should be convicted regardless of police intrusion on his liberties; but once the police have a foot in the door, once they are permitted to violate anybody's civil liberties whether that person is clearly guilty or not, it will be no time at all before we lose the civil liberties of *everybody*, guilty and innocent alike.

PLAYBOY: In summation, gentlemen, it would seem that Professor Inbau has
(concluded on page 143)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man who's considered a premium prospect, the PLAYBOY reader believes it's good policy to make the most of the present and to plan for the future. Facts: PLAYBOY has the highest percentage of reader households buying life insurance in the past year of all magazines except *Parents*. No surprise, since over half of all current sales of life insurance are for ages 18 to 34—PLAYBOY territory. For your sales insurance, use PLAYBOY. (Sources: Starch Consumer Magazine Report, 1965; Institute of Life Insurance.)

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OCTOPUSSY

despite the heat of the tropical sun, the major shivered in dread at the sight of james bond, implacable and imperturbable, stirring long-buried memories of that secret act of violence on the mountaintop

PART I OF A NOVELETTE By IAN FLEMING

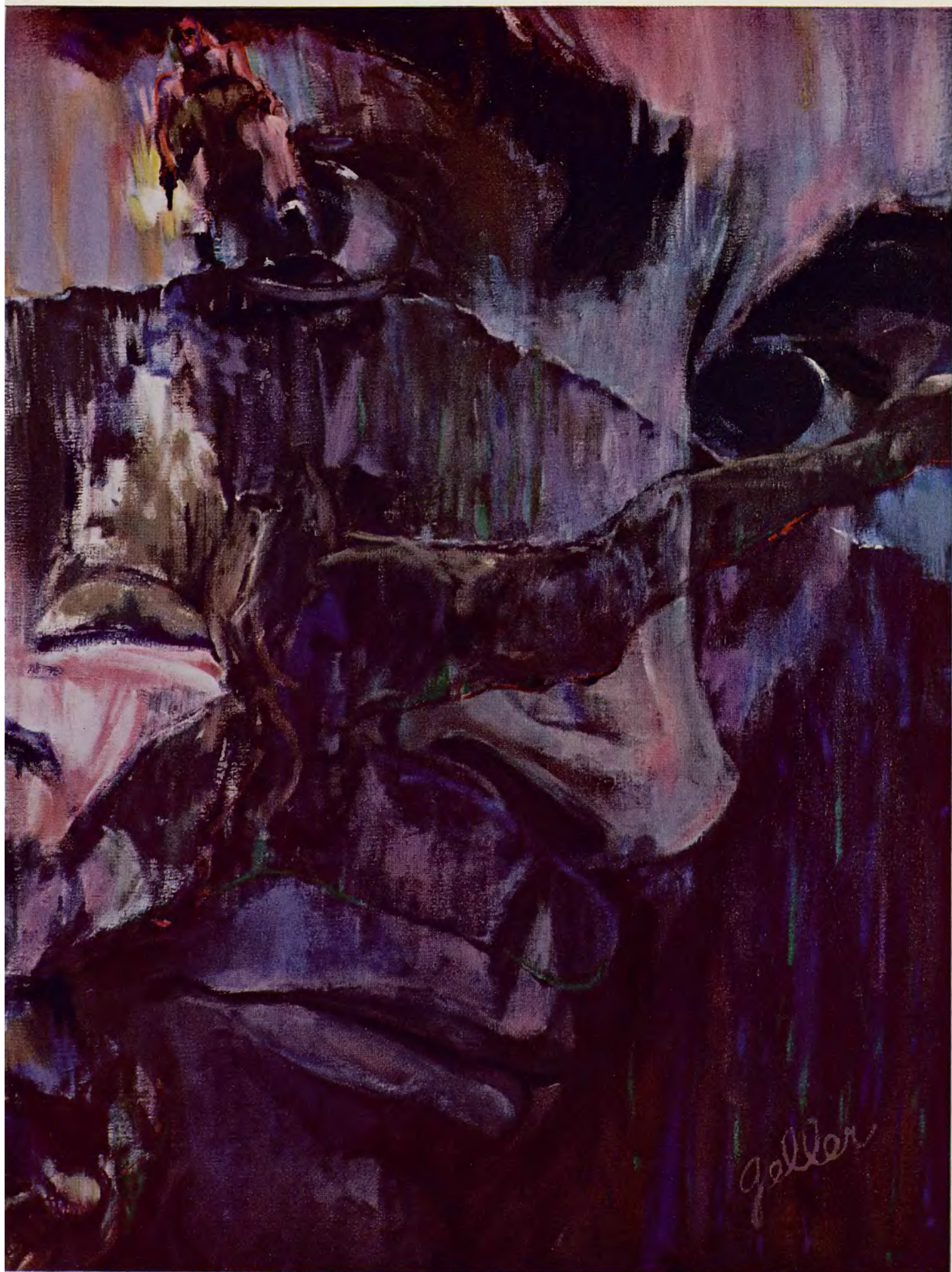
"YOU KNOW WHAT?" said Major Dexter Smythe to the octopus. "You're going to have a treat today if I can manage it."

He had spoken aloud and his breath had steamed up the glass of his Pirelli mask. He put his feet down to the sand beside the niggerhead and stood up. The water reached to his armpits. He took off the mask and spat into it, rubbed the spit round the glass, rinsed it clean and pulled the rubber band of the mask back over his head. He bent down again.

The eye in the mottled brown sack was still watching him carefully from the hole in the coral, but now the tip of a single small tentacle wavered hesitatingly an inch or two out of the shadows and quested vaguely with its pink suckers uppermost. Dexter Smythe smiled with satisfaction. Given time, perhaps one more month on top of the two during which he had been chumming the octopus, and he would have tamed the darling. But he wasn't going to have that month. Should he take a chance today and reach down and offer his hand, instead of the expected lump of raw meat on the end of his spear, to the tentacle—shake it by the hand, so to speak? No, Pussy, he thought. I can't quite trust you yet. Almost certainly other tentacles would whip out of the hole and up his arm. He only needed to be dragged down less than two feet and the cork valve on his mask would automatically close and he would be suffocated inside it or, if he tore it off, drowned. He might get in a quick lucky jab with his spear, but it would take more than that to kill Pussy. No. Perhaps later in the day. It would be rather like playing Russian roulette, and at about the same five-to-one odds. It might be a quick, a whimsical way out of his troubles! But not now. It would leave the interesting question unsolved. And he had promised that nice Professor Bengry at the Institute. Dexter Smythe swam leisurely off toward the reef, his eyes questing for one shape only, the squat, sinister wedge of a scorpion fish, or, as Bengry would put it, *Scorpaena Plumieri*.

Major Dexter Smythe, O. B. E., Royal Marines (Ret.), was the remains of a once brave and resourceful officer and of a handsome man who had had the sexual run of his teeth all his life and particularly among the WRENS and WRACS and ATS who manned the communications and secretariat of the very special task force to which he had been attached at the end of his service career. Now he was 54, slightly bald and his belly sagged in the Jantzen trunks. And he had had two coronary thromboses, the second, the "second warning," as his doctor, Jimmy Greaves, who had been one of their high poker game at Queen's Club when Dexter Smythe had first come to Jamaica, had half-jocularly put it only a month before. But, in his well-chosen clothes, his varicose veins out of sight and his stomach flattened by a discreet support belt behind an immaculate cummerbund, he was still a fine figure of a man at a cocktail party or dinner on the north shore, and





it was a mystery to his friends and neighbors why, in defiance of the two ounces of whiskey and ten cigarettes a day to which his doctor had rationed him, he persisted in smoking like a chimney and going to bed drunk, if amiably drunk, every night.

The truth of the matter was that Dexter Smythe had arrived at the frontier of the death wish. The origins of this state of mind were many and not all that complex. He was irretrievably tied to Jamaica, and tropical sloth had gradually riddled him so that, while outwardly he appeared a piece of fairly solid hardwood, inside the varnished surface the termites of sloth, self-indulgence, guilt over an ancient sin and general disgust with himself had eroded his once-hard core into dust. Since the death of Mary two years before, he had loved no one (he wasn't even sure that he had really loved her, but he knew that, every hour of the day, he missed her love of him and her gay, untidy chiding and often irritating presence) and though he ate their canapés and drank their martinis, he had nothing but contempt for the international riffraff with whom he consorted on the north shore. He could perhaps have made friends with the solidier elements, the gentleman-farmers inland, or the plantation owners on the coast, the professional men and the politicians, but that would mean regaining some serious purpose in life which his sloth, his spiritual accidie, prevented, and cutting down on the bottle, which he was definitely unwilling to do. So Major Smythe was bored, bored to death, and, but for one factor in his life, he would long ago have swallowed the bottle of barbiturates he had easily acquired from a local doctor. The life line that kept him clinging to the edge of the cliff was a tenuous one. Heavy drinkers veer toward an exaggeration of their basic temperaments, the classic four—sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric and melancholic. The sanguine drunk goes gay to the point of hysteria and idiocy. The phlegmatic sinks into a morass of sullen gloom. The choleric is the fighting drunk of the cartoonists who spends much of his life in prison for smashing people and things, and the melancholic succumbs to self-pity, mawkishness and tears. Major Smythe was a melancholic who had slid into a drooling fantasy woven around the birds and insects and fish that inhabited the five acres of Wavelets (the name he had given his small villa is symptomatic), its beach and the coral reef beyond. The fish were his particular favorites. He referred to them as "people" and, since reef fish stick to their territories as closely as do most small birds, after two years he knew them all intimately, "loved" them and believed that they loved him in return.

They certainly knew him, as the denizens of zoos know their keepers, because he was a daily and a regular provider, scraping off algae and stirring up the sand and rocks for the bottom feeders, breaking up sea eggs and urchins for the small carnivores and bringing out scraps of offal for the larger ones, and now, as he swam slowly and heavily up and down the reef and through the channels that led out to deep water, his "people" swarmed around him fearlessly and expectantly, darting at the tip of the three-pronged spear they knew only as a prodigal spoon, flirting right up to the glass of the Pirelli and even, in the case of the fearless, pugnacious demoiselles, nipping softly at his feet and legs.

Part of Major Smythe's mind took in all of these brilliantly colored little "people," but today he had a job to do, and while he greeted them in unspoken words ("Morning, Beau Gregory" to the dark-blue demoiselle sprinkled with bright-blue spots, the "jewel fish" that exactly resembles the starlit fashioning of a bottle of Guerlain's *Vol de Nuit*. "Sorry. Not today, sweetheart" to a fluttering butterfly fish with false black "eyes" on its tail, and "You're too fat anyway, Blue Boy," to an indigo parrot fish that must have weighed a good ten pounds) his eyes were searching for only one of his "people"—his only enemy on the reef, the only one he killed on sight, a scorpion fish.

Scorpion fish inhabit most of the southern waters of the world, and the *rasca* that is the foundation of bouillabaisse belongs to the family. The West Indian variety runs up to only about 12 inches long and perhaps a pound in weight. It is by far the ugliest fish in the sea, as if nature were giving warning. It is a mottled brownish gray with a heavy, wedge-shaped shaggy head. It has fleshy pendulous "eyebrows" that droop over angry red eyes and a coloration and broken silhouette that are perfect camouflage on the reef. Though a small fish, its heavily toothed mouth is so wide that it can swallow whole most of the smaller reef fishes, but its supreme weapon lies in its erectile dorsal fins, the first few of which, acting on contact like hypodermic needles, are fed by poison glands containing enough tetrodotoxin to kill a man if they merely graze him in a vulnerable spot—in an artery, for instance, or over the heart or in the groin. They constitute the only real danger to the reef swimmer, far more dangerous than barracuda or shark, because, supreme in their confidence in their camouflage and armory, they flee before nothing except the very close approach of a foot or actual contact. Then they flit only a few yards on wide and bizarrely striped pectorals and settle again watchfully either on the sand, where they look like a lump of overgrown coral, or among the rocks

and seaweed, where they virtually disappear. And Major Smythe was determined to find one and spear it and give it to his octopus to see if it would take or spurn it, see if one of the ocean's great predators would recognize the deadliness of another, know of its poison. Would the octopus consume the belly and leave the spines? Would it eat the lot and, if so, would it suffer from the poison? These were the questions Bengry at the Institute wanted answered, and today, since it was going to be the beginning of the end of Major Smythe's life at Wavelets and though it might mean the end of his darling Octopussy, Major Smythe had decided to find out the answers and leave one tiny memorial to his now-futile life in some dusty corner of the Institute's marine biological files.

For, since only a couple of hours before, Major Dexter Smythe's already dismal life had changed very much for the worse. So much for the worse that he would be lucky if, in a few weeks' time—time for an exchange of cables via Government House and the Colonial Office to the Secret Service and thence to Scotland Yard and the Public Prosecutor and Major Smythe's transportation to London with a police escort—he got away with a sentence of imprisonment for life.

And all this because of a man called Bond, Commander James Bond, who had turned up at 10:30 that morning in a taxi from Kingston.

The day had started normally. Major Smythe had awoken from his Second sleep, swallowed a couple of Panadol's (his heart condition forbade him aspirin), showered and skimped his breakfast under the umbrella-shaped sea almonds and spent an hour feeding the remains of his breakfast to the birds. He then took his prescribed doses of anticoagulant and blood-pressure pills and killed time with *The Daily Gleaner* until it was time for his elevenses which, for some months now, he had advanced to 10:30. He had just poured himself the first of two stiff brandy and ginger ales, "The Drunkard's Drink," when he heard the car coming up the drive.

Luna, his colored housekeeper, came out into the garden and announced, "Gemmun to see you, Major."

"What's his name?"

"Him doan say, Major. Him say to tell you him come from Govment House."

Major Smythe was wearing nothing but a pair of old khaki shorts and sandals. He said, "All right, Luna. Put him in the living room and say I won't be a moment," and went round the back way into his bedroom and put on a white bush shirt and trousers and brushed his hair. Government House! Now what the hell?

As soon as he had walked through
(continued on page 118)



"You are going on a trip. . . . It has some of the aspects of a honeymoon . . ."

from puddle-jumping amphibians to the biggest corporate jets, the sky's no

THE CONTEMPORARY



limit for the air-minded exec at work or play



PLANESMAN



TODAY'S YOUNG BUSINESSMAN in the growing fraternity of high-flying executives conducts his commerce and pursues his pleasure in territories far beyond the reach of his earth-bound brethren. The whirling propeller, the whistling turbine can fly him and the companions of his choice straight to the bustling metropolises; in a few fleet hours, they can whisk him on a weekend whim from Wall Street worries to the long-shadowed woods of Canada or the balm of Palm Beach. Big deal or fair damsel—ripe but far distant—is within reach of the daring young executive in his flying machine long before the ground troops even learn where the action is.

These chaps are off and winging in what is called "general aviation." There are more than 90,000 aircraft in this fleet, which includes all the airplanes in America except those run by commercial airlines and the military. And their number is zooming higher every year. By way of comparison, fliers in general aviation logged 15,000,000 hours in the air last year, while commercial-airline pilots put in less than a third of that.

Those involved in general aviation divide it into two categories: corporate or executive flying for business only, and personal flying—sometimes for business and sometimes just for sky-larking.

The executive plane is a sky-borne limousine. Here, the owner may take an occasional turn at the controls, but he usually leaves the driving to professional pilots.

Personal flying for business and pleasure involves smaller aircraft and is usually do-it-yourself. The Sunday planesman on a quick hop to a distant fairway or remote fishing stream, the guy who flies with his girl to Acapulco for the weekend, and the executive who races the sun to close the day by closing the deal all share the privileged world of the personal flier.

Today there are some 8800 airports in the United States that handle general-aviation aircraft. Commercial airlines reach only some 550 points. In fact, 45 percent of all airline traffic occurs at just ten major population centers in America. But there's a lot more

A trio of bright birds that really mean business take to the sky. Above is a twin-jet Hawker Siddeley DH 125. Priced at \$950,000, this British beauty can whisk six air-minded execs in a flying conference room 1500 miles cruising at 440 mph. At for left, a geography-gobbling Beech King Air sets off for a 1500-mile trip with eight on-the-go-getters aboard. This \$320,000 plone cruises at 270 mph. At left, a commodious \$146,900 Aero Grand Commander flies 11 passengers at 244 mph to distant deals more than 1000 miles away.



country to be seen, worked in and played in, and the best way to the byways is via business and private airplanes.

To make it easier for the flying businessman or the chap who simply digs chasing a tail wind down a quarter of the continent, a boom in elegant hotel, pool, restaurant and even golf-course construction is taking place at general-aviation landing-strip sites throughout the nation. But if your business or pleasure isn't within sight of an airport wind sock, you can easily arrange for a rented car or a taxi at almost any facility with a town visible from the landing pattern. Only a diligent search for total isolation can put you out of touch with the American service comforts available at the drop of a credit card.

This flying boom all began in the late Twenties. In those days, flying was still a bit chancy and pilots used cow pastures located near factory sites for airfields. Many of these pioneers persisted in being tricked out in goggles, leather helmet, white silk scarf, puttees and boots, even though most of the cockpits were by then enclosed. It was sort of the thing to do, you know. And when a girl walked by, one looked achingly skyward—a hawk seeking his freedom.

All that—the fun and games, the spit-and-baling-wire maintenance—passed with the hard reality of war. And when it was over, pilots and planes in the thousands suddenly became very available.

Some business firms—those that had had corporate-flying experience and those

The Riley Turbo-Rocket, above, is the fastest light twin in the air. With a range of 1700 miles, the Riley rockets along at 300 mph carrying six passengers in custom comfort, and sells for \$73,950. The North Star Airports Riviera omphibian, at right, is the answer to a harried exec's need to get away from it all. Pushed along at 165 mph, this \$35,400 four-seater can lift from the water and head for wilderness country in 28 seconds. The biggest of them all and the first four-engine jet in business aviation, below, is the Lockheed JetStar, command craft of princes, Presidents and management magnates. The JetStar can zip a dozen passengers across on ocean of more than 570 mph. At lower left: It's "business as usual" amid the luxurious decor that goes with this \$1,700,000 master of the sky.

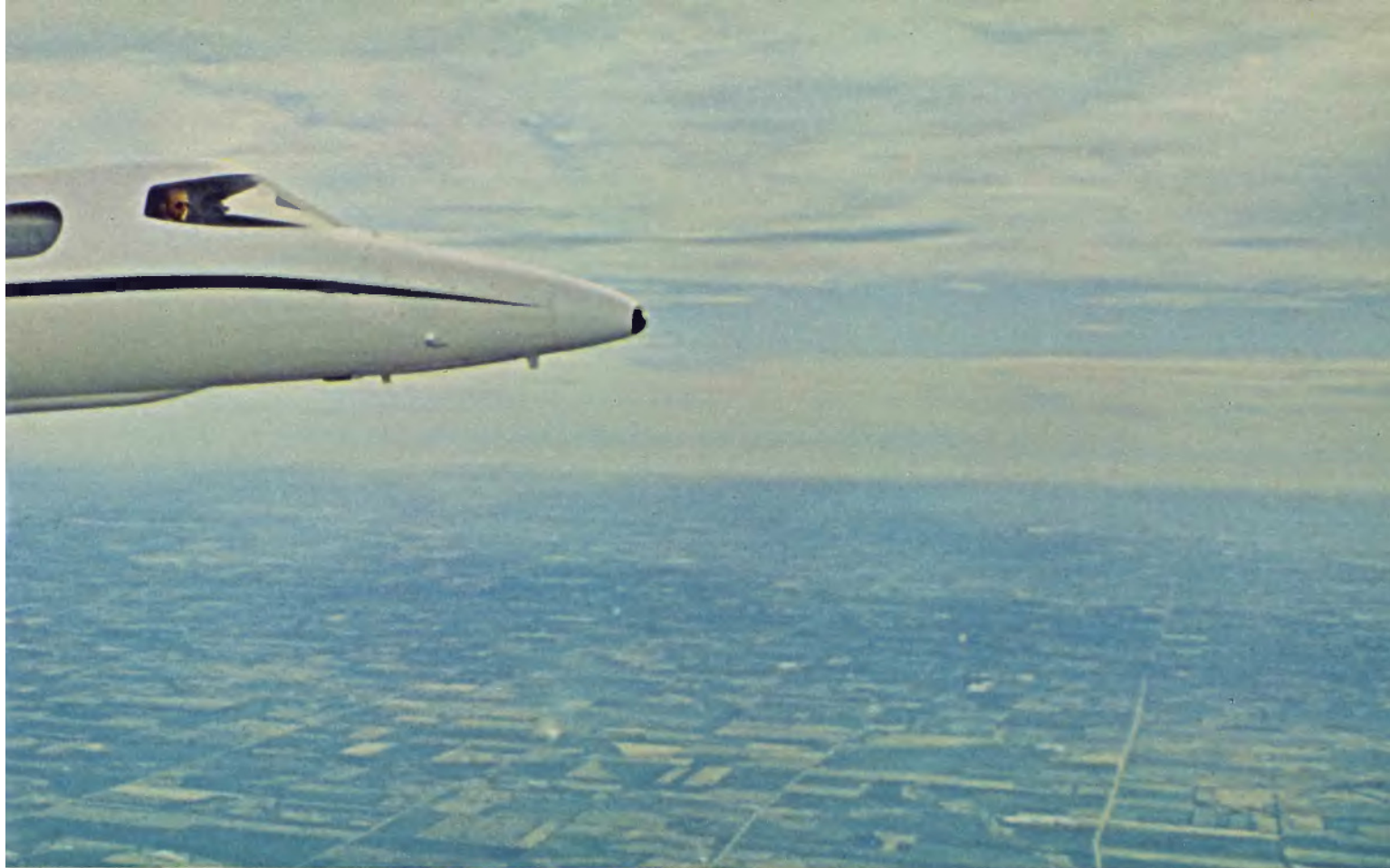






Below: The inside and out of the copacious Riley Turbo-Exec 400, a sleek conversion of that reliable British worthy, the DeHavilland Dove DH 104. Below left: A quick conference more than 20,000 feet up cruises along at a brisk 285 mph. Fitted out with auxiliary tanks, this \$159,500 sky-stepper can easily transport a dozen denizens of Wall Street more than 2000 miles in Rocket Club comfort. Below center: A cosmopolitan commuter makes it in time for a delightful dinner date, yet another winged victory to be garnered by the peripatetic plonesmon.





Above: One of the most graceful aircraft for the high-flying executive is the Lear Jet Model 23. A slim, sleek plane, the Lear Jet sells for \$595,000 and can speed a half-dozen company directors at 560 mph (New York to Chicago: 84 minutes), take off and be barreling up through the clouds at 40,000 feet within 13 minutes, range out to 1600 miles, and then throttle down to runway speeds like a matronly piston-powered model. Below right: The unique fore-and-aft thrust of the \$39,950 twin-engine Cessna Super Skymaster speeds six top executives along at 200 mph.





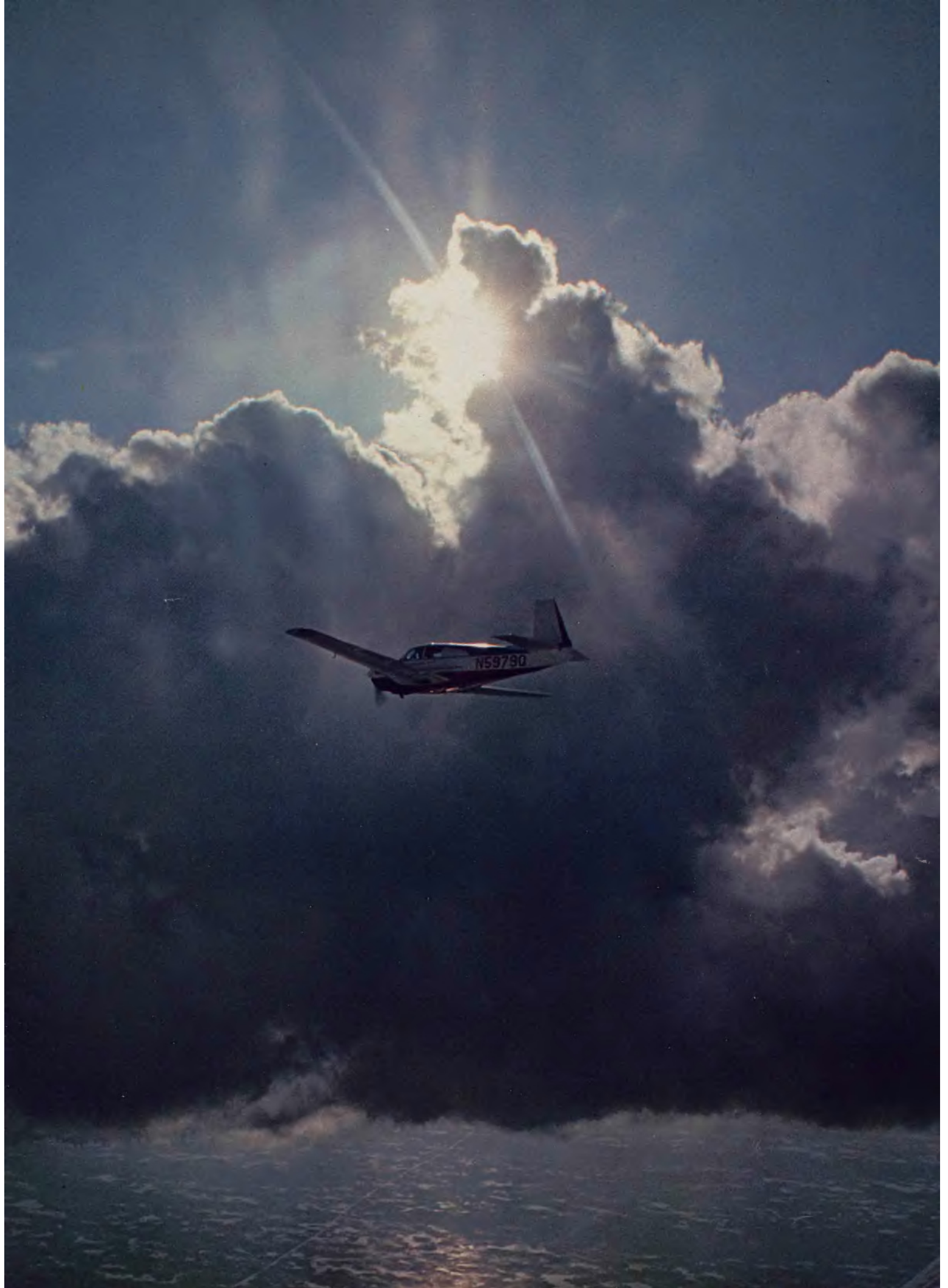
headed by men who'd flown airplanes during the War and learned of their usefulness—plunged heavily into the buyer's market. They took DC-3s, the tireless work horses of the Air Force, and speedy B-25s and B-26s; they took Lockheed Lodestars and Venturas; and they even took the big bombers, the B-24s and B-17s. After stripping them clean, they called in the designers to pretty up the inside and lay out a reclining chair, a table and a cocktail bar; and corporate flying was on the wing.

Today, this brand of business aviation, now housed in converted commercial airliners of the 1950s, luxuriously persists, a carry-over from the era of the elegant private railroad car. If you want plenty of space in which to stretch out, take a walk, sleep or throw a ball or banquet, shop around for a DC-6 or DC-7, a Viscount or the highly favored Convair Liner. When they are configured for passenger travel, these birds can accommodate from 40 to 80 people at speeds from 200-plus to almost 400 miles per hour.

Because of (continued on page 124)

The Piper Twin Comanche, above, a needle-nosed little speedster, takes a quartet of corporation moguls businessward at 194 mph. A sturdy, round-the-clock work horse, this \$34,950 job can be souped up into a turbocharged model that steps out at 225 mph for an extra \$11,000. Below: Perfect for short hops or transoceanic flights is the \$1,250,000 twin-engine turboprop Grumman Gulfstream being readied for another day's work. Designed from the drawing board up as a corporate craft, the Grumman can carry as many as 14 company officers in home-office luxury. At right: Far-reaching execs "loose the surly bonds of earth" in search of new horizons at 197 mph in a four-place, \$19,180 Mooney Super 21.







IN 1927 I WAS A 16-YEAR-OLD BRICKLAYER trying to support my mother and seven brothers and sisters. We were living in a buggy flat above a grocery store in the Bath Beach Italian section of Brooklyn. My father had been killed four years earlier in the collapse of a New York building under construction. Mother had not received a cent for Father's death, because the contractor and the insurance carrier were in litigation as to liability. But Mother had positive faith in God and spiritualism and knew somehow that she would get the insurance money. Mother and I went once a week to the medium, Mrs. Miller, and communicated with Father. We believed he was in heaven guiding us. And Mother genuinely believed I was her pure champion and her son-saint on earth.

When Mike O'Hara, an investigator for the Workmen's Compensation Board, came into our lives, there was happiness for us. He took up our cause. Through him Mother obtained her due insurance money and bought a sweet, spacious old one-family house with a garden and peach trees in quiet Bensonhurst. We were convinced that God and my father had answered our prayers by sending Mike O'Hara to us.

He was about 28; a tall, broad-shouldered, handsome man dressed in tweeds; an Irish-American who could have posed for collar ads. After we moved into our nice house, he came to see us and share our joy. In the cellar we had four barrels of chianti and muscatel wine and some 100 bottles of liquor made by my father and practically untouched since his death. Mother put the traditionally splendid Italian dinner on the table

remorse filled his heart, for he had cuckolded his great friend and benefactor
fiction By PIETRO DI DONATO

before O'Hara, and timidly wondered if he would be offended by the offer of wine. In all my life, I had never seen anybody who could drink like O'Hara. He only nibbled at the food, but by midnight had drunk a quart of *grappa* whiskey and two gallons of wine. It was as though he were drinking water. He chain-smoked and drank and drank. When I accompanied him to the subway, he walked erect and unwavering. Mother and I were so grateful to O'Hara. The wine and whiskey in the cellar were of no use to us. We were glad we had it to give to him.

O'Hara came often. We looked forward to his visits. Though Mother could hardly speak English, she and he talked about God and family in the language of the heart. He told us about his parochial school and college days, his hitch as a Marine, his adventures as a Pinkerton detective. He was very fond of us, and assured Mother he would always be a big brother to me.

Mother was anxious to have the pleasure of meeting Mrs. O'Hara. She imagined Mrs. O'Hara to be a great lady. Surely, Mr. O'Hara must have married a fine woman. But he kept finding excuses for not bringing his wife to our house in Bensonhurst.

My older sister, Mary, was going to be married to a *paisano*. We were fixing an apartment on the second floor for her. Mother begged O'Hara to bring his wife to the wedding party to be held in our house. He brought his wife to the wedding party. Milly O'Hara was completely different from what Mother had expected. Milly was a sloppily dressed, overgrown hoyden. It was a strange night. The house was full of rollicking non-English-speaking *paisanos*. The wine and whiskey flowed. The musicians played the tarantella over and over. O'Hara sat at a table drinking, a perfect gentleman winning the respect of all. The *paisano* men, mostly bricklayers and hod carriers, got drunk and whirled willing Milly around in the dancing and blatantly ogled her and ran their hot hands about her. The men were like so many bulls in heat after her. The *paisana* women whispered that the American woman, Mrs. O'Hara, was a shameless *puttana*, and Mother had to admit it with chagrin. Mother was awfully disappointed in Milly and felt pity for Mr. O'Hara. *Sotto voce* the men made raw, drooling comments about Milly's buttocks. Milly guzzled an unending stream of wine and whiskey and laughed, her big black eyes shining wildly. O'Hara constantly filled her glass and tended her as if she were a helpless innocent child. After the party, Mother shook her head and said, "Our dear friend and savior, Mr. O'Hara, has an alcoholically incontinent woman."

From then on, O'Hara brought Milly with him. They made a practice of dropping in on Saturday nights. To our amazement, Milly outdrank her husband. When I went close to voluptuous Milly to fill and refill her glass, I could feel Mother's shrewd eyes. I did not betray the lust for Milly that was mounting in me. Mother wished that O'Hara would visit without Milly. They would stay drinking until past dawn and then get back to the city in time for early Sunday Mass.

One Saturday O'Hara did not appear. I received a letter from him. He was seriously ill and going to St. Matthew's Hospital. The news inflamed me. I had been thinking night and day about Milly. I had overheard Mother tell my sister, "O'Hara's wife is a *puttana*. I feared she'd get Pietro itching for his first taste of woman. Her kind, the legs open easily and wide just for a bottle."

Mother's opinion of Milly would not leave me. Milly was a *puttana*—how could I miss having my first sexual experience? I was a battleground of faith and desire. My flesh would not give me peace. From my bedroom window I saw a woman across the way undress every night. In the subway I was jammed up against women and their rounded parts. Desire tormented me while laying bricks on the skyscrapers. The more I tried not to think of sex, the more desire pained me. My mind was in my groin and I could not get Milly out of my mind. Mother's words, "O'Hara's wife is a *puttana*," rang as a prelude to fate, like time turned about, an act that happened in the future. Masturbation maddened me. At night in my sleep, teasing, luring Milly gave me nocturnal emissions to my fury. The struggle to remain a "good" boy I could not seem to win—or was it a victory I really did not care to seek? A rainy day would do it. Can't lay bricks in the rain. It would have to rain before O'Hara returned

home from the hospital. The rain came. Raindrops on my window were tom-toms drumming Milly. Milly, Milly, sex, sex, sex. My flesh between bed sheets was an unbearable flamboyant symptom. I tried to concentrate on my mother, my duty as breadwinner and head of the family, of Father in heaven, of Christ and the Madonna, of my debt of honor to O'Hara, but the rain knew what I had to do. I spent a long vacillating time in the bathroom, showering, brushing my teeth, shaving the few hairs on my face, combing my hair, flexing my muscles, hard all over, too hard, brittling hard. In the mirror I visualized my approach to Milly. "I came because—oh, my—I didn't know Mike—I mean Mr. O'Hara, wasn't home," or, "Good morning, Mrs. O'Hara, I don't mean to bother you—I just thought Mr. O'Hara," or would I rashly come right to the point?

I dressed, put on my beret and trench coat, and told Mother I was going to New York to look for some needed tools.

That was the first lie I ever told Mother. That lie seemed to liberate me and cast the die. It was heady and thrilling. Like getting alive to another world.

The O'Hara flat was on the Upper West Side. I had the address from his letter. I might have hesitated and said no to myself had the building been imposing, but it was an uncaring tenement. The letter box in the vestibule that read M. O'HARA sent a pleasant shiver through me. Going up the dark stairway, I had the sensation of being all body in the middle. I felt I was a composition of flesh galvanically magnified, each organ alert. I stood before the door of apartment 4B with my heart pounding as though I had run a long race at top speed. It seemed that it was not my hand that knocked on the door. The scuffling of Milly's slippers came to me. Milly opened the door. She was wearing a near-transparent soiled shift. I was the last person in the world she had expected to see at her doorway. A quick flush of self-consciousness showed on her face. She gathered something from my tension, my speechlessness, my nervousness. From the obscure room behind her I heard the horny sound of a dog's paws. A dirty little ragged poodle appeared and looked at me curiously. Milly said, "Come on in, Pete." Then she slurred, with grinning uncontained eyes, "Mike's in St. Matthew's. I'm alone."

I followed her into the front room. I did not have the coordination to remove my beret and trench coat.

"Mrs. O'Hara," I said, "my mother asked me to find out about Mr. O'Hara—if it hadn't been for Mr. O'Hara—"

My knees refused to carry me. I sat down. The poodle licked my hand. Sex magazines and empty bottles littered the

filthy room. There were smells of tobacco and drink. Under the divan, and tied in a knot, was a used white rubber contraceptive. That and the disordered sheetless bed in the next room quivered me. Milly squatted in a chair opposite me, giving me a view of her hefty round white thighs. I could not believe I was there alone with Milly. Frozen with lust, I could not utter anything. I sat there as if I had been struck dumb. I wanted to be honest and grimly tell her what I had come for; even expressing it in four-letter words. Her well-shaped Amazonian limbs churned about impulsively. My throat was thick. I had to have a drink of water. In the rancid bathroom I found an unwashed glass with lipstick on it. The lipstick smudges thrilled me. Clothes, socks and underwear were heaped on the floor. In the wastebasket was a used Kotex. I tried to urinate but couldn't. I washed my hands and dried them with a tired towel smelling damply of Milly O'Hara.

I returned to the front room. She was looking out the window. I managed to say stupidly, "Watching the rain, Mrs. O'Hara?"

"No, honey. I never know when that lousy Secret Service agent brother of Mike's is spying on me. He's got a key to this place and he pops in and out to see what's going on when Mike's not here. He's too goddamn good for this world—doesn't drink or screw. Raymond's a stuffy bastard. I always have the feeling he'd like to 'harpoon' me himself, the prissy bastard. Christ, what I wouldn't do for a blast! Honey, didn't your mother send a bottle with you?"

Mother's words, that Milly would give herself to any man for a bottle, echoed within me. That was it. I hurried elatedly through the rain to a bootlegger's address that she gave me, and bought a quart of whiskey. Within an hour I went and got her another quart of the cheap whiskey. I figured that if she got dead drunk I could have her without her even knowing it.

I sat beside her with a trembling hand on her bare knee as she drank. Milly O'Hara; the unkempt straight black hair with the bangs, the puffed child's face, the loose large mouth, the sturdy undeveloped peculiarly pointed breasts, the acrid cloying sexual odor of her body, the free and easy air of the *puttana*. I kissed her knee and hand, mumbling, "Mrs. O'Hara, I love you—Milly, I love you!" She closed her eyes and offered me her mouth. I clasped her and kissed her hot whiskey-wet mouth. I felt her body heave to an inviting resistless calm. She went to the bathroom. I followed, begging for "love," clinging, stumbling. After she urinated and stood up, I threw myself upon her. She lost her bal-

ance and we both fell awkwardly to the floor.

She handled me. She grabbed my hips and surged upward, saying, "Pete, honey, if you don't blab to no one, I'll let you have all you can take. Kid, you're built like a man!"

As my virginity departed, the poodle barked and gnawed at my shoelaces. When I arose, I blushing told her she was the first woman I had ever had.

"You were cherry when you came here? You'll never forget cutting your teeth on me then, kid. You forget a lotta things, but you always remember the one you copped your cherry. Let me tell you, Pete, girls are only too glad to get rid of their cherries."

We sat in the front room again. I still had not removed my beret and trench coat. My experience had confused me. Sex was so toiletlike and different from what I had ecstatically imagined it to be. In reality it was the way of animals. It was a graceless, gutty, sticky, smelly business that repelled as powerfully as it attracted. My dreams of women being so many living flowers tumbled.

Milly was then as uninhibited as a jungle beast. She told me all she wanted from life was drink and men.

"Mike should have been a priest. He's a religious cardboard gentleman. His goddamn goodness kills me. Being in bed with him is like sleeping with an old woman. I hate marriage and housework. I'd rather work in a whorehouse where two and two make four. I have fun with the milkman and the iceman and Lou the mulatto janitor. As long as they bring me booze, I got plenty of ass to give—like throwing meat to dogs. Come back with a couple of bottles, Pete, and spend the night with me. Won't you, kid?"

"What will I tell my mother?"

"You poor kid! Tell her you spent the night at a pal's house. I gotta douche. I don't want to get knocked up."

While she was washing up in the bathroom, I was getting excited again. I was thinking of stripping off my clothes and going to bed with her. But I had a fear, a premonition not to do so. I heard a key unlock the entrance door, and was afraid that it was Mike returning unexpectedly from St. Matthew's. It was Mike's brother, the Secret Service agent. He came into the front room. He was a big man with a pinched face and thin mouth. I nodded to him and huddled back into the chair. He glowered at me. I looked down and saw that I had not rebuttoned my fly. I placed my hands over my open fly.

Milly came out of the bathroom and walked drunkenly into the front room. She brought with her the strong telltale

(continued on page 131)



*"I'm afraid the curse is beginning to
work, Professor. I'm pregnant."*

REVELATIONS

from berkeley's
tempestuous precincts comes the
latest, barest variation on
theatrical "happenings"

IN 1959, a group of New York artists and sculptors created a theater-and-art form known as Happenings, which assimilates into an either scripted or improvised theatrical format every field of art from music to dance, to film, to poetry, to painting, to sculpture, to monolog. The first Happening—Allan Kaprow's *18 Happenings in 6 Parts*—took place at the Reuben Gallery in New York. Seventy-five invitations were mailed to people in the immediate area telling them when and where to appear. A subsequent mailing included directions they were to follow as participants in this kickoff performance. Other Happenings took place in churches, basements, barns, back yards, stores and, on one occasion—the December 1963 performance of Claes Oldenburg's *Autobodys*—in a public parking lot.

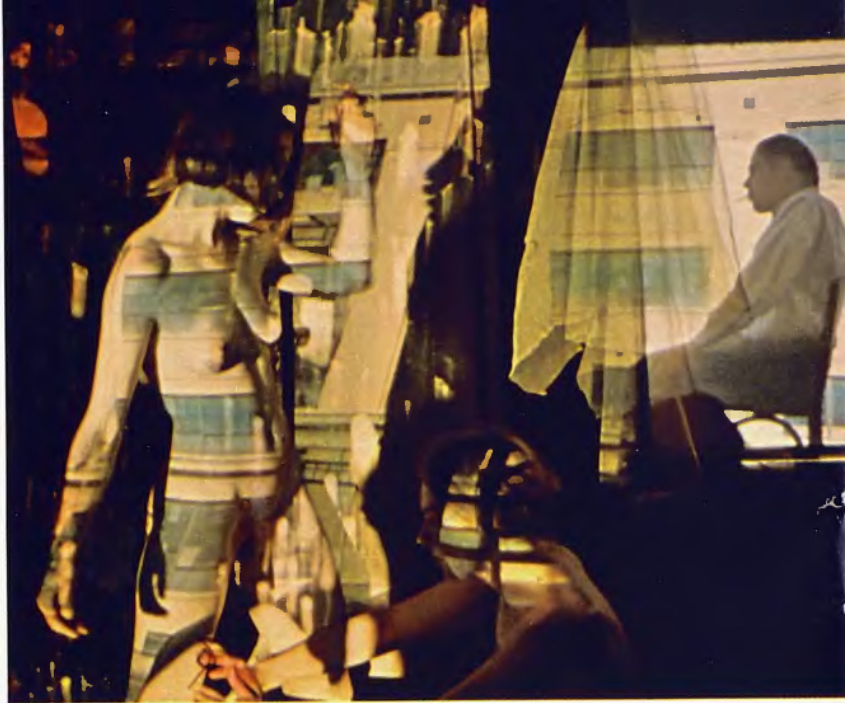
Audiences rarely exceeded 30 or 40 and performances were limited to very few, due to the lack of adequate rehearsal facilities and available actors with Happenings experience. Actors in a Happening were utilized more as props or stage effects than as personalities, and the people on stage often ended up representing things, while the things became people.

Although many of their most determined



Spectator in foreground lights up during performance of Revelations (left) while slide projectionists cast appropriately abstract lighting on a brace of bare damsels (above) on stage. Right: Crowd creates fusion of color and form.





Unadorned female forms serve as stage props in a montage-like setting of superimposed color patterns. "We found that naked skin makes the best screen," explains director Jacopetti. "Costuming lessens the emotional impact."

detractors dismissed Happenings as merely works of "anti-art," perhaps their apparent lack of popular endurance power was best summed up by Kaprow himself, who, as father of this theatrical form, once intoned: "Happenings, in my opinion, are the result of presupposing that *absolutely anything* can be art." In the final analysis, however, they did further the modern dramatist's dream of destroying the "aesthetic distance" that separates the performers from their audience in traditional theater.

After 1963, the number of Happenings being performed around the nation noticeably declined, prompting many to ask derisively, "Whatever happened to Happenings?" The answer to that was two years in coming: but with the official opening of his Berkeley Experimental Arts Foundation's "Open Theater & Gallery" last September, director Ben Jacopetti finally had a regular showcase for his semi-weekly performances of what is now being hailed as the newest—and nudest—variety of Happening ever staged in this hemisphere. These productions, thus far attended only by audience participants from the surrounding San Francisco-Berkeley Bay Area, are aptly titled Revelations.

As the name implies, Revelations is a highly revealing form of "total theater" that creates a colorful onstage cathartic synthesis of sight and sound through the use of stage settings, lights, multiple color-slide projections, an overlaid sound track, live music and, most importantly, nudes who either pose in given positions or dance across the set while various abstract designs are projected on their unfettered frames. Stage props generally include chairs, tables, ladders, doors, windows and pieces of filmy or gauzy cloth that serve as suitable screens for slide projections and allow performers to alter the degree of onstage nudity at will. Clothes are strictly *défendu* atop this delightful dais; they are looked upon as a social pretext behind which no performer should ever hide. Taped recordings of recitations from the *Book of Revelation* and *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* with a multiple musical backing of jazz piano, electronic music and Balinese gamelan round out the audial attractions. The visual stimuli—other than those already mentioned—are provided by four separate slide projectors: two for throwing regular 35mm images, one large overhead projector for outsized colored slides of various far-out hand-painted designs and another dual projector for superimposing purposes. The audience is invited to join in the noisemaking at will, and those who first doff their duds are welcome to participate on stage in the totally impromptu performance.

The object of Revelations, according to director Jacopetti, is to "make the audience join in. What do people do when they take off their clothes and dance to the lights? I should explain that the performance (concluded on page 154)





*"Just one more letter, Miss Maston—and then
we'll get down to business . . . !"*

A NEW SET OF SEX MORES

a breakthrough proposal for revising connubial customs to conform to the libidinal needs of marital partners and to spread the wealth through "tritalamonomy"—a swinging idea that may well end divorce

satire By AURO ROSELLI THE RETRAINING COURSES for workers proposed by the present Administration may be a necessary step toward the Great Society, but, in our opinion, they should not stop at professional skills. There is also an art, a skill of living, and, as everybody knows from modern literature, movies and advice columns, this is the era of incommunicability between men and women. Everything has become more and more complicated. How can we cope with the complexities of modern world policies, social upheavals and automation if we must also confront the complications in modern conjugal techniques? The Great Society clearly needs reorientation courses for husbands and wives as well. To provide them, we dare propose a bold and sweeping change: tritalamonomy.

The word derives from the Greek and it should mean "the rule of the three beds." It is a word that we had to make up, because the Greeks led a simpler life and did not have need for it. They did not even have the problem; the happenings on their pottery are much clearer than the movies of Bergman or Antonioni or Truffaut. So it is left to us to explain that by tritalamonomy we mean the custom of having every person, male or female, marry three times: the first time at the age of 15 with a 30-year-old, the second time at 30 with a 15-year-old and the third time at 45 with another 45-year-old.



The 15-year-old, of course, marries a 30-year-old who has been freed, after 15 years of marriage, by a spouse now 45 and, after 15 more years, leaves his or her 30-year-old spouse free to marry another 15-year-old, while he or she, now 45, marries another 45-year-old. This last marriage would have renewal options at the end of the 15-year term. Anyway, from 60 on, every citizen who can live in sin would be congratulated, in a tritalamonomic society, not censured.

The advantages of tritalamonomy over our present system can be understood only if we place it in the proper historical perspective. We live now in what is called "the second industrial revolution" and/or "the sexual revolution" (of which, we suspect, there were far more than two in history). Once again "a specter is haunting the world," but this one would make Marx and Engels blush under their beards. The old values are crumbling and the average man is afraid to lose his chains, because he senses that man will always need a set of moral principles by which to judge others. So what we propose is not to do away with mores, as some sexual revolutionists suggest, but to replace them. The old mores totter because they were based on a digest of folksy precepts and revelations that would be dismissed as "hearsay" in any modern court of justice. We propose an entirely new set based on scientific research and the opinions of the experts.

Kinsey and following sexologists discovered that early adolescence in the human male and early maturity in the human female are the ages of maximum sexual potency and receptivity. Early adolescence in the human female and early maturity in the human male are ages of relatively milder desires. This means that all our sex and marriage practices up to now have been wrong. This means that our ignorance of this fundamental law of nature may well be the cause of all our troubles.

So we do something about it: We propose mores based on this fundamental law of nature.

To see how it would work, in practice, let's consider, for instance, the case of a boy. He grows up in a big happy family of parents and their spouses-in-law (as their ex-husbands and wives would be called), and when he reaches 15, his family, school P.T.A., Y.M.C.A., P.A.L. and similar associations will gently and teasingly pressure him into looking around for a wife (or a mistress in decadent western European countries). He will be nudged at parties, balls, family gatherings, church benefit sales, wherever he would be likely to meet 30-year-old women who have just ended their first marriage to a man now 45. Actually, the pressure is only meant to suggest that initiative is his manly prerogative, for immediately after marriage the woman will take over as the head of the family and remain in charge for the next 15 years. Leadership, in the tritalamonomic family, does not depend on sex, but on age and responsibilities. Each sex has a turn at the helm from 30 to 45 years of age. Each sex comes prepared to the task from 15 years of marriage as a junior partner. At the beginning of the first marriage, the junior partner is just an adolescent, accustomed to being bossed around; at the end, that is, approaching 30, he or she can afford forbearance thinking that, anyway, that marriage will soon be over. Many divorces today are caused by questions of leadership in families where industrial and sexual revolutions have blurred the once obvious reasons for male dominance. Other divorces are caused by panic, when a partner realizes that he or she is (continued on page 152)





DURING THE WEEKEND of October 15 to 17, 1965, nearly 100,000 Americans—more than half of them students—demonstrated against their Government's involvement in the war in Vietnam. Close to 30,000 marched down New York's Fifth Avenue, while 14,000 paraded in the San Francisco Bay Area. Many of the latter tried to advance on the Oakland Army Terminal to hold a "teach-in" aimed at the military personnel there, but they were twice turned back by police. Protesters were in the streets in Pittsburgh, New Haven, Cleveland, Detroit, Seattle and Los Angeles. In Ann Arbor, 38 were arrested, including students and professors from the University of Michigan, as they staged a sit-in at Selective Service headquarters. Fifty students from the University of Wisconsin marched on Truax Air Force Base in an unsuccessful attempt to make a citizen's arrest of the commandant for acting as "an accessory to mass murder and genocide."

In the following weeks, demonstrations continued, punctuated by the public burning of draft cards in several cities, and high-

article By Nat Hentoff

what's behind the smoke screen of sound and fury — and the public furor — that obscures the motives and meaning of the new generation of anti-establishment social activists

lighted in late November by a massive anti-Vietnam march on Washington—coordinated by the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy—that attracted more than 25,000 protesters. Meanwhile, Students for a Democratic Society, the largest of the student groups on the left, insisted that wide-ranging opportunities for nonmilitary service must be provided those youngsters who will not kill. "Work in Watts [the Negro section of Los Angeles which erupted in violence during the summer of 1965] with the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, in the Peace Corps," proclaimed Paul Booth, national secretary of SDS, "should be seen as being as high a duty as burning a village."

These protesting students are admittedly a minority on the nation's campuses, but they are a larger minority of dissent than has ever existed before in this country. And their numbers are growing. For the past three years they have seemed to be everywhere—as nonviolent guerrilla fighters against the "power structure" throughout the South; as organizers of the poor for power in Northern black ghettos; as marchers against American foreign policy; as agitators on more and more campuses for freer speech and against the machinelike impersonality of the multiversity. They are the New Left—the most action-oriented, radically searching generation of the young in American history.

Their placards and buttons proclaim their restless independence and their fervent identification with the voiceless, the dispossessed: LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE! YOU CAN'T TRUST ANYBODY OVER 30! REGISTER FOR POWER! STAND BACK AND DON'T BUG US! MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR! And one banner, at the University of California, heralds what they hope is a rising wave of (continued on page 98)

IF YOU BELONG to those legions of weekend linksters who never expect to score on the bright side of 80, it may come as somewhat of a shock to learn that petite Priscilla Wright—our 5' 2" March Playmate and gatefolddom's foremost lady golfer to date—has been a mid-70s swinger since childhood. The towheaded 22-year-old, daughter of a Huntington Beach, California, golf pro, Priscilla—or Pat, as she prefers being called—gave early notice of her parbusting potential when, at 13, she stroked her winning way to the title of Southern California Junior Champion. "As soon as I was old enough to hold a putter," she recalls, "my dad and I would put in at least an hour a day on the greens. While all my girlfriends were building their doll collections, I was busy polishing my first set of irons. Even after my parents separated and I lived with Mom, Dad and I always had a steady weekend date to play the back nine at whatever course he happened to be working."

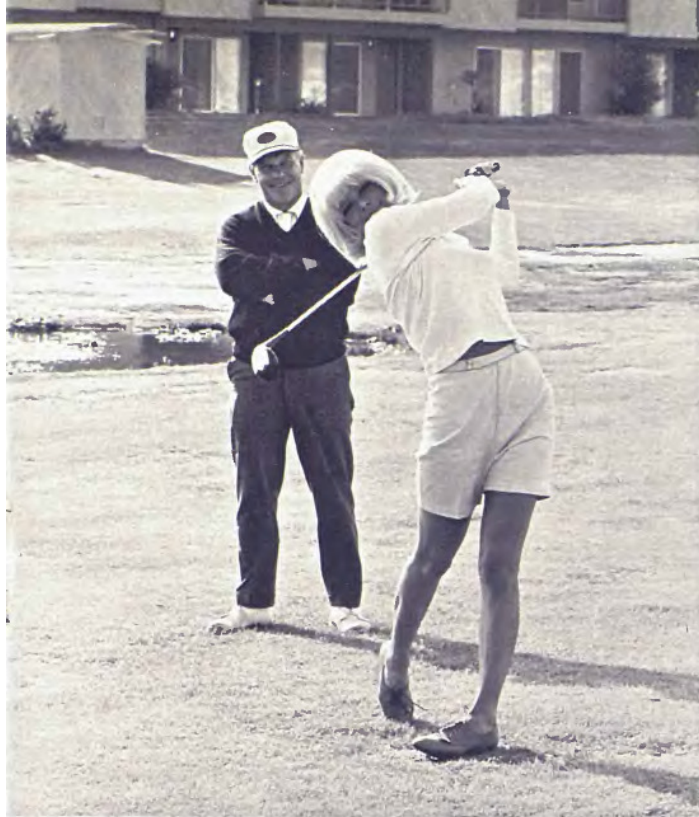
An artful miss—both on and off the fairways—pert Pat helps out in her artist-mother's Palm Springs studio weekday mornings ("Mom says I might make a pretty fair commercial cartoonist if I ever hang up my clubs"), then drives out to Huntington Beach for some late-afternoon pointers from her dad on how to prepare for the rigors of full-time tournament

FINE FORM

*miss march is a
champion parbuster who
hopes to make
professional golf
her livelihood*



Above: Fore and aft, shipshape Miss March shows why life in California's sunny outdoors suits her to a tee. "Dad's usually busy coaching club members when I get to the course," says Pat, "so I manage to get in plenty of extra sun-bathing time on the beach nearby while waiting for my afternoon lessons." We can't imagine a better tanned or more winsome testimonial to the pleasures of Pacifica.



play. "When my folks first broke up," Pat told us, "I thought the world had come to an end. Now that I'm of marriageable age myself, I can understand that their interests in life were too different not to lead them down separate paths. I'm just as close to both of them as ever: When I can't keep my golf score near par, Dad and I hold a series of reassuring career conferences; and when my problems are strictly girl-boy ones, I couldn't ask for a better morale booster than Mom. In a way, I guess I'm luckier than a lot of kids from so-called happy homes whose parents never took time to help them with any of their teenage growing pains."

Next fall, after she's taken a crack at teeing off in a few forthcoming regional summer tourneys, Pat plans to enroll at Santa Barbara College as a fine-arts major. "You might call it a sort of educational insurance plan," she explains. "If I don't make the grade as a lady golfer, I figure it's best to have something else going for me—and painting is the only other field that intrigues me at the moment." When she's not busy at her drawing board or teeing off, this month's minuscule miss spends her off-hours poring over stacks of science-fiction ("Ray Bradbury and Isaac Asimov are my two literary loves") and videophiling the night away in hopes of finding one more late-late Bogey rerun to watch. "I'll take the rugged type over



Top: Pat's golf-pro father beams his professional smile of approval as she follows through on a pin-high wood shot during practice session at Palm Springs' tough Thunderbird course. Above: In the trap (left), our March beauty picks up a few timely sandblasting tips from her dad before wedging her way (right) to less troublesome terrain. "The bunkers and I," she quips, "are old buddies."



the pretty boy any day in the week," says Miss Wright in describing her concept of Mr. Right. "Too many of Hollywood's handsomest guys turn out to be total phonies once you've looked under their photogenic surfaces." A self-proclaimed loner, Pat prefers a quiet dinner *à deux* and a post-prandial jazz set or two when she's out on the town ("As far as I'm concerned, crowded night clubs are for couples who substitute noise for communication").

It was at Palm Springs' fashionable Thunderbird course that centerfolddom's current queen of clubs satisfied our photographic curiosity about golf's more glamorous side. Pat made a special effort to put her best form forward during her Playmate shooting when reminded that President Eisenhower owned a home on the club grounds and might show up to shoot a few holes if he was in residence. He wasn't—but we're sure Ike would join us in dubbing this month's bantam beauty a real First Lady of the fairways.

Below: At home, Pat and her mother sit down to a serious confab ("Mom serves as the house psychologist"); then everything's straightened out.



Top: Water, water everywhere, and plenty of mud underneath, makes Pat's pursuit of a lost ball seem even less promising than the attendant penalty stroke. Above: Barefoot ball-hawk wades on (left) and finally ferrets out the missing projectile.



Above: Pat and her mother find the family scrapbook is still good for a laugh or two ("Even Mom had to admit that I could have won the Ugly Baby Award in a crawl!"). Below: After taking in an early double feature in downtown Palm Springs, Pat and her 13-year-old sister, Jody, look for bargains (left) along store-lined Palm Canyon Drive ("Right now, Jody's on a big animal kick and thinks she'll study to be a zoologist, but I'm waiting until she discovers boys"); sibling revelry conquers all (right) as shopping gives way to feminine frivolity.







Above: Miss March proves to be a miss of many moods—ranging from the playful to the pensive—during a solo seaside outing. “It’s not that I’m reclusive,” she explains, “but there are times when I just prefer the pleasure of my own company.” Below: Caught in a cloudburst near Malibu Lake, Pat delights in the dousing and shows she’s as good-natured as she is glamorous.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Tell me, Tommy," the elderly schoolmarm inquired of one of her fifth-grade students, "if you started with twenty dollars and gave seven of them to Nancy, five to Mary and eight to Judy, what would you then have?"

"A ball!" answered Tommy.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *callgirl* as a negotiable blonde.

While riding home from work one evening, three commuters became friendly in the club car and after the third round, they began to brag about the relative merits of their respective marital relationships. The first proudly proclaimed, "My wife meets my train *every* evening, and we've been married for ten years."

"That's nothing," scoffed the second, "my wife meets me *every* evening, too, and we've been married *seventeen* years!"

"Well, I've got you both beat, fellows," said the third commuter, who was obviously the youngest in the group.

"How do you figure that?!" the first fellow wanted to know.

"I suppose you've got a wife who meets you *every* evening, too!" sneered the second.

"That's right," said the third commuter, "and I'm not even married!"

The doctor had just completed his examination of the teenage girl:

"Madam," he said to her mother, "I'm afraid your daughter has syphilis."

"Oh, dear," exclaimed the embarrassed mother. "Tell me, Doctor, could she have possibly caught it in a public lavatory?"

"It's possible," replied the physician after a moment's reflection, "but it would certainly be uncomfortable."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *good scout* as someone who knows the lay of the land and will take you to her.

Every newspaper in New York sent a reporter and a staff photographer to the office of a local ophthalmologist when it was learned that he had recently performed a successful sight-saving operation on the wife of the country's most celebrated pop artist who, in addition to paying the doctor's usual fee, had gratefully insisted on painting one of his contemporary masterpieces across an entire wall of the doctor's waiting room. The mural turned out to be an immense multicolored picture of a human eye, in the center of which stood a perfect miniature like-

ness of the good doctor himself. While cameras clicked and most of the newsmen crowded around the famous artist for his comments, one cub reporter drew the eye specialist aside and asked: "Tell me, if you can, Doctor—what was your first reaction on seeing this fantastic artistic achievement covering an entire wall of your office?"

"To tell the truth," replied the physician, "my first thought was, thank goodness I'm not a gynecologist!"



During an out-of-town business trip, the young executive picked up a lovely creature in the hotel bar and took her up to his room for a nightcap. After a few drinks, the girl sat on his lap and cooed, "Would you like to hug me?"

"Sure," said the businessman, pressing her close to him.

"And would you like to kiss me?" the girl whispered passionately.

"Of course," he replied, planting a big buss on her inviting lips.

"OK, honey," she continued. "Brace yourself—because here comes the fifty-dollar question."



Two Miami Beach beauties in teeny bikinis were taking their afternoon sunning when one asked, "Did you hear that they're holding a beauty contest here tomorrow night?"

"Sure," replied the other beachnik, blushing. "I won it last night."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn \$25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Oh, nothing much. We're just having an after ours drink . . ."



A pensive couple share a quiet moment in front of the warming fire after the last ski run of the day. The chap takes his well-deserved ease by lounging comfortably in a pair of gold-toned suede-leather shoes, by French Shriner, \$25.



The really diligent discothequeur demands a shoe that wears well but will let him stay lightly on his feet for that dernière danse at dawning. Here, a fellow monkeys around with his lady fair in a suitable set of hand-sewn, moccasin-front slip-ons, by Crosby Square, \$17.



Into the woods go a carefree couple in search of a properly secluded sylvan oasis away from the heat of the desert. For a day in the outback, the guy chooses to do his casual clomping in a pair of coarse-grained, slip-on ankle boots, by Mustangs, \$19.



SLIP RIGHT UP!

*the
new and softer
footwear
striding on the
scene this season
is a shoe-in
for all
walks of life*

attire

By ROBERT L. GREEN



Cruising down the river on a Sunday afternoon calls for something sportily sophisticated and yet comfortably casual. The choice here is a pair of cinnamon-toned, European-styled, ultrasoft slip-ons with a squared moccasin front, by Renegades, \$17.

THERE WAS a time when even the most fashion-conscious of men winced at the thought of having to buy new shoes. Unless a chap were privy to a master customizer, he faced a doleful session of "breaking in." Throughout history, men had to do the best they could: the elegant English monarch James biffed around the palace in his slippers rather than hold court in a pair of new patrician pumps. But soft leathers, modern materials and sophisticated new stylings have come to the rescue, and "breaking in" is now something more appropriately left to briar pipes and cow ponies. Today's foot-loose fellow leaves his beefy brogans for tramping an occasional moor while he goes for smooth slip-ons and soft suedes, now as at home at the conference table as at the cabana. Even in formal evening shoes, you'll find the cobbler has done his awl to make them comfortable from first fit to final frug. Seen here, artfully conjured alone and then photographed in action, are some of the newest styles in modern footwear—the softest shoes since Eddie Foy.



A conference-room confab is the spot for doing double duty: a shoe that's comfortable during extended business conversations yet still correct for that Le Pavillon dinner date afterward. The point-scoring executive tries a pair of dark-grained, plain-toe slip-ons, by Verde, \$15.



A venturesome quartet, suited up for a swing through the city, discusses the plan for the day. Whatever the action, the man on the left is ready in a protean pair of brown grained-calf, wingtip strap-and-buckle oxfords, by Bostonian, \$24.



A romantic sports-car couple partakes of a pause that refreshes during an idyllic roadside stopover far removed from the busy highway. Properly Continental down to his toes, the chap is shod in a pair of brown silk-suede semiboats, by Barletta, \$35.



Honor students in California's school for sandal meet for daily beach class where comfort is the only course that is taught. Graduating with highest marks is a pair of European-influenced, open-back waxhide slip-ons with rippled crepe soles, by Jantzen, \$11.



A quiet dinner for two at one of Copenhagen's most elegant restaurants requires just the right sartorial touches. The chap musing over coffee with a delightful Danish pastry matches the formality of the occasion in black wingtip call bluchers, by Weyenberg, \$24.



The happiest of landings is scored by the air-minded gent and his flying machine. In control on the ground as well as in the air, he opts for the comfort of a pair of hand-sewn, smooth-grained, high-ankled waxhide demiboots, by Dexter, \$16.



An evening of dining and dancing at New York's Plaza Hotel really calls for a fellow to put his best foot forward. The lad with a double date all to himself puts his best in black patent-leather formal shoes with strap and velvet-buckle closure, by After Six, \$25.

We're Happening All Over

(continued from page 83)

dissect: WE'RE HAPPENING ALL OVER, BABY!

Adults try to understand the roots of the new radicals' anger; they try to at least categorize the commotion. A middle-aged liberal Republican stockbroker asks a youngster picketing New York's Chase Manhattan Bank because of its participation in the economy of apartheid South Africa: "Do you think your actions can change the world?" "Maybe not," the picket answers. "But I want to make sure the world does not change me."

Harry Reasoner, an analyst for CBS News, looks for a connective thread in the tumult: "What is new is that a sexual revolution is sweeping across campuses today as young people seek greater freedom. And this has somehow become all involved with politics. As though some fateful equation existed between sexual freedom, free speech and a rejection of the values of an adult generation."

That equation does exist. The young radicals insist they have declared war against all the interconnecting, life-smothering forces in the society—from anachronistic parental prohibitions of premarital sex to the constant imminence of a finger on the button that sets off Armageddon. They further insist that they can only find themselves, realize their full capacities, in direct action to change the society.

Kate Coleman, a lissome, 22-year-old member of the Free Speech Movement (now the Free Student Union) at the University of California, tells of what spurred her to confront that multiversity, in which some classes have as many as 1200 students: "I feel I am being swallowed up by a faceless crowd. I don't know whether I am dead and they are alive or they are dead and I am alive. I feel lost in a machine. It is lonely. It is impersonal. It is cold."

In Washington, on April 17, 1965, 25,000 march—the largest American peace demonstration until the march in New York on October 16—in a student-organized protest against the war in Vietnam. In front of the Washington Monument, 26-year-old Paul Potter, then president of Students for a Democratic Society, lashes them to answer a question: "What kind of system is it that leaves millions upon millions throughout the country impoverished and excluded from the mainstream and the promise of American society, that creates faceless and terrible bureaucracies in which people spend their lives and do their work, that consistently puts material values before human values—and still persists in calling itself free and still persists in finding itself fit to police the world?"

His voice rises, and the young seem to ignite in assent: "What place is there for ordinary men in that system and how

are they to control it, make it bend itself to their wills rather than bending them to its? We must name that system. We must name it, describe it, analyze it, understand it and change it." At the end, he tries to span the world for himself and his listeners: "In a strange way the people of Vietnam and the people on this demonstration are united in much more than a common concern that the war be ended. In both countries there are people struggling to build a movement that has the power to change their condition. The system that frustrates these movements is the same. All our lives, our destinies, our very hopes to live, depend on our ability to overcome that system."

Their elders listen, and some ask why more of the new radicals do not also attack other systems—the Russian, the Chinese. J. Edgar Hoover claims to have the answer. Before the House Appropriations subcommittee in March 1965, he says of the student revolt at the University of California the previous fall: "A few hundred students contain within their ranks a handful of Communists that mislead, confuse and bewilder a great many students to their detriment. Communist Party leaders feel that based on what happened on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley, they can exploit similar student demonstrations to their own benefit in the future."

Adding to the chorus of alarmed concern is Dr. Stefan Possony, Director of International Studies at the Hoover Institute, Stanford University. In May 1965, appearing before the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, he warns that "the radicalization of American youth is proceeding beyond the wildest expectations of the Communists."

There are, indeed, Communists in the bristlingly diversified New Left; but they are a small minority. And while they have tried, they have not been able to manipulate such of the major cadres of the new radicals as SDS, SNCC (Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee), NSM (Northern Student Movement), SSOC (Southern Student Organizing Committee) and the newly politicalized CORE (Congress of Racial Equality).

The influence on the militant young of the limp, shuffling American Communist Party is practically nonexistent. At 54, Gus Hall, the Party's general secretary, presides over a barren domain of 8000 to 10,000 aging members.

More vivid, more voluble and much younger are the new Communists—the pro-Mao adherents of the Progressive Labor Party. That center of apocalyptic rhetoric was organized in 1961 by 38-year-old Milton Rosen and 40-year-old Mortimer Scheer—who had been expelled by the vintage Communist Party. The membership of PLP, centered

mainly in New York and San Francisco, is 1400 and its average age is 25. The stance of PLP is violent. It aches for the red glare of cities exploding into battlefields between the virtuous, invincible poor and the helmeted minions of capitalist oppression. Its literature persistently—and laboriously—calls for revolution rather than "collaboration."

Ominous rumors proliferate concerning PLP—stories of stacks of hidden arms; subterranean funds from Red China; classes in the techniques of karate, disguises and forgery as preparations for going underground. None of these rumored attempts to tool up for actual revolution has yet been proved, though not for want of trying. All phones in PLP offices are tapped; its leaders are under surveillance; and undoubtedly there is more than one FBI member in the guise of a PLP foot soldier.

The visible activities of the Progressive Labor Party have so far been attempts to sink roots in the slums of Harlem, the Lower East Side and San Francisco. PLP organizes rent strikes, remedial-reading clinics, child-care services and demonstrations against police brutality. In the process, they try to sell their Marxist-Leninism and their roaring newspapers—*Challenge* in New York and *Spark* in San Francisco. There is no evidence that they have converted more than a few of the black and Puerto Rican poor to their credo of cosmic cataclysm. "They get some support," says a CORE worker in Harlem, "on the immediate, gut issues like slumlords and the cops. But the people here just don't give a damn about foreign affairs and Marxism. They want jobs. And PLP ain't about to be able to get them any jobs."

Charges of pro-Soviet Communism have been made against another group of dissidents—the DuBois Clubs, named after the patrician Negro intellectual, William DuBois, one of the founders of the NAACP. Late in his long, energetic life, DuBois joined the Communist Party. He died, mordantly anti-American, an expatriate in Ghana. The DuBois Clubs are strongest in San Francisco, where they were formed in June 1964. They have grown to 44 chapters with more than 2000 members on campuses and in cities.

Judging from their literature and from talks with their leaders, the DuBois Clubs are vaguely socialist, unreservedly critical of the United States, and committed to the achievement of a "socialist America" through democratic political processes rather than revolution. The leaders maintain, as one of them puts it, that "the Soviet Union and the whole socialist bloc—including the new nations in Africa and Asia—have broken loose from some of the basic problems that are at the heart of this country's social system."

A smaller core of rebels—with 500 to
(continued on page 144)



THE GOOD DOCTOR

*mankind was already
pretty well diseased up,
but he kept checking
his pathology handbook
to see what he could find*

fiction **By ALLAN SEAGER**

DR. JOHN TENORIO was one of the 500 researchers at St. Christopher's Hospital and consequently he nursed fierce ambitions for fame and money. Driven by a profound faith in his fellow man, he was inventing a new disease. He could see that the public would not accept another killer like cancer or heart disease, and in his carrel he bent over a large drawing of the human figure, inking long red arrows to the sites of every ailment he could find in his pathology handbook to see if any region had been slighted. He could find none. Mankind was already pretty well diseased up. He despaired.

Dr. Emmett Ellis, a milky, diffident young man, looked over the partition. Fired by the hope that the brass would take notice and give him a decent job, Ellis was writing up the cases of three different housewives in three different station wagons taking their kids to three different schools, who had been sawed in two by seat belts in trilling accidents. Employed in an automobile hospital, Ellis thought of automobiles. He lacked imagination, Tenorio thought. And Ellis, balked by his inability to write coherent English, was always leaning over the partition and whispering, "What you working on now, John? What you working on now?"

Tenorio tried to maintain a stony silence, but he burped. Like all public institutions, St. Christopher's served mostly carbohydrates; and (continued on page 154)





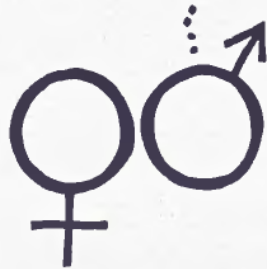
"These are our loving cups."

SYMBOLIC SEX

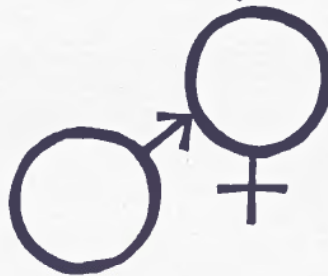
more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times
humor By DON ADDIS



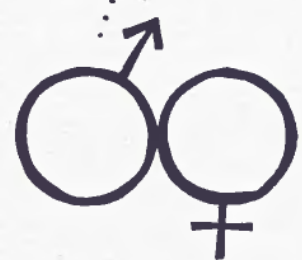
WELL, IT TAKES
ALL KINDS



OH, TOUCHE
YOURSELF!



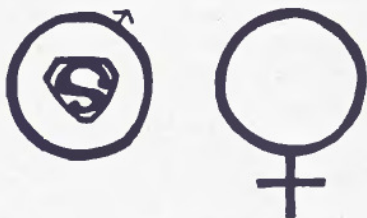
FORGIVE ME FOR
SUSPECTING THERE
WAS SOMEONE ELSE



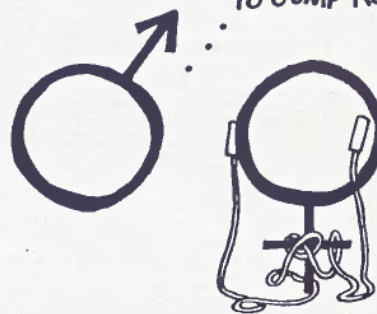
OK, TURN
THE PAGE



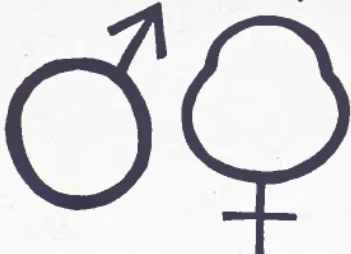
MAYBE SO, BUT I'M FASTER
THAN A SPEEDING BULLET



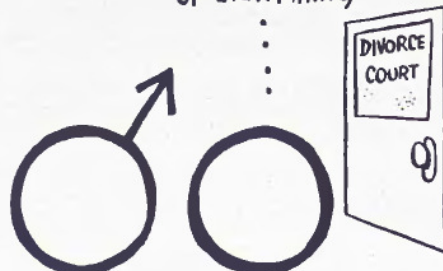
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE
GETTING TOO BIG
TO JUMP ROPE



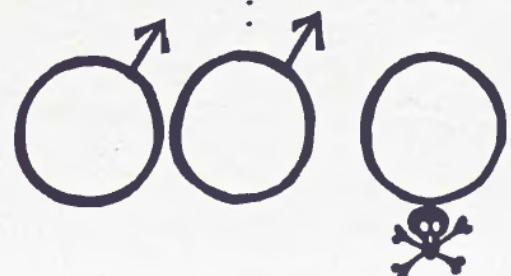
I HAVE SOMETHING
TO TELL YOU, HERSCHEL



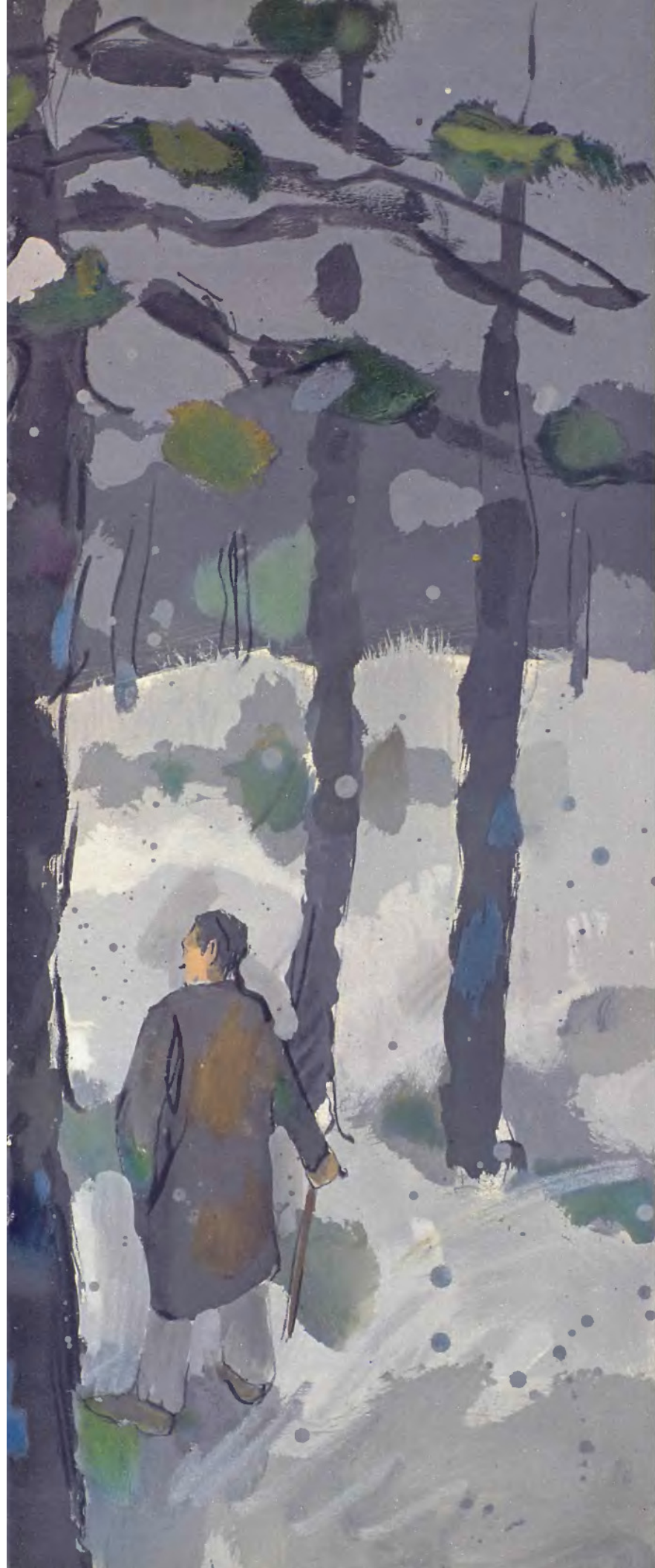
SHE GOT CUSTODY
OF EVERYTHING



SHE'S A FEMME FATALE
IF I EVER SAW ONE!







despair

it was as though this bizarre and frightening scheme were taking possession of him, independent of his conscious thought, without his volition, beyond his control

Part IV of a novel

By VLADIMIR NABOKOV

SYNOPSIS: *In a comfortable flat in Berlin dwell our narrator, Hermann, a chocolate merchant; his wife, Lydia; and their maid, Elsie. A frequent visitor is the painter Ardalion, Lydia's cousin. Another caller is the philosophic Orlovius.*

Although he is unaware of it at the time, Hermann's life reaches an ominous turning point when, during a business trip to Prague, he meets Felix, an unemployed wanderer, and immediately decides that the latter is his double. Felix, however, does not see this resemblance; yet he humors Hermann in the hope that the merchant can get him a job. This Hermann agrees to do and, still stunned by what he alone deems to be the uncanny closeness of their resemblance, he acquires his double's mailing address near Tarnitz and returns to his home in Berlin.

There he finds that his business is failing rapidly and that he now faces bankruptcy. In addition, he discovers Lydia and Ardalion romping, playing cards, wrestling occasionally in the painter's shabby studio. For the most part, Hermann—ever preoccupied with his mirrors, in which he may envisage himself as one of history's greats or an utter failure—ignores these frolics. One day he joins his wife and her cousin in a picnic at Ardalion's wooded retreat near Koenigsdorf. Hermann finds himself strangely and strongly drawn to this rustic bosque and, later, he revisits it alone on a number of occasions. Gradually, he discovers within himself an alien compulsion to see Felix again; he therefore arranges to meet his double in Tarnitz. Slowly a bizarre and dangerous plan, involving Felix, has begun to obsess him.

In a public park in Tarnitz, Hermann and Felix talk at length about their origins, their relationship to each other, and about Felix' role in Hermann's scheme. Hermann takes his double to dinner and then to his hotel. While Felix sleeps, Hermann steals away and entrains for Berlin.

The stage, he knows, is set for the playing out of his macabre scheme.

WHEN I RETURNED from Tarnitz to Berlin and drew up an inventory of my soul's belongings, I rejoiced like a child over the small but certain riches found therein, and I had the sensation that, renovated, refreshed, released, I was entering, as the

saying goes, upon a new period of life. I had a bird-witted but attractive wife who worshiped me; a nice little flat; an accommodating stomach; and a blue car. There was in me, I felt, a poet, an author; also, big commercial capacities, albeit business remained pretty dull. Felix, my double, seemed no more than a harmless curio, and, quite possibly, I should in those days have told friends about him, had I had any friends. I toyed with the idea of dropping my chocolate and taking up something else; the publishing, for instance, of expensive volumes *de luxe* dealing exhaustively with sexual relations as revealed in literature, art, science . . . in short, I was bursting with fierce energy which I did not know how to apply.

One November evening, especially, stands out in my memory: upon coming home from the office I did not find my wife in—she had left me a note saying she had gone to the movies. Not knowing what to do with myself I paced the rooms and snapped my fingers; then sat down at my desk with the intention of writing a bit of fine prose, but all I managed to do was to beslobber my pen and draw a series of running noses; so I got up and went out, because I was in sore need of some sort—any sort of intercourse with the world, my own company being intolerable, since it excited me too much and to no purpose. I betook myself to Ardalion; a mountebank of a man, red-blooded and despicable. When at last he let me in (he locked himself up in his room for fear of creditors) I caught myself wondering why had I come at all.

"Lydia is here," he said, revolving something in his mouth (chewing gum as it proved later). "The woman is very ill. Make yourself comfortable."

On Ardalion's bed, half dressed—that is, shoeless and wearing only a rumpled green slip—Lydia lay smoking.

"Oh, Hermann," she said, "how nice of you to think of coming. There's something wrong with my tum. Sit down here. It's better now, but I felt awful at the cinema."

"In the middle of a jolly good film, too," Ardalion complained, as he poked at his pipe and scattered its black contents about the floor. "She's been sprawling like that for the last half-hour. A woman's imagination, that's all. Fit as a fiddle."

"Tell him to hold his tongue," said Lydia.

"Look here," I said, turning to Ardalion. "surely I am not mistaken; you have painted, haven't you, such a picture—a briar pipe and two roses?"

He produced a sound, which indiscriminate novel-writers render thus: "H'm."

"Not that I know of," he replied, "you seem to have been working too much, old chap."

"My first," said Lydia lying on the

bed; with her eyes shut, "my first is a romantic fiery feeling. My second is a beast. My whole is a beast too, if you like—or else a dauber."

"Do not mind her," said Ardalion. "As to that pipe and roses, no, I can't think of it. But you might look for yourself."

His daubs hung on the walls, lay in disorder on the table, were heaped in a corner. Everything in the room was fluffy with dust. I examined the smudgy purplish spots of his water colors; fingered gingerly several greasy pastels lying on a rickety chair . . .

"First," said Ardalion to his fair cousin, a horrid tease, "you should learn to spell my name."

I left the room and made my way to the landlady's dining room. That ancient dame, very like an owl, was sitting in a Gothic armchair which stood on a slight elevation of the floor next to the window and was darning a stocking distended upon a wooden mushroom.

" . . . To see the pictures," I said.

"Pray do," she answered graciously.

Immediately to the right of the sideboard I espied what I was seeking; it turned out, however, to be not quite two roses and not quite a pipe, but a couple of large peaches and a glass ashtray.

I came back in a state of acute irritation.

"Well," Ardalion inquired, "found it?"

Shook my head. Lydia had already slipped on her dress and shoes and was in the act of smoothing her hair before the mirror with Ardalion's hairbrush.

"Funny—must have eaten something," she said with that little trick she had of narrowing her nose.

"Just wind," remarked Ardalion. "Wait a moment, you people. I'm coming with you. I'll be dressed in a jiffy. Turn away, Lyddy."

He was in a patched, color-smears house-painter's smock, coming down almost to his heels. This he took off. There was nothing beneath save his silver cross and symmetrical tufts of hair. I do hate slovenliness and dirt. Upon my word, Felix was somehow cleaner than he. Lydia looked out of the window and kept humming a little song which had long gone out of fashion (and how badly she pronounced the German words). Ardalion wandered about the room, dressing by stages according to what he discovered in the most unexpected spots.

"Ah, me!" he explained all at once. "What can there be more commonplace than an impecunious artist? If some good soul helped me to arrange an exhibition, next day I'd be famous and rich."

He had supper with us, then played cards with Lydia and left after midnight. I offer this as a sample of an evening gaily and profitably spent. Yes, all was well, all was excellent, I felt another man, refreshed, renovated, released (a flat, a wife, the pleasant, all-pervading cold of an iron-hard Berlin winter) and

so on. I cannot refrain from giving as well an instance of my literary exercises—a sort of subconscious training, I suppose, in view of my present tussle with this harassing tale. The coy trifles composed that winter have been destroyed, but one of them still lingers in my memory. . . . Which reminds me of Turgenev's prose poems. . . . "How fair, how fresh were the roses" to the accompaniment of the piano. So may I trouble you for a little music.

Once upon a time there lived a weak, seedy, but fairly rich person, one Mr. X.Y. He was in love with a bewitching young lady, who, alas, paid no attention to him. One day, while traveling, this pale, dull man happened to notice, on the seashore, a young fisherman called Mario, a merry, sunburned, strong fellow, who, for all that, was marvelously, stupendously like him. A cute idea occurred to our hero: he invited the young lady to come with him to the seaside. They lodged at different hotels. On the very first morning she went for a walk and saw from the top of the cliff—whom? Was that really Mr. X.Y.? Well, I never! He was standing on the sand below, merry, sunburned, in a striped jersey, with bare strong arms (but it was Mario!). The damsel returned to her hotel all aquiver and waited, waited! The golden minutes turning into lead . . .

In the meantime the real Mr. X.Y. who, from behind a bay tree, had seen her looking down at Mario, his double (and was now giving her heart time to ripen definitely), loitered anxiously about the village dressed in a town suit, with a lilac tie. All of a sudden a brown fishergirl in a scarlet skirt called out to him from the threshold of a cottage and with a Latin gesture of surprise exclaimed: "How wonderfully you are dressed up, Mario! I always thought you were a simple rude fisherman, as all our young men are, and I did not love you; but now, now . . ." She drew him into the hut. Whispering lips, a blend of fish and hair lotion, burning caresses. So the hours fled . . .

At last Mr. X.Y. opened his eyes and went to the hotel where his dear one, his only love, was feverishly awaiting him. "I have been blind," she cried as he entered. "And now my sight has been restored by your appearing in all your bronze nakedness on that sun-kissed beach. Yes, I love you. Do with me what you will." Whispering lips? Burning caresses? Fleeting hours? No, alas, no—emphatically no. Only a lingering smell of fish. The poor fellow was thoroughly spent by his recent spree, and so there he sat, very glum and downcast, thinking what a fool he had been to betray and annul his own glorious plan.

Very mediocre stuff, I know that myself. During the process of writing I was under the impression that I was turning

(continued on page 156)



TRIO CON BRIO

BELLISSIMA! WONDERBAR! SMASHING! FROM ITALY, GERMANY AND ENGLAND, PLAYBOY PRESENTS A PROVOCATIVE CINEMATIC THREESOME

THE THREE TRANSATLANTIC TREATS shown above—Rossana Podesta, Christiane Schmidtmer and Shirley Anne Field, in the usual order—are exemplary examples of the wave of European actresses who are currently making a sizable splash on both sides of the ocean by combining refreshing good looks with creditable acting abilities. In recent years, Europe has all but totally eclipsed the U. S. as an abundant source of bountifully endowed talent, closing the Hollywood sex-star gap created by a noticeable lack of home-grown product. And PLAYBOY has kept its readers apprised visually and verbally of the latest distaff stars rising on the European horizon. In October 1965, we rendezvoused with Gaul's golden-haired Catherine Deneuve (*France's Deneuve Wave*), now captivating U. S. audiences in *Umbrellas of Cherbourg* and shocking them in *Repulsion*. In the interest of maintaining international relations on an unbiased basis, we are presenting herewith a similar pictorial tribute to the trio of film lovelies, above, from three other European countries. (At this point, it should be noted that shortly after Mlle. Deneuve's in-the-altogether posing for PLAYBOY's photographer David Bailey, she and Dave became man and femme; and though our blessings went with them, we decided that henceforth, in order to avoid connubial complications in our photo ranks, we would keep a closer eye on our photographers while they keep a keen eye on their subjects.) And now we recommend that the reader give our present three lensed lovelies the first, second and third look-overs they so richly deserve.



ROSSANA PODESTA

The ebon-haired Miss Podesta, a Roman holiday all by herself, was born in Tripoli, but her family moved to Italy when she was five. Like so many of Italy's abundantly endowed *signorine*, Rossana bloomed early, received her first film offer while she was still in high school. It wasn't too long before her flashing eyes, engaging smile and bravura figure were adding a zesty Italian dressing to such international potboilers as *Ulysses* (with Kirk Douglas), *Storm in Paradise* (with Jeff Chandler) and *Sodom and Gomorrah* (with Stewart Granger). Rossana was last seen on these shores in *Naked Hours*, which was directed by the pneumatic Miss Podesta's favorite movie major-domo, her husband, Marco Vicario. The costumes that Rossana so cooperatively and conspicuously kept slipping out of for the *PLAYBOY* photographer were especially designed to accentuate her multitudinous charms and are from her new film, *Seven Golden Men* (this one written, produced and directed by Vicario, and called Cinecittà's answer to *Goldfinger*), in which she plays a guileful, eye-filling, *Rififi*-type adventuress, and which recently garnered a cluster of critical kudos at the Venice Film Festival.







CHRISTIANE SCHMIDTMER

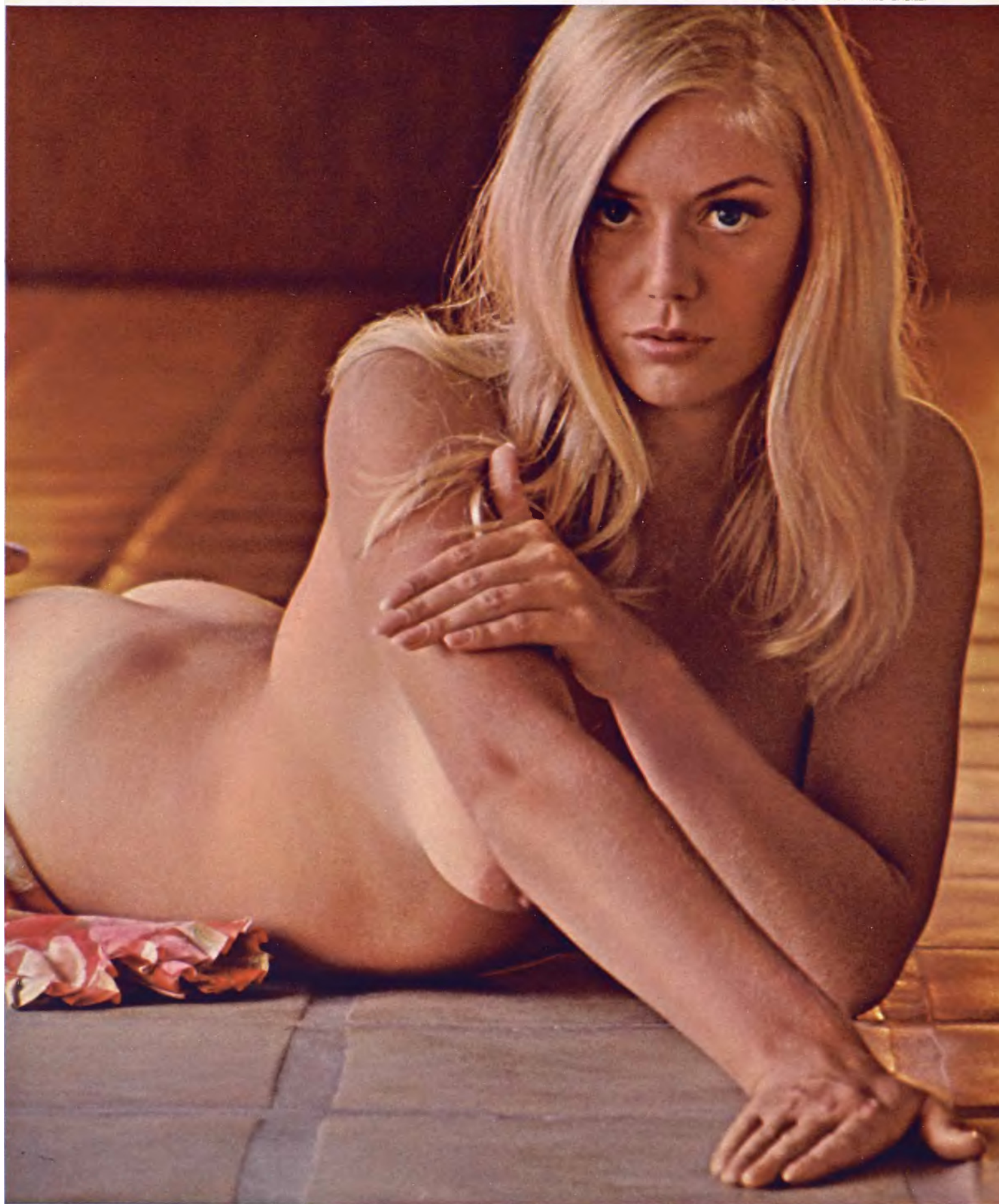
Known to West Berliners as "*Liebesbombe*" (Lovebomb), blonde, buxomy, blue-eyed Christiane Schmidtmer was recently and, as you can see here, appropriately honored by having a topless bathing suit (the "Schmidtmer") named after her. A talented comedienne whose accented English is of the Zsa Zsa genre, Christiane's off-screen antics include a predilection for oddball pets. Current attraction: a cheetah. *Fräulein* Schmidtmer's acting career got its start with a touring German stock company; it was there that she developed a light comic touch, though American audiences' first glimpse of her was in a fast-paced melodrama, *Verspätung in Marienborn*, brought over here under the title *Stop Train 349*. But it was her role in *Ship of Fools*, as the Brünnhilden girlfriend of José Ferrer, that set her on the path to stardom. Christiane put on extra poundage to maintain the Wagnerian proportions producer Stanley Kramer was after, but her latest cinemadventure, *Boeing, Boeing*, finds Miss Schmidtmer svelter but no less formidable as she stars with Jerry Lewis and Tony Curtis. With only two major movies behind her, the maiden from Mannheim has already earned the accolade of one Hollywood film critic as being among the most exciting German imports since Dietrich, which is praise, indeed.







Standing 5' 6" and awesomely dimensioned at 42½-26-38, Christiane is the very model of a modern-day Valkyrie.



Her starring roles, as *the blonde* in the much-acclaimed drama *Ship of Fools* and in the lightweight international comedy *Boeing, Boeing*, have given American audiences ample opportunity to observe and enjoy Christiane's ample talents.



SHIRLEY ANNE FIELD

A perky, pretty Lancashire lass, dark-eyed Shirley Anne Field grew up in an orphanage, started working in an office at 15, became a high-fashion model and then a many-time winner of beauty contests before making her film debut, while still a teenager, in *Dry Rot*. Her big breakthrough in movies came when she was given a starring role opposite Sir Laurence Olivier in the award-winning film *The Entertainer*, and proved to British studio heads that she was not only a sultry and delectable dish but a highly competent actress as well. Until *The Entertainer*, she had played many minor roles, almost all of them focused on her physical and sensual attractions, with very little opportunity for attention-getting emoting. However, moviegoers are now having a Field day in that Shirley Anne has at last been allowed to prove that her acting abilities are on a par with her anatomical assets. As cases in point, we offer her most recent films: *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (in which she co-starred with Albert Finney), *The War Lover*, *Kings of the Sun* and her latest, *Alfie*, in which she shares some affectionate nude-in-the-bed scenes with Michael (Ipswich File) Caine. Shirley Anne, whose off-camera interests cover a broad spectrum, avidly follows the fortunes of English auto-racing idols Jim Clark, Graham Hill and John Surtees, and the *haute-couture* carryings-on of St. Laurent, Bohan and Chanel.





Scientifically programed for
ready comprehension
at all grade levels

1.1. Once upon a time there were *three* bears—Poppa Bear, Momma Bear and little tiny Baby Bear—who all lived together in a house in the woods.

Now answer the question.

Question: How many bears were there, and what were their names?

- a. There was one bear named Poppa, Momma and Baby Bear. Go on to 1.3.
- b. There were two bears named Poppa, Momma and Baby Bear. Go on to 1.4.
- c. There were *three* bears named Poppa, Momma and Baby Bear. Go on to 1.5.

Page 1

1.2. You should not be reading this para. This is a programed fairy tale, which differs from conventional fairy tales in being much better because of the way it's arranged. Go back to 1.1 and follow instructions *exactly*.

1.3. Your answer: There was one bear named Poppa, Momma and Baby Bear. No. Go back to 1.1 and reread the para., paying close attention to the first line—particularly the seventh word in that line—and then reconsider your response.

1.4. Your answer: There were two bears named Poppa, Momma and Baby Bear. That is wrong, but your answer is very close. Go back to 1.1 and reread the para. *one more* time.

1.5. Your answer: There were *three* bears named Poppa, Momma and Baby Bear. Excellent! You have read the para. intelligently and have given the correct response when asked to do so. This is the principle of all modern education, which is epitomized in programed instruction of this type. Keep up the good work and you will soon be exhibiting the terminal behavior the program you are executing was designed to provoke. Now go on to 1.6 and let us continue with our story.

1.6. We have discussed the names of the *three* bears and how many there were, and we have learned that they lived in a house in the woods. You are now ready to go on to the next part of the story. Go on to 1.8.

1.7. You should not be reading this para. Nowhere in the foregoing have you been instructed to "go on to 1.7," which is where you are now. Do not be alarmed or discouraged. All

Page 2

Goldilocks and the Three Bears

thanks to scientifically programed educational techniques, all it takes is one easy lesson to learn that even a child's fable is fraught with significance, hidden meaning—and total confusion

humor

By JAMES RANSOM



your life you have been going from one para. to the next in the materials you have been reading, so naturally the habit is strong. However, if you pay attention to the instructions, you will not make the same mistake again.

If you arrived here from 1.6, go back to 1.6 and proceed to 1.8 as instructed. If you arrived here from somewhere else, go back to 1.1 and start over.

1.8. We take up our story of the Bear family at breakfast "once upon a time." There were *three* of them, you will remember—Poppa Bear, Momma Bear and little tiny Baby Bear—and they all lived together in a house in the woods. Well, one morning they all came down to breakfast and sat down to eat their porridge, which is a sort of pudding or gruel made by boiling some vegetable or grain in water or milk, and Poppa Bear said, "This porridge is much too *hot*!" "Yes," agreed Momma Bear, "my porridge is much too *hot* also!" "Ouch, I *burned* my tongue!" squeaked little Baby Bear in his tiny voice.

Now answer the question.

Question: What was wrong with the porridge?

- a. It was much too cold. Go on to 1.10.
- b. It was much too *hot*. Go on to 1.11.
- c. Don't know. Go on to 1.12.

1.9. You should not be reading this para. This para. is merely an organizational device for the purpose of reminding you that you are not following the instructions faithfully. Go back to 1.1 and start over.

Page 3

1.10. Your answer: It was much too cold. That is wrong. A useful trick is to pay special attention to the words the programmer has caused (by underlining) to be printed in italic (sloping) letters. In 1.8 you will note that the word "hot" has been *italicized* twice and the word "burned" once. Are you beginning to see what was wrong with your answer? Good! Now go back to 1.8 and reconsider your response.

1.11. Your answer: It was much too *hot*. Excellent! You have proved your ability to read for content, grasping the key concepts and retaining what you remember under the stress of questioning. We are sure your parents and your brothers and sisters are proud of the way you are progressing. Now go on to 1.13 and proceed to the next phase of this exciting story.

1.12. Your answer: You don't know what was wrong with the porridge. That's a good answer! It is better to admit you don't know than to reach blindly for the answer, hoping to succeed by good luck. Perhaps you need glasses, or a complete neurological examination. The school nurse will tell you if funds for such services are available in your district. Now go back to 1.1 and start over, asking your teacher for help if you think you need it.

1.13. Well, let's see—where were we? Oh, yes! The *three* bears—Poppa Bear, Momma Bear and little tiny Baby Bear—had just come down to breakfast and found their porridge too *hot*. Now, then. What do you think happened? Well, Poppa Bear had a wonderful idea! What do you suppose it was?

Now answer the question.

Question: What was it?

a. Wait until it got cool. Go on to 1.14.

b. The porridge was too *hot*. Go on to 1.15.

c. To go and look for honey and Goldilocks comes in and tries the porridge and eats the Baby Bear's porridge all up and then the bit with the chairs and then she goes upstairs and falls asleep and the bears come back and find her and she runs away. Go on to 1.18.

1.14. Your answer: Wait until it got cool. That's a good answer! It shows you are capable of thinking for yourself and approaching the decision-making process in a forthright way. However, Poppa Bear operates under certain coercions which will presently become evident. Go back to 1.1 and start over.

1.15. Your answer: The porridge was too *hot*. Excellent! You have grasped one of the key concepts in the story, which is that the porridge was too *hot*, which is a device used by

1.16. All right. Read this para. and then go on to 1.17, which is a continuation of 1.15.

1.17. the programmer to get the *three* bears out of the house so that the next thing can happen. Without this key concept, none of the rest of the action could take place, could it? It is the function of this type of learning to emphasize key concepts and reinforce your *understanding* of what you read rather than the simple recitation of dry, meaningless facts. Now go on to 1.19.

1.18. Your answer: To go and look for honey and Goldilocks comes in and tries the porridge and eats the Baby Bear's porridge all up and then the bit with the chairs and then she goes upstairs and falls asleep and the bears come back and find her and she runs away. Ventricular activation time (VAT) is the interval between the beginning of the QRS complex and the peak of the R wave. Excellent! You have grasped the key concepts and have proved that you can exhibit the terminal behavior this program was designed to elicit. You are now ready to take the final examination. Go on to 1.20.

1.19. Your answer: Ventricular activation time (VAT) is the interval between, Momma Bear, and little tiny Baby Bear—who all lived together in a house in the woods. That is correct. Go on to 1.2.

1.20. Final examination:

Below are listed three statements. All of them may be true, all may be false, or some may be false and some true. Read the statements carefully and then select the answer below that best represents your understanding of the story. But be careful! A hasty decision may send you back to 1.2 or even 1.1!

The statements:

(1) You should not read the next para.

(2) Once upon a time there were *three* bears—Poppa Bear, Momma Bear and little tiny Baby Bear.

(3) They all lived together in the country.

Choose one answer from the following:

a. Statements (1) and (3) are true; statement (2) is false. Go on to 1.21.

b. Statement (2) is false; the rest are true. Go on to 1.22.

c. Statement (1) is true; statement (2) is false; and statement (3) is true. Go on to 1.23.

1.21. Your answer: The porridge was too *hot*. This is a true statement, but it does not answer the question. Go back to 1.1.

1.22. Your answer: Ventricular activation time (VAT) is the interval between, Mommatwear~~ccc###killkillkill~~. That is correct. Go on to 1.2.

1.23. Your answer: Your little brother is reading *Pride and Prejudice* already at the parochial school. That makes no difference. We must proceed in an orderly manner, tightening our grasp on the key concepts as we go. When we decide to program *Pride and Prejudice* we'll program *Pride and Prejudice*. Now go back to 1.1 and start over.

1.24. Your answer: Nothing is true; everything is false. Excellent! Go back to 1.1 and start over.

1.25. Your answer: Once upon a time there were *three* bears—Poppa Bear, Momma Bear and little tiny Baby Bear—Excellent! Go on to 1.26.

1.26. Your answer:—who all lived together in a house in the woods. Excellent! For tomorrow read *Pride and Prejudice*. We'll show those sisters! Go on to 1.27.

1.27. There'll be a quiz.



*"My agent says I
can become a star
if I let the right
people handle me."*



the purple grapes of queen julishka

Ribald Classic

from the Hungarian folk tales of Csonka

IN THE GOLDEN days after the Turks had been driven from Hungary for the final time, there ruled over the vast Puszta region the queen Julishka, who was so endowed of face and form that all men, even the pious, summarily succumbed to her charms—all except one.

This was the cavalry lieutenant Bodie, who preferred instead Julishka's youngest lady in waiting, a target barely 17 and not nearly so worldly as her queen. But Julishka did not relish playing second choice. On discovering the lusty lieutenant in informal posture with this maiden one night upon the plain, the queen was sore distressed.

"Wretched Bodie!" she proclaimed. "For this, you shall submit to the justice of Bacchus!"

This "justice" was a trial of Julishka's own invention. Into a silver chalice she placed a white grape and a purple one. Then the defendant was blindfolded and commanded to draw forth a grape. If the fruit was white, he went free; if purple, he was thrown to a pack of wild dogs caged beneath the castle for just such festive maneuvers.

Bodie was less than happy over his monarch's announcement. He knew from the past that when the "crime" was slight, the culprit on trial seemed to draw the white grape more often than not. Yet when a crime of some magnitude had been committed, the purple grape turned up with depressing regularity. The fact that her Majesty was more than



adept at card tricks and parlor magic caused the perceptive lieutenant to ponder; for Bodie was not precisely a fool.

Julishka set the trial for the next evening. When all was ready, she moved gracefully to a silver chalice. She held up a white grape and a purple one. Then, in a sudden swirling motion that revealed even more of her lovely bosom than usual, she dropped two grapes into the chalice. Bodie's eyes were riveted to her hands and he discerned a fleeting flash of purple—on both grapes. At this point he was certain he had trapped his queen.

Now a silken blindfold was quickly slipped over his eyes. The chalice was brought to him.

"Remove a grape," the queen murmured.

Bodie took a full breath and dipped into the chalice. His fingers closed about a grape which he withdrew, popped into his mouth and swallowed.

Of all the nobles present, none, to this point, could discern the color of the grape he had gulped. He then coolly removed the blindfold and nodded toward the chalice containing the remaining grape.

"I can tell by the taste I drew the white grape," he announced. "If you will but look into the chalice, you will find that the remaining grape is purple."

Then, bowing low to his lovely queen, he turned with a wink to her lady in waiting.

—Retold by William Danch 

OCTOPUSSY *(continued from page 62)*

into the living room and seen the tall man in the dark-blue tropical suit standing at the picture window looking out to sea. Major Smythe had somehow sensed bad news and, when the man had turned slowly toward him and looked at him with watchful, serious gray-blue eyes, he had known that this was officialdom and, when his cheery smile was not returned, inimical officialdom. And a chill had run down Major Smythe's spine. "They" had somehow found out.

"Well, well. I'm Smythe. I gather you're from Government House. How's Sir Kenneth?"

There was somehow no question of shaking hands. The man said, "I haven't met him. I only arrived a couple of days ago. I've been out round the island most of the time. My name's Bond, James Bond. I'm from the Ministry of Defense."

Major Smythe remembered the hoary euphemism for the Secret Service. He said bonhomously, "Oh. The old firm?"

The question had been ignored. "Is there somewhere we can talk?"

"Rather. Anywhere you like. Here or in the garden? What about a drink?" Major Smythe clinked the ice in the glass he still held in his hand. "Rum and ginger's the local poison. I prefer the ginger by itself." The lie came out with the automatic smoothness of the alcoholic.

"No thanks. And here would be fine." The man leaned negligently against the wide mahogany window sill.

Major Smythe sat down and threw a jaunty leg over the low arm of one of the comfortable planters' chairs he had had copied from an original by the local cabinetmaker. He pulled out the drink coaster from the other arm, took a deep pull at his glass and slid it, with a consciously steady hand, down into the hole in the wood. "Well," he said cheerily, looking the other man straight in the eyes, "what can I do for you? Somebody been up to some dirty work on the north shore and you need a spare hand? Be glad to get into harness again. It's been a long time since those days, but I can still remember some of the old routines."

"Do you mind if I smoke?" The man had already got his cigarette case in his hand. It was a flat gun-metal one that would hold around 25. Somehow this small sign of a shared weakness comforted Major Smythe.

"Of course, my dear fellow." He made a move to get up, his lighter ready.

"It's all right, thanks." James Bond had already lit his cigarette. "No, it's nothing local. I want to, I've been sent out to ask you to recall your work for the Service at the end of the War." James Bond paused and looked down at Major Smythe carefully. "Particularly the time when you were working with the Miscellaneous Objectives Bureau."

Major Smythe laughed sharply. He had known it. He had known it for absolutely sure. But when it came out of this man's mouth, the laugh had been forced out of Major Smythe like the scream of a hit man. "Oh, Lord, yes. Good old MOB. That was a lark all right." He laughed again. He felt the anginal pain, brought on by the pressure of what he knew was coming, build up across his chest. He dipped his hand into his trouser pocket, tilted the little bottle into the palm of his hand and slipped the white TNT pill under his tongue. He was amused to see the tension coil up in the other man, the way the eyes narrowed watchfully. It's all right, my dear fellow. This isn't a death pill. He said, "You troubled with acidosis? No? It slays me when I go on a bender. Last night. Party at Jamaica Inn. One really ought to stop thinking one's always twenty-five. Anyway, let's get back to MOB Force. Not many of us left, I suppose." He felt the pain across his chest withdraw into its lair. "Something to do with the official history?"

James Bond looked down at the tip of his cigarette. "Not exactly."

"I expect you know I wrote most of the chapter on the Force for the War Book. It's fifteen years since then. Doubt if I'd have much to add today."

"Nothing more about that operation in the Tyrol—place called Oberaurach, about a mile east of Kitzbühel?"

One of the names he had been living with for 15 years forced another harsh laugh out of Major Smythe. "That was a piece of cake! You've never seen such a shambles. All those Gestapo toughs with their doxies. All of 'em hog-drunk. They'd kept their files all ticketty-boo. Handed them over without a murmur. Hoped that'd earn 'em easy treatment, I suppose. We gave the stuff a first going over and shipped all the bods off to the Munich camp. Last I heard of them. Most of them hanged for war crimes, I expect. We handed the bunch over to H.Q. at Salzburg. Then we went on up the Mittersill valley after another hide-out." Major Smythe took a good pull at his drink and lit a cigarette. He looked up. "That's the long and the short of it."

"You were number two at the time, I think. The C.O. was an American, a Colonel King from Patton's army."

"That's right. Nice fellow. Wore a mustache, which isn't like an American. Knew his way among the local wines. Quite a civilized chap."

"In his report about the operation, he wrote that he handed you all the documents for a preliminary run-through, as you were the German expert with the unit. Then you gave them all back to him with your comments?" James Bond paused. "Every single one of them?"

Major Smythe ignored the innuendo. "That's right. Mostly lists of names. Counterintelligence dope. The CI people in Salzburg were very pleased with the stuff. Gave them plenty of new leads. I expect the originals are lying about somewhere. They'll have been used for the Nuremberg trials. Yes, by Jove!" Major Smythe was reminiscent, pally. "Those were some of the jolliest months of my life, haring around the country with MOB Force. Wine, women and song! And you can say that again!"

Here, Major Smythe was saying the whole truth. He had had a dangerous and uncomfortable War until 1945. When the commandos were formed in 1940, he had volunteered and been seconded from the Royal Marines to Combined Operations Headquarters under Mountbatten. There his excellent German (his mother had come from Heidelberg) had earned him the unenviable job of being advanced interrogator on commando operations across the Channel. He had been lucky to get away from two years of this work unscathed and with the O. B. E. (Military), which was sparingly awarded in the last War. And then, in preparation for the defeat of Germany, the Miscellaneous Objectives Bureau had been formed jointly by the Secret Service and Combined Operations and Major Smythe had been given the temporary rank of lieutenant colonel and told to form a unit whose job would be the cleaning up of Gestapo and Abwehr hideouts when the collapse of Germany came about. The OSS got to hear of the scheme and insisted on getting into the act to cope with the American wing of the front, and the result was the creation of not one, but six units that went into operation in Germany and Austria on the day of surrender. They were units of 20 men, each with a light armored car, six jeeps, a wireless truck and three lorries, and they were controlled by a joint Anglo-American headquarters in SHAEF which also fed them with targets from the army intelligence units and from the SIS and OSS. Major Smythe had been number two of A Force which had been allotted the Tyrol—an area full of good hiding places with easy access to Italy and perhaps out of Europe—that was known to have been chosen as funk hole number one by the people MOB Force was after. And, as Major Smythe had just told Bond, they had had themselves a ball. All without firing a shot—except, that is, two fired by Major Smythe.

James Bond said casually, "Does the name of Hannes Oberhauser ring a bell?"

Major Smythe frowned, trying to remember. "Can't say it does." It was 80 degrees in the shade, but he shivered.

"Let me refresh your memory. On the same day those documents were given to

you to look over, you made inquiries at the Tiefenbrunner hotel, where you were billeted, for the best mountain guide in Kitzbühel. You were referred to Oberhauser. The next day you asked your C. O. for a day's leave, which was granted. Early next morning you went to Oberhauser's chalet, put him under close arrest and drove him away in your jeep. Does that ring a bell?"

That phrase about "refreshing your memory." How often had Major Smythe himself used it when he was trying to trap a German liar? Take your time! You've been ready for something like this for years. Major Smythe shook his head doubtfully. "Can't say it does."

"A man with graying hair and a gammy leg. Spoke some English, as he'd been a ski teacher before the War."

Major Smythe looked candidly into the cold, clear blue eyes. "Sorry. Can't help you."

James Bond took a small blue-leather notebook out of his inside pocket and turned the leaves. He stopped turning them. He looked up. "At that time, as sidearms, you were carrying a regulation Webley-Scott .45 with the serial number 8967/362."

"It was certainly a Webley. Damned clumsy weapon. Hope they've got something more like the Luger or the heavy Beretta these days. But I can't say I ever took a note of the number."

"The number's right enough," said James Bond. "I've got the date of its issue to you by H.Q. and the date when you turned it in. You signed the book both times."

Major Smythe shrugged. "Well, then, it must have been my gun. But," he put rather angry impatience into his voice, "what, if I may ask, is all this in aid of?"

James Bond looked at him almost with curiosity. He said, and now his voice was not unkind, "You know what it's all about, Smythe." He paused and seemed to reflect. "Tell you what. I'll go out into the garden for ten minutes or so. Give you time to think things over. Give me a hail." He added seriously, "It'll make things so much easier for you if you come out with the story in your own words." He walked to the door into the garden. He turned round. "I'm afraid it's only a question of dotting the I's and crossing the T's. You see, I had a talk with the Foo brothers in Kingston yesterday." He stepped out onto the lawn.

Something in Major Smythe was relieved. Now at least the battle of wits, the trying to invent alibis, the evasions, were over. If this man Bond had got to the Fools, to either of them, they would have spilled the beans. The last thing they wanted was to get in bad with the government, and anyway, there was only about six inches of the stuff left.

Major Smythe got briskly to his feet and went to the loaded sideboard and

poured himself out another brandy and ginger ale, almost 50-50. He might as well live it up while there was still time! The future wouldn't hold many more of these for him. He went back to his chair and lit his 20th cigarette of the day. He looked at his watch. It said 11:30. If he could be rid of the chap in an hour, he'd have plenty of time with his "people." He sat and drank and marshaled his thoughts. He could make the story long or short, put in the weather and the way the flowers and pines had smelled on the mountain, or he could cut it short. He would cut it short.

• • •

Up in that big double bedroom in the Tiefenbrunner, with the wads of buff and gray paper spread out on the spare bed, he hadn't been looking for anything special, just taking samples here and there and concentrating on the ones marked, in red, KOMMANDOSACHE, HÖCHST VERTRAULICH. There weren't many of these, and they were mostly confidential reports on German top brass, intercepts of broken Allied ciphers and the whereabouts of secret dumps. Since these were the main targets of A Force, Major Smythe had scanned them with particular excitement—food, explosives, guns, espionage records, files of Gestapo personnel—a tremendous haul! And then, at the bottom of the packet, there had been the single envelope sealed with red wax and the notation ONLY TO BE OPENED IN FINAL EMERGENCY.

The envelope contained one single sheet of paper. It was unsigned and the few words were written in red ink. The heading said VALUTA and beneath was WRITTEN WILDE KAISER, FRANZISKANER HALT, 100 M. ÖSTLICH STEINHÜGEL, WAFFENKISTE, ZWEI BAR 24 KT., and then a list of measurements in centimeters. Major Smythe held his hands apart as if telling a story about a fish he had caught. The bars would be about as wide as his shoulders and about two inches by four. And one single English sovereign of only 18 carats was selling nowadays for two to three pounds! This was a bloody fortune! Forty, fifty thousand pounds' worth! Maybe even a hundred! He had no idea, but, quite coolly and speedily, in case anyone should come in, he put a match to the paper and the envelope, ground the ashes to powder and swilled them down the lavatory. Then he took out his large-scale Austrian ordnance map of the area and in a moment had his finger on the Franziskaner Halt. It was marked as an uninhabited mountaineers' refuge on a saddle just below the highest of the easterly peaks of the Kaiser Gebirge mountains, that awe-inspiring range of giant stone teeth that give Kitzbühel its threatening northern horizon. And the cairn of stones would be about there, his finger-nail pointed, and the whole bloody lot was only ten miles and perhaps a five-hour climb away!

The beginning had been as this fellow



"Well, that's a relief. I was afraid he was spending his allowance on goofballs."

Bond had described. Smythe had gone to Oberhauser's chalet at four in the morning, had arrested him and had told his weeping, protesting family that he was taking him to an interrogation camp in Munich. If the guide's record was clean, he would be back home within a week. If the family kicked up a fuss, it would only make trouble for Oberhauser. Smythe had refused to give his name and had had the forethought to shroud the numbers on his jeep. In 24 hours, A Force would be on its way and, by the time military government got to Kitzbühel, the incident would already be buried under the morass of the occupation tangle.

Oberhauser had been a nice enough chap once he had recovered from his fright, and when Smythe talked knowingly about skiing and climbing, both of which he had done before the War, the pair, as Smythe intended, became quite pally. Their route lay along the bottom of the Kaiser Gebirge range to Kufstein, and Smythe drove slowly, making admiring comments on the peaks that were now flushed with the pink of dawn. Finally, below the peak of gold, as he called it to himself, he slowed to a halt and pulled off the road into a grassy glade. He turned in his seat and said candidly, "Oberhauser, you are a man after my own heart. We share many interests together and from your talk and from the man I think you to be, I am sure you did not cooperate with the Nazis. Now, I will tell you what I will do. We will spend the day climbing on the Kaiser and I will then drive you back to Kitzbühel and report to my commanding officer that you have been cleared at Munich." He grinned cheerfully. "Now. How about that?"

The man had been near to tears of gratitude. But could he have some kind of paper to show that he was a good citizen? Certainly. Major Smythe's signature would be quite enough. The pact was made, the jeep was driven up a track and well hidden from the road and they were off at a steady pace, climbing up through the pine-scented foothills.

Smythe was well dressed for the climb. He had nothing on under his bush jacket, shorts and a pair of the excellent rubber-soled boots issued to American parachutists. His only burden was the Webley-Scott and, tactfully, for Oberhauser was, after all, one of the enemy. Oberhauser didn't suggest that he leave it behind some conspicuous rock. Oberhauser was in his best suit and boots, but that didn't seem to bother him, and he assured Major Smythe that ropes and *pitons* would not be needed for their climb and that there was a hut directly up above them where they could rest. It was called the Franziskaner Halt.

"Is it, indeed?" said Major Smythe.

"Yes, and below it there is a small glacier. Very pretty, but we will climb round it. There are many crevasses."

"Is that so?" said Major Smythe thoughtfully. He examined the back of Oberhauser's head, now beaded with sweat. After all, he was only a bloody Kraut, or, at any rate, of that ilk. What would one more or less matter? It was all going to be as easy as falling off a log. The only thing that worried Major Smythe was getting the bloody stuff down the mountain. He decided that he would somehow sling the bars across his back. After all, he could slide it most of the way in its ammunition box or what not.

It was a long, dreary hack up the mountain, and when they were above the tree line the sun came up and it was very hot. And now it was all rock and scree and their long zigzags sent boulders and rubble rumbling and crashing down the slope that got ever steeper as they approached the final crag, gray and menacing, that lanced away into the blue above them. They were both naked to the waist and sweating so that the sweat ran down their legs into their boots, but, despite Oberhauser's limp, they kept up a good pace, and when they stopped for a drink and a swab-down at a hurtling mountain stream, Oberhauser congratulated Major Smythe on his fitness. Major Smythe, his mind full of dreams, said curtly and untruthfully that all English soldiers were fit, and they went on.

The rock face wasn't difficult. Major Smythe had known that it wouldn't be or the climbers' hut couldn't have been built on the shoulder. Toe holds had been cut in the face and there were occasional iron pegs hammered into crevices. But he couldn't have found the more difficult traverses by himself, and he congratulated himself on deciding to bring a guide.

Once, Oberhauser's hand, testing for a grip, dislodged a great slab of rock, loosened by five years of snow and frost, and sent it crashing down the mountain. Major Smythe suddenly thought about noise. "Many people around here?" he asked as they watched the boulder hurtle down into the tree line.

"Not a soul until you get near Kufstein," said Oberhauser. He gestured along the arid range of high peaks. "No grazing. Little water. Only the climbers come here. And since the beginning of the War . . ." He left the phrase unfinished.

They skirted the blue-fanged glacier below the final climb to the shoulder. Major Smythe's careful eyes took in the width and depth of the crevasses. Yes, they would fit! Directly above them, perhaps a hundred feet up under the lee of the shoulder, were the weather-beaten boards of the hut. Major Smythe measured the angle of the slope. Yes, it was almost a straight dive down. Now or

later? He guessed later. The line of the last traverse wasn't very clear.

They were up at the hut in five hours flat. Major Smythe said he wanted to relieve himself and wandered casually along the shoulder to the east, paying no heed to the beautiful panoramas of Austria and Bavaria that stretched away on either side of him perhaps 50 miles into the heat haze. He counted his paces carefully. At exactly 120 there was the cairn of stones, a loving memorial, perhaps, to some long-dead climber. Major Smythe, knowing differently, longed to tear it apart there and then. Instead, he took out his Webley-Scott, squinted down the barrel and twirled the cylinder. Then he walked back.

It was cold up there at 10,000 feet or more, and Oberhauser had got into the hut and was busy preparing a fire. Major Smythe controlled his horror at the sight. "Oberhauser," he said cheerfully, "come out and show me some of the sights. Wonderful view up here."

"Certainly, Major." Oberhauser followed Major Smythe out of the hut. Outside he fished in his hip pocket and produced something wrapped in paper. He undid the paper to reveal a hard, wrinkled sausage. He offered it to the major. "It is only what we call a *Soldat*," he said shyly. "Smoked meat. Very tough, but good." He smiled. "It is like what they eat in Wild West films. What is the name?"

"Biltong," said the major. Then, and later this had slightly disgusted him, he said, "Leave it in the hut. We will share it later. Come over here. Can we see Innsbruck? Show me the view on this side."

Oberhauser bobbed into the hut and out again. The major fell in just behind him as he talked, pointing out this or that distant church spire or mountain peak.

They came to the point above the glacier. Major Smythe drew his revolver and, at a range of two feet, fired two bullets into the base of Hannes Oberhauser's skull. No muffing! Dead on!

The impact of the bullets knocked the guide clean off his feet and over the edge. Major Smythe craned over. The body hit twice only and then crashed onto the glacier. But not onto its fissured origin. Halfway down and on a patch of old snow! "Hell!" said Major Smythe.

The deep boom of the two shots, that had been bating to and fro among the mountains, died away. Major Smythe took one last look at the black splash on the white snow and hurried off along the shoulder. First things first!

This is Part 1 of "Octopussy," a two-part James Bond novelette by Ian Fleming. The conclusion will appear in PLAYBOY next month.



MEN OF THE SEA

Masters of many skills. Busy men. Men with a job to do...and they do it well. Camel smokers? Lots of them. They like a real taste that satisfies longer!

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NICOL WILLIAMSON *admissible evidence*

IN THE HISTORY of the contemporary theater, there exists no more arduous and lengthy role than that of the sexually obsessed, professionally undone counselor-at-law Bill Maitland in John Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence* which opened on Broadway after a long London run. Nicol Williamson—who has portrayed the fading fortyish barrister since the drama's inception—crossed the Atlantic with the play, bringing with him the British Critics Award and accolades such as "the greatest piece of acting of this or any other year," "magnificent," "stunning," "the great actor of his generation." The tall, blond, 28-year-old Scotsman prepped for the theater in Birmingham before joining the Dundee repertory company, where his abilities brought him an invitation from bright English directorial light Tony Page to join him at London's Royal Court theater. While there, he made his mark in Gorky's *The Lower Depths*, Donleavy's *The Ginger Man*, Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* and a slew of B.B.C. dramatic roles. But it took *Inadmissible Evidence* (a three-hour play which has Williamson on stage all of the time and talking for most of it) to thrust the intense young man into the limelight. Throughout the drama, his character's nerves are stretched taut as a stage flut, fraying Williamson's own nerves to the breaking point (he has on occasion berated the audience for arriving late, once delivered an onstage diatribe against the management for having made him go on when he felt he couldn't, and was involved in a violent offstage altercation with producer David Merrick), but he claims he doesn't "suffer" through the performance itself. Williamson as Williamson *does* suffer, however. He was intimidated by New York ("It's frightening when you're on your own in an unfamiliar city") and clings to a romanticism tinged with *Weltschmerz* in his attitude toward the opposite sex ("I keep waiting for *the* woman, knowing she'll never appear, knowing I'll have to go and look for her"). But he has supreme confidence in his acting abilities, having stated flatly: "I'm the one actor who will ever change anything—like doing Shakespeare the way he should be done." When asked if there were any other living actor he admired, Williamson answered candidly and succinctly, "No."

ON THE SCENE

JOHN WILLIAMS *prince of players*

"A GUITARIST OF EXCEPTIONAL brilliance and persuasion." "A sensation!" "The audience was overwhelmed, astonished, unable to believe its ears." Classical guitar *aficionados* who have idolized the venerable Andres Segovia for generations may be taken aback to learn that those critical plaudits were not heaped on the *primo virtuoso*, but on John Williams, a prodigy barely past his teens. However, the praise came as no surprise to Segovia, the man solely responsible for the unprecedented prominence of the classical guitar in this century. According to him, the musical cult he had spawned was no cult of personality; the instrument, he said, "did not begin with me. It will not end with me, either." In 1958, at Williams' London debut, the king accordingly dubbed his heir apparent. "A prince of the guitar," said Segovia, "has arrived in the musical world." Achieving such guitaristic eminence can easily be underestimated these days, since music (of a sort) can be made on the instrument with chords of childlike simplicity. Part of the difficulty in playing concert music, as opposed to pop, explains Williams, is the need to "overcome the unique technical difficulties—for example, anatomically awkward finger positions—and a hairline control of dynamics (the making of sounds by feather-touching the strings)." How well he has succeeded is attested to by critic Irving Kolodin: "The . . . warmly vibrant sound he produces is proof not only of the skill he commands in touch and stroke, but also of his possession of a highly critical sense of what he wants to hear." Williams knew what he wanted to hear at the age of seven (in 1948), when he began taking lessons from his father in Melbourne, Australia. When his family moved to London in 1952, Dad gave way to Segovia, who accepted the young virtuoso for training. Williams' London debut was followed by regular concert tours throughout Europe, Japan and the U.S.A., supplemented by frequent TV/radio appearances and two critically acclaimed LP records for Columbia. Currently, Williams is teaching guitar at London's Royal College of Music, but how long he can remain in these cloistered confines is problematical. As Segovia said, "God has laid a finger on his brow and it will not be long before his name becomes a byword."



WILLIAM LEAR *the wichita whiz*

THE BEST-KNOWN grade school dropout in Wichita, Kansas, is stubby, bullnecked William Powell Lear, who never made it to the eighth grade. Yet he now heads a multimillion-dollar corporation that manufactures and sells executive jet aircraft to people like Frank Sinatra and enterprises like the Fuller Brush Company for \$595,000 apiece, including the ashtrays. (His graceful jets are among those pictured in *The Contemporary Planesman*, PLAYBOY's in-depth survey of executive flight, beginning on page 64.) This jet-propelled King Lear was born in Hannibal, Missouri, but he left town early, restlessly heading north in his teens. Before the age of 40 he had commanded a half-dozen engineering and manufacturing firms, some of which flourished, while others did not. In 1954 he won a Horatio Alger Award, despite his growing reputation as a stay-out-all-night man who spent almost as much time encircling assorted blondes as he did experimenting in his laboratory—behavior that perhaps did not fit into the accepted Alger tradition of much work and little play. In the early 1960s Lear, by this time a millionaire and already thrice married, bounced into commercial aviation with customary *chutzpah*. Convinced that there was a brilliant future for the jet in private as well as in military and commercial airline flight, he acquired a plant in Switzerland and began to assemble the first Lear Jet. In 1962, he moved his factory to Wichita and tripled its production. Yet, because of increased costs, he was forced to work his way through his own personal fortune of \$10,000,000 to keep his business in the air. Like all Alger heroes, Lear bounced back with admirable elasticity. Today he employs 2000 hands, has all his money back, anticipates sales of \$85,000,000 in 1966, and has moved into diversification. (His Lear Jet Stereo Cartridge System is now optional equipment in Ford and Chrysler cars and is also available for homes, boats and planes.) But forthright Bill Lear takes all this in stride, candidly admitting that among the things he likes best, one is colored green. "At my age [63], some men like to sit on the beach," says he. "Some enjoy golf, others sports cars. Some like yachting, bridge or clipping coupons. But for me the best of life is the exercise of ingenuity—in design, flying, finance, business—plus a little fun besides."



CONTEMPORARY PLANESMAN

(continued from page 70)

low, two-engine operating costs, the Convair 240, 340 and 440 Liners have been extremely popular as executive conversions, particularly for firms seeking not so much speed of flight as comfort of surroundings and convenience of work space for that extra office in the sky. A 240 executive-configuration Convair Liner in good shape will run about \$240,000—if you can find one. At last count, some 38 Convair Liner 240s and 41 Convair Liner 340s and 440s were in executive- or business-aircraft service. Their interiors range from computer-minded austerity to the flamboyance of Texas oil. The interior styling options are limited only by the weight and air-frame characteristics of the chosen craft. While most companies tend to minimal, lightweight, functional furnishing, high-styled outfits such as Horton and Horton in Dallas and AiResearch in Los Angeles stand ready to convert a regular airship into anything from a flying filing cabinet, with separate conference-room facilities, to a Louis XIV sitting room. One firm, Butler Aviation, has even hacked a picture window out of the fuselage of its executive Convair Liner.

Another relatively large aircraft designed as an airliner and now seeing extensive business-aircraft adaptation is the twin-turboprop Fairchild-Hiller F-27. As an "executive suite" it can provide riding, resting, recreational and working room for up to 20 passengers. But most F-27 interiors are designed for 10 to 16 persons and provide such creature comforts as two lavatories, an oversized galley, internal baggage areas, private suites, top-quality hi-fi equipment, motion-picture screens, compact bars and virtually all other luxurious amenities. It's possible for the executive imagination, in concert with the designer, to run up \$1,250,000 worth of such goodies.

Such well-known and levelheaded outfits as IBM, Reynolds Metal, General Tire, Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing and Champion Spark Plug Company have F-27s in their flight stables.

The one large corporate twin-engined airplane not reworked from either a military or a commercial airline configuration is Grumman's turboprop Gulfstream, which was designed specifically as a spacious walk-around, airline-type craft for the business market. Almost 200 of these \$1,250,000 aircraft have been sold during the past five and a half years. Taking short hops and transatlantic flights equally well, the Gulfstream is fitted out to carry 10 to 14 executives about their high-speed business in an atmosphere of quiet luxury.

The methods by which piston and turboprop airliners have been converted into business aircraft will be used in the modification of the new short-haul air-

line jets now making runs of less than 300 miles. Douglas Aircraft's DC-9, British Aviation Corporation's BAC-111 and Boeing's 737, twin-jet airliners all, will soon be sold as the latest, largest and fastest executive airplanes money can buy.

So if your personal purse or company treasury can stand an approximately \$3,500,000 nick, you will be able to buy all the jet room you'll ever need for business and/or pleasure. When decked out in business dress, these birds won't be just for the short haul. Without the burden of crowds of airline passengers and piles of luggage, a much larger percentage of useful payload can be used for fuel; and these planes will be able to step out on nonstop cross-country or transoceanic jaunts.

Probably the major factor in the growth of corporate flying is the high cost of an executive's time. If he can compress visits to far-flung company operations into a one-day trip while conducting in-flight conferences with his staff, he is, in effect, creating time for additional business or necessary relaxation. Business aircraft provide the speed, flexibility and the instantaneous "get up and go" needed for today's hard-driving executive on the rise.

We've been talking primarily about executive airplanes that have been converted to corporate use from other configurations. Now let's look at some other new birds on the market that were specifically designed with the executive in mind.

Even before you go out on the runway and start kicking tires, you are in the happy position of having at your disposal what is probably the best and most solicitous sales service offered by any industry in the country. Check with your airplane-company representative or broker and he'll be delighted to become an unofficial company consultant about your transportation requirements. Once a good rep gets a clear picture of your corporate needs, he can go to work framing answers. To help you in making your selections, he will draw up a comparison chart of the various planes that might fit your needs, comparing all of the major factors such as initial price, maintenance, weight, runway capabilities, passenger accommodations, cruising speed and range, etc. From there you can ask for and get all manner of alterations on the basic craft.

As a study in contrasts, let's look at the bottom and top of the market; the basic, single-engine planes and then the sleek business jets. Later, we'll examine the aircraft that fill the gap between these extremes.

The most popular craft among the small single-engine models are Cessna's high-wing 150 and Piper's low-wing

Cherokee 140, with average cruising speeds of 120 to 130 mph. These cover an extremely modest price range of \$7000 to \$8500, depending on the extra instrumentation and the radio communications you have installed.

These versatile aircraft are especially alluring if you're in real estate, insurance, regional sales, or any aspect of the special engineering or service fields that requires travel within a 200-to-500-mile radius of your home base. A delightful fringe benefit is the ease with which you can take off on a weekend with a business associate or your favorite friend to any number of relatively nearby spas—up to 500 miles in a single hop.

Once you get yourself and your company interested in smallish aircraft, you're on a flight pattern that leads to larger, more costly planes as your business needs expand and you tote up the merits of business aviation. The small model will have convinced you of the contributions flying makes to business and educated you in its operational economics while providing extracurricular enjoyment. From the bottom rung, you can move up the airplane ladder to a bigger single-engine plane with retractable gear, a light twin, a medium twin with pressurization and turbo supercharged engines for over-the-weather flying, on to a turboprop that provides virtual airline comfort, and finally to the big business jets. Business aviation was introduced to these high-flying, 500-mph-plus top-of-the-line jet aircraft a little over four years ago. First two out of the hangar were Lockheed's JetStar and North American Aviation's Sabreliner. The four-engine, 570-mph JetStar is currently the largest business jet in the air, providing full headroom, a full-size lavatory and a galley for 10 to 12 passengers and crew. Many chiefs of state, including President Johnson, other high Government officials and more than 50 of the nation's top corporations are now using the JetStar. Its range, when cruising just under 500 mph, is 2250 miles with a 45-minute fuel reserve. This long-legged capability for transcontinental and transatlantic hops is complemented by its ability to get in and out of small airfields when on short-haul hops to off-line business operations.

To give you some feeling for the business potential of this \$1,700,000 JetStar performer, here's a recent one-day flight log for a national company: The first entry was an early-morning 1025-mile flight by the staff pilot to Newark, New Jersey, to pick up the company president and his staff. They then flew 3230 miles, with stops at Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco to review sales programs, and finally on to Las Vegas for dinner and a tour of the town before turning in. The flight-log mileage and times were: Newark-Chicago, 730 miles, 1 hour, 44 minutes; Chicago-



"Share and share alike, eh, Comrade?"

Los Angeles, 1745 miles, 3 hours, 35 minutes; Los Angeles-San Francisco, 340 miles, 51 minutes; and San Francisco-Las Vegas, 415 miles, 1 hour, 13 minutes.

The president and his staff were able to discuss each meeting both before and after in the conference-room environment of the racing JetStar. And next day they whistled on to conferences in Dallas, Atlanta and Cincinnati before returning to home base that afternoon.

The other early-bird jet, North American's Sabreliner, has about half the cabin volume of a Jetstar, but it can haul up to seven passengers plus crew while providing the executive-jet conveniences of galley, lavatory, fold-out work tables and other accouterments that can help make a fast-traveling business day successful. It whips along at speeds up to 540 mph and ranges out to 2000 miles, while retaining, as do all the new business jets, a capacity for short-field operations.

Remmert-Werner, Inc., in St. Louis, distributor for the Sabreliner, calculates that the \$975,000-plus jet costs less than five cents per passenger-seat mile for fuel and maintenance. When other costs—purchase price, crew's salaries, other

operational expenses and insurance—are added in, you get a figure of about 25 cents per passenger-seat mile, cheaper than most taxi rates.

Because of the high speeds and reliability and the relatively low operating and maintenance costs of twin-jet business aircraft, many companies now use them in addition to piston-engine jobs.

A few years ago, the mercurial William P. Lear (see this month's *On the Scene*) decided to tackle the problems of business jets head on and all by himself. The result—headaches and heartaches, financial and engineering cliff-hanging, tragedy and triumph and, finally, his own sky-borne hot rod, the Lear Jet, which is now coming off the line at the rate of 10 a month. Some 85 were flying at the end of 1965 and another 120 will join the fleet by the end of this year.

The key to Lear's initial success was his determination not to compete directly with the other manufacturers, but to create his own market. Before Lear, all corporate jets weighed well above the 12,500-pound line drawn by the Federal Aviation Agency, which put them in a category that required them to meet air-

liner specifications for extra safety in systems and components. Lear insisted that there was an executive need for fast, safe, relatively inexpensive, utilitarian and necessarily light jet planes. He battled his own engineers and finally succeeded in keeping the weight of his Model 23 at just under 12,500 pounds, while still providing speeds of 560 mph at 25,000 feet—a rate matching the fastest commercial jet airliners. The Lear will barrel up above the weather to 40,000 feet in 13 minutes, range out to 1600 miles, and then quickly drop down to airport-pattern speeds comparable to piston-engine aircraft, all for a low, low \$595,000.

The Lear Jet has a small cabin—only four feet, six inches high and five feet, two inches wide—but Lear suggests that "if you want to walk, go to Central Park." His jets are the work horses of the business-jet world and are constantly in the air, not sitting around runways collecting lint in the cowling. Lear Jet operators presently are averaging about 80 hours of flying time a month.

A famous entrepreneur putting Lear Jets to work is Hollywood's chairman of the board, Frank Sinatra, with his Cal-Jet Airways, Inc. A typical trip for his main customers, the movie and television studios, might be a multi-stop, cross-country junket—allowing starlets to make two and three motion-picture promotion appearances a day—or Cal-Jet may be tapped for rush-order service and supply hops between Hollywood and movies on location throughout the West. Humming along to the tune of his slogan song, *Come Fly with Me*, Frank's business is so good (and he's one of his own best customers) he has an order in for another Model 23.

Lear is now readying for certification by the first of next year his Model 24, which, although almost identical in configuration to Model 23, will come up to the same airline-specification requirements met by the other business jets. In the 24, the weight will go to 13,000 pounds gross and the price will climb to \$695,000.

For those who want even more posh in their plane, Lear is readying his Model 40—a fast-stepping job that will cruise at 508 mph while carrying as many as 28 passengers 3200 miles. This \$1,500,000 special will be ready for the runway by 1968.

The performance of the Lear Jet has led to the formation of a unique aircraft-chartering organization the corporate planesman would do well to look into, called Executive Jet Aviation, Inc., headquartered in Columbus, Ohio, but operating nationwide as well as in Europe. The basic plan of EJA is to contract with individual companies for specific monthly amounts of flight time rather than for the rental of an individual airplane.



"First of all, we'd like to announce our engagement . . ."

One American-made and three foreign models complete the business-jet picture. By name and approximate dollar sign, they are the American Jet Commander at \$750,000, the British DH 125 at \$840,000, the German Hansa 320 at \$855,000 and the French Fan Jet Falcon at \$1,200,000. All these aircraft, designed with business in mind, have trim, tidy lines in contrast to the large, converted piston and turboprop liners that provide ballroom space. These business jets, built to meet the FAA's stringent jet-airliner-specification requirements, boast more generous proportions than the basic Lear Jet Model 23.

Choosing an aircraft always involves a series of compromises about power, pay load, size, speed and range. There are no hard-and-fast arguments for any particular plane. Specific operating needs provide the only good yardstick. Differences in the business jets range from slight to dramatically different; all are selling better than their manufacturers thought they would.

The Jet Commander is the "top of the line" produced by Aero Commander division of Rockwell-Standard Corporation. A 16,800-pound gross, mid-wing, twin jet, it can haul you and your staff or friends—up to a total of seven—plus two pilots in air-conditioned, pressurized comfort at altitudes up to 40,000 feet and speeds above 500 mph. With a typical business-flight load of four executives and baggage—roughly a pay load of 800 pounds—it will fly nonstop 1500 miles with a 45-minute reserve.

A feature unique to the Jet Commander is its straight wing. Most jet wings are swept back, and one, the Hansa 320, sweeps forward. Their merits are best left to aeronautical engineers, who obviously have differences of opinion.

The DH 125 is an eight-passenger, two-man crew, T-tailed, twin-jet craft designed specifically for corporate use. When in full executive dress, its spacious 6 x 20 cabin generally accommodates six in a mixture of chair and divan seating. There can be a galley for hot meals and drinks and bar service, and a high-fidelity system. You can have an auxiliary air-conditioning unit installed that will provide cabin cooling or heating when on the ground as well as aloft. This extra allows you to use the aircraft as a comfortable conference room at the less-sophisticated airfields not equipped to provide full ground services.

Hawker Siddeley's world-wide sales of the DH 125 hit over 110 at the end of '65, with about half of these sales made in Canada and the U.S. Late this year they will begin delivering DH 125s with a higher-powered engine that will increase performance in short-field operations and rate of climb, and be able to hold a cruising speed of 500 mph at 30,000 feet for more than 1000 miles.

The German executive jet with unique

Who was first to wrap up a case: Scotland Yard or Alexander Gordon?

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swept-forward wings, the HFB 320 Hansa, will begin to turn up on general-aviation ramps at airfields throughout the nation this spring. This first production turbojet developed in Germany since the War is designed to carry seven to nine passengers in executive style. Cabin space is comparable to a Sabreliner. Typical seating in its seven-passenger executive configuration is a three-place couch seat and two pairs of facing seats. Hinged tables, fitted into the cabin side walls, pull out between these facing seats when required for food, drink or business. There is a separate lavatory and a bar/galley unit.

Top cruise speed for the 320 Hansa is 518 mph. Packing a light load at this speed, it can cover a range of more than 1000 miles. When operating at long-range cruise speed, it can step out more than 1500 miles.

The French entry, the twin-jet Mystère 20, is better known in America as the Fan Jet Falcon. Its credentials are attested to by Pan American World Airways, which established a Business Jets division just to market this high-flying French filly.

The fond patron of the Fan Jet is Marcel Dassault, the richest man in France and sole owner of the company named Générale Aéronautique Marcel Dassault that designed and builds the Falcon. A brilliant aeronautical engineer—though he has flown only once in his life—he designed the world's first variable-pitch propeller for use on French fighters back in World War One, and still takes a very active part in the design of aircraft built by his firm. These include the Mirage IV supersonic bomber for the French *Force de Frappe*. When the company decided to enter the very competitive corporate-jet market, Dassault made the first basic design decision for the Falcon: It had to have a cabin large enough for the executive to walk around in easily during the flight. Anything less, he thought, would not satisfy a high-level executive customer.

With cabin space almost the size of the Jetstar, the Fan Jet Falcon provides seating for up to eight executives and supplies extra headroom by having its center aisle below the floor level of the seats. As with all corporate jets, the engines are mounted, as pioneered by the French, on the rear fuselage sides.

The Fan Jet Falcon has a top cruising speed of 546 mph. At long-range cruise speed, it will buzz off on a transcontinental hop with just one fuel stop. And like all business jets, it's designed to compete in the short-haul business-trip market, too.

If for some reason—size, performance, range, pay load—none of these jets come up to your grand ideas, wait till next year. Come 1967, the Gulfstream II by Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation will be rolling off the line. This

is to be a turbojet version of the turbo-prop Gulfstream, but it will have far greater speed, plus transcontinental range. Yet it still will match the propeller-powered Gulfstream in performance at small off-line airfields.

As presently figured, the walk-around interior of the Gulfstream II will have a flat floor throughout the 34-foot length of a cabin that will hold a party of 19 passengers in airliner-style first-class comfort. It may also be done up in executive fashion with nine oversized swivel seats and a three-seater divan. There will be fold-away tables at each seat; also on board: a beverage cabinet and a high-fidelity system including an AM-FM tuner and tape deck. Cruising at 500 mph at 40,000 feet with ten passengers, a three-man crew and 490 pounds of baggage, the Gulfstream II will have a range of 2640 nautical miles. This means you can fly from New York to Los Angeles in under six hours. If you're flying from San Francisco to Hawaii, you can make it in under five. New York to Shannon will take you around 6 hours and 30 minutes.

If the jet giants are a bit beyond your reach, the piston-powered singles and twins are ready and waiting in such a wide range of price, power, pay load, performance and paint that you'll have to be a hardy shopper to look them all over. The field, as expected, is dominated by the big three of the small-plane manufacturers—Cessna, Piper and Beech.

Low-cost airplanes offered by Cessna run between \$7000 and \$12,000. You can take your pick of the 100-hp, two-seater Model 150; the 145-hp, four-seater Model 172, which will cruise along at 130 mph; or the deluxe version of the 172 called the Skyhawk. Piper's low-wing offerings run from \$8500 for the two-seater Cherokee 140 to \$12,900 for the 180-hp Cherokee C. Also available are 150- and 160-hp Cherokee C models priced at \$10,990 and \$11,500. There are three models of the Beech Musketeer that roughly match this competition, though their cost range runs a bit higher. You can get the two-seater, 150-hp Sport III for \$11,500; the four-seater, higher-powered Custom III runs \$14,950; and the Super III is a 154-mph, four-seater speedster with a \$16,350 price tag.

When you're ready to move to higher power and greater pay load, Cessna offers a group of single-engine, high-wing aircraft running from 230 to 285 hp and carrying four and six people. The Model 182 and its deluxe version, the Skylane, priced at \$16,225 and \$17,875, are four-seater, 230-hp aircraft that can take an extra "family seat" for two children. But if you are not toting kiddies, you can pack up to 120 pounds of baggage and golfing gear in the third-seat area and wing off with three friends on a winter weekend for a stay in the South. (One of your destinations might be Hilton Head island off the South

Carolina coast. At this beach resort, the delight of private pilots, you'll find a 3000-foot turf landing strip on the north end of the island, motel accommodations on the beach front, and the first-class Sea Pines Plantation golf course.)

The Super Skylane has a 285-hp engine, a \$22,525 price tag, a 163-mph cruise speed and a range of 825 miles. With standard six-place seating, there is rather limited baggage room in the cabin. But Cessna skirts the problem with an interesting innovation: a detachable fiberglass cargo pack that accommodates loads up to 300 pounds and fastens to the plane's undercarriage. For a party of six swinging skiers, there couldn't be more ideal transportation.

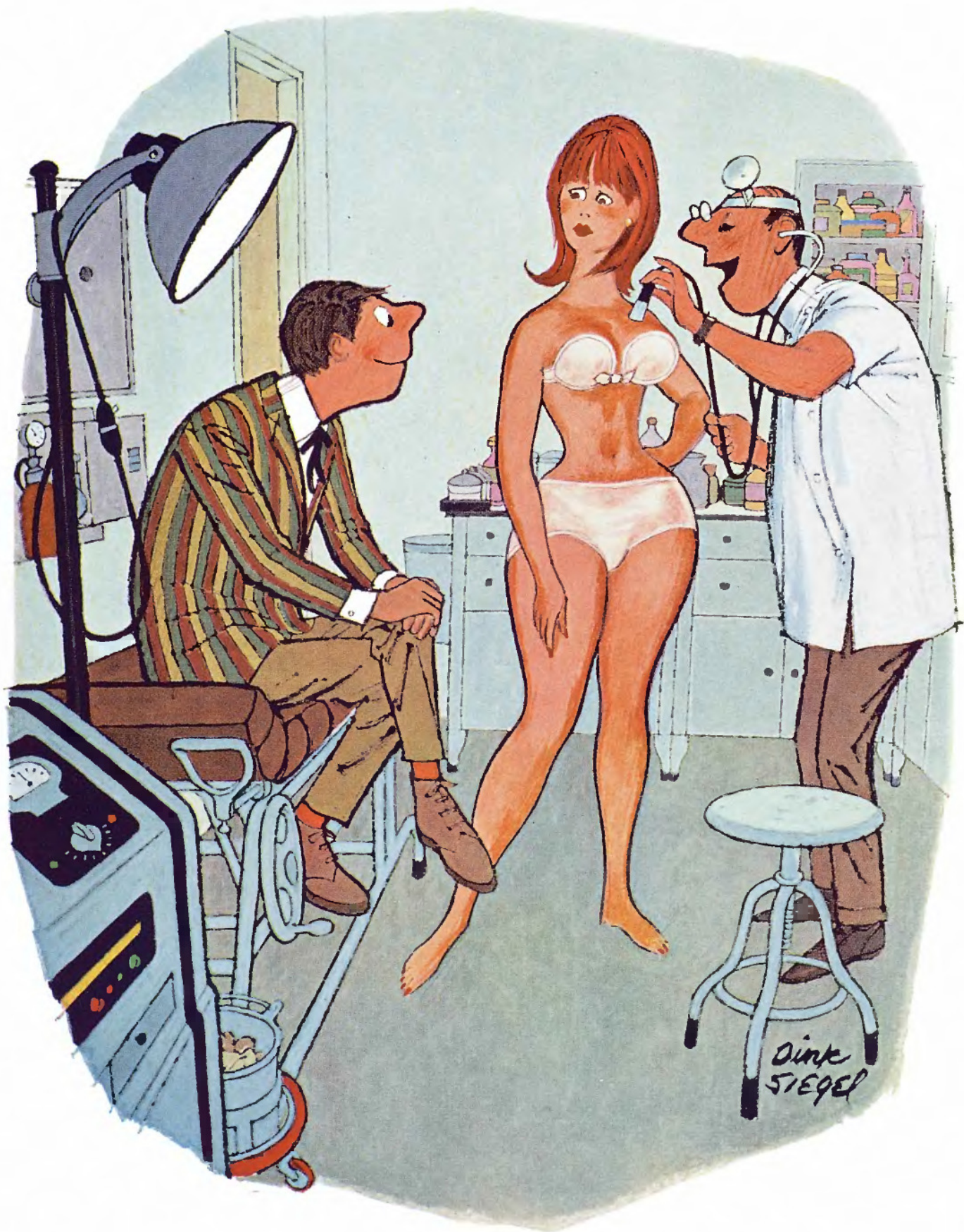
Cessna's top 285-hp single-engine aircraft is the \$25,750 Two Ten Centurion—a six-seater, high-wing, retractable-landing-gear model that will cruise along at almost 200 mph.

The new Piper Cherokee 235 is a four-seater, low-wing beauty that can hit a top speed of 166 mph, range out 1100 miles nonstop and carry a useful load greater than its empty weight. With a basic price of \$15,900, it should attract more than its fair share of attention from the flying executive. But if you need more room, look at the Cherokee Six with its full-sized seating for six people. You can buy this 260-hp aircraft for \$18,500 and put it to work as an air taxi, freight hauler, aerial ranch worker, or as a big, comfortable air cruiser for business or personal travel. Piper's high-performance, single-engine, retractable-landing-gear craft is the new Comanche B, which, with its 260-hp engine, can hit a top speed of 194 mph. This thoroughbred six-seater sells for \$23,990.

Beech weighs in here in the heavy single-engine class with a couple of somewhat more expensive aircraft. The Debonair, a four-seater, low-wing model, comes in two grades of horsepower, 225 (\$26,425) and 285 (\$29,875). The extremely popular V-tail Bonanza, a four-to-six-seater that moves at 212 mph, is yours for a modest \$31,425.

It is to the twin-piston-engine, light and medium planes that executive aviation has given its major attention. The twins are *not* just double-powered single-engine aircraft. Their reliability, power and added safety allow the firm that owns one to go into all-weather, long-distance, instrument operations not permitted owners of single-engine craft. Twins also demand a large increase in pilot skill. And while flying execs can—and often do—upgrade their abilities to handle this type of plane, it generally makes more sense to hire a professional pilot. Then the aircraft can serve many of the company's travel needs without requiring that the flying executive take the wheel.

Beech offers five twins in a line that starts with the \$51,500 Travel Air, a 200-



*"I hope you don't mind, but I'm trying to get
my boy interested in medicine."*

mph-plus job capable of hauling four or five travelers on medium-length trips. The nine-passenger Queen Air Model B80, with supercharged engines rated at 380 hp that will haul it at 224 mph for more than 1500 miles, is tagged at \$140,000.

In a class by itself is Beech's Super H18, the famous "Twin Beech," which practically founded the light-twin dynasty. The prototype was flown in 1937 and it has been in production ever since. During World War Two, it undertook every job the brass could think of for a noncombat, light flying machine. When the battle was over, it shifted into an executive-transport configuration and became the first post-War plane certificated for commercial use. The current Twin Beech is powered by two 450-hp engines and will carry you about the county or country at a tidy 220 mph. You can have all this history and aeronautical competence for \$135,000.

The flagship airplane at Beech is the King Air Model 90, a six-to-eight-passenger, pressurized turboprop with a cruising speed in the 270-mph range and a geography-gobbling 1500-mile nonstop capability. Beech has scheduled production of 100 King Airs a year, so you won't have to wait in line too long for this \$320,000 gallant. If you want to know some of the company you'll be keeping, Disney Productions recently acquired a King Air and obtained the identification number N234MM, which means it will be identifying itself appropriately enough with, "This is 234 Mickey Mouse, over."

The very popular Piper Twin Comanche registers in at \$34,900, and the turbocharged version rings up \$45,680. The extras of the turbo-twin are 25 mph of additional cruise speed over the 194 mph of the piston twin, a higher operating ceiling and more than 100 miles added to its 1350-mile range. Moving up in money and muscle: the Apache 235 runs \$44,880; the Aztec C, which can hit 200-plus mph, costs \$54,990; and now Piper is offering its best yet, the six-to-eight-seat, turbocharged, 260-mph Navajo, for just under \$100,000.

Cessna's twins run from the unique tandem-engine Skymaster, whose center-line thrust—a form of the old push-pull models—provides single-engine handling characteristics with either or both engines operating, to the new six-to-eight-seat Model 411 with turbocharged engines and a top speed of more than 265 mph. The model 336 Skymaster is priced at \$39,950, and the 411 checks in under \$120,000. You can have a number of optional appointments built into the cabin of Cessna's biggest twins. These include a writing desk, fold-out table, lavatory and a small bar. In between the top and bottom of Cessna's twin offerings are the Model 310J and the Model 320 Skyknight. The very popular four-to-six-

passenger 310J cruises at 221 mph and ranges more than 1000 miles. Price is \$62,950. The Skyknight runs \$76,950 and has turbocharged engines that take its cruising speed to 224 mph.

In addition to the big three, a number of highly esteemed manufacturers are turning out some exciting models that deserve a close look and a long test flight.

A leading contender in the single-engine field is Mooney Aircraft of Texas. At the bottom of its line is the Mooney Master, a trim, four-passenger, low-wing, 140-mph airplane with a price tag of \$13,995. The top of the line, the new Mooney Mustang Mark 22, which will carry five at speeds up to 250 mph to an altitude of 24,000 feet, is the first single-engine aircraft with a pressurized cabin. This unique airplane runs approximately \$30,000 before adding the necessary avionics, meaning the electronically operated radio, communications and navigation devices, which, as with used cars, are often classed as extras.

An added starter at Mooney is a recently introduced Japanese-made twin-turboprop labeled the MU-2, which was developed by Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, Ltd., to meet the somewhat conflicting requirements of high-speed and short-field capability. This seven-passenger, pressurized aircraft will fly at speeds up to 325 mph and at an altitude of 35,000 feet. The price for this high-winged bird of passage is \$260,000.

Aero Commander, the only company offering a line of aircraft all the way from a light single to a twin jet, built its fame in the business-plane field with the Aero Commander, selling for \$94,500 plus avionics. This highly reliable, popular, six-seat piston twin will cruise for more than 1000 miles at 218 mph to just about any of the nation's airports for whatever your business or pleasure needs and desires dictate.

The commodious Grand Commander seats 11 and cruises at 244 mph. A standard version sells for \$146,900 and the pressurized job goes for \$199,950 plus avionics. The Turbo Commander cruises along at 285 mph—nearly 5 miles a minute—at altitudes up to 30,000. Delivered at the field, this six-to-eight-passenger craft costs \$299,950.

Should you want to fly the world's fastest light twin, try a ride in the Riley Turbo-Rocket. This sleek-looking speedster will hum along at more than 300 mph for a range of 1700 miles. But, as with any of the unpressurized twins, when you're putting it through its lofty altitude paces, you'll be flying high and handsome in an oxygen mask.

Should flying become your private as well as business pleasure, you can have sport in just about any of the business/personal aircraft we've looked at. But there are a handful of aircraft, generally the products of small manufac-

turers, that have been designed and built with fast fun for the busy executive in mind.

Foremost in this category are the small amphibians. When you fly off in one of these hybrids, you immediately add myriad ponds, lakes, rivers and waterways to your list of possible destinations.

The one American-made entry in this field is the single-engine, four-seat, 2400-pound Lake LA-4. This roomy, boat-hulled bird is off from your hometown airport in 600 feet, or from your backyard pond in 1200. If need be, you can take off from a small lake by flying out in a 600-foot circle. With planes such as the Lake, you gain a new degree of freedom to fish a thousand hidden lakes, search the broken shore line of a hundred rivers, or anchor off a secluded beach along the coastal waterway, where your guests can swim and play or stretch out on the broad wing to sun-bathe. The main idea, of course, is to deliver relaxation from executive pressures; but, if your Puritan conscience demands that you make your plane pay for itself, you can always try searching the glinting seas circling the Bahamas for likely spots to scuba-dive for treasure locked in sunken Spanish galleons.

The 180-hp engine is mounted pusher-style on a strong strut that rises up above the high wing and behind the cabin. The configuration provides excellent visibility—a happy advantage when you're making your own landing fields on unknown lakes—and the noise level is low enough for easy conversation. The Lake will cruise along at 130 mph and has a range of approximately 500 miles. If your destination should happen to lie in the snow-and-ice country, don't hesitate. Adding a pair of retractable skis will give you a plane for all seasons at a price tag under \$30,000.

There is a four-seater Italian entry in the amphibian market called the Riviera, which is produced by Siai-Marchetti of Milan. Distributed here by North Star Airparks, Inc., this water-winged *signorina* has her engine and three-bladed propeller mounted pusher-fashion behind the hull and between twin tail booms. When turning over at 70 percent of power, she'll drive you along at 165 mph with 1000 pounds of passengers and sporting gear.

There they are: the cost and the profit of flying for fortune and fun. When you climb aboard your corporate plane, be it a sprightly four-seater or a commodious jet-powered conference room in the sky, you join a very special group. If you're a young executive on the go, flying can be a way to get above the competition. With the runway ahead pointing toward far horizons the sky isn't the limit, it's the beginning.



O'HARA'S LOVE (continued from page 74)

douching odor of Lysol. Ever since then, Lysol reminds me of my lost virginity and that scene. She said, flustered, "Bill, this is the boy of the Italian widow—in Brooklyn—you know—that Mike helped in the compensation case—Mike and I visit them—these Italian people got big hearts—make you feel at home—"

Bill slapped her hard and spat, "Drunk no-good bitch!" He turned to me. His mouth tightened. He motioned with his thumb for me to leave, and said through his teeth, "You ungrateful wop bastard, beat it!"

I was scared. I left in haste. Then I was beset. I had lied to Mother, the touchstone of my being. I had laid a Samaritan's wife. I was no longer virgin. That morning I had become another person. My flesh won. The spirit lost. I had broken the magical golden string linking me to heaven. Remorse made me feel I had to immediately run to Mike, tell him the truth and save him from an evil woman. I ran all the way to St. Matthew's.

Mike O'Hara shared a room with an aged Passionist monk. He was propped up in bed, pale and weak. He greeted me as warmly as if I had been his son. He introduced me to the old bearded monk in the adjoining bed as "one of the best boys in the world." The monk was senile and quite deaf. He smiled and gave me his blessing in Latin. Mike asked me about my mother and family. He said we were not to feel obliged to him—that he had only done his Catholic duty in helping us, and so forth.

I was impatient to unburden myself.

"Mr. O'Hara . . ." I said. My throat stuck. My eyes burned. "Mr. O'Hara . . . There's something I have to tell you. I . . . I've 'been' with your wife . . .!"

O'Hara looked perplexedly at me for a moment, then chuckled, "Peter boy, that was fine of you to stop and see Milly. I'm sorry; the reason I never invited you and your mother was because we're kind of not settled in that apartment. Well, I mean Milly is such a child in many ways and not the world's best housekeeper, and our place always looks like a hurricane hit it. I thank you for dropping in on Milly. My being here is tough on her—all alone with the poodle. Did Milly say whether she's coming to see me this evening?"

" . . . Mr. O'Hara . . . I"

"Peter, you seem distressed. Can I help you?"

"I want to help you, Mr. O'Hara—I want to help save you from—Mr. O'Hara—it's terrible—you don't understand," I shouted. "I've just had sexual intercourse with your wife!"

"You what—?!"

"I had—for God's sake, Mr. O'Hara—I screwed Milly!"

O'Hara jerked upright and repressed his breathing. His wan face flooded red.

I burst out into tears. "I'm sorry, Mr. O'Hara. I'm awfully sorry. Forgive me, Mr. O'Hara."

A headshaking tremor seized O'Hara. ". . . How . . . did it happen . . . ? Whose idea was it . . . did you go to my place—knowing I was here—looking for 'that'?"

From then on, sex and lies had to go together for me. On that path there was no turning back.

"Oh, no, Mr. O'Hara. Because of the rain I couldn't work today. Mother and I were worried about you—she told me to visit you—I thought maybe you had come back from the hospital—so I went

to your place first—when I found out you weren't home I wanted to leave right away. Milly asked me to buy whiskey for her—I did—I didn't know how to refuse—you know I don't drink. She got drunk and grabbed me and excited me—you know what I mean—I swear, Mr. O'Hara—I had no intention—I wouldn't dream of it—especially after all you did for us—I never touched a woman before—I was *virgin*—then I couldn't help myself—she told me about laying with a lot of other men for a long time—that you were made of cardboard—I know I shouldn't repeat these things, but don't you see I'm doing it to help you save yourself from her—she's a bad woman—I'm so sorry—save yourself, Mr. O'Hara, please save yourself!"

O'Hara believed me and felt bad that Milly had taken my virginity. Tears



"How about having a **J** around here for a change?"

came to his eyes. He patted my head.

"You're a good kid. Milly should not have done this to you. But Milly is a kid, too. She's my responsibility, my love, for better or for worse. I'm a captain on a sinking ship. I will not desert Milly—regardless."

On the subway back to Brooklyn, I saw a pair of pretty legs. Desire fanned up and came to me like a giant wave. I felt foolish. If I hadn't idiotically blurted the truth to O'Hara, I could have returned to Milly.

Mother asked me if I had found the tools I had sought. I could not become an accomplished liar in one day. I lamely told her I could not find what I needed, then decided to go see Mr. O'Hara at the hospital.

"Did you see Mrs. O'Hara?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you—yes—you know, I thought maybe he was home from the hospital—he lives near the hospital—it was raining hard—his place is near the subway station—so I went to his apartment first—I didn't go in—she came to the door. Mr. O'Hara's brother was there—I think he lives there, too—they were nice to me and told me Mr. O'Hara was in the hospital. Mr. O'Hara is pretty sick—he was glad to see me—he asked about you—when he gets better he'll visit us again—"

Regret veiled Mother's face. She knew I was not telling the truth.

Laying Milly was my fall in the Garden of Eden of our home. And I would want more and more of that forbidden fruit. I rebelled against the idea of being watched by my father from the other world.

When I went with Mother to the old medium for the weekly spiritual communication with Father, I saw it all differently from when I was virgin. I wanted the wilderness of the truth. My future sex life could not bear to have heaven as an audience. My senses clamored for the smell and feel of woman and not for the sterile phantasmagoria of heaven. In the transformation I gained sensuous liberty and forfeited the assurance that all things were the will of God and death the door to the eternal true life.

As old Mrs. Miller went through the routine of bringing messages from Father, I saw her as a psychologist faker.

I had sought and gotten Milly's thighs and shattered the precious bond with Mother. From then on I would lie with many wives, and surely not blurt the fact to their husbands. I was to become a competent liar and deceiver like countless millions of men and women.

Mike O'Hara never came to the house again. Mother knew why, but never brought up the subject. I eavesdropped while she confided to my married sister.

"My golden son has changed. He does not

look me in the eye. He has added more horns to the head of good Mr. O'Hara. I knew it would happen the day Mr. O'Hara brought his wife here. Milly O'Hara is a *puttana*. What happened to my Pietro could not have been otherwise. The flesh is as nothing. It is what Milly has done to his soul."

Now I am 55. I have a son in Palm Beach, Florida, and a son in Hollywood, California. My wife is still with me. The attrition between sex and religion has worn away. Sex and religion have become one, and both accrue to the greater glory and sublime pleasure of the other. Material things, social systems and mores are trash to me. My spirit and flesh dwell indivisible in heaven and the beds of beautiful girls. I have united passion and heaven for myself.

. . .

For years I had dreaded ever meeting O'Hara again. Finally I felt quite positive that Mike and Milly O'Hara were dead. But recently, after leaving the bistro Tony's Wife, and while walking along Second Avenue in the 50s, I came face to face with Mike O'Hara. I tried to walk past him, but O'Hara's eyes would not allow it.

"Hello, Peter," he said in the very same soft tone he had used decades before, and he motioned toward a nearby bar. The bar was a popular scummy little dive frequented by editors, TV people, bums, prostitutes, fairies and Lesbians. It was the place where fragmented lives started drinking in the morning.

Milly was sitting at a small round table. Her appearance was shocking. Only by her eyes did I recognize her; the magnificent big, bold, black, amoral eyes.

"Milly, dearest," said O'Hara, "you remember young Peter." Milly grinned and nodded. O'Hara said tenderly, compassionately, "My Milly has been through hell twice with two brain operations for the removal of malignant tumors. The Good Lord stood by her."

Milly smiled her wild smile and said with difficulty, "Hello . . . Petey . . . long time. I'm a goddamn mess . . . left side paralyzed—it's a sonuvabitch—arm and leg as dead as Kelsey's nuts . . . they can't kill me—still in the race—can still lay the Army and Navy—still tight where it's good to be tight—"

I've seen exhumed corpses look better than Mike and Milly O'Hara. Milly was bloated shapeless, her skin was sickening, her hair, still lividly black, was cropped close and the frightening scars of her brain operations showed. She wore ridiculous big earrings, cheap rings, and a tattered vomit-splattered dress. The layers of paint on her face were awry. Yet she still radiated a bestial sex appeal. Milly O'Hara in her 60s, horribly broken down, still flew the same colors. There was a weird insensible fasci-

nation about her; the crazy but real, never-ending magnetism of the *puttana*. She drank her whiskey straight, washing it down with beer, shakingly raising the spilling glasses to her mouth.

I noticed O'Hara's grimy black tie, dirty ripped white shirt, shiny-worn, frayed and stale blue-serge suit, the cracked beat brown shoes, his greenish denture. He handled his whiskey glass the same way he used to; the coddling touch with the ever-smoking cigarette between his nicotine-dyed fingers. He was a tall, bloodless, white-haired skeleton, a graveless Lazarus; and all that remained were the cloudless blue eyes, his faultless long hands and the noble bonework of his chaste face.

My "How've you been, Mike?" was as hollow as his gaunt dying cheeks.

"I've been just fine, fine, Peter. My ulcers kick up now and then. Certain foods don't agree with me. Milly's been bearing the cross, though. In and out of hospitals. Last year she fell asleep smoking. Set herself on fire. Bad infection. But skin grafts fixed her up. I'm thankful to God for Milly. I couldn't live without her. We get along swell."

I joined them drinking. O'Hara wanted to pay for the drinks. Said I was their honored guest. While we were drinking, Milly urinated, and her urine formed a pool in the sawdust on the floor.

"I'm sorry we sort of lost touch with each other," said O'Hara. "Your first novel is very dear to me. I reread it because you describe your mother so lovingly. What year did she pass away to her reward?"

I shrank from the mention of the past. Guilt I could not stave off welled in me. "Mike, that's been ages ago."

Milly was sodden. She talked profanely of her sex affairs and boasted that she was better than ever at it.

O'Hara smiled benignly. "She's my little girl Milly who'll never grow up. Dear God, I don't know what I'd do without her."

They drank until midnight. Drinking intensively, profoundly, as though their drinking was the most sacred of rituals. When I rose to leave, Milly was sprawled face downward on the table. O'Hara, his eyes pure, his voice clear and steady, said, "Peter, I've been waiting for you. I knew we'd see each other again. There is something I have to give to you. I knew you'd be directed to me before I met my Maker, because I prayed for it."

He took my hand and pressed a weathered scapular of the Blessed Heart of Jesus into my hand; the very same one my mother had given him. I did my best to fight off tears.

I'll never forget the peace that was in Mike O'Hara's face.



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"But, Albert, we've set the date, hired the hall, mailed the invitations, bought the cake and flowers, and everything . . .!"

PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 39)

never regretted my decision to have the abortion.

Can you imagine anything more painful (not physical but psychological) than giving a baby up for adoption? Or raising a child and fearing that he might find out he's a bastard? I can't.

I have never had any guilt feelings about taking the life of the unborn. I feel, instead, that I have saved an innocent child from a lot of heartbreak.

I am married now and have a little boy. I thank God that I have a husband to share this joy with. Had I not had the abortion, I would probably not be married now. I met my husband a week after the operation.

If abortion were only legalized, the risks of this otherwise dangerous operation would virtually disappear. Think of all the families who cannot afford the children they already have. Think of all the quacks who would be put out of business—and the girls' lives that would be saved.

(Name withheld by request)
Granada Hills, California

ALTERNATIVE TO ABORTION

My wife and I read your magazine with great interest and, in particular, *The Playboy Philosophy* and *Forum*. The letter titled "Case for Abortion" in the October *Forum* aroused my professional interest. This woman's implication that pregnancy was the root of her psychiatric problems is probably incorrect, for it most likely unmasked pre-existing problems. I am certain that "having an abortion" would have had at least as traumatic an effect on her psyche as pregnancy, and added many more guilt feelings.

Many people consider therapeutic abortion merely an extension of contraception. Obviously the two are not related, since one process occurs before conception and the other after. Therapeutic abortion involves the taking of human life for theoretically humane reasons, the logical extension of which would be the practice of euthanasia in the cases of senile or cancerous patients.

Superb methods of contraception have been devised in the past few years. First, there is now available a wide range of dosages of the "pill"; this allows many more women to tolerate it comfortably. Second, the "shot" has been perfected which will inhibit ovulation for three or more months after a single injection. Third, use of the intra-uterine contraceptive device (IUCD) is becoming widespread, especially in enlightened communities. It is a simple plastic device which needs only simple vaginal insertion into the uterine cavity and which is a true contraceptive agent, not an abortifacient. When pregnancy is desired months or years later, it is merely ex-

tracted and the patient regains her fertility.

These methods should offer complete assurance of contraception to virtually all women who desire it. I certainly hope "Name withheld" is in this group, rather than continuing to abstain. I believe the above methods of contraception and those to be developed in the future to be far more acceptable, less costly and less dangerous than therapeutic or criminal abortion.

Stephen L. Larson, M.D.
Rochester, Minnesota

PLEA FOR THE PADDLE

In reference to the spanking discussion in *The Playboy Forum*, let me say that I have lived peaceably for many years with a man who insists on kissing me goodbye publicly, but rarely touches me privately. I would have been happy to have my bottom spanked rather than ignored!

The cold austerity of complete indifference is surely not to be preferred to the emotional impetuosity of warming a wife's posterior, for whatever reason.

After years of trying to seduce an otherwise satisfactory husband with lovely scents and lacy nightwear, elegant food and flirtatious behavior, I am now reduced to daydreaming about what I could possibly do, at my age, to irk him into baring my bottom and paddling me pink! Crumbs from Caesar's table!

(Name withheld by request)
Atlanta, Georgia

Those wives who insist that their husbands spank them when they have "misbehaved" (Jane McElroy, June *Forum*) or when they are "bad girls" (Mary McCoy, September *Forum*) are not facing the real issue. In Jane's case, she approved because her husband was asserting his masculine dominance; in Mary's case, she disapproved because she claimed it was sadistic on the part of her husband. In both cases, the real issue is sexual stimulation.

Personally, I thoroughly enjoy a spanking administered to me by my husband! But *only* as a means to an end (no pun intended); that is, an interesting variation in the art of love play before sexual intercourse. After being married to the same partner for 27 years, sexual life can take on a sameness of pattern which at times cries out for variety.

Quite by accident, my husband and I found out that, for us, spanking is one answer. However, in our case, he doesn't spank me to punish or to satisfy a sadistic bent; nor does he spank "the seat of my panties until they smoke."

In the spirit of fun one evening, we were engaging in a bit of horseplay and

teasing when, in mock exasperation, he turned me over his knee and proceeded to spank me, but not brutally. After a few spanks, what does a man do with a bare bottom under his hand but go on to fondle and caress?

Mrs. Edith Trusdall
Los Angeles, California

Recent letters (June and September *Forum*) in regard to spanking left me dismayed to discover that the editors disapprove of this as a method of discipline. I should like to submit the case for spanking, and I consider myself well qualified to do so. Now 74 years old, I have had three wives and eight daughters—and have had occasion to spank all eleven of them when it was required. All are better women for it.

May I suggest that there are proper procedures in spanking. I should like to outline my methods for men who cannot cope with their women.

1. My children were always spanked immediately after they had misbehaved, as it is imperative to associate the spanking with the misbehavior. As they grew older, the girls were paddled for larger infractions, such as impudence to their mother or me and failure to return home on time after dates.

2. My wives were always told that they had "an appointment" with me later in the evening when the children were in bed, as I did not wish to have them know that their mother was being disciplined, and because I believe no spanking is effective unless it is applied to the bare bottom. This was difficult during daytimes because of corsets.

3. It is important for the chastiser to seat himself either on a bed or armless chair when administering the punishment, and then to place the female across his knees so that the legs are perpendicular to the floor, so that the breasts of the adult female are free of the chastiser's knees. This is known as the penitent position. Any kicking or wild behavior *must* result in the administration of at least five additional smacks.

4. While in the penitent position, the female is asked why she is being paddled. She will reply, "Because I was impudent, tardy," or whatever. This clears up any misunderstanding and is therapeutic. Separate infractions are dealt with separately.

5. The bottom is bared and spanked about 20 times, which takes about 15 seconds. This is no beating—it's a thorough spanking which will in no way injure but will make a very definite impression. Spanking slowly is sadistic. It should not be done in anger.

6. When finished, I always said to my children and my wives, "Remember, you have been spanked because I love you and I care how you behave." This helps to mitigate the sting and obviates resentment.

7. I have always read to my wives St. Paul's letter to the Ephesians in which he admonishes wives to "submit yourselves unto your own husbands," and they do not believe that I am unreasonable. They have only been spanked for malicious gossiping, whining and complaining unduly and overimbibing. I am sure if more women had their bottoms smacked for these faults, there would be more happy marriages. I have had three.

I should like in closing to say that most women *want* to be spanked. In a small social gathering, my wife once admitted to having been spanked. Immediately every woman in the room gathered around her and asked myriads of questions. Most of them declared immediately that *their* husbands would not *dare* to spank them. Their husbands, God bless them, took the dare privately. I was later thanked by many of these men privately. May I suggest, therefore, that some of you try it? It not only warms a woman's backside, but her loving nature as well.

Please withhold my name out of respect to my family.

(Name withheld by request)
Cincinnati, Ohio

Your adventures in chastisement are a bit too lovingly recounted and far too ritualized to be considered merely a method of family discipline.

Some form of spanking is used by many couples as a sadomasochistic form of sexual stimulation. Why is such stigma placed on this form of precoital play?

My wife and I have used this device occasionally over many years, and neither of us feels particularly perverted. Since I would never willfully cause discomfort to any living thing, except to spank my wife *when* she wants it for our mutual sexual arousal, I hardly feel like the Marquis de Sade. She will tease until I threaten a spanking and then tease until I administer it. It is a fetish with its own ritualistic overtones. She is most aroused if I spank her bare-bottomed across my lap, with a leather strap. It is the act of being spanked "against her will" that excites her rather than any associated pain. If I spank too severely, the effect is ruined. I must spank harder and harder until she really wants up, and then give her a couple of unwanted swats that really sting. These last couple send her into the height of passion. The intercourse that follows reaches peaks we rarely reach in other ways.

We don't want to be analyzed. We have a happy marriage and a completely satisfying sexual life. However, there is a question that I feel needs to be competently answered in a widely circulated magazine: Is sexuality involved in the

spanking of children? I recall a young playmate of our daughter talking about a severe spanking she had received from her father and saying, "I don't really mind that it hurts so much, because when it is over my bottom feels so warm that I feel good all over."

(Name withheld by request)
West Orange, New Jersey

Psychiatrists differ greatly in their estimates of the sexual element in child spanking. There are numerous cases in which adults take erotic pleasure in the beating of children, and it is also possible for children to actually acquire an erotic taste for being beaten. This element is not necessarily present in the physical punishment of children, however, and it is only when the discipline is unusually severe, or bizarre, that it deserves to be the subject of suspicion.

I was surprised to see the letters you published (September *Forum*) poking fun at Mrs. McElroy's letter (June *Forum*) suggesting that spanking, by mutual consent, might be an interesting variation in marriage. At the same time you, very properly, defend cunnilingus and fellatorism.

Why did you print an editorial reprimand beneath Mrs. McElroy's courageous letter when you at the same time make a not-less-courageous crusade for the two other "perversions"? What is the difference?

Freud says:

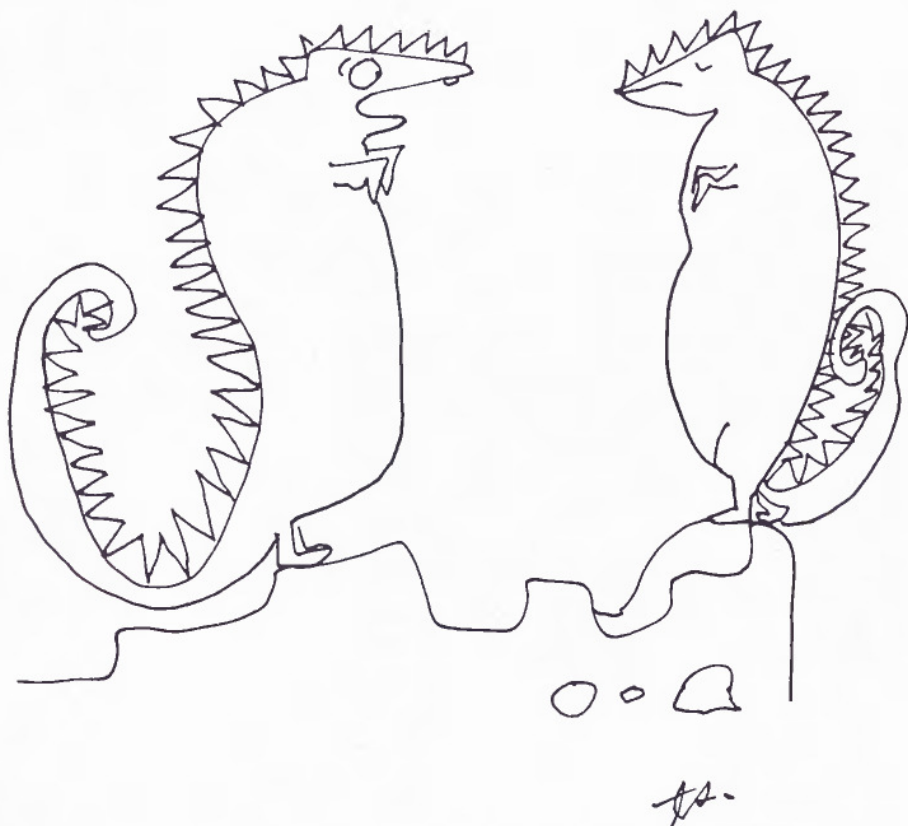
The roots of active algolagnia, sadism, can be readily demonstrable in the normal individual. The sexuality of most men shows an admixture of aggression, of a desire to subdue, the biological significance of which lies in the necessity for overcoming the resistance of the sexual object by actions other than mere courting. Sadism would then correspond to an aggressive component of the sexual instinct which has become independent and exaggerated and has been brought to the foreground by displacement.

The concept of sadism fluctuates in everyday speech from a mere active or impetuous attitude toward the sexual object to an absolute attachment of the gratification to the subjection and maltreatment of the object. Strictly speaking, only the last extreme case can claim the name of perversion.

Freud further says:

Sadism and masochism occupy a special place in the perversions, for the contrast of activity and passivity lying at their bases belong to the common traits of sexual life.

It seems, then, that Freud considers algolagnia a more biological "natural"



"I dunno — there's something about this sudden cold snap that depresses the hell out of me."

activity than fellatio and cunnilingus. However, it is well known that both Freud and modern psychiatrists do not consider sexual peculiarities as perversions if partners in their love play intend to pass on to the definite sexual aim. The same attitude is taken by the Roman Catholic Church.

The situation which Mrs. McCoy describes, of being spanked by her husband and then made love to, could thus not be labeled sadism if she is a consenting partner.

It is a little absurd writing about intimate things like these in scientific terms. Like all other love play, spanking for the uninitiated may seem ridiculous in cold print, but there is a sound biological base to it. I have reason to believe that many well-balanced modern people find intense enjoyment in now and then regressing to a more primitive love play, which has nothing to do with the bullwhips or cat-o'-nine-tails. Maybe the bullwhips are substitutes for a symbolic ritual full of meaning and mutual tenderness, where the mutual satisfaction derives from the submission of the female and not from any gritting of teeth.

Those of us who have been fortunate enough to be, as it were, sounding boards for holidaying American women's grievances, certainly have gotten the impression that though the sophisticated American woman may not be able to do without a man as a hewer of wood and drawer of water, she at least sometimes likes to pretend that she is not the dominant part in the old love game between the sexes.

(Name withheld by request)
Malmö, Sweden

I was quite a bit surprised to read the letters of sympathy and understanding in your magazine concerning the problem of the man who was jailed for "sodomy," while Mrs. Jane McElroy, the wife who lets her husband spank her, was turned off as a nut. It seems to me that her perversion is no more abnormal and not as distasteful as the "oral-genital intimacy" that your readers rose to defend.

Perhaps it is because of the context in which Mrs. McElroy put the matter, stating in effect that her husband spansks her as punishment for misbehavior. This, I agree, would be very improper, as it offends the relationship between husband and wife, not to mention the equality between the sexes. On the other hand, it never occurs to your readers that quite possibly Mrs. McElroy bares her bottom to her husband's paddle because, like myself, she gets erotic pleasure from it and is, therefore, more passionate in the embrace of her husband. Such an admission might be more embarrassing to her than to say, as she did, that she misbehaved and was spanked for it.

My husband and I have excessive erotic zones in the flesh of our buttocks which are excited by the stinging pain that accompanies a severe spanking. I was what is known as a "frigid" woman, and my husband could not reach a climax, but after hard spankings on our bare bottoms, we are able to have normal sex relations.

We find the spankings themselves are pleasurable. This may stamp us as a couple of "queers," but we have never harmed anyone. We have reared a couple of children. No, we did not bring them in to see us spank each other. I do not suppose that even your "oral-genitalist" brought in his children to witness his act. No. Our sexual relations (and I am claiming our spankings are part of these), like all other civilized people's, were always carried on in complete privacy.

I am 60 years old and my husband 65. We have been married for more than 40 years. We have a few advanced scholastic degrees between us and both enjoy a small bit of success in our chosen fields of vocation. We have a hideaway lodge tucked away on an isolated lake. For years this has been our spanking house. When the urge comes upon us, we drive out there, like you might take a fishing trip. Have we done wrong? Throughout all these years we have never met others with our predilection for spanking, but Mrs. McElroy's letter indicates that they do exist.

(Name withheld by request)
Glendale, Illinois

I admire your stand on sexual freedom so much that I hesitate to mention what I consider a lapse in your consistency. In recent issues you have not actually condemned, but you have disapproved of and mocked certain sexual practices which nevertheless fit into the broad category of "relations between consenting adults which do no harm to others, nor result in physical damage to the partners involved." I am thinking specifically of your discussions of *karezza* and spanking. Now, I don't particularly enjoy either of these myself, and, of course, I don't expect you to recommend them, but I was surprised by your tone of disapproval and mockery. If people enjoy them, why not be tolerant? I always thought that the basic point of your *Philosophy* was not "They are wrong and we are right" but, rather, "Let the individual decide for himself."

W. Wellman
Los Angeles, California

The letter concerning *karezza*—or coitus reservatus—appeared in *The Playboy Advisor*, and we felt justified in advising our readers to avoid a sexual technique that most modern authorities consider emotionally harmful. If anyone wants to ignore our advice, he is perfectly

welcome to do so, and you won't find us agitating for our 50 states to add anti-karezza laws to their current crazy-quilt patchwork of sex statutes.

Our attitude toward adult spanking is quite a different matter, however, and we had not intended to seem either disapproving or mocking in our previous responses to "Forum" letters on this subject. Our critical comments in both the June and September issues were directed, not at the practice as a source of erotic stimulation, but at the readers' contentions that the activity was something other than sexual in nature. Such mild forms of sadomasochism are less likely to be harmful in consensual sex relations than the rigid rejection of variations in sexual foreplay in the belief that they are unnatural or perverted. In his book *"The Art and Science of Love,"* Dr. Albert Ellis states:

The desire to have some degree of physical pain inflicted upon oneself in order to aid sex gratification is another aspect of sexual normality when it is kept within reasonable limits. As soon, however, as one is unable to achieve arousal or orgasm without having fairly intense physical pain or mental humiliation inflicted on oneself, one begins to lap over into sexual deviation.

It should go without saying, in this modern day and age, that some of the most sexually arousing and orgasm-producing methods are those which for many centuries prior to this have been taboo in our society but are now more widely accepted. Oral-genital contact, anal insertion, mild sadomasochistic forays, and similar so-called perversions are essential for the maximum arousal and satisfaction of literally millions of individuals in today's world.

Consequently, any person whose husband or wife is difficult to arouse or satisfy should be especially unshy about trying all possible techniques, including many of those which were erroneously considered perverted in the past, but which are now commonly accepted as a normal part of human sex behavior.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 44)

back seat of a car that I'm just not a schoolteacher.

PLAYBOY: Even though you're not a schoolteacher, wouldn't you like to help the young people who dig you from turning into what some of their parents have become?

DYLAN: Well, I must say that I really don't know their parents. I really don't know if *anybody's* parents are so bad. Now, I hate to come on like a weakling or a coward, and I realize it might seem kind of irreligious, but I'm really not the right person to tramp around the country saving souls. I wouldn't run over anybody that was laying in the street, and I certainly wouldn't become a hangman. I wouldn't think twice about giving a starving man a cigarette. But I'm not a shepherd. And I'm not about to save anybody from fate, which I know nothing about. "Parents" is not the key word here. The key word is "destiny." I can't save them from that.

PLAYBOY: Still, thousands of young people look up to you as a kind of folk hero. Do you feel some sense of responsibility toward them?

DYLAN: I don't feel I have any responsibility, no. Whoever it is that listens to my songs owes *me* nothing. How could I possibly have any responsibility to any kind of thousands? What could possibly make me think that I owe anybody anything who just happens to be there? I've never written any song that begins with the words "I've gathered you here to-night . . ." I'm not about to tell anybody to be a good boy or a good girl and they'll go to heaven. I really don't know what the people who are on the receiving end of these songs think of me, anyway. It's horrible. I'll bet Tony Bennett doesn't have to go through this kind of thing. I wonder what Billy the Kid would have answered to such a question.

PLAYBOY: In their admiration for you, many young people have begun to imitate the way you dress—which one adult commentator has called "self-consciously oddball and defiantly sloppy." What's your reaction to that kind of put-down?

DYLAN: Bullshit. Oh, such bullshit. I know the fellow that said that. He used to come around here and get beat up all the time. He better watch it; some people are after him. They're going to strip him naked and stick him in Times Square. They're going to tie him up, and also put a thermometer in his mouth. Those kind of morbid ideas and remarks are so petty—I mean there's a *war* going on. People got rickets; everybody wants to start a riot; 40-year-old women are eating spinach by the carload; the doctors haven't got a cure for cancer—and

here's some hillbilly talking about how he doesn't like somebody's clothes. Worse than that, it gets printed and innocent people have to read it. This is a terrible thing. And he's a terrible man. Obviously, he's just living off the fat of himself, and he's expecting his kids to take care of him. His kids probably listen to my records. Just because my clothes are too long, does that mean I'm unqualified for what I do?

PLAYBOY: No, but there are those who think it does—and many of them seem to feel the same way about your long hair. But compared with the shoulder-length coiffures worn by some of the male singing groups these days, your tonsorial tastes are on the conservative side. How do you feel about these far-out hair styles?

DYLAN: The thing that most people don't realize is that it's *warmer* to have long hair. Everybody wants to be warm. People with short hair freeze easily. Then they try to hide their coldness, and they get jealous of everybody that's warm. Then they become either barbers or Congressmen. A lot of prison wardens have short hair. Have you ever noticed that Abraham Lincoln's hair was much longer than John Wilkes Booth's?

PLAYBOY: Do you think Lincoln wore his hair long to keep his head warm?

DYLAN: Actually, I think it was for medical reasons, which are none of my business. But I guess if you figure it out, you realize that all of one's hair surrounds and lays on the brain inside your head. Mathematically speaking, the more of it you can get out of your head, the better. People who want free minds sometimes overlook the fact that you have to have an uncluttered brain. Obviously, if you get your hair on the outside of your head, your brain will be a little more freer. But all this talk about long hair is just a trick. It's been thought up by men and women who look like cigars—the anti-happiness committee. They're all freeloaders and cops. You can tell who they are: They're always carrying calendars, guns or scissors. They're all trying to get into your quicksand. They think you've got something. I don't know why Abe Lincoln had long hair.

PLAYBOY: Until your abandonment of "message" songs, you were considered not only a major voice in the student protest movement but a militant champion of the civil rights struggle. According to friends, you seemed to feel a special bond of kinship with the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, which you actively supported both as a performer and as a worker. Why have you withdrawn from participation in all these causes? Have you lost interest in protest as well as in protest songs?

DYLAN: As far as SNCC is concerned, I knew some of the people in it, but I only knew them as people, not as of any part of something that was bigger or bet-

ter than themselves. I didn't even know what civil rights *was* before I met some of them. I mean, I knew there were Negroes, and I knew there were a lot of people who don't like Negroes. But I got to admit that if I didn't know some of the SNCC people, I would have gone on thinking that Martin Luther King was really nothing more than some underprivileged war hero. I haven't lost any interest in protest since then. I just didn't have any interest in protest to begin with—any more than I did in war heroes. You can't lose what you've never had. Anyway, when you don't like your situation, you either leave it or else you overthrow it. You can't just stand around and whine about it. People just get aware of your noise; they really don't get aware of *you*. Even if they give you what you want, it's only because you're making too much noise. First thing you know, you want something else, and then you want something else, and then you want something else, until finally it isn't a joke anymore, and whoever you're protesting against finally gets all fed up and stomps on everybody. Sure, you can go around trying to bring up people who are lesser than you, but then don't forget, you're messing around with gravity. I don't fight gravity. I do believe in equality, but I also believe in distance.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean people keeping their racial distance?

DYLAN: I believe in people keeping everything they've got.

PLAYBOY: Some people might feel that you're trying to cop out of fighting for the things you believe in.

DYLAN: Those would be people who think I have some sort of responsibility toward *them*. They probably want me to help them make friends. I don't know. They probably either want to set me in their house and have me come out every hour and tell them what time it is, or else they just want to stick me in between the mattress. How could they possibly understand what I believe in?

PLAYBOY: Well, what do you believe in?

DYLAN: I already told you.

PLAYBOY: All right. Many of your folk-singing colleagues remain actively involved in the fight for civil rights, free speech and withdrawal from Vietnam. Do you think they're wrong?

DYLAN: I don't think they're wrong, if that's what they see themselves doing. But don't think that what you've got out there is a bunch of little Buddhas all parading up and down. People that use God as a weapon should be amputated upon. You see it around here all the time: "Be good or God won't like you, and you'll go to hell." Things like that. People that march with slogans and things tend to take themselves a little too holy. It would be a drag if they, too, started using God as a weapon.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's pointless to dedicate yourself to the cause of peace and racial equality?

DYLAN: Not pointless to dedicate yourself to peace and racial equality, but rather, it's pointless to dedicate yourself to the *cause*; that's *really* pointless. That's very unknowing. To say "cause of peace" is just like saying "hunk of butter." I mean, how can you listen to anybody who wants you to believe he's dedicated to the hunk and not to the butter? People who can't conceive of how others hurt, they're trying to change the world. They're all afraid to admit that they don't really know each other. They'll all probably be here long after we've gone, and we'll give birth to new ones. But they themselves—I don't think *they'll* give birth to *anything*.

PLAYBOY: You sound a bit fatalistic.

DYLAN: I'm not fatalistic. Bank tellers are fatalistic; clerks are fatalistic. I'm a farmer. Who ever heard of a fatalistic farmer? I'm not fatalistic. I smoke a lot of cigarettes, but that doesn't make me fatalistic.

PLAYBOY: You were quoted recently as saying that "songs can't save the world. I've gone through all that." We take it you don't share Pete Seeger's belief that songs can change people, that they can help build international understanding.

DYLAN: On the international understanding part, that's OK. But you have a translation problem there. Anybody with this kind of a level of thinking has to also think about this translation thing. But I don't believe songs can change people anyway. I'm not Pinocchio. I consider that an insult. I'm not part of that. I don't blame anybody for thinking that way. But I just don't donate any money to them. I don't consider them anything like unhip; they're more in the rubber-band category.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about those who have risked imprisonment by burning their draft cards to signify their opposition to U. S. involvement in Vietnam, and by refusing—as your friend Joan Baez has done—to pay their income taxes as a protest against the Government's expenditures on war and weaponry? Do you think they're wasting their time?

DYLAN: Burning draft cards isn't going to end any war. It's not even going to save any lives. If someone can feel more honest with himself by burning his draft card, then that's great; but if he's just going to feel more important because he does it, then that's a drag. I really don't know too much about Joan Baez and her income-tax problems. The only thing I can tell you about Joan Baez is that she's not Belle Starr.

PLAYBOY: Writing about "beard-wearing draft-card burners and pacifist income-tax evaders," one columnist called such protesters "no less outside society than

the junkie, the homosexual or the mass murderer." What's your reaction?

DYLAN: I don't believe in those terms. They're too hysterical. They don't describe anything. Most people think that homosexual, gay, queer, queen, faggot are all the same words. Everybody thinks that a junkie is a dope freak. As far as I'm concerned, I don't consider myself outside of anything. I just consider myself *not around*.

PLAYBOY: Joan Baez recently opened a school in northern California for training civil rights workers in the philosophy and techniques of nonviolence. Are you in sympathy with that concept?

DYLAN: If you mean do I agree with it or not, I really don't see anything to be in agreement *with*. If you mean has it got my approval, I guess it does, but my approval really isn't going to do it any good. I don't know about other people's sympathy, but my sympathy runs to the lame and crippled and beautiful things. I have a feeling of loss of power—something like a reincarnation feeling; I don't feel that for mechanical things like cars or schools. I'm sure it's a *nice* school, but if you're asking me would I go to it, I would have to say no.

PLAYBOY: As a college dropout in your freshman year, you seem to take a dim view of schooling in general, whatever the subject.

DYLAN: I really don't think about it.

PLAYBOY: Well, have you ever had any regrets about not completing college?

DYLAN: That would be ridiculous. Colleges are like old-age homes; except for the fact that more people die in colleges than in old-age homes, there's really no difference. People have one great blessing—obscurity—and not really too many people are thankful for it. Everybody is always taught to be thankful for their food and clothes and things like that, but not to be thankful for their obscurity. Schools don't teach that; they teach people to be rebels and lawyers. I'm not going to put down the teaching system; that would be too silly. It's just that it really doesn't have too much to teach. Colleges are part of the American institution; everybody respects them. They're very rich and influential, but they have nothing to do with survival. Everybody knows that.

PLAYBOY: Would you advise young people to skip college, then?

DYLAN: I wouldn't advise anybody to do anything. I certainly wouldn't advise somebody not to go to college; I just wouldn't pay his way through college.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think the things one learns in college can help enrich one's life?

DYLAN: I don't think anything like that is going to enrich my life, no—not *my* life, anyway. Things are going to happen whether I know why they happen or

not. It just gets more complicated when you stick *yourself* into it. You don't find out why things move. You *let* them move; you *watch* them move; you *stop* them from moving; you *start* them moving. But you don't sit around and try to figure out *why* there's movement—unless, of course, you're just an innocent moron, or some wise old Japanese man. Out of all the people who just lay around and ask "Why?", how many do you figure really want to know?

PLAYBOY: Can you suggest a better use for the four years that would otherwise be spent in college?

DYLAN: Well, you could hang around in Italy; you could go to Mexico; you could become a dishwasher; you could even go to Arkansas. I don't know; there are thousands of things to do and places to go. Everybody thinks that you have to bang your head against the wall, but it's silly when you really think about it. I mean, here you have fantastic scientists working on ways to prolong human living, and then you have other people who take it for granted that you have to beat your head against the wall in order to be happy. You can't take everything you don't like as a personal insult. I guess you should go where your wants are bare, where you're invisible and not needed.

PLAYBOY: Would you classify sex among your wants, wherever you go?

DYLAN: Sex is a temporary thing; sex isn't love. You can get sex anywhere. If you're looking for someone to *love* you, now that's different. I guess you have to stay in college for that.

PLAYBOY: Since you didn't stay in college, does that mean you haven't found someone to love you?

DYLAN: Let's go on to the next question.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any difficulty relating to people—or vice versa?

DYLAN: Well, sometimes I have the feeling that other people want my *soul*. If I say to them, "I don't *have* a soul," they say, "I know that. You don't have to tell me that. Not me. How dumb do you think I am? I'm your *friend*." What can I say except that I'm sorry and I feel bad? I guess maybe feeling bad and paranoia are the same thing.

PLAYBOY: Paranoia is said to be one of the mental states sometimes induced by such hallucinogenic drugs as peyote and LSD. Considering the risks involved, do you think that experimentation with such drugs should be part of the growing-up experience for a young person?

DYLAN: I wouldn't advise anybody to use drugs—certainly not the hard drugs; drugs are medicine. But opium and hash and pot—now, those things aren't drugs; they just bend your mind a little. I think *everybody's* mind should be bent once in a while. Not by LSD, though. LSD is medicine—a different kind of medicine.

It makes you aware of the universe, so to speak; you realize how foolish *objects* are. But LSD is not for groovy people; it's for mad, hateful people who want revenge. It's for people who usually have heart attacks. They ought to use it at the Geneva Convention.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned, as you approach 30, that you may begin to "go square," lose some of your openness to experience, become leery of change and new experiment?

DYLAN: No. But if it happens, then it happens. What can I say? There doesn't seem to be any tomorrow. Every time I wake up, no matter in what position, it's always been today. To look ahead and start worrying about trivial little things I can't really say has any more importance than looking back and *remembering* trivial little things. I'm not going to become any poetry instructor at any girls' school; I know *that* for sure. But that's about *all* I know for sure. I'll just keep doing these different things, I guess.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

DYLAN: Waking up in different positions.

PLAYBOY: What else?

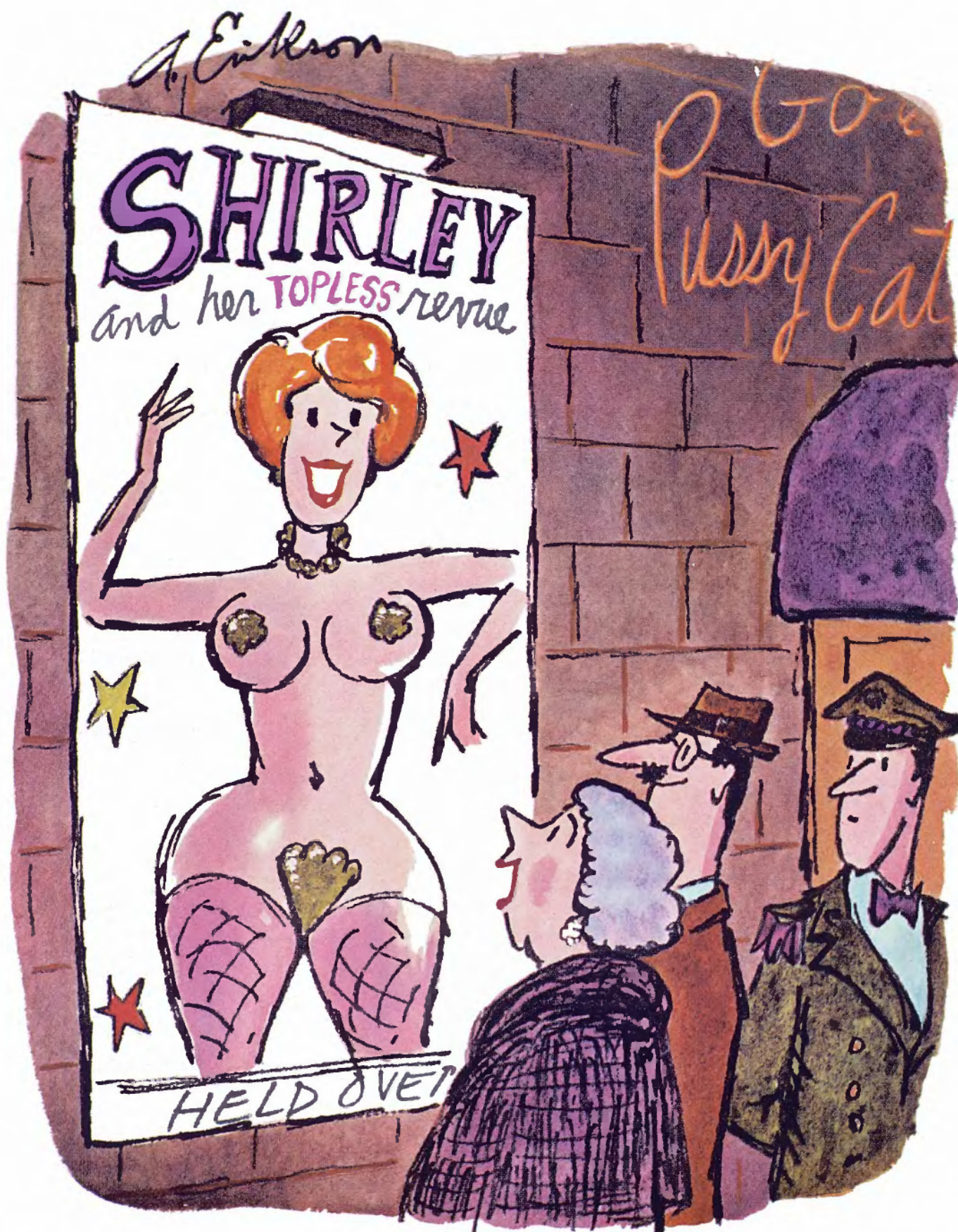
DYLAN: I'm just like anybody else; I'll try anything once.

PLAYBOY: Including theft and murder?

DYLAN: I can't really say I *wouldn't* commit theft or murder and expect anybody to really believe me. I wouldn't believe anybody if they told *me* that.

PLAYBOY: By their mid-20s, most people have begun to settle into their niche, to find a place in society. But you've managed to remain inner-directed and uncommitted. What was it that spurred you to run away from home six times between the ages of ten and eighteen and finally to leave for good?

DYLAN: It was nothing; it was just an accident of geography. Like if I was born and raised in New York or Kansas City, I'm sure everything would have turned out different. But Hibbing, Minnesota, was just not the right place for me to stay and live. There really was nothing there. The only thing you could do there was be a miner, and even that kind of thing was getting less and less. The people that lived there—they're nice people; I've been all over the world since I left there, and they still stand out as being the least hung-up. The mines were just dying, that's all; but that's not their fault. *Everybody* about my age left there. It was no great romantic thing. It didn't take any great amount of thinking or individual genius, and there certainly wasn't any pride in it. I didn't run away from it; I just turned my back on it. It couldn't give me anything. It was very void-like. So leaving wasn't hard at all; it would have been much harder to stay. I didn't want to die there. As I think about it now, though, it wouldn't be such a bad place to go back to and



"It seems like only yesterday we were buying
her her first training bra . . . !"

die in. There's no place I feel closer to now, or get the feeling that I'm part of, except maybe New York; but I'm not a New Yorker. I'm North Dakota-Minnesota-Midwestern. I'm *that* color. I speak that way. I'm from someplace called Iron Range. My brains and feeling have come from there. I wouldn't amputate on a drowning man; *nobody* from out there would.

PLAYBOY: Today, you're on your way to becoming a millionaire. Do you feel in any danger of being trapped by all this affluence—by the things it can buy?

DYLAN: No, my world is very small. Money can't really improve it any; money can just keep it from being smothered.

PLAYBOY: Most big stars find it difficult to avoid getting involved, and sometimes entangled, in managing the business end of their careers. As a man with three thriving careers—as a concert performer, recording star and songwriter—do you ever feel boxed in by such noncreative responsibilities?

DYLAN: No, I've got other people to do that for me. They watch my money; they guard it. They keep their eyes on it at all times; they're supposed to be very smart when it comes to money. They know just what to do with my money. I pay them a lot of it. I don't really speak to them much, and they don't really speak to me at all, so I guess everything is all right.

PLAYBOY: If fortune hasn't trapped you, how about fame? Do you find that your celebrity makes it difficult to keep your private life intact?

DYLAN: My private life has been dangerous from the beginning. All this does is add a little atmosphere.

PLAYBOY: You used to enjoy wandering across the country—taking off on open-end trips, roughing it from town to town, with no particular destination in mind. But you seem to be doing much less of that these days. Why? Is it because you're too well known?

DYLAN: It's mainly because I have to be in Cincinnati Friday night, and the next night I got to be in Atlanta, and then the next night after that, I have to be in Buffalo. Then I have to write some more songs for a record album.

PLAYBOY: Do you get the chance to ride your motorcycle much anymore?

DYLAN: I'm still very patriotic to the highway, but I don't ride my motorcycle too much anymore, no.

PLAYBOY: How do you get your kicks these days, then?

DYLAN: I hire people to look into my eyes, and then I have them kick me.

PLAYBOY: And that's the way you get your kicks?

DYLAN: No. Then I *forgive* them; that's where my kicks come in.

PLAYBOY: You told an interviewer last year, "I've done everything I ever wanted to." If that's true, what do you have to look forward to?

DYLAN: Salvation. Just plain salvation.

PLAYBOY: Anything else?

DYLAN: Praying. I'd also like to start a cookbook magazine. And I've always wanted to be a boxing referee. I want to referee a heavyweight championship fight. Can you imagine that? Can you imagine any fighter in his right mind recognizing *me*?

PLAYBOY: If your popularity were to wane, would you welcome being anonymous again?

DYLAN: You mean welcome it, like I'd

welcome some poor pilgrim coming in from the rain? No, I wouldn't welcome it; I'd accept it, though. Someday, obviously, I'm going to *have* to accept it.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever think about marrying, settling down, having a home, maybe living abroad? Are there any luxuries you'd like to have, say, a yacht or a Rolls-Royce?

DYLAN: No, I don't think about those things. If I felt like buying anything, I'd buy it. What you're asking me about is the future, *my* future. I'm the last person in the world to ask about my future.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying you're going to be passive and just let things happen to you?

DYLAN: Well, that's being very philosophical about it, but I guess it's true.

PLAYBOY: You once planned to write a novel. Do you still?

DYLAN: I don't think so. All my writing goes into the songs now. Other forms don't interest me anymore.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any unfulfilled ambitions?

DYLAN: Well, I guess I've always wanted to be Anthony Quinn in *La Strada*. Not always—only for about six years now; it's not one of those childhood-dream things. Oh, and come to think of it, I guess I've always wanted to be Brigitte Bardot, too; but I don't really want to think about *that* too much.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever have the standard boyhood dream of growing up to be President?

DYLAN: No. When I was a boy, Harry Truman was President; who'd want to be Harry Truman?

PLAYBOY: Well, let's suppose that you *were* the President. What would you accomplish during your first thousand days?

DYLAN: Well, just for laughs, so long as you insist, the first thing I'd do is probably move the White House. Instead of being in Texas, it'd be on the East Side in New York. McGeorge Bundy would definitely have to change his name, and General McNamara would be forced to wear a coonskin cap and shades. I would immediately rewrite *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and little school children, instead of memorizing *America the Beautiful*, would have to memorize *Desolation Row* [one of Dylan's latest songs]. And I would immediately call for a showdown with Mao Tse-tung; I would fight him *personally*—and I'd get somebody to film it.

PLAYBOY: One final question: Even though you've more or less retired from political and social protest, can you conceive of any circumstance that might persuade you to reinvolve yourself?

DYLAN: No, not unless all the people in the world disappeared.



"How do you expect to have hallucinations if you don't eat your mushrooms?"

PLAYBOY PANEL

(continued from page 58)

agreed mainly to disagree with the other panelists about not only the nature of, the reasons for and the consequences of the current crisis in relations between the police and the public, but also what to do about it. He shares the conviction of many law-enforcement officials throughout the country that recent Supreme Court rulings in the civil-liberties field are handcuffing the police in their efforts to maintain law and order in the face of what FBI and metropolitan police figures indicate is a national crime wave of unprecedented dimensions. Neither he nor the other panelists, however, agree with those who feel that the police should be given carte-blanche authority to "stop and frisk" any citizen in the streets, to enter and search any home without a warrant, to use wire taps, hidden microphones and cameras, peephole surveillance, lie detectors and other such constitutionally controversial devices in order to stem this alleged crime wave.

Citing such abuses as police brutality, illegal invasions of privacy and unethical interrogation procedures, other panelists felt that police power—far from being inadequate to cope with crime, which they denied is on the upsurge—has already exceeded its rightful authority and, in some cases, even the bounds of the Constitution, and must therefore be abridged rather than expanded. As a deterrent to such violations of individual rights, several members of the panel recommended the establishment of civilian review boards empowered to investigate complaints of improper law-enforcement practices and to enforce appropriate disciplinary action. Feeling that such boards would serve only to further frustrate the police in the performance of their duty, Professor Inbau and Judge Leighton thought that police departments should be allowed to police themselves via internal investigative agencies. It was suggested, finally, by Mr. Pemberton, Judge Leighton and Dean Lohman that the quality of law enforcement must be improved by adopting training programs for police recruits that would include schooling not only in the best modern techniques of police work but in the scope of civil liberties and the limitations of their own authority.

Though your assessments of the problem, and the solutions you've suggested for it, have been widely divergent, we feel that the light and heat generated by this exchange has helped not only to confirm the complexity of the crisis but to clarify the issues involved—and to point the way toward understanding. Thank you, gentlemen.



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We're Happening All Over (continued from page 98)

600 active members on several campuses—is the May 2nd Movement, an outgrowth of the May 2nd Committee formed at a socialist conference at Yale in March 1964. Its name comes from the fact that on May 2nd of that year, the Movement organized a march on the United Nations, protesting the war in Vietnam.

Like the DuBois Clubs, the May 2nd activists consider what they term "American imperialism" their primary target. Admitting frequent, informal ties with the Progressive Labor Party, May 2nd leaders deny they have been taken over by the PLP. They call their nascent organization "a radical student peace organization," but they are not pacifists. "We cannot," says one of their leaders, "ask the Vietcong or the black people in Northern ghettos to be nonviolent. Oh, I used to be a pacifist, but I never had to try it out. However, a Vietnamese peasant confronted by a Marine or a black man being hit by a cop cannot be asked to be nonviolent. Pacifism is irrelevant for them."

Old-line, anti-Communist leftists such as Socialist Norman Thomas and Bayard Rustin, chief strategist for Martin Luther King, condemn the overt commu-

nism of the PLP; and they consider the DuBois Clubs and the May 2nd Movement as at best politically naïve and at worst easy prey to manipulation by Communists, SDS, SNCC and the Northern Student Movement resent the implication that they can be successfully infiltrated. They will cooperate with the DuBois Clubs and the May 2nd Movement—though not with the rigid, raucous PLP—on specific projects, maintaining their own stubborn independence. Since they practice total inner democracy and have no patience with pat ideologies, whether Soviet or Chinese, they are confident they can protect themselves.

On one occasion, a PLP member infiltrated a SNCC unit in the South, becoming editor of that group's local newspaper. When the paper began to look as if it had been programmed by a computer in Peking, the journalistic James Bond of the PLP was dismissed.

"Look," says C. Clark Kissinger, a short, wiry, 24-year-old graduate of the University of Chicago (where he majored in mathematics) and now a full-time strategist for SDS, "we began by rejecting the old sectarian Left and its ancient quarrels. We are interested in direct action

and specific issues. We do not spend endless hours debating the nature of Soviet Russia."

In agreement with Kissinger is 28-year-old Bill Strickland, a tall, slim, pervasively hip Negro who directs the Northern Student Movement from an office in Harlem. A *magna cum laude* graduate of Harvard who wrote his master's thesis on Malcolm X, Strickland speaks for the majority of today's radical American young when he insists: "Whatever 'revolution' does occur will be an American revolution, coming out of the American experience. We'll have to evolve our own ideology. You can't impose an alien ideology in the United States. We're not interested in a guy's memorizing Trotsky's theory of permanent revolution or in some Stalinist with a line. We're interested in creating new forms and new institutions."

"Man," adds a member of SNCC, "the Communists, they're empty, man, empty. They've got the same stale ideas, the same bureaucracy they've always had. When he gets mixed up with us, a Com-mie dies and a person develops."

The Northern Student Movement—the SNCC of the North—was formed in 1961. Manned largely by college students, some of whom dropped out of school for a time to work in the field, the NSM at first concentrated on tutorial programs for children in Negro slums. In the last year, its focus has changed to helping the poor—the black poor—organize themselves into power blocs.

With some 2000 student members on 73 campuses, the Northern Student Movement has 32 field secretaries and 40 full-time volunteer workers. Now nearly all in the field are Negro. Engaged in community organizing in Boston, Hartford, Detroit, Philadelphia and Harlem, they are acting as catalysts for rent strikes, political action, pressure on War-on-Poverty officials to enlist the poor in decision making, and otherwise as stimuli for the previously voiceless to join forces. "We go way beyond voter registration," says Strickland. "What's the point of getting people registered so that they're swallowed by the same old mechanistic political machines? We're engaged in creating new political structures for a really new society."

A switch to politics is also a major part of the new direction being taken by CORE. Formerly, CORE concentrated its energies on civil rights breakthroughs—from public accommodations to jobs—but now, CORE's former national director, James Farmer, emphasizes, "our goal is power, political power" (see *When Will the Demonstrations End?*, PLAYBOY, January 1966, and *Moody Ebony*, PLAYBOY, February 1966). One route to that power is the opening of store-front community centers, North and South, to mobilize the Negro ghettos into "a force for political and community action." Depending on



the circumstances, CORE will either encourage "freedom democratic movements" within the Democratic Party or it will start parallel parties, as it already has in the Brooklyn Freedom Democratic Party.

The concept of parallel institutions—new groupings when traditional institutions are failing the poor—is central to many of the new student movements. SNCC has its Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party; members of SDS and other organizations are planning a parallel Congress in Washington as a means of dramatizing their protest against the war in Vietnam; and both CORE and SNCC see no reason why there cannot be parallel labor unions when regular unions persist in discriminating against Negroes.

The most advanced of the new radical movements in the South, and one from which Northern activists draw many of their ideas, is SNCC. Started five years ago as an outgrowth of the first sit-ins and Freedom Rides, SNCC has primarily worked in rural areas, but is now expanding into such Southern cities as Atlanta, Montgomery and Birmingham. SNCC is not a membership organization, although "Friends of SNCC" exist on many campuses. To be in SNCC itself, however, requires a total commitment of time and energy. Making that commitment are 200 paid workers in the field (paid at the barest subsistence level) and 250 full-time volunteers.

After organizing voter registration campaigns—often under extremely hazardous conditions—SNCC, too, has moved into politics. The Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party has been able to force its challenge of the five Mississippi seats in the House of Representatives onto the floor of the House itself. It did not win the challenge, but it brought abrasive national attention to the fact that the present Congressmen from Mississippi hardly represent all of its citizenry.

SNCC pioneered in another kind of parallel institution—the Freedom School. In protest against the inferiority of Mississippi education for Negroes as well as against the absence of Negro and African history in Negro schools, SNCC set up its own classes. The idea has been taken over throughout the North by such groups as CORE and the NSM. The newest SNCC parallel institution is the Mississippi Freedom Labor Union. In the Mississippi delta, where laborers are paid 30 cents an hour, the MFLU's basic demand of plantation owners is that they comply with the Federal minimum wage law of \$1.25 an hour. Despite reprisals by exacerbated employers, strikes continue and membership is spreading.

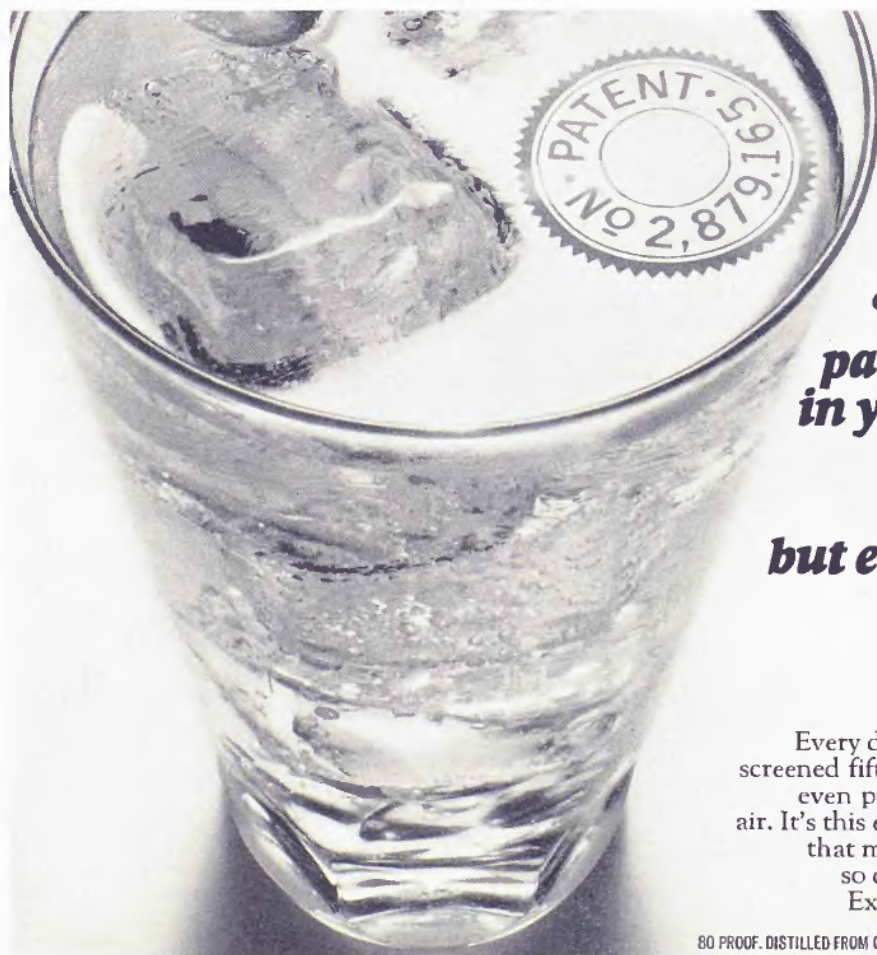
In all of its activities, the heart of SNCC's philosophy is "participatory democracy" and the right of the poor to decide for and by themselves what the policies of SNCC and its affiliates should

be. Participatory democracy means that every member should share in the decisions of any organization or government to which he belongs. As a result, SNCC's own meetings tend to be lengthily contentious until a "consensus" is reached with which everyone can agree. The word "leader" is suspect in SNCC, and although the tough, sharp-edged Jim Forman and the impregnable fearless John Lewis usually act as SNCC spokesmen, their authority comes from below.

SNCC's ultimate goal is to have leaders come directly from the poor—a process that has already worked in the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, one of whose directors is the blunt, charismatic Fannie Lou Hamer, a former sharecropper. SNCC distrusts—and is sometimes distrusted by—other organizations, such as the NAACP and Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, which are not operated with the egalitarianism of SNCC.

An intriguing and little-publicized offshoot of SNCC is the Southern Student Organizing Committee, formed in April 1964 by white Southern college students to spread the word for "a new politics for a new South." Now, with affiliates on 50 campuses, recently including several Negro colleges, SSOC has more than 2000 supporters.

For Negro student radicals in the



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North, a first meeting with the blonde girls and the reedy boys of SSOC, their accent redolent of the South, takes some adjusting. "I hear *what* they say," says a CORE militant, "but I hear *how* they say it, and it's hard to associate that accent with those ideas. Yet they're for real. I don't know how they got that way, but they are."

"Participatory democracy" is as endemic to SSOC as it is to SNCC. Also obsessed with that concept and with the conviction that the poor can and should be their own leaders is the nationwide SDS, which has the widest representation on campuses of all student groups and is engaged in community organization in more ghettos than any of its contemporaries.

In three years, SDS has attracted more than 3300 members in 100 chapters in 41 states. By the end of 1965, its membership was growing swiftly as a result of its intensified focus on activities against the war in Vietnam. In the field are 70 full-time staff members—300 during the summer—engaged in creating an "inter-racial movement of the poor." The beginnings of this movement have been planted by SDS in ten Northern and Midwestern cities. In Newark, for instance, the Newark Community Union Project—despite persistent opposition from the mayor, the police and even some liberals who felt they were being displaced—has succeeded in defeating an urban renewal plan that would have destroyed a viable Negro neighborhood. It has also put effective pressure on absentee landlords in the ghetto to repair their buildings, and it has propelled some of its local members into decision-making positions in the council distributing War-on-Poverty funds.

As its ghetto components grow, SDS is working on ways to link them as the first stage in a national alliance of the poor. Two conventions of "community unions" from around the country have already been held, and more are planned. Bill Strickland of the Northern Student Movement also envisages the growth first of local centers of power and then a network of the militant poor that could bring regional and eventually national changes in the way the poor live. "To get rid of the ghetto," says Strickland, who veers easily from Harvard speech to the argot of the street, "you have to get to the nitty-gritty. And that means candidates from the ghetto who are responsible to the ghetto."

It is groups such as SDS, SNCC and the Northern Student Movement that have the most powerful appeal to those on the nation's campuses who have not yet committed themselves to full-time careers as changers of "the system" but who do support these organizations with money and with their bodies at demonstrations.

A basic attraction of these groups is that they are not extensions of the adult Left. They were formed by students and are led by students. Accordingly, they satisfy the fundamental need of today's dissident young—to make their own decisions. "This generation," says 23-year-old Jeffrey Shero at the University of Texas, "has witnessed hypocrisy as has no other generation. The churches aren't doing what they should be doing. There is lie after lie on television. The whole society is run and compounded on lies. We are the first generation that grew up with the idea of annihilation. In a situation like this, you have to go out and form your own religion."

A reason, on the other hand, why the Progressive Labor Party has not been successful on campuses is that it parrots an old, tired, adult line—in its case, that of the Chinese Communists and those who polemicize with similar furious oversimplification.

This decision by more and more of the young to create their own ideology, often by existential experience in action for social change, is relatively new. During most of the 1950s, the young were the "silent generation," intimidated by McCarthyism, traumatized by The Bomb and anxious only for materialistic security. Then came the "Beats," who expressed their disdain for the values of the majority society by cutting themselves off from it.

For the dissatisfied young of the late 1950s and early 1960s, the passive, self-protective alienation of the Beats began to lose its charm. The reasons were several, and intersecting. The first major thrust for re-evaluation of themselves by the young was the accelerating civil rights movement in the South. Seized by the courage of the initial sit-inners and Freedom Riders, Northern students began to hold parallel demonstrations, picketing local stores of chains that discriminated in the South. They gave money, and gradually began to give themselves. Significantly, many of the students who emerged in the fall of 1964 as leaders of the Free Speech Movement at the University of California had spent the preceding summer in Mississippi teaching Negroes how to pass voter registration tests.

Ironically, another impetus for the rise of the new radicals was the House Un-American Activities Committee. After student protests against HUAC's hearings in San Francisco in 1960, the Committee made easily available throughout the country a film of that confrontation, *Operation Abolition*. "We are indebted to HUAC for that film," says Clark Kissinger of SDS with wry satisfaction. "It showed these big cops clubbing students. Civil rights and anti-HUAC groups sprang up all over the place."

Robert Hutchins, former chancellor of the University of Chicago, provides an-

other reason why the young were ready for action: "There has been a shift in the composition of the student body. Years ago, those who went to college were members of the establishment when they entered. Their purpose in coming was to confirm and improve their positions in it. In recent years, however, as the number of students has tripled, the social spectrum they represent has widened. More students are in college because they are bright and interested in learning something."

Because more of them are bright, they have been drawn to the viscerally relevant social movements outside the classroom, particularly since they regard so much of their curriculum as dully irrelevant. The Free Speech Movement—and some of its counterparts on other campuses—began in reaction to administration attempts to restrict on-campus activity in civil rights and politics. But it soon expanded into a pungent, penetrating criticism of the very quality of the computerlike education being offered the protesters.

Mario Savio, the bushy-haired, 22-year-old former chief spokesman for the Free Speech Movement, escalated his contempt for the dehumanization of education to a jeremiad against the dehumanization of society at large: "There is a time when the operation of the machine becomes so odious, makes you so sick at heart that you can't take part; you can't even passively take part, and you've got to put your bodies upon the gears and upon the wheels, upon the levers, upon all the apparatus and you've got to make it stop. And you've got to indicate to the people who run it, to the people who own it, that unless you're free, the machines will be prevented from working at all."

At Berkeley, the urge to be heard above the whirring of the machine led some students to extend the Free Speech Movement into what university administrators and the press called "the filthy speech movement." In March 1965, a group in their early 20s demonstrated on campus with placards on which were written the most common four-letter Anglo-Saxon word in American speech. They also sang and chanted the word. Adults were shocked. Even the American Civil Liberties Union considered their case "indefensible."

Why did they do it? One of them, 22-year-old John Thompson, told the *San Francisco Open City Press*: "I made that sign as a protest against the hypocritical climate, the lack of love I've found on this campus . . . I could walk around this campus for weeks with a sign that said MURDER OR SHOOT OR KILL and no one would pay the least attention. I write this one little word and, *bam*, into jail I go. Isn't it absurd that people here only get involved with this one word when they *should* get involved with



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war, with murder—the kind of murder that's going on every day in Vietnam.”

It has been in the past year especially that American foreign policy—as practiced in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic—has acted as a further source of student unrest. At Columbia University, in June 1965, 100 student demonstrators blocked the doors of Low Memorial Library and forced the postponement of a military review and awards ceremony of the university's officer training unit. In the same month, 75 Cornell students disrupted a Reserve Officers' Training Corps ritual by a sit-in. At Harvard, when McGeorge Bundy, a principal Presidential advisor on foreign policy, was selected as orator for the June literary exercises of the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa chapter, more than 100 members of that honor society, in an unprecedented move, made a public statement of protest. And when Bundy came, he was picketed.

Meanwhile, college faculty members were also becoming restive. During the tumult at the University of California, many professors came out forcefully on the side of the students, and some spoke of their own shame that it was the students rather than the professors who had dramatized the need for more individualized and more humanized education. The faculty revolt reached its apogee so far in the unprecedented wildfire of teach-ins—campus conclaves in lengthy opposition to American policy in Vietnam. Started in March 1965 by a group of University of Michigan professors, the teach-ins proved contagious, and soon hardly a university or college of prominence was without its home-grown variant. The initial climax of the teach-ins was a debate in Washington in May, which was televised to 100,000 on more than 100 campuses and to many more in those cities with television and radio stations that made the proceedings generally available. Moreover, two of the antagonists at the Washington teach-in were guests on NBC's *Meet the Press* with its audience of 10,000,000.

In May, the most gargantuan of all teach-ins—a nonstop, 30-hour protest meeting—took place before 27,500 students at the University of California in Berkeley. In defense against the spreading campus opposition, the State Department felt itself compelled to send out teams to explain the Government's position. They failed to convert the dissidents. In one skirmish, at Adelphi University on Long Island, the State Department spokesmen were drowned out in a geyser of wild cheers and applause from 400 faculty members and students when a teenager in the audience shouted, “Isn't the United States getting ready for World War Three? Is this what we want?”

In the months during and since the proliferation of the teach-ins, a particu-

larly significant development in the New Left has been the increasing fusion of protests directed against both America's internal and its external policies. No longer is the “peace movement” virtually alone, as it was more than five years ago. It has found swiftly multiplying allies among those of the young who began their apprenticeship as revolutionaries preoccupied with civil rights.

In May 1965, hundreds of University of California students marched on the Berkeley draft-board headquarters and presented the stunned coordinator of the board with a black coffin. Forty of them burned their draft cards. Steve Weissman, a leader of the Free Speech Movement, toured Southern campuses for the Southern Student Organizing Committee, telling his audiences: “Our movement started on a narrow issue—free speech on campus. But soon we found ourselves face to face with a more basic question: Who makes the decisions that govern our lives? And the further question is: How can we have a part in making the decisions?”

In June 1965, Bill Strickland insisted: “Events in Vietnam and Santo Domingo, Harlem and Mississippi are all related. They all raise the question as to what is the true face of America.” John Lewis, the former divinity student who is currently national chairman of SNCC, agreed: “Black people must start protesting all injustices. We should broaden our perspectives to cross national and international boundaries, fighting injustices whether they be in America, South Africa or Vietnam.” Clearly, the civil rights movement had broadened its scope enormously in the five years since students first conducted sit-ins for a cup of coffee at lily-white dime stores and cafeterias in the South.

When Students for a Democratic Society organized its mammoth April 17, 1965, March on Washington to End the War in Vietnam, it had no difficulty obtaining SNCC as one of its co-sponsors. And letters came from students in Mississippi Freedom schools saying they wanted to attend. Many did. That same month, at an SDS rally in Cleveland to protest the bombing of North Vietnam, two of the three speakers were poor whites in one of SDS's projects in that city. And in a bulletin issued intermittently by the Newark Community Union Project, one of the Negro poor who had gone to a later Washington conference on peace, wrote: “We say poor people should get together and unite. Poor in Vietnam or Newark, we are all alike.”

While the students and some of the poor with whom they work are increasingly concerned with such issues as Vietnam, it remains true that to most of those who live in the slums, as Bill Strickland says, “Vietnam is hardly a consuming passion.” Therefore, the ma-

jor efforts of those in the New Left working in the ghettos concern basic changes in domestic institutions. The specter they see is that of an increasingly automated society that will further divide the elitist decision makers and the highly trained technicians from the undereducated and the underskilled. And among the latter, among those whom Swedish economist Gunnar Myrdal calls “the underclass,” they see a disproportionate percentage of Negroes.

The new radicals are not impressed by the steadily rising gross national product. Instead they underline, for instance, that while in 1947 the nonwhite unemployment rate was 64 percent higher than the white rate, in 1962 it was 124 percent higher. They see a persistently rising unemployment rate among Negro teenagers. Many of these black youngsters, moreover, have been made “unemployable,” in an automated era, by the poor schools they had to attend.

The new radicals know that nearly 1,000,000 youngsters of all colors drop out of school every year. Where are they to find jobs? They know that ten years ago there were 2,200,000 Aid to Dependent Children cases receiving welfare funds. Today the figure is almost double. They know that the pressure of the population explosion will require that 9,000,000 new jobs be found during the next five years. Yet between 1947 and 1964, jobs increased at less than half that rate. They see, as Herbert Hill, Labor Secretary of the NAACP, puts it, the antipoverty program becoming “an extension of white welfare paternalism,” with politicians rather than the poor in control in most of the cities receiving War-on-Poverty funds.

The new radicals see—and are bitter about—a country with astonishing resources but with so many poor. They would agree with Senator Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania who, in the summer of 1965, criticized the newly passed, vastly inadequate LBJ housing bill, emphasizing: “We are the richest nation in the history of mankind. When we fail to provide a decent home for every American, it is not because we can't, but because we won't.”

“It was essential,” says a member of CORE in Philadelphia, “that we went beyond civil rights into programs for major social, economic and political changes. By itself, the civil rights movement had a built-in dead end, because when the basic civil rights issues are settled, there still won't be enough jobs for everyone.”

What do the new radicals propose? There is as yet no coherent, cohesive program for change with which all sections of “the movement” agree. They do agree, however, on the urgent necessity for the poor to organize themselves and acquire political power. And they agree that political power should be used to



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attain massive housing rehabilitation and massive construction of new housing as well as to create new jobs.

The more traditionally socialist members of the New Left stick to New Deal-like solutions for unemployment—extensive public works and similar Government-financed expansions of activities in the public sector. But the radicals point out that, as job qualifications become more complex, to limit the poor largely to construction work is to ensure their being frozen in the underclass. They demand, therefore, a redefinition of work along with fundamentally improved public education. For some, a corollary of redefining work is a basic annual income, an idea first popularized by economist Robert Theobald, who is convinced that every American citizen by right should receive an annual sum from the Government. Advocates of the plan differ as to the amount. Martin Luther King, a convert to the idea, thinks the minimum per family should be \$3000 a year. Others consider King's proposal to be at the level of poverty, and would raise the annual guarantee.

With an annual income, its proponents claim, families would be freed from the indignities and the dependency spawned by the existing welfare agencies. If, simultaneously, public education were so improved as to stimulate rather than stifle spontaneity and curiosity, the poor could become interested in all manner of jobs that are concerned with social services rather than with the production of goods—which will increasingly be taken care of by machines in any case.

Tom Hayden, an SDS worker and one of the organizers of the Newark Community Union Project, foresees the possibility of "thousands of new vocations in the areas of education, health care, recreation, conservation. Imagine a society which subsidized community-level art and journalism, health clinics, recreational facilities, libraries and museums; it would establish the basis for common culture for the first time in America."

Hayden and others of the new radicals, furthermore, would agree with U Thant, Secretary General of the United Nations, that the day should come when "the average youngster—and parent or employer—will consider that one or two years of work for the cause of development, either in a faraway country or in a depressed area of his own community, is a normal part of one's education."

But they would ask, "Why one or two years? Why not a lifetime of work as political and community organizers, as members of an international SNCC, as explorers of new ways to reach and rehabilitate the socially discarded, as creators of new forms of art to be enjoyed and participated in by large numbers of people?"

While these designs for a new society are being debated, the hard present task

of moving the underclass to get the power to demand such a society continues. The goals of the new radicals for the immediate future are to step up block-by-block organization of black ghettos, to increase the still minute amount of similar work among poor whites, South and North, and to arrange closer and more frequent contacts between the various elements in the New Left.

When Major Owens, a CORE organizer in Brooklyn, established the Brooklyn Freedom Democratic Party in the spring of 1965 to contest a local election against a candidate from the regular Democratic machine, he had Fannie Lou Hamer of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party come North for his opening rally. Owens has since proposed a formal unification of the two groups. The Northern Student Movement and the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party have been discussing a possible exchange of staffs from time to time so that the experience of each organization can be broadened.

There is an even more basic, more immediate problem. How many of those students who are now full-time sowers of the new radicalism will stay as they go deeper and deeper into their 20s and are increasingly tempted by affluent positions inside the majority society as well as increasingly threatened by Government action against burners of draft cards and others who try to impede the war effort in Vietnam? And how many of the thousands of supporters of the New Left still in school will choose to spend five or ten or more years as community organizers? It is too soon to tell. The only evidence up to now is that volunteers for field work in SNCC, SDS and the Northern Student Movement have increased every year.

Nor are the new radicals easily intimidated. Many have been jailed for demonstrating, and they keep coming back. Mario Savio, for instance, was offered a choice in July 1965 between 120 days in jail or a two-year period of probation during which he could not take part in political demonstrations. The sentencing was for Savio's role in an all-night sit-in at the University of California in December 1964, which resulted in the arrest of nearly 800 students. Savio chose jail. "I welcome the chance to reject probation," he told the judge, "because probation imposes orders on how men should act. Revolution is a positive duty when power is in the hands of the morally and intellectually bankrupt." Many of the other students who were offered the same choice made the same decision as Savio. Among them was his wife, Suzanne, who had also been a leader of the Free Speech Movement.

Even among the most committed, however, there are inevitably moments of acute doubt. Some months before he, too, was sentenced to jail for his part in

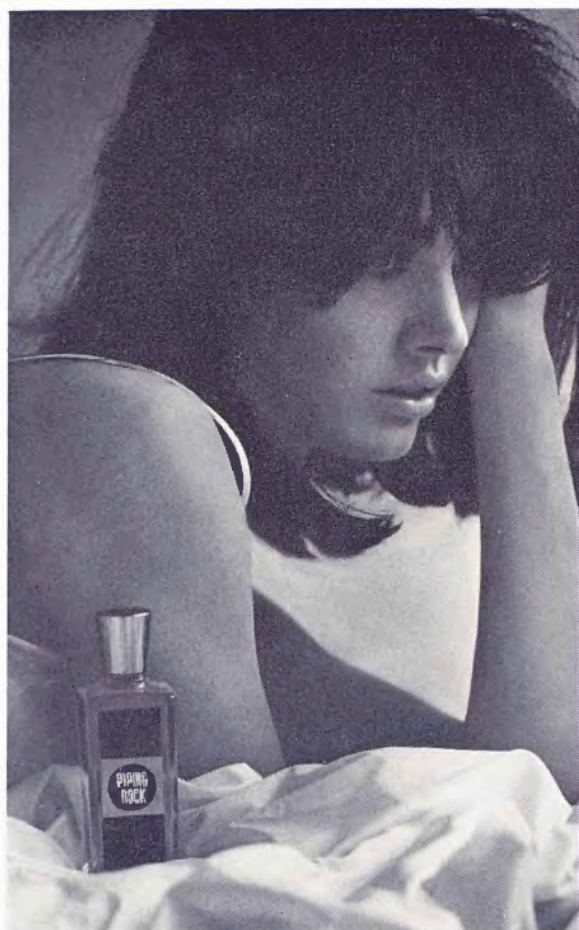
the December sit-in at the University of California, Mike Rossman, a 25-year-old graduate student, said: "It's hard. It's incredibly hard to make changes in this society. It's hard in particular for young people to make changes, because we're so alone. There is all this incredible inertia around us. But if you try hard enough, something gives way and now something's beginning to tremble."

Brightening, Rossman went on: "We may get not only defeated, but broken. But the curve of our actions has been rising. It will keep rising. We are going to be more and more active."

At the best times for the new radicals, there is that sense of being part of what could become an irresistible tide—although the odds are against it. Staughton Lynd, a 36-year-old professor of history at Yale and one of the very few adults who can accurately say he speaks for many of the radical young, was remembering during the summer of 1965 how it had been in Washington the previous April 17 during the SDS March to End the War in Vietnam: "It was unbearably moving to watch the sea of banners and signs move out from the Sylvan Theater toward the Capitol as Joan Baez, Judy Collins and others sang *We Shall Overcome*. Still more poignant was the perception—and I checked my reaction with many, many others who felt as I did—that as the crowd moved down the mall toward the seat of Government, its path delimited on each side by rows of chartered buses so that there was nowhere to go but forward, toward the waiting policemen, it seemed that the great mass of people would simply flow on through and over the marble buildings, that our forward movement was irresistibly strong, that even had someone been shot or arrested, nothing could have stopped that crowd from taking possession of its Government."

"Perhaps," Staughton Lynd continued, "next time we should keep going, occupying for a time the rooms from which orders issue and sending to the people of Vietnam and the Dominican Republic the profound apologies which are due; or quietly waiting on the Capitol steps until those who make policy for us, and who like ourselves are trapped by fear and pride, consent to enter into dialog with us and with mankind."


Another characteristic of the new radicals at their most hopeful times is a conviction that the individual can still make his presence felt in even the most complicated power confrontations. At the end of the year, the same Staughton Lynd, pursuing this conviction, was one of three Americans who flew to North Vietnam in an attempt to find out for himself the avenues to peace, with the hope that on returning he might be able to help change the national consensus.

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SEX MORES (continued from page 81)

stuck with a disenchanting spouse. In a tritalamonomic culture, there would be no cause for this kind of problem. Marriage would last only 15 years, unless renewed, and it would take continued enchantment and what would be called an "unnatural" attachment to keep a couple together, after the term, among neighbors who do not see the reason for it.

Tritalamonomy would help the individual and it would help society. It is well known, among the experts, that much of today's juvenile delinquency comes from sexual frustration. The adolescent feels urges he does not know how to define. He feels, nevertheless, that society is against it, so he deduces that society is against him, therefore he is against society. Tritalamonomy defines the urges and makes them not only respectable but even dutiful, thereby purging them of all their morbid fascination. We can be confident that a tritalamonomic world would be a world without monism, with little antifeminism, little homosexuality, nice female characters in literature and on the stage, unobtrusive leather jackets and silent motorcycles.

The 30-year-old woman who marries a 15-year-old boy will overcome most of her present internal conflicts, even if she does not know it and does not want to admit it. The sexual conflicts have already been revealed by surveys and advice columns. Of course, sex is not all in

marriage, although it helps a lot, as the experts have been discovering with great wonderment for the last 5000 years. There is also a sentimental element to consider. There is, for instance, in any newly emancipated group, class or sex, the latent hostility toward the deposed tyrant, the need for a new leadership, the fear of not finding it—all the dark forces that combine in making so many modern women press on their husbands the role of immature adolescents. Well, in a tritalamonomic culture this problem, too, would be solved. When a woman reaches 30 and thinks she has all that capacity for love-give, she will be matched with an immature adolescent with a complementary great avidity for love-take. She will have to do all she tries to do now with often disastrous results, and with justification and a much better chance of success. She will have to understand, advise, help, console and pay the bills, work, see her husband through his schooling and start him in his professional career. If she will put on saintly airs and a martyred expression, she will be believed and applauded, not just dismissed as a nagger and a bore, as it so often happens in modern society, even when she is a saint and a martyr.

On the other hand, she is less likely to assume this role. Her previous husband, the one she was married to from 15 to 30 years of age, gave her lessons in family leadership, experience in masculine capa-

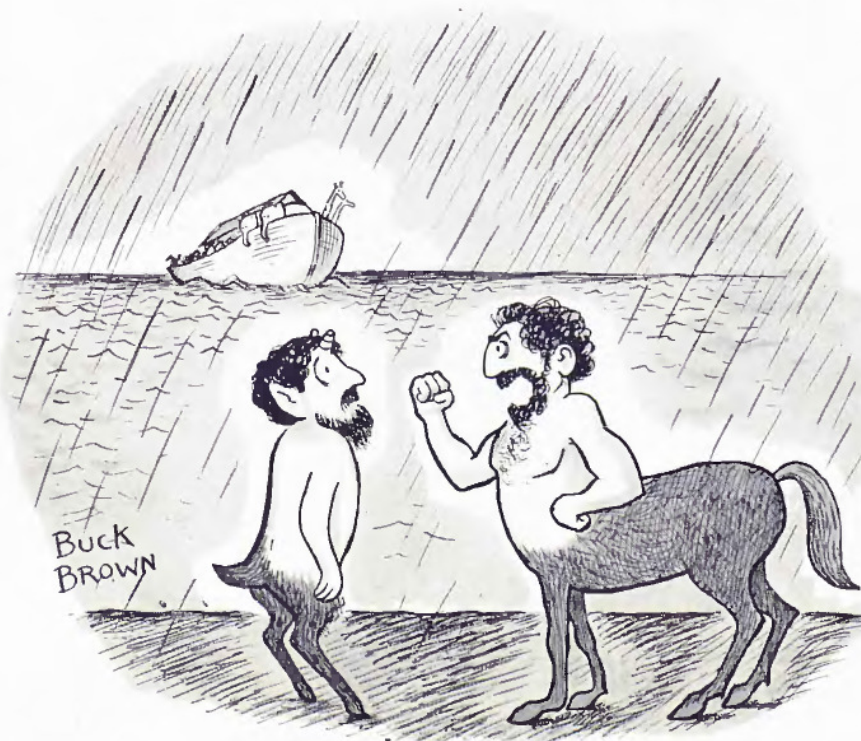
bilities and needs and, as a mature man of 45, he has presumably left her with the feeling that men can be respectable. Today many fathers cannot command this feeling because in times of rapid changes they seem old-fashioned too soon, and if a husband tries to achieve it, he can be sued for mental cruelty.

A 30-year-old woman, however, is only half a generation away from a youth of 15 and eager to forget it. Given a pretext, she will adopt fashion, tastes, ideas, jargon that make her look younger, thereby reducing the distance. She would find added incentives to use cosmetics, dietary foods, gymnasiums, beauty parlors and other services of increasing importance to the free-enterprise system. Between half generations communication is still possible, rebellions still avoidable. Beatlemania and allied phenomena still unnecessary.

Yet the greatest social advantage of tritalamonomy would be its response to the challenge of automation. Today machines can already do better than men with many years of schooling, and only more schooling can keep future generations ahead of future machines. We know today what a hostile world a "dropout" of 15 faces. Every year, according to statistics, we pile up an additional 200,000 of this potentially explosive human refuse. What will happen when they are joined by dropouts who are 25 years old? Shouldn't conservative groups who worry so much about subversion of our social order worry a little about such huge subversive forces? Shouldn't they start financing tritalamonomic cells, chapters, communities, promoting and contributing to tritalamonomic candidates?

Surely the lengthening dependence of the human offspring on their parents has gone far enough. Parents, too, should appreciate a society where they can marry their children off at 15 and let their spouses worry about ending their schooling and starting their professional careers. After all, we appreciate the beauty of our children especially when they are small. After 15, 20, 25, somebody else appreciates it better and has more use for it. He or she should be made to pay for it. Evening gowns and sports cars should not be paid for by parents, but by those they are meant to thrill or impress. The 40s should be a second youth for parents: years of travel, horizon broadening, new experiences.

After having been married for 15 years to an experienced woman, completed his schooling, found good employment, stayed out of trouble and slept conjugally relaxed at night, a man of 30 thinks he has mastered the essentials in life and love. This, then, is his time and his turn to teach, and the natural thing to do would be to set up another



"If I hear you say 'We missed the boat' once more—!"

household, with a pupil: a girl of 15.

Here the same relationship he had with his first wife would be reversed. He would lead the family, pay the bills, survey the situation from the height of his experience, understand, solve, teach, instruct and train, unselfishly, for the good of the future half generation.

Since the years from 15 to 30 are the ones of maximum strength and elasticity in a woman's body, and the years from 30 to 45 the ones of maximum strength and elasticity in a man's brain, reproduction would take place during this marriage: the first for the woman, the second for the man. The children would grow up in a household ruled by the undisputed authority of the father, as in the natural order, and only when they were old enough would they be told of the improvements that progress brought. Husbands-in-law and wives-in-law of first, second and third degree would be frequent visitors, since some of them would be of the same age and probably congenial. Young children would have the feeling of security that comes from so many adults around to pester; older children would have playmates and confidants among the younger spouses-in-law of their parents. The delicate, lacelike pattern of a tritalamonic family (see diagram at right) would provide its members with the most intriguing possibilities for gossiping, and writers of television serials with a much wider range of possible plots.

Besides, the bigger size and the wider ramifications of such a family would be a great help when it comes to finding a husband or a wife for a 45er who is about to end his second marriage. Forty-fivers in our present culture fill the advice columns with their lamentations. In a tritalamonic culture (see diagram at right) they would have ex-spouses who are 60ish who have ex-spouses who are 45ish who have ex-spouses who are 60ish and 30ish who have ex-spouses who are 45ish, etc. etc. Marriages can be kept in the family and rearranged in partnerships more suitable to the changed needs and attitudes of its members. (It is easy to imagine, for instance, how a 30-year-old who has set his eyes on an appetizing adolescent gets busy trying to arrange meetings for his or her 45-year-old spouse with another 45er.)

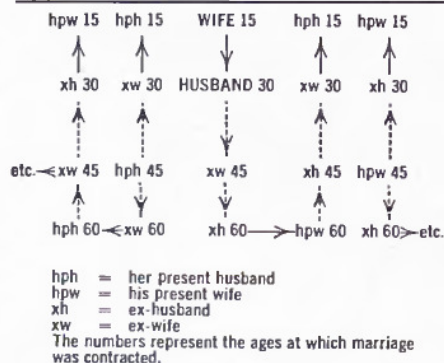
Forty-five is a difficult age in monogamous societies, because many men and women approach it with the fear of having missed their youth and proceed with reckless speed to try to catch up with it. Under tritalamony, by the time a citizen is 45, he or she has had two adequate partners. The last years of the second marriage, with a spouse approaching 30, have been particularly rewarding and even trying, especially for men, the ones who most frequently complain that their wives "do not understand them." The prospect of a restful, adult companion-

ship should appeal to every realistic 45er, at least for the first few years. After that, if nature does not provide the brakes, there will always be the forbearance, the understanding and the humoring of a spouse who can much forgive for having much loved.

We must remember that the 45er would lose his or her spouse to a 15-year-old, so to be jealous of her or him would be like an admission of not having acquired, in 30 years, different attitudes and capabilities. Besides, it could be explained to the 15-year-old that for his or her 30-year-old spouse to see now and then her or his 45-year-old ex-spouse does not really constitute adultery. To be jealous of a 45er would be like an admission of not possessing the gifts of youth that are asked of a 15-year-old. The "consolation adultery" or "platonic adultery" (as the one that involves an ex-spouse would be called) could be compared advantageously with the "bourgeois adultery" of our pretritalamonic era. The latter is clearly contrary to every modern principle of distributive justice. The lover, or the mistress, gets all the tender, romantic, passionate moments, while the legitimate spouse gets all the nagging, the dull talk about maintenance, money and the in-laws. In a "consolation adultery," a wife-in-law may have an evening out with her ex-husband, but his present wife will ask her to baby-sit the next evening. Or a husband-in-law may have an evening out with his ex-wife, but he must also be available when her present husband calls and says, "Listen, pal. Elaine is at the dish-throwing stage. Will you please come and help me out?"

When it will be difficult to take away something from a family without paying a fair price in family life, adultery will be greatly discouraged and a new morality easily observed.

And this should satisfy both sexual revolutionists and defenders of institutions, for it would synthesize their theses and antitheses by institutionalizing the revolution. It happened before. What should give fresh hope this time is that, after so many attempts to adapt mankind to ethics, tritalamony attempts to adapt ethics to mankind.



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REVELATIONS

(continued from page 79)

looks entirely different from the audience's point of view than it does from the performers'. To the audience, the performers look like transmitters of light, color and form; they are screens that move. It is not simply an aesthetic experience of hue and form, however, and anyone who has an overwhelming desire to see a man's or a woman's genitalia has every opportunity to do so during Revelations. I don't disparage those who come to be sexually aroused. That, in essence, is the reason for Revelations: so that people can do what they want.

"On stage, things are quite different. A performer is little more than a nude person being bathed by illumination in an otherwise dark room who knows he is being watched by an indeterminate number of people. Some people love to be up there. Others try it only once, dislike it intensely and never do it again. Professional dancers try to control it, choreograph it, as they are threatened by the idea of any performance that is completely uncontrolled, completely free. There are times when everything works up there: the bodies, the objects, the music, the voices, the sounds, the breathing, the movement, the lights, the colors; these are the times when the complexity and intensity of the sensual experience are

literally breath-taking. Participation has gone through many phases. We have often had unclothed male and female performers responding to each other on stage; but, so far, there's never been any onstage sexual intercourse. There's no restriction against it, you understand; it just hasn't happened, that's all."

As for the ultimate staying power of Revelations, it remains to be seen whether nudity, as Open Theater director Jacopetti insists, "is the only way." In terms of audience participation, he has obviously eliminated a good deal of the aesthetic distance that normally stands between patrons and potential participants; but Revelations may still have difficulty keeping its *legal* distance from local authorities, who take a dim view of these well-lit proceedings. "I understand why this is so," says Jacopetti, who was threatened with arrest by Berkeley police if he were ever to attempt to present Revelations in public. "I understand all the notions current in our society about the exposure in public of certain areas of the human body. But no one who has ever seen Revelations has told us they were offended by what they saw. And I assure you that no one is imprisoned during a performance; they can leave whenever they want—and a few occasionally do."



GOOD DOCTOR

(continued from page 99)

what Tenorio retasted was a specially foul cannelloni he had eaten for lunch; but, as if in answer to his despair, the loathsome pasta casing and the myelin sheath of the nerves came together in his mind in a true gratuitous act of creation. A wasting away of the myelin sheath! Unheard of! He was aware of the similarity to multiple and lateral sclerosis, but in them there was no wasting away, rather interruptions of the neural impulses by the formation of platelets on the sheath. "Some Observations on Myelin Degeneration." He could see the studiously modest title of his article at once. The disease would be prevalent, crippling and severe. He finished off the article that afternoon, complete with four fictive case histories. He plastered an envelope with air-mail stamps and stickers and sent it off to the 40-story stainless-steel tower of the *United States Journal of Medicine* looming above the cotton fields and oil wells of Amarillo, a monument to the aggressive sales promotion that had driven the slower A. M. A. journal to the wall.

When they read Tenorio's piece, the editors stomped their stitched boots and threw their curly-brimmed hats into the air with many a huzza. They stopped the giant presses and made it the leading article for the month, supplanting a piffling study of laudable pus.

Within a week a *Life* researcher had picked it up and waves of energy convulsed the mighty Luce empire. Flights of cables girdled the globe. Stringers and staffers everywhere were alerted to the symptoms of the new disease. The medical profession of the world was interviewed almost to a man—a Mali witch doctor eluding one staffer who was laid low by a tsetse fly. Of course, the usual safari was dispatched to St. Christopher's, keen young men in Brioni suits with their attendant secretaries, staff photographers curt to bearers loaded down with cameras and film.

The spread of photographs in *Life* was magnificent, one of Dr. Tenorio in new tweed jacket holding serious converse with the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Tenorio in spotless white scrutinizing an upheld test tube in the lab, Tenorio informally slouched at his desk, deep in thought, making a steeple of his fingers, Tenorio in shirt sleeves in his Spartan bedchamber unbuttoning one sleeve with a shy smile.

Naturally, the great spread in *Life* was followed by appearances on all the major television shows. (Tenorio wrote letters purporting to come from his agent



"Cuckold . . . cuckold . . ."

and he got a good price.) Chagrined at being scooped, *Look* and *Newsweek* trailed with picture layouts and an astrological character study. A lady writer hit the *Reader's Digest* with Tenorio as "The Most Unforgettable Character I Ever Met." A scandal magazine sent skulkers to peep into the nurses' dormitories at St. Christopher's. They discovered Tenorio was a lecher, but in too small a way to interest their magazine.

Although his rugged, handsome countenance became as well known as Ringo's, not once during this spate of publicity did Tenorio reveal the strain he was undergoing. Was his faith in his fellow man betrayed? Was his public going to let him down? Seething with nervousness, he waited for the first cases of the new disease to be reported. His promotion to assistant director of research was gratifying but expected, and it gave him no relief; for what good is a new disease if nobody has it? Barricaded in his office against the persistent newsmen, he paced the floor in agony, waiting.

A bare two weeks after his appearance on the Merv Griffin show, Dr. Tenorio read about the first case in *The New York Times*. He relaxed, his faith vindicated, with a bottle of bourbon in his office. Typically, the victim lived in the great Los Angeles complex of cities at Anaheim, a Mrs. Camperdown, age 32, wife of a traffic policeman and mother of four. She exhibited what was to become the classic syndrome, tremor of the hands, buzzing in the ears and one leg dragging. The Associated Press supplied a name for the disease, myelinitis. Mrs. Camperdown said it was hell.

The next day two more cases were reported, one in Pennsylvania, one in Kansas, and during the week, 43 more, well scattered. Editors throughout the country feared an epidemic and mysteriously urged their readers to eat lots of fruit. The big foundations issued emergency grants to start research on a cure.

The spare little bedroom caught so clearly in the *Life* photograph had become a kind of shrine to the other researchers at St. Christopher's. They had subscribed nickels and dimes out of their pittances and covered half the door with a plastic plaque disclosing Dr. Tenorio as Mercury bearing a caduceus (gilt). He thought it the best part of modesty to go on living there, at least for a while.

Early one morning he woke up after a restless night and he didn't feel good. His ears seemed to snap. His hands trembled. When he tried to get up, his right leg wouldn't move. He had, of course, his own disease. As this dawned upon him, he choked with anger and suspicions of foul play. He set up a



"Were you expecting someone, Lois?"

shout for Emmett Ellis, who lived across the corridor.

Ellis came in sleepily. "What's the matter, John?"

"Help me sit up."

Ellis gave him a hand. "What's the matter? You sick?"

Taking his right leg in his hands, Tenorio turned until he was sitting on the edge of the bed. "Gimme a cigarette."

Ellis found one in a pack on the table. "What's wrong, John?"

"I've got myelinitis, I think."

"Honest? Yeah, the leg. And you got the tremor." Ellis, eager to hitch a ride, had familiarized himself quite early with the symptoms. "How's the ears?"

"Buzzing. I've got it, all right."

"Gee, that's tough. But working with it all the time the way you've been . . ."

"Working with it, hell. There's no such disease. I invented it."

A flight like this was too much for Ellis. "Yeah?" he drawled dubiously, but his eyes were troubled, beginning to bug out. "But you got it. You got all the symptoms."

"I tell you I invented it, symptoms,

research, everything, and I'll cut your heart out if you ever tell anyone."

"I wouldn't tell anyone, John, you know that. But there weren't any automobiles until Ford, and now look. I got a Mustang myself. What you going to do, be a martyr to science?"

"Martyr, my ass." Tenorio was thinking, and fast. "It had better be something simple," he said. "Like twenty grains of aspirin. No, wait, we'll form a corporation. You can be president, Emmett, old buddy. Put the stuff up in little pieces in colored Spansules timed to go off every hour on the hour, how about that? Little teeny things whirling around in front of your eyes on TV. The Ford Foundation will give us the money to start. Help me up."

Ellis, spellbound and uncomprehending, lifted him to his feet. Fame was OK, but now that he had found where the real money lay, Tenorio limped off quite cheerfully to the laboratory to invent the cure.



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despair

(continued from page 104)

out something very smart and witty; on occasions a like thing happens in dreams: you dream you are making a speech of the utmost brilliancy, but when you recall it upon awakening, it goes nonsensically: "Besides being silent before tea, I'm silent before eyes in mire and mirorage," etc.

On the other hand, that little story in the Oscar Wilde style would quite suit the literary columns of newspapers, the editors of which, German editors especially, like to offer their readers just such tiny tales of the pretty-pretty and slightly licentious sort, 40 lines in all, with an elegant point and a sprinkling of what the ignoramus calls paradoxes ("his conversation sparkled with paradoxes"). Yes, a trifle, a flip of the pen, but how amazed you will be when I tell you that I wrote that sloppy drivel in an agony of pain and horror, with a grinding of teeth, furiously unburdening myself and at the same time being fully aware that it was no relief at all, only a refined self-torture, and that I would never free my dusty, dusky soul by this method, but merely make things worse.

It was more or less in such a frame of mind that I met New Year's Eve: I remember the black carcass of that night, that half-witted hag of a night, holding her breath and listening for the stroke of the sacramental hour. Disclosed, sitting at the table: Lydia, Ardalion, Orlovius, and I, quite still and blazon-stiff like heraldic creatures. Lydia with her elbow on the table, her index finger raised watchfully, her shoulders naked, her dress as variegated as the back of a playing card; Ardalion swathed in a lap robe (because of the open balcony door), with a red sheen upon his fat leonine face; Orlovius in a black frock coat, his glasses gleaming, his turned-down collar swallowing the ends of his tiny black tie; and I, the Human Lightning, illuminating that scene.

Good, now you may move again, be quick with that bottle, the clock is going to strike. Ardalion poured out the champagne, and we were all dead-still once more. Askance and over his spectacles, Orlovius looked at his old silver turnip that lay on the tablecloth; still two minutes left. Somebody in the street was unable to hold out any longer and cracked with a loud report; and then again that strained silence. Staring at his watch, Orlovius slowly extended toward his glass a senile hand with the claws of a griffin.

Suddenly the night gave and began to rip; cheers came from the street; with our champagne glasses we came out, like kings, on the balcony. Rockets whizzed up above the street and with a bang burst into bright-colored tears; and at all windows, in all balconies, framed

in wedges and squares of festive light, people stood and cried out over and over again the same idiotic greeting.

We four clinked our glasses; I took a sip out of mine.

"What is Hermann drinking to?" asked Lydia of Ardalion.

"Don't know and don't care," the latter replied. "Whatever it is, he is going to be beheaded this year. For concealing his profits."

"Fie, what ugly speech!" said Orlovius. "I drink to the universal health."

"You would," I remarked.

A few days later, on a Sunday morning, as I was about to step into my bath, the maid rapped at the door: she kept saying something which I could not distinguish because of the running water: "What's the matter?" I bellowed. "What d'you want?"—but my own voice and the noise made by the water drowned Elsie's words and every time she started speaking, I again bellowed, just as it happens that two people, both side-stepping, cannot steer clear of each other on a wide and perfectly free pavement. But at length I thought of turning off the tap: then I leaped to the door and amid the sudden silence Elsie's childish voice said:

"There's a man, sir, to see you."

"A man?" I asked, and opened the door.

"A man," repeated Elsie, as if commenting on my nakedness.

"What does he want?" I asked, and not only felt myself perspiring, but actually saw myself beaded from head to foot.

"He says it's business, sir, and you know all about it."

"What does he look like?" I asked with an effort.

"Waiting in the hall," said Elsie, contemplating with the utmost indifference my pearly armor.

"What kind of man?"

"Kind of poor, sir, and with a shoulder bag."

"Then tell him to go to hell!" I roared. "Let him be gone at once, I'm not at home, I'm not in town, I'm not in this world."

I slammed the door, shot the bolt. My heart seemed to be pounding right up in my throat. Half a minute or so passed. I do not know what came over me, but, already shouting, I suddenly unfastened the door and still naked, jumped out of the bathroom. In the passage I collided with Elsie who was returning to the kitchen.

"Stop him," I shouted. "Where is he? Stop him."

"He's gone," she said, politely disengaging herself from my unintentional embrace.

"Why the deuce did you—" I began, but did not finish my sentence, rushed away, put on shoes, trousers and overcoat, ran downstairs and out into the

street. Nobody. I went on to the corner, stood there for a while looking about me and finally went back indoors. I was alone, as Lydia had gone out very early to see some female acquaintance of hers, she said. When she returned I told her I was feeling out of sorts and would not come with her to the café as had been settled.

"Poor thing," she said. "You should lie down and take something; there's aspirin somewhere. All right. I'll go to the café alone."

She went. The maid had gone out too. I listened in agony for the doorbell to ring.

"What a fool," I kept repeating, "what an incredible fool!"

I was in an awful state of quite morbid exasperation. I did not know what to do, I was ready to pray to a nonexistent God for the sound of the bell. When it grew dark I did not switch on the light, but remained lying on the divan—listening, listening. He was sure to come before the front door was locked for the night, and if he did not, well, then tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow he was quite, quite certain to come. I should die if he did not—oh, he was bound to come. . . . At last, about eight o'clock the bell did ring. I ran to the door.

"Phew, I *am* tired!" said Lydia in homely fashion, pulling her hat off as she entered, and tossing her hair.

She was accompanied by Ardalion. He and I went to the parlor, while my wife got busy in the kitchen.

"Cold is the pilgrim and hungry!" said Ardalion, warming his palms at the central heating and misquoting the poet Nekrasov.

A silence.

"Say what you may," he went on, peering at my portrait, "but there *is* a likeness, quite a remarkable likeness, in fact. I know I'm being conceited, but, really, I can't help admiring it every blessed time I see it. And you've done well, my dear fellow, to shave that mustache off again."

"Supper is served," chanted Lydia gently, from the dining room.

I could not touch my food. I kept on sending one ear out to walk up and again up to the door of my flat, though it was much too late now.

"Two pet dreams of mine," spoke Ardalion, folding up layers of ham as if it were pancakes, and richly munching. "Two heavenly dreams: exhibition and trip to Italy."

"This person has not touched a drop of vodka for more than a month," said Lydia in an explanatory way.

"Talking of vodka," said Ardalion, "has Perebrodov been to see you?"

Lydia put her hand to her mouth. "Scaped by bebory," she said through her fingers. "Absolutely."

"Never saw such a goose. The fact is I had asked her to tell you . . . It's about a poor artist-fellow—Perebrodov by name—old pal of mine and all that. Came on foot from Danzig you know, or at least says he did. He sells hand-painted cigarette cases, so I gave him your address—Lydia thought you'd help him."

"Oh, yes, he has called," I answered, "yes, he has called all right. And I jolly well told him to go to the devil. I'd be most obliged to you, if you'd stop sending me all kinds of sponging rogues. You may tell your friend not to bother about coming again. Really—it's a bit thick. Anyone would think I was a professional benefactor. Go to blazes with your what's-his-name—I simply won't have . . ."

"There, there, Hermann," put in Lydia softly.

Ardalion made an explosive sound with his lips. "Passing sad," he observed.

I went on fuming for some time—

don't remember the exact words—not important.

"It really seems," said Ardalion with a side glance at Lydia, "I have put my foot in. Sorry."

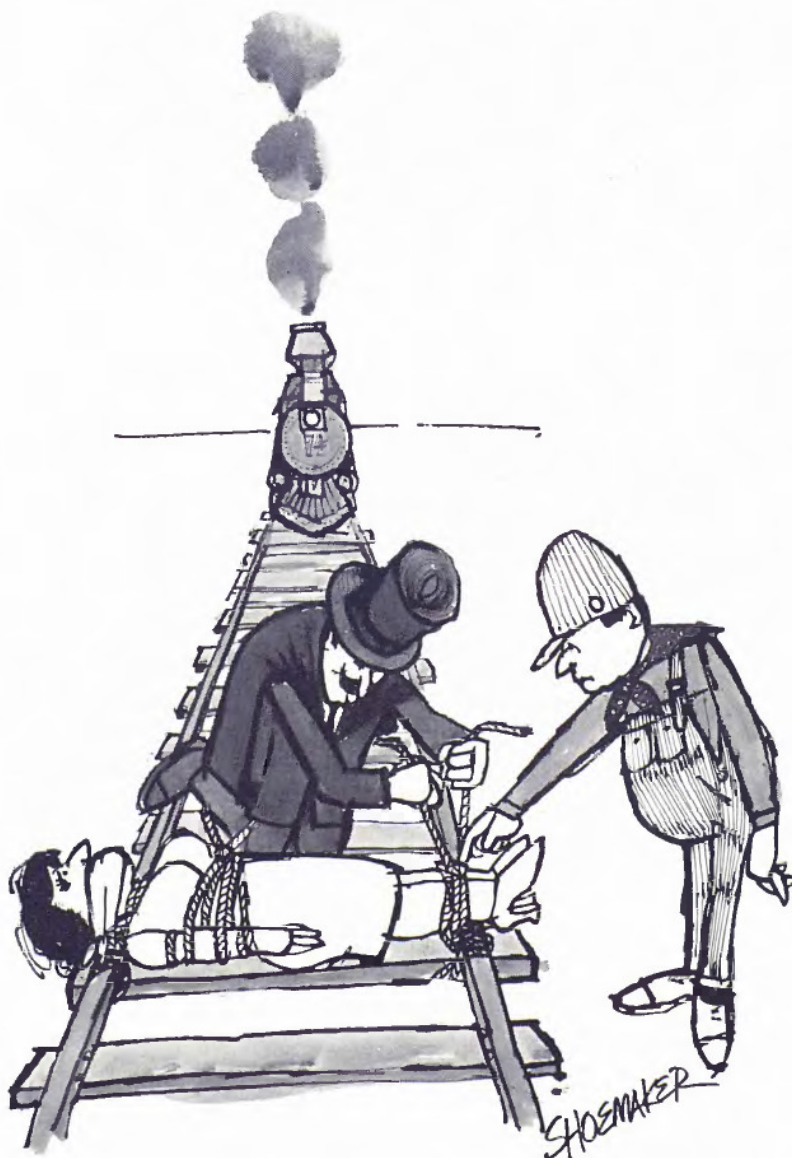
I fell silent suddenly and sat deep in thought, stirring my tea which had long done all it could with the sugar; then after a time I said aloud:

"What a perfect donkey I am."

"Oh, come, don't overdo it," said Ardalion good-naturedly.

My own folly made me gay. How on earth had it not occurred to me that if Felix had actually come (which in itself would have been something of a wonder, considering he did not even know my name), the maid ought to have been flabbergasted, for in front of her would have stood my perfect double!

Now that I had come to think of it my fancy conjured up vividly the girl's ejaculation, and how she would have rushed to me and gasped, and clung to me, babbling about the marvel of our



resemblance. Then I would have explained to her that it was my brother unexpectedly arrived from Russia. As it was I had spent a long lonely day in absurd sufferings, for instead of being surprised by the bare fact of his coming I had kept trying to decide what was going to happen next—whether he had gone for good or would come back yet, and what was his game, and had not his coming vitiated the fulfillment of my still unvanquished, wild and wonderful dream; or alternatively, had a score of people, knowing my face, seen him in the street, which, if so, would have meant an end to my plans.

After having thus pondered over the shortcomings of my reason, and the danger so easily dispelled, I felt, as already mentioned, a flow of merriment and good will.

"I'm nervy today. Please excuse me. To be honest, I have simply not seen your delightful friend. He came at the wrong moment. I was having my bath, and Elsie told him I wasn't in. Here: give him these three marks when you see him—what I can do I do gladly—and tell him I can't afford any more, so he'd better apply to somebody else—to Vladimir Isakovich Davidov, perhaps."

"That's an idea," said Ardalion, "I'll have a shot there myself. By the bye, he drinks like a fish, good old Perebrodov. Ask that aunt of mine, who married a French farmer—I told you about her—a very lively lady, but dashed close-fisted. She had some land in the Crimea and during the fighting there in 1920 Perebrodov and I drank up her cellar."

"As to that trip to Italy—well, we shall see," said I, smiling, "yes, we shall see."

"Hermann has a heart of gold," remarked Lydia.

"Pass me the sausage, my dear," said I, smiling as before.

I could not quite make out at the time what was going on in me—but now I know what it was: my passion for my double was surging anew with a muffled but formidable violence which soon escaped all control. It started by my becoming aware that, in the town of Berlin, there had appeared a certain dim central point round which a confused force compelled me to circle closer and closer. The cobalt blue of mailboxes, or that yellow plump-wheeled automobile with the emblematic black-feathered eagle under its barred window; a postman with his bag on his belly walking down the street (with that special rich slowness which marks the ways of the experienced worker) or the stamp-emitting automaton at the underground station; or even some little philatelic shop, with appetizingly blended stamps from all parts of the world crammed into windowed envelopes; in short, everything connected with the post had begun to exercise

upon me a strange pressure, a ruthless influence.

I remember that one day something very like somnambulism took me to a certain lane I knew well, and so there I was, moving nearer and nearer to the magnetic point that had become the peg of my being; but with a start I collected my wits and fled; and presently—within a few minutes or quite as possibly within a few days—I noticed that again I had entered that lane. It was distribution time, and they came toward me, at a leisurely walk, a dozen blue postmen, and leisurely they dispersed at the corner. I turned, biting my thumb, I shook my head, I was still resisting; and all the while, with the mad throb of unerring intuition, I knew that the letter was there, awaiting my call and that sooner or later I would yield to temptation.

. . .

To begin with, let us take the following motto (not especially for this chapter, but generally): Literature is Love. Now we can continue.

It was darkish in the post office; two or three people stood at every counter, mostly women; and at every counter, framed in his little window, like some tarnished picture, showed the face of an official. I looked for number nine. . . . I wavered before going up to it. . . . There was, in the middle of the place, a series of writing desks, so I lingered there, pretending, in front of my own self, that I had something to write: on the back of an old bill which I found in my pocket, I began to scrawl the very first words that came. The pen supplied by the State screeched and rattled, I kept thrusting it into the inkwell, into the black spit therein; the pale blotting paper upon which I leaned my elbow was all criss-crossed with the imprints of unreadable lines. Those irrational characters, preceded as it were by a minus, remind me always of mirrors: minus \times minus = plus. It struck me that perhaps Felix too was a minus I, and that was a line of thought of quite astounding importance, which I did wrong, oh, very wrong, not to have thoroughly investigated.

Meanwhile the consumptive pen in my hand went on spitting words: can't stop, can't stop, cans, pots, stop, he'll to hell. I crumpled the slip of paper in my fist. An impatient fat female squeezed in and snatched up the pen, now free, shoving me aside as she did so with a twist of her sealskin rump.

All of a sudden I found myself standing at counter nine. A large face with a sandy mustache glanced at me inquiringly. I breathed the password. A hand with a black cot on the index finger gave me not one but three letters. It now seems to me to have all happened in a flash; and the next moment I was walking along the street with my hand

pressed to my heart. As soon as I reached a bench I sat down and tore the letters open.

Put up some memorial there; for instance, a yellow signpost. Let that particle of time leave a mark in space as well. There I was, sitting and reading—and then suddenly choking with unexpected and irrepressible laughter. Oh, courteous reader, those were letters of the blackmailing kind! A blackmailing letter, which none perhaps will ever unseal, a blackmailing letter addressed P. O. till called for, under an agreed cipher, to boot, i.e., with the candid confession that its sender knows neither the name nor the address of the person he writes to—that is a wildly funny paradox indeed!

In the first of those three letters (middle of November) the blackmail theme was merely foreshadowed. It was much offended with me, that letter, it demanded explanations, it seemed verily to elevate its eyebrows, as its author did, ready at a moment's notice to smile his arch smile; for he did not understand, he said, he was extremely desirous to understand, why I had behaved so mysteriously, why I had, without clinching matters, stolen away in the dead of night. He did have certain suspicions, that he did, but was not willing to show his cards yet; was ready to conceal those suspicions from the world, if only I acted as I should; and with dignity he expressed his hesitations and with dignity expected a reply. It was all very ungrammatical and at the same time stilted, that mixture being his natural style.

In the next letter (end of December. What patience!) the specific theme was already more conspicuous. It was plain now why he wrote to me at all. The memory of that 1000-mark note, of that gray-blue vision which had whisked under his very nose and then vanished, gnawed at his entrails: his cupidity was stung to the quick, he licked his parched lips, he could not forgive himself for having let me go and thus been cheated of that adorable rustle, which made the tips of his fingers itch. So he wrote that he was ready to grant me a new interview; that he had thought things over of late; but that if I declined seeing him or simply did not reply he would be compelled—right here came pat an enormous ink-blot which the scoundrel had made on purpose with the object of intriguing me, as he had not the faintest notion what kind of threat to declare.

Lastly, the third, January, letter was a true masterpiece on his part. I remember it in more detail than the rest, because I preserved it somewhat longer:

Receiving no answers to my first letters it begins seeming to me that it is high time to adopt certain measures but notwithstanding I give you one



"That blasted maid's got everything upside-down again!"



*"When I heard you were clever at cornering,
I thought they meant sports-car-wise."*

more month for reflection after which I shall go straight to such a place where your actions will be fully judged at their full value though if there also I find no sympathy for who is uncorruptible nowadays then I shall have recourse to action the exact nature of which I leave wholly to your imagination as I consider that when the government does not want and there is an end of it to punish swindlers it is every honest citizen's duty to produce such a crashing din in relation to the undesirable person as to make the state react willy-nilly but in view of your personal situation and from considerations of kindness and readiness to oblige I am prepared to give up my intention and refrain from making any noise upon the condition that during the current month you send me please a rather considerable sum as indemnity for all the worries I have had the exact amount of which I leave with respect to your own estimation.

Signed: "Sparrow" and underneath the address of a provincial post office.

I was long in relishing that last letter, the Gothic charm of which my rather tame translation is hardly capable of rendering. All its features pleased me: that majestic stream of words, untram-

meled by a single punctuation mark; that doltish display of puny curdorm coming from so harmless-looking an individual; that implied consent to accept any proposal, however revolting, provided he got the money. But what, above all, gave me delight, delight of such force and ripeness that it was difficult to bear, consisted in the fact that Felix of his own accord, without any prompting from me, had reappeared and was offering me his services; nay, more: was commanding me to make use of his services and, withal doing everything I wished, was relieving me of any responsibility that might be incurred by the fatal succession of events.

I rocked with laughter as I sat on that bench. Oh, do erect a monument there (a yellow post) by all means! How did he conceive it—the simpleton? That his letters would, by some sort of telepathy, inform me of their arrival and that after a magical perusal of their contents I would magically believe in the potency of his phantom menaces? How amusing that I *did* somehow feel that the letters awaited me, counter number nine, and that I *did* intend answering them: in other words, what he—in his arrogant stupidity—had conjectured, *had* happened!

As I sat on that bench and clasped those letters in my burning embrace, I

was suddenly aware that my scheme had received a final outline and that everything, or nearly everything, was already settled; a mere couple of details were still missing which would be no trouble to fix. What, indeed, does trouble mean in such matters? It all went on by itself, it all flowed and fused together, smoothly taking inevitable forms, since that very moment when I had first seen Felix.

Why, what is this talk about trouble, when it is the harmony of mathematical symbols, the movement of planets, the hitchless working of natural laws which have a true bearing upon the subject? My wonderful edifice grew without my assistance; yes, from the very start everything had complied with my wishes; and when now I asked myself what to write to Felix, I was hardly astonished to find that letter in my brain, as ready-made there as those congratulatory telegrams with vignettes that can be sent for a certain additional payment to newly married couples. It only remained to inscribe the date in the space left for it on the printed form.

Let us discuss crime, crime as an art; and card tricks. I am greatly worked up just at present. Oh, Conan Doyle! How marvelously you could have crowned your creation when your two heroes began boring you! What an opportunity, what a subject you missed! For you could have written one last tale concluding the whole Sherlock Holmes epic; one last episode beautifully setting off the rest: the murderer in that tale should have turned out to be not the one-legged bookkeeper, not the Chinaman Ching and not the woman in crimson, but the very chronicler of the crime stories, Dr. Watson himself—Watson, who, so to speak, knew what was Watson. A staggering surprise for the reader.

I put the third and most vicious letter into my pocketbook and tore up the other two, throwing their fragments into the neighboring shrubbery (which at once attracted several sparrows who mistook them for crumbs). Then I sallied to my office where I typed a letter to Felix with detailed indications as to when and where he should come; enclosed 20 marks and went out again.

I did not drop the letter, but stood there, bending under my burden as before, and looking from under my brows at two little girls playing near me on the pavement: they rolled by turns an iridescent marble, aiming at a pit in the soil near the curb.

I selected the younger of the two—she was a delicate little thing, dark-haired, dressed in a checkered frock (what a wonder she was not cold on that harsh February day) and, patting her on the head, I said: "Look here, my dear, my eyes are so weak that I'm afraid of missing the slit; do, please, drop this letter for me into the box over there."

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She glanced up at me, rose from her
squatting position (she had a small face
of translucent pallor and rare beauty),
took the letter, gave me a divine smile
accompanied by a sweep of her long
lashes, and ran to the letter box. I did
not wait to see the rest, and crossed the
street, slitting my eyes (that ought to be
noted) as if I really did not see well:
art for art's sake, for there was no one
about.

At the next corner I slipped into the
glass booth of a public telephone and
rang up Ardalion: it was necessary to do
something about him as I had decided
long ago that this meddlesome portrait-
painter was the only person of whom I
ought to beware. Let psychologists clear
up the question whether it was the
simulation of nearsightedness that by
association prompted me to act at once
toward Ardalion as I had long intended
to act, or was it, on the contrary, my
constantly reminding myself of his dan-
gerous eyes that gave me the idea of
feigning nearsightedness.

Oh, by the bye, lest I forget, she will
grow up, that child, she will be very
good-looking and probably happy, and
she will never know in what an eerie
business she had served as go-between.

Then, also, there is another likeli-
hood: fate, not suffering such blind and
naïve brokerage, envious fate with its
vast experience, assortment of con-
fidence tricks, and hatred of competi-
tion, may cruelly punish that little
maiden for intruding, and make her
wonder—"Whatever have I done to be
so unfortunate?" and never, never, nev-
er will she understand. But my con-
science is clear. Not I wrote to Felix, but
he wrote to me; not I sent him the an-
swer, but an unknown child.

When I reached my next destina-
tion, a pleasant café, in front of which,
amid a small public garden, there used
to play on summer evenings a fountain
of changing colors, cleverly lit up from
below by polychromatic projectors (but
now the garden was bare and dreary,
and no fountain twinkled, and the thick
curtains of the café had won in their
class struggle with loafing drafts...
how easily I write and, what is more,
how cool I am, how perfectly self-
possessed); when, as I say, I arrived, Ar-
dalion was already sitting there, and upon
seeing me, he raised his arm in the Ro-
man fashion. I took off my gloves, my
hat, my white silk muffler, sat down
next to him, and threw out on the table
a packet of expensive cigarettes.

"What are the good tidings?" asked
Ardalion, who always spoke to me in a
special fatuous manner.

I ordered coffee and began approxi-
mately thus:

"Well, yes—there is news for you. Of
late I have been greatly worried, my
friend, by the thought that you were
going to the dogs. An artist cannot live

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without mistresses and cypresses, as Pushkin says somewhere or should have said. Owing to the hardships you undergo and to the general stuffiness of your way of living, your talent is dying, is pining away, so to speak; does not squirt in fact, just as that colored fountain in that garden over there does not squirt in winter."

"Thank you for the comparison," said Ardalion, looking hurt. "That horror . . . that illumination in the caramel style. I would rather, you know, not discuss my talent, because your conception of *ars pictoris* amounts to . . ." (an unprintable pun here).

"Lydia and I have often spoken," I went on, ignoring his dog-Latin and vulgarity—"spoken about your plight. I consider you ought to change your surroundings, refresh your mind, imbibe new impressions."

Ardalion winced.

"What have surroundings to do with art?" he muttered.

"Anyway, your present ones are disastrous to you, so they do mean something, I suppose. Those roses and peaches with which you adorn your landlady's dining room, those portraits of respectable citizens at whose houses you contrive to sup—"

"Well, really . . . contrive!"

" . . . It may all be admirable, even full of genius, but—excuse my frankness—doesn't it strike you as rather monotonous and forced? You ought to dwell in some other clime with plenty of sunshine: sunshine is the friend of painters. I can see, though, that this topic doesn't interest you. Let's talk of something else. Tell me, for instance, how do matters stand with that allotment of yours?"

"Dashed if I know. They keep sending me letters in German; I'd ask you for a translation, but it bores me stiff. . . . And—well, I either lose the things or just tear them up as they come. I understand they demand additional payments. Next summer I'll build a house there, that's what I'll do. Then they won't pull out the land from under it, I fancy. But you were speaking, my dear chap, about a change of climate. Go on, I'm listening."

"Oh, it's not much use, you are not interested. I talk sense and that nettles you."

"God bless you, why on earth should I be nettled? On the contrary—"

"No, it's no use."

"You mentioned Italy, my dear chap. Fire away. I like the subject."

"I haven't really mentioned it yet," said I with a laugh. "But as you have pronounced that word . . . I say, isn't it nice and cosy here? There are rumors that you have stopped . . ."—and by a succession of fillips under my jaw I produced the sound of a gurgling bottle-neck.

"Yes. Cut out drink altogether. I'd

not refuse one just now, though. The cracking-a-bottle-with-a-friend affair, if you see what I mean. Oh, all right, I was only joking. . . ."

"So much the better, because nothing would come of it: quite impossible to make me tight. So that's that. Heigh-ho, how badly I have slept tonight! Heigh-ho . . . ah! Awful thing insomnia," I went on, looking at him through my tears. "Ah . . . Do pardon me for yawning like that."

Ardalion, smiling wistfully, was toying with his spoon. His fat face, with its leonine nose-bridge, was inclined; his eyelids—reddish warts for lashes—half screened his revoltingly bright eyes. All of a sudden he flashed a glance at me and said:

"If I took a trip to Italy, I'd indeed paint some gorgeous stuff. What I'd get out of selling it would at once go to settle my debt."

"Your debt? Got debts?" I asked mockingly.

"Oh, drop it, Hermann Karlovich," said he, using for the first time, I think, my name and patronymic. "You quite understand what I'm driving at. Lend me two hundred fifty marks, or make it dollars, and I'll pray for your soul in all the Florentine churches."

"For the moment take this to pay for your visa," said I flinging open my wallet. "You have, I suppose, one of those Nansen-sical passports, not a solid German one, as I shall soon possess. Ask for the visa immediately, otherwise you'll spend this advance on drink."

"Shake hands, old man," said Ardalion.

We both kept silent awhile, he, because he was brimming with feelings, which meant little to me, and I, because the matter was ended and there was nothing to say.

"Brilliant idea," cried Ardalion suddenly. "My dear chap, why shouldn't you let Lyddy come with me: it's damn dull here; the little woman needs something to amuse her. Now if I go by myself . . . You see she's of the jealous sort—she'll keep imagining me getting tight somewhere. Really, do let her come away with me for a month, eh?"

"Maybe she'll come later on. Maybe we'll both come. Long have I, weary slave, been planning my escape to the far land of art and the translucent grape. Good. I'm afraid I've got to go now. Two coffees; that's all, isn't it?"

Early next morning—it was not nine yet—I made my way to one of the central underground stations and there, at the top of the stairs, took up a strategic position. At even intervals there would come rushing out of the cavernous deep a batch of people with briefcases—up, up the stairs, shuffling and stamping,

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and every now and again somebody's toe would hit, with a clank, the metallic advertisement sign which a certain firm finds it advisable to affix to the front part of the steps. On the second one from the top, with his back to the wall and his hat in his hand (who was the first mendicant genius who adapted a hat to the wants of his profession?), there stood, stooping his shoulders as humbly as possible, an elderly wretch. Higher still, there was an assembly of newspaper vendors with coxcomb caps and all hung about with posters. It was a dark, miserable day; in spite of my wearing spats, my feet were numb with cold. I wondered if perhaps they would freeze less if I did not give my black shoes such a smart shine: a passing and repassing thought. At last, punctually at five minutes to nine, just as I had reckoned, Orlovius' figure appeared from the deep. I at once turned and walked slowly away; Orlovius outstrode me, glanced back and exposed his fine but false teeth. Our meeting had the exact color of chance I wanted.

"Yes, I'm coming your way," said I in answer to his question. "I've got to visit my bank."

"Dog's weather," said Orlovius floundering at my side. "How is your wife? Very well?"

"Thanks, she is all right."

"And how are you going on? Not very well?" he continued to inquire courteously.

"No, not very. Nerves, insomnia. Trifles that would have amused me before now annoy me."

"Consume lemons," put in Orlovius.

"... that would have amused me before now annoy me. Here, for instance—"

I gave a slight snort of laughter, and produced my pocketbook. "I got this idiotic blackmailing letter, and it somehow weighs upon my mind. Read it if you like, it's a rum business."

Orlovius stopped and scrutinized the letter closely. While he read, I examined the shopwindow near which we were standing; there, pompous and inane, a couple of bathtubs and various other lavatory accessories gleamed white; and next to it was a shopwindow with coffins and there, too, all looked pompous and silly.

"Tut-tut," uttered Orlovius. "Do you know who has been writing this?"

I popped the letter back into my wallet and replied with a snigger:

"Of course I do. A rogue. He was at one time in the service of a distant relation of mine. An abnormal creature, if not frankly insane. Got it into his head my family had deprived him of some inheritance; you know how it is: a fixed conviction which nothing can shatter."

Orlovius explained to me, with copious details, the danger lunatics

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present to the community and then inquired whether I was going to inform the police.

I shrugged my shoulders: "Nonsense. . . . Not worth really discussing. . . . Tell me, what do you think of the Chancellor's speech—read it?"

We continued to walk side by side, comfortably conversing about foreign and home politics. At the door of his office I started removing—as the rules of Russian politeness request—the glove from the hand I was going to proffer.

"It is bad that you are so nervous," said Orlovius. "I pray you, greet, please, your wife."

"I shall do so by all means. Only you know, I am pretty envious of your bachelorhood."

"Why so?"

"It's like this. Hurts me to speak of it, but, you see, my married life is not happy. My wife has a fickle heart, and—well, she's interested in somebody else. Yes, cold and frivolous, that's what I call her, and I don't think she'd weep long if I happened . . . er . . . you know what I mean. And do forgive me for airing such intimate troubles."

"Certain things I have long observed," said Orlovius nodding his head sagely and sadly.

I shook his woolen paw and we parted. It had all worked beautifully. Old birds like Orlovius are wonderfully easy to lead by the beak, because a combination of decency and sentimentality is exactly equal to being a fool. In his eagerness to sympathize with everybody, not only did he take sides with the noble loving husband when I slandered my exemplary wife, but even decided privately that he had "long observed" (as he put it) a thing or two. I would give a lot to know what that purblind eagle could detect in the cloudless blue of our wedlock. Yes, it had all worked beautifully. I was satisfied. I would have been still more satisfied had there not been some miscarriage about the getting of that Italian visa.

Ardalion, with Lydia's help, filled out the application form, after which he was told that at least a fortnight would elapse till the visa could be granted (I had about one month before me till the ninth of March; in the worst case, I could always write to Felix changing the date). At last, late in February, Ardalion received his visa and bought his ticket. Moreover, I gave him 1000 marks—it would last him, I hoped, two or three months. He had arranged to go on the first of March, but it transpired suddenly that he had managed to lend the entire sum to a desperate friend and was now obliged to await its return. A rather mysterious case to say the least of it. Ardalion maintained that it was a "matter of honor." I, on my part, am always most skeptical about such vague matters which involve honor—and, mark

you, not the honor of the ragged borrower himself, but always that of a third or even fourth party, whose name is not disclosed. Ardalion (always according to his tale) lent the money, the other swearing he would return it within three days; the usual time limit with those descendants of feudal barons. When that time had expired Ardalion went to look for his debtor and, naturally, could not find him anywhere. With icy fury, I asked for his name. Ardalion attempted to evade the question and then said: "Oh, you remember—that fellow who once called on you." That made me lose my temper altogether.

Upon regaining my calm, I would have probably helped him out, had not things been complicated by my being rather short of money, whereas it was absolutely necessary that I should have a certain amount about me. I told him to set forth as he was, with a ticket and a few marks in his pocket. I'd send him the rest, I said. He answered that he would do so, just postponing his departure for a couple of days in case the money might still be retrieved. And indeed on the third of March he rang me up to say, rather casually, I thought, that he had got back his loan and was starting next evening. On the fourth it turned out that Lydia, to whom, for some reason or other, Ardalion had given his ticket to keep for him, was at present incapable of recalling where she had put it. A gloomy Ardalion crouched on a stool in the hall: "Nothing to be done," he muttered repeatedly. "Fate is against it." From the adjoining rooms there came the banging of drawers and a frantic rustling of paper: it was Lydia hunting for the ticket. An hour later Ardalion gave up and went home. Lydia sat on the bed crying her heart out. On the fifth she discovered the ticket among the dirty linen prepared for the laundry; and on the sixth we went to see Ardalion off.

The train was due to leave at 10:10. The longer hand of the clock would point like a setter, then pounce on the coveted minute, and forthwith aim at the next. No Ardalion. We stood waiting beside the coach marked "Milan."

"What on earth is the matter," Lydia kept worrying. "Why doesn't he come? I'm anxious."

All that ridiculous fuss about Ardalion's departure maddened me to such an extent that I was now afraid to unclench my teeth lest I have a fit or something on the station platform. Two sordid individuals, one sporting a blue mackintosh, the other a Russian-looking greatcoat with a moth-eaten astrakhan collar, came up and, dodging me, effusively greeted Lydia.

"Why doesn't he come? What d'you think has happened?" Lydia asked, looking at them with frightened eyes and

holding away from her the little bunch of violets which she had taken the trouble to buy for the brute. The blue mackintosh spread out his hands, and the fur collar pronounced in a deep voice:

"Nescimus. We do not know."

I felt I could not contain myself any longer and, turning sharply, marched off toward the exit. Lydia ran after me: "Where are you going, wait a bit, I'm sure he's—"

It was at this minute that Ardalion appeared in the distance. A grim-faced tatterdemalion held him up by the elbow and carried his portmanteau. So drunk was Ardalion that he could barely stand on his feet; the grim one, too, reeked of spirits.

"Oh, dear, he can't go in such a state," cried Lydia.

Very flushed, very humid, bewildered and groggy, without his overcoat (in hazy anticipation of southern warmth), Ardalion started upon a tottering round of slobbery embraces. I just managed to avoid him.

"My name's Perebrodov, professional artist," blurted his grim companion, confidentially thrusting out, as if it held a dirty postcard, an unshakable hand in my direction. "Had the fortune of meeting you in the gambling hells of Cairo."

"Hermann, do something! Impossible to let him go like that," wailed Lydia tugging at my sleeve.

Meanwhile the carriage doors were already slamming. Ardalion, swaying and emitting appealing cries, had reeled off to follow the cart of a sandwich-and-brandy vendor, but was caught by friendly hands. Then, all at once, he gathered up Lydia in his clutch and covered her with juicy kisses.

"Oh, you googly kid," he cooed, "goodbye, kid, thanks, kid . . ."

"Look here, gentlemen," said I with perfect calm, "would you mind helping me to lift him into the carriage?"

The train glided off. Beaming and bawling, Ardalion all but tumbled out of the window. Lydia, a lamb in leopard's clothes, trotted alongside the carriage almost as far as Switzerland. When the last carriage turned its buffers upon her, she bent low, peering under the receding wheels (a national superstition) and then crossed herself. She still held in her fist that little bunch of violets.

Ah, what relief. . . . The sigh I heaved filled my chest and I let it out noisily. All day long Lydia gently fretted and worried, but then a wire came—two words: "Traveling merrily"—and that soothed her. I had now to tackle the most tedious part of the business: talking to her, coaching her.

I fail to remember the way I began: when the current of my memory is turned on, that talk is already in full swing. I see

Lydia sitting on the divan and staring at me with dumb amazement. I see myself sitting on the edge of a chair opposite her and now and then, like a doctor, touching her wrist. I hear my even voice going on and on. First I told her something, which, I said, I had never told anyone before. I told her about my younger brother. He was a student in Germany when the war broke out; was recruited there and fought against the Russians. I had always remembered him as a quiet, despondent little fellow. My parents used to thrash *me* and spoil *him*; he did not show them any affection, however, but in regard to me he developed an incredible, more than brotherly adoration, followed me everywhere, looked into my eyes, loved everything that came into contact with me, loved to smell my pocket handkerchief, to put on my shirt when still warm from my body, to clean his teeth with my brush. At first we shared a bed with a pillow at each end until it was discovered he could not go to sleep without sucking my big toe, whereupon I was expelled to a mattress in the lumber room, but since he insisted on changing places with me in the middle of the night, we never quite knew, nor did dear Momma, who was sleeping where. It was not a perversion on his part—oh, not at all—it was but the best

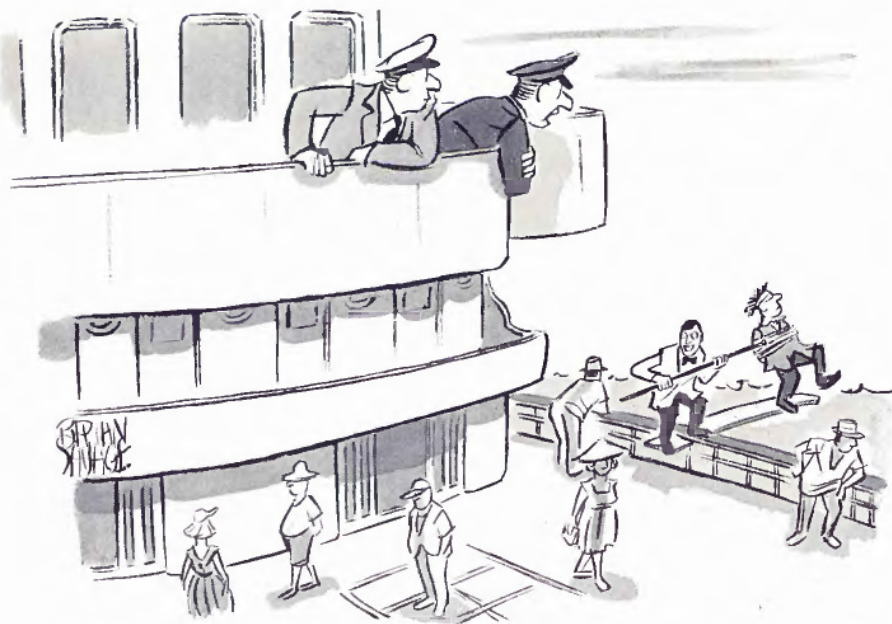
he could do to express our indescribable oneness, for we resembled each other so closely that our nearest relatives used to mistake us, and as the years went on, this resemblance grew more and more perfect. I remember that when I was seeing him off on his way to Germany (that was shortly before Princip's pistol shot) the poor fellow sobbed with such bitterness as though he foresaw what a long and cruel separation it would be. People on the platform looked at us, looked at those two identical youths who stood with interlocked hands and peered into each other's eyes with a kind of sorrowful ecstasy . . .

Then came the war. Whilst languishing in remote captivity I never had any news of my brother, but was somehow sure that he had been killed. Sultry years, black-shrouded years. I taught myself not to think of him; and even later, when I was married, not a word thereof did I breathe to Lydia—it was all too sad.

Then, soon after my bringing my wife to Germany, a cousin (who took his cue in passing, just to utter that single line) informed me that Felix, though alive, had morally perished. I never learned the exact manner in which his soul was wrecked. . . . Presumably, his delicate psychic structure did not withstand the



" . . . And to my faithful valet, Sidney, who I promised to remember in my will—Hi there, Sidney!"



"You've got to give the cruise director an A for effort, anyway."

strain of war, while the thought that I was no more (for, strange to say, he, too, was sure of his brother's death), that never would he see his adored double, or better say, the optimal edition of his own personality, this thought crippled his mind, he felt as if he had lost both support and ambition, so that henceforth life could be lived anyhow. And down he went. That man as sweet-tuned as some musical instrument now turned thief and forger, took to drugs and finally committed murder: he poisoned the woman who kept him. I learned of the latter affair from his own lips; he had not even been suspected—so cunningly had the evil deed been concealed. As to my meeting him again . . . well, that was the work of chance, a most unexpected and painful meeting too (one of its consequences being that change in me, that depression which even Lydia had noticed) in a café at Prague: he stood up, I remember, upon seeing me, opened his arms and crashed backward in a deep swoon which lasted 18 minutes.

Yes, horribly painful. Instead of the sluggish, dreamy, tender lad, I found a talkative madman, all jerks and jumps. The happiness he experienced upon being reunited with me, dear old Hermann, who all at once, dressed in a handsome gray suit, had arisen from the dead, not only did not lull his conscience, but quite, quite contrariwise, convinced him of the utter inadmissibility of living with a murder on his mind. The conversation we had was awful; he kept covering my hands with kisses, and bidding me farewell. Even the waiters wept.

Very soon I realized that no human force in the world could now shake the decision he had formed of killing himself; even I could do nothing, I who always had had such an ideal influence on him. The minutes I lived through were anything but pleasant. Putting myself in his shoes, I could readily imagine the refined torture which his memory made him endure; and I perceived, alas, that the sole issue for him was death. God forbid anyone passing through such an ordeal—that is, seeing one's brother perish and not having the moral right to avert his doom.

But now comes the complication: his soul, which had its mystical side, yearned for some atonement, some sacrifice: merely putting a bullet through his brain seemed to him not sufficient.

"I want to make a gift of my death to somebody," he suddenly said and his eyes brimmed with the diamond light of madness. "Make a gift of my death. We two are still more alike than we were formerly. In our sameness I see a divine intent. To lay one's hands upon a piano does not yet mean the making of music, and what I want is music. Tell me, might it not benefit you in some way to vanish from the earth?"

At first, I did not heed his question: I supposed that Felix was delirious; and a gypsy orchestra in the café drowned part of his speech; his subsequent words proved, however, that he had a definite plan. So! On one hand the abyss of a soul in torment, on the other, business prospects. In the lurid glare of his tragic fate and belated heroism, that part of his

plan which concerned me, my profit, my well-being, seemed as stupidly matter-of-fact as, say, the inauguration of a railway during an earthquake.

Having arrived at this point of my story, I stopped speaking, and leaning back in my chair with folded arms, looked fixedly at Lydia. She seemed to flow down from the couch on to the carpet, crawled up to me on her knees, pressed her head against my thigh and, in a hushed voice, started comforting me: "Oh, you poor, poor thing," she purred. "I'm so sorry for you, for your brother. . . . Heavens, what unhappy people there are in the world! He mustn't die, it is never impossible to save a person."

"He can't be saved," said I, with what is called, I believe, a bitter smile. "He is determined to die on his birthday; the ninth of March—that is to say, the day after tomorrow; and the President of the State could not prevent it. Suicide is the worst form of self-indulgence. All one can do is to comply with the martyr's whim and brighten up things for him by granting him the knowledge that in dying he performs a good useful deed—of a crude material nature, perhaps, but anyhow, useful."

Lydia hugged my leg and stared up at me.

"His plan is as follows," I went on, in a bland voice: "My life, say, is insured for half a million. In a wood, somewhere, my corpse is found. My widow, that is you——"

"Oh, stop saying such horrors," cried Lydia, scrambling up from the carpet. "I've just been reading a story like that. Oh, do please stop—"

"... My widow, that is you, collects the money. Then she retires to a secluded place abroad. After a while, under an assumed name, I join her and maybe even marry her, if she is good. My real name, you see, will have died with my brother. We resemble each other, don't interrupt, like two drops of blood, and he'll be particularly like me when dead."

"Do stop, do stop! I won't believe there's no way of saving him. . . . Oh, Hermann, how wicked! . . . Where is he actually?—here in Berlin?"

"No, in another part of the country. You keep repeating like a fool: save him, save him. . . . You forget that he is a murderer and a mystic. As to me, I haven't the right to refuse him a little thing that may lighten and adorn his death. You must understand that here we find ourselves entering a higher spiritual plane. It would be one thing if I said to you, 'Look here, old girl, my business is going badly, I'm faced with bankruptcy, also I'm sick of everything and yearn for a remote land, where I'll devote myself to contemplation and poultry breeding, so let us use this rare chance!' But I

say nothing of the sort, although I *am* on the brink of ruin and for ages *have* been dreaming, as you know, of life in the lap of Nature. What I do say is something very different, namely: however hard, however terrible it may be, one cannot deny one's own brother the fulfillment of his dying request, one cannot prevent him from doing good—if only posthumous good."

Lydia's eyelids fluttered—I had quite bespited her—but despite the spouting of my speech, she nestled against me, holding me tight. We were both now on the divan, and I continued:

"A refusal of that kind would be a sin. I don't want it. I don't want to load my conscience with a sin of that weight. Do you think I didn't object and try to reason with him? Do you think I found it easy to accept his offer? Do you think I have slept all these nights? I may as well tell you, my dear, that since last year I have been suffering horribly—I would not have my best friend suffer so. Much do I care indeed for that insurance money! But how can I refuse, tell me, how can I deprive him of one last joy—hang it all, it's no good talking!"

I pushed her aside, almost knocking her off the divan, and started marching to and fro. I gulped, I sobbed. Specters of red melodrama reeled.

"You are a million times cleverer than me," half whispered Lydia, wringing her hands (yes, reader, *dixi*, wringing her hands), "but it's all so appalling, so unexpected, I thought it only happened in books. . . . Why, it means . . . oh, everything will change—completely. Our whole life! Why . . . For instance, what about Ardalion?"

"To hell, to hell with him! Here we are discussing the very greatest human tragedy and you plump in with—"

"No, I just asked like that. You've sort of dazed me, my head feels quite funny. I suppose that—not exactly now, but later on—it will be possible to see him and explain matters. . . . Hermann, what d'you think?"

"Drop worrying about trifles. The future will settle all that. Really, really, really" (my voice suddenly changed to a shrill scream), "what an idiot you are!"

She melted into tears and was all at once a yielding creature quivering on my breast: "Please," she faltered, "please, forgive me. Oh, I'm a fool, you are right, do forgive me! This awful thing happening. Only this morning everything seemed so nice, so clear, so everydayish. Oh, my dear, I'm most terribly sorry for you. I'll do anything you want."

"What I want now is coffee—I am dying for some coffee."

"Come to the kitchen," she said, wiping her tears. "I'll do anything. But

please, stay with me, I'm frightened."

In the kitchen. Already appeased, though still sniffing a little, she poured the big brown coffee beans into the open bill of the mill, compressed it between her knees, and began turning the handle. It went stiffly at first, with many a creak and crackle, then there was a sudden easement.

"Imagine, Lydia," said I, sitting on the table and dangling my legs, "imagine that all I'm telling you is fiction. Quite seriously, you know, I've been trying to make myself believe that it was purely an invention of mine or some story I had read somewhere; it was the only way not to go mad with horror. So, listen; the two characters are: an enterprising self-destroyer and his insured double. Now, as the insurance company is not obliged to pay in cases of suicide—"

"I've made it very strong," said Lydia. "You'll like it. Yes, dear, I'm listening."

"—the hero of this cheap mystery story demands the following measures: the thing should be staged in such a manner as to make it appear a plain murder. I do not want to enter into technical details, but here it is in a nutshell: the gun is fastened to a tree trunk, a string tied to the trigger, the suicide turns away, pulling that string, and gets the shot bang in the back. That's a rough outline of the business."

"Oh, wait a bit," cried Lydia, "I've remembered something: he somehow fixed the revolver to the bridge. . . . No, that's wrong: he first tied a stone with a string. . . . let me see, how did it go? Oh, I've got it: he tied a big stone to one end and the revolver to the other, and then shot himself. And the stone fell in the water, and the string followed across the parapet, and the revolver came next—all splash into the water. Only I can't remember why it was necessary."

"Smooth water, in brief; and a dead man left on the bridge. What a good thing coffee is! I had a splitting headache; now it's much better. So that's clear to you, more or less—I mean the way it all has to happen."

I sipped the fiery coffee and meditated the while. Odd, she had no imagination whatever. In a couple of days life changes—topsy-turvy . . . a regular earthquake . . . and here she was, comfortably drinking coffee with me and recalling some Sherlock Holmes adventure.

I was mistaken, however: Lydia started and said, slowly lowering her cup:

"I'm just thinking, Hermann, that if it's all going to be so soon, then we ought to begin packing. And, oh, dear, there's all that linen in the wash. And your tuxedo is at the cleaner's."

"First, my dear, I am not particularly anxious to be cremated in evening dress; secondly, pluck out of your head, quick

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and for good, the idea that you ought to act somehow, to prepare things and so on. There is nothing you ought to do, for the simple reason that you know nothing, nothing whatever—make a mental note of that, if you please. So, no mysterious allusions in front of your friends, no bustle, no shopping—let that sink in, my good woman—otherwise we'll all get into trouble. I repeat: you know nothing as yet. After tomorrow your husband goes for a drive in his car and fails to return. It is then, and only then, that your work begins. Very responsible work, though quite simple. Now I want you to listen with the utmost attention. On the morning of the tenth you'll phone to Orlovius telling him I've gone, not slept at home and not yet returned. You'll ask what to do about it. And act according to his advice. Let him, generally, take full possession of the case, doing everything, such as informing the police, et cetera. The body will turn up very soon. It is essential that you should make yourself believe I'm really dead. As things stand it won't be very far from the truth, as my brother is part of my soul."

"I'd do anything," she said, "anything for his sake and yours. Only I'm dreadfully frightened and it is all getting mixed up in my head."

"Let it not get mixed up. The chief thing is naturalness of grief. It may not exactly bleach your hair but it must be natural. In order to make your task easier I've given Orlovius a hint to the effect that you've ceased loving me for years. So let it be the quiet reserved sort of sorrow. Sigh and be silent. Then when you see my corpse, that is, the corpse of a man undistinguishable from me, you're sure to get a real good shock."

"Ugh! I can't, Hermann! I'll die of fright."

"It would be worse if right in the mortuary you started powdering your nose. In any case, contain yourself. Don't scream, or else it'll be necessary after the screams to raise the general level of your grief, and you know what a bad actress you are. Now let us proceed. The policy and my testament are in the middle drawer of my desk. After having had my body burnt, in agreement with my testament, after settling all formalities, after receiving, through Orlovius, your due, and doing with the money what he tells you to, you'll go abroad to Paris. Where will you stop in Paris?"

"I don't know, Hermann."

"Try and remember where it was we put up when we were in Paris together. Well?"

"Yes, it's coming back to me now. Hotel."

"But what hotel?"

"I can't remember a thing, Hermann. when you keep looking at me like

that. I tell you it's coming back. Hotel something."

"I'll give you a tip: it has to do with grass. What is the French for grass?"

"Wait a sec—*herbe*. Oh, got it; Malherbe."

"To be quite safe, in case you forget again, you can always look at your black trunk. There's the hotel label on it still."

"Look here, Hermann, I'm really not such a muff as all that. Though I think I'd better take that trunk. The black one."

"So that's the place you stop at. Next there comes something extremely important. First, however, I'll trouble you to say it all over again."

"I'll be sad. I'll try not to cry too much. Orlovius. Two black dresses and a veil."

"Not so fast. What will you do when you see the body?"

"Fall on my knees. *Not* scream."

"That's right. You see how nicely it all shapes out. Well, what comes next?"

"Next I'll have him buried."

"In the first place not him, but me. Please, don't get that muddled. In the second: not burial, but cremation. Nobody wants to be disinhumed. Orlovius will inform the pastor of my merits: moral, civic, matrimonial. The pastor in the crematorium chapel will deliver a heartfelt speech. To the sound of organ music my coffin will slowly sink into Hades. That's all. What after that?"

"After that—Paris. No, wait! First, all kinds of money formalities. I'm afraid, you know, Orlovius will bore me to death. Then, in Paris, I'll go to the hotel—now I knew it would happen, I just thought I'd forget and so I have. You sort of oppress me. Hotel . . . Hotel . . . Oh—Malherbe! For safety—the trunk."

"Black. Now comes the important bit: as soon as you get to Paris, you let me know. What method should I adopt to make you memorize the address?"

"Better write it down, Hermann. My brain simply refuses to work at the present. I'm so horribly afraid I shall bungle it all."

"No, my dear, I shan't write down anything. If only for the reason that you're bound to lose anything put down in writing. You'll have to memorize the address whether you like it or not. There is absolutely no other way. I forbid you once and for all to write it down. That clear?"

"Yes, Hermann, but what if I *can't* remember?"

"Nonsense. The address is quite simple. Post office, Pignans, France."

"That's where Aunt Elisa used to live? Oh, yes, that's not hard to remember. But she lives near Nice now. Better go to Nice."

"Good idea, but I shan't. Now comes the name. For the sake of simplicity I

suggest you write thus: Monsieur Malherbe."

"She is probably as fat and as lively as ever. D'you know, Ardalion wrote to her asking for money, but of course—"

"Most interesting. I'm sure, but we were talking of business. What name will you write on the address?"

"You haven't told me yet, Hermann!"

"Yes, I have. I suggest Monsieur Malherbe."

"But . . . that's the hotel, Hermann, isn't it?"

"Exactly. That's why. You'll find it easier to remember by association."

"Oh, Lord, I'm sure to forget the association, Hermann. I'm hopeless. Please, let's not have any associations. Besides—it's getting awfully late, I'm exhausted."

"Then think of a name yourself. Some name you're practically certain to remember. Would perhaps Ardalion do?"

"Very well, Hermann."

"So that's settled too. Monsieur Ardalion. Post office, Pignans. Now the contents. You'll begin: 'Dear friend, you have surely heard about my bereavement'—and so on in the same gist. A few lines in all. You'll post the letter yourself. You'll post the letter yourself. Got that?"

"Very well, Hermann."

"Now, will you please repeat."

"You know the strain is too much for me. I'm going to collapse. Good heavens, half-past one. Couldn't we leave it till tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow you will have to repeat it all the same. Come, let's get it over. I'm listening . . ."

"Hotel Malherbe. I arrive. I post that letter. Myself. Ardalion. Post office, Pignans, France. And after I've written, what next?"

"No concern of yours. We'll see. Well, can I be certain you'll manage it properly?"

"Yes, Hermann. Only don't make me say it all over again. I'm dead beat."

Standing in the middle of the kitchen, she expanded her shoulders, threw back her head and shook it violently, and said several times, her hands worrying her hair: "Oh, how tired I am, oh, how—" that "how" opened into a yawn. We turned in at last. She undressed, scattering about the room frock, stockings, various feminine odds and ends; tumbled into bed and settled down at once to a comfortable nasal wheeze. I went to bed too and put out the light, but could not sleep. I remember she suddenly awoke and touched my shoulder.

"What d'you want?" I inquired feigning drowsiness.

"Hermann," she muttered: "Hermann, tell me, I wonder if . . . don't you think it's . . . a swindle?"

"Go to sleep," I replied. "Your brains are not equal to the job. Deep tragedy



"Dry enough for you, sir?"

... and you with your nonsense ... go to sleep!"

She sighed blissfully, turned on her side and was immediately snoring again.

Curious, although I did not deceive myself in the least regarding my wife's capacities, well knowing how stupid, forgetful and clumsy she was, I had, somehow, no misgivings, so absolutely did I believe that her devotion would make her take, instinctively, the right course, preserving her from any slip, and, what mattered most, forcing her to keep my secret. In fancy I clearly saw the way Orlovius would glance at her bad imitation of sorrow and sadly wag his solemn head, and (who knows) ponder perhaps upon the likelihood of the poor husband's having been done in by the lady's paramour; but then that threatening letter from the nameless lunatic would come to him as a timely reminder.

The whole of the next day we spent at home, and once more, meticulously and strenuously, I kept tutoring my wife, stuffing her with my will, just as a goose is crammed, by force, with maize to fatten its liver. By nightfall she was scarcely able to walk; I remained satisfied with her condition. It was time for me to get ready too. I remember how I racked my brains for hours, calculating what sum to take with me, what to leave Lydia: there was not much cash, not much at all ... it occurred to me that it would be wise to take some valuable thing, so I said to Lydia:

"Look here, give me your Moscow brooch."

"Ah, yes, the brooch," she said dully; slunk out of the room, but immediately came back, lay down on the divan and began to cry as she had never yet cried before.

"What's the matter, you wretched woman?"

For a long while she did not answer, and then, amid much silly sobbing, and with averted eyes, explained that the diamond brooch, an empress' gift to her great-grandmother, had been pawned to obtain the money for Ardalion's journey, as his friend had not repaid him.

"All right, all right, don't howl," I said, pocketing the pawn ticket. "Deuced cunning of him. Thank God he's gone, scuttled away—that's the main thing."

She instantly regained her composure and even achieved a dew-bright smile when she saw I was not cross. Then she tripped off to the bedroom, was long rummaging there, and finally brought me a cheap little ring, a pair of ear-drops, an old-fashioned cigarette case that had belonged to her mother. ... None of these things did I take.

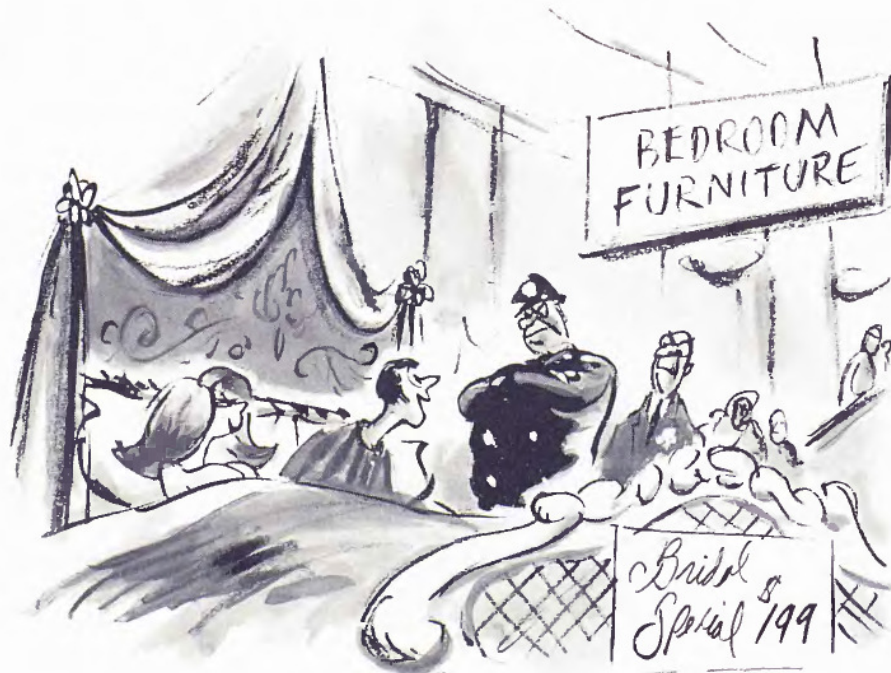
"Listen," said I, wandering about the room and biting my thumb. "Listen, Lydia. When they ask you if I had enemies, when they examine you as to who might have killed me, reply: 'I don't know.' And there's something else: I'm taking a suitcase with me, but that's strictly confidential. It ought not to appear as though I was getting ready for a journey—that would be suspicious. As a matter of fact—"

At that point I remember stopping suddenly. How queer it was that when all had been so beautifully devised and foreseen, there should come sticking out a minor detail, as when you are packing and notice all at once that you have forgotten to put in some small but cumbersome trifle—yes, there do exist such unscrupulous objects. It should be said, to my justification, that the question of the suitcase was really the only point which I decided to alter: all the rest went just as I had designed it long, long ago—maybe many months ago, maybe that very second when I saw a tramp asleep on the grass who exactly resembled my corpse. No, thought I, better not take the suitcase; there is always the risk of somebody seeing me leaving the house with it.

"I'm not taking it," said I aloud, and went on pacing the room.

How can I forget the morning of the ninth of March? As mornings go, it was pale and cold; overnight some snow had fallen, and now every house porter was sweeping his stretch of sidewalk along which there ran a low snow ridge, whereas the asphalt was already clean and black—only a little slimy. Lydia slept on in peace. All was quiet. I began the business of dressing. That is how it went: two shirts, one over the other: yesterday's one on top, as it was meant for him. Drawers—also two pairs; and again the top pair was for him. Then I made a small parcel containing a manicure set, a shaving kit, and a shoehorn. So as not to forget, I at once slipped that parcel into the pocket of my overcoat which hung in the hall. Then I put on two pairs of socks (the top one with a hole in it), black shoes, mouse-gray spats; and, arrayed thus, i.e., smartly shod but still in my undergarments, I stood in the middle of the room and mentally checked my actions so as to see whether they conformed to plan. Remembering that an extra pair of garters would be required I unearthed some old ones and added them to the parcel, which necessitated my coming out again into the hall. Lastly, I chose my favorite lilac tie and thick dark-gray suit I had been often wearing lately. The following objects were distributed among pockets: my wallet (with something like 1500 marks in it), passport, sundry scraps of paper with addresses, accounts.

Stop, that's wrong, I said to myself, for had I not decided *not* to take my passport? A very subtle move, that: the casual scraps of paper established one's identity more gracefully. I also took keys, cigarette case, lighter. Strapped on my wrist watch. Now I was dressed. I patted my pockets, I puffed slightly. I felt rather warm in my double cocoon. There now remained the most important item. Quite a ceremony; the slow glide of the drawer where IT rested, a careful exami-



"Nothing to be alarmed about, officer—we're from 'Consumer Reports.'"

nation, and not the first one, to be sure. Yes, IT was admirably oiled; IT was chock full of good things. . . . IT was given to me in 1920, in Reval, by an unknown officer; or, to be precise, he simply left IT with me and vanished. I have no idea what became of that amiable lieutenant afterward.

While I was thus engaged, Lydia awoke. She wrapped herself up in a dressing gown of a sickly pink hue and we sat down to our morning coffee. When the maid had left the room:

"Well," I said, "the day has come! I'm going in a minute."

A very slight digression of a literary nature; that rhythm is foreign to modern speech, but it renders, especially well, my epic calm and the dramatic tension of the situation.

"Hermann, please stay, don't go anywhere . . ." said Lydia in a low voice (and she even joined her hands together, I believe).

"You remember everything, don't you?" I went on imperturbably.

"Hermann," she repeated, "don't go. Let him do whatever he likes, it's his fate, you mustn't interfere."

"I'm glad you remember everything," said I with a smile. "Good girl. Now let me eat one more roll and I'll start."

She broke into tears. Then blew her nose with a last blast, was about to say something, but began crying anew. It was rather a quaint scene; I, coolly, buttering a horn-shaped roll, she, seated opposite, her whole frame shaken by sobs. I said, with my mouth full:

"Anyway, you'll be able, in front of the world" (I chewed and swallowed here), "to recall that you had evil forebodings, although I used to go away fairly often and never said where. 'And do you know, madam, if he had any enemies?' 'I don't, Mr. Coroner.'"

"But what's going to come next?" Lydia gently moaned, slowly and helplessly moving her hands apart.

"That'll do, my dear," said I, in another tone of voice. "You've had your little cry and now it's enough. And, by the way, don't dream of howling today in Elsie's presence."

She dabbed at her eyes with a crumpled handkerchief, emitted a sad little grunt and once again made that gesture of helpless perplexity, but now in silence and without tears.

"You remember everything?" I inquired for the last time, narrowly scrutinizing her.

"Yes, Hermann, everything. But I'm so, so frightened . . ."

I stood up, she stood up too. I said:

"Goodbye. See you some day. Time to go to my patient."

"Hermann, tell me—you don't intend being present, do you?"

I quite failed to see what she meant.

"Present? At what?"

"Oh, you know what I'm thinking. When he—oh, you know . . . that business of the string."

"You goose," said I, "what did you expect? Somebody must be there to tidy up afterwards. Now I'll trouble you not to brood anymore over the matter. Go to the pictures tonight. Goodbye, goose."

I never kissed her on the mouth: I loathe the slush of lip kisses. It is said, the ancient Slavs, too—even in moments of sexual excitement never kissed their women—found it queerish, perhaps even a little repulsive, to bring into contact one's own naked lips with another's epithelium. At that moment, however, I felt, for once, an impulse to kiss my wife that way; but she was unprepared, so, somehow, nothing came of it, except that I grazed her hair with my lips; I refrained from making another attempt, instead of which I clicked my heels and shook her listless hand. Then, in the hall, I rapidly got into my overcoat, snatched my gloves, ascertained whether I had the parcel, and when already making for the door, heard her call me from the dining room in a low whimpering voice, but I did not take much notice as I was in a desperate hurry to leave.

I crossed the back yard toward a large garage packed with cars. Pleasant smiles welcomed me there. I got in and started the engine. The asphalted surface of the yard was somewhat higher than that of the street so that upon entering the narrow inclined tunnel connecting the yard with the street, my car, held back by its brakes, lightly and noiselessly dipped.

. . .

To tell the truth I feel rather weary. I keep on writing from noon to dawn, producing a chapter per day—or more. What a great powerful thing art is! In my situation, I ought to be fluttering, scurrying, doubling back. . . . There is of course no immediate danger, and I dare say such danger there will never be, but, nevertheless, it is a singular reaction, this sitting still and writing, writing, writing, or ruminating at length, which is much the same, really. And the further I write, the clearer it becomes that I will not leave matters so, but hang on till my main object is attained, when I will most certainly take the risk of having my work published—not much of a risk, either, for as soon as my manuscript is sent out I shall fade away, the world being large enough to afford a place of concealment to a quiet man with a beard.

It was not spontaneously that I decided to forward my work to the penetrating novelist, whom, I think, I have mentioned already, even addressing him personally through the medium of my story.

I may be mistaken, as I have long ago abandoned reading over what I write—

no time left for that, let alone its nauseating effect upon me.

I had first toyed with the idea of sending the thing straight to some editor—German, French, or American—but it is written in Russian and not all is translatable, and—well, to be frank, I am rather particular about my literary coloratura and firmly believe that the loss of a single shade or inflection would hopelessly mar the whole. I have also thought of sending it to the U.S.S.R., but I lack the necessary addresses, nor do I know how it is done and whether my manuscript would be read, for I employ, by force of habit, the Old-Regime spelling, and to rewrite it would be quite beyond my powers. Did I say "rewrite"? Well, I hardly know if I shall stand the strain of writing it at all.

Having at last made up my mind to give my manuscript to one who is sure to like it and do his best to have it published, I am fully aware of the fact that my chosen one (you, my first reader) is an *émigré* novelist, whose books cannot possibly appear in the U.S.S.R. Maybe, however, an exception will be made for this book, considering that it was not you who actually wrote it. Oh, how I cherish the hope that in spite of your *émigré* signature (the diaphanous spuriousness of which will deceive nobody) my book may find a market in the U.S.S.R.! As I am far from being an enemy of the Soviet rule, I am sure to have unwittingly expressed certain notions in my book, which correspond perfectly to the dialectical demands of the current moment. It even seems to me sometimes that my basic theme, the resemblance between two persons, has a profound allegorical meaning. This remarkable physical likeness probably appealed to me (subconsciously!) as the promise of that ideal sameness which is to unite people in the classless society of the future; and by striving to make use of an isolated case, I was, though still blind to social truths, fulfilling, nevertheless, a certain social function. And then there is something else; the fact of my not being wholly successful when putting that resemblance of ours to practical use can be explained away by purely social-economic causes, that is to say, by the fact that Felix and I belonged to different, sharply defined classes, the fusion of which none could hope to achieve single-handed, especially nowadays, when the conflict of classes has reached a stage where compromise is out of the question. True, my mother was of low birth and my father's father herded geese in his youth, which explains where, exactly, a man of my stamp and habits could have got that strong, though still incompletely expressed leaning towards Genuine Consciousness. In fancy, I visualize a new world, where all men will resemble one another as Hermann and Felix did; a world of Helixes

and Fermanns; a world where the worker fallen dead at the feet of his machine will be at once replaced by his perfect double smiling the serene smile of perfect socialism. Therefore I do think that Soviet youths of today should derive considerable benefit from a study of my book under the supervision of an experienced Marxist who would help them to follow through its pages the rudimentary wriggles of the social message it contains. Aye, let other nations, too, translate it into their respective languages, so that American readers may satisfy their craving for gory glamor; the French discern mirages of sodomy in my partiality for a vagabond; and Germans relish the skittish side of a semi-Slavonic soul. Read, read it, as many as possible, ladies and gentlemen! I welcome you all as my readers.

Not an easy book to write, though. It is now especially, just as I am getting to the part which treats, so to speak, of decisive action, it is now that the arduousness of my task appears to me in full; here I am, as you see, twisting and turning and being garrulous about matters which rightly belong to the preface of a book and are misplaced in what the reader may deem its most essential chapter. But I have tried to explain already that, however shrewd and wary the approaches may seem, it is not my rational part which is writing, but solely my memory, that devious memory of mine. For, you see, *then*, i.e. at the precise hour at which the hands of my story have stopped, I had stopped too; was dallying, as I am dallying now; was engaged in a similar kind of tangled reasoning having nothing to do with my business, the appointed hour of which was steadily nearing. I had started in the morning though my meeting with Felix was fixed for five o'clock in the afternoon, but I had been unable to stay at home, so that now I was wondering how to dispose of all that dull-white mass of time separating me from my appointment. I sat at my ease, even somnolently, as I steered with one finger and slowly drove through Berlin, down quiet, cold, whispering streets; and so it went on and on, until I noticed that I had left Berlin behind. The colors of the day were reduced to a mere two: black (the pattern of the bare trees, the asphalt) and whitish (the sky, the patches of snow). It continued, my sleepy transportation. For some time there dangled before my eyes one of those large, ugly rags that a truck trundling something long and poky is required to hang on the protruding hind end; then it disappeared, having presumably taken a turning. Still I did not move on any quicker. A taxicab dashed out of a side street in front of me, put on the brakes with a screech, and owing to the road being rather slippery, went into a grotesque spin. I calmly sailed past, as if drifting down-

stream. Farther, a woman in deep mourning was crossing obliquely, practically with her back to me; I neither sounded my horn, nor changed my quite smooth motion, but glided past within a couple of inches from the edge of her veil; she did not even notice me—a noiseless ghost. Every kind of vehicle overtook me; for quite a while a crawling tramcar kept abreast of me; and out of the corner of my eye I could see the passengers, stupidly sitting face to face. Once or twice I struck a badly cobbled stretch; and hens were already appearing; short wings expanded and long necks stretched out, this fowl or that would come running across the road. A little later I found myself driving along an endless highway, past stubbled fields with snow lying here and there; and in a perfectly deserted locality my car seemed to sink into a slumber, as if turning from blue to dove-gray—slowing down gradually and coming to a stop, and I leaned my head on the wheel in a fit of elusive musing. What could my thoughts be about? About nothing or nothings; it was all very involved and I was almost asleep, and in a half swoon I kept deliberating with myself about some nonsense, kept remembering some discussion I had had with somebody once on some station platform as to whether one ever sees the sun in one's dreams, and presently the feeling grew upon me that there was a great number of people around, all speaking together, and then falling silent and giving one another dim errands and dispersing without a sound. After some time I moved on, and at noon, dragging through some village, I decided to halt, since even at such a drowsy pace I was bound to reach Koenigsdorf in an hour or so, and that was still too early. So I dawdled in a dark and dismal beer house, where I sat quite alone in a back room of sorts, at a big table, and there was an old photograph on the wall—a group of men in frock coats, with curled-up moustachios, and some in the front row had bent one knee with a carefree expression and two at the sides had even stretched themselves seal fashion, and this called to my mind similar groups of Russian students. I had a lot of lemon water there and resumed my journey in the same sleepy mood, quite indecently sleepy, in fact. Next, I remember stopping at some bridge: an old woman in blue woolen trousers and with a bag behind her shoulders was busy repairing some mishap to her bicycle. Without getting out of my car I gave her several pieces of advice, all quite unbidden and useless; and after that I was silent, and propping my cheek with my fist, remained gaping at her for a long time: there she was fussing and fussing, but at last my eyelids twitched and lo, there was no woman there; she had wobbled away long ago. I pursued my course, trying, as I did, to multiply in my head one un-

couth number by another just as awkward. I did not know what they signified and whence they had floated up, but since they had come I considered it fit to bait them, and so they grappled and dissolved. All of a sudden it struck me that I was driving at a crazy speed; that the car was lapping up the road, like a conjurer swallowing yards of ribbon; but I glanced at the speedometer-needle: it was trembling at 50 kilometers; and there passed by, in slow succession, pines, pines, pines. Then, too, I remember meeting two small pale-faced schoolboys with their books held together by a strap; and I talked to them. They both had unpleasant birdlike features, making me think of young crows. They seemed to be a little afraid of me, and when I drove off, kept staring after me, black mouths wide-open, one taller, the other shorter. And then, with a start, I noticed that I had reached Koenigsdorf and, looking at my watch, saw that it was almost five. When passing the red station-building, I reflected that perchance Felix was late and had not yet come down those steps I saw beyond that gaudy chocolate-stand, and that there were no means whatever of deducing from the exterior air of that squat brick edifice whether he had already passed there or not. However that might be, the train by which he had been ordered to come to Koenigsdorf arrived at 2:55, so that if Felix had not missed it—

Oh, my reader! He had been told to get off at Koenigsdorf and march north following the highway as far as the tenth kilometer marked by a yellow post; and now I was tearing along that road: unforgettable moments! Not a soul about. During winter the bus ran there but twice a day—morning and noon; on the entire ten kilometers' stretch all that I met was a cart drawn by a bay horse. At last, in the distance, like a yellow finger, the familiar post stood up, grew bigger, attained its natural size; it wore a skull-cap of snow. I pulled up and looked about me. Nobody. The yellow post was very yellow indeed. To my right, beyond the field, the wood was painted a flat gray on the backdrop of the pale sky. Nobody. I got out of my car and with a bang that was louder than any shot, slammed the door after me. And all at once I noticed that, from behind the interlaced twigs of a bush growing in the ditch, there stood looking at me, as pink as a waxwork and with a jaunty little mustache, and, really, quite gay—

Placing one foot on the footboard of the car and like an enraged tenor slashing my hand with the glove I had taken off, I glared steadily at Felix. Grinning uncertainly, he came out of the ditch.

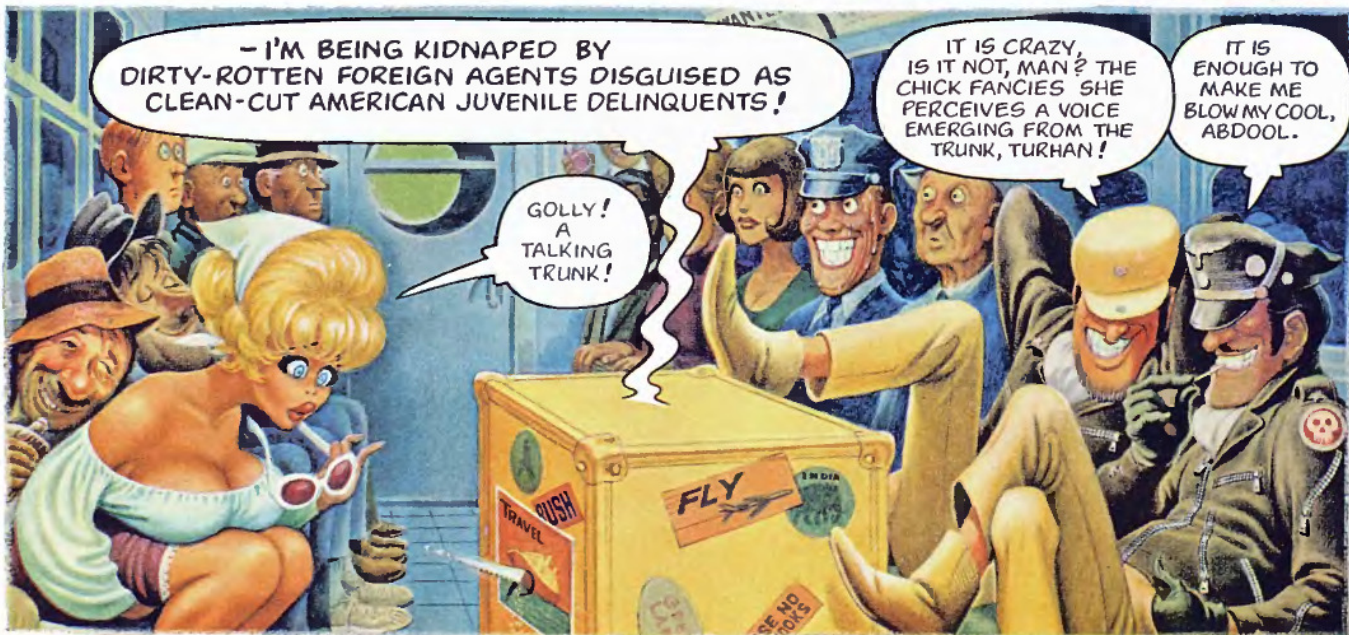
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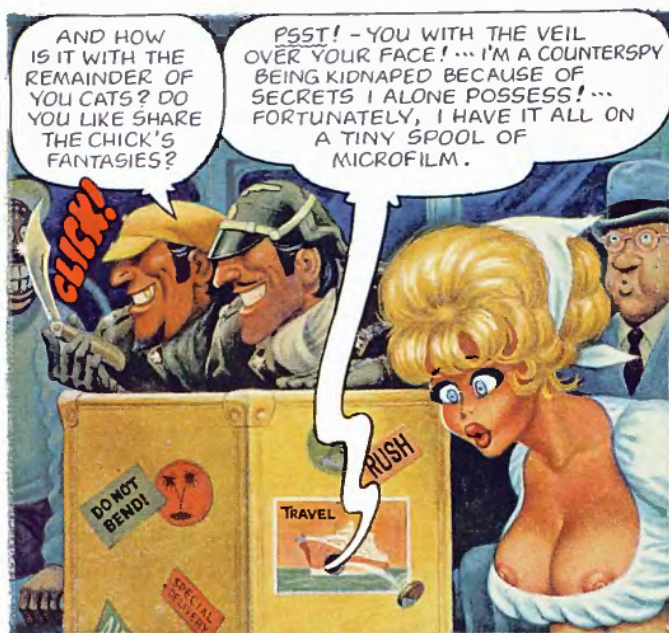


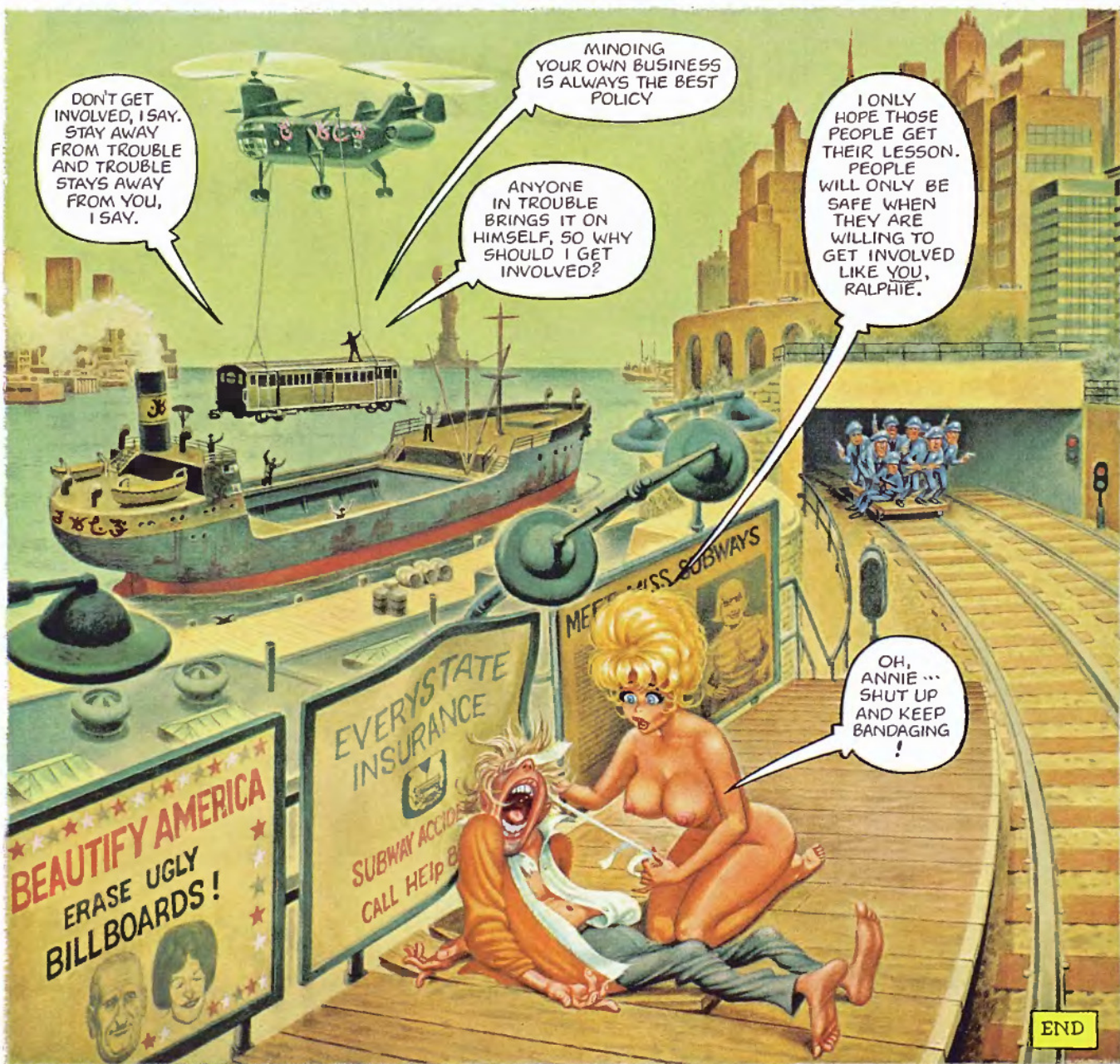
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