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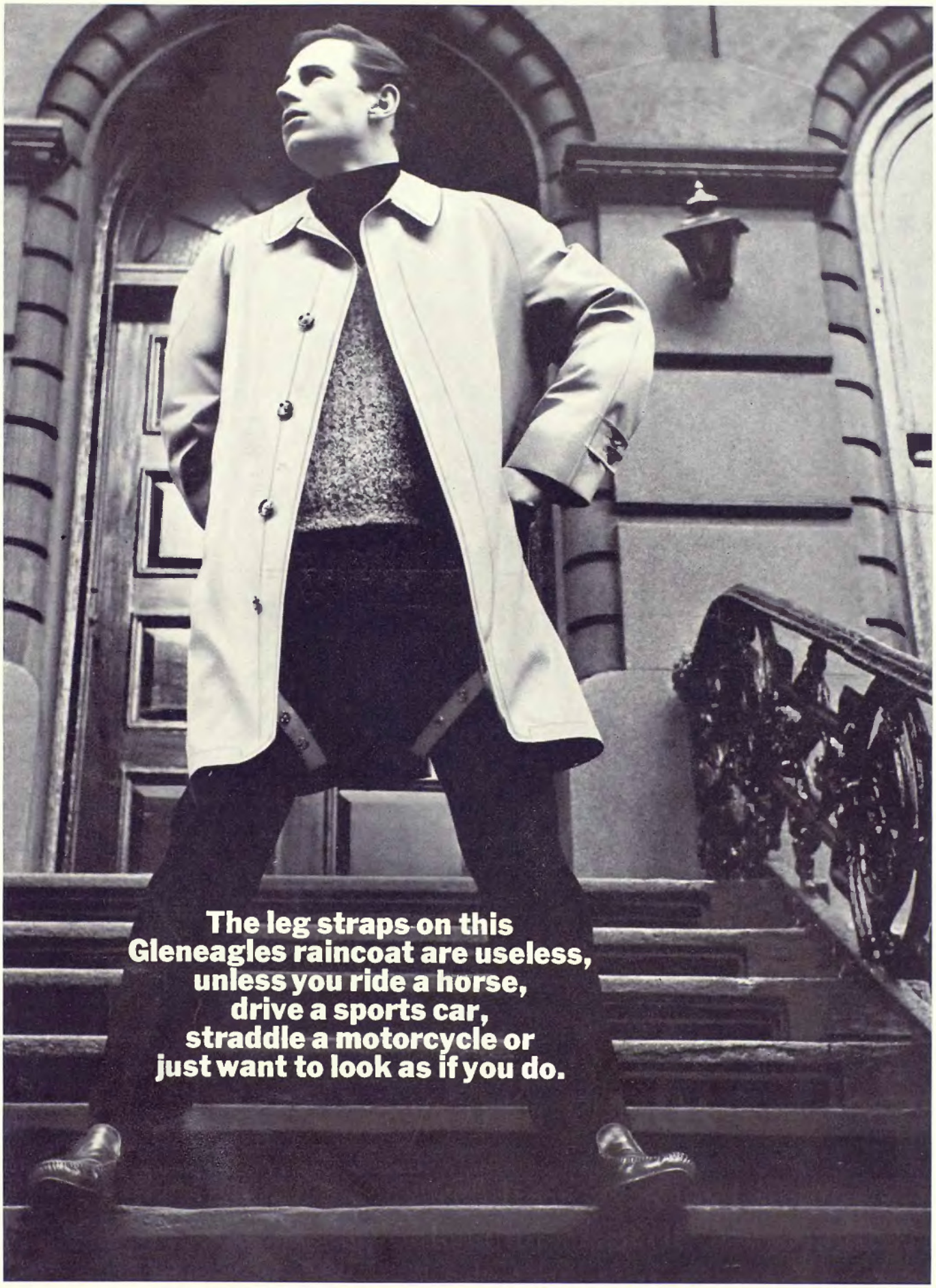

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PLAYBILL

A POSITIVE APPROACH to placard wielding is demonstrated by our redoubtable Rabbit impeccably proclaiming on the cover just a few of the good things to be found inside this issue. Garson Kanin, a man of many theatrical seasons, director-playwright-author, former actor, has contributed our lead fiction this month—*Buddy-Buddy*, a sardonic tale of a two-timing husband told with wit and vitriol. Not one to rest on past laurels—which include the directing of *Born Yesterday* (which he also wrote), *The Diary of Anne Frank* and *Funny Girl*, and the screenplays for two of screendom's happier comedies, *Adam's Rib* and *Pat and Mike* (on both of which he shared credits with his wife, Ruth Gordon)—Kanin is solidly booked for the months ahead. Soon to be published by Atheneum is his *Remembering Mr. Maugham*; he's directing the dramatization of Shirley Jackson's *We Have Always Lived in the Castle*, due to bow this month; he'll be staging *Die Fledermaus* at the new Metropolitan Opera House, with his own libretto; come January, he'll direct his latest play, *The Spitting Image*. Visually enhancing Kanin's words is a phantasmagorical assemblage by Chicago artist Carl Schwartz, whose works have been exhibited in museums and galleries across the country and who has walked off with a fistful of prizes along the way.

H_2O and its wildly irresponsible misuse are the subjects of *Nor Any Drop to Drink* by James Dugan, a hydro-eclectic writer well qualified to hold forth on the science and study of water. In addition to contributing regularly to most of the major magazines, Dugan is co-author, with undersea explorer Jacques-Yves Cousteau, of the best-selling *The Silent World*; his solo writing includes the prize-winning TV documentary *The Mysterious Deep* and a number of books about the sea, and the ships and the men upon its waters.

The Cold Society is PLAYBOY regular Nat Hentoff's trenchant dissection of a contemporary affliction—*anomie*. The sagacious jazz critic–social commentator continues to grow in stature; his first novel, *Call the Keeper*, was acclaimed by the critics, including our own (August 1966); *Our Children Are Dying*, a book about education in Harlem, is being published this month by Viking; his weekly series, *Profile on the Arts*, on N. B. C.-TV, New York, will be resumed this fall. About *The Cold Society*, Nat told us: "My interest in the extent to which we have lost a sense of community started when a close friend of mine died twenty years ago. She had suffered a heart attack on one of Boston's most prestigious streets. She could neither move nor speak and lay in the gutter for a long time as people passed, some of them muttering about drunks. Had she been rushed to the hospital soon enough, she might have lived." An observer of a somewhat different social scene is

JENNINGS DURRELL KANIN

PETRAKIS SCHWARTZ DUGAN

C. Robert Jennings, whose rollicking report on *Topless*, the West Coast's contribution to upper-echelon nudity, is but one of the many facets of showbiz that have been laid bare, literally and figuratively, by his quizzically penetrating reportage.

"My early days spent in gambling houses losing at poker and on horses are now paying off." So says Harry Mark Petrakis, author of *The Gold of Troy*, a slice of poker-table drama that will soon become part of his new novel, *A Dream of Kings*, to be published by David McKay. One of the Windy City's foremost fiction writers, Petrakis is known for his sensitive portrayals of Chicago's Greek colony. *All to Scale* is another of *Alexandria Quartet* author Lawrence Durrell's sagas of snafued life in the British Diplomatic Corps. It will be included in a collection of "Dip" misadventures to be published by Dutton in January and will bear the title *Sauve Qui Peut*, from the story of that title which appeared in PLAYBOY in December 1964.

Also in this early-autumn issue: an unhallucinated, probing *Playboy Interview* with Dr. Timothy Leary, the controversial guru, and unequivocal advocate, of the psychedelic-drug movement; Herbert Gold's *It's a Hotel, It's a Gymnasium, It's . . . Superspa!*, in which our intrepid author scales the low-calorie walls of a coed health resort in Palm Springs; *Motorcycle Scavenger Hunt*, two-wheeled fun and games for a sunny day; and a fond look at Jocelyn Lane, one of the loveliest creatures to grace the Hollywood cinematic scene in many moons. And, like we said, these are just some of the good things awaiting your pleasure within.

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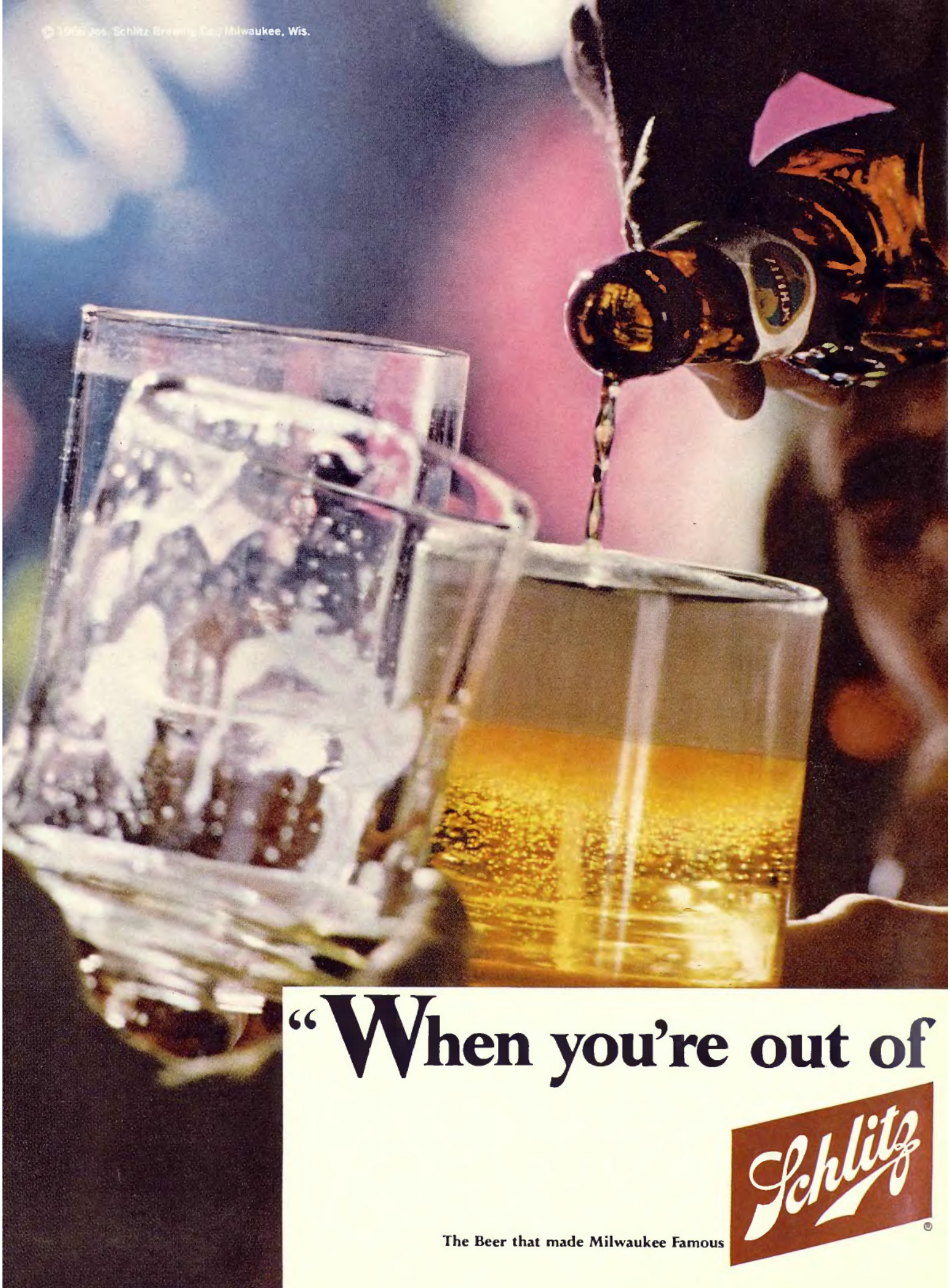

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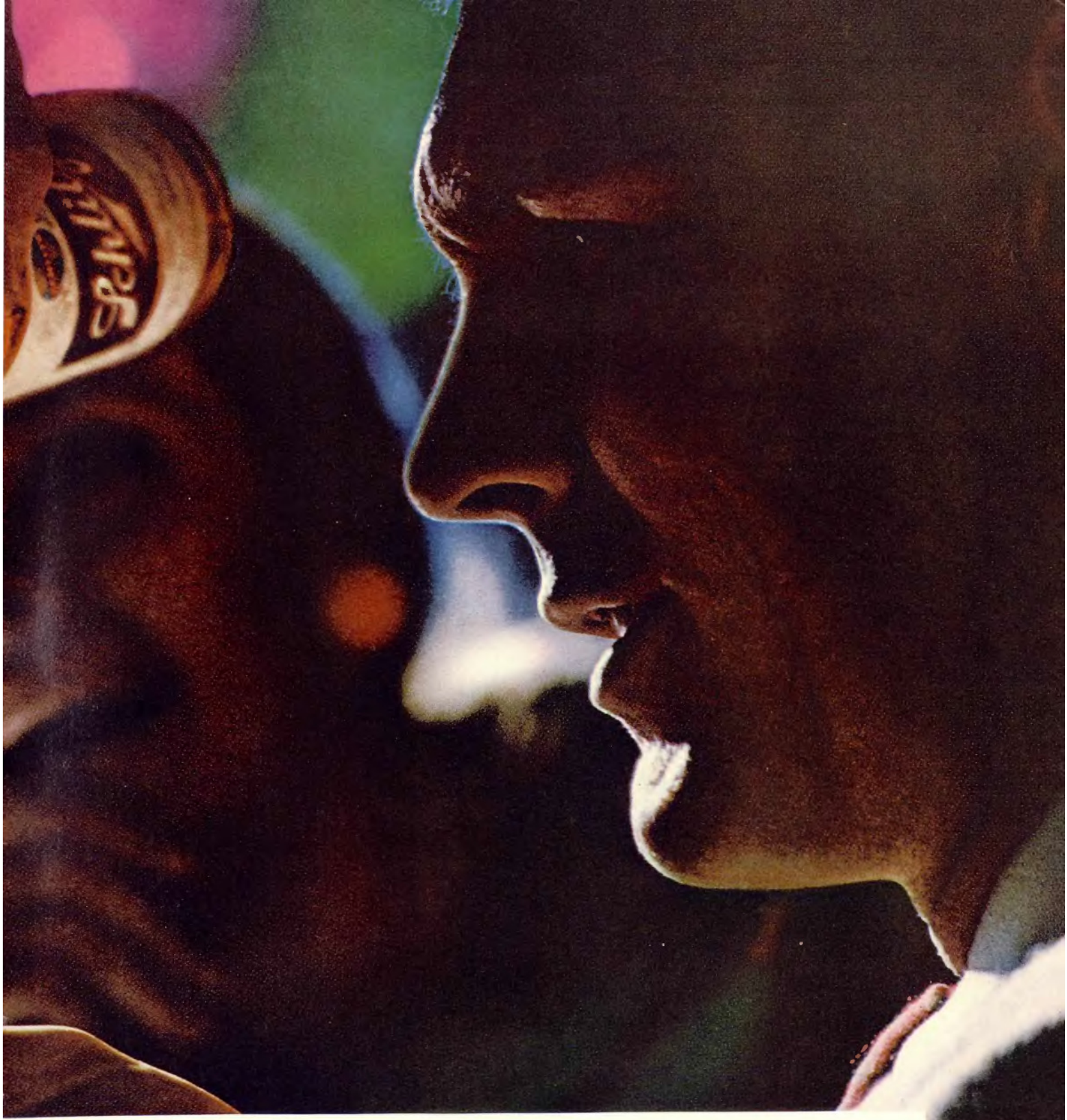

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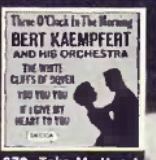

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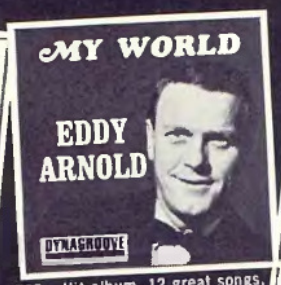

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BOGEY

Re your multipartite June takeout on Bogey, *"Here's Looking at You, Kid"*: Tynan and Crowther are experts, each in his own way, and highly readable stylists, too. But their combined efforts, plus your quiz and filmography, prove again that the whole can be far greater than the sum of its parts. I now feel I know more—and understand more—about the Bogart phenomenon than I ever did before. In fact, I'm sort of looking forward to my first opportunity to one-up those superficial Bogeyphiles who think they know the whole bit, but haven't had the good sense or good fortune to read your June feature.

André Waggoner
Seattle, Washington

My compliments to Kenneth Tynan and Bosley Crowther for their accurate and intelligent appreciation of Humphrey Bogart in your June issue.

As for the variously reported football game, it definitely began as a John Huston drawing-room production with Walter Huston as the reluctant referee. In the interest of total accuracy, I will now reveal for the first time anywhere the trivial matter of two fractured ribs—both mine. Such was male pride in those distant days that I kept my painful secret from all but one—an around-the-clock bonesetter in the San Fernando Valley. Thus ended that Saturday night.

On the following Monday I appeared on the set of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* as a member of the executive staff of Warner Bros., making my customary early-morning "bed check" of companies shooting. My dark executive suit concealed several miles of adhesive tape as I stood well behind the camera watching Huston conducting the final rehearsal of the memorable barroom fight, with Bogart in the flaying, cursing middle. I winced, even closed my eyes, in sympathy. It was as though Saturday night had no ending.

Now Huston was ready for a take. He glanced back in my direction and nodded coldly. I might explain that such rebellious spirits as Messrs. Bogart and Huston, during the working day, lavished upon me all the contempt that they felt a "company spy" deserved. Thus, when the great director called "Action," I found myself literally flying through the air into the unfriendly arms of Bogart, supported by some of the most competent stunt men. The brawl went on as rehearsed, except for one screaming overdressed extra player, for whom it was a fight for life. Nobody seemed to hear when I yelled, "For God's sake, cut!"

When I once again appealed to the highly confused bonesetter, he said there wasn't much more he could do for me medically. He did strongly advise I get a new set of friends. But I didn't. Instead, Messrs. Bogart and Huston, not the least penitent, held a wake in my honor.

By the way, if Bogey's birthday wasn't *really* December 25, then how in the hell can I ever account for those heroic hangovers I used to suffer on December 26?

Collier Young
Beverly Hills, California

Same way you do on July 5, January 1 and the day after Thanksgiving.

I appreciated your attention to Bogart. Kenneth Tynan, like James Agee, is one of the few who can clearly express what's so attractive about Bogart. But Bosley Crowther remains the most overrated and insensitive critic of films.

Ronald G. Schaefer
Philosophy Department
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Shame on Bosley Crowther. He'd better turn in his ticket stubs and resign from the Bogart Fan Club if he can't even remember the name of the part played by Ingrid Bergman in *Casablanca*. It was Ilsa, not Maria.

Jon Dixon
Harvard College
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Bergman was known by both names in the movie, Jon. She was Maria at the very beginning, but for most of the picture she was Ilsa, having changed her name when she and her husband started working for the Underground.

Your figures on Texas pulchritude were quite illuminating, but when it comes to tallying up a Bogart filmography, you flunk out. Even though the Bogey boom just hit the University of

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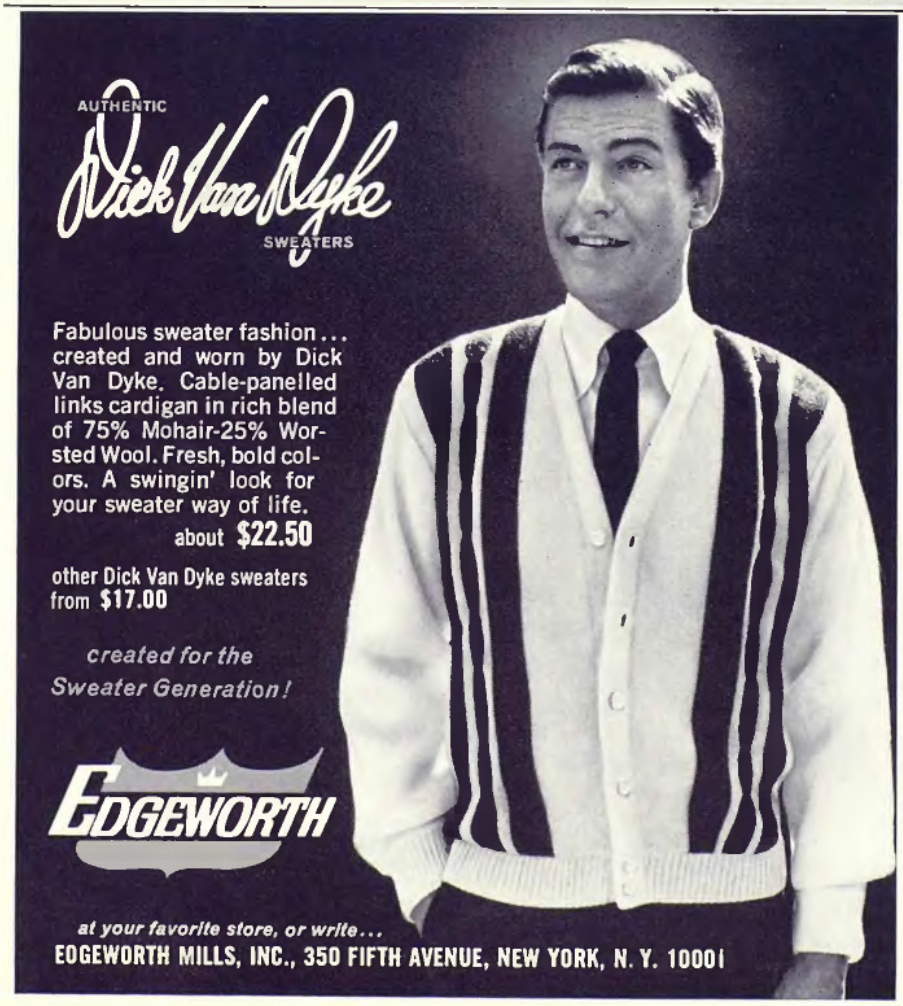

Texas campus this year, we know you omitted Bogey's 1943 film *Thank Your Lucky Stars*, not to mention his guest appearances in *The Love Lottery*, *Two Guys from Milwaukee* and *Hollywood Victory Caravan*.

Gregg Barrios, Chairman
Cinema 40
University of Texas
Austin, Texas

Our filmography included only dramatic roles. "Thank Your Lucky Stars" was also a guest appearance for Bogey (which is the reason this and two of the other movies you mentioned were omitted). But we must confess that after much digging, we can find nary a celluloid trace of "The Love Lottery."

I adored Bogey. He stayed with us (my husband and me) when we all (Spencer Tracy as well) landed in Hollywood for our first film, *Up the River*. When we saw the preview, we vowed never to do another film. It was supposed to have been an exciting drama, but director John Ford decided to make it into a comedy. Bogey, I'm sure, would be the most surprised and last person to understand the so-called Bogart legend, and I think his tough image came from the fact that he was such an utterly nice and gentle person that he stressed (with tongue in cheek) the tough façade. I am glad, however, that he will be remembered long after most of the Hollywood stars (who have gone Hollywood) will be forgotten, for he was really a good guy. I enjoy PLAYBOY.

Claire Luce
New York, New York

Actress Luce's Hollywood stint was just a small part of a long, illustrious theatrical career.

Bogey was certainly a personality to be reckoned with and his work sharpened our imaginations. Someday, he might be likened in a legendary sense to a composite of Don Quixote, P. T. Barnum and Jesse James. What a picture that would make. But seriously, isn't it reasonable to believe that his manner and image on the screen supplied a lot of the gutsy approach to life needed by millions of the less fortunate? This is the memorable impact of his existence and the reason so many people have written about him.

Hoagy Carmichael
Los Angeles, California

AUTHOR'S ACCOLADE

May I say how much I admired Herbert Gold's June story, *My Father and His Gangsters*? The matter-of-fact tone, the dry humor, the unconscious cynicism and the reconciliation brought about by time made it a masterpiece.

André Maurois
Neuilly-sur-Seine, France

Our and the author's thanks to the distinguished biographer of Shelley,

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Disraeli, Byron, George Sand, the Dumas family, Proust, the Marquis de Lafayette and Balzac—as well as author of "BB: The Sex Kitten Grows Up" in PLAYBOY, *July 1964.*

IN "VENUS" VERITAS

The article *Venus Defiled* by William Iversen in your June issue is so true as to be hilarious. Mr. Iversen is certainly to be congratulated.

For some reason, men, rather than women, have always been considered to have a certain propensity toward pornography, but Mr. Iversen almost seemed to refute this and more or less demonstrate just the opposite. Perhaps my inference was incorrect, but I often wonder how many of the world's pornographers are actually women writing under men's names.

Daniel A. McMoran
Oak Harbor, Washington

The 18,000,000 readers of the confession magazines are the obvious result of our treating sex like forbidden fruit. Overexposure to sex, despite what Romain Gary assumes in the same issue (*The Mystique of Moral Overkill*), is not to blame. *Under*exposure to healthy, matter-of-fact, guilt-free sex is. The only *over*exposure is in the *reaction* to puritanism—in pornography, snickers and "doing dirty things." If Americans had adequate exposure to natural, wholesome sex, we wouldn't have the 18,000,000 sick voyeurs. We would also be without millions of "sex offenders" and those who punish them with a vengeance. Iversen clearly shows us one of the measurable results of puritanism and the need for a PLAYBOY type of philosophy.

In light of all the so-called "anti-obscenity" laws, what makes the confession-style trash at all "redeeming in social importance" and so free from attack? I wonder if any of the 18,000,000 are among those who condemn *Fanny Hill* or *Tropic of Cancer?*

Helen McKenna
San Diego, California

I'm glad that *somebody* (the confession magazines, presumably) has finally figured out how women really *are*, i.e., as interested in sex as men are, if not more so. It interested me that in the stories from which Mr. Iversen quotes, the girls don't go crackers until the man accidentally brushes their bare arm or grabs them for the first soul kiss—*then* the bells ring. That's something many "civilized" men have yet to learn, I think—that women respond to the physical touch, not by being talked to death.

Helen Gurley Brown
New York, New York

Bill Iversen appears too seldom in your pages. No one—but no one—writing today combines guffaw-provoking humor, thorough research, conclusive reasoning from the facts and elegant turns of phrase throughout as does this social critic–essayist. I thought I'd learned most of what there was to know about women's magazines—or, rather, what these magazines can tell us about the women who read them—from his earlier articles on the "pious pornographers." Now a whole new world of feminine psyches has been opened to me, for which thanks—but no, thanks! Who needs these predatory travesties of romantic womanhood? If, as Iversen says, there are 18,000,000 of them loose, free courses in karate should be offered to all as-yet-able-bodied men. Especially since I suspect (though Iversen didn't state it, out of gentlemanliness or because he couldn't find out) that the vast majority of this ravening pack of bimbos must be far too homely to get any, except by tooth and claw, rather than via the usual female route, i.e., by simply saying yes.

Donald Untermeyer
Brooklyn, New York

SPACE-AGE ENGINEERING

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Joan Bixby, Development Director
Brevard Engineering College
Melbourne, Florida

LONE-STAR ATTRACTIONS

Being related to a Texan, I have consistently let his exaggerations pass undisturbed through that channel between my ears. But your fine June pictorial portfolio on *The Girls of Texas* has upheld his wildest claims.

John B. Cotter
Norfolk, Virginia

PLAYBOY really has me puzzled. Re *The Girls of Texas*: Are you putting us on, or is that the best Texas has to offer? Maybe you should feature the girls of Iowa—it might be a vast improvement.

Mrs. Donald Hilston
Topanga, California

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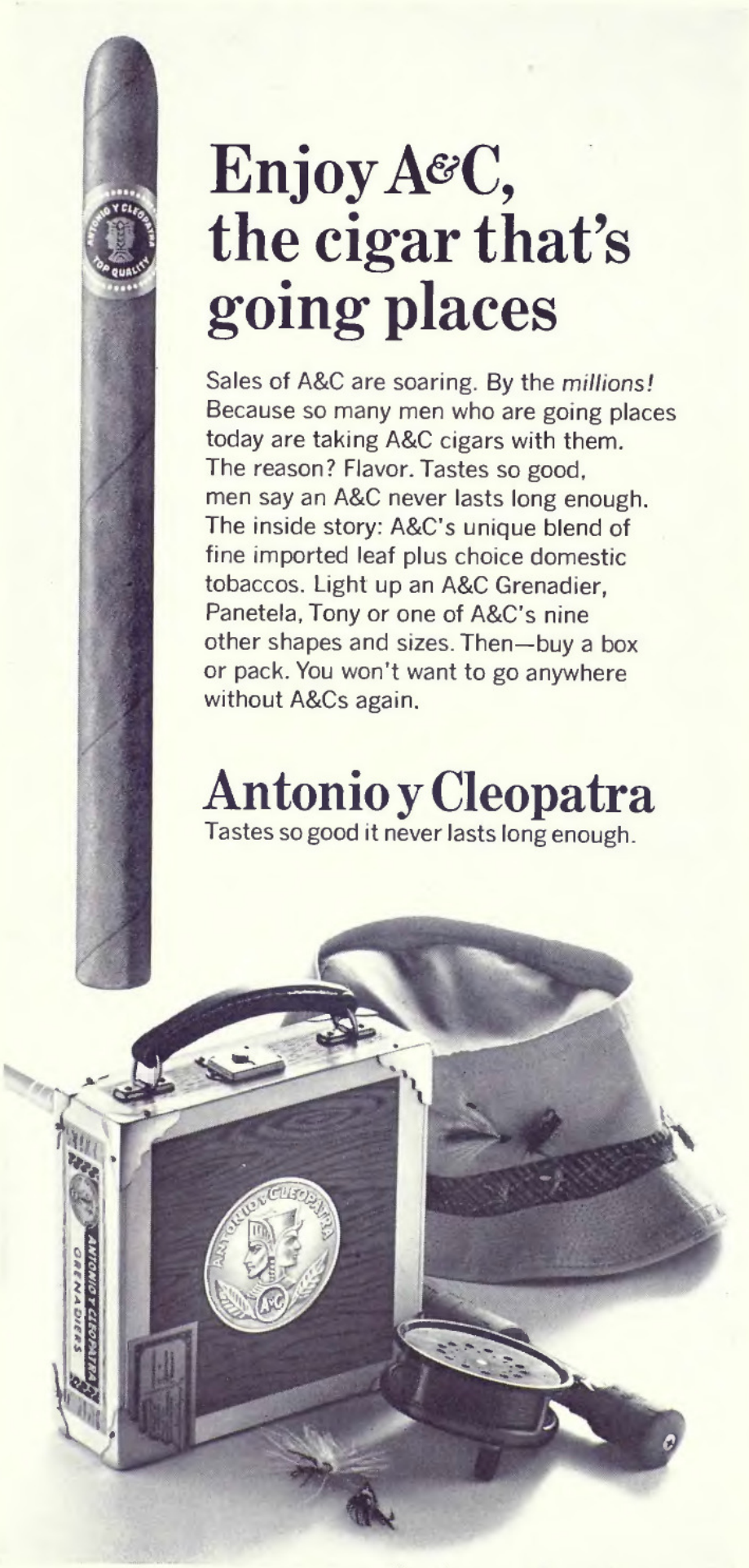

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Antonio y Cleopatra

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ON MIKE

Re your June *Playboy Interview*: As an amateur Platonist, I found Mike Nichols' Aristotelian hedonism stimulating, valid and occasionally disagreeable.

Zohra Lampert
New York, New York

Let's pray that Mike Nichols stays the way he is. I think he will. But let's pray anyhow. Salute to interviewer Jennings, who knew what to ask.

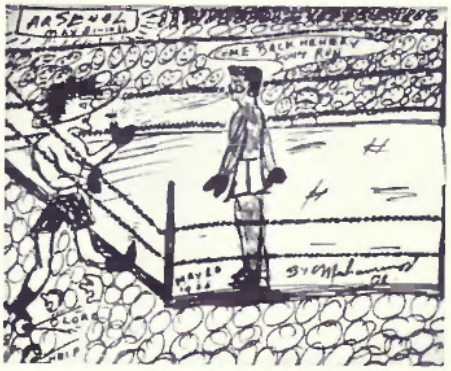
Silas F. Seadler
New York, New York

Bob Jennings' Nichols interview is probably a classic of this genre. My only problem, and I am surely in a dwindling minority, is that it tells me more than I care to know. As a Nichols *aficionado* since his Compass days, I am, of course, interested in his muses and devils. I do not feel, however, that it is any of my business. What is my business is an artist's work, and I feel it's better for me and him if I form conclusions about his work without benefit of parapsychological guidelines. Also, it seems to me that a playwright (e.g., Miller), an actor (Brando) or a director who lets it all hang out creatively risks the temptation of trying to deal with his artistic image rather than his naturally evolving art.

C. Carter Smith, Publisher
Systems for Education
Chicago, Illinois

TURNABOUT

I thought PLAYBOY might be interested in this drawing done by Cassius Clay before his fight with Henry Cooper and presented to your LeRoy Neiman (that's



him with the large mustache at top ringside). Clay, as you no doubt know, is a favorite Neiman subject; as a matter of fact, a painting of Muhammad Ali by LeRoy now hangs in the new London Playboy Club.

Edward Forsythe
London, England

UNDERSTANDING OVERKILL

Romain Gary's June article, *The Mystique of Moral Overkill*, quite truthfully, left me appalled and a little frightened at its implications. In a time when most of our work, leisure and almost anything you can think of is preplanned,

Show people you swing for yourself—make the scene in Post-Grad slacks. They're trimly tapered and have just the right style touches: belt loops, cuffs, side pockets. And they're Press-Free to stay wrinkle-free, without ever being touched by an iron. 65% Dacron* polyester and 35% combed cotton. In a wide range of fabrics and colors for dress and casual wear. $6.00 to $9.00. Zippers are by Talon, of course. For names of retailers in your community write h.i.s, 16 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. **Press-Free Slacks by h.i.s®**

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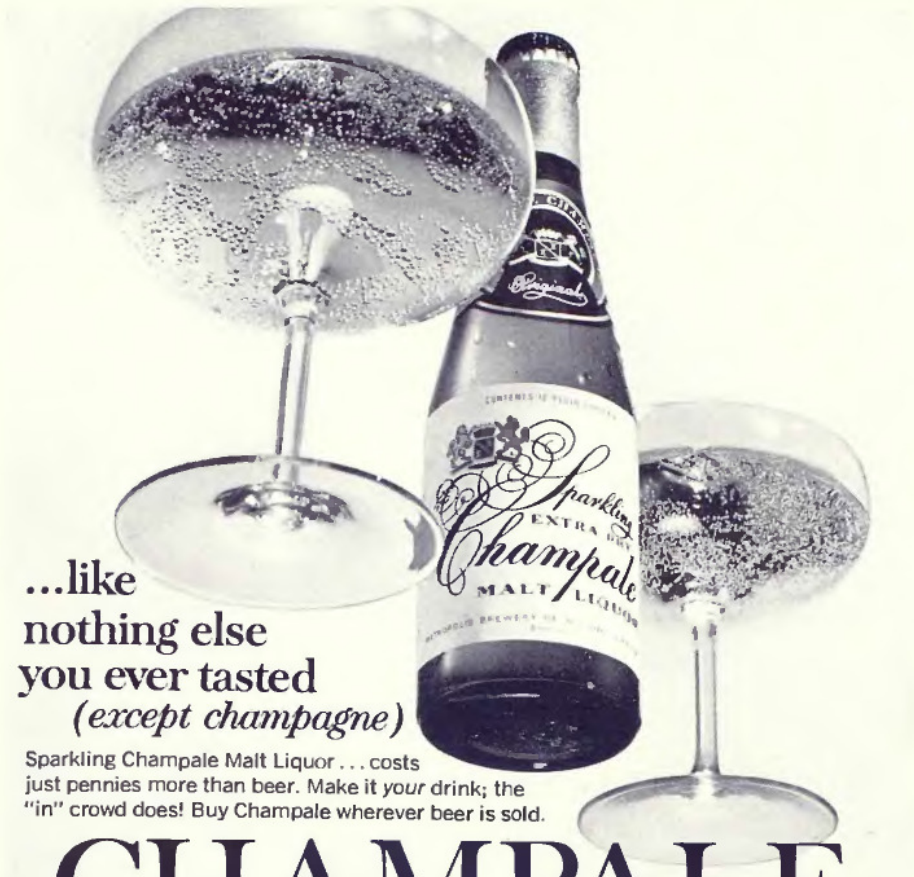

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programed or mechanized, it's not hard to see how genuine feelings, emotions and creative thoughts have had to take a back seat to things that people don't have to think about.

Jack B. Rochester
Castle AFB, California

Re *The Mystique of Moral Overkill* by Romain Gary: This reaction is long overdue. The nonconformists have debunked so many ideals and killed so many sacred cows that there's nothing left to nonconform to. The practice of not doing or believing in something just because our parents did can be carried to ridiculous extremes (they ate food, so we won't; they had children, so we won't, etc.). It seems to me the criterion for doing or believing in something shouldn't be based on whether it is "logical" but rather on whether it makes one happy, provided it doesn't make someone else unhappy. If you enjoy reading love poems to your girl in the shade of a weeping willow, you should do it, even if all your friends think it's "corny." Conversely, if you really like a Mustang, you should buy one, even if everybody and his cousin has one, and not have to worry about being accused of conforming.

We should be ruled more by our hearts and less by our intellects. For when you come right down to it, what does it matter if you're right or wrong, as long as you're happy? There are few, if any, beliefs or ideals that can withstand the dissection and microscopic examination that the seekers of "the ultimate truths" would subject them to. In the end this process can only reduce us to uninhibited morons with nothing better to do than stare at the walls.

Bill Weiss
West Sacramento, California

FROM DEATH ROW

I read with interest the May article by Governor DiSalle regarding his views on capital punishment. He certainly covered the subject well and gave us his firsthand information as to how a governor feels when considering the issue of life or death. Obviously, articles such as this have stalled the selection of a murder-trial jury in Springfield, Illinois, where hundreds of people are being dismissed from duty because they do not believe in inflicting the death penalty. It makes you wonder just what the psychological make-up might be of those jurors who *would* inflict the extreme penalty. Unfortunately, the urge to punish is still strong in many people.

Capital punishment does *not* deter the murderer. No one has ever proved that anyone was deterred by the threat of death; this country's death rows, and ever-growing murder rate, point out those who were not deterred by a threat of death.

Retribution? Perhaps. Should we not

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then complete this theory by burning the home of the arsonist, by raping the female relatives of the rapist and by stealing the car of the auto thief? This would turn society into the beast we often accuse the criminal of being. Retributive justice is certainly not the answer.

Governor DiSalle is to be congratulated on his excellent article. I feel that it will help turn other minds against this archaic form of social revenge.

Bill Witherspoon
#233670 Death Row
Chicago, Illinois

Bill Witherspoon was arrested ten years ago in Chicago for the murder of a policeman. Convicted and sentenced to death, he since has made two appeals to the United States Supreme Court, both of which were denied. He is now in Illinois' Cook County jail, awaiting a decision from Governor Kerner on his appeal for clemency.

NAKED TRUTHS

Dempsey's Nudists in your June issue gave us a lot of good laughs. It would be a sorry world if those who are made the subject of humor couldn't enjoy it as much as anyone else. These cartoons have appeared on bulletin boards in many of our clubs. The reaction to them has always been a hearty laugh. Humor, in good taste, is always acceptable, regardless of the subject.

H. O'Neill, Vice President
Western Sunbathing Association
San Bernardino, California

I was pleased to note the degree of good taste that was used in *Dempsey's Nudists*. My personal feeling in regard to cartoons or jokes that make nudism and nudists their target is that any organization or group that cannot stand to have fun poked at it cannot be very mature in its thinking. When we reach the point where we can't laugh at ourselves, we have indeed reached a sorry state.

Norval E. Packwood, Secretary
American Health Alliance
Mays Landing, New Jersey

CINEMA FILES

Re Part VIII of your great *History of Sex in Cinema* series: Robert Taylor did not play a prizefighter in *Stand Up and Fight*. Bob played a railroad man who whupped burly stagecoach man Wally Beery in a brawl.

Harry Purvis
Hamilton, Ontario

About the tragic loss of Carole Lombard in a plane crash (April *Sex in Cinema*): The event occurred on an early-morning flight from Las Vegas to Los Angeles—not in Spain. The plane crashed into a mountain shortly after take-off. Miss Lombard was returning from a bond drive in the East.

George P. Farrell
Pasadena, California

How come the British call this the "Poor Boy" when it makes you look so rich?

Typical British understatement. Fact is, the h.i.s Poor Boy Sweater is aristocratically luxurious. Its separate black bib adds a princely touch of contrast. A washable blend of imported lambs wool and polyester, it comes in 7 colors and a variety of styles from V-necks to shawl collars. For just $8 to $14, depending on the model you choose, you can join the War on Poverty in style. For names of nearby retailers, write to h.i.s, 16 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

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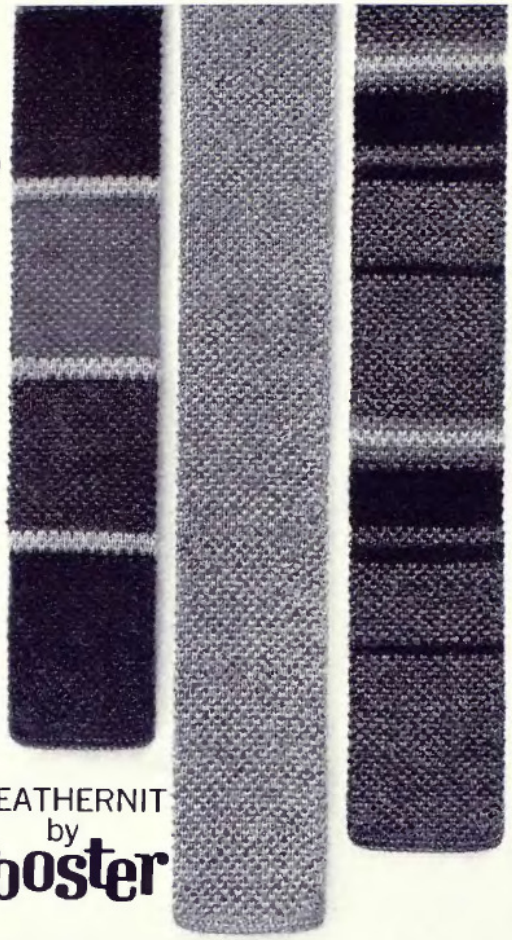

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Right and right, gentlemen. There was one extenuating circumstance concerning the errors, however. Part VIII arrived in the PLAYBOY *office so close to deadline that there was no time for our usual checking and double-checking of all the facts. It will not happen again, we assure you.*

On page 212 of April's *History of Sex in Cinema*, it was said that Leslie Howard had died during World War Two when "his plane was shot down by the Germans." It was also alleged that he was working for the Secret Service at the time. This is false. He was a passenger on a commercial airliner bound for Lisbon and in no way was connected with either the Secret Service or the war effort in Britain. He was merely flying home after his years in Hollywood had ended with his being unable to find work at the major studios. He was dying of cancer at the time, or so many have alleged in writing about the waste of this fine actor in ridiculous and puerile movies.

Lawrence P. Scherb II
Los Angeles, California

The first page of Leslie Howard's biography, "A Quite Remarkable Father," by his daughter, contains the information that in June 1943, the commercial airliner in which her father was flying from (not to) Lisbon was shot down by eight German fighter planes. Howard was not "merely flying home after his years in Hollywood had ended with his being unable to find work." Actually, his role in "Gone with the Wind" had made him, if anything, more in demand than ever; but when war broke out, he returned to England to produce pro-British features and documentaries, most of them government-financed. His trip to Portugal and Spain was undertaken at the request of the British Council; he was to lecture there on the Allied way of life, as a counter to Nazi propaganda. But since, before he left, he was closeted with then–Foreign Minister Anthony Eden, the rumor persisted—as Knight and Alpert wrote—that in reality he was on a secret intelligence mission at the time his plane was shot down.

KELLY'S POOCH

Kelly Burke, June Playmate of the Month, pictured with a little white puppy, could make a red-blooded American boy desire to voluntarily exchange his inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness for a dog's life.

Dave Wingo
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Congratulations on the dog in the Playmate spread for June. Now there's something to look at.

Lionel Murray, President
Desert Dog Club
Twentynine Palms, California

Better lay off the Ken-L-Ration, Lionel.

How the West is won, not to mention the North, the East and the South.

The compass has its points and they're all set for rugged wide-wale corduroy outside and snug sherpa lining inside. Start with the "Western Vest" at $9. Go North to the "Wagon Master" with its attached hood, side zipper and leather laces, $18.95. Continue East to the "Rancher", a long button-front coat with two big patch pockets, $22.95. Now go down South to "Round-Up", a snap-front jacket short enough for all kinds of action, $15.95. (Slightly higher in the West.)
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

While we bow to none in our admiration for things English (the opening of the London Playboy Club will be featured in our December issue, along with a picture-and-text *On the Town* takeout on what's happening in that switched-on cosmopolis), we stop short of the wide-eyed, wholesale Anglophilia that seems to be snowing some of our national publications. As we go to press, correspondents for half a dozen American newspapers and magazines are covering London like a fog—making the superfab Carnaby Street scene and competing for fast-breaking news on the latest fad, phrase or fashion from Britain's pop-op in-crowd. So avid and ingenuous is this editorial army that one amused Englishman of our acquaintance, writer Michael Frayn, has seen fit to skewer them, for the London *Observer*, in a surgically neat satire entitled "At Bay in Gear Street":

"It's been hardly possible to get up and down Carnaby Street this last couple of weeks for the great crush of American journalists observing the swinging London scene. I was practically knocked down by a stampede of perspiring correspondents as I stepped out of Galt's toyshop the other day holding a doll I'd bought for the children.

"'Holy heaven, it's Actor Terry Stamp, 26, in mini-wig and PVC spectacles!' screamed the reporter from *Time* magazine. 'And he's squiring diminutive dolly Cathy McGowan, 22, in an eight-inches-above-the-knee, Campari-red skirtlet, spectre-pale make-up, and kinky wobble-as-you-walk celluloid eyelids! I love you, Terry!'

"'Are you crazy?' shouted the representative of *Status* magazine. 'That's Jean Shrimpton in a trouser-suit, carrying Vidal Sassoon in newly groovy Now-We-Are-Six gear! Swinging, Shrimp, swinging!'

"'No, listen!' cried the *Herald Tribune* man, reading the label round the dolly's neck. 'This is some new couple altogether called Non Toxic and Fully Washable! Hey, these are two totally unknown faces making the scene, boys!'

"At this they all came crowding round, gazing at me and the doll as if they were going to eat us.

"'Look at his trousers!' breathed the *Chicago Tribune*. 'Two and a half inches above the shoe!'

"'Two and three quarter inches,' said Associated Press, getting down on his hands and knees with a pocket rule.

"'But only on the right leg!' pointed out N. B. C. excitedly. 'The left trouser leg's practically trailing on the ground! Boys, this is the newest thing since yesterday, if not this morning!'

"'And how about this—bags under the knees!' cried the *Daily News*. 'Zowie! Back in New York they're still wearing their bags under the eyes! I tell you, these kids'll drive us into the sea!'

"'Central button of jacket hanging on three-inch thread!' noted someone else.

"'Two inches of shirt-tail worn outside bellyband of trousers!'

"'Neither of them are Negroes, have you noticed that? Pass the word back, men—Negroes are Out this afternoon.'

"'Sure—but shortsightedness is In, and so is shuffling the feet about and nervously blowing the nose.'

"Well, they all started shouting questions and trying to photograph me up the leg of my trousers. I gazed at them, stupefied.

"'The guy can't understand,' cried the *Wall Street Journal*. 'Where the hell's the interpreter? Where's Jonathan Miller?'

"'Leave it to me!' shouted *Time* magazine. 'I know these people's patois.'

"He turned to me and the doll.

"'Greetings, British bird and British beatle!' he said very slowly, waving his hands about. 'You—with it, yes? You—making scene, no?'

"'*I'm* not making a scene,' I replied nervously. 'I was just suddenly set on by all you lot.'

"'He says he's set-on,' reported *Time* magazine to the others. 'That's the now-now-now phrase for switched-on.'

"'"Set" spelt S-E-T and "on" spelt O-N, Henry?' they asked him, writing it all carefully down.

"'Hey, listen, boys! The dolly's saying something! What's she saying, Henry?'

"'She's saying "Mama."'

"'"Mama" spelt M-A-M-A, Henry?'

"'Right. What she's trying to get across is that today she is able to lead a deeply fulfilled life, thanks to the ready availability of artificial eyelashes and the policy of successive British Governments in granting independence to the country's overseas possessions.'

"They wrote it all down. I took advantage of the pause to explain that unfortunately I had to go.

"'"Go" is short for "go, go, go," of course,' explained *Time* magazine. 'I think what he's trying to say is that in this swinging new meritocratic young Britain the handsome young son of a peer can breeze up to the *chemmy* tables and lose a cool four or five hundred thousand dollars in a night as easily and naturally as the humblest mill-girl in Bolton.'

"'Where's he go-go-going to, Henry?' asked the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. 'Annabel's? The Scotch?'

"'British beatle,' translated *Time* magazine to me, 'where you make the scene along toward?'

"I said I was on my way to Oxford Circus Tube Station. They all looked it up on the map of The Scene in *Time*.

"'It's not marked, Henry!' they cried.

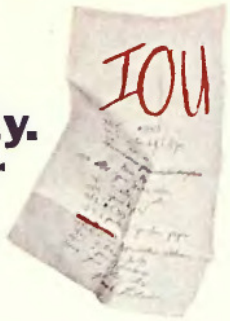
"'Don't worry, fellers—I know all about it. It'll be on the next edition of the map.'

"'What is it, Henry—a boutique or a *discothèque*?'

"'It's a Tube station, men—"Tube" meaning "groove," of course. It's a sort of *groovothèque*.'

"'What kind of a set does he meet down there, Henry? Gamine Leslie Caron, 34? Ace Photographer David Bailey,

He's your roommate. Your buddy. And your size. He borrows your money, your car and your girl. But not your clothes. Why?



Sometimes even your best friend won't tell you. But maybe the reason is you don't have a Cricketeer Argyle Tweed Coordinate outfit like the one he's wearing. The tweed coat, homespun shirt and oxford-weave slacks go great together because the fabrics and colors are all coordinated. For about $70.00, you can get the whole set in any of 11 other color combinations (or just the Sportcoat for about $40.00).

Your roommate, your money and your car.

Once he starts borrowing your clothes, get him a Cricketeer raincoat to borrow, too. That way, he won't get your jacket, your shirt and your slacks wet.

Your roommate, your money, your car and your girl. Isn't friendship wonderful?

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27? Or daughter of former Ambassador to the U. S. Lady Jane Ormsby Gore, 23?'

"I explained that the circle I moved in (though on the whole not in Oxford Circus Underground Station) consisted of Christopher and Lavinia Crumble, Horace and Doris Morris, and people like that. There were gasps of astonishment from the Press corps.

"'Suffering saints!' they cried. 'This is clearly some inner scene not as yet made by U. S. newsmen, which opens up entirely fresh dimensions of fabness, and brings within the reach of long-suffering mankind the hope of a whole gear universe of prime-quality grooviness!'

"But just at that moment they saw Peter O'Toole coming by in bell-bottomed lederhosen and aluminium Boy Scout hat, and my fashionable career was over. The dolly's been right off her food ever since."

•

Candid ad from the "Boats for Sale" column of the *Miami Herald*: "CHARTER 58′ Shrimper type yacht. Sleeps 14 loaded. $32,000. 450 Sunny Isle Blvd."

•

It Figures Department: After the same bandit had held up a Detroit bank for the third time, reports *Grit*, a teller described him to police as follows: "Each time he's better dressed."

•

A new trend in brain teasers seems to be under way in New Mexico, of all places, where the *Albuquerque Journal* ran an opera quiz that included this provocative poser: "Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* was laid in which country?"

•

The latest advance in lingerie design—make of it what you will—is a breakaway brassiere from the Figure Flattery Company that pops open in front at the touch of a convenient button.

•

Plaintive note spotted on the door of the one-man police station in Mjelde, Norway: "The mayor requests all citizens to refrain from breaking any laws while the policeman takes his 15-day vacation."

•

Cambridge accountant John Forster, sick and tired of having the letters he sends go astray, reports an English friend, recently took decisive action to assure delivery of at least one of them. On the back of the envelope, he wrote: "To any employees of the G. P. O. who may have a hand in sorting this letter, kindly note that it is addressed to the ancient spa at *Scarborough* in the north riding of Yorkshire and *not* to Knaresborough, Guisborough, Bradford, Catterick (army) camp or Cleckheaton, to several of which places you have on previous

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A new Volkswagen doesn't depreciate wildly the minute you turn the key.

In a sense, the older it gets the more valuable it gets.

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VWs always look like VWs.

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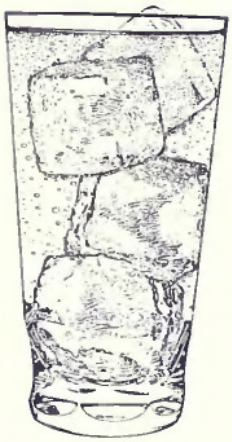
So you can get a nice price for it. (If something forces you to sell.)

It's the kind of economy that people are willing to pay an arm and a leg for.

Try it just before curtain time.



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occasions gaily consigned my clearly addressed missives." The letter was delivered to Great Yarmouth.

•

The perfect record of happy landings amassed by a young California skydiver was spoiled not long ago, reports the Associated Press, when he broke an ankle on his 181st jump—from the top of a three-foot table.

•

Buried in the classified listings of Arizona's *Marysvale Star*, under "Help Wanted, Female," was a piece of front-page news: "Due to the Federal Civil Rights Law, which states that persons may not be considered for employment because of sex, the difference between men and women is hereby abolished."

•

We applaud the understatement of the editorial slogan that adorns the masthead of Colorado's *Crested Butte Chronicle*: "A RELATIVELY INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER."

•

One-Stop Shopping Department, Matrimonial Division: Eager but economy-minded young couples in search of a spot to legalize their liaisons need only hie themselves to the Coral Wedding Chapel in Miami, Oklahoma, which offers, as a package deal, one-hour nuptials—"no waiting"—and motel accommodations on the premises.

•

Though 1966 is not yet over, we've decided to present this year's Salesmanship Award, with special commendation, to the Royal Greenland Trading Company, which reports that it has sold 1500 home freezers to Eskimos in Greenland.

•

A recent international conference of gynecologists was held, for reasons best known to the sponsors, in Maidenhead, England.

•

Taking their cue from "the singing nun," nine Franciscan sisters from Little Falls, Minnesota, have organized a folk-singing group called the Hootenunnies.

•

In the old days, lapel buttons had simple, sincere and unambiguous mottoes on them: WIN WITH WILLKIE, ALL THE WAY WITH L.B.J., IMPEACH EARL WARREN and other outspoken expressions of political bias. With the advent of the "new left" and the amalgamation of hipsterism with politics, slogans became somewhat more startling, and buttons appeared with such arch messages as MAKE LOVE NOT WAR or L.S.D. NOT L.B.J. In the last few months, however, everybody has gotten into the act, and buttons are available for every conceivable persuasion, sexual or otherwise. Among the

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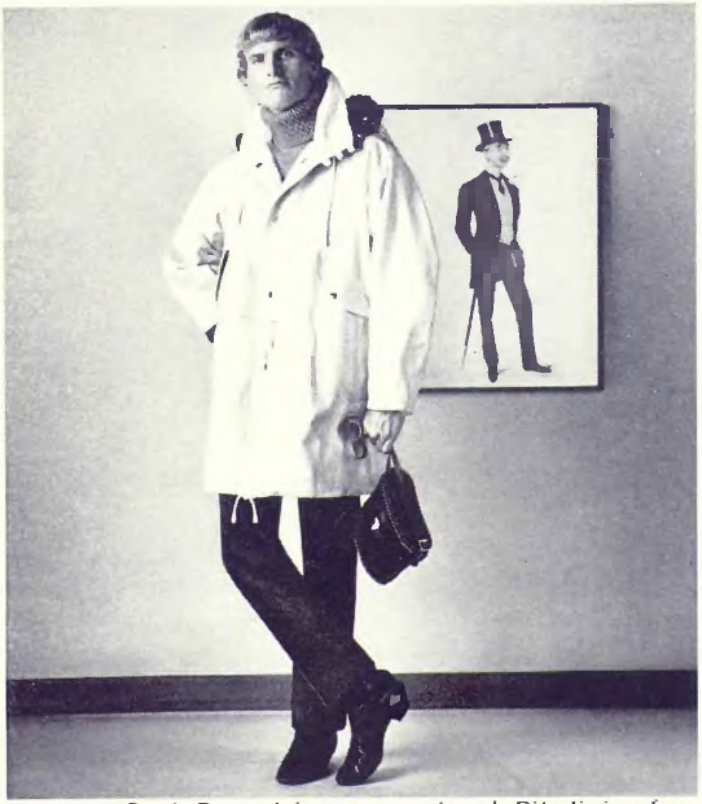
Edwardian updated for the Uncommon Man, tailored to fit the brawny American

Thistle Pane Trend Sport Coat. Tweed with 5-button front, side vents. $50. Carnaby Herringbone Shirt with epaulets. $6.50. Pro-Pal Flannel Cigarette Slacks with belt. $16.
Earl-Glo® linings Sanitized® treated for hygienic freshness.

King's Row. A burly, belted jacket of wide-wale cotton corduroy. Patch pockets. $37.50. Brolly Cue Shetland Sweater. $13. McCord Cigarette Hopsack Slacks with belt. $11.



Football Coat. Drawstring, snaps, hood. Pile lining for warmth. $45. Brolly Cue Sweater is shetland with 5" turtle. $13. Brolly Logger Corduroy Slacks with belt. $13.

Chelsea Peacoat. Navy wool melton with epaulets, red wool lining. $32.50. Turtle Sweater of shetland wool. $13. Black Pool Cigarette Slacks in checked wool with belt. $18.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Also boy-sized, boy-priced. Made in Canada, too. McGregor-Ooniger, Inc., New York, N.Y. 10019.

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From the first blow.
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Nothing can top slacks
by Asher with Zepel®

buttons now on the market, the following choices are particularly noteworthy, it seems to us: DRAFT BEER, NOT STUDENTS; PSYCHEDELICIZE SUBURBIA; IF IT MOVES, FONDLE IT; PORNOGRAPHY IS FUN; F—CK CENSORSHIP; SEX IS NOT EVIL (OR MAYBE IT IS, BUT WHAT THE HELL:); MALE LESBIANS, UNITE; LET PROSTITUTES WORK; BRING BACK THE EDSEL; BE KIND TO COMMUNISTS (THEY'RE SO MISDIRECTED, BUT THEY MEAN WELL); STAMP OUT REALITY; DO NOT BLASPHEME GOD (SHOW RESPECT FOR THE DEAD); and REMEMBER: JESUS WAS A FOREIGNER. If some of these sound rather fey, the height (or depth) of camp is reached by two new additions to the field, one of which says, starkly, BUTTON, and the other, surrealistically, ANTI-BUTTON.

BOOKS

John Barth's first two books, *The Floating Opera* and *The End of the Road*, besides being good stories, went into the question of suicide quite as deeply as Camus' *The Myth of Sisyphus*. It was not, however, until *The Sot-Weed Factor*, Barth's third and most remarkable book, that what he was getting at became plain. Barth, who teaches English at the State University of New York, likes to run ideas through a story to see if they'll get raped—and they usually do, being weak, defenseless things against the march of plot. *The Sot-Weed Factor* was phenomenally long; his new book, ***Giles Goat-Boy*** (Doubleday), is not much shorter. Barth has chosen the late 20th Century for his religious allegory of ultimate unconcern. It is an awesome book, and an awful lot of fun. It has to do with the birth of a new Messiah. Only, since the world is a university in this allegory, the Messiah, the Goat-Boy himself, is called a Grand Tutor. Salvation is Commencement. The U. S. A. is New Tammany College (Barth must have started the book during J. F. K.'s Administration). The Russians are Nikolayans; Communists are Student Unionists; World Wars One and Two are Campus Riots One and Two; and A-plus is Amen. The Goat-Boy is, in fact, the son of WESCAC (West Campus Automatic Computer), which is running everything on West Campus, having been programed to make policy during the early years of the Quiet Riot (Cold War). Giles, the son of this god, is sent out to live with the goats, to be a goat; and he realizes he's a genuine human student only in his 14th year, when he goes gimping off to fulfill his destiny. There is so much in these pages to enjoy, so much hilarity and bawdiness, that one quickly suspects it's a grand spoof by a grand tutor—which may be right, but then again may be wrong, since the spoofing is so way out as to be serious.

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Of course. They're Jockey Trophy Socks of Orlon® Acrylic and Nylon. Soft and comfortable enough for casual wear. Smart enough for dress. Stretch style fits all sizes. Machine washable and dryable. Choose from 30 go-with-everything colors. $1.50.

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After the shower, take a shower.

4711 makes your skin tingle in a very pleasant way. It's like a cooling rain after a hot spell.

Splash it on after a steamy shower. Or any time you need a lift.

After you shave in the morning. During a letdown in the afternoon. Before you go out in the evening. Any time.

You see, 4711 is the refreshant cologne. Quite different from the perfumed kinds. It has a clean subtle scent that recedes quietly and discreetly into the background. While the fresh, invigorating feeling on your skin lingers on. And on.

4711 is made quite differently, too. A Carthusian monk gave us the formula back in 1792, and it's been a well-guarded secret ever since. (Without giving away too much we can tell you that it's mellowed for eight months in oak casks. Like good vintage wine.)

So next time you step out of a shower, or out of some tight spot, try 4711. Slap it on your neck. Your face. All over.

It's a wonderful way to stay cool.

4711

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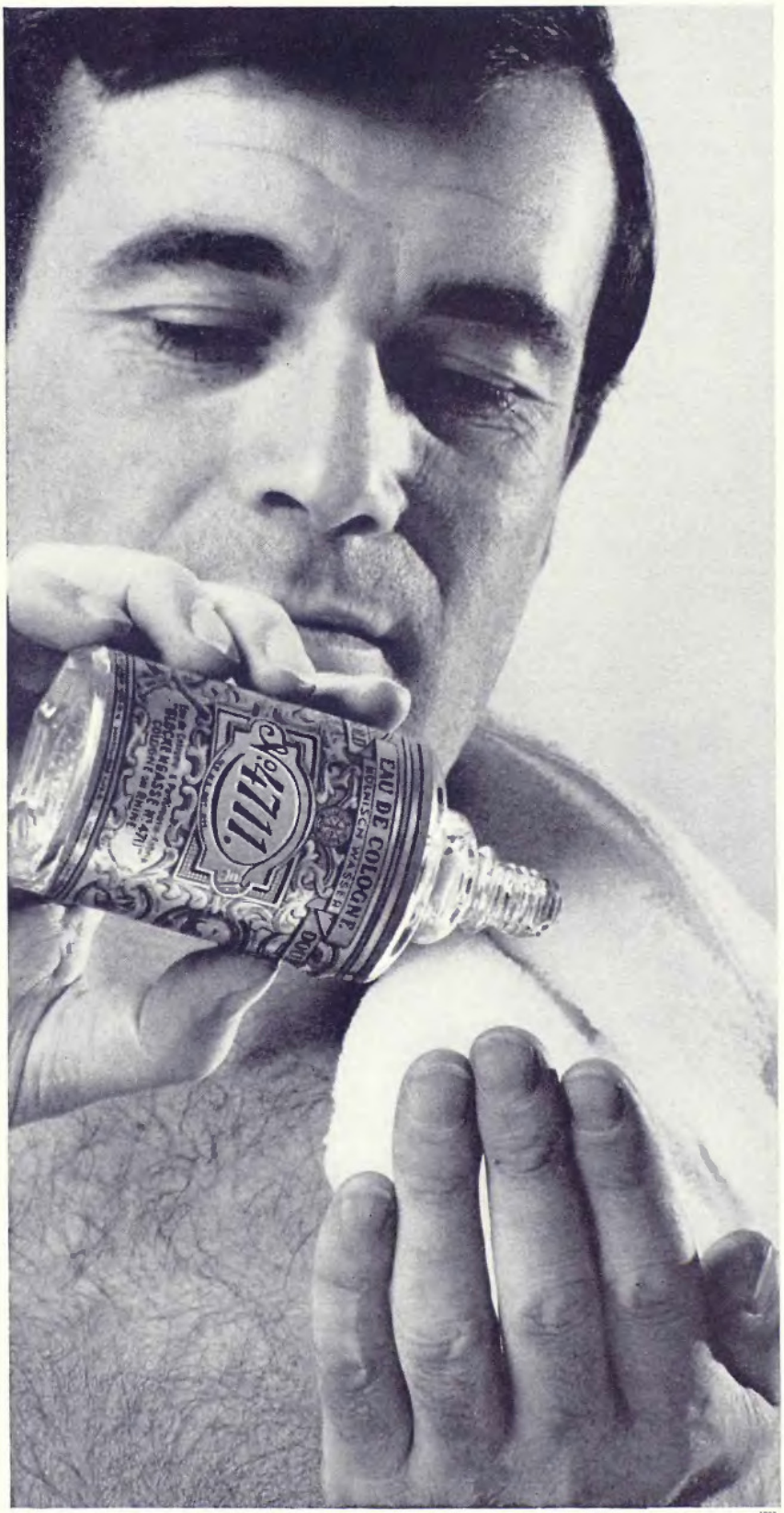

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Shall we enclose a gift card in your name? Send check or money order to: PLAYBOY PRODUCTS, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their keys.

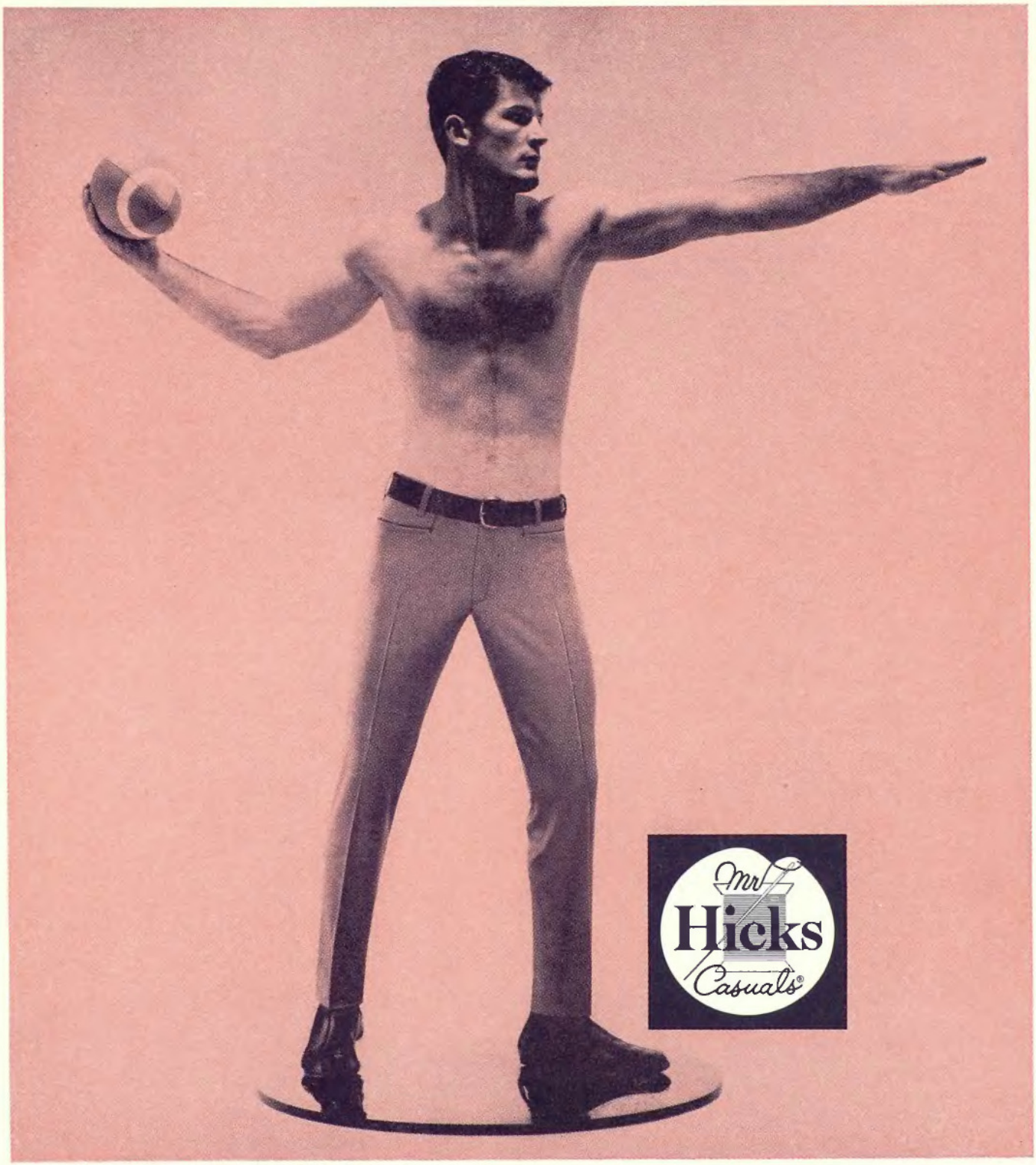
The best thing to do is relax and laugh along with John of Barth, who manages to be the bawdiest novelist of the decade without resort to conventionally sexy passages—quite an achievement even for a Grand Tutor. Quite an achievement also for Professor Barth, who must now be recognized as among the most original and compelling writers in the land.

•

When James Bond met Dr. No at his Caribbean-island mansion, he noticed a familiar painting on the wall. It was the Goya *Duke of Wellington*, which had disappeared from London's National Gallery in the summer of 1961. Ian Fleming was, of course, fictionally twitting Scotland Yard for its inability to lay its hands on the stolen *Duke*. Four years later, the portrait, worth in the neighborhood of $392,000, turned up in a Birmingham railway baggage room with a seven-shilling (one-dollar) overcharge tacked onto it. And soon after, a 61-year-old truck driver confessed that he had stolen the painting in order to obtain a ransom with which to help old and poor people who couldn't afford to pay Britain's $14 TV license fee. No Dr. No he. And therein lies the chief fault with ***The Art Stealers*** (Macmillan); the truth about art knavery is just too this-worldly compared with fictional treatments of the subject. Anybody who steals a painting in real life is in for trouble. Paintings are easy to come by, hard to unload. Art thieves have traditionally received little loot for their crimes: Vincenzo Perugia, the man who walked out of the Louvre with the *Mona Lisa*, did not become a national hero in Italy as he expected; instead, he was sent to prison. Adam Worth, a 19th Century pop criminal, had to wait 25 years before he could cash in a cached Gainsborough, and then for just a pittance. And dreamy Serge-Clause Bogousslavsky, who "borrowed" Watteau's *L'Indifferent* from the Louvre, "corrected" it, and then voluntarily returned it, did not even win parental approval of his artistic accomplishment. Said his stepmother: "He's a good-for-nothing." Author Milton Esterow, a *New York Times* man, is thorough, almost to a fault, as he limns the same basic plot over and over again until the narrative begins to resemble an all-art-theft issue of *Fact Detective*. There are some amusing anecdotes here, but the book is no *In Cold Paint*.

•

Whether Bernard Malamud's excruciating new novel, ***The Fixer*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is an accurate account of the infamous Mendel Beiliss case, which flurried imperial Russia's vast stagnancy in the early part of this century, would be of no particular importance were it not for the unalleviated agony the reader is asked to witness in chapter after chapter. If Malamud intended no historical accuracy, then one has the right



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to ask whether the theme of the novel is strong enough to support the horror that he has piled on. Whatever your answer to this question, there is not the slightest doubt about the quality of this novel. Malamud has an authenticity of style that can no longer be disputed. His prose reminds one of a Chagall painting. Both artists derive their material from the legends of the *shtetl* as refracted through a dream. The *shtetl* was that geographical enclosure in eastern European countries where many Jews either preferred or were forced to live; and it is the locale where we first come upon Yakov Bok, the central character in Malamud's novel. Yakov is a fixer. He will fix anything—a chair, a pane of glass—to bring in a few kopecks. He is dirt poor, but he is also a man of imagination. He prefers to inquire rather than accept. He reads Spinoza. His wife, who proves to be barren (at least with him), runs off with another man, and Yakov, disgusted with his fate, leaves the *shtetl* to go to the big city of Kiev, some 30 miles away. He hasn't official permission, but he goes. While in Kiev, he breathes in a little different air, takes what opportunities come his way, and in the course of his adventure falls into a terrible trap. He is falsely accused of murdering a 12-year-old gentile boy in order to obtain his blood to make Passover matzohs—a favorite fable among the anti-Semites of that day. Yakov is thrown into prison, and there begins his long, hideous gethsemane. To break his will and make him confess to a crime he didn't commit, he is tortured in mind and body. Descriptions of brutality have become commonplace by this time, but to the victim, suffering is still suffering. The human race has not developed an immunity to pain, nor has it lost its outrage against injustice. Whether pain or outrage will prevail in Yakov Bok is the essence of Malamud's tale. There may be some who will feel that the author could have been more sparing in the telling, but it is difficult to imagine that anyone will ever forget what he has written.

•

Resplendent in cerise dressing gown and marabou scuffs, we settled down, our favorite boxer at our feet (he used to be the world's welterweight champion before he fell on sorry days), to peruse ***Chicken Inspector No. 23*** (Simon & Schuster), an alleged collection of humorous belles-lettres by an author with the alleged name of S. J. Perelman, when there was a knock at the door. The boxer opened it, and what to our wondering eyes should appear but a cadaverous individual dressed in dhoti and turban. In a twinkling, he introduced himself as Ramakrishnan Perelandra, book reviewer for the Uttar Pradesh *Calamity Tidings*, one of Asia's leading literary periodicals. By the greatest of coincidences he, too,

Harry used to hate picnics

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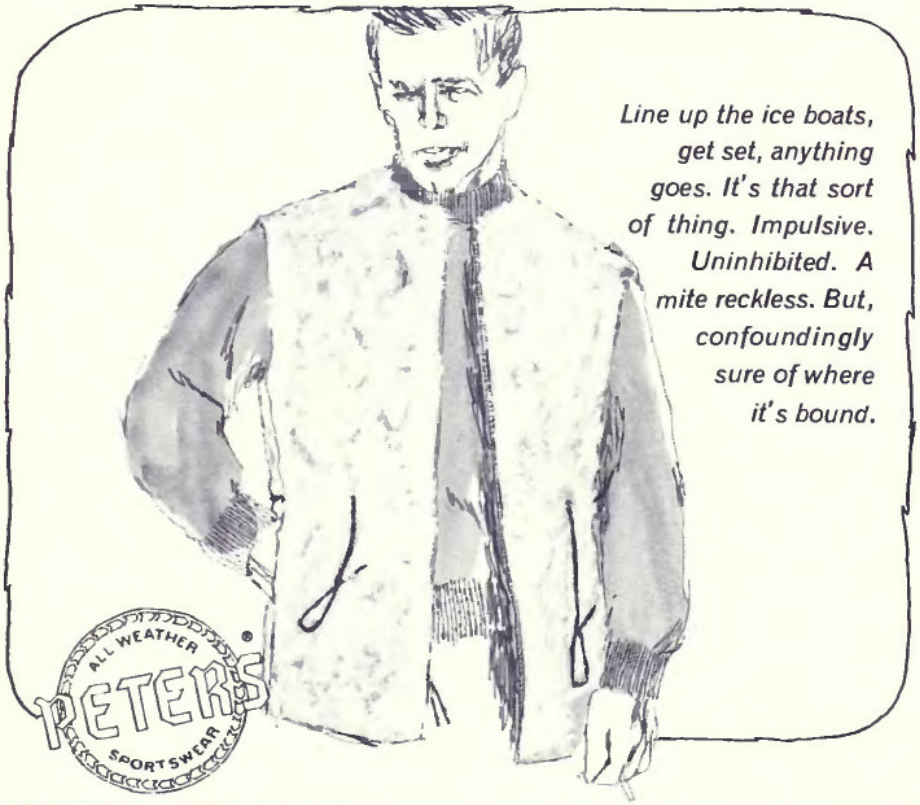

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was reviewing this very work. Naturally, before setting quill to papyrus, he wished to ascertain our thoughts on it. "Do you not think, sahib," he said slyly, "that this collection of zany essays, satirical parodies and insouciant comments upon the perplexities of life is not the very cream of the jest, the most hilarious set of such japeries that this Perelman, already well known for his hilarious efforts in this area of literature, has ever bestowed upon a world parched for just such outrageous, rib-tickling refreshment?" "Well," we began. "And would you not say," Ramakrishnan went on, assuming the lotus position with the practiced ease of a tantra yoga adept, "that seldom have such amusing fancies been let loose on an unsuspecting world? In short, is it not a—how do you say—lalapalooza, a laff riot?" We must have nodded, for our strange visitor rose to his full spindly height, bowed deeply and walked toward the door. "I am glad a critic of your stature agrees with my humble opinion," he intoned. "I shall write my review with increased confidence." Suddenly we sprang up to detain Perelandra. Our keen senses had pierced his disguise, and we knew him for who he was! But—too late! The impostor had melted through the plasterboard. Furious at this shabby trick, we returned to the book. Tricked we had been—but it mattered not. S. J. Perelman—for the impostor Perelandra had, indeed, been none other than the author himself—had insidiously tried to slip words into our mouth. Yet—devil take the brilliant scamp!—we would have said the same things about his book ourself.

•

If God isn't dead, he might as well be, at least insofar as most contemporary writers are concerned. The recent books that deal with man vis-à-vis his Maker tend to be either petulant, because of His infinite shortcomings, or resigned with a sickly bravery to the fact that the world must get along without Him. Not Kingsley Amis, though. With a bravery far from sickly, he has addressed himself to the most basic of all the basic themes of serious literature and produced his finest novel, ***The Anti-Death League*** (Harcourt, Brace & World). The wit, the style and the sensibility that made his first work, *Lucky Jim*, an immediate success and were apparent in his later products are all abundantly here, shaded toward the black end of the comic spectrum. The plot centers on an English army camp devoted to a highly secret, highly destructive project and thought to be endangered by Communist spies. Intertwined with a bumbling hunt for the spies is the story of James Churchill, a young officer afflicted by the unanswerable question: Why do the wrong people die at the wrong time? When the girl he has fallen in love with develops a cancerous lump on her breast, the question

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becomes more than merely academic, and Churchill descends to a state of nihilistic near-insanity from which the girl recalls him in a long speech embodying the point of the book: that the wrongs of a godless world are, indeed, enough to drive one mad if one dwells on them alone, but that one must accept them and manfully dare to be sane. The point may not be strikingly original, but Amis' way of working it out is that and more, and the same can be said for his characters—a psychiatrist gone crackers, a chaplain who has lost his faith, an alcoholic pederast and an unself-conscious nymphomaniac. He writes of them so freshly, with so much verve and insight, that they become as real as the problem of life in a hostile universe.

•

In the early 1940s, that wildest of Welsh wordmen, Dylan Thomas, channeled his great lyric gift into the writing of filmscripts. Typically unsatisfied with the usual form and technique of that trade, he resolved to write a complete movie scenario "ready for shooting, which would give the ordinary reader an absolute visual impression of the film in words and could be published as a new form of literature." The poet's largely successful effort to fulfill those conditions has now been published as a book, ***Rebecca's Daughters*** (Little, Brown). Thomas chose for his story the Wales of 1843, when poor farmers were being oppressed by heavy road tolls levied by the landed gentry. Frankly searching for sentiment and melodrama, Thomas spins his yarn around a romantic group of protestors—Rebecca's Daughters—who roam the countryside in disguise, burning down the hated tollgates in dramatic midnight rides. He makes the leader of the peasant band a handsome young squire who has recently returned to his homeland from service in India and is determined to right the injustice wreaked by his own class. Young Anthony Raine, dashing and handsome, of course wins the heart of the raven-haired local beauty. Thomas obviously had a good time constructing this swashbuckling soap history. He set out to produce a pure entertainment, but even in this modest vein his lilting language is fresh, poetic and supremely visual. The reader indeed *sees* the story, as, for instance, when the avengers first gather for one of their dark-night rides: "The farmers are moving to their secret meeting place. On horseback they come out of their farmyards into country lanes, their lit lanterns swinging. They ride, in small parties, into deep dark woods, a wild wind blowing. Alone, they ride between black hedges, their lantern lights flickering. Out of the deep dark woods and into open country they ride through wild wind. Over street cobbles they come,

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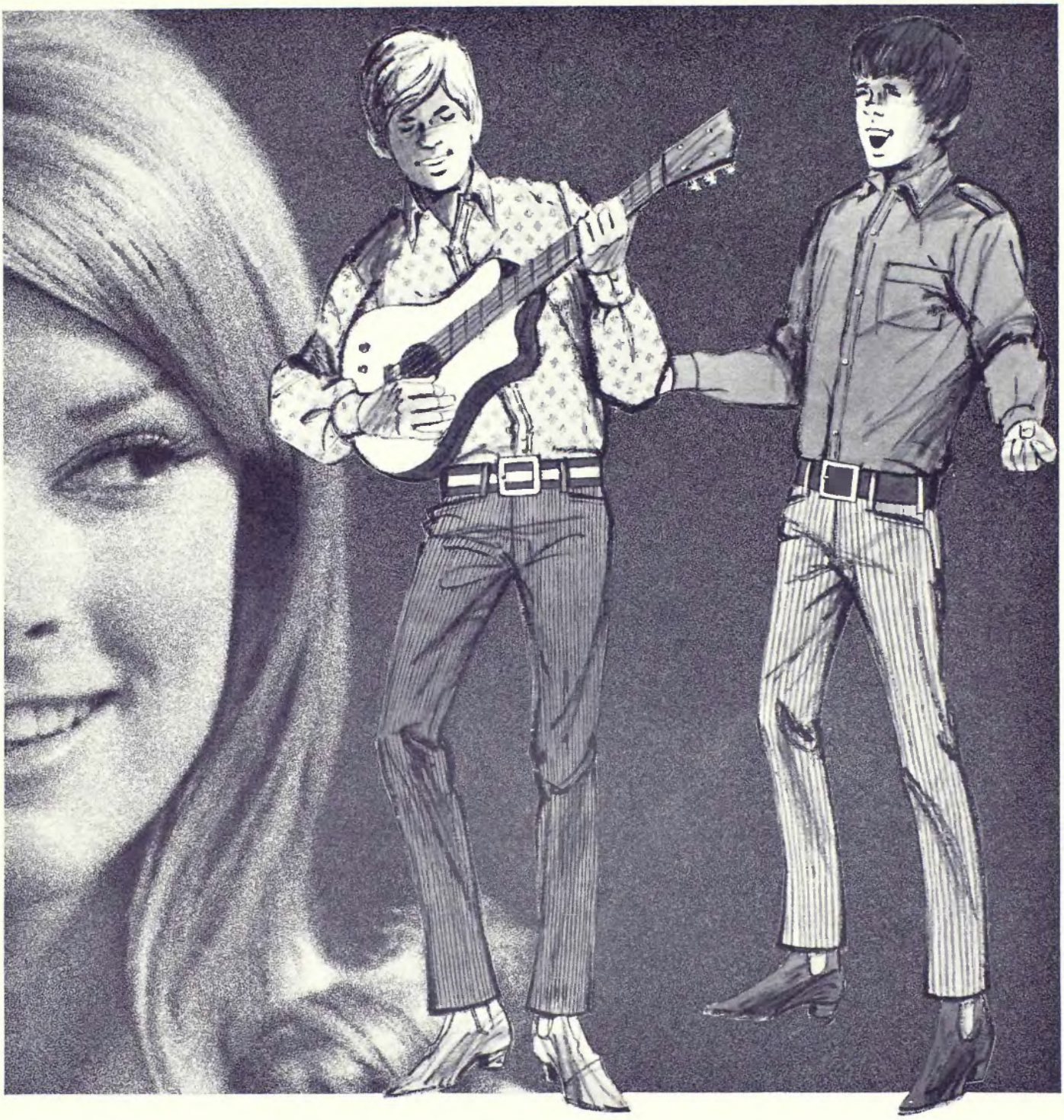
their horses' hooves covered with sacking. One rider, on an ancient horse, rides between tall trees, his lantern casting shadows, his umbrella swinging. Some farmers on foot scramble down hillsides, silent and nimble as goats. Through hedges and ditches come the young farm laborers on foot, silent and swift. Over the fields, on a fine black horse a man rides fast, stops, tethers his horse on a tree at the dark fringe of a wood, slips through the wood and is lost. Horsemen and men on foot, singly and in parties, swiftly, slowly, but always silently, move lanterned through the night." Nothing more profound here than the pleasure of a natural poet and storyteller pleasantly weaving an old-fashioned tale of adventure.

•

In Middle Eastern Marouf, where political heat bubbles the oil, depraved King Hashem is being divested of his bulletproof undervest by four valets—three in the pay of the British or Russians, the fourth awaiting an offer. Across town lurks ascetic Brigadier Mohammed Jouf, plotting revolution. Give a character or take a historical liberty and the struggle between a Nasser and a Farouk comes to life. In ***Beggars on Horseback*** (Atlantic-Little, Brown), a first novel by Britisher James Mossman, the clash is staged with few plot surprises but with a couple of special garnishes. One consists of Mossman's prose, which moves with sensitivity and controlled power. In revealing the emotional clockworks of a dozen major and secondary figures, he succumbs now and then to predictability—there is little doubt which bed the September-songing wife of the chargé d'affaires will settle for in the end, and of course the young and honest follower of new-wave Jouf finds his loyalties strained by cynical aspects of the revolution. But the trite is not too often in sight. Moreover, Mossman introduces a fascinating subworld of homosexual life and weaves it skillfully into the web that eventually brings British, Russians and Maroufians eyeball to eyeball. The unconventional passions are explored with more perception than the boy-meets-girl relationships. So far, so good for a novel that enhances the Middle East–intrigue genre. But Mossman has one more insight to offer. He turns for title and sermon to Yeats: "Hurrah for revolution and cannon come again! / The Beggars have changed places, but the lash goes on." A rather mechanical bit of political interpretation, we fear. Still, if Mossman is not a candidate for a post with the *Manchester Guardian*, he is a welcome addition to the ever-welcome ranks of no-nonsense yarn spinners.

•

Jakov Lind, an Austrian Jew who miraculously survived the War years in Germany, emphatically agrees with those Germans who say, "There were no Nazis



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here." In his savage collection of short stories, *Soul of Wood*, and now in his even more terrifying first novel, ***Landscape in Concrete*** (Grove), Lind depicts a Germany without Nazis or Jews, without storm troopers or concentration camps, the Third Reich as it must have seemed to those who lived in it: well-meaning, sincerely motivated, basically decent, with only the brutalities and murders common to all civilized countries. Gauthier Bachmann, a 300-pound *Wehrmacht* sergeant separated from his regiment after a catastrophic battle in the Russian mud, embarks on a low-comedy, high-tension odyssey of Wartime Europe, trying to find a way to serve the Fatherland. The Good Soldier Schweik turned upside down, his simple-minded blundering is transformed repeatedly into terror. In the Ardennes, wanting to rest in a kitchen, he ends up on a firing squad. In occupied Norway, looking for the men's room, he finds himself instead in a slaughterhouse of revenge and lust. And back in Germany, his desire for a quiet evening in the bed of Helga, a larger-than-legend Brünnhilde, climaxes with air-raid sirens and flight into the coffin of the earth, a poetic vision of the holocaust staggering in both its blackness and beauty. Pointing at "the Nazis," Lind seems to say, is a way of making the German experience unique, thus denying its universal relevance. By insisting that the horrors of fascism were not an isolated aberration of humanity but recognizably human at their source, he comes as close as any writer to finding words for the unspeakable, to answering the unanswerable question: How could such things happen? "I'm always sincere," Bachmann protests after having shot three people and slit open a fourth with his bayonet. "I was only muddled."

•

Not since the Kinsey reports has a scientific book on sex received as much public attention as has ***Human Sexual Response*** (Little, Brown). Where Kinsey and his colleagues depended on interviews and statistical tables, gynecologist Dr. William Masters and researcher Virginia Johnson have based *Response* on firsthand observation of people's reactions to sexual stimuli. For 11 years, at the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation in St. Louis, they and their associates watched, recorded and photographed, sometimes in color movies, 382 women and 312 men during coitus and masturbation. From these paid volunteers who, Masters says, soon lost whatever self-consciousness they might have had, there has emerged the clearest and most comprehensive information so far about what happens to us before, during and after sex. Among the findings are unprecedentedly extensive data on the effect of sexual activity on the cardiorespiratory system. The researchers also

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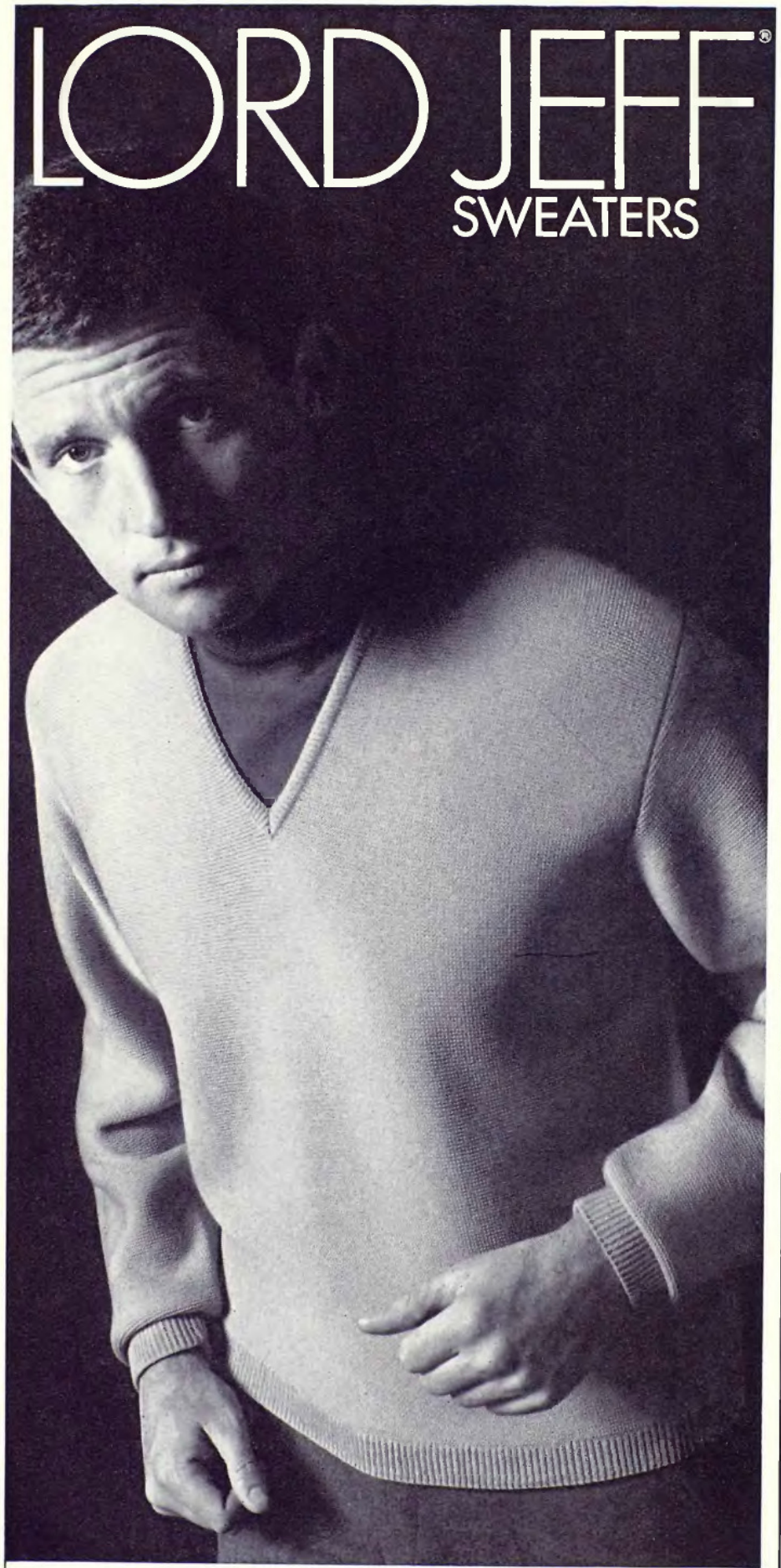

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discovered the biophysical source of vaginal lubrication and compiled photographic evidence as to why various contraceptive devices don't always work. For the layman, perhaps the primary value of this report is its final destruction of a number of sexual myths. Neither the size of the male sex organ nor the size of the clitoris, for instance, has anything to do with sexual adequacy. Furthermore, Simone de Beauvoir notwithstanding, there is no biological difference between a vaginal and a clitoral orgasm. And for many, the most joyful finding of all is that an active sex life can "extend to and beyond the 80-year age level." These and other disclosures are presented through diagrams and in relentlessly scientific prose that will disappoint any readers who approach the book in hope of titillation. Even the most prurient-minded district attorney will have trouble making a case out of such passages as: "The first stage of the ejaculatory process is initiated by accessory-organ contractions previously described as commencing with the *vasa efferentia* of the testes." However, a diligent layman who does want to know more about himself and sex should have no major difficulties with most of the book, which contains a glossary of scientific terminology. *Human Sexual Response* provides a foundation for further explorations of the life force in action. Candor about sex is on the increase, and this book will surely help it along. Coming in 1968: Dr. Masters' report on how he has remedied various forms of sexual inadequacy as a result of what he learned in his researches.

•

A country can be understood by the history it writes as well as by the history it makes—for its vision of the past reflects its vision of itself. The mood of the American mind can be seen, for example, in the succeeding interpretations of one of its greatest legends, the life and works of Mark Twain. Now, in a new biography, ***Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*** (Simon & Schuster), Justin Kaplan clarifies the history, enriches the myth and succeeds in making the legend relevant to the present without distorting the past. Kaplan's fascinating analysis is based on the Clemens-Twain duality—revealed in nearly everything he wrote (*Tom* and *Huck*, *The Prince and the Pauper*), in the values of his life (Clemens embraced a code Twain scorned, the propriety of the genteel tradition allied to the money lust of the Gilded Age), and in his perversely split personality (a mere entertainer, afraid to offend, joined to a mere misanthrope, jeering his petulant hatred for "the human muck"). Twain both yearned for and despised the objects of his satire: "He wanted to belong, but he also wanted to laugh from the outside." Torn apart by these inner conflicts, he often disintegrated into blindly raging cruelty,

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into immobilizing self-hatred and guilt, into a black despair that approached insanity. But in moments of inner balance, suspended between what he loved and what he hated, he created the supreme image of the American experience—Huck's raft drifting between the shores of the Mississippi. Kaplan thus confirms the tragic fact that the torment and suffering of a writer's life are often the source and impetus of his highest art.

•

We've said it before and we'll say it again—Bruce Jay Friedman is one of the foremost talents of our time. His newest book, a collection of 16 short stories entitled ***Black Angels*** (Simon & Schuster), will deservedly increase his faithful following. Friedman's appealing nonhero is always in a fix—whether he is trying to make out on a three-day Caribbean vacation, falling in love with an extracurricular 18-year-old blonde on the very first day of his honeymoon, or feeling he has to punch a stranger in order to impress his wife. The central character of each of the stories is essentially the same universal loser-victim-dreamer. Sometimes Friedman takes off from a seemingly realistic situation into a realm of hilariously pure imagination, as in his story *The Investor* (which first appeared in PLAYBOY), about a man in a hospital whose wildly fluctuating temperature coincides with the rise and fall of a stock in which he has invested. Especially attuned to the male imagination, Friedman is marvelous at describing what goes on in the minds of men as they stalk female prey. *The Interview* recounts the thoughts of a young executive as he interviews girls for an office job; he needs only to know that an applicant's name is Rachele in order to ponder, "Lovely name . . . Wouldn't be much without that final 'e,' though. Wonder why she put it there. Doesn't like things standard. Probably likes unusual kind of kisses with little tricks to them. Underwear with strange ribbons. Got to have a twist to it." Friedman is always looking inside his characters, skillfully undressing their dreams. His fiction, steeped in fantasy, has the ring of truth as well as the sound of laughter.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

On any evening at Manhattan's ***The Improvisation*** (358 West 44th Street), from about midnight on, you are liable to be sitting next to Judy Garland or Cab Calloway, watching either an unknown performer teetering on the brink of discovery or an established star entertaining just for the kicks. What you'll see and hear for your money is rather like a showbiz version of Russian roulette. It's a casually unfettered establishment that performers of all magnitudes of brilliance find as

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comfortable as an old soft shoe. There was the night, for example, that Christopher Plummer and Dudley Moore played piano, Albert Finney the bongos, Tuesday Weld just sat on the piano and Jason Robards, Jr., did the vocals. It was not, according to proprietor Budd Friedman, very much different from other nights. The Improv is a coffeehouse type of restaurant and café (although booze is now available) that was started to give the theater crowd a place where it could relax and perform if it felt like it—a jam session for actors, singers, comedians, spotlight-seeking celebrities, and beginners. Before she became a star, Liza Minnelli used to sing there regularly. Ron Carey is the current comic in residence, working out whenever the mood is upon him, which is understandable since nobody gets paid except the regular piano player, who is excellent. It's an intimate room, which is good, because if it weren't, they'd need a microphone. If they got a microphone, then the next thing you know they'd be getting a cabaret license, and Friedman doesn't believe in wasting money on anything that would change the pleasantly extemporaneous atmosphere. The food is priced for middle-income actors—a one-pound sirloin goes for $4.50. Drinks are all under a dollar. There is a two-dollar minimum on Friday and Saturday. Dinner is served until ten, after which all food is à la carte until six A.M. A rare kind of place.

THEATER

Several years ago, when off-Broadway was booming, producers exhausted the supply of existing theaters. Like an army of carpenter ants, they swarmed into lofts, basements, restaurants, storefronts, churches and movie houses, and turned them into theaters. Today, off-Broadway is almost defunct. Fewer and fewer plays are produced there, and more and more of those few fail. What little dramatic experimentation survives these days is mostly off-off-Broadway—in coffeehouses or in classrooms or workshops. Surveying the desert that is off-Broadway this year, one can find very few successes, and a great number of empty theaters. Any day now, some wise promoter will turn them into lofts, basements, restaurants, storefronts, churches and movie houses. There are, of course, a few exceptions.

Günter Grass, novelist, poet, playwright, painter, sculptor, musician and public figure, is something of a Renaissance man in his native Germany. An innovator in his art, he is also an outspoken critic of his country's moral and mental health during and after World War Two. Grass' output is sizable, his interests, diverse; to attempt to encompass them on stage in something called ***The World of Günter Grass*** is almost

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hopeless. Imagine, for example, a show called *The World of Leonardo da Vinci* on a tiny stage, in two hours, with an intermission. But once faulted for overambition (a charge to which Grass himself is open), Dennis Rosa, the adapter and director of the evening's entertainment, must be credited for his accomplishment. At its best, his show serves as a sampler. One leaves the play and wants to go back to the books. *TWOGG* culls freely from Grass' poems, plays and novels; the lines are spoken by a talented, if generally overemphatic, troupe of actors, with an ironic background of music based on Wagner, and projected photographs—everything from doves to Hitler. The novel extracts come across best: Oskar, from *The Tin Drum*, the dwarf who decided to be a dwarf (played by a full-size actor in clown make-up), tells the horrible, hilarious story of his first day in school. When the teacher criticizes his drum-thumping, he responds with a cry that shatters the windowpanes and splinters the teacher's spectacles. Later, Prinz, the dog of *Dog Years*, Hitler's personal pet German shepherd (played by a full-size actor in dog make-up), tells of his headlong flight from his mad master. Both stories serve as one-act monologs—funny, bitter, black sketches right out of the Grass menagerie. (Closed for the summer, will reopen September 8.) At the Pocket Theater, 100 Third Avenue.

Matthew Stanton, a young Irish-American politician, is ambitious, self-interested and self-defeating. He is as unscrupulous as he is high-minded, with a strict code of conduct he applies to everyone but himself. He will do anything to get what he wants—the mayoralty of Brooklyn. Edward Quinn is an old Irish-American politician, with a face as crusty as his manner, a gravelly voice and a twinkly air of absolute corruptibility. He will do anything to keep what he has—the mayoralty of Brooklyn. Back-room politics and barroom intrigue! A strongbox with a false bottom and a mysterious piece of plot-turning paper! A happy whore named Bessie Legg! Shared mistresses! Scandal! Horrors! ***Hogan's Goat*** sounds as creaky as the floor boards in Matthew Stanton's saloon. Not only does it take place in 1890; it could have been written in 1890. Actually, it was written from 1956 to 1965 by William Alfred, a classics professor at Harvard, and although it is old-fashioned, it is not ill-fashioned. It is a carefully plotted, lovingly detailed chronicle that is written with a feeling for blather. Unfortunately, it is not staged as well as it is written. Director Frederick Rolf has confined the action to a split-level, multi-room set, blocking everything out as in a three-dimensional comic strip. But what flow is lacking in the direction is more than compensated for in the performances and the writing. Within its self-imposed limitations, Alfred's first

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MOVIES

For a long time Edward Albee refused to sell movie rights to ***Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*** unless he could retain script control, casting control—in fact, total control of the production. But nobody would make that deal with him, and finally, out of fatigue and perhaps for the money, he sold his abrasively potent tragedy to Ernest Lehman for half a million dollars, lock, stock and barrel. Albee would never have cast Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton as Martha and George—she's too young to play "the slashing, braying residue," he's too strong to play the "bog." Mike Nichols, who had never directed a movie, was an outside choice to translate the play to the screen. And no producer could be expected to preserve the dialog, the vicious, destructive malice of the mouth that is the essential stuff of the play. But Edward Albee probably has been better served in Hollywood than any playwright ever bought, for *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* is a superb motion picture in every particular. If Lehman, who also wrote the screenplay, had had any less respect for the play itself, these kudos would not accrue. But in his hands the play has moved almost intact to the screen, where the vivid immediacy of the medium adds immeasurably to the impact of the language. The four desperate characters, destroying one another on a drunken off-campus evening, come into painfully sharp focus; each is equal to his role. Of course, it's impossible to take one's eyes off Elizabeth Taylor as she gives the performance of her career in one of the juiciest roles of the contemporary American theater. With almost equal fascination we watch Burton, Sandy Dennis and George Segal, all excellent, as hopeless people helplessly playing three apocalyptic games: Humiliate the Host, Get the Guests and Hump the Hostess. *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* will almost certainly leave you with a deep sense of horrified exhaustion. It's that good.

•

Who but a scholar of Italian literature would ever have thought that Machiavelli took time off from considerations of the politics of power to churn out a mattress-walloping farce in the best tradition of the *opera buffa*? Alberto Lattuada, that's who—the Italian director whose work with Machiavelli's ***Mandragola*** (the love root or mandrake) enlivens an antique set piece with all the bawdy vulgarity of its time and place—early 16th Century in Florence, a bawdy, vulgar time and place, indeed. Before the story is five minutes in the weaving, it is absolutely certain that a rich and foolish merchant is going to wear horns, that his young and frustrated wife is going to forsake religiosity for the pleasures of the couch, that a mendacious monk will connive, a toady betray and a lusty young man get more than he bargained for. Lucrezia (Rosanna Schiaffino), the virtuous wife and target in question, endures innumerable medieval torments believed by the quacks of the time to cure barrenness in wives. She is dunked in peppered baths and tied up in sacks while hot wax is poured in at the neck, and though she screams a lot, Nicia (Romolo Valli), her ass of a husband, will not relent until he has an heir. So when a handsome young prince named Callimaco (Philippe Leroy) comes along disguised as a doctor with a rather unorthodox remedy, the credulous Nicia is eager to subscribe. Needless to say, after many misadventures, the "remedy" propels Callimaco into a highly ornate Florentine sack with Lucrezia, and the vigor of their activities brings the bedstead crashing to the floor, while the cuckold smiles benignly downstairs. Schiaffino and Leroy are beautiful people and perfect lovers, slightly thick in the head but indefatigably physical. And Valli, in his broad comic treatment, makes an ideal cuckold —fat, fearful and a perfect fool. The lesser roles are brilliantly filled by the Italian comic Toto as the slyly wicked Fra Timoteo, and the French actor Jean Claude Brialy as the oily toady, Ligurio. *Mandragola* is pure farce, a bold exercise in ribaldry. Machiavelli would like it.

•

The most interesting thing about ***Duel at Diablo*** is that a Negro gets all the best lines. Sidney Poitier is more than equal to the role of a cynical, wisecracking dandy, a retired Army sergeant who flicks the ash of his best panatella in the colonel's rhododendron pot and talks right up to Mr. Charlie—"You're the rooty-toot-toot around here"—as if slavery had never happened. There will undoubtedly come a time when casting such as this is too routine to deserve comment; but in these transitional days, a Negro smart aleck who winds up saving Whitey from himself *and* from the Apaches may still draw gasps from audiences who are not quite so liberated from the Stepin Fetchit stereotype as they may have imagined. There are plenty of additional gasps as well, engineered by director Ralph Nelson to emphasize the savagery of Indian fighting in the late 19th Century. Arrows enter bodies and knives draw blood with obsessive attention to verisimilitude, and it's hard to say who gets the worst of it.

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Bill Travers, as an ambitious cavalry officer who leads his detachment into an Apache trap, pays for his pride with a broken leg, a fit of fevered insanity and an arrow in the back. Dennis Weaver, a greedy trader guilty of wicked deeds and virulent race prejudice, is roasted for hours over a low Apache flame. James Garner, Indian scout, endures hallucinatory days of hunger and thirst on his way back to the fort for the help that is sure to arrive just as soon as all the bad guys are dead. This guarantees the survival of Bibi Andersson, a miscast Swedish lady whose appearance here illustrates how deftly Hollywood can convert an interesting actress into Just Another Pretty Face. Only Poitier emerges with scarcely a scratch, acknowledged mastermind of the last redoubt and rich quips right up to the final frame, his survival kit inferior only to that of Neal Hefti, whose perfectly paced musical score lifts *Duel at Diablo* well out of the oater class and into the front rank of the new Westerns.

•

This Property Is Condemned is a movie that raises a lot of questions and answers none. One of them is: What is Hollywood going to do with Natalie Wood now that she's proved she's not Kim Stanley *either*? Here is Natalie, sashaying around her momma's Mississippi boardinghouse in a red-silk dress, as Alva, queen of the whistle stop, thrusting her bony thighs in the direction of every boarder in sight and sugar-mouthing it up like crazy; three "you alls" per sentence are about average. Here is Kate Reid, as Momma, reading her lines with perfect diction. And here is Robert Redford, as sweet Owen Legate from New Orleans, hopping off a night freight into the damp clutches of the freckled femme fatale and retreating from the soggy dialog into an unflinching immobility of the jowl line. The sordid narrative of sin and degradation is told by Mary Badham, the coolly competent child actress of *To Kill a Mockingbird*, who here plays little sister Willie with a smooth assurance she could scarcely have derived from director Sydney Pollack. Willie is discovered before the credits, teetering along some abandoned railroad tracks in a tatty red dress. She commences to tell a little boy the story of her wicked sister Alva—and back we flash to Natalie running after sweet Owen and then running away from sweet Owen into the driving studio rain and running on and on. Back at the tracks, baby sister Willie fesses up that big sis has run right on into the bone yard, momma has run off to Arkansas with a traveler and sweet Owen is doubtless suffering night sweats in his New Orleans garden apartment. Which leaves us with a final unanswered question:

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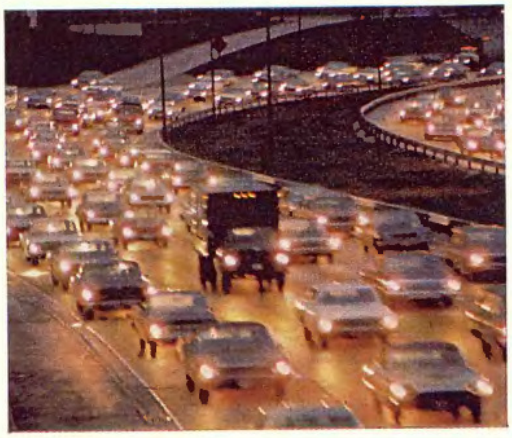

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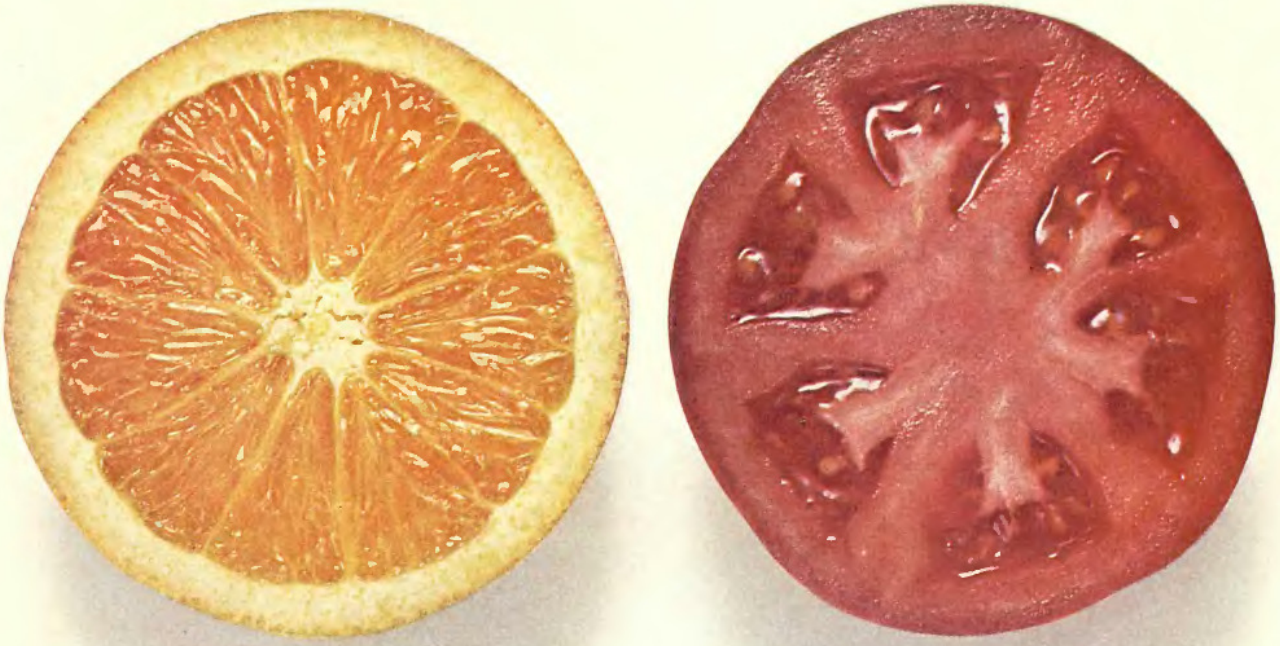
What's that kid doing on them railroad tracks in somebody else's clothes?

•

There are no small titters and chuckles in ***The Sucker***. As written and directed by Gerard Oury, it is all big-boffo laff-a-minute comedy, shamelessly gleaned from such rich sources as *Topkapi*. The script forbids a logical synopsis, but the basic burden of the matter is that some swindlers in Paris are expecting a rich haul of kinky contraband from Beirut, and they need a plausible front man to accept the stuff at Naples and transport it to Bordeaux. Mechanically, it's a fairly simple process, for the goods are all built into a white Cadillac convertible: heroin above the tires, precious jewels in the battery, the biggest diamond in the world under the horn, and solid-gold bumpers. The chief thief, Leopold Saroyan (played brilliantly by the French comic Louis de Funès), fingers a witless bumpkin named Antoine Marechal (the great-chinned comic, Bourvil) to do the deed, figuring him as a man too impenetrably innocent to be suspected of anything by anybody. Saroyan offers Marechal the use of the car for a vacation and Marechal, delighted, rushes off to Naples. So, of course, does Saroyan, together with a couple of torpedoes, to follow the car along its route. But another bunch of thieves, directed by a Maximilian Schell sort of actor named Venantino Venantini (known in the movie as The Mouse), is determined to highjack the booty, and cat-and-mouse is played ferociously along every inch of the coast. Marechal ends up by duping all the thieves, naturally. The audience, though it may come down with a persistent sense of *déjà vu*, will still get a collection of loud guffaws from the good, durable pratfalling.

•

There is this Technicolor battlefield from World War One, and George Peppard is running through it in a German army suit. Then he looks toward the sky and two biplanes are putt-putting along up there and something that passes for resolve and determination comes over his smudgy, pouty face. Two years later, a commissioned officer and trained fighter pilot, George (here called Bruno Stachel) arrives in France to join a unit. The fellas (who include Jeremy Kemp as the best ace in the unit) are rude to George because he is not aristocratic. Something that passes for resolve and determination comes over his smudgy, pouty face, and in no time he is doing ratty, unaristocratic things in the air and the fellas really hate him. But George wants ***The Blue Max***, imperial Germany's highest decoration, and he has to shoot down at least 20 British pilots before he qualifies. Pretty quickly Jeremy Kemp,



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way ahead already, gets his Blue Max, acting very much like Snoopy, as the Red Baron, in *Peanuts*. The Max is awarded by his uncle, James Mason, known here as Count Otto von Klugermann, an armchair general from Berlin who has brought along his wife, the prominent Ursula Andress, for the occasion. George ogles the countess' super superstructure and something that passes for resolve and determination comes over his smudgy, pouty face. By the end of the film, George has realized all his hopes and dreams, with particular attention to those involving an undressed Miss Andress (see *Ursula*, PLAYBOY, July 1966). But he meets the fate reserved for all thoroughgoing rotters without revealing whatever it was that made him so unrelievedly nasty. No one else's motives are explained either, but the aerial sequences are excellent, vividly suggesting the excitement of chopping up the ether in a box held together with spit and bailing wire. Cultists will especially enjoy the performances of a Fokker triplane and a couple of Pfalzes, replicas but passable; but there ought to be a limit to the number of times we have to watch the same seven British Sopwiths being shot down in flames.

•

A Big Hand for the Little Lady is a one-trick flick with a few very funny moments, a TV drama with a bad case of bloat. The mounting is handsome: A wide-angle lens pans spectacular vistas of Western topography as the five richest men in the territory ride recklessly into Laredo to play their annual marathon game of mean, tough, high-stakes poker in the back room of a saloon. But once they get into that room they rarely leave it again, so what is the point of that amplifying lens and all that vivid color? Not, surely, to underline the physical beauty of Jason Robards, Charles Bickford, Kevin McCarthy, Robert Middleton and John Qualen, who by the second day of the game are rheumy-eyed, bewhiskered and a little drunk. Perhaps the Technicolor was laid on to enhance Joanne Woodward, but that little lady doesn't need it. She shows up in Laredo exuding quiet dignity, her small son and her lanky, nervous husband, Henry Fonda, firmly in tow. They're only passing through—on their way to San Antone, it seems, to settle a new homestead. Sure enough, Henry is a reformed cardplayer and would mightily admire to watch, first swearing a great oath to the little lady that he will not play. But soon he has lost almost the entire homestead stake. And then, with thousands of dollars in the pot, Henry holds the *winning* hand, he's sure—only he's fresh out of money. Well, after a seemingly warm and homey outcome, the plot takes one last twist in behalf of larceny, and what has appeared

Playboy Club News

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to be a garden path turns out to be a briar patch. But the sticker bushes come too late. Producer-director Fielder Cook, in the best old-fashioned manner, has crowded the screen with the faces of the famous, skilled professionals who create a gallery of vivid comic portraits. However, they still belong in a one-hour, black-and-white TV show.

•

For a movie that features buggery, beheading and murder, ***Deathwatch,*** based on *Haute Surveillance* by Jean Genet, is an astonishingly dull experience. The fault lies equally with the work itself and with its director, Vic Morrow, better known as the weekly hero of TV's *Combat*. Obviously trying everything he could think of to inject movement—flashbacks, posturings, lots of sweat and a jiggling camera—Morrow, in his first feature effort as a director, did his best to keep the show on the road. But every time somebody opens his mouth, the cumbersome vehicle has another flat. What Genet has provided is the popular French *ménage à trois*, except that the principals are all in jail and all guys. Greeneyes is a famous murderer, greatly admired by his fellow cons. Two especially enthusiastic admirers, Jules and Maurice, manage to be assigned to his cell, where they fight over the right to provide Greeneyes with interpersonal rest and recreation. Maurice gets the nod for sacktime privileges. Burned up by his loss, desperate to win Greeneyes' approval and taunted by Maurice as a mere sycophant at the altar of crime, Jules strangles his rival while Greeneyes looks on, unimpressed. As Jules, Leonard Nimoy registers a laudable sensitivity, and Paul Mazursky shows considerable skill as the wincing, weeping faggot, Maurice. But Michael Forest's Greeneyes is nothing more than a muscle-bound biceps flexer in a role calling for the poet-criminal. However, the greatest crime perpetrated in *Deathwatch* is Bernard Frechtman's academic translation, which produces the spectacle of three actors slowly strangling to death on their own dialog.

•

Khartoum is a big movie with a celebrated cast (Charlton Heston and Sir Laurence Olivier, eyeball to eyeball) and a distinguished director, Basil Dearden. It also has Ultra Panavision and Technicolor and it is in Cinerama. But the biggest thing in it is the Nile river. The prolog scenes, brilliantly directed by Eliot Elisofon, constitute what is probably the most beautiful visual introduction a movie ever had, swooping the audience above and about the great river and into the trackless desert through which it cuts. Everything that follows necessarily suffers by comparison. Charlton Heston does what he can, and in this case it's rather a lot, with the difficult role of General Charles Gordon, emergency

governor general of the Sudan in 1884 and defender of the city of Khartoum against a dervish siege of 317 days. To his portrayal of Gordon, Heston brings a creditable British accent and a surprising sensitivity for the quiet restraint of the semi-mystic military leader whose most emotional expletive was a soft "Well!" Olivier as Mahdi, the fanatic dervish leader, is almost equally taciturn, and is wrapped head to foot in white sheets on every appearance, something of a disadvantage for an actor. In self-defense, Olivier has brought along the new deep voice and lampblack makeup left over from *Othello*. "Chinese" Gordon was a much-admired public figure in England, owing to his high military jinks in the Sudan and in China, but very little is known of his personal life. He was a man of great vanity, owing to the rather intensely personal relationship he felt he had with God. Even less is known of the Mahdi, The Expected One, who rose up out of the Sudan to lead the dervishes in a holy war against Egypt, England and, ultimately, had he lived, the world. The Mahdi also had an intense personal relationship with God. It was the confrontation of these two men that obviously most interested Robert Ardrey, the screenwriter; and his drama, despite all the spectacle of desert battle, is as spare and impersonal as any encounter must be that features only two monumental equestrian figures from history, about whom the whirling of 100,000 white-turbaned dervishes becomes as significant as so much popcorn in a popper.

DINING-DRINKING

A haunt of the Beverly Hills and movie set for the past seven years, ***Andre's*** (8635 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills) is the culinary creation of Don Medica and Dominic Andreone. Though not a dinner is priced above $5, Andre's makes it with the sophisticated affluent, those who know it's "in" to get one's money's worth. Andreone, the chef half of the partnership, is as talented with the Coq au Vin Rouge or Frog Legs Provençale as with the more down-home Mediterranean Steak Pizzaiola. A firm favorite is Scampi Andre, jumbo shrimps succulently bathed in oregano and garlic sauce, baked and served on the half shell. The wine cellar is varied and versatile: There are fine Italian vintages shipped from Barone Bettino Ricasoli; but if your palate inclines toward the Gallic (as did ours with Frog Legs), try the Pouilly-Fuisse. The assorted antipasto trays groan with spicy delights of *Italia*. And there are delectable desserts ranging from the Profiterolle au Chocolate to the Pear Flambé—all topped with a hearty cappuccino bolstered with cognac and crème de cacao. Not for the faint of appetite,

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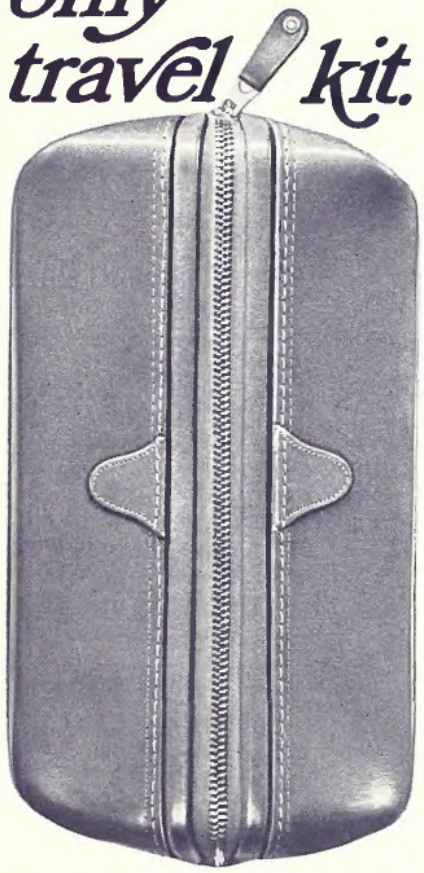

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Andre's typical dinner is dandily bolstered with a hearty salad, a cupful of lusty French onion soup garnished with cheese, and an almost mandatory side dish of Fettucine Verdi with authoritative meat sauce. Add to this a super *spécialité de la maison*: the service. Supervising immediate details of the 260-capacity establishment is maitre de Jeno (pronounced Yay-no), an internationalist fluent in ten languages. Jeno plies his expertise daily except Monday (chef's night off), from luncheon to midnight. Weekends, however, lunch is skipped; Andre's then opens at four P.M., closes at one A.M.

RECORDINGS

Bobby Darin Sings The Shadow of Your Smile (Atlantic) and—in addition to the 1966 Academy Award winner—tackles, on side one, the four other contenders. Side two is a mélange of standards, given added spice by a Darin original and a similar creation of Neal Hefti's. The Oscar side has been scored by Shorty Rogers, the rest by Richard Wess. The swinger of the session—surprise, surprise—is the Sigmund Romberg–Oscar Hammerstein antiquity *Lover Come Back to Me*; but *What's New Pussycat?* doesn't trail too far behind.

•

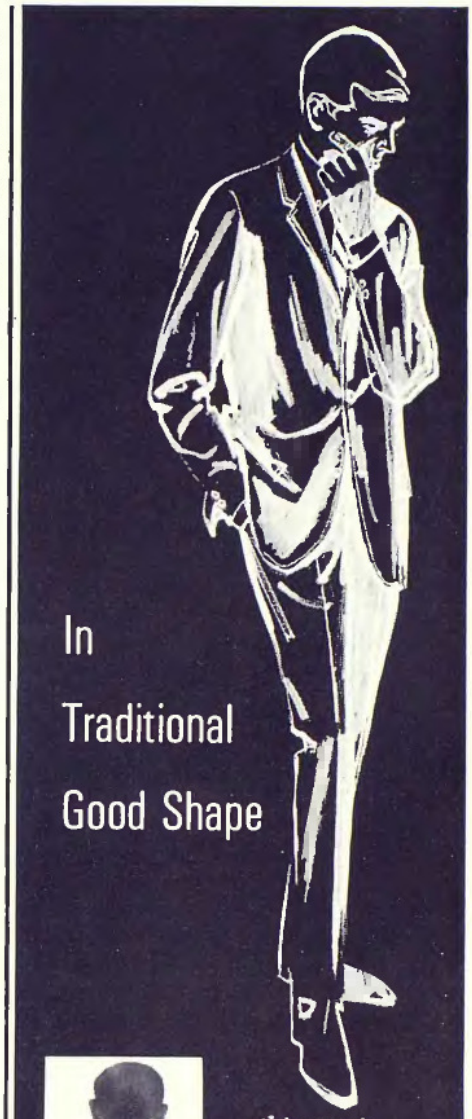
Fine jazz flute in superabundance may be heard on ***Herbie Mann / Monday Night at the Village Gate*** (Atlantic). Herbie, bolstered by a rhythm section and a pair of pulsating trombones manned by John Hitchcock and Mark Weinstein, stretches out through five lengthy jazz treatises (one, an Oliver Nelson arrangement of *Motherless Child*). The Mann men carry with them an aura of excitement that transfers readily to vinyl; and Herbie's fluting, of course, is nonpareil.

•

A plenitude of pretty sounds is to be found on ***Peggy Lee / Big Spender*** (Capitol). There are lots of show songs on hand—among them, the title tune (from *Sweet Charity*), *You've Got Possibilities* (from *Superman*) and *Skyscraper*'s *I'll Only Miss Him when I Think of Him*—all made S. R. O. by deft Lee-gerdemain. Here, too, is the driving *Alright, Okay, You Win* and the Arlen-Koehler ageless oldie, *Let's Fall in Love*. *In toto*, enticing.

•

Feelin' Kinda Blues / Gerald Wilson Orchestra (Pacific Jazz) is big-band jazz at its ebullient best. Encompassing a group of fine soloists spearheaded by tenor sax man Teddy Edwards, Wilson & Co. range through a repertoire as disparate as the Beatles' *Yesterday*, Herbie Hancock's *Watermelon Man* and one of Cole Porter's prettiest pieces, *I Concentrate on*



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You. The Wilson arrangements are almost always roots-based and jam-packed with *joie de vivre.*

•

Mose Allison, the most sophisticated "country boy" going, demonstrates on ***Mose Alive!*** (Atlantic) that one can dig at the roots with a gold-plated shovel. Recorded live at Hermosa Beach's Lighthouse, young man Mose reiterates a number of past statements—*Parchman Farm* and *Seventh Son* among them—in splendid fashion, and debuts a new item, *Tell Me Somethin'*, for the occasion. Stan Gilbert on bass and Mel Lee on drums are Allison's adroit aides-de-camp.

•

Man at Work / Kenny Burrell (Cadet) and ***The Solo Guitar of Bola Sete*** (Fantasy) spotlight a brace of first-rank guitarists in unusual settings. The Burrell LP shows him to be a consummate soloist, a fact too little appreciated through his years as a rhythm accompanist. With drummer Roy Haynes and bassist Richard Davis lending support, Burrell leads off with an original, *All Night Long*, then weaves his way through a spate of standards. Bola Sete, unaccompanied, gives a virtuoso performance, tackling four preludes by Villa-Lobos, a Granados work and a varied assortment of Latin pieces. He proves himself a master of his instrument.

•

The Incredible Jimmy Smith / Got My Mojo Workin' (Verve) has the organist operating all stops out through the title tune, a flock of soul satisfiers and the Ellington opus *C Jam Blues.* Smith (a mighty man is he on the Hammond, a truculent jazz instrument at best) is staunchly abetted by such exemplary instrumentalists as Ernie Royal on trumpet and Phil Woods on alto. It moves, man.

•

Nancy Wilson / A Touch of Today (Capitol) is yet another wonderful Wilson LP—and where will it all end? Herein, Nancy turns her vocal attentions to current attractions *The Shadow of Your Smile, Yesterday, Call Me, And I Love Him,* et al., ably assisted by bright arranging-conducting light Oliver Nelson. The *ne plus ultra* of Miss Wilson is her ability to communicate sincerity—she sounds as if she *enjoys* singing these songs; and that, dear friends, is half the battle won. Dig this recording and you'll hear what we mean.

•

Following previous formulas for success (*Soul Sauce, Soul Bird*), ***Soul Burst / Cal Tjader*** (Verve) is another Afro-Cuban bagful of goodies. The West Coast vibist, surrounded by a trio of flutists and a passel of Latin rhythm men, digs in on Dizzy Gillespie's *Manteca*, Kurt Weill's *My Ship* and *The Bilbao Song*, and a

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clutch of well-heated welkin ringers. The ensemble flutes give the Tjader tjazz makers a unique sound that's well worth a listen.

•

An offbeat offering, indeed, is ***Spokes Mashiyane (King Kwela)*** (London). Spokes, a South African, leads a penny-whistle band through a dozen native numbers that are infectiously rhythmic and filled with an engaging exuberance that makes the recording delightful from beginning to end. The rhythm accompaniment has an oddly Hawaiian flavor to it, but the syncopation is strictly from Africa.

•

Unforgettable Songs by Johnny Hartman (ABC-Paramount) finds the baritone backed by the big band of Gerald Wilson, who charts Johnny's way through the likes of *Isn't It Romantic, The Very Thought of You, Once in a While* and the Cole Porter classic *Down in the Depths (on the 90th Floor)*. The Hartman pipes are perfectly suited to this evergreen review, a rich musical remembrance of things past.

•

The previously unfinished ***Mahler Symphony No. 10*** (Columbia) may now be heard in a version written by Deryck Cooke and performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy. Sketched out by Mahler in 1910, a short time before he died, it remained that way until Cooke, over a half century later, completed the labor of love. In finishing the symphony, Cooke has given us a cohesive work of persuasive poignancy that is admirably executed by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

•

A steamy batch of savory soul cooking is at hand: ***Spanish Onions / Les McCann*** (Pacific Jazz) features the piano of one of the prime practitioners of soul, with rhythm supplied by drummer Paul Humphrey and bassist Victor Gaskin. McCann is a driver par excellence who postulates basic musical truths in freewheeling fashion. ***Soul Message / Richard "Groove" Holmes*** (Prestige) finds the funk-filled organist tastefully operating at the top of his skills. "Groove's" approach is never an overpowering one (a common failing among less sensitive Hammond hands) as, in consort with guitarist Gene Edwards and drummer Jimmie Smith, he wends his soulful way through the title tune, *Misty*, Clifford Brown's *Daholud*, Horace Silver's *Song for My Father*, the Jule Styne oldie *The Things We Did Last Summer* and an original, *Groove's Groove*. Tossing a large helping of Latin flavor into the soul bag, the troops on ***Chile con Soul / The Jazz Crusaders*** (Pacific Jazz) come up with a tasty mixed grill. The Crusaders, a hard-edged quartet, has had its sound softened somewhat by the addition of flutist Hubert Laws, Jr., bassist Al McKibbon, Clare Fischer on

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organ and a brace of Latin rhythm men. Laws, especially, makes a major contribution to the session, which rates a loud "*Soulé!*"

•

Far from basic is ***The Horizon Beyond / The Attila Zoller Quartet*** (Emarcy). The internationally flavored foursome, made up of Zoller on guitar, Don Friedman's piano, Barre Phillips on bass and Daniel Humair's drums, is explosively exploratory as it moves through the complexities of the leader's compositions with technical verve and uncanny intuition. Works by pianist Friedman and Carla Bley round out a session that makes for cerebral jazz at its compelling best.

•

A rich profusion of reissues has come our way of late. Foremost among them: Columbia's ***The Ellington Era, Volume Two*** and ***Billie Holiday / "The Golden Years," Volume II.*** Both are three-LP packages and both are storehouses bursting at the seams with priceless slices of a bygone jazz life. *The Ellington Era* covers lesser-known recordings of the years from 1927 to 1940, a period of dynamic growth in the band. The Holiday album begins in 1935 with *A Sunbonnet Blue* and ends in 1942 with *It's a Sin to Tell a Lie.* A list of Lady Day's accompanying instrumentalists would read like a jazz *Who's Who* of a time span that found Billie at the height of her abilities. Columbia also has some less ambitious projects going this month: ***Woody Herman's Greatest Hits,*** all the big ones turned out by the first three Herds: ***Benny Goodman's Greatest Hits,*** which includes the big band's *Six Flats Unfurnished, Jersey Bounce, Sing, Sing, Sing, Don't Be That Way* and the sextet's *Flying Home*; and ***Dave Brubeck's Greatest Hits,*** highlighted by the quartet's etchings of *Take Five, It's a Raggy Waltz* and *Blue Rondo à la Turk.* One of the great jazz-vocal LPs—***Sing a Song of Basie / Lambert, Hendricks & Ross*** (Impulse!)—has been revivified. LH&R's take-offs on *Everyday, Little Pony* and the other gems in the Basie bag are still the most illustrious of their ilk. Having a happy rebirth is ***Gerry Mulligan / Paris Concert*** (Pacific Jazz). Recorded in 1954, it is easygoing, unpretentious and completely captivating. Mulligan's baritone and Bob Brookmeyer's *simpatico* valve trombone, bolstered by Red Mitchell's bass and Frank Isola's drums, are pure delights. On tap here are a pair of pieces, *Soft Shoe* and *Motel,* that were not on the original LP. For musical camp followers, we heartily recommend ***Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy*** (Victor), two sides of unadulterated treacle that should stir memories of the string of movie-musical marshmallows the toothsome twosome turned out in the Thirties and early Forties. Ah, those were the bad old days.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My closest girlfriend discovered that she is pregnant, but she and the fellow she's been dating both swear that they've never gone "all the way." Is this possible? —Miss J. C., Denver, Colorado.

Nope.

As a draft-card-carrying 20-year-old, I'm slightly confused about how my board decides an individual's draft status. I'm listed as 1-A, but I have friends who are 1-S, 3-A and 4-A. Can you give me a breakdown of the various classifications?—L. C., Boise, Idaho.

Selective Service classifications run as follows: 1-A: Available for military service. 1-A-O: A conscientious objector available only for noncombatant military duty. 1-C: A member of the U. S. Armed Forces, the Coast and Geodetic Survey or the Public Health Service. 1-D: A member of a reserve unit, or a student taking military training. 1-O: A conscientious objector available for civilian work contributing to national health, safety or interest. 1-S: A high school student deferred until his graduation or until reaching age 20. 1-W: A conscientious objector now performing civilian work that contributes to the maintenance of the national health, safety or interest, or one who has completed such work. 1-Y: A registrant qualified for military service only in time of war or national emergency. 2-A: An occupational deferment (other than agricultural or student). 2-C: An agricultural deferment. 3-A: An extreme-hardship deferment, or one where the registrant has one or more children. 4-A: A veteran under 35, or a registrant who is a sole surviving son. 4-B: An official, such as a member of the diplomatic corps, deferred by law. 4-C: An alien not currently liable for military duty. 4-D: A minister of religion, or a divinity student. 4-F: A registrant not qualified for any military service because of a moral, mental or physical deficiency. 5-A: A registrant past the age for military service (which, under current law, is 35).

I am planning to invite an out-of-town business associate to a member-guest golf tournament to be held at my club. I would like to know the proper procedure for housing the man and his wife. That is, do I invite them to stay at my home with my wife and me, or should they be asked to check in at a nearby motel? In this case, who pays?—P. B., New Bedford, Massachusetts.

It depends on how well you know the man. If he's a personal friend as well as a business associate, there's no reason not to invite him to your home. If he's only a business acquaintance—and you want to keep it that way—reserve accommodations for him at a convenient motel or hotel. Unless you want to make a grandiose gesture, we think it proper that he pick up the tab.

Recently a friend and I took our dates to a show, but we were unable to get four seats together. One of the two pairs of seats available was in a better location than the other, so rather than quibble over which couple should sit where, my friend and I agreed that it would be gentlemanly to give the better seats to our dates. I have told several people of this incident and their reactions were all the same—long, loud laughs. I feel, however, that we bought theater tickets to watch the show and not our dates, thus we did the right thing. Did we?—D. K., Elmhurst, New York.

Your intentions were good, but your dating etiquette can stand improvement. Segregation of the sexes on a double date is most common among nervous teenagers and middle-aged married couples. If you're neither, we'd say the date's the thing, not the show. Should the situation arise again, flip a coin to decide which couple sits where, or change places at intermission.

Can I obtain insurance to cover losses if I lose my credit cards and a dishonest person uses them to charge a bundle of bills to me by forging my name?—S. J., Torrance, California.

Yes. Most large insurance companies now offer credit-card-forgery policies that cover losses incurred under exactly these circumstances.

I had always thought that because draught beer is not pasteurized (as opposed to bottled beer, which is), it had to be kept refrigerated. But I've seen draught beer in cans and bottles sold in unrefrigerated form—notably Meister Bräu, Old Milwaukee and Schlitz. Won't the lack of refrigeration spoil the beer? —C. S., Linthicum Heights, Maryland.

Because it is unpasteurized, draught beer, until recently, did require constant refrigeration. Now, because of a newly discovered sterilization process that filters bacteria out of beer without the use of heat, draught beer is available in unrefrigerated form.

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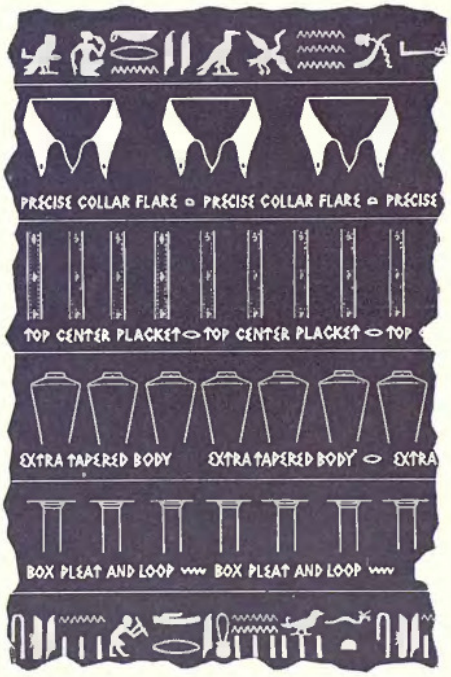

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Being a scuba diver, I often catch large amounts of seafood. Recently I speared a young octopus and then began a futile search for information on how to cook it. One buddy suggested that I simmer it slowly in a quart of bourbon and then throw away the octopus and drink the bourbon. This may be sage advice, but it doesn't solve my problem. What would you suggest I do to prepare such a catch? —L. V., Van Nuys, California.

Clean, skin and wash your tentacled find. Season a large kettle of boiling water with salt, a few peppercorns, 3 slices of lemon, 6 sprigs of parsley and 3 sprigs of thyme. Lower the octopus slowly into the boiling water so that the tentacles will spread, and boil rapidly for 5 to 10 minutes, depending on its size. Remove the octopus from the water to drain and cool, then cut it into 2- to 3-inch pieces, dip each into beaten eggs, sprinkle with flour, and fry in hot (370°) deep fat for 3 to 4 minutes, or until golden brown. Drain the pieces and sprinkle them with salt and freshly ground black pepper. Serve to adventuresome seafood fanciers only.

If you telephone your girlfriend and she isn't home, is it proper to leave word asking her to call you back, or does the old rule about "a lady never calls a man" apply even to answering a message?—R. M., Chicago, Illinois.

It is perfectly proper to ask your girl to return a call.

Seven years ago, at the age of 17, I was employed for a few months by a leading company in New York. Due to an unfortunate personality clash with my immediate supervisor, I left the organization without giving the proper two weeks' notice. I now have completed my military obligation and have graduated from college. Subsequently, I decided to apply to another company in the same field for a well-paying, highly responsible position. My problem is that I have been told that the company I foolishly walked out on sends out a very bad reference on me. Thus, I stand little chance of getting this new job. I would omit the older employer from the application, but I'm sure I would be immediately dismissed if the falsification were discovered. Should I leave the former employer off the application, or should I try to explain to a prospective employer that I am a much more mature person than I was seven years ago and hope that he believes me? —B. R., Los Angeles, California.

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simply aren't interested in what applicants did before college or during summer vacations. If specifically required to list all previous jobs, you should do so. Other than that, we don't think omission constitutes "falsification." If your prospective employer does check back to your teenage days—and we doubt that he will—your explanation as presented in your letter seems convincing enough.

My fiancé and I have been going together for five years, with the eventual aim of getting married when he finishes graduate school next summer. As you can imagine, in five years of dating we've had an intimate sex relationship. Now, with marriage approaching, he says that he wants me to buy all sorts of exotic lingerie to wear when we're making love. I'm no prude, but I'm sure I'd feel embarrassed in these clothes. On the other hand, after waiting so long for wedded bliss, I want my fiancé to be fully satisfied. Do you think I should oblige him and buy these garments?—Miss B. A., Ottawa, Ontario.

We don't see anything wrong with adding an extra fillip to a sexual relationship, as long as it's not obsessive and provides mutual enjoyment. Your embarrassment should disappear when the novelty of your attire stimulates your partner's ardor anew.

While cruising in the Caribbean, I tried a type of rum that sounds like "Ah-yeh-ho." Can you tell me where it's made and what gives it such a mellow flavor?—W. B., Charlottesville, Virginia.

You must be referring to "Añejo," meaning ancient, a brand name for a blend of aged rums (usually between 10 and 12 years old) that have been stored in charred-oak barrels. Produced in Puerto Rico, "the brandy of sugar canes" can be sipped straight, on the rocks or mixed.

A well-educated friend of mine recently gave me cause for alarm when he insisted that excessive masturbation by adult males can result in sterility. Although I suspected that he was wrong, I hesitated to argue the point with someone whom I consider to be generally better informed than I am in most matters. Is he right?—C. K., Daytona Beach, Florida.

We nominate your "well-educated" friend for a doctorate in 19th Century superstitions. The answer is no.

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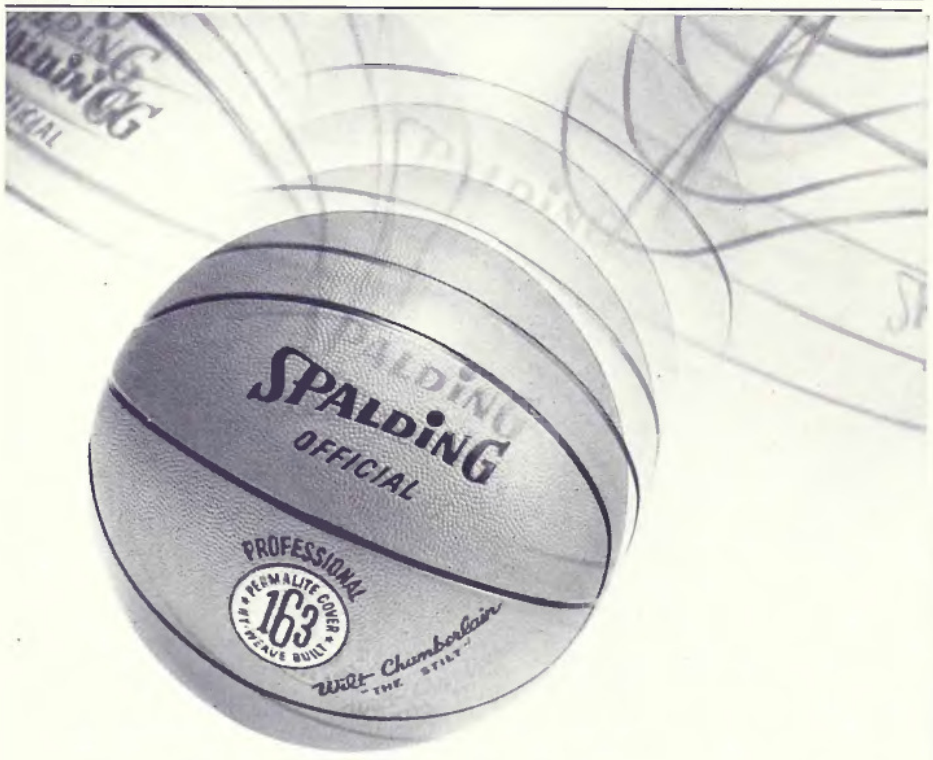

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Bond smokes?—D. P., Houston, Texas.

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I am a 26-year-old bachelor who is engaged to a lovely 23-year-old girl. The first six months my fiancée and I dated, I never attempted anything beyond a good-night kiss, as I was sure she was a pure, sweet virgin and, having marriage in mind, wanted to keep her that way. However, during a night of heavy petting following our engagement, I became aware that my girl was anything but a virgin. Upon questioning, she admitted that she had lost her virginity about six years ago, but that she had not been intimate with a man since. Now, I may be trusting, but I'm not completely naïve. We are due to be married in five months, and her refusal to completely disclose the truth about her past is killing me. I told her that I don't care how many times she has had relations with other men, just so she tells me before we get married. That way we can start our life together in complete honesty. How can I convince her to tell all?—B. Y., San Francisco, California.

The sad, sadomasochistic game you're playing with your girl resembles a medieval witch trial, in which the victim was tortured until she confessed her sins, whether real or imagined. Then she was burned. Your girl insists she hasn't been intimate with a man for six years; you insist she has, while protesting it doesn't matter to you, and at the same time declaiming that it's killing you not to know. If you regard a girl's premarital chastity as all-important as your actions suggest, then you'd be wise to marry a virgin. (But since you don't believe what you're told on the subject, how will you ever be sure?) As far as this girl is concerned, no matter what she says, you can't be certain she's told you everything; and, in all probability, you won't forgive her for whatever she does disclose. We suggest you save her and yourself the agony of an extended inquisition by performing the burning ritual now—i.e., breaking the engagement—because you've obviously already judged her guilty.

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, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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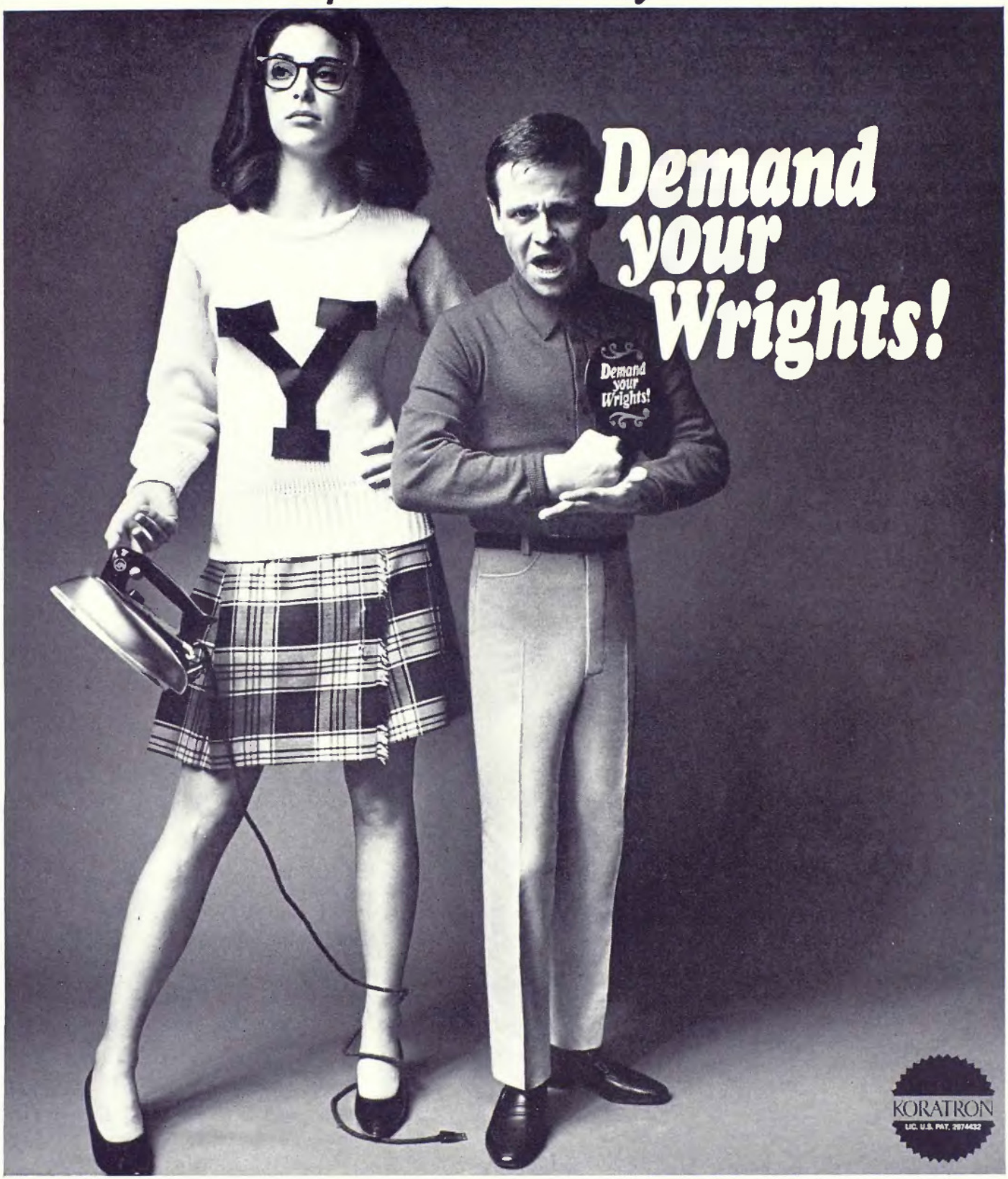

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THE COOL SEASON now moving gradually south through India will make November an ideal month to enjoy the subcontinent at its mystic best. Clichés aside, India is, indeed, all things to all men and can be seen and savored at any speed to suit any taste.

If you're in a rush, you can hit highlights in a week or two—Bombay for a day; thence to Aurangabad for two days to enjoy the magnificently decorated temple gouged out of living rock at Ajanta and Ellora from Two B.C. to Seven A.D.; then on to New Delhi, with the mandatory side trip to Agra and the Taj Mahal, for two days; finally to the battlemented rose-pink fortress city of Jaipur to see the gracefully pillared palace at Amber.

As an interesting alternative on Sunday, you can skip Jaipur and fly to Khajuraho, whose magnificent temples represent the summit of Hindu erotic sculpture—a magnificence of voluptuous forms throbbing with love and life.

You can fly to the back door of Central Asia and visit one of the principalities of the Himalayas, where thousands of miles of snow-capped mountains soar more than 20,000 feet above sea level. One of the brightest stars is Katmandu in Nepal, lying between India and Tibet. But for the Oriental costumes of the crowds, the narrow cobblestone Nepalese streets lined by tiny guildlike shops seem almost to have more the flavor of medieval Europe than of Asia. The newest and most popular hotel here is the Annapurna, which is completely modern. The nearby Royal Hotel was once a palace and still looks it. It offers superb food and a charming circular bar around a central wood-burning fireplace. If the huge snow-clad peaks that loom on every side exert an overwhelming appeal, you can fly 200 miles in a small plane to a plateau part way up the side of Mt. Everest itself.

For a resort break during your trip to India, Gopalpur lies only an overnight train ride from Calcutta on the Madras Mail. The Oberoi Grand Hotel in Calcutta will supply you with a well-stocked picnic hamper, and a bearer will appear at each of the train stops en route with hot tea. You'll reach the banks of the Berhampur river at dawn and be met there by a station wagon from the posh Oberoi Palm Beach Hotel.

Too long ignored by globe-trotters is the island of Ceylon. It, too, has a fine resort—the Mt. Lavinia Hotel—just eight miles out of Colombo. To really get the feel of Ceylon, however, go out into the country and stay at one of the many delightful government-run guesthouses. You'll travel with your own bearer, who'll attend to you at each guesthouse along the way.

Paris always offers fresh sparkle, no matter how many times she is courted. In November, she will be at her most brilliant while celebrating her fourth international dance festival to award Etoiles d'Or—the Oscars of the ballet world—to companies and dancers from Russia, the United States, England, Hungary, Finland, etc. Each national company will offer a cycle of ballet selections, classic and contemporary, for judging at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées from early November into December.

If you're onward bound from Paris for some skiing, take note that the French Alps are now more accessible than ever, thanks to the development of high mountain airports at Courchevel, Méribel, Digne and La Plagne—which are served directly from Paris by the light planes of Air Alpes. You can be in Courchevel, for instance, less than eight hours after taking off from New York. (For details, watch for the November PLAYBOY, which will offer a complete rundown on the delights of skiing in Europe and a compendium of the best spots for downhill and touring.)

If you're driving south after a session on the slopes, it will pay you to turn off the Autostrada for quiet and airy lodgings in medieval magnificence and for meals that will carry you back to the great days of the Sforza-Cesarinis and the Torlonias. Try the Fortezza Medicea, an old Medici fortress dating from the 16th Century, at Siena, on the hill road between Rome and Florence. Near Trento, a fine Longobard castle, Castel Pergine, turns out superb ravioli alla Trentina. Also near Trento, the Castel Madruzzo, dating back to the 12th Century, is set in a park specially stocked with deer and other game for hunting. The Convent of Santa Rosa at Conca dei Marini, now a hotel, is 30 kilometers from Salerno near a charming coastal cove that is ideal for snorkling. Another hunting preserve is the property of the Castello di Capalbio at Grosseto—whose restaurant specializes in jugged hare, saddle of boar, stuffed thrushes and other local game, as well as eels and pike from nearby Lake San Floriano.

For further information, write to Playboy Reader Service, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

PROGRESSIVE LEGISLATOR

As a confirmed reader of your *Philosophy*, even though I don't always agree with it, I would like to call your attention to two bills I recently introduced in the Michigan House of Representatives.

The first bill would give married prisoners the right to have conjugal visits from their wives and the other would remove "gross indecency" [a catchall statute apparently governing all irregular sex behavior not covered by Michigan's sodomy law] from the state statutes as a punishable crime, if done in private by two consenting individuals of age.

I hope that a reasoned study will be made of this proposed legislation without old-maid hysterics.

Thomas W. White
House of Representatives
Lansing, Michigan

You have our support. Please let us know the outcome.

PROSTITUTION AND THE LAW

Part XXV of *The Playboy Philosophy* is an excellent article, scholarly, well thought out, well put together and, I think, convincing in its argument.

American laws suppressing prostitution are, indeed, contradictory and, in my opinion, rather ridiculous. Prostitution is a fact in our country (as any clergyman or social worker who has ever worked in any city will attest), but one which officialdom seems to think will "go away" if it is ignored *or* if it is rigorously suppressed by ill-thought-out legislation.

Until the fact of prostitution is recognized and realistically and positively dealt with as a *fact* of our society, the present situation will prevail. Until what is criminal about prostitution and which person in this relationship (that is, woman, man or both) is then guilty of a criminal act are clearly spelled out, the "patently antifemale" prostitution laws will prevail.

It seems to me that the proper way to get at any such inequalities or social evils is to do just what you and your staff are doing—to objectively and dispassionately examine the values and principles involved and to keep at it until somebody in Government begins to listen and to hear what you are saying. I, personally, hope that you will continue this pursuit until a more realistic attitude toward sex, prostitution, etc., becomes a fact in our national thinking and legal structure.

The Rev. Bruce E. LeBarron
Trinity Episcopal Church
Lakeville, Connecticut

I have read with great interest Hefner's discussion of prostitution. It reminded me of my first and only campaign for the prohibition of the sale of alcoholic beverages. An elderly gentleman remarked to me, "Preacher, you are wasting your time. As long as there is sunshine, there is going to be moonshine." As long as there are males and females on this earth, there will be traffic of one sort or another in sexual relations.

There is something revolting to me about the sale of sexual intercourse by either male or female. There is an erosion here that cannot be denied. Yet Hefner has exploded our mythologies about it and left us no comfortable alternatives.

We must promote among people an ideal of the finest interpersonal relations possible. We must be responsible with sex in the hope that human exploitation will be minimal. Living in the reality of this world, I will accept the fact that premarital, postmarital and extramarital sexual relations are facts of life. I will try to evaluate each person's sexual activities on their own merits and not by standards that bring greater injury to him.

I agree with Hefner that some sex laws are unfair. However, as with liquor, some people will vote dry and drink wet. When we act politically we become pious. Generally speaking, human beings do a fair job in their sexual conduct. Our problem is in feeling we must create a cultural façade that is so unreal.

The Rev. H. Paul Osborne
First Unitarian Church
Wichita, Kansas

I was intellectually stimulated by the May installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, despite the chasm between my own creed and Hefner's philosophy. As a Mormon, most of my views are diametrically opposed to those of Hefner. Yet, between the two convictions, there is a great deal of common ground.

Legalized prostitution indeed has several redeeming qualities. For me, all sexual relationships outside the marriage

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covenant are illicit. But I also recognize degrees of immorality. Indulging in the services of the prostitute is far better than an adulterous relationship, because adultery may have disastrous social consequences, such as divorce and maladjusted children. Likewise, countries where prostitution is legal have far lower illegitimacy rates. Furthermore, legalized prostitution provides an outlet for the deviate who might otherwise commit sexual offenses.

Finally, I have personal objections to society's setting sexual standards that, if broken, result in legal punishment. Hefner is right that "the best interests of a free society are served by allowing the sexual activity of consenting adults to remain a matter of private moral determination not to be infringed upon by the state." It is repulsive for a religious majority to force its criteria on the minority. Morality cannot be legislated, and those who futilely attempt to eliminate "immorality" in this fashion only create a greater evil—tyranny of the majority.

James S. Olson
Brigham Young University
Provo, Utah

REQUIEM FOR A MADAM

Recently our local madam died, and the *Peoria Journal Star* announced the fact under the explicit headline: ETHEL LAMARR, 70, KEEPER OF BAWDYHOUSES, DIES. The headline was accurate, and the story dealt with Mrs. LaMarr's occupation quite matter-of-factly, without editorializing, just as if she had been a schoolteacher, a landlord or a lady plumber. As a result, however, the paper received a deluge of complaining letters and phone calls, describing the obituary as "dirty," "low-down," "insane," "pretty lousy," and so on. One man wrote: "If you can't say anything nice, don't say anything." A clergyman asked every member of his congregation to complain, and 30 of them did. The newspaper finally felt compelled to defend itself, which it did in a rather lame editorial on their duty to "report the facts." They said:

> Ministerial indignation, after a long silence in the face of the harsh and sordid activities going on, finally boils up—not about those activities. BUT BECAUSE WE MENTIONED THEM . . .
>
> If some do not like to face facts, we can't help it.
>
> If some cannot get indignant over acts of degradation—but only over being unpleasantly reminded of them—we can't help it.
>
> We can't turn our backs on the realities in the name of "good taste." The bad taste of too many nasty truths is in our mouths.
>
> We don't make the record. We just report it as best we can.

The editor did not realize that kindness to the dead really had little to do with the furor. After all, Lee Harvey Oswald had been described as an assassin, Al Capone as a gangster, Hitler as a dictator, etc., without arousing such a storm. It was not disrespect for the dead, but the overt admission that Peoria had been graced with the presence of a whorehouse for a number of years, that bugged the protestors.

The upshot of it all, however, was a letter to the newspaper from a reader who seemed to be genuinely concerned with "speaking good of the dead." This letter stated:

> Mrs. LaMarr . . . took in the poor, fed them, clothed them, and saw that they existed as human beings when they were down and out. Also, if you would be brave enough, I can name prominent people who availed themselves of her profession. Maybe yourself.
>
> The good in Ethel LaMarr, God rest her soul, you did not care to print, because it was not in your police files . . . But many, many people will confirm that she, over a period of 30 to 40 years, contributed to the police benevolent fund for an estimated sum of $10,000.

That last line is so rich that I forbear to detract from its luminosity by adding any comment of my own.

John Watson
Peoria, Illinois

DIXIE DOXIES

In the May installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, Hefner quotes Benjamin and Masters: "But even at the height of anti-prostitution zeal, there has rarely, if ever, been a time in any civilized country when prostitution was not commonplace—and when those who legislated against prostitution, along with those who paid lip service to the legislation, did not in large numbers avail themselves of the sex services of the women they condemned."

This reminds me of a recent visit to a small town on the outskirts of Charleston, South Carolina. To get to it, one has to drive north for quite a few miles through nothing but swampland. Suddenly you pass what appears to be a huge country mansion, set back from the road. There are always several expensive new cars parked in front. This establishment is the biggest house of prostitution in South Carolina. It is commonly known that the state's top politicians and businessmen frequent the place. It has been in operation now for several years and appears to be a financial success.

Funny how these customers have never taken any action to change the laws that make criminals of the girls whose services they themselves use. Hypocrisy in action!

Tom Walsh
Los Angeles, California

MURPHY BED HOAX

Prostitutes harm nobody and even perform socially useful labor, and the police should leave them alone. Like all other learned professions, whoredom is entitled to social acceptance and respect. However, vice-squad cops have to live, too, and it would be unfair to take their jobs away and force them to become welfare clients. Therefore, I submit that the vice squads should be maintained and given a new assignment: tracking down and arresting girls who "do the Murphy."

If you don't know about the Murphy, let me explain. This is a confidence game, now popular among some East Village chicks here in New York, who regard it as a delightful prank to play on squares. A girl who is doing the Murphy carries a spare dress, of acetate, inside her bra. She works in cahoots with an unscrupulous hotel clerk. The mark takes her up to a hotel room, where she strips down to bra and panties, then asks for payment. The mark pays, satisfied that she can't run off without her dress. Receiving the money, she steps into the john, supposedly to prepare herself, but actually she hauls out the acetate dress, puts it on, ducks through to the next room and runs like hell.

As you can see, this is cruel and inhuman chicanery and should be stamped out with all deliberate speed.

Henry Whitney
New York, New York

PROSTITUTION, ITALIAN STYLE

I would like to add some observations to your excellent analysis of prostitution in Italy (May *Philosophy*).

Like any other civilized person, I deplore the demeaning, exploitative and coercive aspects of prostitution, and I welcomed enactment in Italy of the Merlin antibrothel law in September 1958. Since then I have had second thoughts on the entire question of prostitution and society's attitude toward it.

When the Merlin Law shut down the "closed houses," as brothels are known in Italy, numerous Italians—most of them staunch Catholics—warned of the consequences to follow. They were poohpoohed by progressive people like me who laughed at their claims that hotblooded Italian males needed a sexual outlet. Idealist that I am, I sided with Senator Lina Merlin, sponsor of the controversial law, who fought courageously for ten years to get it approved. Contrary to what her critics said, *Signora* Merlin—one of the world's authorities on prostitution—was not seeking to wipe out prostitution (she herself admits it's almost impossible) but to remove the government from the business of licensing

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brothels. Her second aim was to free prostitutes from such Fascist hangover controls as the notorious dossier system, and to help them rehabilitate themselves by according them equal rights with other women and protection under the law. For this reason *Signora* Merlin, a true humanitarian and idealist, is known in Italy as the "friend of the prostitutes," with all that that can imply. A good Socialist, she was convinced that prostitution is economically motivated and that, given the opportunity, the majority of whores would turn to a more respectable existence.

The Merlin Law coincided with the sharp economic upswing known as the Italian Miracle. The Miracle opened up new job opportunities for men and women alike in all fields and endeavors. Unemployment dropped, accompanied by a growing shortage of skilled industrial labor. Maids, once available for a lira, fell into short supply, saddling Italy with a maid-shortage problem rivaling that in the U. S. Affluence set in, prompting Italians to boast that "America" had at last come to Italy. Does this mean that prostitution dropped with the rising good times? To the contrary. Prostitution experienced a "great leap forward," and today it is estimated there are from 200,000 to 1,000,000 full-time or part-time whores in Italy. The number of streetwalkers—known as "campfire girls" or "fireflies" for their custom of standing around bonfires in winter—swelled visibly, making for facetious talk of the need for "widening the sidewalks." New types of whores made their debut in Italy: the *ragazze squillo* or callgirls and the "klaxon girls" who drive about in fancy cars picking up customers. The daily papers are full of ads by "manicurists" and "massagers" who carefully note that there is no concierge in their building to see who comes and goes. What is significant, I think, is that, contrary to *Signora* Merlin's hope and expectations, good times and opportunities did not hurt prostitution but helped it tremendously, making the human body an even more desirable and profitable commodity. Alas for idealists à la Merlin, the fault seems to lie not in social conditions but in human greed.

The obvious conclusion is that, no matter what is done, prostitution seems determined to stay. It's here in bad times when women sell their bodies to survive, and it's here in good times when it becomes an easy, convenient way of acquiring the luxuries of life. Under the circumstances, what is society to do? Continue to push the old, unworkable methods or sweep the problem under the rug, hoping it will go away? The matter, I feel, calls for a new, radical approach to the entire question of prostitution and prostitutes.

I recall that Hefner, in one of his *Philosophy* installments, said that impersonal sex was better than no sex at all, and I heartily agree. Prostitution, therefore, could be considered better than no sex at all, certainly better than homosexuality and other deviations. Going one step further, couldn't prostitution have a definite place in society, filling a very deep need that society currently refuses to acknowledge? Why does society refuse to recognize this need and its fulfillment by the ancient (and onetime honored) practice of prostitution? Because it feels sorry for the poor women involved? Not at all. Society condemns prostitution principally because it takes a very dim view of nonmarital sex, inspired as it is by Judaeo-Christian sex morality. It's as simple as that. There are sexless forms of prostitution, which are prostitution nevertheless, that society doesn't object to at all.

I am not advocating a return to prostitution in its present forms. I do ask whether society's opposition is honest and not purely puritanical and whether it's at all possible—in some future, enlightened period—to make prostitution clean, safe and respectable. Wouldn't this be the answer for those people who need sex, who for some reason can't get it, but for whom celibacy is difficult or impossible? The men who benefit from a sexually permissive society are those handsome types who can get all they want anyway. The majority, the ordinary Joes, still have to scratch for the little bit they manage to get. For them, safe and sane prostitution, purged of its sordid, coercive aspects, would be the answer to their sex needs. The young men, especially, would have a sure alternative to sex-at-any-price with its attendant guilt feelings or that of rushing into marriage as a sexual exercise. As a father of three, I would much prefer to see my children grow up in a society that tolerates controlled prostitution than one that promotes and encourages free love.

Barring some socioeconomic miracle, love-for-sale is here to stay. Even the miracle-working Soviets never licked the problem, despite their claims to the contrary. In the eastern-European satellites, prostitution has tended to increase with improved living conditions. At the Fiat plant in Turin there are girls who, when vacation time rolls around, roll themselves in the hay to pick up extra vacation money. And in Greece it's an accepted practice for girls and married women to lend themselves out to augment their allowance from parents or husbands.

In short, whores are whores because they want to be whores and not because someone holds a gun to their heads. Perhaps in an idealistic, utopian society where money is at last divorced from human relationships, prostitution will finally disappear, but I doubt it.

Giuseppe De Santello
Rome, Italy

RELUCTANT PRAISE

Although I still believe that God intended sexual intercourse for marriage, let me congratulate Mr. Hefner for the stand he is taking in his *Playboy Philosophy*.

I think that *The Playboy Philosophy* is changing our society to a certain degree. We can see it all around us. I realize it more than most because I have the opportunity to work with young people. Some of the major religious denominations, which I had always thought were basically faithful to their old doctrines, believe most of what Mr. Hefner is trying to get across. I have found that the clergy will not express it openly, but that they agree with the *Philosophy* in private.

Charley R. Carpenter
Marion, South Carolina

"IS PLAYBOY DEAD?"

As a seminarian (I am now in my sixth year of study for the priesthood), I have had ample opportunity to observe Christian philosophy in both theory and practice. For the past couple of years, I have been reading PLAYBOY and thus have also come into contact with *The Playboy Philosophy*.

The best yardstick for any philosophy is its ability to come to grips with the social and moral problems of the age in which it attempts to operate. This is where PLAYBOY succeeds and Christianity fails. Imposing past traditions and laws on modern and totally different situations, instead of trying to adapt to the circumstances, is worse than useless—it is destructive. God isn't dead, but the philosophy of H's disciples is.

Though I don't agree with all that Mr. Hefner's philosophical editorials propose, I certainly admire his approach to today's problems. He endeavors to solve today's social problems with new and fresh ideas—ideas that correspond to contemporary thought, not ideas that try to contradict it.

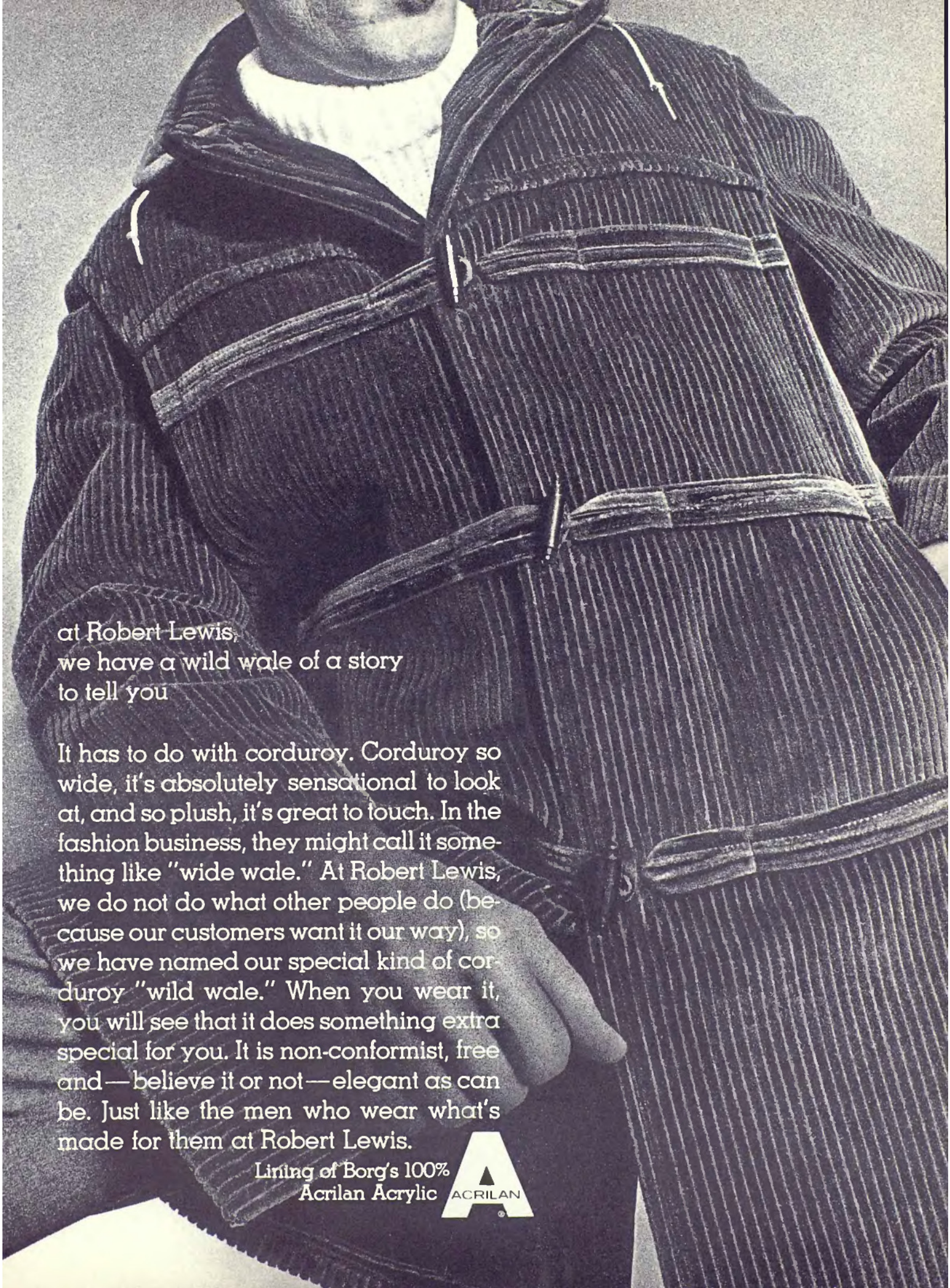
The Playboy Philosophy might not be perfect; but then, you never hear anyone ask, "Is PLAYBOY dead?"

Thom Gier
Immaculate Conception Seminary
Conception, Missouri

PREACHER'S PET

Have you seen the glorious article about your *Philosophy* by Theodore Peterson, Dean of the College of Journalism and Communication, University of Illinois, in *Columbia Journalism Review*? Let me quote some excerpts:

> *Christian Herald*, *Commonweal* and *Commentary* now share clergymen's reading tables with the continued-next-month *Philosophy* of Hugh Hefner . . .
>
> If PLAYBOY has not exactly discovered religion, religion has discovered



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PLAYBOY. A minister of the United Church of Christ in Pittsburgh recently remarked, "The average minister's sermons would be more relevant if PLAYBOY were required reading." The minister to students at the Wesley Foundation at Indiana University has called the magazine's position "more authentically Christian than much that is heard from pulpits today." . . .

Religious magazines have been giving Hefner and his *Philosophy* serious and sometimes learned attention . . .

In PLAYBOY itself, clergymen of various faiths are having their say, pro and con, about the new morality, of which Hefner seems to have emerged as Moses . . .

In the past year Hefner has received several hundred invitations to make personal appearances, most of them from religious groups that want him to speak or appear on panels . . .

In an analysis of Playboyism in *Dialog*, Jerome Nilssen, an editor for the Lutheran Church in America, concluded, "Still, Hefner is right about a lot of things. There is a hypocritical disparity between our society's sexual standards and actual sexual behavior; there are many ridiculous and ignorant sex laws in the statute books of every state; and there is precious little, if any, intelligent censorship. And PLAYBOY has performed a service for the Christian Church in emphasizing the fact that the Ten Commandments and the 'marriage' of Adam and Eve are no longer generally accepted as the basis for sex relationships. And PLAYBOY has also clearly articulated the question whether sex relationships need to be permanent in order to be genuine and moral." . . .

Less than two hours after being freed from West Virginia state penitentiary, Donn Caldwell wrote PLAYBOY a letter thanking it for helping to effect his release. He had served more than two years of a one-to-ten-year sentence for what PLAYBOY regarded as an archaic sexual offense. And Hefner evidently has begun to achieve what he says is important—a discussion between the laity and clergy of social and sexual mores.

Who would have guessed, a few years ago, that PLAYBOY would eventually emerge as preacher's pet?

Larry S. Dunn
Los Angeles, California

PHILOSOPHIC GOLD MINE

If Mr. Hefner's *Philosophy* is of no value to anyone else, may I say that it has been a gold mine to me.

Unfortunately, I have a very short life expectancy. Due to a physical ailment, I will very shortly pass on, unless science and God pardon me.

In any event, that isn't my real problem. My problem is this:

My wife has vowed time and again that there would never be another man in her life if anything were to happen to me.

When I learned of my situation, I dug out my old copies of PLAYBOY and made my wife read them. We had many discussion sessions into the early-morning hours. In the beginning she objected to everything. Her thinking was purely and simply Calvinistic and puritan. She gave the usual objection: "Hefner believes in promiscuity." I defied her to actually show me in print where he makes this statement. She couldn't find anything, of course.

I finally convinced her that she had proclaimed exclusive faith and allegiance to me because of her puritan idea that it would be dirty and obscene to have intercourse with another man, even if she married him. Now I have the comfort of knowing that she has changed her ideology and has a healthy outlook on sex.

The Playboy Philosophy is an important part of today's society. May Hefner's life be long and fruitful, and may he share some of the happiness and comfort he has given to others.

Please don't print my name, because my wife does not yet know of my illness.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

THE RAVAGES OF MATRICULATION

Some time ago, PLAYBOY satirized the sex manuals in an excellent spoof of the dim jargon and gross misinformation typical of this genre (*The Official Sex Manual*, October 1965). Among other foolishness served up by the author, he said that "matriculation" will cause blindness. As it turns out, his satire isn't so far from true life. A report in a recent issue of the medical periodical *Medical Tribune* gives an example of physicians' illiteracy with respect to sex: A survey of five Philadelphia medical schools showed that half of the students and 20 percent of the faculty still thought that masturbation resulted in mental illness.

Carl Kern
Ardmore, Pennsylvania

Mr. Kern is referring to "The Birds and the Bees in Medical Schools," Medical Tribune, February 12, 1966. In addition to being superstitious about masturbation, many doctors are also upset by the frequent necessity of examining nude or nearly nude patients, the same article reveals. "This has led to instances of physicians who are loath to examine certain [parts], so that disease states may go undetected until too late." The faculty of one medical school, the same article notes, was hesitant to offer a course in sex because "only nuts have sex problems."

PADDLE PUT-DOWN

I tried spanking my girl and it didn't work. I got mad at her the other evening (she had burned the toast) and took her across my knee and pulled her skirt up over her shoulders—but when I jerked her pants down, I wasn't mad at her anymore. I don't see how a man can lay a violent hand on a thing so beautiful.

Otto A. Steen
Bishop, California

ARMS AND THE MAN

General Hershey has frequently declared that there is a dangerous shortage of eligible men to serve in the Armed Forces. Yet more than 17,000,000 men and women who are morally and physically qualified to fight for their country are denied this right simply because they are homosexuals. Further: Evaders of military service are making widespread use of the antihomosexual rule to escape the draft by falsely claiming to be homosexual.

Millions of homosexual men and women have served with honor as soldiers, sailors, airmen and Marines in the wars of our country, past and present. But, to be allowed to serve, these brave and honorable people had to swear falsely before the examining boards, denying the truth about themselves under oath. Many thousands of these have been dishonorably discharged after loyal service for no other reason than being discovered to be homosexual.

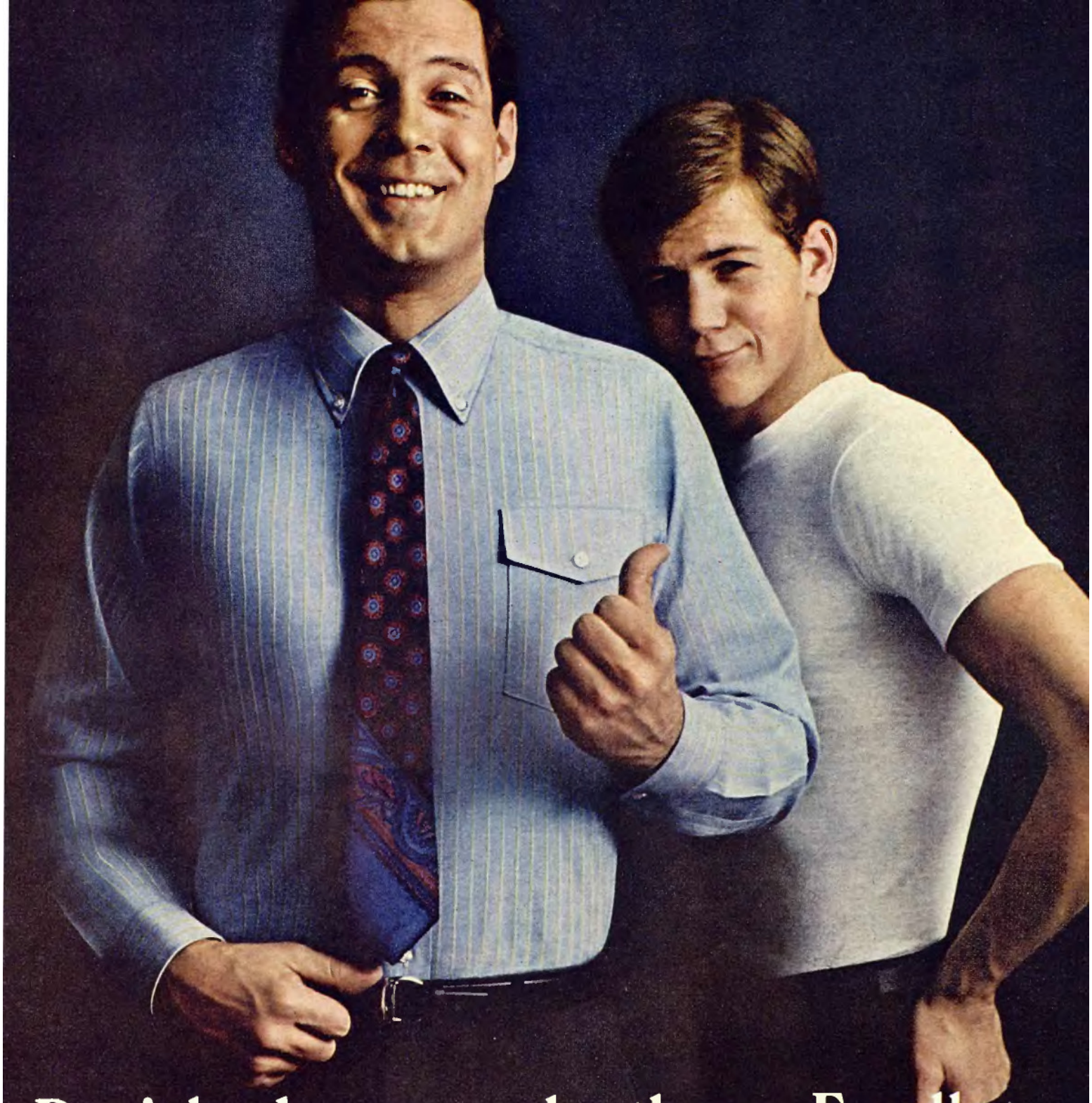
We should end this waste of needed manpower and the unjustified denial of the right of a loyal citizen to serve his country in war. We should close this loophole for draft evaders.

Committee to Fight Exclusion
of Homosexuals from the
Armed Forces
Los Angeles, California

PILL GUILT AND ABORTION ANGUISH

I believe that my story can serve as a graphic illustration of why the beliefs presented in *The Playboy Philosophy* offer a much more realistic approach to modern living than the beliefs so tenaciously held by so many people in this country today.

I am a 23-year-old woman, brought up, like so many of my generation, with the firmly inculcated belief that "nice people don't do that sort of thing," meaning sexual intercourse. Then I went away to college and found that many people whom I considered very nice people *did* do that sort of thing. This left me with one of two conclusions: either that they weren't really nice people or that it wasn't such an awful thing after all. The first conclusion didn't seem



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And we stitched the seams so they'd never pucker or stretch out of shape.

And we added little extra touches like satin sleeve linings.

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And permanent Bachelor Buttons.®

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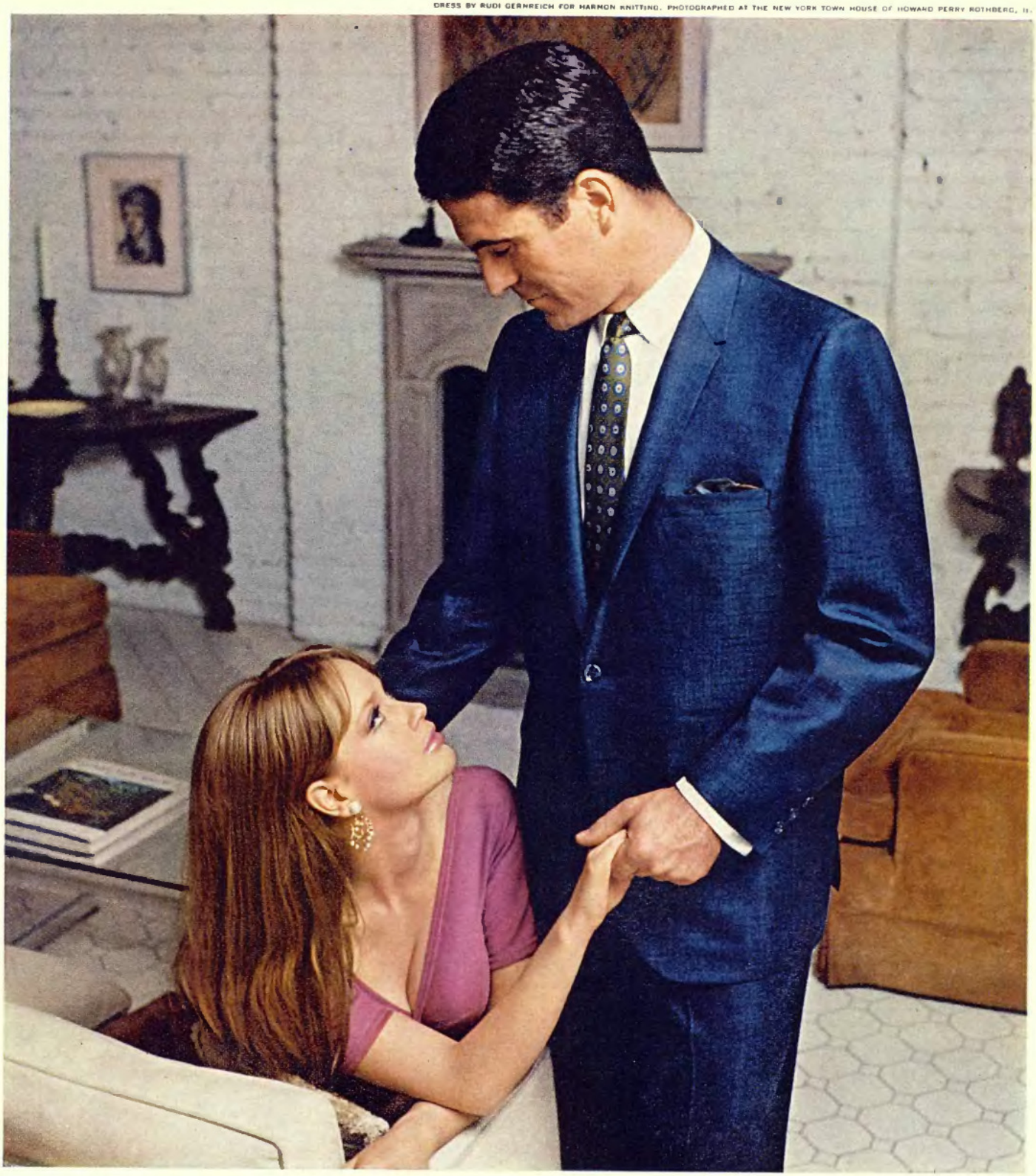
DRESS BY RUDI GERNREICH FOR HARMON KNITTING. PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE NEW YORK TOWN HOUSE OF HOWARD PERRY ROTHBERG, II.



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very logical; these people were my classmates and contemporaries with ideas very much like my own in many fields. Hence, I concluded that sex was not really the evil that it had been cooked up to be.

However, just enough of my mother's teaching remained to complicate matters. First of all, as long as I could convince myself that it "just happened" and that I hadn't set out deliberately to have relations with someone, then it was all right. However, if I were to go to the doctor or the drugstore to get some means of contraception, this would be admitting that the act was deliberate. When I finally forced myself to get the pills it was too late—I was pregnant.

There were many worried discussions with my boyfriend—our relationship had been cooling for some time. Since we didn't want to marry, and I didn't want to quit school, we decided on abortion. Let me tell you, the girl who wrote the letter about abortion in your March *Forum* was not exaggerating one bit. It was horrible! I can still remember the pain.

I had been advised by a wise and kind adult to be sure to visit a physician the moment I returned, because of the danger of infection. Everyone knows, I am sure, that since the operation is illegal, it is usually done in some back room under conditions that are not the most sanitary. This place was no exception. By the time I got back to the campus, I was suffering excruciating abdominal cramps.

I went immediately to the college physician, who placed me in the infirmary. It turned out that he had to do the whole operation a second time. This time it was legal, could be done in a hospital under sanitary conditions and was perfectly painless and easy, since it was done under anesthesia. I recuperated rapidly.

It was quite a while before all the damage was undone, however. At first I was understandably afraid of sex, but realized in time that it wasn't sex that had been to blame, but the irrational guilt I felt about sex because of my upbringing, which had kept me from properly protecting myself once I started having sex. I began the pills again and had a wonderful love affair with a man who really turned me on. We are now happily married.

Please keep up your crusade for more humane abortion laws: Save other girls from the pain I endured. And please, please keep stressing the fact that, while legal abortions are certainly called for, there is no substitute for contraception.

(Name withheld by request)
San Diego, California

ABORTION BUTCHERY

The horror stories about illegal abortion in *The Playboy Forum* are certainly typical of the butchery that goes on. The quacks are only one part of the evil, however. I am outraged by the much more subtle horrors a woman often faces at the hands of the police in such situations.

I was fortunate enough to find a kind, sympathetic and competent doctor to perform an abortion for me; but a few days after I had received the first in a series of abortion-inducing injections, two policemen showed up at my front door.

During the hours of interrogation that followed, they threatened me with jail and the subsequent loss of custody of my two-year-old child, and they informed me that the injection the doctor had given me would result in a deformed child instead of aborting it. To quote, "If you will cooperate with us and admit your reasons for visiting this doctor, we will give you the name of the drug he used. If you don't cooperate, well, then I'm afraid we just can't help you. Your unborn child might be born without arms or legs or be mentally retarded. Make your choice!"

I would like to emphasize that later I found out that the drug used could in no way have harmed an unborn child, a fact these "upholders of truth and law and order" were well aware of.

As a result of all this, and because I could not, at that time, determine what drug the doctor had used, I was forced to seek an abortion from the first butcher I could find. I might point out that I would rather have faced the possibility of death at the hands of an incompetent abortionist than testify against this doctor, which points out the fierce loyalty most women feel toward a doctor who will help them in their hour of desperation. Consequently, I wound up in the hospital as an emergency patient for surgery as a result of the bloody job that was done on me.

So, after all was said and done, the police only succeeded in curtailing the activities of a responsible abortionist and gave the butchers another victim.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

ABORTION INITIATIVE

The California Committee to Legalize Abortion has been formed to secure for all women the legal right to have an abortion for any reason whatsoever and, expressly, to repeal the existing state abortion laws (California Penal Code Sections 274, 275 and 276). We believe that it is the woman—not the state—who should determine the outcome of her pregnancy. We feel the state has no right to force a woman to give birth to an unwanted child.

Because the legislature has not acted on this problem, we are going directly to the people via an initiative. To do this, we need enough volunteers to collect over 500,000 signatures and bring the issue to the attention of the general public. Once we have ensured that the initiative will appear on the ballot in November 1968, we will devote our efforts to persuading the public to accept the initiative.

Gary Knecht, Chairman
California Committee to
Legalize Abortion
P. O. Box 981
Berkeley, California

ILLNESS IN ILLINOIS

I have great admiration for Hefner's *Playboy Philosophy*—not just his careful research and scrupulous logic, but the courage he has shown in charging head on against entrenched and powerful interests.

He has mentioned that he will discuss narcotics in a future issue, and I would like to suggest a few thoughts on that subject. Here in Illinois it is utterly impossible for an addict to get a dose of medication legally, no matter what he does. The Federal Bureau of Narcotics will make no trouble for a doctor if he treats the addict for withdrawal on an emergency basis. The law is not the problem; the problem is the complete lack of interest by the medical profession itself here in Illinois.

I don't mean that doctors should supply us with drugs—that is so far away it is absurd even to think of—but there are many non-narcotic substances (such as methadone) that they can prescribe for withdrawal. Why won't they?

The addict here has three choices:

1. He can be committed to the Illinois State Mental Hospital (Dunning) for six months. He will receive no medication during withdrawal.

2. He can be committed to the Manteno hospital for the criminally insane for 90 days. No medication.

3. Just recently the City of Chicago created a ward of *12 beds* in Cook County jail for junkies. To gain admission you must go to court and plead guilty to a narcotics misdemeanor and pay a $100 fine. The criminal record stays on file, and any potential employer can gain access to it.

The out-of-state alternative is the narcotics hospital at Lexington, Kentucky. This is not a hospital but a Federal prison. I doubt if one percent of its inmates are cured upon leaving.

The physical withdrawal from narcotics, contrary to popular beliefs, is not completed in three or four days. Most of the agony continues for three weeks. You bang your head against the wall just to experience a more "human" and "normal" kind of pain. The teeth loosen, perspiration pours out in floods and you vomit and defecate endlessly. The muscles cramp and stay cramped until you think they've turned into rocks, and the cold chills go on and on, with flashes

of burning in between. The term "monkey on my back" is not just a glib expression.

Sure, some junkies never will want to quit. But most of us are tired of the frantic pace of stealing and scheming, the shame of facing our friends and families who have given beyond their capacities, the whole dead-end street we are walking like zombies. Does this sound like a sob story? I assure you we don't want pity—we want the laws changed to make it possible for us to help ourselves.

We are a minority that cannot stage protest marches or sit-ins. We need a voice to speak for us, and I hope you will be such a voice when you treat the subject of narcotics in *The Playboy Philosophy*.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

THE ANTI-POT CONSPIRACY

Recently one of my employees, a boy I trust and respect, was arrested on a marijuana charge. He is a person of superior intelligence, an eminently responsible and fine person, with no previous criminal record and no criminal tendencies. A brilliant student and a devout Quaker, he used marijuana as a means to personal religious experience, as the Moslems and Hindus have often used it. He was caught, and is now beginning a two-year term in the Cheshire Reformatory among delinquents, thieves, rapists and other criminals.

His sentence has led me to investigate the subject of marijuana and I now feel certain that its illegality and evil reputation are the results of a carefully directed campaign emanating from the liquor and tobacco industries. Marijuana was legal and respectable until the middle of the great Depression. At that time, the liquor and tobacco industries both maintained powerful lobbies in Washington, each of which was attempting to shift burdensome taxation to the other. At this point, due to its association with popular jazz musicians, marijuana became a college fad, and the two warring lobbies, overnight, joined forces to crush this unexpected competitor.

Mayor La Guardia of New York, a few years later, appointed a group of doctors to examine the marijuana "menace," and, to his surprise, they wrote a report proving objectively that it was harmless, nonaddictive and preferable to both liquor and tobacco. As an example of the continuing conspiracy against marijuana, its defenders say, copies of the La Guardia Committee report have mysteriously disappeared from libraries across the nation. I can personally verify that it took me three weeks to find a copy through a rare-book dealer.

Being too foxy to hope to conceal the actual facts about marijuana's harmlessness any longer, the drink-and-smoke alliance now resorts to the lame cant that using marijuana can lead to using heroin. Actually, it is a verifiable statistic that most marijuana users do not "graduate" to heroin, any more than booze drinkers or cigarette smokers do.

The sad thing is that most people, even if convinced that the anti-marijuana law is foolish, are not willing to get involved in changing it. Why bother, when there are much more serious problems around—problems like Vietnam, the bomb, the population explosion, Mao and paying the bills? But our prisons and reformatories are full of people who are spending an average of five years behind bars for a crime no different than most of our parents committed during the era of alcohol prohibition.

Richard A. Rainsford
Ridgefield, Connecticut

PLAYBOY IN SWEDEN

We have observed here in Sweden much interest in *The Playboy Philosophy*, and we feel there would be an excellent market here for a single book incorporating these articles.

Therefore, we would like to publish such a book in this country.

Martin Raberg
Universal Press
Stockholm, Sweden

CALIFORNIA CLEANUP

California is still the cuckoo capital of the nation. A group of our local loonies is now engaged in attempting to bulldoze into law a censorship system so outlandish that the cemetery guards must be hearing weird cackles and guffaws from George Orwell's grave. California already has an anti-pornography law, but this law is so poorly written (from the right-wingers' point of view) that all it does is ban pornography. A better-written law, banning anything that the right-wingers don't like, has been their goal for a long time, but repeated failures to ram such a law through the state legislature—the latest failure was during the general sessions of 1965—have convinced them that there is no hope in that quarter. Now they are trying to push their proposal through as an initiative in the November election.

These intellectual basket cases are operating under the name CLEAN, which stands for California League Enlisting Action Now, a name that is about as vague as their published descriptions of what their initiative will contain. Their strategy is to get as much gullible support as possible before allowing the full details of the initiative to get into print and become subject to controversy. However, Jack Alex, deputy district attorney of Los Angeles—who has a professional reputation as a smut hunter himself and often lectures to P. T. A.s on the "menace" of pornography—has been quoted in the press to the effect that he has seen the initiative and judges it to be unconstitutional. Mr. Alex added that the measures in the initiative amount to "thought control." Harry Wood, chief of the appellate section of the L. A. district attorney's office, has told the press, "We had hoped to support the initiative, but to be objective, we have to oppose it. Parts of it are unconstitutional." Deputy district attorney William McGinley added that CLEAN was asked to change some parts of the initiative judged unconstitutional by the D. A.'s office, but "the representatives of CLEAN said they would not."

Published reports indicate that the initiative allows a private citizen to begin a prosecution even if the district attorney thinks the case lacks sufficient grounds, and forbids a judge from dismissing a pornography case. Thus, any puritanical nut in the state has a good chance of railroading a publisher to prison even if experienced judges and district attorneys regard the complaint as illegal. Finally, the initiative hands all obscenity cases to juries—(can't trust these judges, you know; some of them read books)—and allows the jury even to determine the fines and punishments. In short, no elected officials inhibited by the Constitution will be able to stop the mob from crucifying any heretic in sight. Lovely?

The funny part of it (if you enjoy black humor) is that this sunny and delightful state has enough crackpots in it to pass such an initiative.

Robert Wicker
Los Angeles, California

On May 1, 1966, the petition supporting the initiative was presented to the state legislature. By California law, only 168,000 signatures were needed to get the initiative on the ballot in November; 500,000 signatures were presented. The initiative, accordingly, will come to a vote in November.

Meanwhile, action against CLEAN has begun. A group called Californians Against Absurd Censorship has been formed, with poet and critic Kenneth Rexroth as chairman. Rexroth told the press that "thought control" was the real aim of the CLEAN people:

> *The issue of sex is simply their launching pad. . . . This same group has harassed booksellers and periodical distributors to remove not only "suggestive" material but such thought-provoking journals as* The Nation, The New Republic, Harper's, Commentary, Ramparts *and even books on astrology.*

BOOB-TUBE BOOBERY

The mind of the censor is as mysterious as the god he worships. Dig the following reasoning, from a recent story in the *Omaha World*:

> Tom Moore, president of the American Broadcasting Company,

September through March. Enjoy the climate of the St. Moritz warmcoat for seven exciting months. Package plan includes: handsome water and wind repellent Dacron®/cotton poplin, full lining of the finest imported alpaca pile, alpaca collar up to your ears in warmth, great tailoring and style savvy, the new "short look" with generous side vents. No extra charge for the new friends and relationships you'll find in the St. Moritz. Boyd's, St. Louis; J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Rike-Kumler, Dayton; Shillito's, Cincinnati; John Wanamaker (University Shop), Philadelphia; and other fine stores.

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indicated that he will prohibit the showing of the movie *The Apartment* on ABC. Reason: It dealt with an illicit relationship.

It was suggested that illicit relationships are frequently part of the story line on the regular ABC show *Peyton Place*. Mr. Moore countered thus: "Yes, but they're serious about such affairs in *Peyton Place*. In *The Apartment* they have illicit relationships for the fun of it."

The implications of this seem to be that sex is sinful when pleasurable but not sinful when unpleasurable; or, in other words, that the impotent and frigid are immaculately sinless.

Henry Brown
Omaha, Nebraska

POSTAL PRIVACY CONTINUED

Recently a friend of mine and I sent some negatives through the mail to my brother for printing. These pictures were of a rock-'n'-roll band and the only dirty thing about them was the condition in which the negatives arrived: They were scratched and soiled and had fingerprints on them.

My friend and I are both photographers and know how to handle negatives. This leads me to believe that they were opened and examined. The negatives were in perfect condition when we mailed them. We had even asked a clerk at the post office for instructions in mailing them, and we followed his advice to the letter.

I personally think there should be an investigation into postal operating procedures. I don't think what is contained in a letter is anyone's business except the sender's and the receiver's. It is about time postal authorities stopped reading other people's mail and started delivering it faster and in better condition.

Howard Mitz
Madison, Wisconsin

H. B. Montague, Chief Inspector of the Post Office Department, swore at Congressional hearings investigating invasions of privacy: "The seal on a first-class piece of mail is sacred. When a person puts first-class postage on a piece of mail and seals it, he can be sure that the contents of that piece of mail are secure against illegal search and seizure." Yet we have heard frequent allegations to the contrary. If you have evidence that postal employees are profaning the sanctity of first-class mail, you are in an excellent position to initiate your own investigation. We suggest your brother have copies of the fingerprints made at a detective agency and then send them, along with at least one of the negatives, to Senator Edward V. Long, Chairman of the Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure, Room 3214, New Senate Office Building, Washington, D. C. Since fingerprint files are kept on all permanent post-office employees, it should be a simple matter to discover if one of them did, indeed, tamper with your mail.

Having been employed by a mail-order photo-processing company, I am familiar with the laws of obscenity. We were not allowed to print a negative that showed the genitals of a man or woman, unless such a photo was requested by a medical or legal organization. We were asked by the postal authorities to hold such negatives, along with the names and addresses of the persons who sent them in, and these were to be given to postal inspectors. We remained loyal to our customers and did not follow this request. All such negatives were destroyed and a note sent to the customer explaining our reason for not processing them.

One of our customers was the subject of an investigation after a postal official saw the outline of a nude man and woman through a thin envelope. The photo was of a statue that stands in the Brookgreen Gardens at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. This did not prevent the embarrassment suffered by the customer when the post office insisted that he show them the contents of the letter.

C. Brown
Raleigh, North Carolina

About seven years ago, I received a letter advertising some girlie photos, and the same night a postal inspector came to the door and asked me to surrender the letter. At first I refused; but then we had a long discussion in which he tried various approaches ranging from "We know you've got it—you might as well give it up" to "Personally, I agree with you, but I'm just doing my job" and finally, "I don't know how much you know about the law, but there's a five-hundred-dollar fine for failure to cooperate with us."

I don't believe now and I didn't believe then that I could be fined for keeping a piece of first-class mail addressed to me; but, on the other hand, I didn't know much about the law and I was afraid, so I gave him the letter.

The inspector stressed the fact that I was giving it to him voluntarily. I said, "You threaten me with a five-hundred-dollar fine and call it voluntary?"

Some months later, there was a grand-jury hearing at which I appeared as one of about 20 witnesses. All I was asked on the witness stand was to verify the fact that I had received the letter. Since I had made it clear beforehand that I didn't consider the material obscene, the prosecutor didn't ask me for any comment.

Four months later, two men called on me. One identified himself as being from the post office. I assumed the other was also. They told me they knew I had been sending away for obscene material, and they wanted to know just whom I had been in correspondence with and what I had bought.

I admitted that I had bought some girlie pictures through the mail and had received ads for many others that I didn't buy. I even gave them a set of pictures I had received. They were obviously disappointed, since they were just nudes, and especially because there was no envelope proving the pictures had come through the mail.

I never saw those particular men again, but in the ensuing months I know my mail was watched. At least three or four pieces of first-class mail were opened—letters from my mother, for instance—although I can't say for sure who did it.

It must have been about a year later when I got my next visit. This time I was a little less naïve and I denied any illegal correspondence of any kind. As a matter of fact, this was true. I have never received anything through the mail that I would call obscene. The postal inspector told me in so many words that he didn't think I was being completely honest with him. I replied that I, on the other hand, didn't think the post office was being completely honest in opening my first-class mail. He quickly denied that anything of the kind had happened. He finally left with neither of us believing the other.

That was four or five years ago and I have had no official visits since then. I have not been jailed, fined or disgraced in the eyes of my employer, so an outsider would say that I haven't suffered. On the other hand, I have been through hell, emotionally, knowing that there is a folder with my name on it somewhere in the dirty-pictures section of the post-office files.

Please do not print my name—if my folder is, finally, in the inactive file, I'd like it to stay there.

(Name withheld by request)
Grand Rapids, Michigan

About two years ago, there appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle* a number of ads in the "personal" column, worded to the effect that "liberal couple will exchange thoughts with similar couples or persons." The address given was a box number, in care of the paper. A couple who were employed by the newspaper inserted a similar ad, listing a post-office box in a nearby town. I wrote to them. My letter was very general and merely sought their views. A reply came quickly and they were very insistent on another letter from me. Luckily, I delayed for about a week and a half.

One morning the headlines screamed: SEX CLUB EXPOSED. In the front-page story, the couple described their bait and some of the replies they had received.

(continued on page 197)

Face it. You're nowhere, man, if you're out of it, looks wise. In this mixed up world appearance does count. And that's where we come in. We make Broomsticks just for you. So you can look as great as you can. All the time. Without getting hung up on care and cleaning bills. Broomsticks come in all your favorite fabrics. In homespuns, flannels, reverse twists, even permanent press corduroys. Priced from $8 to $11. So you don't have to blow your budget. Just your horn. At all fine stores or write to Glen Oaks, 16 East 34th Street, N.Y.C.

BROOMSTICKS

SLACKS BY GLEN OAKS

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Are we changing the "Winston tastes good" slogan?
Not quite.

To Winston smokers, it's still "like a cigarette should."
But to the rest of you, it's "like your cigarette should."

Get the message? Unless your cigarette is Winston,
you're missing out on the best taste in filter cigarettes.

So change to Winston and change for good—for good taste.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TIMOTHY LEARY

a candid conversation with the controversial ex–harvard professor, prime partisan and prophet of LSD

On a sunny Saturday afternoon in 1960, beside the swimming pool of his rented summer villa in Cuernavaca, a 39-year-old American ate a handful of odd-looking mushrooms he'd bought from the witch doctor of a nearby village. Within minutes, he recalled later, he felt himself "being swept over the edge of a sensory niagara into a maelstrom of transcendental visions and hallucinations. The next five hours could be described in many extravagant metaphors, but it was above all and without question the deepest religious experience of my life." The implications of that fateful first communion are as yet unmeasured; that they are both far-reaching and profound, however, is generally conceded—for the fungi were the legendary "sacred mushrooms" that have since become known, and feared by many, as one of the psychedelic (literally, mind-manifesting) chemicals that have created a national fad among the nation's young and a scandal in the press. The American was a Harvard psychotherapist named Timothy Leary, who has since found himself transmogrified from scientist and researcher into progenitor and high priest of a revolutionary movement spawned not by an idea but by a substance that's been called "the spiritual equivalent of the hydrogen bomb."

Few men, in their youth, would have seemed less likely to emerge as a religious leader, let alone as a rebel with a cause. At the age of 19, Leary distressed his Roman Catholic mother by abandoning Holy Cross two years before graduation ("The scholastic approach to religion didn't turn me on"), then affronted his father, a retired Army career officer, by walking out of West Point after 18 months ("My interests were philosophic rather than militaristic"). Not until he transferred to the University of Alabama did he begin to settle down academically—to work for his B. A. in psychology. On graduation in 1942, he enlisted as an Army psychologist, served in a Pennsylvania hospital until the end of the War, then resumed his schooling and earned his Ph. D. at the University of California at Berkeley. Acquiring both eminence and enemies with his first major jobs—as director of Oakland's progressive Kaiser Foundation Hospital and as an assistant professor at UC's School of Medicine in San Francisco—Leary began to display the courage and sometimes rash iconoclasm that have since marked every phase of his checkered career. Contending that traditional psychiatric methods were hurting as many patients as they helped, he resigned in 1958 and signed up as a lecturer on clinical psychology at Harvard. There he began to evolve and enunciate the theory of social interplay and personal behavior as so many stylized games, since popularized by Dr. Eric Berne in his best-selling book "Games People Play," and to both preach and practice the effective but unconventional new psychiatric research technique of sending his students to study emotional problems such as alcoholism where they germinate—rather than in the textbook or the laboratory.

At the time, predictably enough, few of these novel notions went over very well with Leary's hidebound colleagues. But their rumblings of skepticism rose to a chorus of outrage when Leary returned to Harvard in 1960 from his pioneering voyage into inner space—beside the swimming pool in Cuernavaca—to begin experimenting on himself, his associates and hundreds of volunteer subjects with measured doses of psilocybin, the chemical derivative of the sacred mushrooms. Vowing "to dedicate the rest of my life as a psychologist to the systematic exploration of this new instrument," he and his rapidly multiplying followers began to turn on with the other psychedelics: morning-glory seeds, nutmeg, marijuana, peyote, mescaline—and a colorless, odorless, tasteless but incredibly potent laboratory compound called LSD 25, first synthesized in 1938 by a Swiss biochemist seeking a pain killer for migraine headaches. A hundred times stronger than psilocybin, LSD sent its hallucinated users on multihued, multileveled roller-coaster rides so spectacular that it soon became Leary's primary tool for research. And as word began to circulate about the fantastic, phantasmagorical "trips" taken by his students, it soon became a clandestine campus kick, and by 1962 had become an underground cult among the

"In 3000 people that I have personally observed taking LSD, we've had only four cases of prolonged psychoses—two or three weeks after the session. All of these had been in a mental hospital before."

"An enormous amount of energy from every fiber of your body is released under LSD—especially sexual energy. There is no question that LSD is the most powerful aphrodisiac ever discovered by man."

"I think that anyone who wants to have a psychedelic experience and is willing to prepare for it and to examine his own hang-ups and neurotic tendencies should be allowed to have a crack at it."

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young avant-garde from London to Los Angeles.

By 1963, it had also become something of an embarrassment to Harvard, however, which "regretfully" dismissed Leary, and his colleague Dr. Richard Alpert, in order to stem the rising tide of avid undergraduate interest in the drug. Undaunted, they organized a privately financed research group called the International Foundation for Internal Freedom (IFIF), and set up a psychedelic study center in Zihuatanejo, Mexico; but before they could resume full-scale LSD sessions, the Mexican government stepped in, anticipating adverse popular reaction, and demanded that they leave the country.

Leary had now become not only the messiah but the martyr of the psychedelic movement. But soon afterward came a dramatic 11th-hour reprieve from a young New York millionaire named William Hitchcock, a veteran LSD voyager who believed in the importance of Leary's work—by now a mission—and toward that end turned over to him a rambling mansion on his 4000-acre estate in Millbrook, New York, which has since become not only Leary's home and headquarters but also a kind of shrine and sanctuary for psychedelic pilgrims from all over the world. On April 16 of this year, it also became a target for further harassment by what Leary calls "the forces of middle-aged, middle-class authority." Late that night, a squad of Duchess County police descended on the place, searched it from top to bottom, found a minute quantity of marijuana, and arrested four people—including Leary. If convicted, he could be fined heavily and sent to prison for 16 years. Already appealing another conviction, Leary had been arrested in Laredo the previous December as he was about to enter Mexico for a vacation, when Customs officials searched his car and found a half ounce of marijuana in the possession of his 18-year-old daughter. Despite his claim that the drug was for scientific and sacramental use in the furtherance of his work and his spiritual beliefs (as a practicing Hindu), he was fined $30,000 and sentenced to 30 years in prison for transporting marijuana and failing to pay the Federal marijuana tax.

In the months since then, the LSD controversy has continued to escalate along with Leary's notoriety—spurred by a spate of headline stories about psychedelic psychoses, dire warnings of "instant insanity" from police and public health officials, and pious editorials inveighing against the evils of the drug. In May and June, two Senate subcommittees conducted widely publicized public hearings on LSD; and three states—California, Nevada and New Jersey—enacted laws prohibiting its illicit use, possession, distribution or manufacture. With a ringing appeal for still more stringent legislation on a Federal level, Ronald Reagan even dragged the issue into his successful campaign for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in California.

It was amid this mounting outcry against the drug that PLAYBOY *asked Dr. Leary to present his side of the psychedelic story—and to answer a few pertinent questions about its putative promise and its alleged perils. Consenting readily, he invited us to visit him in Millbrook, where we found him a few days later reciting Hindu morning prayers with a group of guests in the kitchen of the 64-room mansion. He greeted us warmly and led the way to a third-floor library. Instead of sitting down in one of the room's well-worn easy chairs, he crossed the room, stepped out of an open window onto a tin roof over a second-floor bay window, and proceeded to stretch out on a double-width mattress a few feet from the edge. While we made ourself comfortable at the other end of the mattress, he opened his shirt to the warm summer sun, propped his bare feet against the shingles, looked down at the mansion's vast rolling meadow of a lawn, listened for a moment to the song of a chickadee in the branches of a tree nearby, and then turned, ready for our first question.*

PLAYBOY: How many times have you used LSD, Dr. Leary?

LEARY: Up to this moment, I've had 311 psychedelic sessions.

PLAYBOY: What do you think it's done for you—and to you?

LEARY: That's difficult to answer easily. Let me say this: I was 39 when I had my first psychedelic experience. At that time, I was a middle-aged man involved in the middle-aged process of dying. My joy in life, my sensual openness, my creativity were all sliding downhill. Since that time, six years ago, my life has been renewed in almost every dimension. Most of my colleagues at the University of California and at Harvard, of course, feel that I've become an eccentric and a kook. I would estimate that fewer than 15 percent of my professional colleagues understand and support what I'm doing. The ones who do, as you might expect, tend to be among the younger psychologists. If you know a person's age, you know what he's going to think and feel about LSD. Psychedelic drugs are the medium of the young. As you move up the age scale—into the 30s, 40s and 50s—fewer and fewer people are open to the possibilities that these chemicals offer.

PLAYBOY: Why is that?

LEARY: To the person over 35 or 40, the word "drug" means one of two things: doctor–disease or dope fiend–crime. Nothing you can say to a person who has this neurological fix on the word "drug" is going to change his mind. He's frozen like a Pavlovian dog to this conditioned reflex. To people under 25, on the other hand, the word "drug" refers to a wide range of mind benders running from alcohol, energizers and stupefiers to marijuana and the other psychedelic drugs. To middle-aged America, it may be synonymous with instant insanity, but to most Americans under 25, the psychedelic drug means ecstasy, sensual unfolding, religious experience, revelation, illumination, contact with nature. There's not a teenager or young person in the United States today who doesn't know at least one person who has had a good experience with marijuana or LSD. The horizons of the current younger generation, in terms of expanded consciousness, are light-years beyond those of their parents. The breakthrough has occurred: there's no going back. The psychedelic battle is won.

PLAYBOY: Why, then, have you called for a one-year "cease-fire" on the use of LSD and marijuana?

LEARY: Because there have never been two generations of human beings so far apart—living essentially in two different worlds, speaking two different languages—as the people under 25 and the older generation. Evolutionary misunderstanding causes bloodshed and imprisonment. To relieve this situation, I've asked the younger generation to cool it for a year and to use this moratorium period to explain to their parents—and to their jailers—what LSD and marijuana are, and why we want and intend to use them. I have made clear that this is a voluntary waiving of the constitutional right to change your own consciousness. But I suggested this as a conciliatory gesture to mollify and educate the older generation and to allow time for the younger people to learn more about how to turn on. I'm demanding that this period also be a moratorium on hysterical legislation and on punitive arrests of young people for the possession of LSD and marijuana. If, at the end of one year, the older generation has not taken advantage of this cease-fire, I predict and indeed *urge* a firm statement on the part of everyone involved that they intend to resume the use of psychedelics, to exercise their constitutional right to expand their own consciousness—whatever the cost.

PLAYBOY: What do you say to the standard charge that LSD is too powerful and dangerous to entrust to the young?

LEARY: Well, none of us yet knows exactly how LSD can be used for the growth and benefit of the human being. It is a powerful releaser of energy as yet not fully understood. But if I'm confronted with the possibility that a 15-year-old or a 50-year-old is going to use a new form of energy that he doesn't understand, I'll back the 15-year-old every time. Why? Because a 15-year-old is going to use a new form of energy to have fun, to intensify sensation, to make love, for curiosity, for personal growth. Many 50-year-olds have lost their curiosity, have lost their ability to make love, have

dulled their openness to new sensations, and would use any form of new energy for power, control and warfare. So it doesn't concern me at all that young people are taking time out from the educational and occupational assembly lines to experiment with consciousness, to dabble with new forms of experience and artistic expression. The present generation under the age of 25 is the wisest and holiest generation that the human race has ever seen. And, by God, instead of lamenting, derogating and imprisoning them, we should support them, listen to them and turn on with them.

PLAYBOY: If we wanted to take you up on that last suggestion, how would we go about it?

LEARY: Find a beloved friend who knows where to get LSD and how to run a session; or find a trusted and experienced LSD voyager to guide you on a trip.

PLAYBOY: Is it necessary to have a guide?

LEARY: Yes. Unless you have an experienced guide—at least for your first 10 or 15 sessions—it would be extremely reckless.

PLAYBOY: What if a person can't find either a guide or a source of LSD among his friends? Where does he go?

LEARY: LSD is against the law, and I certainly would not advise anyone to violate the law. I will say this, however: Throughout human history, men who have wanted to expand their consciousness, to find deeper meaning inside themselves, have been able to do it if they were willing to commit the time and energy to do so. In other times and countries, men would walk barefooted 2000 miles to find spiritual teachers who would turn them on to Buddha, Mohammed or Ramakrishna.

PLAYBOY: If you can't say where one could buy LSD, can you tell us the formula for making it? We understand it can be synthesized in any well-equipped chemical laboratory.

LEARY: That's true. But it would be irresponsible of me to reveal it. The unauthorized manufacture of LSD is now against the law.

PLAYBOY: Assuming you can get it, how do you take it? Can it be injected, or is it mostly just swallowed in a sugar cube?

LEARY: It can be injected or it can come in the form of powder or pills or in a solution, which is odorless, tasteless and colorless. In any case, you're dealing with a very minute quantity. One hundred micrograms is a moderate dose.

PLAYBOY: For a session lasting how long?

LEARY: Eight to twelve hours.

PLAYBOY: What's it like? What happens to you?

LEARY: If we're speaking in a general way, what happens to everyone is the experience of incredible acceleration and intensification of all senses and of all mental processes—which can be very confusing if you're not prepared for it. Around a thousand million signals fire off in your brain every second; during any second in an LSD session, you find yourself tuned in on thousands of these messages that ordinarily you don't register consciously. And you may be getting an incredible number of simultaneous messages from different parts of your body. Since you're not used to this, it can lead to incredible ecstasy or it can lead to confusion. Some people are freaked by this niagara of sensory input. Instead of having just one or two or three things happening in tidy sequence, you're suddenly flooded by hundreds of lights and colors and sensations and images, and you can get quite lost.

You sense a strange, powerful force beginning to unloose and radiate through your body. In normal perception, we are aware of static symbols. But as the LSD effect takes hold, everything begins to *move*, and this relentless, impersonal, slowly swelling movement will continue through the several hours of the session. It's as though for all of your normal waking life you have been caught in a still photograph, in an awkward, stereotyped posture; suddenly the show comes alive, balloons out to several dimensions and becomes irradiated with color and energy.

The first thing you notice is an incredible enhancement of sensory awareness. Take the sense of sight. LSD vision is to normal vision as normal vision is to the picture on a badly tuned television set. Under LSD, it's as though you have microscopes up to your eyes, in which you see jewellike, radiant details of anything your eye falls upon. You are really seeing for the first time—not static, symbolic perception of learned things, but patterns of light bouncing off the objects around you and hurtling at the speed of light into the mosaic of rods and cones in the retina of your eye. Everything seems alive. Everything *is* alive, beaming diamond-bright light waves into your retina.

PLAYBOY: Is the sense of hearing similarly intensified?

LEARY: Tremendously. Ordinarily we hear just isolated sounds: the rings of a telephone, the sound of somebody's words. But when you turn on with LSD, the organ of Corti in your inner ear becomes a trembling membrane seething with tattoos of sound waves. The vibrations seem to penetrate deep inside you, swell and burst there. You hear one note of a Bach sonata, and it hangs there, glittering, pulsating, for an endless length of time, while you slowly orbit around it. Then, hundreds of years later, comes the second note of the sonata, and again, for hundreds of years, you slowly drift around the two notes, observing the harmony and the discords, and reflecting on the history of music.

But when your nervous system is turned on with LSD, and all the wires are flashing, the senses begin to overlap and merge. You not only hear but *see* the music emerging from the speaker system—like dancing particles, like squirming curls of toothpaste. You actually *see* the sound, in multicolored patterns, while you're hearing it. At the same time, you *are* the sound, you are the note, you are the string of the violin or the piano. And every one of your organs is pulsating and having orgasms in rhythm with it.

PLAYBOY: What happens to the sense of taste?

LEARY: Taste is intensified, too, although normally you won't feel like eating during an LSD session, any more than you feel like eating when you take your first solo at the controls of a supersonic jet. Although if you eat after a session, there is an appreciation of all the particular qualities of food—its texture and resiliency and viscosity—such as we are not conscious of in a normal state of awareness.

PLAYBOY: How about the sense of smell?

LEARY: This is one of the most overwhelming aspects of an LSD experience. It seems as though for the first time you are breathing life, and you remember with amusement and distaste that plastic, odorless, artificial gas that you used to consider air. During the LSD experience, you discover that you're actually inhaling an atmosphere composed of millions of microscopic strands of olfactory ticker tape, exploding in your nostrils with ecstatic meaning. When you sit across the room from a woman during an LSD session, you're aware of thousands of penetrating chemical messages floating from her through the air into your sensory center: a symphony of a thousand odors that all of us exude at every moment—the shampoo she uses, her cologne, her sweat, the exhaust and discharge from her digestive system, her sexual perfume, the fragrance of her clothing—grenades of eroticism exploding in the olfactory cell.

PLAYBOY: Does the sense of touch become equally erotic?

LEARY: Touch becomes electric as well as erotic. I remember a moment during one session in which my wife leaned over and lightly touched the palm of my hand with her finger. Immediately a hundred thousand end cells in my hand exploded in soft orgasm. Ecstatic energies pulsated up my arms and rocketed into my brain, where another hundred thousand cells softly exploded in pure, delicate pleasure. The distance between my wife's finger and the palm of my hand was about 50 miles of space, filled with cotton candy, infiltrated with thousands of silver wires hurtling energy back and forth. Wave after wave of exquisite energy pulsed from her finger. Wave upon wave of ethereal tissue rapture—delicate, shuddering—coursed back and forth from her finger to my palm.

PLAYBOY: And this rapture was erotic?

Abilene Christian
Air Force Academy
Akron
Alabama
Alabama State
Alaska
Albright
Alfred
Allegheny
Allen University
Alma (Michigan)
American
American Int'l.
Amherst
Appalachian
Arizona
Arizona State
Arkansas
Arkansas State
Arkansas Tech
Army
Auburn
Ball State
Baltimore Colts
Bates
Baylor
Birmingham-Southern
Boston College
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Boston University
Bradley
Bridgeport
Brigham Young
Brockport
Brooklyn College
Brown
Bucknell
Buffalo
Buffalo Bills
Buffalo State
Butler
California
Calif. State Poly.
Caltech
Carleton
Carroll College (Wisconsin)
Catholic University
Chattanooga
Cheyney
Chicago
Chicago Bears
Cincinnati
The Citadel
Clark University
Clarkson
Clemson
Cleveland Browns
Cleveland State
Coast Guard
Coe
Colby
Colgate
Colorado
Colorado State U.
Columbia
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Connecticut
Cornell College
Cornell University
Creighton
Dallas Cowboys
Dartmouth
Davidson
Dayton
Delaware
Denison
Denver
Denver Broncos
DePaul
DePauw
Detroit
Detroit Lions
Dickinson
Drake
Drew
Drexel
Drury
Duke
Duquesne
Earlham
East Carolina
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Fairfield
Florida
Florida Southern
Florida State
Fordham
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Grinnell
Hamilton
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Harvard
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Houston
Houston Oilers
Howard
Idaho
Illinois
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Indiana
Iowa
Iowa State
Johns Hopkins
Juniata
Kansas
Kansas City Chiefs
Kansas State
Kent State
Kentucky
Kenyon
Kings Point
Knox
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Lake Forest
LaSalle
Lebanon Valley
Lehigh
Los Angeles Rams
Louisville
Loyola (Chicago)
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L.S.U.
Maine
Manhattan
Marietta
Marquette
Maryland
Massachusetts
Memphis State
Miami (Florida)
Miami (Ohio)
Michigan
Michigan State
Middlebury
Minnesota
Minnesota Vikings
Mississippi
Mississippi College
Mississippi State
Missouri
U. M./K. C.
Montana State College
Morgan State
Morris Harvey
Muhlenberg
Navy
Nebraska
Nevada
New Hampshire
New Mexico
New York Giants
New York Jets
New York University
North Carolina
North Carolina State
North Dakota
North Dakota State
Northeastern
Northern Arizona U.
Northwestern
Norwich
Notre Dame
Oberlin
Occidental
Ohio State
Ohio University
Ohio Wesleyan
Oklahoma
Oklahoma State
Oregon
Oregon State
Univ. of the Pacific
Pennsylvania
Penn State
P.M.C.
Philadelphia Eagles
Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh Steelers
Pomona
C. W. Post
Princeton
Univ. of Puget Sound
Purdue
Randolph-Macon
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San Diego Chargers
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South Carolina
South Dakota
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Stanford
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Tennessee
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Texas
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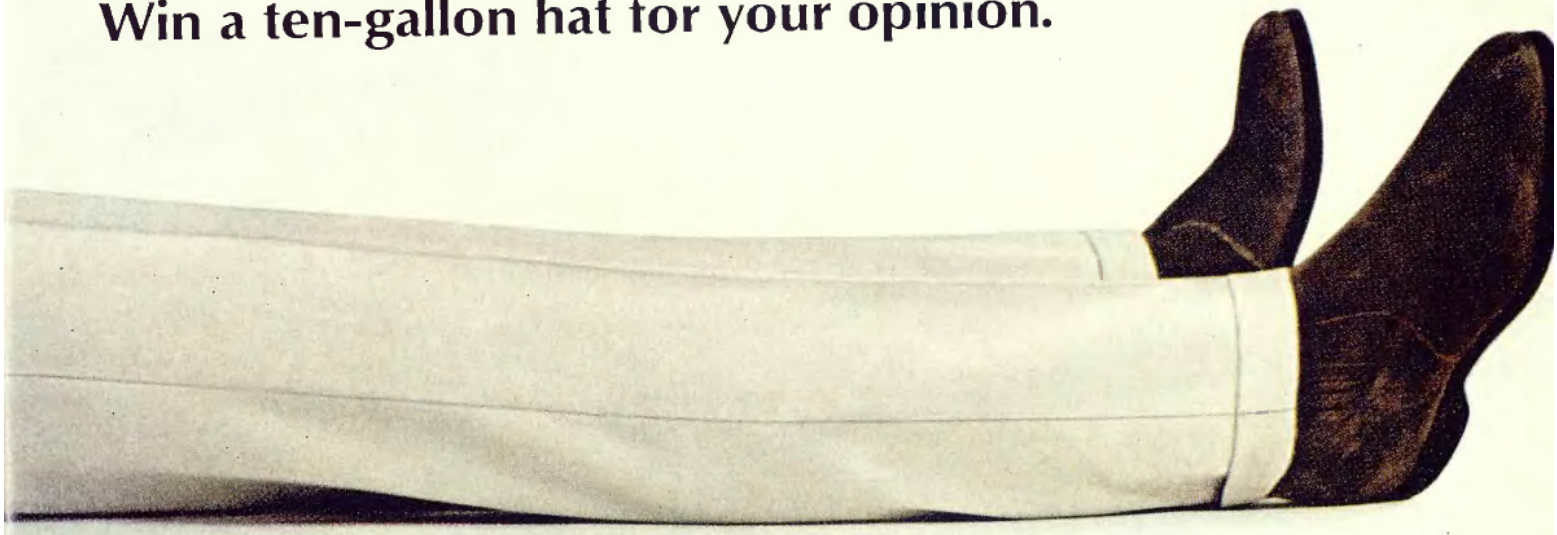

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LEARY: Transcendentally. An enormous amount of energy from every fiber of your body is released under LSD—most especially including sexual energy. There is no question that LSD is the most powerful aphrodisiac ever discovered by man.

PLAYBOY: Would you elaborate?

LEARY: I'm saying simply that sex under LSD becomes miraculously enhanced and intensified. I don't mean that it simply generates genital energy. It doesn't automatically produce a longer erection. Rather, it increases your sensitivity a thousand percent. Let me put it this way: Compared with sex under LSD, the way you've been making love—no matter how ecstatic the pleasure you think you get from it—is like making love to a department-store-window dummy. In sensory and cellular communion on LSD, you may spend a half hour making love with eyeballs, another half hour making love with breath. As you spin through a thousand sensory and cellular organic changes, she does, too. Ordinarily, sexual communication involves one's own chemicals, pressure and interactions of a very localized nature—in what the psychologists call the erogenous zones. A vulgar, dirty concept, I think. When you're making love under LSD, it's as though every cell in your body—and you have trillions—is making love with every cell in her body. Your hand doesn't caress her skin but sinks down into and merges with ancient dynamos of ecstasy within her.

PLAYBOY: How often have you made love under the influence of LSD?

LEARY: Every time I've taken it. In fact, that is what the LSD experience is all about. Merging, yielding, flowing, union, communion. It's all lovemaking. You make love with candlelight, with sound waves from a record player, with a bowl of fruit on the table, with the trees. You're in pulsating harmony with all the energy around you.

PLAYBOY: Including that of a woman?

LEARY: The three inevitable goals of the LSD session are to discover and make love with God, to discover and make love with yourself, and to discover and make love with a woman. You can't make it with yourself unless you've made it with the timeless energy process around you, and you can't make it with a woman until you've made it with yourself. The natural and obvious way to take LSD is with a member of the opposite sex, and an LSD session that does not involve an ultimate merging with a person of the opposite sex isn't really complete. One of the great purposes of an LSD session is sexual union. The more expanded your consciousness—the farther out you can move beyond your mind—the deeper, the richer, the longer and more meaningful your sexual communion.

PLAYBOY: We've heard about sessions in which couples make love for hours on end, to the point of exhaustion, but never seem to reach exhaustion. Is this true?

LEARY: Inevitably.

PLAYBOY: Can you describe the sensation of an orgasm under LSD?

LEARY: Only the most reckless poet would attempt that. I have to say to you, "What does one say to a little child?" The child says, "Daddy, what is sex like?" and you try to describe it, and then the little child says, "Well, is it fun like the circus?" and you say, "Well, not exactly like that." And the child says, "Is it fun like chocolate ice cream?" and you say, "Well, it's like that but much, much *more* than that." And the child says, "Is it fun like the roller coaster, then?" and you say, "Well, that's part of it, but it's even more than that." In short, I can't tell you what it's like, because it's not like anything that's ever happened to you—and there aren't words adequate to describe it, anyway. You won't know what it's like until you try it yourself—and then I won't *need* to tell you.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that some women who ordinarily have difficulty achieving orgasm find themselves capable of multiple orgasms under LSD. Is that true?

LEARY: In a carefully prepared, loving LSD session, a woman will inevitably have several hundred orgasms.

PLAYBOY: Several *hundred?*

LEARY: Yes. Several hundred.

PLAYBOY: What about a man?

LEARY: This preoccupation with the number of orgasms is a hang-up for many men and women. It's as crude and vulgar a concept as wondering how much she paid for the negligee.

PLAYBOY: Still, there must be some sort of physiological comparison. If a woman can have several hundred orgasms, how many can a man have under optimum conditions?

LEARY: It would depend entirely on the amount of sexual—and psychedelic—experience the man has had. I can speak only for myself and about my own experience. I can only compare what I was with what I am now. In the last six years, my openness to, my responsiveness to, my participation in every form of sensory expression has multiplied a *thousandfold.*

PLAYBOY: This aspect of LSD has been hinted at privately but never spelled out in public until now. Why?

LEARY: The sexual impact is, of course, the open but private secret about LSD, which none of us has talked about in the last few years. It's socially dangerous enough to say that LSD helps you find divinity and helps you discover yourself. You're already in trouble when you say that. But then if you announce that the psychedelic experience is basically a *sexual* experience, you're asking to bring the whole middle-aged, middle-class monolith down on your head. At the present time, however, I'm under a 30-year sentence of imprisonment, which for a 45-year-old man is essentially a life term; and in addition, I am under indictment on a second marijuana offense involving a 16-year sentence. Since there is hardly anything more that middle-aged, middle-class authority can do to me—and since the secret is out anyway among the young—I feel I'm free at this moment to say what we've never said before: that sexual ecstasy is the basic reason for the current LSD boom. When Dr. Goddard, the head of the Food and Drug Administration, announced in a Senate hearing that ten percent of our college students are taking LSD, did you ever wonder why? Sure, they're discovering God and meaning; sure, they're discovering themselves; but did you really think that sex wasn't the fundamental reason for this surging, youthful social boom? You can no more do research on LSD and leave out sexual ecstasy than you can do microscopic research on tissue and leave out cells.

LSD is not an automatic trigger to sexual awakening, however. The first ten times you take it, you might not be able to have a sexual experience at all, because you're so overwhelmed and delighted—or frightened and confused—by the novelty; the idea of having sex might be irrelevant or incomprehensible at the moment. But it depends upon the setting and the partner. It is almost inevitable, if a man and his mate take LSD together, that their sexual energies will be unimaginably intensified, and unless clumsiness or fright on the part of one or the other blocks it, it will lead to a deeper experience than they ever thought possible.

From the beginning of our research, I have been aware of this tremendous personal power in LSD. You must be very careful to take it only with someone you know really well, because it's almost inevitable that a woman will fall in love with the man who shares her LSD experience. Deep and lasting neurological imprints, profound emotional bonds, can develop as a result of an LSD session —bonds that can last a lifetime. For this reason, I have always been extremely cautious about running sessions with men and women. We always try to have a subject's husband or wife present during his or her first session, so that as these powerful urges develop, they are directed in ways that can be lived out responsibly after the session.

PLAYBOY: Are you preaching psychedelic monogamy?

LEARY: Well, I can't generalize, but one of the great lessons I've learned from LSD is that every man contains the essence of all men and every woman has within her *all* women. I remember a session a few years ago in which, with horror and ecstasy, I opened my eyes and

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looked into the eyes of my wife and was pulled into the deep blue pools of her being, floating softly in the center of her mind, experiencing everything that she was experiencing, knowing every thought that she had ever had. As my eyes were riveted to hers, her face began to melt and change. I saw her as a young girl, as a baby, as an old woman with gray hair and seamy, wrinkled face. I saw her as a witch, a Madonna, a nagging crone, a radiant queen, a Byzantine virgin, a tired, worldly-wise Oriental whore who had seen every sight of life repeated a thousand times. She was *all* women, all *woman*, the essence of female —eyes smiling, quizzically, resignedly, devilishly, always inviting: "See me, hear me, join me, merge with me, keep the dance going." Now, the implications of this experience for sex and mating, I think, are obvious. It's because of this, not because of moral restrictions or restraints, that I've been extremely monogamous in my use of LSD over the last six years.

PLAYBOY: When you speak of monogamy, do you mean complete sexual fidelity to one woman?

LEARY: Well, the notion of running around trying to find different mates is a very low-level concept. We are living in a world of expanding population in which there are more and more beautiful young girls coming off the assembly line each month. It's obvious that the sexual criteria of the past are going to be changed, and that what's demanded of creatures with our sensory and cellular repertoire is not just one affair after another with one young body after another, but the exploration of the incredible depths and varieties of your own identity with a single member of the opposite sex. This involves time and commitment to the voyage.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean to imply that you've had only one bed partner in the last six years?

LEARY: I've had more than one long-term relationship during this period. But there is a certain kind of neurological and cellular fidelity that develops. I have said for many years now that in the future the grounds for divorce would not be that your wife went to bed with another man and bounced around on a mattress for an hour or two, but that your wife had an LSD session with somebody else, because the bonds and the connections that develop are so powerful.

PLAYBOY: It's been reported that when you are in the company of women, quite a lot of them turn on to you. As a matter of fact, a friend of yours told us that you could have two or three different women every night if you wanted to. Is he right?

LEARY: For the most part, during the last six years, I have lived very quietly in our research centers. But on lecture tours and in highly enthusiastic social gatherings, there is no question that a charismatic public figure does generate attraction and stimulate a sexual response.

PLAYBOY: How often do you return this response?

LEARY: Every woman has built into her cells and tissues the longing for a hero–sage–mythic male to open up and share her own divinity. But casual sexual encounters do not satisfy this deep longing. Any charismatic person who is conscious of his own mythic potency awakens this basic hunger in women and pays reverence to it at the level that is harmonious and appropriate at the time. Compulsive body grabbing, however, is rarely the vehicle of such communication.

PLAYBOY: Do you disapprove of the idea of casual romance—catalyzed by LSD?

LEARY: Well, I'm no one to tell anyone else what to do. But I would say, if you use LSD to make out sexually in the seductive sense, then you'll be a very humiliated and embarrassed person, because it's just not going to work. On LSD, her eyes would be microscopic, and she'd see very plainly what you were up to, coming on with some heavy-handed, mustache-twisting routine. You'd look like a consummate ass, and she'd laugh at you, or you'd look like a monster and she'd scream and go into a paranoid state. Nothing good can happen with LSD if it's used crudely or for power or manipulative purposes.

PLAYBOY: Suppose you met a girl at a party, developed an immediate rapport, and you both decided to share an LSD trip that same night. Could it work under those circumstances?

LEARY: You must remember that in taking LSD with someone else, you are voluntarily relinquishing all of your personality defenses and opening yourself up in a very vulnerable manner. If you and the girl are ready to do this, there would be an immediate and deep rapport if you took a trip together. People from the LSD cult would be able to do it upon a brief meeting, but an inexperienced person would probably find it extremely confusing, and the people might become quite isolated from each other. They might be whirled into the rapture or confusion of their own inner workings and forget entirely that the other person is there.

PLAYBOY: According to some reports, LSD can trigger the acting out of latent homosexual impulses in ostensibly heterosexual men and women. Is there any truth to that, in your opinion?

LEARY: On the contrary, the fact is that LSD is a specific *cure* for homosexuality. It's well known that most sexual perversions are the result not of biological binds but of freaky, dislocating childhood experiences of one kind or another. Consequently, it's not surprising that we've had many cases of long-term homosexuals who, under LSD, discover that they are not only genitally but genetically male, that they are basically attracted to females. The most famous and public of such cases is that of Allen Ginsberg, who has openly stated that the first time he turned on to women was during an LSD session several years ago. But this is only one of many such cases.

PLAYBOY: Has this happened with Lesbians?

LEARY: I was just going to cite such a case. An extremely attractive girl came down to our training center in Mexico. She was a Lesbian and she was very active sexually, but all of her energy was devoted to making it with girls. She was at an LSD session at one of our cottages and went down to the beach and saw this young man in a bathing suit and—flash! —for the first time in her life the cellular electricity was flowing in her body and it bridged the gap. Her subsequent sexual choices were almost exclusively members of the opposite sex.

For the same reasons, LSD is also a powerful panacea for impotence and frigidity, both of which, like homosexuality, are symbolic screw-ups. The LSD experience puts you in touch with the wisdom of your body, of your nervous system, of your cells, of your organs. And the closer you get to the message of the body, the more obvious it becomes that it's constructed and designed to procreate and keep the life stream going. When you're confronted with this basic cellular fact under LSD, you realize that your impotency, or your frigidity, is caused by neuropsychological hang-ups of fear or shame that make no sense to your cells, that have nothing to do with the biochemical forces inside your body urging you to merge and mate with a member of the opposite sex.

PLAYBOY: Does LSD always work as a sexual cure-all?

LEARY: Certainly not. LSD is no guarantee of *any* specific social or sexual outcome. One man may take LSD and leave wife and family and go off to be a monk on the banks of the Ganges. Another may take LSD and go *back* to his wife. It's a highly individual situation. Highly unpredictable. During LSD sessions, you see, there can come a microscopic perception of your routine social and professional life. You may discover to your horror that you're living a robot existence, that your relationships with your boss, your wife and your family are stereotyped, empty and devoid of meaning. At this point, there might come a desire to renounce this hollow existence, to collect your thoughts, to go away and cloister yourself from the world like a monk while you figure out what kind of a life you want to go back to, if any.

Conversely, we've found that in giving LSD to members of monastic sects, there has been a definite tendency for them to leave the monastic life and to find a mating relationship. Several were men in

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their late 40s who had been monks for 15 or 20 years, but who even at this mature age returned to society, married and made the heterosexual adjustment. It's not coincidental that of all those I've given LSD to, the religious group—more than 200 ministers, priests, divinity students and nuns—has experienced the most intense sexual reaction. And in two religious groups that prize chastity and celibacy, there have been wholesale defections of monks and nuns who left their religious orders to get married after a series of LSD experiences. The LSD session, you see, is an overwhelming awakening of experience; it releases potent, primal energies, and one of these is the sexual impulse, which is the strongest impulse at any level of organic life. For the first time in their lives, perhaps, these people were meeting head on the powerful life forces that they had walled off with ritualized defenses and self-delusions.

PLAYBOY: A great deal of what is said about LSD by its proponents, including you, has been couched in terms of religious mysticism. You spoke earlier, in fact, of discovering "divinity" through LSD. In what way is the LSD experience religious?

LEARY: It depends on what you mean by religion. For almost everyone, the LSD experience is a confrontation with new forms of wisdom and energy that dwarf and humiliate man's mind. This experience of awe and revelation is often described as religious. I consider my work basically religious, because it has as its goal the systematic expansion of consciousness and the discovery of energies within, which men call "divine." From the psychedelic point of view, almost all religions are attempts—sometimes limited temporally or nationally—to discover the inner potential. Well, LSD is Western yoga. The aim of all Eastern religion, like the aim of LSD, is basically to get high: that is, to expand your consciousness and find ecstasy and revelation within.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Gerald Klee, of the National Institute of Mental Health, has written: "Those who say LSD expands consciousness would have the task of defining the terms. By any conventional definition, I don't think it does expand the consciousness." What do you think?

LEARY: Well, he's using the narrow, conventional definition of consciousness that psychiatrists have been taught: that there are two levels of consciousness—sleep and symbolic normal awareness. Anything else is insanity. So by conventional definition, LSD does *not* expand symbolic consciousness; thus, it creates psychosis. In terms of his conventional symbol game, Dr. Klee is right. My contention is that his definition is too narrow, that it comes from a deplorable, primitive and superstitious system of consciousness. My system of consciousness—attested to by the experience of hundreds of thousands of trained voyagers who've taken LSD—defines *many* different levels of awareness.

PLAYBOY: What are they?

LEARY: The lowest level of consciousness is sleep—or stupor, which is produced by narcotics, barbiturates and our national stuporfactant, alcohol. The second level of consciousness is the conventional wakeful state, in which awareness is hooked to conditioned symbols: flags, dollar signs, job titles, brand names, party affiliations and the like. This is the level that most people—including psychiatrists—regard as reality: they don't know the half of it. There is a third level of awareness, and this is the one that I think would be of particular interest to PLAYBOY readers, because most of them are of the younger generation, which is much more sensual than the puritanical Americans of the older generation. This is the sensory level of awareness. In order to reach it, you have to have something that will turn *off* symbols and open up your billions of sensory cameras to the billions of impulses that are hitting them. The chemical that opens the door to this level has been well known for centuries to cultures that stress delicate, sensitive registration of sensory stimulation: the Arab cultures, the Indian cultures, the Mogul cultures. It is marijuana. There is no question that marijuana is a sensual stimulator—and this explains not only why it's favored by young people but why it arouses fear and panic among the middle-aged, middle-class, whiskey-drinking, bluenosed bureaucrats who run the narcotics agencies. If they only knew what they were missing.

But we must bid a sad farewell to the sensory level of consciousness and go on to the fourth level, which I call the cellular level. It's well known that the stronger psychedelics such as mescaline and LSD take you *beyond* the senses into a world of cellular awareness. Now, the neurological fact of the matter is that every one of your 13 billion brain cells is hooked up to some 25,000 other cells, and everything you know comes from a communication exchange at the nerve endings of your cells. During an LSD session, enormous clusters of these cells are turned on, and consciousness whirls into eerie panoramas for which we have no words or concepts. Here the metaphor that's most accurate is the metaphor of the microscope, which brings into awareness cellular patterns that are invisible to the naked eye. In the same way, LSD brings into awareness the cellular conversations that are inaudible to the normal consciousness and for which we have no adequate symbolic language. You become aware of processes you were never tuned in to before. You feel yourself sinking down into the soft tissue swamp of your own body, slowly drifting down dark red waterways and floating through capillary canals, softly propelled through endless cellular factories, ancient fibrous clockworks—ticking, clicking, chugging, pumping relentlessly. Being swallowed up this way by the tissue industries and the bloody, sinewy carryings-on inside your body can be an appalling experience the first time it happens to you. But it can also be an awesome one—fearful, but full of reverence and wonder.

PLAYBOY: Is there a fifth level of awareness?

LEARY: Yes, and this one is even more strange and terrifying. This is the *pre*cellular level, which is experienced only under a heavy dosage of LSD. Your nerve cells are aware—as Professor Einstein was aware—that all matter, all structure, is pulsating energy; well, there is a shattering moment in the deep psychedelic session when your body, and the world around you, dissolves into shimmering latticeworks of pulsating white waves, into silent, subcellular worlds of shuttling energy. But this phenomenon is nothing new. It's been reported by mystics and visionaries throughout the last 4000 years of recorded history as "the white light" or the "dance of energy." Suddenly you realize that everything you thought of as reality or even as life itself—including your body—is just a dance of particles. You find yourself horribly alone in a dead, impersonal world of raw energy feeding on your sense organs. This, of course, is one of the oldest Oriental philosophic notions, that nothing exists except in the chemistry of your own consciousness. But when it first really happens to you, through the experience of LSD, it can come as a terrorizing, isolating discovery. At this point, the unprepared LSD subject often screams out: "I'm dead!" And he sits there transfigured with fear, afraid to move. For the experienced voyager, however, this revelation can be exalting: You've climbed inside Einstein's formula, penetrated to the ultimate nature of matter, and you're pulsing in harmony with its primal, cosmic beat.

PLAYBOY: Has this happened to you often during a session?

LEARY: It's happened to me about half of the 311 times I've taken LSD. And every time it begins to happen, no matter how much experience you've had, there is that moment of terror—because nobody likes to see the comfortable world of objects and symbols and even cells disintegrate into the ultimate physical design.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there may be a deeper level of consciousness beyond the precellular?

LEARY: I hope so. We know that there are many other levels of energy within and around us, and I hope that within our lifetimes we will have these opened up to us, because the fact is that there

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is no form of energy on this planet that isn't recorded somewhere in your body. Built within every cell are molecular strands of memory and awareness called the DNA code—the genetic blueprint that has designed and executed the construction of your body. This is an ancient strand of molecules that possesses memories of every previous organism that has contributed to your present existence. In your DNA code, you have the genetic history of your father and mother. It goes back, back, back through the generations, through the eons. Your body carries a protein record of everything that's happened to you since the moment you were conceived as a one-cell organism. It's a living history of every form of energy transformation on this planet back to that thunderbolt in the Pre-Cambrian mud that spawned the life process over two billion years ago. When LSD subjects report retrogression and reincarnation visions, this is not mysterious or supernatural. It's simply modern biogenetics.

PLAYBOY: Tell us more about these visions.

LEARY: Well, we don't know how these memories are stored, but countless events from early and even intra-uterine life are registered in your brain and can be flashed into consciousness during an LSD experience.

PLAYBOY: Do you merely remember them, or do you actually relive them?

LEARY: The experiences that come from LSD are actually relived—in sight, sound, smell, taste and touch—exactly the way they happened before.

PLAYBOY: If it's an experience from very early life, how can you be sure it's a true memory rather than a vivid hallucination?

LEARY: It's possible to check out some of these ancient memories, but for the most part these memory banks, which are built into your protein cellular strands, can never be checked on by external observation. Who can possibly corroborate what your nervous system picked up before your birth, inside your mother? But the obvious fact is that your nervous system was operating while you were still in the uterus. It was receiving and recording units of consciousness. Why, then, is it surprising that at some later date, if you have the chemical key, you can release these memories of the nine perilous and exciting months before you were born?

PLAYBOY: Can these memory visions be made selective? Is it possible to travel back in time at will?

LEARY: Yes, it is. That happens to be the particular project that I've been working on most recently with LSD. I've charted my own family tree and traced it back as far as I can. I've tried to plumb the gene pools from which my ancestors emerged in Ireland and France.

PLAYBOY: With what success?

LEARY: Well, there are certain moments in my evolutionary history that I can reach all the time, but there are certain untidy corners in my racial path that I often get boxed into, and because they are frightening, I freak out and open my eyes and stop it. In many of these sessions, back about 300 years, I often run across a particular French-appearing man with a black mustache, a rather dangerous-looking guy. And there are several highly eccentric recurrent sequences in an Anglo-Saxon country that have notably embarrassed me when I relived them in LSD sessions—goings on that shocked my 20th Century person.

PLAYBOY: What sort of goings on?

LEARY: Moments of propagation—scenes of rough ancestral sexuality in Irish barrooms, in haystacks, in canopied beds, in covered wagons, on beaches, on the moist jungle floor—and moments of crisis in which my forebears escape from fang, from spear, from conspiracy, from tidal wave and avalanche. I've concluded that the imprints most deeply engraved in the neurological memory bank have to do with these moments of life-affirming exultation and exhilaration in the perpetuation and survival of the species.

PLAYBOY: But how can you be sure they ever happened?

LEARY: You can't. They may all be nothing more than luridly melodramatic Saturday serials conjured up by my forebrain. But whatever they are—memory or imagination—it's the most exciting adventure I've ever been involved in.

PLAYBOY: In this connection, according to a spokesman for the student left, many former campus activists who've gone the LSD route are "more concerned with what's happening in their heads than what's happening in the world." Any comment?

LEARY: There's a certain amount of truth in that. The insight of LSD leads you to concern yourself more with internal or spiritual values; you realize that it doesn't make any difference what you do on the outside unless you change the inside. If all the Negroes and left-wing college students in the world had Cadillacs and full control of society, they would still be involved in an anthill social system unless they opened themselves up first.

PLAYBOY: Aren't these young ex-activists among an increasing number of students, writers, artists and musicians whom one critic has called "the psychedelic dropouts"—LSD users who find themselves divested of motivation, unable to readjust to reality or to resume their roles in society?

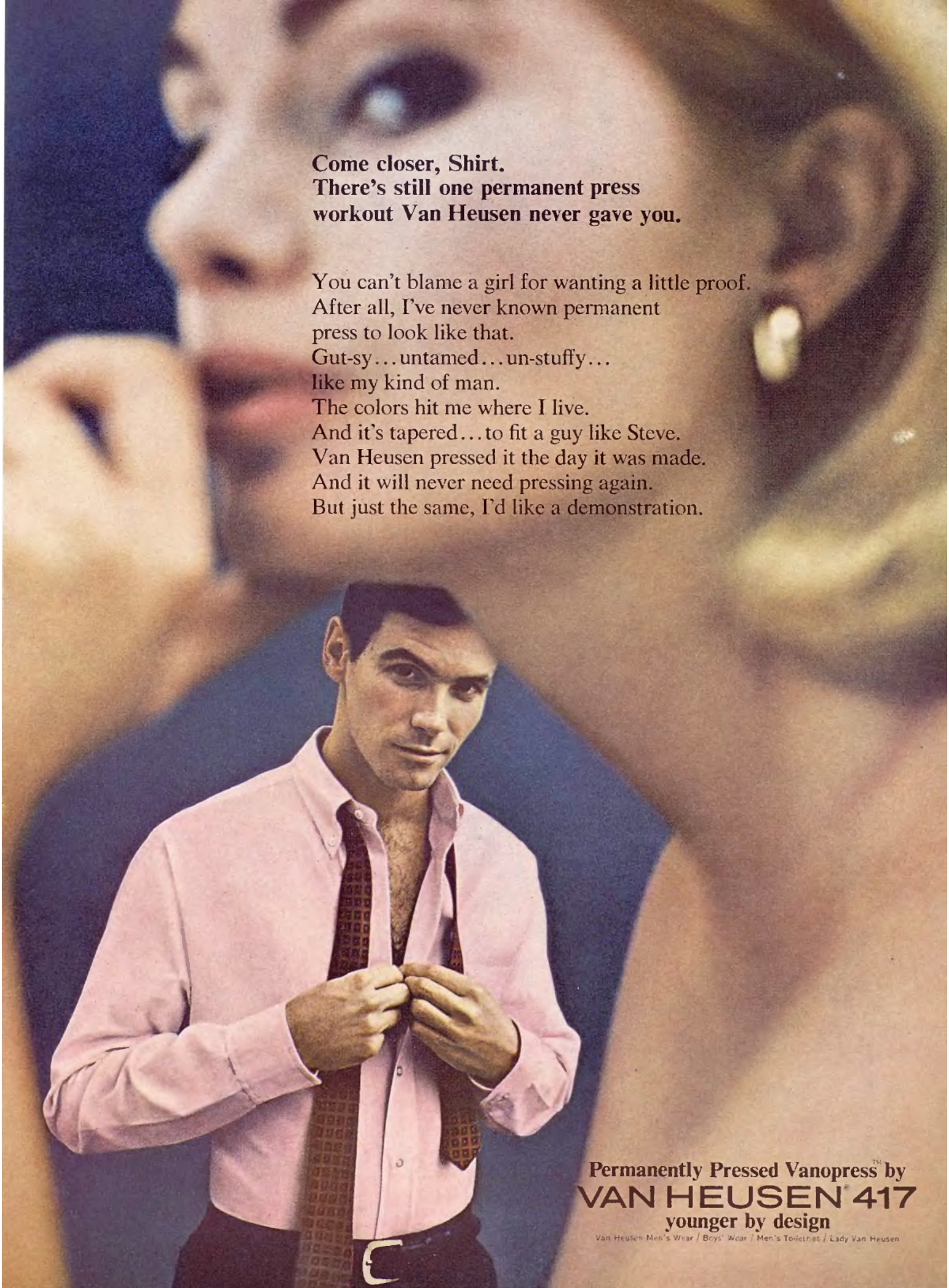
LEARY: There *is* an LSD dropout problem, but it's nothing to worry about. It's something to cheer. The lesson I have learned from over 300 LSD sessions, and which I have been passing on to others, can be stated in six syllables: Turn on, tune in, drop out. "Turn on" means to contact the ancient energies and wisdoms that are built into your nervous system. They provide unspeakable pleasure and revelation. "Tune in" means to harness and communicate these new perspectives in a harmonious dance with the external world. "Drop out" means to detach yourself from the tribal game. Current models of social adjustment—mechanized, computerized, socialized, intellectualized, televised, Sanforized—make no sense to the new LSD generation, who see clearly that American society is becoming an air-conditioned anthill. In every generation of human history, thoughtful men have turned on and dropped out of the tribal game, and thus stimulated the larger society to lurch ahead. Every historical advance has resulted from the stern pressure of visionary men who have declared their independence from the game: "Sorry, George III, we don't buy your model. We're going to try something new"; "Sorry, Louis XVI, we've got a new idea. Deal us out"; "Sorry, L. B. J., it's time to mosey on *beyond* the Great Society."

The reflex reaction of society to the creative dropout is panic and irritation. If anyone questions the social order, he threatens the whole shaky edifice. The automatic, angry reaction to the creative dropout is that he will become a parasite on the hard-working, conforming citizen. This is not true. The LSD experience does not lead to passivity and withdrawal; it spurs a driving hunger to communicate in new forms, in better ways, to express a more harmonious message, to live a better life. The LSD cult has already wrought revolutionary changes in American culture. If you were to conduct a poll of the creative young musicians in this country, you'd find that at least 80 percent are using psychedelic drugs in a systematic way. And this new psychedelic style has produced not only a new rhythm in modern music but a new decor for our *discothèques*, a new form of film making, a new kinetic visual art, a new literature, and has begun to revise our philosophic and psychological thinking.

Remember, it's the college kids who are turning on—the smartest and most promising of the youngsters. What an exciting prospect: a generation of creative youngsters refusing to march in step, refusing to go to offices, refusing to sign up on the installment plan, refusing to climb aboard the treadmill.

PLAYBOY: What *will* they do?

LEARY: Don't worry. Each one will work out his individual solution. Some will return to the establishment and inject their new ideas. Some will live underground as self-employed artists, artisans and writers. Some are already forming small communities out of the country. Many are starting schools for children and adults who wish to learn the use of their sense organs. Psychedelic businesses are springing up: bookstores, art galleries. Psychedelic industries may involve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PLAYBOY: Concerning LSD's influence on creativity, Dr. B. William Murphy, a psychoanalyst for the National Institute of Mental Health, takes the view that there is no evidence "that drugs of any kind increase creative potency. One unfortunate effect is to produce an illusion dangerous to people who are creative, who cease then to be motivated to produce something that is genuinely new. And the illusion is bad in making those who are not creative get the idea that they are." What's your reaction?

LEARY: It's unfortunate that most of the scientific studies on creativity have been done by psychologists who don't have one creative bone in their body. They have studied people who by definition are emphatically uncreative—namely, graduate students. Is it any wonder that all the "scientific" studies of LSD and creativity have shown no creative results? But to answer your question, I must admit that LSD and marijuana do not allow you to walk to the piano and ripple off great fugues. Psychedelic drugs, particularly marijuana, merely enhance the senses. They allow you to see and hear new patterns of energy that suggest new patterns for composition. In this way, they enhance the creative perspective, but the ability to convert your new perspective, however glorious it may be, into a communication form still requires the technical skill of a musician or a painter or a composer.

But if you want to find out whether LSD and marijuana have helped creative people, don't listen to a psychiatrist; don't listen to a Government bureaucrat. Find the artist and ask *him*. If you want to find out about creativity, ask the creative person. If you want to know what LSD does, and whether it's good or bad, don't listen to a cop; don't listen to messianic fanatics like Timothy Leary. Find some friend who has taken LSD and ask *him*. He's the person to believe—because you'll know how likely he is to distort things—and then you'll be able to judge on the basis of his statements what LSD has done for him. Then ask other friends about their experiences. Base your opinion about LSD on a series of such interviews, and you will have collected more hard data than any of the public health officials and police officers who are making daily scare statements to the press these days.

PLAYBOY: Are any of these scare statements true? According to a recent report on narcotics addiction published by the Medical Society of the County of New York, for example, "those with unstable personalities may experience LSD-induced psychoses." Is that true?

LEARY: In over 3000 people that I have personally observed taking LSD, we've had only four cases of prolonged psychoses—a matter of, say, two or three weeks after the session. All of these had been in a mental hospital before, and they were people who could not commit themselves to any stable relationship. And all of these people had nothing going in their lives. They were drifting or floating, with no home or family or any roots, no stable, ongoing life situation to return to. It's dangerous to take a trip if you have no internal trust and no external place to turn to afterward.

PLAYBOY: The same New York Medical Society report also stated that "normal, well-adjusted persons can undergo an acute psychotic break under the influence of LSD." Is there any truth to that?

LEARY: Everyone, normal or neurotic, experiences some fear and confusion during the high-dose LSD session. The outcome and duration of this confusion depends upon your environment and your traveling companions. That's why it's tremendously important that the LSD session be conducted in a protected place, that the person be prepared and that he have an experienced and understanding guide to support and shield him from intrusion and interruption. When unprepared people take LSD in bad surroundings, and when there's no one present who has the skill and courage to guide them through it, then paranoid episodes are possible.

PLAYBOY: Will you describe them?

LEARY: There are any number of forms a paranoid episode can take. You can find yourself feeling that you've lived most of your life in a universe completely of your own, not really touching and harmonizing with the flow of the people and the energies around you. It seems to you that everyone else, and every other organism in creation, is in beatific communion, and only you are isolated by your egocentricity. Every action around you fits perfectly into this paranoid mosaic. Every glance, every look of boredom, every sound, every smile becomes a confirmation of the fact that everyone knows that you are the only one in the universe that's not swinging lovingly and gracefully with the rest of the cosmic dance. I've experienced this myself.

I've also sat with hundreds of people who have been panicked because they were trapped at the level of cellular reincarnation, where they looked out and saw that their body had scales like a fish or felt that they had turned into an animal. And I've sat with people who were caught on the fifth level, in that eerie, inhuman world of shuttling vibrations. But all these episodes can be dealt with easily by an experienced guide who recognizes where the LSD tripper is caught. He can bring you back down quite simply by holding a candle in front of you, or getting you to concentrate on your breathing, or having you lie down and getting you to feel your body merging with the mattress or the floor. If he understands the map of consciousness, it's very easy to bring you back to a more recognizable and less frightening level. With his help, you'll be able to exult in and learn from the experience.

If he's frightened or uncomprehending, however, or if he acts so as to protect his own social interests, your own terror and confusion are naturally increased. If he treats you as a psychotic rather than as one who is seriously groping with basic problems that you should be encouraged to face and work through, you may be forced into a psychotic state. Every case of prolonged LSD psychosis is the fault not of the drug nor of the drug taker but of the people around him who lose their cool and call the cops or the doctors. The lesson here is to fear neither LSD nor your own psychological nature—which is basically OK—but to fear the diagnosing mind of the psychiatrist. Ninety percent of the bad LSD trips are provoked by psychiatric propaganda, which creates an atmosphere of fear rather than of courage and trust. If the psychiatrists had their way, we'd *all* be patients.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of patients, a recent *Time* essay reported that a survey in Los Angeles "showed as many as 200 victims of bad trips in the city's hospitals at one time." Does that sound to you like a realistic figure?

LEARY: I'd like to know who conducted that survey and where they got their figures, because it's contradicted by the known facts. I was recently told by the director of a large California hospital, which handles LSD cases, that most LSD panic subjects are given a tranquilizer and sent home without even being admitted. The same is true at Bellevue and throughout the country.

PLAYBOY: In the same essay, *Time* wrote: "Under the influence of LSD, nonswimmers think they can swim, and others think they can fly. One young man tried to stop a car on Los Angeles' Wilshire Boulevard and was hit and killed. A magazine salesman became convinced that he was the Messiah." Are these cases, and others like them, representative reactions to LSD, in your opinion?

LEARY: I would say that one case in 10,000 is going to flip out and run out into the street and do something bizarre. But these are the cases that get reported in the papers. There are 3000 Americans who die every year from barbiturates and it never hits the papers. Thousands more die in car crashes and from lung cancer induced by smoking. That isn't news, either. But one LSD kid rushes out and takes off his clothes in the street and it's headlines in the New York *Daily*

What size is your Drummond? Or maybe you don't own one. Either way, you can make it big with the latest in Drummond sweaters this fall. Top, the *Saville* mohair crossover cardigan. Left, the *Carnaby* turtleneck with cable front. Right, the *Carini* suede and mohair cardigan with raglan sleeves. Bottom, the *Sutton* double-breasted cardigan with suede front. In twelve fashion colors, each in all four sizes, from $16 to $45. At better stores; or write Drummond, Empire State Building, New York, N.Y. 10001.

DRUMMOND

News. If one nut who's a member of the narcotics squad from the Los Angeles police force gets drunk and climbs into an airplane and threatens the pilot, that's no reason for grounding all airplanes, calling alcohol illegal, outlawing guns and dissolving the narcotics bureau of the Los Angeles police force. So one episode out of 10,000 LSD cases is no reason for any kind of hand wringing and grandmotherly panic.

PLAYBOY: A recent case of this nature involved a young man who contended that he killed his mother-in-law while he was on LSD. Isn't that a cause for concern?

LEARY: Yes—but only because this one episode has led to some psychiatrists and police calling LSD a homicidal drug. Actually, there's no evidence that that unfortunate boy ever took LSD. He was obviously attempting a cop-out when he talked to the police about it afterward.

PLAYBOY: There have also been reports of suicide under the influence of LSD. Does this happen?

LEARY: In 23 years of LSD use, there has been one definite case of suicide during the LSD session. This was a woman in Switzerland who'd been given LSD without her knowledge. She thought she was going crazy and jumped out of the window. But it wasn't that the LSD poisoned her. The unexpected LSD led to such panic and confusion that she killed herself. There have been other rumors about LSD panics leading to suicide, but I am waiting for the scientific evidence. In more than a million LSD cases, there haven't been more than one or two documented cases of homicide or suicide attributable to the LSD experience.

PLAYBOY: Though it hasn't led to any reported deaths, a number of LSD panics have been attributed to the experience of many users, in the midst of a session, that they're about to have a heart attack. Is this a common occurrence?

LEARY: Fairly common. When somebody says to us in an LSD session, "My heart's going to stop!" we say, "OK, fine. That's a new experience, nothing to be afraid of. Let it stop." There is no physiological change in your heart, but the experience is that the heart is stopping. On LSD, you see, you may actually hear the thump of your heartbeat. You become aware of its pulsing nerves and muscle fibers straining for the next beat. How can they possibly do this over and over again? If you're unprepared for it, this can become a terror that it cannot continue. Because of LSD's distention of the time dimension, you may wait what seems like five hours for the second beat. Then you wait again, and you wait, and you are aware of the millions of cells that must be tiring out; they may not have the strength to beat again. You're afraid that your heart is going to burst. Then finally—thump! At last! But did it come slower this time? Is it stopping? You feel the blood throbbing in your heart. You feel the ventricles opening and closing; there's a hole in your heart! The blood is flooding your body! You're drowning in your own blood! "Help! Get me a doctor!" you may shout. If this kind of episode occurs, of course, all that's necessary to allay your fears are a few words of understanding and reassurance from an experienced guide and companion, who should be with you at all times.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Jonathan Cole, of the National Institute of Mental Health, has said that psychedelic drugs "can be dangerous. . . . People go into panic states in which they are ready to jump out of their skins. . . . The benefits are obscure." What do you say?

LEARY: Based on the evidence that Dr. Cole has had at hand, he is justified in saying that. Dr. Cole undoubtedly has never taken LSD himself. He *has* sponsored research that has been done—indeed, must be done—in mental hospitals, under psychiatric supervision. But this is the worst possible place to take LSD. Take LSD in a nuthouse and you'll have a nuthouse experience. These poor patients are usually not even told what drugs they're given: they're not prepared. I consider this psychological rape. So I'm not surprised that the cases Dr. Cole has heard about from his researchers are negative.

But Dr. Cole doesn't listen to the hundreds of thousands of people who have taken LSD under intelligent, aesthetic, carefully planned circumstances and have had their lives changed for the better. He doesn't receive the hundred letters a week that I receive from people who are profoundly grateful to have been dramatically opened up by LSD. He hears only the horror stories. If you talk to a mortician, you'll come to the conclusion that everyone who is of any importance is dead. If you talk to a law-enforcement officer, you'll find that practically everyone is a criminal, actual or potential. And if you talk to a psychiatrist, you'll hear nothing but gloomy lexicons of psychopathology. What Dr. Cole thinks about LSD is irrelevant, because for every case that his Federal researchers have studied, there are 5000 serious-minded, courageous young laymen out in the universities and out in the seminaries and in their own homes and on the beaches who are taking LSD and having fantastically beautiful experiences.

PLAYBOY: When you testified in May before a Senate subcommittee investigating juvenile delinquency and drugs, you took your teenage son and daughter along. Why not Mrs. Leary?

LEARY: The mother of my two children died in 1955.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you marry again?

LEARY: Yes—to a beautiful model named Mena. The LSD session I described earlier was with her.

PLAYBOY: To return to your children: Have you allowed or encouraged them to use marijuana and LSD?

LEARY: Yes. I have no objection to them expanding their consciousness through the use of sacramental substances in accord with their spiritual growth and well-being. At Harvard, in Mexico and here at Millbrook, both of my children have witnessed more psychedelic sessions than any psychiatrist in the country.

PLAYBOY: At most of the psychedelic sessions you've conducted in the course of research, as you've said elsewhere, you and your associates have turned on with your subjects—and not in the laboratory but on beaches, in meadows, living rooms and even Buddhist temples. In the opinion of most authorities, this highly unconventional therapeutic technique is not only impractical but irrational and irresponsible. How do you justify it?

LEARY: This sort of criticism has ruined my reputation in conventional research circles, but it simply betrays ignorance of the way LSD works. You have to take it with your patient—or at least to have taken it yourself—in order to empathize with and follow him as he goes from one level to another. If the therapist has never taken it, he's sitting there with his sticky molasses Freudian psychiatric chessboard attempting to explain experiences that are far beyond the narrow limits of that particular system.

PLAYBOY: You've also been criticized for being insufficiently selective in the screening of subjects to whom you've administered LSD.

LEARY: We have been willing and eager to run LSD sessions with anyone in any place that made collaborative sense to me and the subject. We've never given LSD to anyone for our own selfish purposes, or for selfish purposes of his own; but if any reasonably stable individual wanted to develop his own consciousness, we turned him on. This ruined our reputation with scientists, of course, but it also made possible a fantastically successful record: 99 percent of the people who took LSD with us had fabulous experiences. None of our subjects flipped out and went to Bellevue; they walked out of the session room with messianic gleams in their eyes.

PLAYBOY: Even if only one percent of your subjects had bad experiences, is it worth the risk?

LEARY: That question can be answered only by the individual. When men set out for Plymouth in a leaky boat to pursue a new spiritual way of life, of course they were taking risks. But the risks of the voyage were less than the risks of remaining in a spiritual plague area, immobilized from the possibility of change by their fears of taking a risk. No Government bureau or Big Brother doctor can be allowed to decide who is going to take the risks involved in this 20th

(continued on page 250)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

The bright breed. A young man from whom others take lessons, Playboy Man on Campus represents the most knowing group going. Facts: PLAYBOY is *first* choice for reading among better than half of the more than 3,000,000 males on campus today. And it's *first* with the men who sell them, too. Over 1,300 fashion-bright retailers are tied in to PLAYBOY's big back-to-campus promotion, PMOC. Looking for a sales refresher? PLAYBOY is the course to take. (Source: 1965 *Simmons.*)

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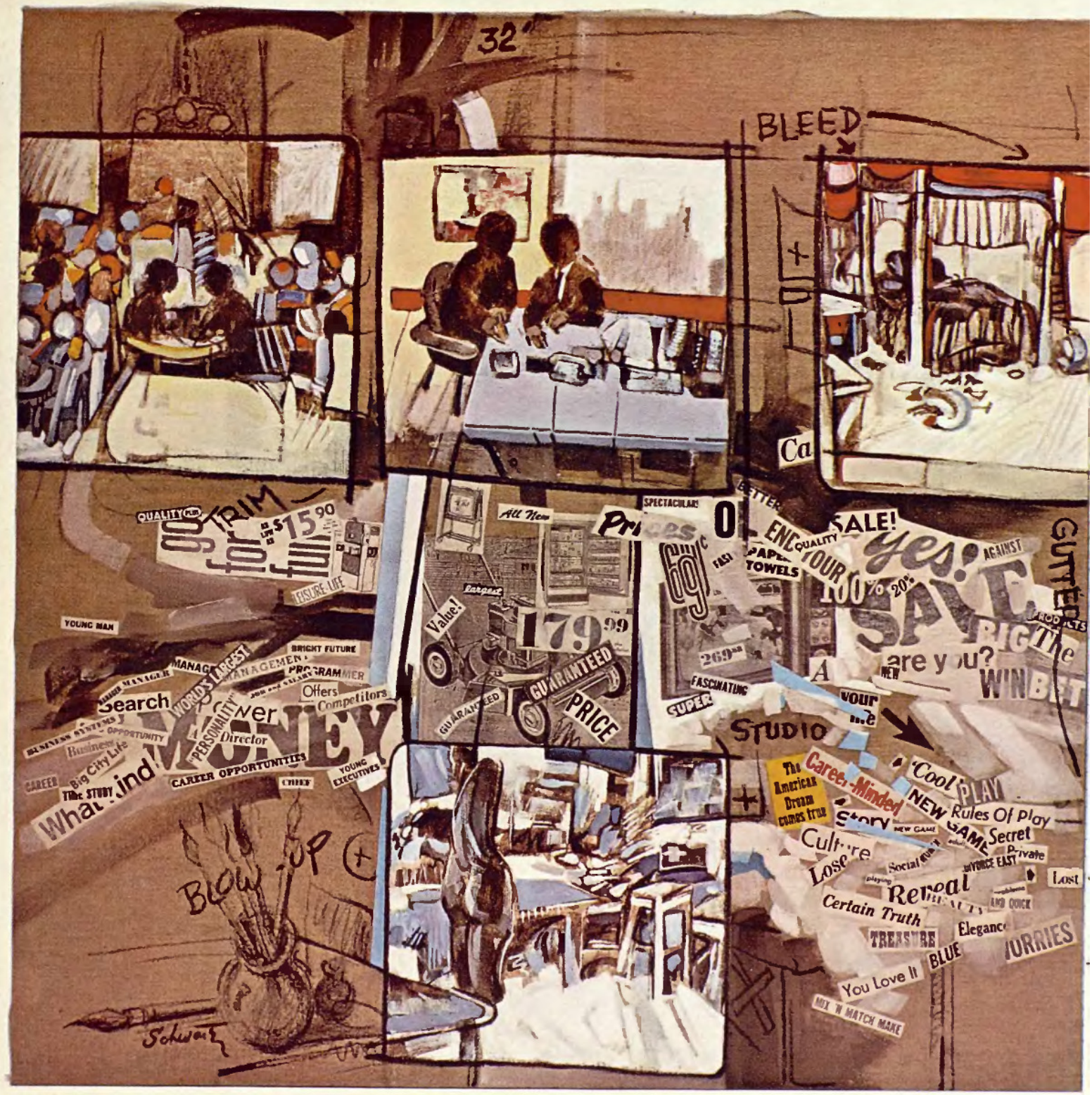

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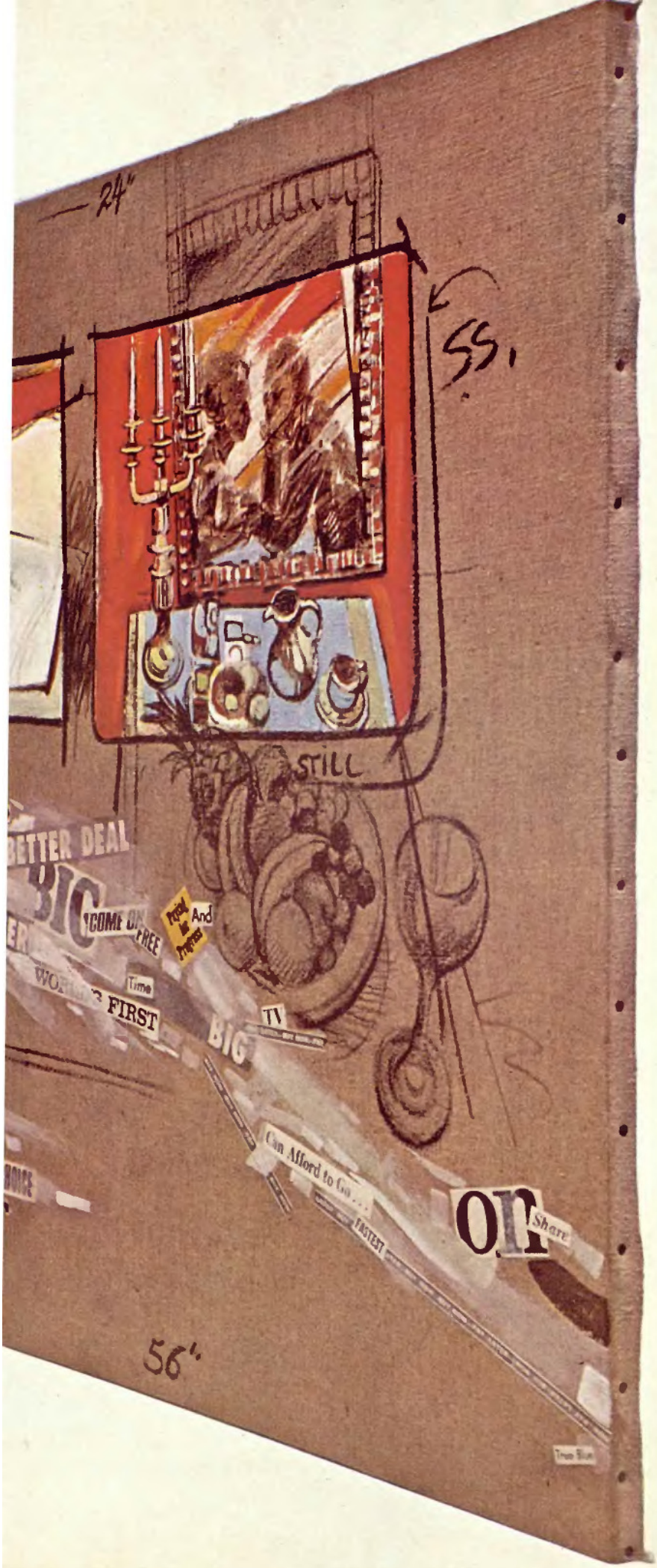


buddy-buddy

fiction By GARSON KANIN

when you two-time your wife and need a fall guy, why not pick an old friend for the patsy?

ROD MELLIN is a practical man.

Take his name, for instance—shortened from "Roderick" to save time and effort. Consider his present position—art director at Cowl and Ives, Inc., the eighth largest advertising agency in the United States. Nine years ago his one-man show at The Lourau Gallery in Paris made a strong and favorable impression upon the art world. Every painting was sold by the end of the fourth day. He took the money, went to Marseilles, and from there journeyed by sea to Greece. During the voyage he spoke to scarcely anyone and took his meals alone. He was thinking. He had bought a portable adding machine and spent his mornings using it in his cabin. His arithmetic had always been shaky and he was grateful that his new affluence made it possible for him to stop racking his brain over figures.

He had spent 572 days in Paris. With his machine (one of those cunning ones that can multiply, subtract and divide, as well as add) he calculated the average time per canvas: 11 days. This included nonworking days, binges and discards. Cost per canvas: 152.282 francs. This took into account living expenses, supplies, transportation, models and props. Average sale price per canvas: 410.969 francs. Deducting commissions, advertising and French taxes, he arrived at an average net return of 132.511 francs per canvas, or a loss of 19.771 francs per canvas.

His first thought was that the machine must be defective. (Should have bought that better one!) He spent half a day recomputing without the machine. The answer was the same to the penny. He was pleased with himself and with the machine, but doubly dismayed at the result.

The night before landing he walked the decks in fitful contemplation. At dawn, from the top deck, he watched the docking at Piraeus. As the ship was being tied fast he resolved, once and for all, to abandon painting.

During breakfast he made further plans, again with the aid of his machine. He was unaware of the stir he caused. Who ever saw anyone—even

an American—having breakfast with an adding machine?

He was planning his year to come. Go straight back to Paris, sell everything—the Vespa, too; sublet the studio; rent (buy?) car. Italy, Yugoslavia, Copenhagen, London. Four months. Then home to New York with $4000—well, say $3500. Small apartment—no—job first, *then* apartment nearby. The new aim: commercial art. To hell with this feckless competing with Picasso.

Rod Mellin is a practical man.

• • •

The holiday happened, as did the New York plan, but he soon found that managers were generally better off than craftsmen; that sellers were richer than makers; that even a winning horse got no more than a feed bag, while the owner got the purse. He decided to stop being a horse.

His 56-year-old superior, Bill Ettinger, lasted only ten months under the pressure of his driving, challenging 26-year-old assistant; and late one November afternoon was found lifeless, slumped over an unfinished layout. Rod finished it.

At the Christmas office party he met Jeannie Cowl, his boss's daughter, recently returned from a year at the Sorbonne. They flirted in French and stayed together until New Year's Day.

Permanence was in the surrounding air. Jeannie was willing and Mr. Cowl seemed approving, or at least not disapproving. As for Rod, he could not make up his mind.

He spent January second on the Staten Island ferry, and as it docked after the last trip of the day, decided that he could not decide. He needed help, but to whom could he bring so intimate a question? He was at a vital crossroad and stood rooted. Yet he knew he must proceed soon in one direction or another. The temptation was great and the girl was not bad and the partnership was assured, but what of his image? What would the world—*his* world—say and think?

He sat at his desk the following day, made a list of his friends (14) and began to cross off those he mistrusted (14).

That was when he thought, for the first time in years, of Pete Rossi.

He and Pete went back to Army days in Korea, where each had discovered the other, sketching. They found themselves to be compatible in other things as well. Their tastes in food, music, girls and colors were alike.

They roomed together in New York for ten months after their discharge. When Rod began planning his move to Paris, he urged Pete to join him.

"Better food, better wine, better beaver, what's bad? Also, if you stay eighteen months, there's this jolly tax gimmick. No tax. We pick up odd jobs, we keep the loot, we paint and we sell. Why? Because we're from Paris, *n'est-ce pas?* Glamor, prestige. Fame and fortune."

Pete regarded his tense, handsome friend appraisingly and asked, "You know your trouble, bozo?"

"What?"

"You're practical."

"You bet your lily-white."

Rod went to Paris by himself. His correspondence with Pete began faithfully, continued sporadically and ended abruptly.

After he returned to New York for good, his reminder pad frequently held the words: "Call Rossi," but he failed to heed them. When he thought of it in pre-sleep darkness, he reasoned that the man he had become could not hope for Pete's approval, let alone friendship. He was on a new drive now, with values, aspirations and meanings that Pete could not, would not, understand. So it was that the old friends remained apart until Rod's crisis.

He found Pete's phone number in the directory (same address!) and called him.

"Yeah?"

Rod remembered that singular answering sound—impatient, suggesting that important activity had been interrupted.

"Rod, Pete."

There was a pause.

"What'd you *do?*" asked Pete. "Dial the wrong number?"

Within the hour they sat in the bachelor comfort of Rod's apartment having a drink and studying each other.

It seemed to Pete that Rod had grown taller, or was it thinner? In either case, it was becoming, as were his careful clothes.

Rod saw a slower Pete, relaxed and resigned. He looked heavier and his new crewcut was youthful.

They talked of nothing things until Pete said, abruptly, "What's the problem?"

"What makes you think there's a problem?"

"You always change color when you're in a jam. A kind of gray-green. Winsor Newton, terre-verte."

Rod began slowly and apologetically, but soon (since the subject was himself) became absorbed and involved, and gushed a geyser of talk. He was encouraged by Pete's matchless listening. ("If you want to be impressive," Pete had once said, "learn to talk; if you want to be *popular*, learn to listen.")

It took a long time, almost two hours, and when it was over Rod was drained. He made himself a fresh and exceedingly brown drink.

"So," said Pete, "what it boils down to is this: Should you marry her because she's the boss's daughter, or should you *not* marry her because she's the boss's daughter? Yes?"

"Something like that."

"The answer goes like this: Every fine, red-blooded American boy should marry the boss's daughter if he can. But every fine, red-blooded *smart* American boy makes damn sure it's not *his* boss's daughter."

"What?" said Rod, startled.

"Somebody *else's* boss's daughter is the enlightened view, unless you happen to be crazy about everybody smirking behind your back all the time. Or unless you're a born second fiddler. Now. You know any other bosses' daughters?"

"Not offhand, no."

"I'm not worried, Rod. If I know you, you'll find one."

He knew him.

• • •

On the first day of the Atlantic City convention of The Council on Graphic Communications, Rod met a petite, beguiling redhead who wore nothing but Chanel originals and seemed to need no sleep at all. They shared talks, walks, meals, kisses and more—with increasing intensity and appetite.

On the last day of the convention, Rod (having learned who she was) proposed successfully and less than two weeks later was related by marriage to BBD&O, the fourth largest advertising agency in the United States.

Two years and two months later Rod was again in need of a confidant, this time to assist him in a private, risky matter.

He made another list and wiped it out (35 names this time) and sought out Pete.

They met at The Racquet Club. Pete was impressed.

"You a member?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You must have a good *racket*, huh?"

Pete laughed at his own joke, since Rod did not.

"Same ol'," said Rod, sadly regarding his waggish companion.

"A bit handsomer, no?" asked Pete. "All this becoming chinchilla up here?" He fingered his graying hair.

"You look surprisingly all right," said Rod.

"That comes from not being married," Pete explained.

"Yeah. How come?"

"There ain't enough bosses' daughter to go round."

"Eat your food."

"It's what I came for, if you want the truth. When *I* eat best is when *you're* in a bind."

"I'm in a beaut now, all right."

"Tell me."

Rod collected his thoughts and began.

"It's a girl."

"Congratulations! Shouldn't you be passing out cigars?"

"Relax, will you?"

Rod lit a cigarette.

"Who is she?" asked Pete. "Anybody you know?"

"She's sensational," said Rod. "And nuts about me."

(continued on page 122)

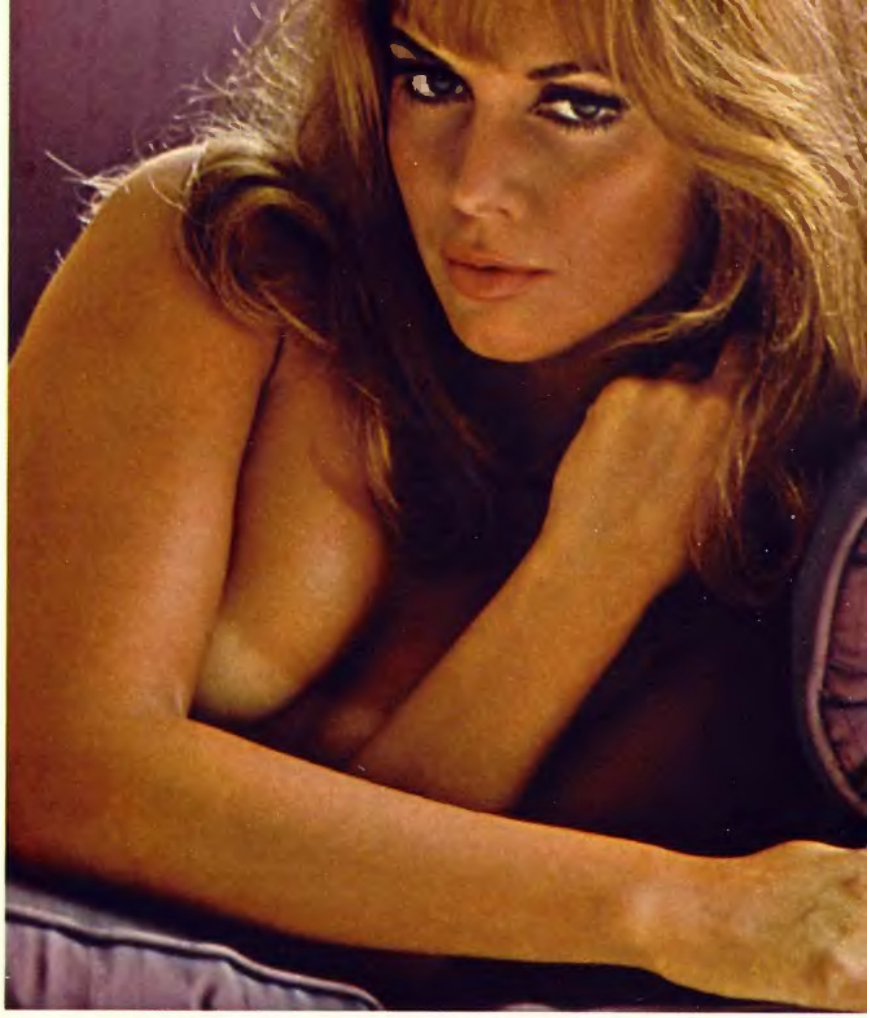
". . . And now a word for you busy housewives!"

JOCELYN LANE: heiress apparent

this fiscally and physically blessed english beauty is building a castle in spain and a career in hollywood

JOCELYN LANE, as she walks barefoot in the soft grass of her hilltop estate in Hollywood, is heading serenely toward stardom. She inherited both beauty and wealth, and from those fortunate beginnings is fashioning a solid film career—to date, a baker's dozen roles capped by one opposite Elvis Presley in *Tickle Me*. Born in Vienna and brought up in a New York exurb, Jocelyn is an English citizen and the happy mistress of a French poodle, a Hungarian puli, a Russian borzoi, a fur-strewn glass house in Beverly Hills, a London flat, and is building a Spanish villa. At 18, traveling with her widowed mother in Europe, Jocelyn found a beautiful village on the Costa del Sol, unspoiled by tourists, and promptly bought three acres overlooking the sea. Now her castle in Spain is almost finished, and her next-door neighbors are the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Meanwhile, her investment holdings have sextupled in six years, and so has her career, as witness a string of English, Italian and American films and Stateside TV appearances (highlighted by a starring role on *The Bob Hope Theater*). Jocelyn now thinks she's earned the right to choose, and has turned down four film offers in a row, waiting for the right one. The tanned, lithe international actress is also waiting for the right man. "I trust men, *completely*. I've never had problems with men, mostly because I don't believe in problems. I do believe in the stars." And we —it goes without saying—believe in Jocelyn.

Alone on her Hollywood hilltop, Jocelyn wanders through nature to the luxury of a glass house carpeted in fur and offering a hazy shower-stall view of the world below.



Jocelyn distinguishes between movie and still photography: "Acting in a film, I'm not aware of the camera, but I enjoy posing at home. I guess I'm narcissistic, but a beautiful picture of yourself is like a mirror held at the right angle, on a day when you feel wonderful. I had never posed nude, but I changed my mind for PLAYBOY. *It all depends on the photographer." And the girl.*

buddy-buddy (continued from page 116)

"Sure. That's what makes her sensational."

"British," Rod continued. "We brought her over with a flock of models for that luxey cosmetic screamer and, well—don't ask me. We simply happened."

"I didn't ask you," said Pete.

The waiter brought Rod's coffee and served it with care.

"She's about the least demanding female I've ever known," Rod resumed. "And she understands my position perfectly."

"Do *you*?"

"I've got to go along like this for a while," said Rod. "I can't rock the boat right now."

"The old man's not getting any younger, huh?"

Rod blushed. "Cut it out, Pete."

"No. I'm not so sure I like you. You want too much. The English say—ask your friend, why don't you?—'You cahn't have it both ways!' How wrong they are. You've got it both ways. Now you want it two *more* ways." He paused and snapped an afterthought. "Why isn't your *wife* enough?"

Rod's answering anger flared. He kept his voice down, but it was hoarse with vehemence.

"Can I help it if I'm not her father? That's what she wants me to be!"

They sat quietly, cooling off.

Pete said, "I doubt I can help you this time."

"Yes you can."

"But why should I?"

Rod did not reply immediately. When he did, it was as though someone else were speaking, a tender man.

"Because I know you," he said, "and there's only one thing you revere and that's love and that's what this is. That's why you're not married—because you've never had the luck of love—and you won't settle for less, like the rest of us poor slobs. Mine came at a bad time, that's all. Late."

"I was in love once," said Pete to his memory. "And she had to go and die."

"Will you help me, Pete?"

"What makes you think it's love?" asked Pete, testily.

The answer came slowly and steadily. "I live in another category with her, that she—creates. It's quiet there and the small things matter more than the big ones and she means every word she says and every move she makes. And the sound of her—I wish I could describe it—soothing and nourishing. Not like at home, where everything's so goddamn here and now and we have to *this* and you'd better *that* and hurry up and what's the *matter* with you—— Am I talking too much?"

"What is it you want me to do?"

"I have to have a few evenings with you. You know—buddy-buddy. A couple of afternoons. Prize fights, ball games—poker? Weekends, maybe. Fishing? A trip to the West Coast. You've got this television notion—something to do with painting, say—and we're developing it."

"All that? You'll get sick of me."

"How about it?"

Pete looked out the window, musing.

"I'm wondering why should I?" he said. "Dirty pool."

"Bread on the waters? *I* might be able to do something for *you* someday."

Pete looked back at Rod and said, "I hope it never comes, but—all right. I'll swing with you, because in spite of everything, you're my friend. One of my few."

Rod's voice took on a take-charge tone.

"To begin with, call me up three, four times in the next four, five days and when you find I'm not home, talk to *her*. That'll check you in."

"All right."

"And in case she should ever happen to call your place when we're supposed to be together there—say I that minute left—you'll try to catch me—can't—then call me at this number—and I'm right around the corner from home. Ten minutes, twenty the most. Depending."

He handed over a filing card on which was typed: "Plaza 5-0803."

Pete smiled. "Man, you sure work things out, don't you? What a brain."

"I'm no genius, just practical. You have to be, in this world."

"That's why I may be moving to another one. Any day now."

"Also, it would help a lot if you—I mean during those times—if you'd stay put—so no chance of being seen on the street or in a store or whatever."

"I'll lock myself in the bathroom, how's that?"

"Any questions?"

"Yes, one. How come if we're going to get to be so—as you put it—buddy-buddy—how come I'm never around *your* place?"

"Her bloody snobbism. She'd never ask *you*, unless I went to the mat with her."

"And that, I take it, you no longer do."

"By mutual sick-of-it, no. More coffee?"

"Not a thing, no."

• • •

The complex escapade began. Pete phoned a few times, as instructed, and often found himself conversing far longer than he had planned. Rod's wife seemed subdued, but amiable and warm and usually reluctant to end the conversation. A lonely lady, he guessed. Once she asked if she might visit with Rod to see some of the recent work—Pete had begun some sculpture—and he put her off, in a panic.

He went to see Rod at his office and reported.

"Great!" said Rod.

"Why?"

"Cements it, the two of you meeting. Makes it real. Makes *you* real."

"I've always been real."

• • •

Pete had swept his studio clean in preparation for the visitors, and tidied it up. There had been no work all that morning. His favorite-by-far model—a stunning Negress named Honoria De Frates—had helped him, had arranged an artful tea table and had gone out to buy cakes.

When she returned, he indicated the studio and asked, "What do you think?"

"It was better by far before."

"What do you suggest?"

She picked up a wastepaper basket, emptied it onto the floor and began scattering the contents about with a graceful, high-kicking mule. He joined her, and in five minutes the gay disorder had been re-established.

The afternoon was a triumph. Pete and Rod's wife became old friends in ten minutes. She was generous with her compliments and showed an imaginative understanding of even the more difficult pieces.

She had been an art major at Radcliffe, had spent two student years in Florence and had written her master's thesis on: "The Mutations in the Taste of Bernard Berenson." She had been to Carrara to study the quarries. She had known Jacob Epstein and Jo Davidson, knew Henry Moore and deplored the absence of a present-day American counterpart.

It was her interest in applied art that had brought her with her father to Atlantic City and the meeting with Rod.

She was giving a dinner on Saturday for Marc Chagall and his wife. Would Pete come? Would Honoria?

Pete studied Rod as they accepted.

"Saturday?" asked Rod. "Isn't that our trout weekend? Poughkeepsie?"

"What the hell," Pete replied. "Let's make it the next."

Honoria served an elaborate tea and the hour was charged with a debate on the culture explosion. Rod took no part in it, confining himself to eating cakes and drinking tea.

Honoria capped the afternoon with a vivid description of the idiosyncrasies of the men and women for whom she regularly posed.

Rod's wife had a bright, flushed face as she said her goodbyes. Rod was glum.

When the guests had gone, Honoria asked, "You want to work awhile? I'm game—and didn't you say you wanted another go at the right thigh?"

"I ought to, yes—but I'm too up-there right now."

(continued on page 244)

fiction **By JOHN CHRISTOPHER** THE COMPANY tried to persuade me to take a long holiday when Helen was drowned, but in the end they accepted my argument that I needed work more than rest. They put the proposition up again six months later. I was asked to spend the weekend with the Ashtons outside London, and along with hospitality, Freddy and Paula applied friendly but persistent pressure. My initial prescription had, they agreed, quite probably been right. At the same time the body, like the mind, had limitations, and I had been driving mine too hard. What I was heading for, Paula pointed out gently,was nothing romantic: merely a coronary and years of enforced idleness, possibly helplessness. By this time, of course, things had changed with me. The wound, once viciously tender, had scarred over. The scar ached, but bearably. Freddy told me they had booked me for a *(continued on page 148)*

though the dream was gone when they met in the misty twilight, there remained a sliver of hope between them

RENDEZVOUS

IT'S A HOTEL! IT'S A GYMNASIU

our adventurous author hies himself to the semi-ascetic luxury of a coed palm springs

reportage By HERBERT GOLD WHAT in the name of naturopathy is this? A hotel for reducing and toning? Superhealth training for senior narcissists? More than $400 a week to be starved and steamed and advised to give up the sauce? Well, yes. This beautiful blonde Swedish chiropractor with her staff of beautiful Swedish and Norwegian instructors is busy cajoling, begging, teasing, flattering, insulting, bouncing, singing, grunting and altogether urging a coed group of affluent senior citizens, junior senior citizens and senior junior citizens to put aside unhealthy ways and take up whole-grain cereal, dancing to jazz, stretching and limbering and improvement of body, lower back and soul.

Dr. Drummond, the resident physician, examined me in. "Lub-dub, lub-dub," he told me.

"What?" I asked.

"Your heart," he said. "It says lub-dub, lub-dub." I was glad to hear it. "You may notice that I wear a saffron-colored medical robe," he went on. "Like a monk. I used to practice in Hillsborough, near San Francisco. But I was always orientated toward prevention. I've found lots of pathology, but your heart is sound."

"Lub-dub," I said.

"That's right," he said.

Then the secretary gave me my first day's schedule:

9:00 Facial	LUNCH
9:45 Spa Exerc.	2:00 Herbal Wrap
10:30 Sun Bath	2:45 Massage
11:15 Yoga	3:30 Gym
12:00 Water Exerc.	4:15 Class Work

After that came rest, dinner and, in the evening, a session of peaceful contemplation, lectures or sneaking out for drink and food. This is a $10,000,000 operation devoted to the sculpting of the bodies of such as Mrs. Burt Lancaster, Glynis Johns, Terry Moore, Jill St. John, the Gabor sisters and mother, Joan Caulfield, Jonathan Winters and many others. "We work our guests like slaves and treat them like kings or queens," said Dr. Anne-Marie Bennstrom. "Some of our exercises were invented by Leonardo da Vinci. Others I yoost invented myself. Aldous Huxley was very grateful for his treatments until he died."

Eager to begin my rejuvenation, I joined a class that very afternoon. I dived into my regulation blue sweat suit and danced to jazz as a marvelous Scandinavian girl leader sang, "I got a hammer," and shouted, "Ow! oh! ooh! ah! ouch! that hurts! good! good! good!"

We were as little children again. We were commanded to be as little children again. We obeyed the command.

"Hup! Ho! Hi! Hoo! Oh! Ah! Yippee! Wah! Now relax." We relaxed.

During the rest period a famous movie producer complained: "Didn't you think the no-cal broth wasn't hot enough this morning?"

Anne-Marie Bennstrom, our leader, overheard this remark and pounced on him. "You darling! you cuddly, oo, little boy," and she clutched him by the ears. "Mmm, yummy. You yoost better believe me. But we don't want an excess of hydrochloric acid in your little tummy, do we?"

Later the movie producer, tangling his fingers lovingly in the hair on his chest, explained to me, "We're not drinkers, lushes, alkies, boozehounds or a bunch of physioneurotics. We're fatt, that's all—is it a crime, I ask you?"

"No," I said.

"Fatt," he repeated with disgust. I noticed that everyone here seemed to pronounce the word *fatt* with an extra *t* of lingering dread. "We're here to spend our money creatively—getting thin. Creative slimming."

Peace to the belly. Peace to the spirit. Peace. Skoal!

Next morning he snitched to Anne-Marie on his wife. She had sneaked out that evening for a brandy alexander. For reward Anne-Marie pulled his ears, and for punishment shook her finger gaily at the wife.

High on grape juice at the cocktail hour, still wearing her blue sweat suit, a lady confessed her program for the future. "I had me a nose bob, I had me a name bob, now I'm really going to get healthy—*slim*."

M! IT'S...SUPERSPA!

superhealth resort to see what miracles can be wrought on his physiological wasteland

Another said thoughtfully, "When I got preggers, I lost my lovely figure. Now I'm fatt." She paused to think it over. Oh, could she but melt those too too solid jowls, wattles, humps, blobs, rolls and the nighttime terrors of growing old. "If only I can tone it up," she said, "I'll be a happy girl."

Dr. Drummond strolled by, pink and stately.

"Lub-dub, lub-dub," I called to him.

It was time for dinner, which would be served by candlelight, with elegant attention, and would consist mainly of grapefruit. The residents enjoy gourmet starvation, plus hugs and kisses from Dr. B., plus bubbly juice cocktails. Myself, on my high-protein diet, eating a steak, felt like a corrupter of the aged. If Socrates corrupted the innocent youth, I was engaged in subverting the jaded elite of Pebble Beach, Southampton and Beverly Hills. There were also morose starlets and an occasional world-weary muscleman. Few tragedies seem as tragical as the predicament of a girl out of an American-International movie, such as *Rat Race Bongo* or *Surfers from Outer Space*, who has awakened one morning to the scales and the tape measure and found an extra six ounces of goose flesh treacherously looped about her middle. Why, that's like modeling a mascara commercial with conjunctivitis: "Icky," she said. Seeking to be useful, I went about taking other depositions from some of the staff and my fellow Ponce de Leóns.

Lisa, a beautiful Norwegian instructor: "It makes me feel good when other people feel good."

Eva, a beautiful Swedish instructor: "I believe that it is much better to watch your health while you still have it. That way I think you can live a much more active and creative life and you will have time to work, read, play around and to be satisfied with yourself. If you are satisfied and happy with yourself you are not so boring for other people."

Millie, the cook: "I've lost a hundred and forty pounds already. I'm still fatt, but I love life."

A happy male guest: "I had me this prostatitis from, I don't know, maybe not living right, but now. But now." He gazed about distractedly. "But now I feel better."

A 22-year-old divorcée: "Mommy and Daddy thought it would be good for me to get away from things and shape up. Oh, I don't know. Do you think I'm getting lumpy?"

Due to malaise and anxiety, a girl can get lumpy. Oh, I don't know.

And so to bed, with a good-nighty-night from Dr. B.

Dr. B. believes in the circulation of the blood. I noticed that everything here helps to circulate the blood. The blood doesn't just lie there in lumps; it moves. For example, watching me eat my high-protein regime—steaks, eggs, anything I wanted—helped the blood get a move on for the starving dieters. Their saliva ran, too. Good discipline. Moral improvement.

"Gelatin is also good for the nails," said Miss Twenty-Two-Year-Old Divorcée. "Not Jell-o, *raw* gelatin. But cooked. But it doesn't taste good for the tummy, let's face it. Do you like my nails like this, natural? Really like it?"

"Oh, *yes*," said a chain of liquor stores. "You're lovely, honey." And then to me, with disgust: "Look at you, ingesting all that cholesterol. Well, it's none of my beeswax, is it?"

At first they watched me like greedy children. I ate; my appetite was excellent; I was a sadistic eater. They watched like inmates under terrible punishment; but smiling, smiling, smiling. Someone sighed. It was the movie producer, bound to break the spell of my cruel jaws. He said: "Aldous used to come all the time—Huxley. He really benefited. Jim still comes—Backus. And Burt's wife is here right now—Lancaster. Jim's coming on Sunday."

The young divorcée, sent by her parents, looked cheerful. "Who else comes?" she asked. It was the late late show, brought to life. "Tell me more, kind sir, please do. Frankie? Rock? Is it true Marlon Brando's stand-in, well, you hear lots of things, I don't necessarily believe it at all—is it true—*he's actually much slimmer 'n Marlon*?"

A clap of hands. Off to my facial in the men's facial parlor. It was new to me. This is not the way I usually start my day, with oil, cold, hot, ice, towels, massage and a special sauce for my skin. ("Our lotions are specially made for us by Professor . . ." I forget his name. It was Hungarian.) The facial lady worked me over with her powerful fingertips, and put me in plastic gloves, hot electric gloves *(continued on page 200)*

"I'm an adult—what time do you get through?"

THE GOLD OF TROY

the fig king was a pigeon to be plucked, but matsoukas was after more than mere plunder

fiction By HARRY MARK PETRAKIS

DON IVAN PUNCHATZ

FOR A MOMENT Matsoukas absorbed the suspensive beauty of the warm and cloistered room, a windowless nest secure from the world. In the center of the room a large round table of walnut, the green felt surface lit under the beam from a drop-cord light in the ceiling with a fan shade around the bulb.

There was the soft echo of the dealer's litany calling the fall of the cards, the trails of smoke rising in silver coils to merge into a swirling cloud above the light, the smell of tobacco and sweat. And on the green felt surface of the table the frivolous one-eyed jacks flirting with the elusive queens under the eyes of the somber kings. Around the edges of the cards the fingers of the players glittered, their hands severed at the wrist by the perimeter of darkness just outside the circle of light.

Matsoukas knew the hands without seeing the faces of the men. There were the plump and clumsy fingers of Fatsas, who could not win for losing; the dark leathery fingers of the guitarist, Charilaos, curling as if he were striking chords; the desultory fingers of Poulos, who played to pass the time; and the never-resting fingers of Babalaros, who played to keep from going mad. A pair of soft and diamond-studded hands, strange to him but with a certain pomposity, he apportioned to the "Fig King." And, finally, the hands of the dealer, his friend Cicero, small and frail-bodied, with a thin pale-fleshed face but with slender and beautiful fingers, long and supple, the flesh gleaming like marble in moonlight, holding the deck as a king might hold his scepter, with a grave and leisured grace.

As Matsoukas passed around the table, the Fig King raked in a pot and smiled genially.

"My apologies, gentlemen," he said. "Since I play for sport and not to win, I do this to you reluctantly."

Cicero smiled wryly and gathered the cards for the deal.

Matsoukas sat down in a chair against the wall beside a chair in which old Gero Kampana dozed with his scarred and ancient head tilted slightly to the side. The old man had been abstemious in all facets of his life but cards, playing poker for 75 of his 90 years. He had never married, never given any woman more than embers from the fire of his true love. Now grown blind and deaf, he could no longer distinguish the faces of the cards or hear the dealer's call. Still, he sat most of the day and night in the room where cards were played, assimilating in some disordered way the rhythms and the tensions. As Matsoukas sat down, he raised his head with a start.

"Who is that?" he asked, peering toward the light.

"Matsoukas."

"I knew it was you," the old man snapped.

"Of course," Matsoukas said and patted the old man's knee.

For about 40 minutes he sat and watched the game and studied the Fig King's play. He watched him through a score of stud-poker hands, 15 of which he won. When Babalaros was driven from the game, Matsoukas rose and took his place.

He winked fondly at Cicero, nodded and greeted Charilaos and Poulos, and slapped Fatsas on the shoulder. "How are you, old sport?" he asked cheerfully. "Still playing your canny and skillful game?"

"I'm still losing, if that's what you mean," Fatsas said with irritation.

Matsoukas smiled benignly at the Fig King. "Play for sport," he said politely. "Those were your words, sir, and I completely agree." He rose slightly in his chair and bowed. "I am Leonidas Matsoukas."

"Poker for sport!" Fatsas said incredulously.

The Fig King extended his hand limply to Matsoukas, who shook it vigorously. "Elias Roumbakakis," the tycoon said gravely. "One must be able to afford to lose," he said. "Only then is the game a sport. Do you agree?"

"Absolutely!" Matsoukas said. He peered closely at Roumbakakis. "Your face is very familiar," he said. "Tell me, sir, were you not in last Sunday's *National Herald?*"

"Not this last Sunday," Roumbakakis said, "although they often have my photo with dignitaries. Perhaps you saw my recent photo in *The Ahepan* magazine? I was presenting a basket of figs to Alderman Pasofski, a very close friend."

Cicero bent his head and smiled crookedly as he raked in the cards for another deal.

"That must be where I saw you!" Matsoukas said. He stared somberly around the table at the other players. "I hope you all appreciate what a singular honor it is," he said, "to be playing with such an eminent leader of the Hellenic community."

Roumbakakis raised his hand in a silent demurrer, but could not conceal the pleased flush that sprouted in his cheeks.

"Get a new deck and let's play!" Fatsas said to Cicero. "I'm ninety dollars out. Let's get on with this bloody sport!"

Cicero ripped the cellophane wrapping from a new deck of Bicycles and threw the *(continued on page 224)*

MOTORCYCLE SCAVENGER HUNT

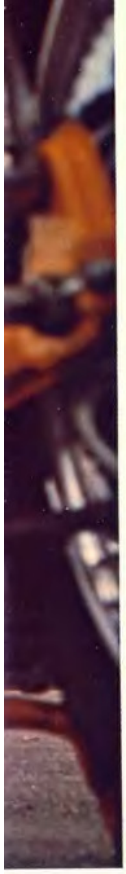
a sunny afternoon of freewheeling, two-wheeling fun and games

PLAYBOY's prescription for pepping up o lozy summer Saturdoy—the two-wheeled treosure hunt—is off ond running os teoms of cycle riders hightoil it to their mochines in the traditionol Le Mons–style stort. For the next three hours, couples on bikes just borely built for two will scout oround the city and suburbs on o freewheeling, bring-'em-bock-ostride search for six corefully chosen items of kookie controbond. The winning team will be owarded o silver loving cup filled with o choice of beer or bubbly, while the losers hove to return all of the borrowed booty.

WHEN GOTTLIEB DAIMLER introduced the world to combustion-engined transport by taking two-wheeled tours of Cannstatt in the late 1880s, motorcycles were at best a pretty chancy business. In fact, most pioneering motorists insisted on a third wheel for security's sake, which no doubt helped account for the eager acceptance that greeted the cycle's *fin de siècle* four-wheeled substitute—the automobile. Down through the years, however, there remained a hard-core clan of loyal cycling enthusiasts who preferred the freewheeling feel of the road beneath them and the wind in their faces to the more claustrophobic comforts of a common motorcar. To them, 1908 was the year of the Rex, not the Model T. And while American auto enthusiasts extolled the virtues of such stalwarts as the Maxwell, Essex, Hupmobile, Peerless and Model A, better-balanced motorists made their way through the century's first three decades astride their Rudges, Nortons, Reynolds Runabouts, Royal Enfields and Triumph Model Ps.

The post-War automobile boom and the antisocial handle-bar high jinks of several maverick motorcycling cliques across the nation brought a subsequent stigma to two-wheeled transport that relegated most of its diehard fans to the status of either racers or road hazards. The cycle's image was in desperate need of revision, and *(text continued on page 222)*

A pair of privateers scoots back to the host's house to deposit a Germon World War One helmet ond o brond-new tubo before heoding out for more loot.



Several minutes after all competitors in the friendly foray take off, a lucky two-wheeled twosome is able to borrow the first item on its list —a nude female mannequin—from the proprietor of a main-street *haute couture* salon. Another couple has headed for the beach and spotted its objective—a child's sand pail with sand—in the hands of a toddler who is anything but eager to relinquish the sought-after possession. However, several sticks of candy and a solemn oath to return the treasure soon convince him to temporarily hand over his part of the bargain.

Out in the suburbs, two searchers who are anything but chicken scramble after an elusive feathered friend. Permission, of course, was obtained from the owner before they made off with the barnyard prize. A black-lace bra proves an easy find as this fellow's date demurely gives up her garment for the good of the team.

Buzzing down o quiet street, it's so far so good os o guy ond his gal toke in tow a dozen high-flying balloons lent them by o kindly vendor. Bolloons and oll, the couple makes o hurried stop-off at o posh downtown French restourant, where the moître de is more thon hoppy to help the game along by possing over an extra menu. Since the rules prohibit corrying cash, they'd luckily porked their bike by an unexpired meter.

The seorch for o four-leof clover momentorily grinds to o happy holt as o loving couple discovers other kinds of splendor in the gross. Using o bit of ingenuity, the obove teom's seorch for o live robbit wos cleverly solved when o compliont Playboy Club cottontoil, Joey Thorpe, got o few minutes off from her job so thot guy ond gol could win by a hare. After the running, guests portoke of barbecue ond bubbly on the host's potio before the weory winners ore oworded their trophy.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY GORDON AND J. BARRY O'ROURKE

Getting to be old hands at the game, two sticky-fingered tiptoers catch on upstairs maid with her guard down and make off with a hot towel from a local hostelry. Once back on the street, they cool off quickly by taking a fast run through the park while carrying along some of the day's swag—including a golf flag from the 18th hole, along with a papier-mâché skull and a porcelain bedpan—before cycling back to their host.

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO 1966 MOTORCYCLES—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

MAKE & MODEL	WEIGHT	ENGINE (cyl./cycle)	DISPLACEMENT	HP@RPM	TRANSMISSION	MPG	TOP SPEED	PRICE	FEATURES
CZECHOSLOVAKIA									
Jawa 453	248 lbs.	1/2	125cc	8@5000	4-speed	110	60 mph	$369	Clutch required for starting only
Jawa 450	255	1/2	175	12@5000	4-speed	95	65	429	Manual, semi-automatic clutch
Jawa 590	287	1/2	250	15@5000	4-speed	85	75	535	Reliable low-revving engine
GREAT BRITAIN									
Royal Enfield Crusader	305	1/4 ohv	248	17@7250	4-speed	95	80	766	Good utility touring bike
Triumph Mountain Cub	223	1/4 ohv	200	16@6800	4-speed	100	70	650	Extra-low gear for trail riding
ITALY									
Benelli 250 Sprite	240	1/4 ohv	245	24@8000	4-speed	100	85	639	Excellent handling characteristics
Ducati Bronco 125	200	1/4 ohv	125	8.5@6500	4-speed	98	60	379	Big-bike features in lightweight model
Ducati Diana & 250 Mk. III	242	1/4 ohc	249	30@8400	5-speed	68	104	729	Available as scrambler for sport
Gilera 124 FL	205	1/4 ohv	124	16@7800	4-speed	120	75	529	Available as trail bike
Moto-Beta XR-50	130	1/2	50	5@7600	4-speed	110	55	279	Available as trail bike
Moto-Beta XTR-100	145	1/2	100	9@7000	4-speed	100	65	379	Trail rider converts to street use
Moto Guzzi 125 Town & Trail	203	1/4 ohv	125	12@7500	4-speed	89	60	469	Trail features standard equipment
JAPAN									
Bridgestone 50	132	1/2	50	4.2@7000	3-speed	200	45	240	Good novice bike with step-through frame
Bridgestone 90 Mountain	178	1/2	88	7.8@7000	4-speed	177	60	400	Excellent for trail riding
Bridgestone 90 Sport	158	1/2	88	8.8@8000	4-speed	154	65	400	One of the hottest performing lightweights
Bridgestone 175 Dual-Twin	271	1/2	177	20@8000	5-speed	119	85	579	Light twin with rotary valve and oil injection
Hodaka Ace 90	155	1/2	90	8.2@7500	4-speed	155	58	379	Top-quality trail or street bike
Honda 50	143	1/4 ohv	50	4.5@9500	3-speed	200	45	215	Electric starter available for $35
Honda Sport 65	171	1/4 ohc	65	6.2@10,000	4-speed	200	56	295	Smallest overhead-cam racing-type engine
Honda Trail 90	188	1/4 ohc	90	8@9500	4-speed	160	60	330	The pioneer of trail bikes
Honda Super 90	176	1/4 ohc	90	8@9500	4-speed	150	65	370	Ideal step-up from smallest lightweights
Honda 160	282	2/4 ohc	160	16.5@10,000	4-speed	116	75	564	Excellent road-handling; electric starter
Kawasaki 85 J1T	168	1/2	81.5	8@7000	4-speed	189	62	363	Available as a trail bike
Kawasaki 125 B8T	251	1/2	123.5	11@7000	4-speed	165	67	454	Quick acceleration, high-revving engine
Kawasaki 150 B8S	256	1/2	148	12.5@6500	4-speed	141	71	480	Good open-road tourer; electric starter
Kawasaki 175 F1	251	1/2	169	17@7000	4-speed	129	76	499	Fast, high-quality medium-size cycle
Rabbit 90	184	1/2	88	5.5@6500	3-speed	125	52	349	Offers easy transition from a scooter
Rabbit Junior 150	267	1/2	148	9.5@6200	4-speed	83	62	479	Riding simplicity; electric starter
Suzuki Collegian	128	1/2	50	4.2@8000	4-speed	154	50	275	Good for campus transportation
Suzuki Suzi	123	1/2	55	5@7000	3-speed	212	45	245	Basic lightweight in step-through frame
Suzuki Challenger	154	1/2	80	8@7000	4-speed	160	60	350	Top speed for engine size
Suzuki Hill Billy	165	1/2	80	8@7000	4-speed	154	57	365	Trail bike for outdoor sports
Suzuki 120 Magnum	194	1/2	120	10@7000	4-speed	153	65	410	Also available as trail bike
Suzuki X-6 Hustler	297	2/2	250	29@7500	6-speed	70	104	679	Top acceleration for engine size
Yamaha 50	154	1/2	50	4.4@6500	3-speed	200	45	219	Easy-to-ride step-through frame
Yamaha 60	161	1/2	60	5@7000	4-speed	200	55	285	Motorcycle styling in lightweight model
Yamaha Sport 80	158	1/2	75	8@7500	4-speed	190	60	350	Also available as trail bike
Yamaha Twin Jet 100	180	2/2	97	9.25@8500	4-speed	153	65	409	One of the smallest twins on the market
Yamaha Santa Barbara	264	1/2	125	11.5@6700	4-speed	154	70	454	Fine around-town or highway bike
Yamaha Big Bear Scrambler	349	2/2	250	27@7500	5-speed	102	85	690	Trail or street machine
SPAIN									
Bultaco Mercurio	190	1/2	175	18@6500	4-speed	68	80	515	High-quality single-cylinder 2-cycle engine
Bultaco Matador	209	1/2	250	18.5@6500	4-speed	55	80	775	Rugged trail bike
Montesa Scorpion	210	1/2	250	21@6500	4-speed	65	85	745	Dual-purpose street and scramble bike
Montesa Impala Special	208	1/2	250	26@7500	4-speed	65	102	665	Very hot performer on the street
Ossa 230 Sport	190	1/2	230	24@7200	4-speed	60	105	695	Top performance for its class
UNITED STATES									
Harley-Davidson M-50	116	1/2	50	3.2@8000	3-speed	180	47	275	Step-through frame
Harley-Davidson Bobcat	220	1/2	175	8@4800	3-speed	50	70	515	Only U.S.-built general-purpose lightweight
Harley-Davidson Sprint	261	1/4 ohv	250	18@6800	4-speed	50	85	690	Competition model proved for street use
Skat-Kitty	90	1/4	124	2½@3600	None	100	25	209	Fits car trunk. Sidecar available; pull starter

NOTE: The above chart is a representative sampling of the world's most utile and sporting motorcycles. It does not list all models, nor attempt to be comprehensive. Domestic motorcycle prices are factory suggested retail prices. Foreign motorcycle prices are Port of Entry. All prices are exclusive of dealer preparation costs, transportation costs, state or local taxes, and are subject to change. For more detailed information on these models, write to Playboy Reader Service, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

THE COLD SOCIETY

the age of anxiety, automation and the atom has spawned a rootless, apathetic breed: the alienated american

article By NAT HENTOFF

FOUR O'CLOCK on a pleasant May afternoon in 1964. Screams freeze a crowded Bronx street. And there she is, in a doorway, naked: a slight young woman trying to fight off a rapist who had begun his assault on the floor above—her eyes blackened, bruises on her neck, blood running from her mouth. Part of the crowd bestirs itself. Some 40 people move closer to the doorway to get a better look. The rapist starts dragging her up the stairs. No one else moves. Until finally two cops appear and race to the rescue. The next day, a businessman on the street, who had watched the event, shrugs when asked why he hadn't intervened. "You look out for yourself today," the citizen says.

Two days later, in Atlantic City, there are screams from two nine-year-old boys, drowning in a bay. Fifty spectators, silent, watch as one man tries to save them. He fails. Why didn't some of the onlookers jump in to help? "Nobody," mutters one of them, "wanted to get involved."

Two months before, Catherine Genovese, returning from work late at night to her home in Kew Gardens, Queens, was attacked and stabbed by a man on a well-lighted street, within a hundred feet of her apartment. Her screams, it was later established, awakened 38 of her neighbors. Twice, as apartment lights went on, the attacker scurried away. Twice he came back, and finally killed her. Not one of the 38 called the police during the 35 minutes between the first attack and the last, although Miss Genovese kept yelling, "Please help me! Please help me!"

The next day, when newsmen asked her neighbors why they had been immobile, a dentist in the building next door to Miss Genovese's was bitter. "You reporters don't care about me," he complained. "Do you realize that my patients, the women, are afraid to come up here now? It's bad for business. And besides, how do you know that the girl is not somebody's wife? Everybody looks out for themselves."

Predictably, in an age as scientific and sophisticated as our own, psychiatrists and sociologists participated in a post-mortem examination of the apathy that was an accomplice in the death of Catherine Genovese. Psychiatrist Iago Galdston proclaimed: "I would assign this to the effect of the megalopolis in which we live, which makes closeness very difficult and leads to the alienation of the individual from the group." Dr. Renée Claire Fox, an associate professor of sociology at Barnard College, was more intricate in her diagnosis. The silent 38, she explained, had manifested a "disaster syndrome"—similar to the withdrawal into themselves by victims of such sudden disasters as tornadoes. Hearing a prolonged murder under their windows had destroyed their feeling that the world was "a rational, orderly place, shaking their sense of safety and sureness." Rounding out the board of examiners was a theologian who lived in the neighborhood: "I can't understand it. Maybe the depersonalizing here has gone further than I thought." Having revealed that much of his anxiety, he added hastily, "Don't quote me."

The depersonalizing had indeed gone further than he and most of us had thought. The case of Catherine Genovese is hardly atypical, and despite the feverish soul-searching that followed it, the odds are that residents of her neighborhood would not today react in significantly different fashion to a similar act of violence outside their windows.

The terms—"alienation" and "depersonalization"—used by those trying to understand the death of community that led to the death of Catherine Genovese have become imbedded in the common language of our time. Alienation, defined by Eric and Mary Josephson in *Man Alone*, is a "feeling or state of dissociation from self, from others and from the world at large." A man who is alienated, added Dr. Karen Horney, is remote from his own feelings, wishes, beliefs *(continued on page 136)*

"He tried everything—flowers, jewelry, candy, furs—and they all worked."
Vargas

COLD SOCIETY *(continued from page 133)*

and energies. He has lost the feeling of being an active, determining force in his own life.

Confused about his own identity and his own values, he is also less and less certain that the world is "a rational, orderly place." In *The Uncommitted: Alienated Youth in American Society*, Kenneth Keniston, assistant professor of psychology at Yale Medical School, points out: "There has seldom been so great a confusion about what is valid and good. . . . More and more men and women question what their society offers them and asks in return. . . . The prevailing images of our culture are images of disintegration, decay and despair; our highest art involves the fragmentation and distortion of traditional realities; our best drama depicts suffering, misunderstanding and breakdown; our worthiest novels are narratives of loneliness, searching and unfulfillment; even our best music is, by earlier standards, dissonant, discordant and inhuman."

He continues: "Despite the achievements of many of the traditional aspirations of our society, we commonly feel a vague disappointment that goals that promised so much have somehow meant so little real improvement in the quality of human life. Whatever the gains of our technological age, whatever the decrease in objective suffering and want, whatever the increase in our 'opportunities' and 'freedoms,' many Americans are left with an inarticulate sense of loss, of unrelatedness and lack of connection."

And, as this feeling of a "lack of connection" spreads, there is an increase in another element of alienation—*anomie*. The term, first used by French sociologist Emile Durkheim, means the collapse of rules of conduct, the condition of rootlessness. The result of *anomie* on one level is increased crime, violence, mental illness and sexual deviation.

On another level, *anomie* is represented by the capacity to accept "the unthinkable." As standards of conduct, personal and national, disintegrate, the implications of the H-bomb, for example, become part of the "normal" fabric of society. Already conditioned by the mass genocide committed by the Nazis, not even religious leaders bestirred themselves to concerted opposition when the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. And, by now, the very real danger of a nuclear holocaust is accepted as a fact of life. We see and are titillated by *Dr. Strangelove* and *Fail-Safe*, but a residue of cold, resigned fear stays like a lump inside. An "accident" could occur. A confrontation with China could occur.

A psychologist, Dr. Robert Clifton, studied the survivors of the bombing of Hiroshima and found that a "unique" lasting effect of the disaster was "a loss of faith or trust in the structure of existence, and psychologically speaking, no end point, no resolution." Unique to Hiroshima? The loss of trust "in the structure of existence" is hardly limited to the physical survivors of Hiroshima.

Among America's young, for instance, the possibility that the world may quite literally break apart is seen by many of them as a virtual certainty. Chicago broadcaster Studs Terkel tapes a not-untypical conversation with the parents of a nine-year-old girl. "It bothers our daughter," the woman says. "It really does. And to have these remarks come out at home out of a clear blue sky: 'I wish I'd never been born. If the bomb is going to hit, I'm going to enjoy life while I can. I'll do what I please.' Oh, what an answer! And what can you say?"

CBS surveys the nonrebellious 16-year-olds of Webster Groves, a suburb of St. Louis. Seventy-eight percent have bank accounts of their own. Ninety-nine percent know who Dick Van Dyke is, but only 20 percent can identify Ho Chi Minh. And yet more than half of those 688 16-year-olds consider it likely they will live to see a nuclear war.

The signs of alienation, of *anomie* ("I'll do what I please"), are particularly evident among youth. There is increasing withdrawal through the use of drugs. There is the growing number of what novelist–social critic Jeremy Larner calls "the cool ones" who "do not look to the adult world for models. That world is seen as a hostile and artificial place, full of squares who make pointless distinctions of class and race, who work at useless jobs, who give themselves pompous airs, who try to make you as unhappy as they are themselves. . . . It's not hip to take the grown-up world seriously. It's hip to put up with it passively and to use one's own private time in search of experience which will make one inwardly superior. And putting up with it passively is easier with the judicious use of drugs."

When you're high, you're out of reach. "You're in your own world," one Greenwich Village drug taker says in *The Village Voice*. "That out there is life and this over here is me. And there's no connection. Drugs are just another way of alienating yourself. Narrowing yourself, down from the world, from society, from your parents. . . . That alienation could have manifested itself in many ways. I might have become a holdup man instead. Everybody has his own way of dealing with his hang-ups. What about those housewives who take two pills to go to sleep and two more to wake up?"

The New York Times recently reported that teenaged fighting gangs have all but disappeared in the city; according to the *Times*, there hasn't been a rumble in central Harlem or Williamsburg in more than four years. Though the *Times* did not cite cause and effect, it noted that drug taking has increased substantially in these four years, and it reported official disturbance over "the terrible sense of disaffiliation, cynicism and apathy" that now seems to grip ghetto youth.

There are also signs in the music of the young, in the intensifying focus on what Simon and Garfunkel call, in their hit single, *The Sounds of Silence*. This song is about cities where people talk without speaking and hear without listening. Other songs fix a cold eye on the verities and virtues of their parents' world, as in the Animals' *We Gotta Get Out of This Place*—"See my daddy in bed a-dyin', see his hair turnin' gray, he's been workin' and slavin' his life away. He's been workin', workin', work, work."

There are signs of alienation and acute restlessness in the changed statistics of suicide among both the young and their elders. We talk comfortably of the allegedly high rates of suicide in the Scandinavian countries, but suicide is now the ninth leading cause of death among men in the United States. Among Americans from 18 to 45, it is the fourth-ranking cause of death. Among teenagers, the suicide rate has risen 50 percent in the past ten years. Child suicides, adds the National Education Association, are increasing at an alarming rate, and now approach two a day.

We read of the activists in the colleges, but there are also the lonely. "You can see their loneliness," says Dr. Rita V. Frankiel, acting director of the Columbia College Counseling Service, "in their lack of personal emotionality, and in the fact that there are so many wearing dark glasses. They feel there is a danger in face-to-face contact and personal involvement. They are the lonely children of lonely parents. Alienated lonely people breed alienated lonely people."

There are signs in the persistent concern of such social critics as Paul Goodman that we are rapidly losing a sense of community, a sense of being an organic part of where we work, where we live, where we try to love. And this sense of community becomes vaguer and vaguer as cities grow bigger and suburbs become more crowded.

The apathy of Catherine Genovese's neighbors was neither singular nor atypical. Nor is it restricted to large American cities. A. M. Rosenthal, former foreign correspondent for *The New York Times* and now its metropolitan editor, emphasizes: "Indifference to one's neighbor and his troubles is a conditioned reflex of life in New York as it is in other big cities. In every major city in which I have lived—in Tokyo and Warsaw, Vienna and Bombay—I have seen over and over again people walk away

(continued on page 277)

INSTANT ASSIGNATION

a wealth of well-chosen words to help one safely skirt seductio ad absurdum humor

By DAYTON HERZOG and FABIO VARGAS

FOREWORD

This { candid / sordid / spicy / ludicrous } { handbook / manual / guide }

will / should / might { usher / plunge / initiate / lead } you

into the { art / custom / behavior / technique }

of { uninhibited / unbridled / erotic / erratic } { love / sex / seduction / pornography / smut }

in three { uncomplicated / impractical / improbable } { lessons / movements / acts. }

BEFORE

HE:

Pardon me, { miss / madam. }

Do you have { a light / the time? }

Is this { place / space / seat / table / dance } taken?

Could you tell me how to get to { the bar / the beach / the men's room / Macy's / Times Square / Andy Warhol? }

SHE:

Sorry. I don't have { a watch / a match / a sense of direction / enough leg room as it is. }

Are you alone?

HE:

I was supposed to meet someone here, but she { is late / didn't show up / got lost in the crowd / can go to hell. }

SHE:

Oh! Isn't that { a shame / a calamity / lucky for me? }

HE:

Would you care for a { drink / ride / waffle / root beer / screen test? }

SHE:

Thank you, but I've had too many already.

HE:

You seem { oddly familiar / very unhappy / awfully drunk. }

SHE:

Haven't we met before?

HE:

How long have you been { here / that way / aboard / abroad / cruising / pregnant? }

SHE:

As a matter of fact, { I'm still learning / I just got in / five minutes / too damn long.

HE:

Are you interested in { opera / aesthetics / astrology / politics / parrots / philosophy / poker / bird watching / ballet / bowling / brawls / bullfights / bodybuilding / science / soccer / sex?

SHE:

You must be very { rich / intelligent / broad-minded / patient / sadistic / ambitious / athletic / good with your hands.

HE:

You seem terribly { well built / well proportioned / lonesome / lewd.

SHE:

Do you live around here?

HE:

I'm staying with my { mother / wife / friends / relatives / mistress.

SHE:

How { virtuous / vacuous / virile!

HE:

Let's go to { my / your } place.

SHE:

It's too { early / late / undignified / unorthodox / much trouble.

But I'll meet you after I { change / feed the fish / cash a check / call my parole officer / powder my nose / get rid of him.

HE:

There you are. I thought you'd { never be back / changed your mind / stood me up.

SHE:

I can't wait.

HE:

It's just a few { miles / stops / steps / stairs / inches.

Hold { my / your } { hand / horses / hat.

SHE:

Are you sure there's no one else { up / down } there?

HE:

Of course not. That's only a { creaking floor board / falling ceiling / mouse / cat / rat / bat.

Please be very quiet in order not to alert { my aunt / the police / the neighbors / the dogs / the guards.

I hope you don't mind the { mess / miss / moss / mass / moose.

SHE:

That's all right. You should { see my place / poison your pets / get a maid.

HE AND SHE:

What did you say your name was?

DURING

SHE:

What a { quaint / lovely / lousy } { house / apartment / room / cell!

HE:

Won't you sit here by me? Would you like to { dance / wash up / pull yourself together?

Would you like to see my collection of { stamps / sea shells / matchbook covers?

SHE:

How { exciting / fascinating / extensive / expensive / interesting / odious / exotic / peculiar / large.

HE:

You know, from the first moment I saw you, I couldn't take my eyes off your { lips / money / hands / hair / roommate.

SHE:

Oh, go on! You were far more interested in that { blonde / Indian / brunette / redhead / dame / dancer / bumpkin / acidhead } than you were in me.

HE:

Let me show you the rest of { the place / the playground / the institution / me.

This is the { outside / inside / downstairs / upstairs.

This is my room. I think it's { warmer / cozier / safer / less crowded } in here.

SHE:

What was that { cough / noise / rattle?

Are you sure there's no one home?

HE:

Don't be scared. There's { nothing / no one / not much } to be afraid of.

Aren't you uncomfortable in that { shirt / blouse / bathing suit / position?

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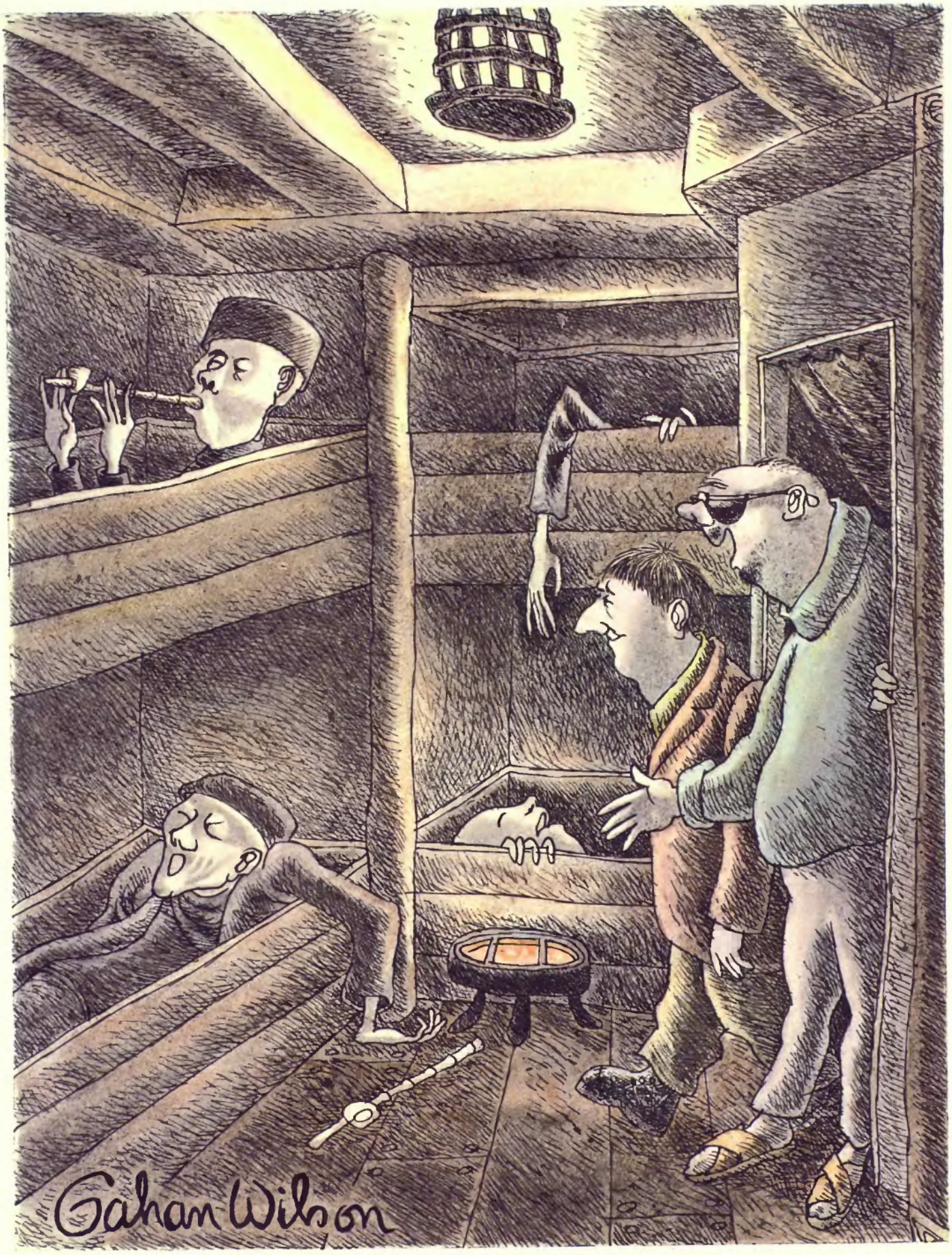


"Man, it's just like you <u>said</u> it would be—totally unspoiled!"

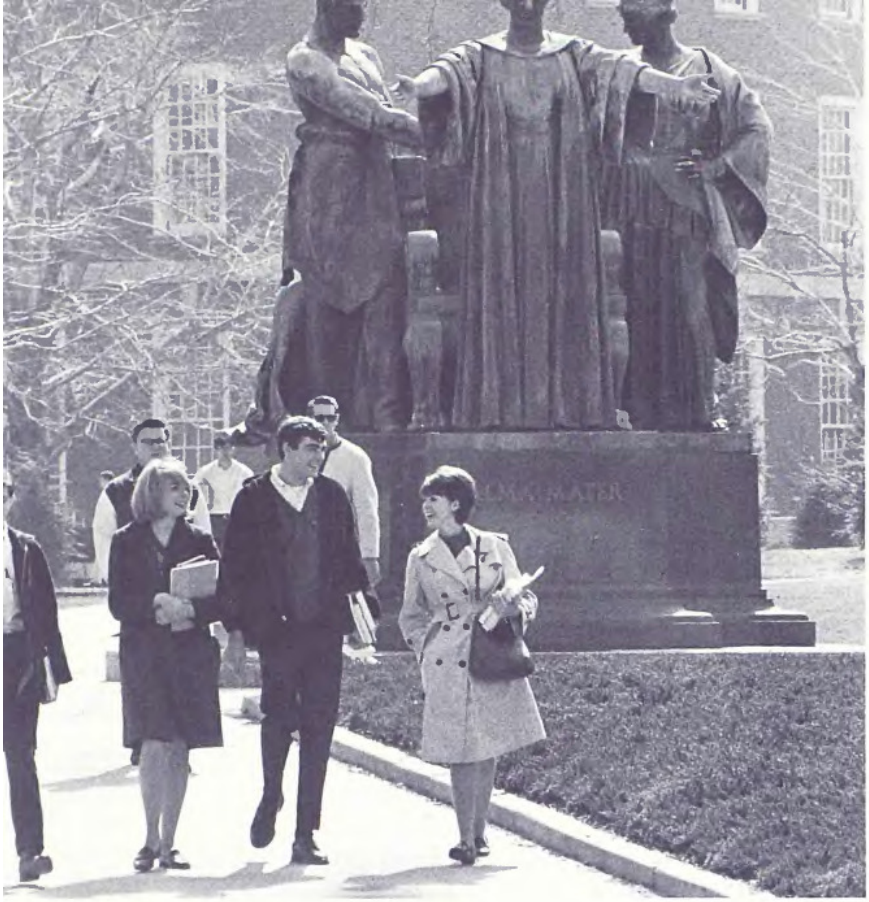
ILLINI EYEFUL

miss september is a campus playmate in a class by herself

WITH SEPTEMBER signaling the return of many a comely coed to the campus scene, it's only logical that our lensmen focus their attentions on academe's perennial supply of potential Playmate attractions. The most recent case in point is this month's centerfold miss, Dianne Chandler, a 19-year-old University of Illinois undergraduate currently pursuing a curricular career at the Champaign-Urbana campus. A drama major who readily admits she has "no desire to act," Dianne is content with the vocational view from the wings and plans a post-collegiate career as a set designer. "Like most college drama majors," she told us, "I was bitten by the acting bug in high school. In fact, during my senior year I made a pretty fair Laura in *The Glass Menagerie*. But by the time I entered my freshman year at Illinois, I was well aware of the fact that I'm basically too shy to ever really go far in acting. On the other hand, technical drama—the sets, costuming, sound effects, lighting and everything else that goes on behind the scenes—absolutely knocks me out."

When she's not hitting the books or handling the lights at a student workshop production, Miss September puts in many an extracurricular hour behind the handle bars of her Yamaha 305 motorcycle. "I used to be secretly fascinated by cycles and people who had the courage to actually drive them," says Dianne. "And since university regulations prohibit me from keeping up with my high school hobby of raising and breeding Siamese cats, I asked my folks for a two-wheeler for graduation so I could try something new and daring." On weekends, however, Dianne prefers to leave the driving to others who share her enthusiasm for off-campus pizza parties, the latest Paul Newman flick or a fraternity-house *discothèque* party ("For listening I prefer Bach or Mozart, but when it comes to dance music I'm strictly another Beatle nut").

Born and raised near Chicago—in suburban Berwyn, Illinois—Dianne will soon forsake her downstate locale to return to the Windy City and continue her studies at the university's newly constructed Circle Campus. "In Chicago I'll be closer to the theatrical mainstream," she explains, "and I can also pick up some much-needed painting and design courses at the Art Institute." On the basis of her *cum laude* contribution to the contemporary Playmate scene, we'd say it's Urbana's loss and urbanity's gain.

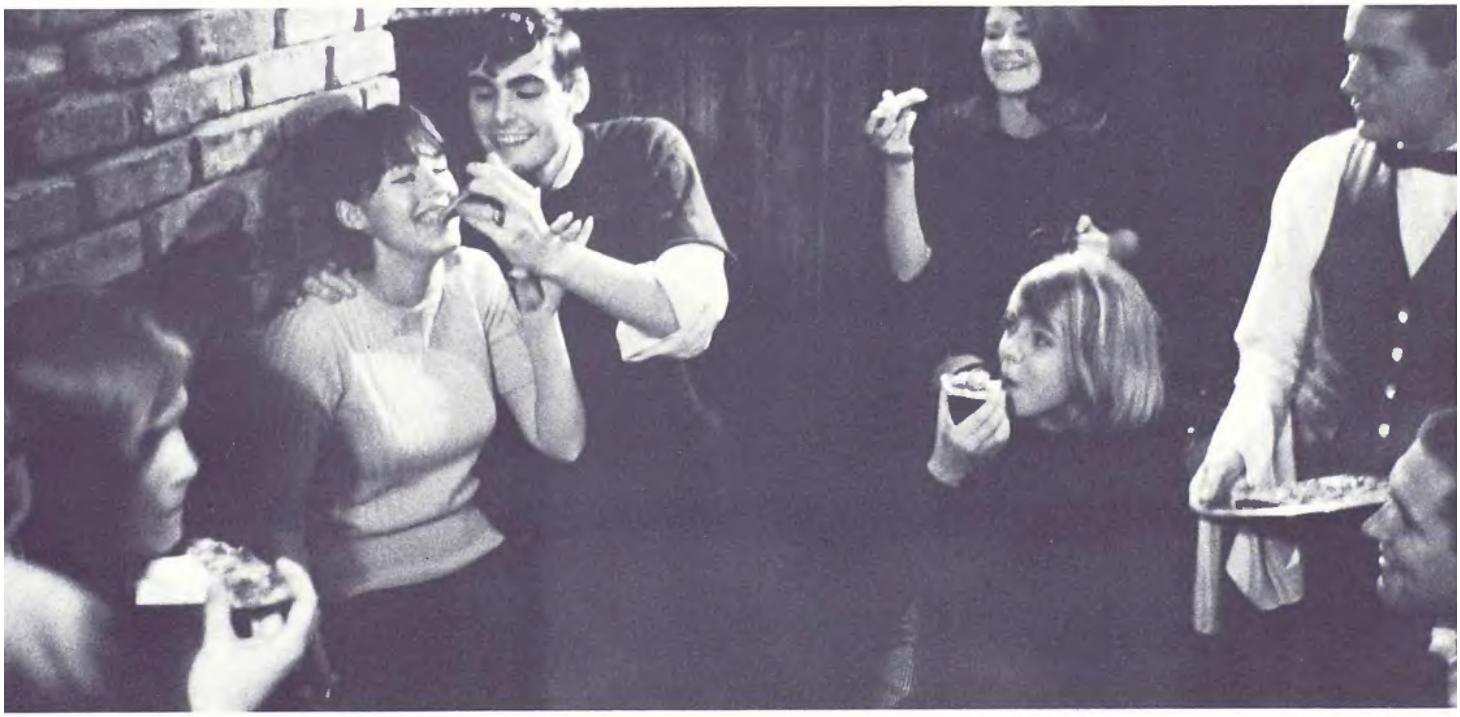


Dianne and two Champaign-Urbana classmates stroll past the outstretched arms of Alma Mater before settling down for an afternoon sun-and-study session. With another friend, she visits the workshop of prominent Urbana-based sculptor Frank Gallo and makes like the model for one of the artist's latest epoxy creations.

Gallo shows Dianne around his Urbana studio ("I only wish we had someone that creatively far out on the drama faculty"), where the Toledo-bred artist has gained international acclaim producing lifelike polyester-resin female forms such as his celebrated *Girl in Sling Chair.*

MISS SEPTEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Above: Dianne joins her campus friends at the Delta Upsilon fraternity house for a week-night wingding and winds up displaying her disco expertise as the music starts rocking. Below: Later, the group gets together at the Village Inn, a favorite pizza stop among the undergraduate set. "The kids here at the downstate campus are the greatest. I'll miss them when I transfer up North to the Circle."



Right: Back on campus shortly before curfew time for resident coeds, a jubilant quartet exchange some last-minute laughs before the ladies have to dash to their respective dorms. "Actually, I don't resent having to get in early during the week," says Dianne. "I'd never be able to keep up with my courses without putting in study time each night, and there's always a hen session going on somewhere in the dorm if I get tired of cracking textbooks and feel like indulging in some good old-fashioned yakety-yak girl talk."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

We know a religious fellow who loves his neighbor—but can't stand her husband.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *success* as making money to pay the taxes you wouldn't be paying if you hadn't made so much money in the first place.

In quest of his first mistress, the eager executive was plying a sweet young thing with food and drink. "I've rented a town house for you," he said, "and you shall have your own bank account and credit at all the best *couturiers*. I'll visit you a couple of nights during the week and we'll spend all our weekends together. And if we find we've made a mistake, why, we can always separate."

After toying with the idea for a moment, the girl smiled and replied, "Sounds fine; but what'll we do with the mistake?"

After viewing the rushes of a Hollywood hopeful's screen test, the producer was less than enthusiastic: "My dear, it will take an act of Congress to get you into the movies."

The buxom young actress sighed, "That's what I thought—your apartment or mine?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *cooperative girl* as a miss who reclines to answer the question.

The compulsive race-track bettor promised to attend church each Sunday with his wife if she would agree not to nag him about the nags the rest of the week. The wife accepted the offer, hoping that this contact with religion might cure her husband of his gambling. On the very next Sunday, the couple were seated side by side in the center of the congregation; the husband seemed to be moved by the service, and he joined in singing the final hymn with such enthusiasm that several parishioners in nearby pews were visibly impressed. As the couple emerged from the church, the husband acknowledged the smiles with which they were greeted, remarking in a whispered aside to his wife: "I'll bet you didn't expect me to make such an impression! It wouldn't surprise me if they wanted my barroom baritone in the church choir."

"You did very well, dear," his wife remarked, "except for one small thing. It's *Hallelujah*, not Hialeah!"

The crowded elevator had just begun to rise when a well-stacked miss screamed and said, "I've been geesed!"

"You mean you've been goosed," corrected the proper fellow standing next to her.

"I can count," came her sarcastic reply.

A not-so-young housewife was bragging to her husband about her slim figure. "I can still get into the same skirts that I had before we were married," she said.

Without glancing up from his newspaper, her spouse replied, "I wish the hell *I* could."

A sophisticated friend claims that nothing can replace the modern swimsuit—and it practically has.

We've just heard about a pair of hip parents who had their baby christened in Greenwich Village so the little one could have a fairy godfather.

Then there was the neat fellow who never left his apartment in the morning without having his bed maid.

Having spent the entire evening with the pretty young prostitute, the businessman was surprised by the small fee she requested.

"It's not my place to advise you in such matters, my dear," said the executive, "but you're not doing yourself justice and, frankly, I don't know how you manage to get by on payments as small as this."

"Oh, it balances out," the pretty pro said with a smile wiser than her years. "You see, I do a little blackmailing on the side."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn $50 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Now let's not have a scene in front of company, Floyd."

RENDEZVOUS *(continued from page 123)*

cruise to the Cape in ten days' time, and I did not argue with him.

I spent the journey out in a torpor which I think I cultivated deliberately as a defense against associating with my fellow passengers. Since Helen's death, I had seen people in one context only, that of work. It was disturbing and frightening to contemplate them in their reality as individuals: they were pointers to pointlessness. I drank a fair deal, but on my own. We moved from cold gray seas and skies to light and warmth and blueness, and I sat on my stool at the end of the bar. I was quietly drunk every night, and not completely sober after 11 in the morning. I did not go ashore with the others when we docked. The chief purser had a tactful word or two with me, and told me about some of the interesting things to see and do in South Africa, but he fairly soon abandoned the attempt to make me see reason. He gave the impression of having met my kind before.

It was on the return journey that I met Cynthia Parker. I was at my usual place in the bar one morning, and was lighting a cigarette when a voice spoke just behind me. I spun round, holding the burning match, and saw her shrink from it.

I said: "I'm sorry."

"It's silly." She had a strong, rather pleasantly harsh voice. "I've been nervous of flame from a child. Even a match. I was asking you if this stool was free."

I bought her a brandy and ginger ale, and within a quarter of an hour she was through the wall of uncooperative blankness that had so successfully kept the others away. She had the unhesitating directness of someone with supreme confidence in herself. In addition, she was intelligent and quick-witted—qualities that one finds in combination all too rarely—and extremely feminine. She had striking looks: the embers, glowing and capable of firing with a smile, of great beauty. She was, as she told me in that first 15 minutes, 66.

It was on the face of it an odd association, even by shipboard standards. Apart from the almost 30 years between us, we had few things in common. I was a dull businessman who had worked long hours in my youth and come up, as they say, the hard way. Only with Helen had I learned anything of the refinements of life, and then for no more than three bitterly short years. Cynthia, on the other hand, had been born into luxury, and had lived in it ever since. She had been married three times, divorcing one husband and surviving two. I got the impression that they had all been wealthy men, and that she was a very wealthy woman. She knew a lot about money. We talked about the stock market one evening, and I found myself out of my depth in no time.

She was a good talker and a keen listener, and the brisk way in which she had forced through the barriers I had put up was flattering. Moreover, she offered femininity without sex, the ideal solace for a man in the mood I was in. What she saw in me was more difficult to establish. Not just an escape from loneliness, at any rate. She had never been a lonely woman and was not likely to be.

She was a hard but not excessive drinker. She partly weaned me from the bar, and many hours that I would otherwise have spent getting drunk were occupied in lying side by side on the sun deck, watching the waves and talking. The first two days I talked about my work and about my childhood. On the third, I talked about Helen. She listened, and said eventually:

"So that was it. I wondered what it was that was sitting on your back, crippling you."

She spoke as a doctor might, pleased with unraveling a difficult case. Strangely enough, that, and the absence of the artificial expressions of condolence that I had grown used to, was refreshing. Sympathy with grief is presumptive, a claim to kinship. She, as far as her reaction was concerned, might never have known sorrow for human loss. That which was a devil to me was to her no more than a curious beastie, a phantasm.

• • •

She told me about her own beastie that evening, after dinner.

We went to the bar for a nightcap, and she was in fine form, talking scathingly about our fellow passengers who had come under her shrewd and wicked eye. To one who, as she did, lived so intensely in the world, the whole escape notion of cruising was anathema. Time wasting, in any class or context, she could neither understand nor tolerate. There was no difference to her between the elegantly groomed and dressed men and women who surrounded us and the young men and women, in Mod or Rocker dress, who lounged vacuously in coffee bars or at street corners. They were all decadent, all contemptible.

I saw, I thought, a weakness in her diatribe, and seized on it. After all, she was here with them. She had told me she lived chiefly in the United States, had been visiting a married sister near Johannesburg and needed to go to London to attend to business matters. I pointed out that she need not have joined our cruiseship. She could have flown to London instead, and the trip would have taken hours instead of days.

She paused before replying and then nodded to the barman, who brought us more drinks. She said: "I've never flown in my life, and never will."

One meets, of course, old ladies who cannot attune themselves to modern developments, but the description was a long way from fitting her. She had told me she kept a Thunderbird at home and was fond of speedboat racing. The firm, quiet negative over air travel made me curious. I asked her:

"Why not?"

She took her drink, lifted it and stared at me over the rim of the glass.

"Through fear," she said.

I shook my head. "Not convincing."

There was silence again and I thought she was shying away from the subject. But after a time she began to speak, in a low voice, and I listened.

• • •

It went back nearly 50 years, to the time when the First War was dragging and grinding itself slowly on and she was a young woman, a girl, of 18. She had been surrounded by admirers since the schoolroom and could have been expected to have a brilliant season. The War was a bore from that point of view. On the other hand, it provided a never-ending supply of young, handsome, uniformed men, and a sense of patriotic duty in letting them take her out and give her a good time. And there were good times to be had, even in 1917, for those who had the means of commanding them.

There were dozens of young men, and some she was sorrier to see go than others, but none made much impression on her before Tony Anderson came along. I doubt if she loved him, because I doubt if she ever was able to yield control to that extent, but she was fascinated by him and the fascination, 48 years later, was still evident in the way she talked about him.

He was tall and swarthy, with a fierce black mustache, a slightly hooked nose and deep-blue eyes. He had great physical strength and magnetism: the first time she shook hands with him she was made aware of both. Besides these, he had other impressive qualities. He was the grandson of a duke, the son of one of the better steel millionaires. In her parents' eyes, as in her own, he was entirely eligible. They were engaged six weeks after they met, and at that had been marking time for four.

She had sensed a wildness in him and it had attracted her, but it was only by degrees that she understood how deep the wildness went. He was a man of whims, and iron-willed about indulging them. He decided to buy her a diamond bracelet at one o'clock in the morning, and had the proprietor of a Bond Street shop called from his bed and brought in a taxi to serve him. He took her for a picnic on the river—just the two of them, with champagne on ice and a Fortnum's hamper—and as they tied up by a small

(continued on page 230)

MODIFIED MOD

attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN** Two urban guys on the go-go join the action at Cheetah, New York's far-out 1966 dance emporium. Each sports American adaptations of English Mod-style attire. Gentleman at left does a wild "Surveyor I" in a bold herringbone jacket with epaulets, $45, over small-patterned herringbone slacks with leather belt, $18, cotton floral-print shirt with contrasting long-point buttondown collar, $7, all by Brally Male, and linen square-end tie, by Hut, $2.50. His geared-up buddy likes a three-piece wool and silk sharkskin two-button suit that features a shaped body, by Raleigh, $89.50, over cotton chambray shirt that comes with windowpane-patterned collar, by Hathaway, $10, and a paisley-patterned silk tie, by Resilio, $5.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HORN/GRINER

NOR ANY DROP TO DRINK

article **By JAMES DUGAN**

Water is essential to life as we know it.

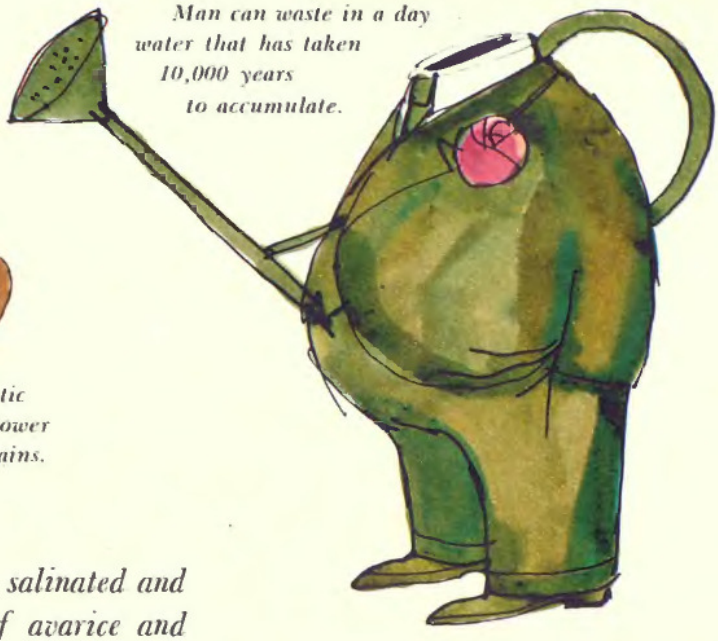
The sky holds only a tiny fraction of the world's total.

While the water supply remains fixed, competition for it increases disturbingly.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOMI UNGERER

One way to inhibit domestic consumption of water is to lower the pressure in the water mains.

Man can waste in a day water that has taken 10,000 years to accumulate.



water, water everywhere—polluted, contaminated, salinated and wasted—as the hilariously horripilating story of avarice and incompetence continues while an irreplaceable resource vanishes

PHOENIX, ARIZONA, is headed for trouble.

It seems an unfair thing to say about such a charming and salubrious city. Phoenix is an oasis in an alkali desert, created by the "magic of irrigation," says *The American Guide*. She has sunshine aplenty, low humidity, universal air conditioning, two whacking Air Force bases, civil harmony and boom profits in agriculture, mining and tourism.

Phoenix is in the Salt River Valley, which its local boosters would rather call "the Salad Bowl." It is the largest irrigated area in the most heavily irrigated state. Since World War Two, acreage under irrigation has nearly doubled. In a year, the Salad Bowl produces $60,000,000 worth of lettuce, citrus fruits, cantaloupes, celery, grapes and apricots, which freshen Northern market bins in winter. It grows lush alfalfa to bulk up market beef.

Phoenix took her enviable seat in nature and skyrocketed her economy within a human life span. In 1940, she snoozed along with 65,000 people casually involved with distribution, invalidism and tourism. Ten years later, after the wartime bonanza, the population had doubled. Today she is nearly five times as big as she was in 1950, and only a few sourpusses obsessed with

The current water shortage is more a problem of distribution than of scarcity.

There are many ways to reduce home water consumption without hardship.

Irrigation is a very inefficient use of water.

hydrology would say that Phoenix can ever be stopped.

In Phoenix it is interesting to go to the Heard Museum in the old La Cuidad quarter and look at relics of an ancient Amerindian people called the Hohokams, whose pueblo once occupied the city. About the time of Christ, the Hohokams founded a long-lasting culture in an area that then and now receives only a quarter of an inch of rainfall a year. They were prodigious canal diggers. They diverted the slightly saline waters of the Salt river through hundreds of miles of irrigation canals, some of them 75 feet wide and 30 feet deep. They artificially watered perhaps a quarter of a million acres of maize and beans. About 500 years ago, before the Spanish conquest, the Hohokams vanished from the valley, leaving a few artifacts, some canal ruins and a faint trace in the lore of the surviving Pima Indians as "those who have gone."

Scientists have deduced what happened to them. Although the river was not salty enough to harm their crops, over the centuries the Hohokams concentrated salt in their soil. Phoenix' vaunted "84 percent possible sunshine" evaporated water in the fields, leaving behind more and more salt. The Indian engineers moved their canals farther upriver, but the lethal salt trace continued to accumulate until the Hohokams were driven from the Salad Bowl into oblivion.

Today, says the Geological Survey Division of the U. S. Department of the Interior, "the Salt River Valley is a principal part of the largest area of groundwater overdraft in Arizona. Both surface water and ground water are inadequate for perennial irrigation. Ground water is heavily overdrawn. . . . Declines of ground-water levels were as much as 150 feet in 1950–1960 and averaged about 50 feet in areas where ground water is the sole source of supply. The depth to the water table in 1960 ranged from 150 to 300 feet in most of the valley but was more than 400 feet in Phoenix. The salt content of the ground water is increasing as a result of 'return flow' of irrigation water."

As the water table sinks, farmers no longer can afford more power to pump deeper after less water. Growers near Phoenix are lucky. The city is expanding and they can sell out profitably to industrial parks and shelter developers. Manufacturers and householders will pay more for water than farmers can. But the water table continues to fall whether water is lavished on a head of Boston lettuce or on the bottom of a baby.

Phoenix continues to pack in more people and thirsty industries to compete for her dwindling water supply. A contemporary civilization doesn't quit and die like the resourceless Hohokams did. Phoenix is named for a mythical bird that is born anew from its own ashes every 500 years. The ashes are courtesy of nature, but the rebirth will be charged to Uncle Sam. Phoenix is looking toward the Office of Saline Water, Department of the Interior, to work out a cheap method of purifying the water into which she keeps emptying salts. Instead of looking for water near which to build a city, Southwesterners build cities and then look for water. On this count, the Federal Government is no smarter than builders. Uncle Sam splashed enormous air bases over these deserts in World War Two in order to train in perfect sunshine crews that were going to fly in Europe's darkling wet and the Pacific's mighty moods.

In the Southwest, stream flow has always been too low to support irrigation beyond the modest usages of the Amerindian. Yet the land holds the ingredients for a money salad: year-round sunshine and warmth, and soil full of natural fertilizers. The recipe lacks only water. This priceless catalyst is found underground in aquifers, water-filled deposits of coarse sand and gravel, or permeable sandstone, limestone and dolomite. An aquifer is filled by surface water percolating down. In wet climes you can pump as much water out of an aquifer as the rains have put in without depleting your ground-water supply. In arid regions, you are ill-advised (or a squanderer of your country's resources) to take more water out of an aquifer than nature can drip back in. In the perennially dry regions of the Southwest, it has taken nature thousands of years to fill the aquifers.

Unfortunately, what the Great Spirit has taken many millenniums to do, earth people can easily undo in a generation. Southwesterners are pumping away fresh water deposited deep underground in the last ice age, 10,000 years ago. "Mining" is a word that geologists use for removal of an irreplaceable underground natural resource. The Salad Bowl and other temporary Edens are living for the moment on waters gathered through epochs. It will be mined dry in a few decades.

On the other end of the water panorama is my friend in Vermont, Professor Fred Fisher, who was accustomed to the free-and-easy way New England country folk took their water. They used "dug wells," 10 or 15 feet deep, with tile or stone casing, and raised water with a bucket or pump handle. Or, like Fred, they enjoyed "gravity feed" water. Two or three neighbors would pick out a perennial spring on high ground and lay soft lead pipe underground to their kitchens. They let the water flow continuously to avoid aeroembolisms in the narrow pipe and they anointed their frugal consciences by "gauging down" the pipe mouth—inserting a plug that reduced the flow to a trickle. About the worst thing that could happen was a lucky lightning hit that would pinhole the buried pipe. In that case, you dug it out and soldered the hole.

"Driven wells," that is, drilled to an aquifer, were unknown. "Well," said Fred, "my gravity feed failed in 1963. And I found everybody else was also looking for the well driller. We sunk a bit 265 feet before it struck water. It cost me $3000." This happened in an area that has a surplus of rainfall over the national average, where the drought has been mild and where population and economic growth have not been demanding.

Water is the most versatile and dynamic of the essential elements, but it has no organic virtues. It is only a vehicle, a slave of solid matter. It carries nutrients into living things and hauls away their wastes, including excess heat. It performs much the same services for farms and industry. But in its titanic movements, powered by the sun and gravity, water is the Atlas supporting the world.

Water is probably unique to this earth: none has been proven to exist on other planets. Everything here that moves or exists is saturated with water. Mechanically speaking, a human being is a balloon full of varicolored waters with an articulated armature inside to make it work. It is prevented from bursting by atmospheric pressure on its frail envelope. Seventy percent of the body is water and 90 percent of the brain is water. Inside the body there is a fierce oxygen furnace that must be precisely cooled by constant water intake and evaporation through the pores.

The same recirculation of water takes place by the megatrillionfold in nature. The global cycle takes place almost invisibly, except for precipitation from the clouds. You can walk carefree across a pleasing summer meadow without realizing that 50,000 tons of water vapor per square mile is rising about you during the day.

Water revolves perpetually between earth and sky. There is no beginning and no end to the revolution; but to hitch onto the merry-go-round somewhere, start with the ocean, the largest concentration of water around. Solar heat striking the top layer of the sea energizes water molecules to break off and fly away as vapor. Water vapor is lighter than air, and the molecules ride aloft on convection winds. The vapor expands in the thinning pressure above the earth and, given elbow room, the molecules cool off and cluster around dust particles or automotive exhaust molecules, flecks of salt liberated in ocean chop or, perhaps, these days, radioactive motes blasted aloft by nuclear explosions. Still lighter than air, the droplets gather in

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PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

pre-season prognostications for the top college teams and players across the nation

DEFENSIVE TEAM. Left to right: **Lynn Hughes**, safety (Georgia); **Frank Horak** (TCU), **Neal Starkey** (Air Force), defensive backs; **Jim Lynch** (Notre Dame), **George Webster** (Michigan St.), linebackers; **Bo Batchelder**, end (Illinois); **Loyd Phillips**, tackle (Arkansas); **John Richardson** (UCLA), **Diron Tolbert** (Texas), guards; **George Patton**, tackle (Georgia); **Sam Harris**, end (Colorado); **Bear Bryant**, Coach of the Year (Alabama).

sports **By ANSON MOUNT** "WHEN THE FROST is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock," to quote a high-camp poet named Riley, gin and tonic on the patio is replaced by bourbon in a flask, lap blankets and school blazers are unpacked, and several million otherwise sane people converge on football stadia all over the country to savor a hallowed Saturday ritual. Roast squab and champagne are served from the tail gates of station wagons, beer busts prevail at fraternity houses, and do-or-die alums in Tyrolean hats haggle with school-of-hard-knocks ticket scalpers. At half time, gaudily attired marching bands play infinite variations on *76 Trombones* while long-legged blue-eyed blondes twirl batons. The prospect of a national ranking or a Bowl bid or even a delicious upset adds the tingle of anticipation to the scene, and if a favorite halfback gets away on an 80-yard run, tens of thousands of rabid partisans dutifully abandon themselves to mass hysteria.

It's all very exhilarating and soul-purging, and even if *we* don't beat *them*, there's always cocktails at the Racquet Club after the game. And everybody has a ball—everybody except the coach, that is. He watches the game with the emotions of a man who lays his entire fortune on one spin of the roulette wheel. An ill-timed referee's whistle or an intercepted pass can change the course

TOP TWENTY TEAMS

1. Alabama	9–1	11. Georgia Tech	8–2
2. Nebraska	9–1	12. UCLA	7–3
3. Syracuse	9–1	13. Miami (Florida)	8–2
4. Arkansas	9–1	14. North Carolina State	8–2
5. Notre Dame	8–2	15. Tennessee	7–3
6. Purdue	8–2	16. Texas Christian	7–3
7. Michigan State	7–3	17. Georgia	7–3
8. Mississippi	8–2	18. North Carolina	7–3
9. Illinois	7–3	19. Southern California	6–4
10. Colorado	8–2	20. Utah State	9–1

Possible Breakthroughs: Louisiana State 6–4; Texas 6–4; Washington State 6–4; Southern Methodist 6–4; Michigan 6–4; Ohio State 5–4; Boston College 8–2; Virginia Tech 7–3; Houston 8–2; New Mexico State 8–2; Texas Western 7–3.

Alabama's lethal offense dismantles Nebraska in the Orange Bowl.

OFFENSIVE TEAM. Left to right: **Ray Perkins,** end (Alobomo); **Wayne Moss,** tockle (Clemson); **LaVerne Allers,** guard (Nebrasko); **Bill Carr,** center (Florida); **Tom Regner,** guord (Notre Dame); **Cecil Dowdy,** tackle (Alobomo); **Gene Washington,** end (Michigan State); **Floyd Little,** holfbock (Syracuse); **Bob Griese,** quorterback (Purdue); **Ray McDonald,** fullbock (Idaho); **Nick Eddy,** halfbock (Notre Dame).

of his career. If he loses, the long corridor leading back to the locker room is ulcer gulch. If he wins, he still faces a sleepless night worrying about next week's game.

But worst of all, he dreads the psychic abuse he takes from the public and the press. The irrepressible Red Sanders, known as much for his caustic wit as for his imaginative coaching, said to us one morning over bitter coffee, "There are four things every man in the country thinks he can do better than anybody else: build a fire, run a hotel, make it with a broad and coach a football team. I spend half my time listening to filling-station attendants and grocery clerks tell me how to beat Tennessee."

If football coaching is the subject of innumerable Walter Mitty dreams, the coach himself is the target of fierce hostility or cloying adulation from tens of thousands of alumni. His mastery of coaching techniques is not the most important of his talents. He must be a diplomat, psychologist, politician, after-dinner speaker, executive, father-confessor, disciplinarian and supersalesman. He must work 16 hours a day almost the year round and get almost no sleep at all during the season.

But what's most nerve-racking is that matter of the coach finding himself at the mercy of luck. A whole year's labor can go to

That's PLAYBOY All-America Dowdy (70) at right.

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(Any one of whom has a good chance of making someone's All-America team)

ENDS: Cas Banoszek (Northwestern), Jim Beirne (Purdue), Steve Bunker (Oregon), Dave Willioms (Washington), Bubba Smith (Michigan St.), Jack Cloncy (Michigon), John Wright (Illinois), Rich Sheron (Washington St.), Dick Absher (Maryland), Rich O'Hora (Iowa), Royce Berry (Houston), Austin Denney (Tennessee)

TACKLES: Bill Staley and Spoin Musgrove (Utah St.), Jim Urbonek and Dan Sartin (Mississippi), Maurice Moorman (Texas A&M), Lynn Nesbitt (Woke Forest), Wayne Meylon (Nebroska), Dennis Byrd (North Corolina St.), Pete Duranko (Notre Dome)

GUARDS: John Stec (North Carolina St.), Jimmy Keyes (Mississippi), Granville Liggins (Oklahomo), John LoGrane (SMU), Greg Pipes (Baylor), Poul Smith (New Mexico)

CENTERS: Chuck Motuszak (Dartmouth), Ray Pryor (Ohio St.), Harry Dittmonn (Navy), Jim Breland (Georgia Tech), Cal Withrow (Kentucky), Chuck Hinton (Mississippi)

LINEBACKERS: Townsend Clorke (Army), D. D. Lewis (Mississippi St.), Pot McKissick (Utah), Herb Slattery (Deloware), Roy Ilg (Colgate)

BACKS: Steve Spurrier (Florido), Gory Beban and Mel Farr (UCLA), Terry Southoll (Baylor), Donny Talbott (North Corolina), Carroll Willioms (Xavier), Bob Skohon (Kansos), Jon Brittenum and Harry Jones (Arkansas), Les Kelley (Alabama), Harry Wilson (Nebraska), Terry Cole (Indiana), Garrett Ford (West Virginia), Dick Post and Warren McVeo (Houston), Marcus Rhoden (Mississippi St.), Carl Ward (Michigan), Bo Hickey (Marylond), Rod Shermon (Southern Colifornia), Clinton Jones ond Bob Apisa (Michigan St.), Pete Pifer (Oregon St.), Larry Csonko (Syracuse), Brendon McCarthy (Boston College), Tom Bryan (Auburn), Jay Colabrese (Duke), Stew Willioms (Bowling Green)

SOPHOMORE OF THE YEAR: Quorterback Bill Brodley (Texos)

pot when the ball bounces the wrong way or a halfback trips on a blade of grass.

And now the coaches have a new worry to help fill their sleepless nights: the draft. Redshirts, prime aces in the hole for many coaches, may turn into so many Achilles' heels, thanks to Uncle Sam. Redshirting, for those unfamiliar with the term, is the neat ploy of holding some good players out of action during their sophomore year, thereby gaining another year's maturity and training, while not using up one of the three years that's the prescribed limit for varsity play. After his class graduates, the redshirt comes back to school another year and continues on toward his degree in basket weaving and, of course, plays football. But now the Selective Service has decided that students who have finished four years of college are prime candidates for greetings from the President. If the Armed Forces get more demanding in the immediate future, star athletes will be disappearing from some squads in wholesale lots, game plans and line-ups will be readjusted, and pre-season power ratings will go haywire. Whatever happens, this season can hardly hold more surprises than the last, so let's take a look at how the teams shape up.

THE EAST

INDEPENDENTS

Syracuse	9-1	Colgate	8-2
Boston College	8-2	Buffalo	7-3
Navy	6-4	Boston U.	7-3
Army	5-5	Villanova	5-4
Penn State	4-6	Holy Cross	4-6
Pittsburgh	1-9	Rutgers	2-7

IVY LEAGUE

Dartmouth	8-1	Pennsylvania	5-4
Princeton	7-2	Harvard	4-5
Yale	7-2	Brown	3-6
Cornell	5-4	Columbia	2-7

MIDDLE ATLANTIC CONFERENCE

Hofstra	6-3	Lafayette	4-5
Bucknell	5-4	Delaware	4-5
Temple	5-4	Lehigh	3-6
Gettysburg	5-4		

YANKEE CONFERENCE

Massachusetts	7-2	New Hampshire	4-4
Vermont	6-2	Connecticut	3-6
Maine	6-3	Rhode Island	3-6

TOP PLAYERS: Little, Csonka, Bugenhagen (Syracuse); McCarthy (Boston C.); Dittman, Dow (Navy); Clarke (Army); Runnells, Lenkaitis (Penn St.); Norton, Campbell (Boston U.); Burton, Ilg (Colgate); Flanigan (Pitt); Ashley, Hurd (Buffalo); Lentz (Holy Cross); Fry, Schunke (Villanova); Matuszak, Ryzewicz, Calhoun (Dartmouth); Bowers (Princeton); Dowling, Greenlee (Yale); Gatto, Hughes (Harvard); Zak (Cornell); Creeden (Penn); Flory (Columbia); McMahon (Brown); Huard (Maine); Landry, Toner, Ellis (Massachusetts); Gault, Williams, Lynch (Hofstra); Marks (Bucknell); Fonash (Temple); Slattery (Delaware); Egresitz, Brewer (Gettysburg); Marshall (Lafayette); Rushatz (Lehigh).

Any way you peel the Orange, it looks like Syracuse will again be tops in the East. With Floyd Little at halfback, any team would be formidable. This year, Little captains the Orangemen, and he is as persuasive a leader as he is a runner. He has already erased most of the Syracuse records set by Jim Brown and Ernie Davis, and this should be his biggest year. Floyd attributes much of his success to the vicious blocking of fullback Larry Csonka, who also carries the ball like an enraged rhino. With this running duo and a new passing game built around spectacular identical-twin sophomores Jim (the passer) and John (the catcher) Del Gaizo, Syracuse will provide miserable afternoons for several defensive platoons. Coach Schwartzwalder's only problems are rebuilding the offensive interior line and the defensive secondary.

If Syracuse slips, Boston College is the team most likely to supplant the Orangemen as the class of the East. Coach Jim Miller has been abuilding for several years, and all the hard work could pay off this fall. The Eagles will field a big, fast, deep line and a spectacular running game built around formidable fullback Brendan McCarthy. If promising new quarterback Dave Thomas matures rapidly enough to give the Eagles a potent passing offense, it will be a rosy year at Chestnut Hill.

Rip Engle, one of the greatest coaches of all time, has retired from the fray after 16 years at Penn State, during which he never had a losing season. He couldn't have picked a better time to retire, because this could be Penn State's first losing season since 1938. New coach Joe Paterno, Engle's longtime assistant, inherits a squad heavily dominated by talented but grass-green sophomores. These young cubs could suddenly and unexpectedly mature into carnivorous Nittany Lions before the year is out. However, the chances are that the early going will be rough. But beware in '67!

Bill Elias is in his second season as Navy coach, and the results of his unique football savvy should be even more abundantly evident than last year. Navy is shipshape at all battle stations. Elias is a defensive genius, and the Middies have much more offensive firepower than a year ago. A fresh weapon in the arsenal is field-goal kicker Tim Cocozza. It could be a big year at Annapolis.

Prospects aren't quite so bright at West Point. The ranks are thin and green, and no air support is in sight. As if this weren't enough, last year's Army head coach, Paul Dietzel, departed suddenly just before spring practice, taking almost his entire staff with him to South Carolina. Dietzel now has the distinction of being the only member of the ethics committee of the American Football Coaches Association to have walked out on two solemn contracts in five years. The Cadets were left high and dry until former plebe coach Tom Cahill took the reins. The Cadets are blessed with what was the best plebe team in years, which may help make the Army-Navy game on November 26 another tossup affair.

Pittsburgh is in bad shape. Almost everybody is missing from a team that won only three games last year. There are only a handful of unproven reserves and the smallest soph contingent in years to take up the slack. Add to this the difficulties of adjusting to new coach Dave Hart and top it all with a horrendous schedule, and you begin to get the idea—Valley Forge revisited.

The future looks bright at Buffalo, if for no other reason than the arrival of new head coach Doc Urich, who was Ara Parseghian's assistant for many years. This means that Buffalo is kissing goodbye the slogging attack and will dress out in a new pro-style offense with lots of passing. The change may be breath-taking. Two great new weapons in Urich's bag will be sophs Mike Murtha, a quarterback, and halfback Steve Svec who, says Doc, is one of the fastest runners in the country. In fact, Urich has such fine talent at critical positions that the Buffalo offensive should be spectacular.

The key man at Holy Cross this year, as last, is quarterback Jack Lentz. The pre-season injury that kept him benched last fall has healed, and if coach Massucco can get Lentz some support from an almost seniorless squad, the Crusaders could improve greatly on last year's disappointing record. The opposition is rough, though, and Holy Cross will be at a disadvantage against squads that are deeper and that have the advantage of spring practice.

A sudden and unexpected revival is going on at Boston University, a school that made noises about de-emphasizing football just a few years ago. BU has the beefiest, most numerous and speediest squad in years, and the Terriers are quite optimistic.

Rutgers celebrates its bicentennial this year, but unfortunately the football team doesn't seem equipped to add much to the celebration. The ranks are thin, and no outstanding quarterback is in sight. Villanova, however, seems primed for a sudden revival of power, the pay-off from last year's rebuilding efforts. Colgate has its traditional stalwart defense, this year built around great linebacker Ray Ilg, and the Red Raiders will be better on the attack, thanks partly to the presence of a nifty new quarterback, Ron Burton.

Dartmouth seems to be on top of the Ivy heap again, perhaps with even less disputation from the ranks than before. The Indians came out of their season's-end showdown with Princeton the

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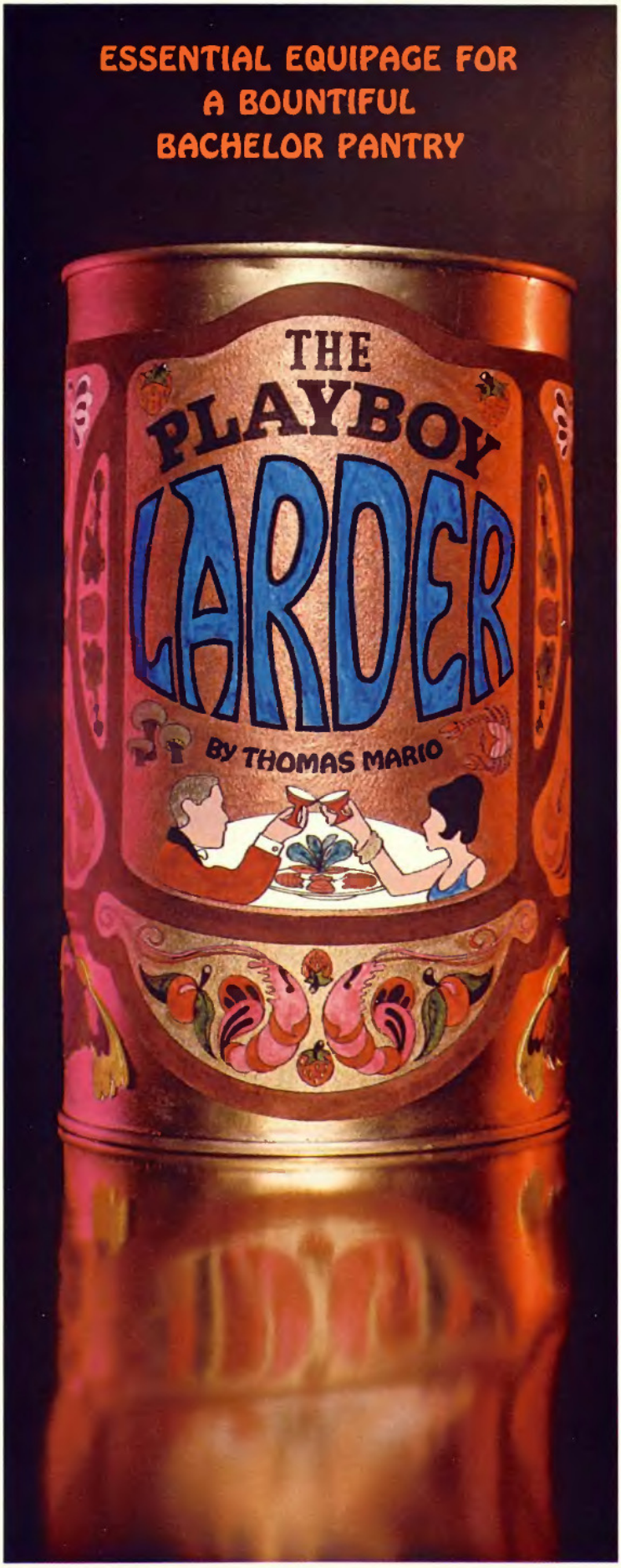
ESSENTIAL EQUIPAGE FOR A BOUNTIFUL BACHELOR PANTRY

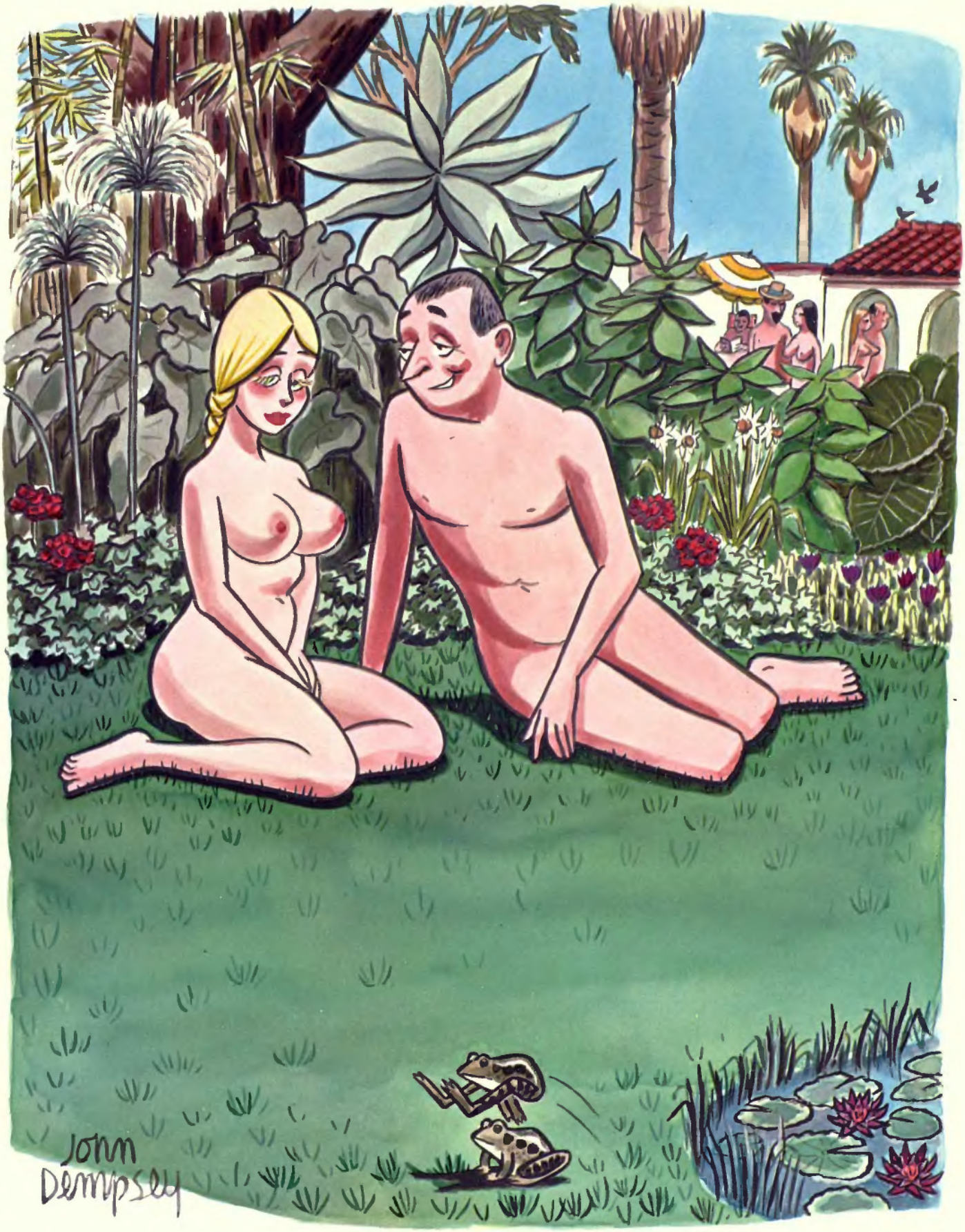


A BACHELOR'S PANTRY tends to be the most undernourished part of his kitchen. Shelves seem to have a way of filling themselves up with miscellaneous foodstuffs so haphazardly that the busy bachelor prepping for a party or just taking care of a few unexpected drop-ins too often finds himself with a tin of anchovy paste and four bottles of champagne. Not a bad start, but nothing he can do much with. So our man finds himself out shopping when he should be home sipping with his guests. Ideally, a larder should be like a gastronomic computer—ready to come up with the answer to any cuisine problem no matter how sudden or complicated. To help get your culinary collection properly started, we've separated into seven categories the basic foodstuffs with which an epicurean-minded bachelor should begin—hors d'oeuvres, cocktail snacks, soups, fish and seafood, meats and poultry, gourmet vegetables, cheeses and desserts.

Your larder should be filled with two basic types of foods. The first is the day-to-day sustenance you replace more or less automatically—bottled sauces, eggs, bacon, pasta, vegetables, coffee, etc., to which a man goes primarily when feeding himself. The second is really the stuff to give to your special guests, particularly when they appreciate the finest in food. For the most part, the second category requires more care in buying.

Before going on a shopping spree, be aware of the size of the shelves and freezer that you'll be filling. A larder should utilize every cubic inch. If space is at a premium, don't store bulky biscuit tins when thin Danish black bread works just as well. Buy your brandied peaches in quarts or pints rather than in kegs with Falstaffian circumferences. The staple part of your larder should be chock-full of spices and sauces that are fresh—not just cabinet clutterings that have long since lost their punch. Look over your bottled sauces and herbs several times a year just as you'd assess your wardrobe or tie collection. Discard and replace old or unused items with fresh or different seasonings. Build your larder around the kinds of cuisines you like best. If you're gung ho for Chinese dishes, then stock up on hoi sin and soy sauces, sesame oil and water chestnuts. If French cookery is your forte, *pâté de foie gras*, canned chestnuts, tarragon vinegar, beef extract and champagne biscuits are all premier pantry candidates.

There is still a small but lingering prejudice against some foods in bottles, cans and jars. This is left over from the days when chefs stuffed their own sausages, cut their own noodles and were afraid that baking powder would cause men to blow up like balloons. *(continued on page 220)*



"Shall we join them?"

ALL TO SCALE

to antrobus, the diplomatic dip, the call of duty was clarion clear: he had to do something about the embassy sawbones' formidable cure and the part it might play on downing street

fiction **By LAWRENCE DURRELL**

THE THING was (said Antrobus upon his return from our Vulgarian Embassy) that Professor Regulus was sent to us by Protocol as the Embassy sawbones. He was a nice compact little man with pince-nez and a fine reputation for the full syringe. Moreover, he was very pro-British, unhealthily so, as it turned out. He kept closely in touch with Home Affairs, borrowed my *Times* and so on; and this was how he got to learn of the P. M.'s gout. I expect you remember the time it got so bad there was talk of a Day of National Temperance and Prayer, a special service in Paul's and so on. Well, Regulus took it much to heart, and one Monday he tapered up to the Mission holding a bottle of something called The Regulus Tincture—his own invention, he said. He set it down on my desk and gave me a brief insight into gout. It was, he said, just a sort of scale which collected on the big toe like the scale in a kettle. His Tincture, which was made of a mixture of arrowroot and henbane on a molasses base and macerated with borage —his Tincture simply dissolved the scale and liberated the shank. It had a funny sort of color; when you shook the bottle it kind of seethed. I took it in to show Polk-Mowbray, who was very touched by this proof of Anglophile concern. "By Gad," he said, "we shall pack it off to the P. M. Perhaps there's enough for the whole front bench. What a fine fellow Regulus is. Stap me, but I'll put him up for a gong."

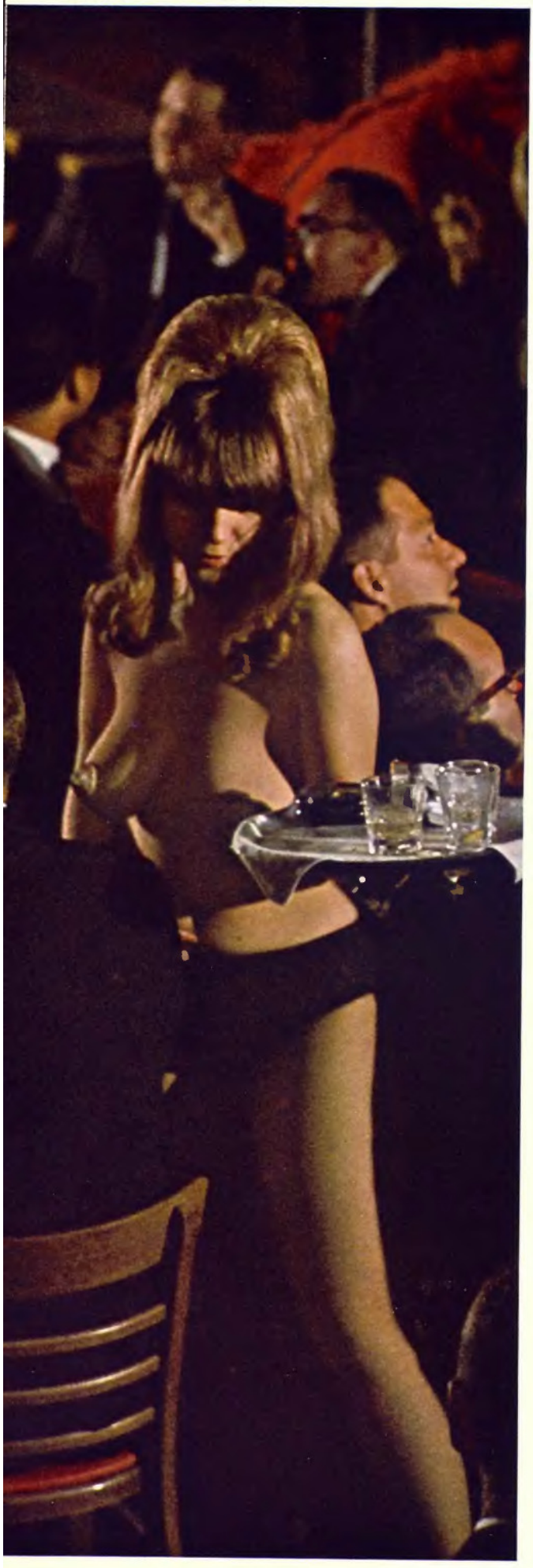
I went down to have the bottle wrapped up; on the way I met Dovebasket, who was always keen on science and dazzled him a little with my grasp of things medical. "Just like scale?" he said with curiosity. "I think we ought to try a drop or two." I did not quite understand, but followed him into the garden, where his new sports car stood. Before I could bring to bear, he had tipped a cupful of the Tincture into the radiator. Talk about scale! There was a tinkle and a rain of scale fell out on the gravel. Smoke rose from the radiator tap.

"Stand back," I cried. It was heating up. There was a snap . . . My goodness, this was some mixture.

"We ought to try some on Drage the butler," he said moodily, but I did not want to experiment any further. The stuff was good on scale and that's as far as I wanted to go. I didn't wish to probe any further. I hoped it would bring great and lasting benefit to the nation and the party. I took the bottle down to Bag Room and sped it off.

Some time passed before we heard anything from London; then came a somewhat sullen response saying that the P. M. had tried it on one of his foodtasters, who had gone berserk and run the length of Ealing Broadway shouting "Thrope for Labor"—his name. The bottle was returned to us with this disquieting information and with the distinct order from the Foreign Office to try it out in the Mission and to report on its properties to the Foreign Secretary. Well, I mean to say: I have never been backward when it comes to self-sacrifice, but I did not fancy a dessertspoonful of this stuff after what I had seen it do to Dovebasket's radiator. Besides, the only one of us who was honestly scaly was Polk-Mowbray; he had, in fact, been rather proud of his gout and inclined to boast about it. Here was his chance, you would have said; but no, he did not seem to see it in this light. He sat, a somewhat pale individual in his heather mixture, and glared at the bottle on his desk. "I don't want to be cured of my gout," he wailed. "It's the one proof I have that the blood of the fourteenth earl runs, though in somewhat *(concluded on page 194)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN



TOPLESS

what's what with the west coast's wondrous bare market

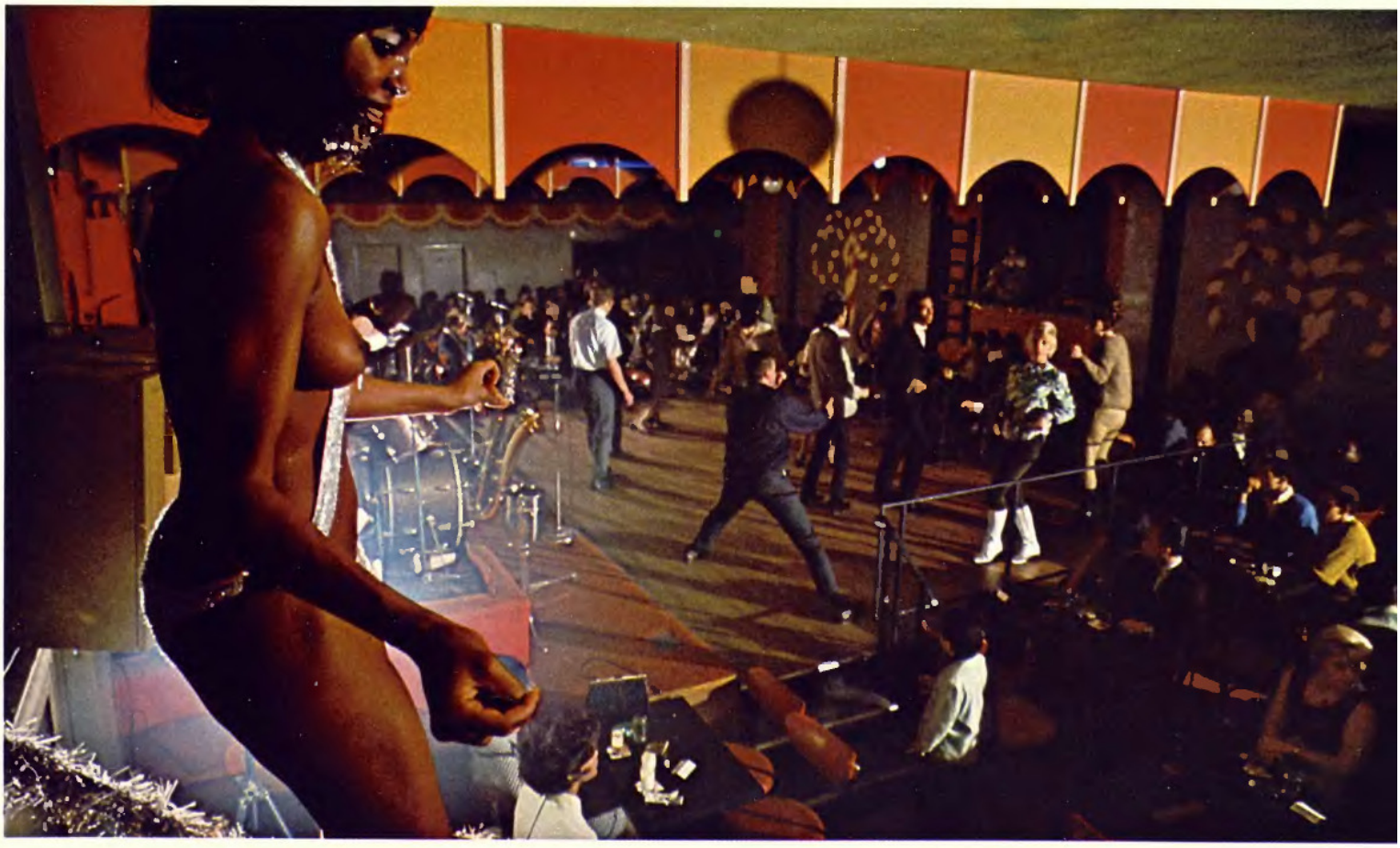
The very word has tonnage to it. It has, in its bare three years of life, escalated from contentious fad to accepted institution, from *dernier cri* to *de rigueur*, a lasting if litigated part of the American landscape, an uncertain icon. Uncertain because topless still shocks self-appointed guardians of the public weal, outrages liquor licensers, scandalizes wives and girlfriends, sends strippers to the poorhouse. It also mesmerizes males, young or old, married or single, from Miami to Malibu. But one thing is sure: In a decade of evanescent fashions, its success remains an authentic force in shaping, for better or worse, the manners and mores of what the Eastern taste makers call—with a shadow of envy—The New Life Out There. For only along the golden littoral of the far Western reaches of the U.S. is it ogled openly and almost hourly in all its undulating, aureate glory; but then the circumpacific belt is where most of the world's earthquakes have occurred—though this one is unlikely to be recorded on the Richter scale.

All the same, the seismic waves are there; and they are, like the opulent Aphrodites who cause them, wild and wondrous things. There are San Francisco's Yvonne d'Angers and Carol Doda, reigning queens of the topless scene, galvanic purveyors of vicarious sex; Tosha and Tara, goddesses of Serpentes, who use reptiles seven feet long to enhance their art; and Gay Spiegelman, topless twirler and mother of eight—count 'em—eight children; and shy, ladylike Eugenia from the groves of academe in Berkeley; and baby-faced Paula The Tiger Lady, stalked by Alberto of the tight white leather pants; and Junoesque Negro danseuses like the voluptuous Teddy Bear; and, in both Los Angeles and San Francisco, more than a hundred bosomy bonbons who bump and sashay among urbane luncheoneers; and Jackie who digs motorcycles; and Samantha, "Queen of the Campfire Girls," who bathes her tawny limbs with fire ("a great depilatory," says a Stanford grad student); and gorgeous gold-lamèed girls in the world's only "All Girl Topless Orchestra," whose repertoire can be appreciated even by the deaf; and topless freaks whose twin assets are as mismatched as Mutt and Jeff; and, for obvious reasons, the two young things who threatened to go topless at The Cat House, a shoeshine stand in San Francisco, where there's still gold in them thar hills, most notably Twin Peaks.

But to begin at the beginning and the top of the topless, there was and is now Miss Carol Doda (see *The Nude Discothèque*, PLAYBOY, April 1965), who has progressed from prunepicker and grape cutter in nearby Napa Valley, and from a mere 34B cup, to topless topliner of the Bay Area's Condor Club, and—thanks to the wonders of sand-based silicone—an eye-boggling 44D. Carol's known variously as the Susan B. Anthony of Topless, Electra of the Main Stem and the Mount Rushmore of North Beach. As she puts it, "Everything is A. D.—*after* Doda." It is. "Topless was born June 22, 1964, at the Condor," boasts Big Davey

San Francisco night owls attest to the fact that the service has never been better at the Off Broadway since such comely coeds as Berkeley's Kay Webster (left) began joining the club's regular roster of table-hopping toplasses.

Left: The Condor Club's celebrated Carol Doda was the first to don designer Rudi Gernreich's topless swimsuit styles before a San Francisco bistro audience; she refers to California's current bare-bosomed bonanza as "A.D."—after Doda. Below: Off Broadway waitress Georgia Raft, and Peppermint Tree disco danseuse Lisa Alexander, offer eye-filling on-the-job evidence of Bay Area's bare-market boom.



Terpsichorean trio of San Francisco untoppables—Stacy Shea O'Hara, Patti Lee Ball and Brandy DeWitt—brightens the bandstand at Big Al's during one of the nightery's all-bras-barred showtime sessions. Los Angeles bare-marketeers laud the lunchtime view from counter-side at The Phone Booth, where chef's helper Carrol Park dishes out comestibles to the clientele between part-time stints as a fashion model.

Rosenberg, the 360-pound promoter who modestly bills himself as "The World's Greatest Press Agent." On that fateful morning, Big Davey spotted a picture in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of a four-and-a-half-year-old girl modeling Rudi Gernreich's new topless bathing suit. "I went to Gino del Prete and said, 'Hey, boss, how'd you like to pack your club tomorrow night? Let the Doda wear *this*!' Gino said, 'You're nuts, but go ahead. Business is bad. We got nothing to lose but our license.' We called the police captain to see if we could go topless. He said, 'Go ahead, and if you have any problems we'll let you know.' President Johnson came to town that day and we couldn't get any press. But Station KSFO blasted away for us and we packed 'em in." The rest is recorded history.

The next day the Off Broadway (down the hill) and Big Al's (up the street) went topless, and shortly thereafter so did some 350 bars and beaneries from Seattle to Baja. But Carol and the Condor got most of the play. "I went out and got Carol involved in *anything*," says Big Davey. "Anything they ever thought up in Hollywood, I topped it. I even had Carol chasing the mayor down the street. He wouldn't talk to her, but he's all right." (Mayor Shelley has indirectly befriended topless, regularly declaring that "Fun is part of our city's heritage.")

Carol drew such diverse types as Gypsy Rose Lee and Myrna Loy, publisher Nelson Doubleday, Jr., and TV's Walter Cronkite; and, during the Republican National Convention, G. O. P. hotbloods Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., and Barry Goldwater, Jr. And the cry of the Condor became: "In your heart, you know she's ripe."

"Actually," says Carol, "I'm schizophrenic. I've got all kinds of problems—but I'm not nervous and the problem isn't sexual with me." Does this mean she has men to match her mountains? Not at all, says Carol. "I don't have time for sex. And I don't take silicone shots with the horse needle anymore—I kicked the habit." A pause, a wry crinkling of white-frosted lips, then: "Just say I'm going through a change of life." As she talks, tart-tongued and vinegary-voiced, Carol tends to maul the king's English; but for her, Britannia would surely waive the rules.

Last winter Carol attempted a change of pace, too. She opened bare and Brobdingnagian at the Silver Slipper in Las Vegas and went home in three days. "Who needs it?" she says, piqued at the desert spa for failing to appreciate both reasons for her being there. "They've got bosoms on *top* of bosoms in that town. There they are stripping, and I come *on* stripped. But San Francisco is still the best. In L. A. they wear pasties and call it topless. And in New York—even in Sacramento!—it's illegal."

When topless legality was first challenged in San Francisco, in the spring of 1965, both the Condor and the Off Broadway were raided. In court, the clubs' proprietors were accused of operating a "lewd and obscene exhibition" and of "conduct outraging

Swedish-born Jean Monroe tops off (top) the Gay Nineties setting of San Francisco's Roaring Twenties, while Phone Booth barmaid Jo Kramer (bottom) symbolizes to many an Angelino male the perfect blend of potables and pulchritude.

Above, l to r: Bayside belles Georgia Raft, Blanche Vargas and Kelly Brooke get ready for nightly Off Broadway gigs.

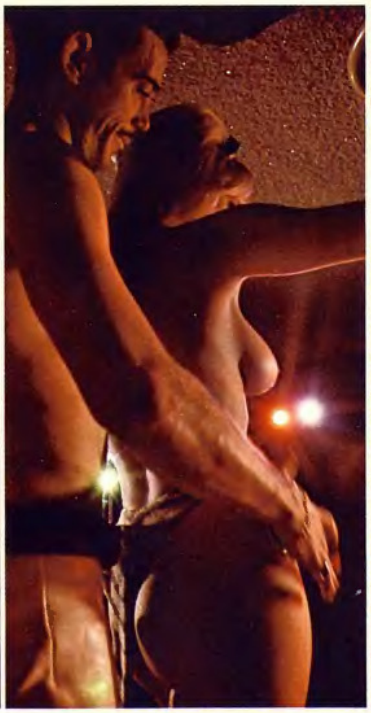
public decency." But Melvin Belli, counsel for the Off Broadway, requested and won dismissal on the unique grounds that the girls had been made to incriminate themselves because they weren't told they could refuse to have their pictures taken in the clothes they were barely wearing at the time. The judge further ruled that the undraped chest, in and of itself, is not lewd, lascivious or obscene. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty. "But the courts," sighs the still-beleaguered Belli, "have discovered the human breast."

Carol's defense counsel, Harry Wainwright, no less uniquely cited the U. S. Supreme Court's decision on a case involving the Danish film *A Stranger Knocks*: that acts of sexual intercourse partially depicted on screen were not necessarily obscene. He also insisted that the First Amendment (freedom of expression) applied also to conduct—to most anything, in fact, but "hard-core pornography." The judge agreed that Miss Doda's performance, "applying contemporary community standards" of the average person, was "not of prurient interest . . . did not violate community standards of decency," and directed the jury to acquit. In retrospect, Carol has but one complaint: "The prosecuting attorney asked if I moved my pelvis during my act. I mean, what's the use of *having* a pelvis if you can't move it?"

Carol has moved it in many and wondrous ways since. When the city held its first annual Crab Race on Fisherman's Wharf, she was barred from entering. Carol staged her own Crab Race at a nearby restaurant, jiggled a little, and drew more press and people than the all-wool article. But she got bounced out of Enrico's, a Paris-style café in the heart of North Beach, though *she* wasn't bouncing at all; and the pelvis was at parade rest. Amelio's, a front-rank Italian eatery, more agreeably asked her to put on a coat or stuff her cleavage with a napkin. "I wasn't

Left: Original bare-bosomed watootsie Carol Doda has been Condor Club's topliner since 1964, when Republican Conventioneers caroled, "In your heart, you know she's ripe."

Below, l to r: Monokinied Alvenia Jones undulates under the watchful eye of barside patrons at Los Angeles' Phone Booth, while honey-haired Irene Ziemer refreshes ringside tablefuls of thirsty topless fanciers; Off Broadway chorine Joni Saunders favors the San Francisco swim of things. Bottom: Paula and Alberto, the Condor Club's celebrated "Tiger Dance" duo, keep Barbary Coast balletomanes on their toes.



Far left: Kathy Holland helps pack them in at San Francisco's Pierre's, where fringe benefits abound. Left: L.A.'s Jackie Miller displays winning disco form at The Losers. Below left: Fellow Stripster Kathryn Griggs serves Phone Booth diners décolleté.

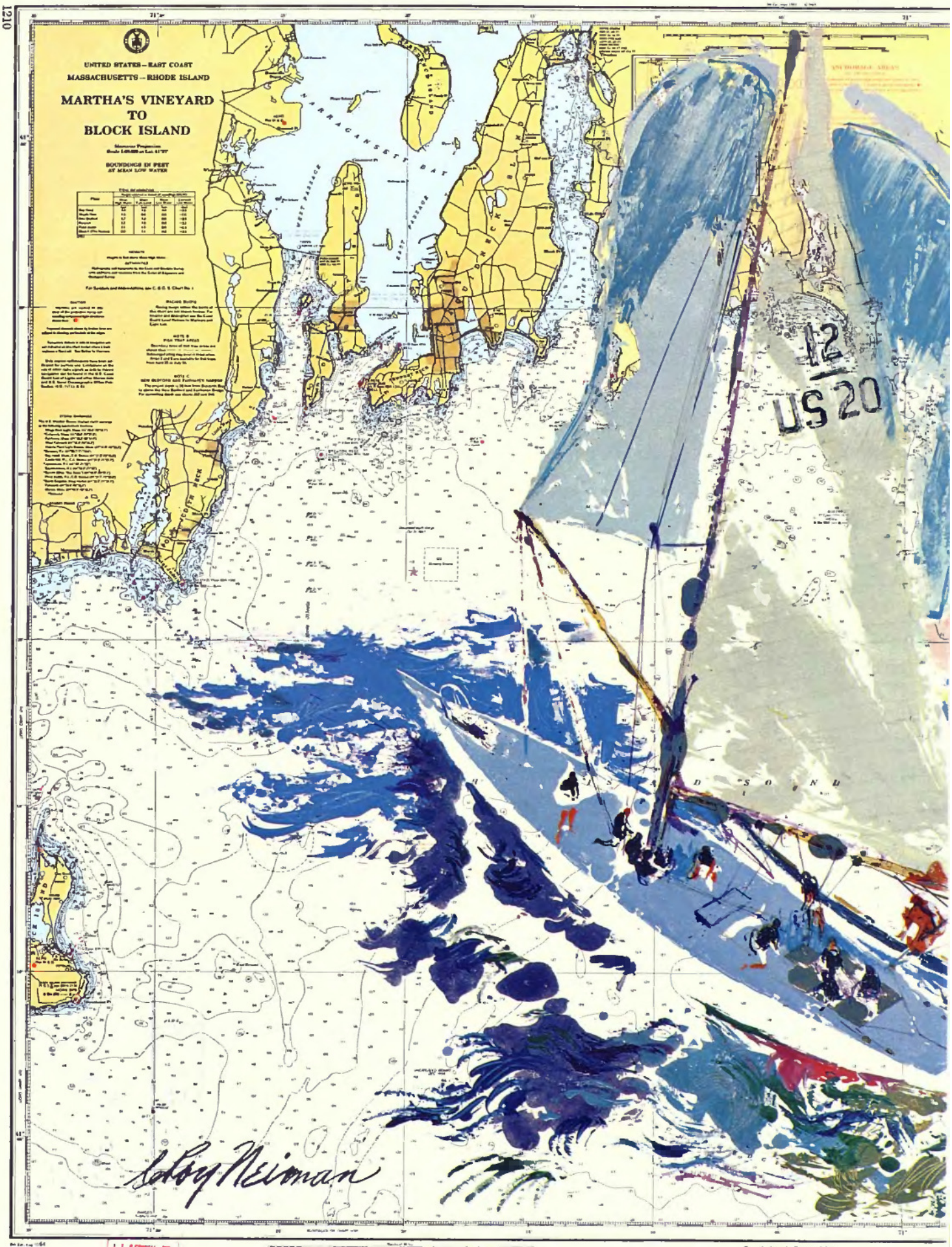
hanging out all over the place there either," says Carol, making a ***moue*** with her Monroe mouth, as she does on stage. "I just had this low-cut dress on, you know? I mean, I got in Ernie's in a topless evening gown, and I went to a place Sinatra was singing topless, too." (Carol, not Frank.) At a recent Lions Club luncheon, one member rose recklessly to ask Carol, the guest of honor: "What's your measurements?" Carol rose, too, and before some 100 well-dressed businessmen, replied sweetly: "What's *your* measurement, mister?" The chairman stammered: "I th-th-think you'd better dance now, Miss Doda."

Carol has received some 10,000 letters from the boys in Vietnam and plans to answer every one—with a pulchritudinous photo, of course; and she has been voted the "Girl Most Desirable" by the First Marine Aircraft Wing, which invited her over to Danang. But, says Carol, "I don't think it would be a good idea to do topless over there. I've never had to go up against the Army, Navy or Marines." Instead, they come to her, in battalions. Said one on-leave leatherneck after catching her act: "Here, at least, there's a definite front and a definite rear."

Gypsy Rose Lee invited Carol to appear on her local TV show, and when Carol remarked, as casually as if she were talking of the weather, that she had paid nearly $1000 for her silicone injections, fellow guest Imogene Coca was speechless, but finally managed to observe philosophically: "Well, that's better than buying a new hat." Riposted Gypsy, glomming Carol's glories: "With those, you don't *need* a new hat. By the way," she added, "I know a girl so phony that when somebody accidentally bumps into her falsies she says, 'Ouch!'" But true to her fashion, Carol had the last word: "I wouldn't even wear *pasties*. That's not me. When I dance this way, I'm me. I feel it's all me. I express myself." The show, incidentally, was banned in L.A.

The undergraduates at Berkeley went into agonies and ecstasies when Carol appeared last spring—"strictly for charity"—on the steps of Sproul Hall and, bosom abob under a Batman T-shirt and hips wrestling with each other under *(continued on page 187)*

Right: Parisian-born Yvonne d'Angers, the current nonpareil among Golden Gate attractions, primps in her Off Broadway dressing room prior to performing atop a fur-draped chaise, her favorite showtime perch for mesmerizing stageside males.



1210

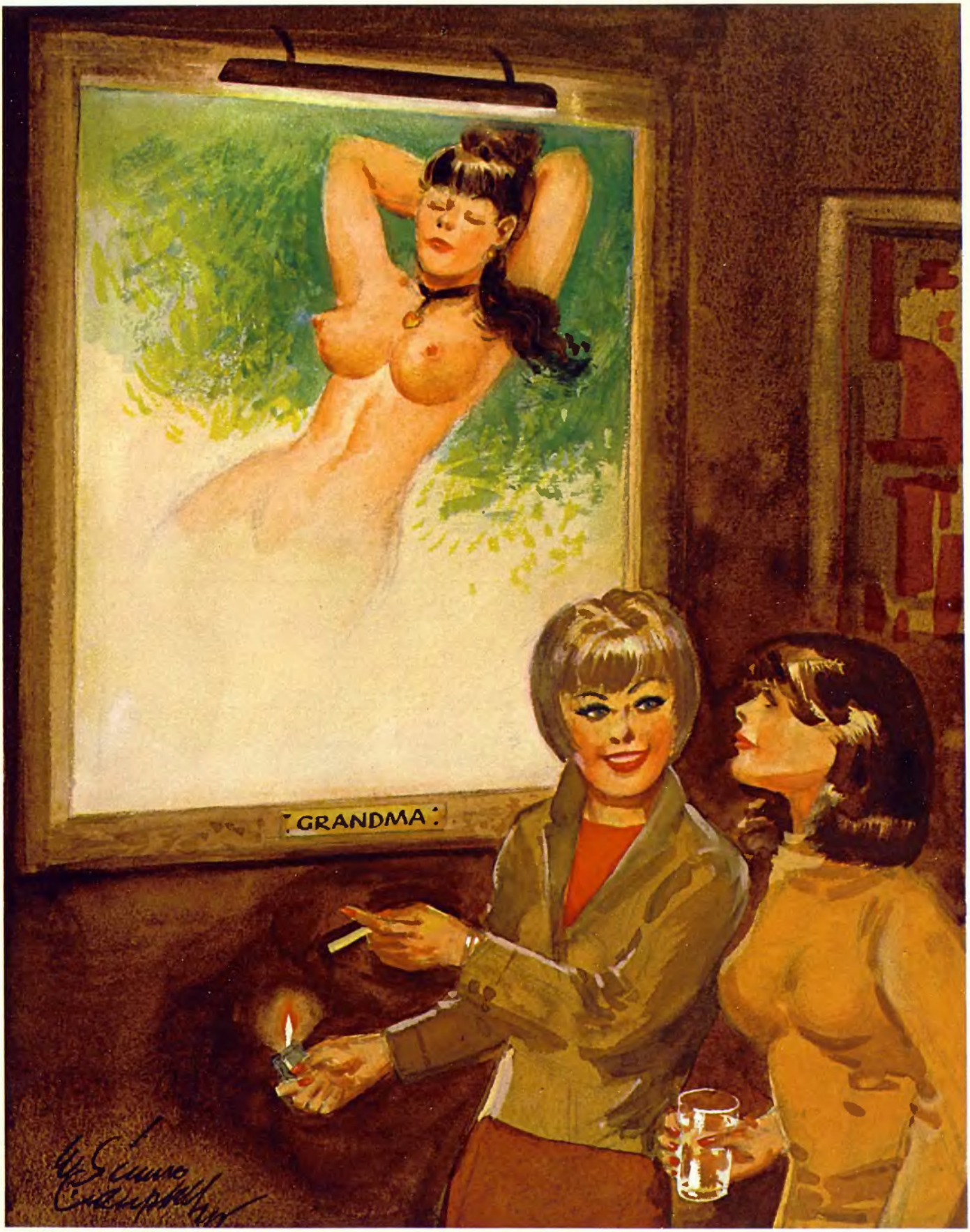
J. T. O'CONNELL, INC.
C & G CHART AGENTS

man at his leisure

artist neiman captures the international esprit of sailing's most celebrated set-to

THE AMERICA'S CUP, yachting's oldest and most coveted crown, is a baroque sterling ewer that has come to stand for the epitome of seafaring excellence, and the race for which it is awarded may well be the single event most responsible for the past century's major advances in yacht design and helmsmanship. An American possession since 1851, when the 100-foot schooner U. S. S. America left the entire British Royal Yacht Squadron in its wake racing around the Isle of Wight, the Cup has inspired 19 unsuccessful challenges from British, Canadian and Aussie contenders. The advent of the J boat in 1930 standardized the size and racing features of future Cup entries and turned the tiff into a traditional best-of-seven races off Newport's rock-bound coast; today, its 12-meter successor rules the waves over which the Cup contenders vie. On hand for the most recent Cup duel between America's Constellation and Britain's Sovereign, LeRoy Neiman noted: "The '12s' were symmetrical perfection, tacking and running through the seas like a pair of finely honed knives. Newport had turned out in full Cup regalia to watch the watery clash from vantage points aboard a spectator fleet of power launches, Navy cruisers and private yachts of every description, or behind high-powered telescopes set up on the plush lawns of baronial coastal estates. But the Cup's real color was to be found aboard the 12s themselves, where alert crewmen's split-second timing would spell success or failure in the grueling two-boat bouts. This was no Dufy-like Sunday-afternoon regatta but rather a sportsman's ultimate test, boat against boat, skipper against skipper, crew against crew—and man against the fickle sea."

Superimposed on a nautical chart of the Cup course, Neiman's seaworthy subjects are shown on a spinnaker run with Constellation leading. Above: Sailor savors a good-luck buss before shoving off for the starting line.



"It was never finished. Grandpa shot the artist."

Ribald Classic

a matter of triple duplicity

from the ancient tales of India

R. B. DANCE

IN ANCIENT INDIA there lived once a dull-witted wheelwright, Mandamati by name, who in time arrived at the suspicion that his comely wife was often presenting him with a cuckold's cap. To give proof to the matter, he made a show of departure from his house one day on a journey o'er a night, then returned home in secrecy by a circuitous route.

Before he arrived at his gate, however, his doxy, in haste to append another feather to her husband's cap, was at sport therein with a son of the village magistrate. Such was the vigor of their frolic that they might have pleasured the night through if the magistrate himself had not appeared at the house, having learned by subtle inquiry that the wheelwright was away.

Shooing the son with speed within the cupboard, she welcomed the father to her couch, appending yet another inning to that sport in which she excelled. No sooner were they at their play, however, than through a window opening the beauty saw her husband stealing close. "Away!" cried she to the magistrate. "Mandamati comes! Feign wrath as you take leave from here and as you pass him by. The rest I shall accomplish with a canard befitting the safeguarding of our pleasure and the level of his intellect."

Hence, when the wheelwright entered his house, having already observed the magistrate muttering and bellowing oaths as he departed, the wench, making a show of rage herself, by way of explanation bawled that the man of law had arrived in search of his son, who had fled from his father's house following a thrashing by the magistrate.

"Observe!" cried she, calling forth the youth from the cupboard. "His teeth, how they chatter! The blood gone from his face! I concealed him from his brute of a father. And when I refused the monster's entry—pleading that you, good husband, were away—he became wrathful, as you did observe."

Giving entire faith to her words (for what wife would freely produce a lover for her husband's very eyes?), the wheelwright was yet of the belief that his program begun must be completed for appearance's sake. Accordingly, making an explanation that he had returned home because he had forgotten a tool of his trade, he departed his doxy a second time, on this occasion accompanied by the magistrate's son. The latter took his leave within a short distance, saying that he would now go to his own home, there to face a wrathful father.

Desiring not a chill night of sleep out, and having not the gold for lodgings, Mandamati in a few moments came to the decision that he would steal home a second time, there to slumber undetected 'neath his bed until morning, whence he might creep out of the house for his apparent return that day from journey's end. Thus, on his arrival outside his lodgings, he waited until his wife—duty bound!—went to the well for water. Thence he entered his house and slipped unobserved beneath the nuptial couch. Soon he toppled into slumber.

He was awakened from a dream of a faithful wife by the vigorous frolic of the selfsame above his head. Hard put not to bellow his wrath aloud, he made ready to spring from under the bed, giving stone to his muscles and arc to his breech, which latter place the doxy felt when it struck the bed beneath. Of a certainty that it was her husband below, she, clever as he was a fool, at once began to murmur flatteries to her gallant, calling him by her spouse's name, saying, "O Mandamati, my good husband" and "No other, Mandamati, never," going on in such fashion, frolicking lustily all the while, until both her husband below and her knave above were muddled men. "Why dost thou call me Mandamati?" muttered the rogue, who was in truth the magistrate's brother.

The sound of his voice sent the wanton into a second beginning, this time of screech and scream and outrage. Springing from the couch, she bellowed, "Who art thou, wretch, to come to my bed while I am unguarded in slumber!? Swine! to take your will of me while I sleep! He, lord of my life, for whom my heart breaks with such longing that I dreamt you into him!"

"Is then your quarrelsome, dull-witted husband such an object of devotion?" replied the scamp with some heat.

"Brute! Get thee from my couch! Return never!" To which command he with vigorous speed complied.

Mandamati, hearing anew such evidence of faithfulness from a wife he had so wrongly suspected, from that day on took heed to nevermore give ill thoughts to one whom he was by such good fortune possessed—no matter how manifest were his observations otherwise—while the doxy, knowing full well how freely she might now frolic, sported often and unhampered with magistrate, son, brother and, if truth be known, uncles and nephews as well.

—Retold by John Keefauver

THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA

By
ARTHUR KNIGHT
and
HOLLIS ALPERT

PART TEN: THE FORTIES
War and Peace in Europe

until V-E day, axis censorship suppressed sex in cinema abroad, but liberation created the climate for a new erotic realism

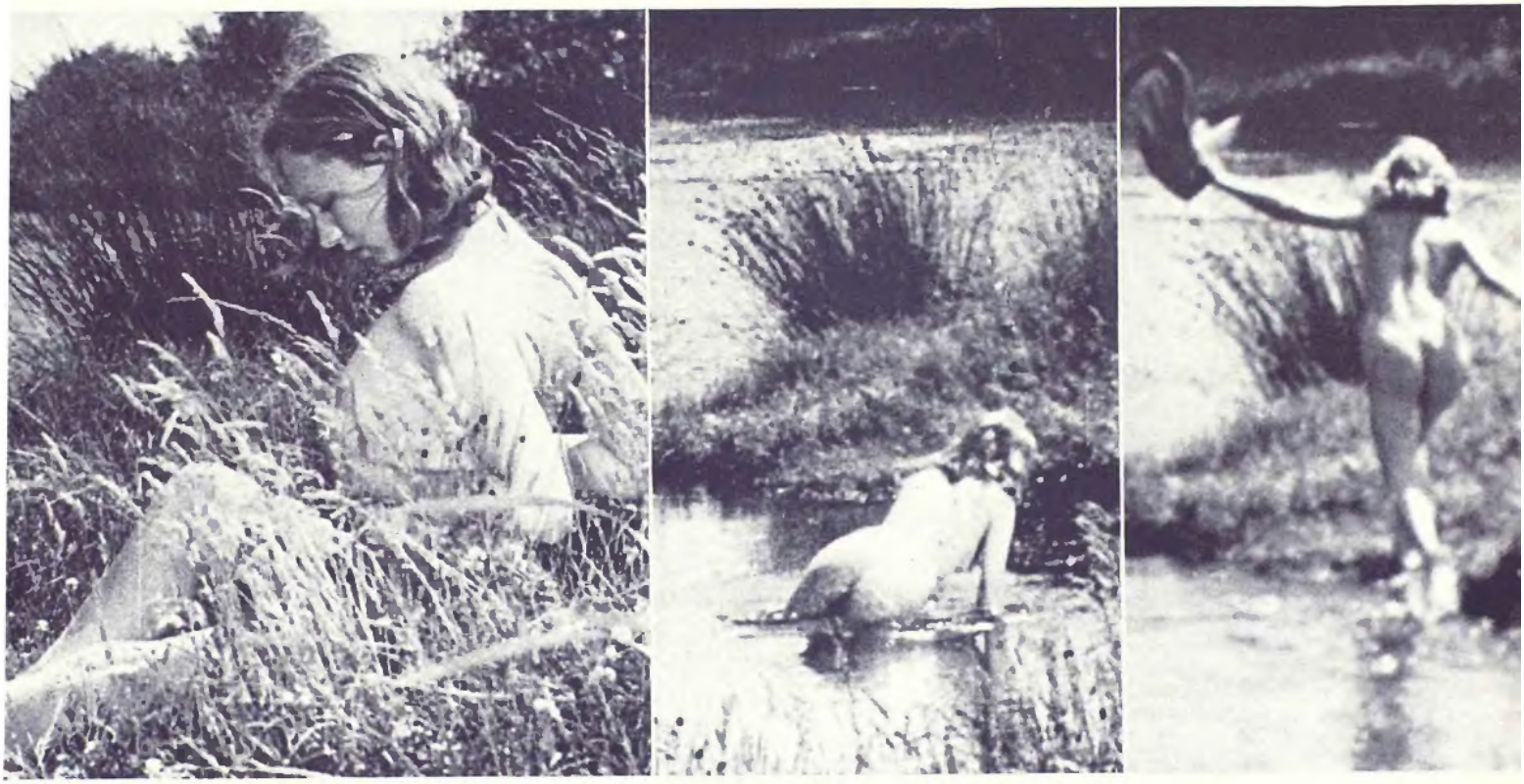
AS THE LONG SHADOW of the swastika cast its pall over Europe in the first half of the Forties, every aspect of life was affected, and the movies by no means least of all. In occupied France, one of Dr. Goebbels' first moves was to take over the studios and theaters: throughout the War years, his *Propagandastaffel* rigorously controlled every picture made or shown in that country. In Italy, production was so disrupted and the industry so demoralized that, by 1944, as the Allied armies swept over the land, the total output for the entire year was only 17 features. England, straining its resources to the War effort, mobilized its films as well: production was centered almost entirely on pictures for educational, propaganda and morale purposes. And in Germany, whose studios concentrated on escapist entertainment, movies suddenly became so popular as to constitute a major problem. In some cities, only soldiers and workers in vital war industries were permitted to attend. Tickets, sold far in advance, were in such demand that Goebbels finally banned their use in order to free the printers for war work.

Curiously, for a country whose soldiers went into action armed with pornographic postcards as well as Mausers, Germany's films during the entire Hitler period had very little erotic content—a puritanism duplicated in the pictures produced by the Soviet Union. One of the rare exceptions, for Germany, was the lavish color film *Münchhausen*, produced in 1942 to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the famed Ufa studio. In rather heavy-handed fantasy, a present-day descendant of the Baron recalls the adventures of his fabled forebear in the court of Catherine the Great, in the war against the Turks and as a privileged prisoner in a Turkish harem. In all of them, of course, Munchhausen is seen as a swaggering rakehell, in ardent pursuit of the ladies whenever they are not in equally ardent pursuit of him. Although such moments of dalliance remain on the chaste side, swathed as they are in yards and yards of 18th Century silks and satins, in the course of his visit to a harem, the bouncing Baron—and the audience—is introduced to a whole bevy of unwrapped beauties. The girls, many of them totally nude, loll on brightly hued hassocks or plash playfully in an aquamarine pool. Unaccountably, Munchhausen's fancy settles upon the one houri who is wholly garbed, and he promptly makes plans to quit these altogether agreeable premises with her in tow.

Münchhausen has had a checkered history. Enormously successful in Germany when it was released there in 1943 (handsome Hans Albers, its star, had been Germany's most popular leading man for over a decade), the film died with

NAZI NAIADS: *In one of wartime Germany's rare cinematic nude scenes, a tubful of frolicking Fräuleins (top) added a touch of Turkish delight to a harem bathing sequence from "Münchhausen" (1943), an eye-filling exception to the Nazis' totalitarian rule of sexless cinema.* ***FASCIST HOURIS:*** *With Italy's armies in disarray throughout North Africa, Fascist film makers sought to boost home-front morale with escapist fare such as this bare-bosomed scene (center left) from "Slave Merchants." The veiled version was seen on many foreign screens.* ***REALISM—ITALIAN STYLE:*** *The post-War birth of neorealism was signalized by the earthy, erotic social commentary of Roberto Rossellini, who cast Anna Magnani (left) as a pregnant partisan in "Open City" and Maria Michi (right) as a wistful prostitute in "Paisan."*

SILVANA AND SIMONE: *Among the first of the femmes fatales to emerge in liberated Europe's cinematic return to reality, sultry Silvana Mangano (far left) ably embodied the robust peasant appeal of post-War Italian sex queens as she fetchingly took five with fellow field hands in a scene from "Bitter Rice" (1949), her celebrated screen debut. Equally seductive Simone Signoret—pictured here (left) as the hooker-heroine of director Yves Allegret's "Dédée"—furnished post-War French filmgoers with the provocative prototype for a phalanx of forthcoming Gallic leading ladies of the night.*
VIOLENCE AND VIRGINITY: *Italian moviemakers of the late Forties saw fit to film the manhandling of many a miss in the pursuit of realismo, as evidenced by this blouse-busting bout (center left) between Luisa Rossi and Jacques Sernas in "The Lure of the Sila" (1949). Typical of the outdoor nudity that still pervades Scandinavian cinema, a pastoral sequence (below) from Denmark's "Ditte, Child of Man" (1946) depicted the moment of sexual self-discovery for a maiden (played by Tove Mäes) whose awkward adolescence has finally given way to full-blown womanhood.*
TOUCH AND GO: *The French flair for fondling took on new dimensions when Gallic directors were unfettered from the sex-suppressive dictates of Nazi occupation. In "Gigi" (1949), a great-aunt's testing touch of Daniele Delorme's budding breasts (bottom left) presaged her loss of innocence—and a promising career as the comeliest of courtesans. Portraying ill-fated partners in a poignant affaire de coeur, Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle (bottom center) heeded the call to arms—each other's—in a 1947 adaptation of Raymond Radiguet's romantic classic "Devil in the Flesh." Jean-Louis Barrault, the shy hero of "Children of Paradise," Marcel Carné's tragic wartime tour de force, had grown bolder by the time he disrobed a willing wife—someone else's—in "The Magnificent Cuckold" (1946), at bottom right.*



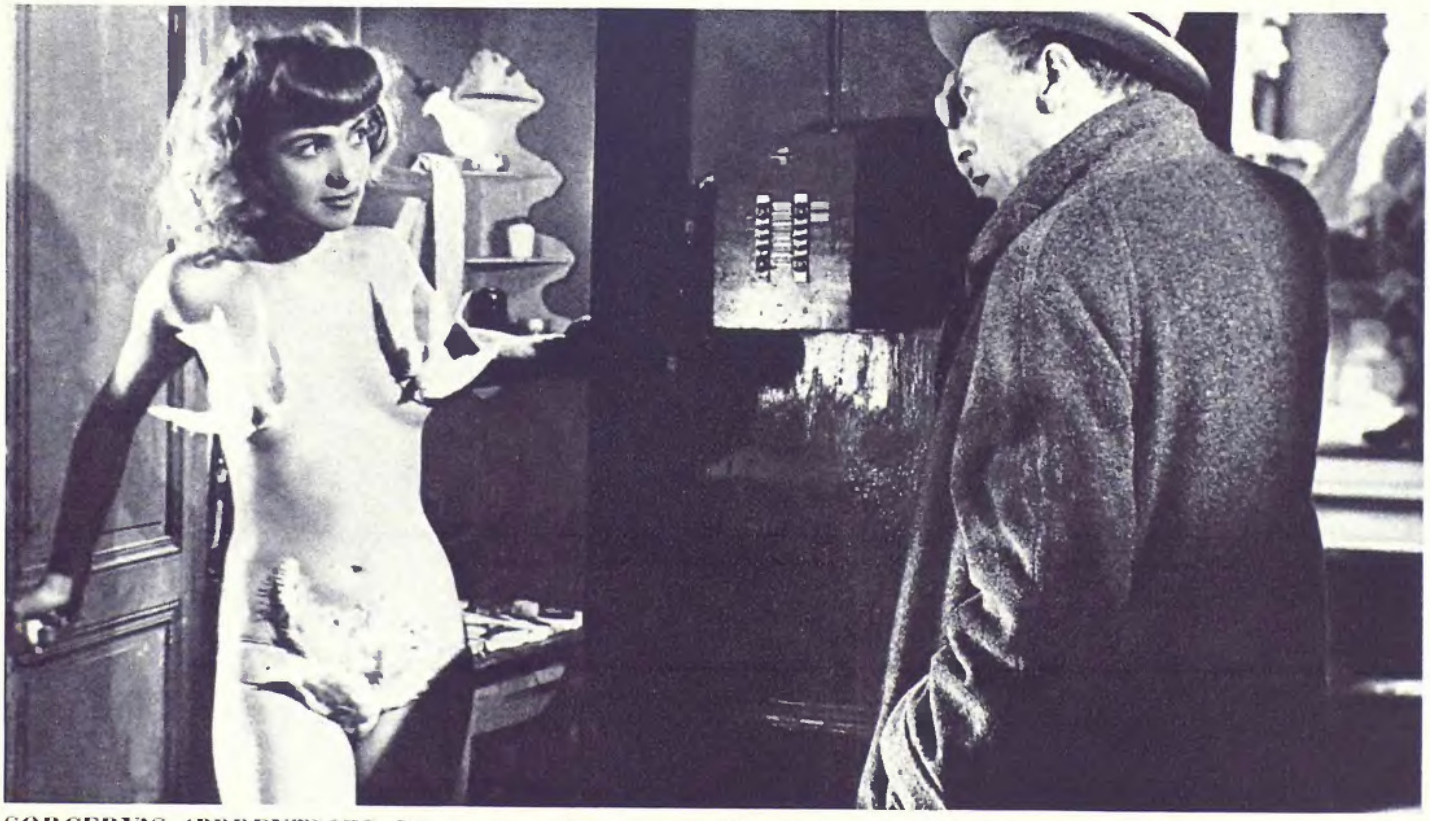
the Third Reich. No theater in liberated Europe would touch it, and it passed into film history more talked about than actually seen. Prints that have turned up, their Agfacolor woefully faded, suggest that Ufa must have edited the harem sequence several different ways. The official German version reduces the nudes to a few quick shots, although stills indicate that far more footage was taken; while a print in the Danish film archive not only lingers over the girls *in extenso,* but actually repeats some of the fleshier shots of the nudes disporting in the water.

But if the German film makers were unwilling to insert sex into their pictures for its own sake, they had no compunction about using it as an anti-Semitic tool. The most notorious of these pictures was Veit Harlan's *Jud Süss* (*Jew Süss*), an adaptation—or rather, a malicious distortion—of Lion Feuchtwanger's masterpiece, *Power*. Feuchtwanger had written a sympathetic historical novel describing the rise of an 18th Century Jewish financier, Süss Oppenheimer, to a position of eminence in Württemberg and his ultimate destruction by other, non-Jewish financiers who were jealous of his behind-the-scenes authority. Predictably, Harlan turned all of this upside down: His Süss, egged on by a rabbi who looked like a Streicher caricature of a Jew, advanced himself by stealthy exploitation, corruption and assassination; and the sturdy Aryans who ultimately "save" Württemberg are motivated solely by their revulsion to Süss' evil excesses. The turning point comes when the Jew, maddened with power, forces an Aryan lady to look on while his men torture her husband, then ravishes her before the husband's anguished eyes. To make matters worse, the film suggests that Süss raped the woman not to satisfy his carnal appetites, but merely to humiliate a non-Jew; and so complete is his victory that the woman, blemished forever by this contact with a Semite, promptly drowns herself. (As an interesting footnote to Nazi psychopathology, Harlan amplified the role of the woman

considerably, then cast it with his own wife, the vigorously pro-Nazi Swedish actress Kristina Söderbaum.) This experiment in erotic sadism ends with Süss in an iron cage in a public square; suspended over a roaring fire, he is slowly being roasted to death—and the camera, in a close-up of his face, savors every moment of it. As Feuchtwanger noted in an open letter to the German film makers published in London, "By adding a touch of *Tosca*, you have transformed my novel into a vile anti-Semitic movie à la Streicher and his *Stürmer*."

But even before the War was over, such vigorous, hard-breathing racist tracts had begun to recede from the German screen. Producers, perhaps sensing the approaching Allied victory, shifted to safer ground—harmless biographies of Beethoven, Schiller, Goethe and the like, and escapist romances set against backgrounds of old Vienna or the Tyrol. Movie Germans were either jolly, beer-drinking fellows or time-mellowed characters from the pages of history, never Party members. Apart from the newsreels, the War ceased to exist in German films. With the Germans themselves almost pathetically eager for anything the studios turned out, the producers had prudently begun to think of what could profitably be distributed abroad once hostilities had ceased.

Actually, they could have saved themselves the trouble. When the War ended, the market for German pictures simply evaporated; they couldn't even be given away—at least not those produced in the Western Zone. The Eastern Zone, which included the giant Ufa plant at Neubabelsberg, had its own automatic market in the Communist world. Hesitantly—for they were working under the eyes of the U. S. Army's Civil Affairs Division—the Germans in the West began to inject a fillip of sex into their pictures, and got away with



SORCERY'S APPRENTICES: *Witchcraft was the watchword of "Le Destin Exécrable de Guillemette Babin" (1948), a post-War costume sextravaganza (top) highlighted by an orgiastic Sabbat-striptease sequence involving a group of gypsies and a French lady of royal baring.* ***BACKSTAGE BIRD WATCHER:*** *An early entry in French filmdom's post-War cycle of whodunits, "Jenny Lamour" cast laconic Louis Jouvet as a flic hot on the trail of a suspect at a Paris music hall, where a bird-bedecked ecdysiast (above) indicated her willingness to sing —and swing. Though mild by French standards of film nudity in the Forties, this scene was adjudged too sexy for most American screens.*

STARBOUND: *Doffing her duds for the first time—in a 1949 farce called "The Lovers of Verona" (top)—Martine Carol became the first French film actress to attain star status because of au naturel appearances. She remained the queen of nudes until BB's first bow in the buff (1955).* ***STAND-IN:*** *Few of Europe's female sex stars in the Fifties were unwilling to uncover their assets for their art, but in 1949, French film femme Françoise Arnoul refused to bare her bosom for a seduction scene in "Sin and Desire." The director persuaded co-star André LeGall to carry on with a less inhibited understudy (above). To spare the audience from seeing double, this topless trouper remained faceless, nameless and unsung.*

it. Since the Army's primary function was to prevent militaristic or pro-Fascist ideology from creeping into German (and Japanese) films, it was powerless to interfere even if it had wanted to. But since the Civil Affairs Division was also charged with the task of selling democracy, its administrators were even more reluctant to impose restrictions that might have been construed as controls on free speech. The producers perforce grew bolder.

Typical of the films that began to appear in West Germany during the late Forties, along with the nostalgic operettas and stodgy histories of past emperors, was *Der Apfel Ist Ab* (*The Apple Has Fallen*), a curious and complicated allegorical drama. In it, a staid cider manufacturer named Adam Schmidt begins to entertain wild thoughts about his pretty secretary, Eve. Not getting along too well with his wife at the moment, Adam falls asleep and finds himself in an ultramodern Garden of Eden, a night club in which the Devil is the headwaiter. Eve is there, too, of course, and so is his wife, both of them clad in costumes that seem to be cellophane from the waist up; Adam himself runs about clad in his B. V. D.s. Although other cellophaned cuties are there, most of them far better endowed than either the wife or the secretary, Adam firmly resists the Devil's temptations and wakes up next morning to a nice middle-class reconciliation. As *Variety*'s critic in Germany correctly opined, "The Hays Office undoubtedly would take a dim view of the cellophane costumes of the leads." The film played here without a Production Code Seal.

East Germany, on the other hand, took very seriously its new role of spiritual advisor, via films, to the German people. It had inherited not only the best studios but most of Germany's best film makers, who were promptly de-Nazified and set to work making anti-Nazi pictures. Many of these were set in the Hitler period, such as *Affäre Blum* (*The Affair Blum*) and *Ehe im Schatten* (*Marriage in the Shadows*), the story of a German actor's efforts to remain married to a Jewish wife despite the Nazis. Others attempted to deal realistically with East Germany's post-War problems. *Strassenbekanntschaft* (*Street Acquaintance*), for example, although nominally the story of a young girl in Berlin who turns to prostitution for sheer survival soon after the War, was actually a singularly graphic account of the government's efforts to control the spread of venereal disease at that time. Competent and thematically intriguing as such films were, however, German films—both East and West—throughout the Forties and well into the Fifties continued for the most part to suffer from the artistic blight that Hitler had brought to his country in 1933.

Something of the same blight settled over France when Hitler's armies invaded and occupied it in 1940. Indicative of the paralysis that immediately overtook the French film industry was a fall-off in production from 83 pictures in 1939 to only 28 in the following year (most of them made in unoccupied Nice and Marseilles). Once the Germans had moved in, Goebbels gave top priority to the *assainissement* (decontamination) of the French studios and theaters, a euphemism for purging them of Jews, and the creation of a control center with absolute power over all branches of film activity. Laws were passed prohibiting double bills, so that German-sponsored newsreels and documentaries could be included on every program. Feature production in France was largely concentrated in the German-operated firm Continental. Despite all these measures, however, the French cinema did not turn into the intended propaganda factory. In fact, those film makers who were permitted to work prudently chose to eschew realistic themes altogether, preferring to concentrate instead on harmless detective stories, escapist comedies and vast, moody romances set in a safely distant past.

Under the circumstances, it is not difficult to understand a retreat from sexuality as well. France during the years of the Occupation was as a country frozen, unable to function, all normal instincts forcibly held in check. One of the first important films of the War period, Marcel Carné's gloomily impressive *Les Visiteurs du Soir* (*The Devil's Envoys*), implied this in allegorical form: In a medieval castle, a feast is under way to celebrate the forthcoming marriage of the mistress of the manor to a handsome chevalier. Two troubadours, emissaries of the Devil, have been sent to seduce the happy couple and prevent their wedding. During the dancing that evening, they both succeed; but the Devil is infuriated to learn that the young troubadour has genuinely fallen in love with the girl. He arrives on the scene in person, arranges to have the two lovers discovered in bed together, and both are imprisoned, where they languish decoratively in chains. Desiring the girl for himself, the Devil promises to let the young man go if she will come away with him. The girl agrees, but breaks her word the moment her lover is freed—and the Devil, finding them together again, turns them into stone statues. But true love, the film informs us, will defeat even the Devil: On the sound track, from deep within the stone, we hear their two hearts beating away in unison. Tremendously popular in France, the picture seemed to echo the emotions of a people who were themselves entombed by a more modern incarnation of the Devil.

Significant, too, was Jean Cocteau's retelling of the Tristan legend, *L'Eternel Retour* (*The Eternal Return*). Although not retreating in time (the story was told in modern dress), the setting was a remote château complete with dark towers and winding stone stairwells, love potions, a vengeful dwarf and a trancelike atmosphere of doom and despair that made it all seem even more medieval than *Les Visiteurs du Soir*. The lovers—if one could truly call them that—were played by blond, stone-faced Jean Marais and an even blonder Madeleine Sologne, aptly described by one critic as "a marbled Veronica Lake"; their passion couldn't have been less fiery or fervent if they had sipped malted milks instead of love potions. Missing completely was all sense of the frantic eroticism that throbs through Wagner's opera. Only at the end, when Tristan and his Isolde lie decorously side by side atop an overturned boat, united by death in love eternal, is there the suggestion of fulfillment; but it is fulfillment at the cost of life itself. Never before had the French cinema, though often gloomily fatalistic, so eagerly and ardently embraced death.

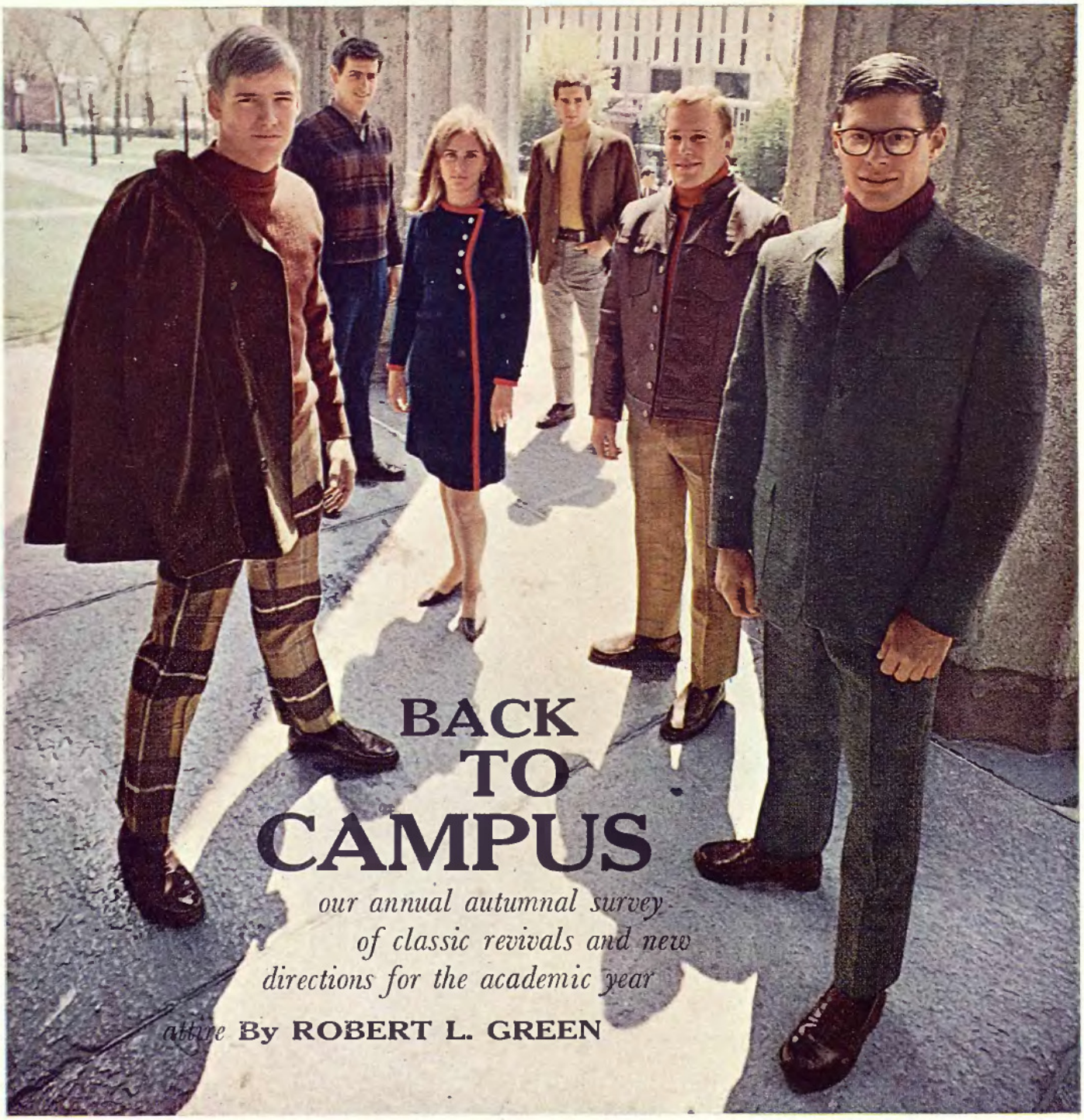
Perhaps the best-known film of this sterile period was Marcel Carné's masterpiece, *Les Enfants du Paradis* (*Children of Paradise*)—the more remarkable because, in a period of national humiliation and commonplace death, it emerged as an eloquent, cosmic affirmation of life. Characteristically, it was set in the past, the Paris of 1840, when Frenchmen of all classes rubbed elbows in its teeming streets. Its hero (played to perfection by a youthful Jean-Louis Barrault) is a mime, the star of a small pantomime theater. Innocent, almost simple-minded, he is plunged into life through his love for the worldly Garance (portrayed by Arletty). When, in a scene still remarkable for its explicitness, she permits the boy to make love to her, he is unable to rise to the occasion. Next day, she takes another lover, a man of greater virility—and leaves him soon after for the wealth and protection of a sophisticated count. Meanwhile, Baptiste, the mime, has married an actress in his troupe, although still in love with Garance. And she has retained her affection for him. Their moment comes years later, after the count has been slain by yet another of her lovers. They have a few hours together; but when the wife pleads with her for Baptiste, Garance realizes that she has long since forfeited the right to happiness at the expense of others. In a magnificent final scene, she drives off through the crowded boulevard while Baptiste, on foot, follows in anguished pursuit until swallowed up by the masses. This sumptuous three-hour spectacle, with its far-flung sets and flawless cast, was more than a skilled evocation of a century-old slice of life; in its richness and variety, its poising of good and evil, its mature awareness of the

(continued on page 206)

The education explosion continues and brings with it a sartorial question for undergraduates: how to stand out in a swarm of gentlemen and scholars and avoid being just one more face in the registration line. The solution for those aspiring to the status of Playboy Man On Campus is to select a wardrobe that's distinctively right not only for you but for your own collegiate area as well. To help you stock up on appropriate wearables, PLAYBOY once again presents its annual back-to-campus clothing guide, a regional rundown of P. M. O. C. styles making the academic scene from Amherst to UCLA. But first let's take a look at over-all campus trends.

Suits: College men still prefer the Ivy League–inspired natural-shoulder, three-button models with straight flap pockets and belt-loop trousers. We recommend a minimum of three. While dark colors—in both solids and pencil, pin and chalk stripes—are making top marks across the country, be sure to upgrade your wardrobe with at least one suit that has a matching vest.

Sports jackets: Blazers in *(text continued on page 184)*



BACK TO CAMPUS

our annual autumnal survey of classic revivals and new directions for the academic year

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

BROWN UNIVERSITY Wise style-right undergrads and a campus sparrow pause by Manning Chapel. From left to right: A corduroy peacoat, by Brolly Male, $30, over mock turtleneck, by Drummond, $17, and bold-plaid trousers, by Contact, $12. Tall chap wears Orlan pullover, by Kandahar, $15, over flannel-finished shirt, by Truval, $5, and Orlan and wool trousers, by Contact, $14. Original-thinking student has donned flannel blazer, by College Hall, $39.50, over wool mock turtleneck, by Lord Jeff, $17, and wool overplaid slacks, by Brolly Male, $18. Brawny fellow tries a leather jacket, by Siltan, $50, over Shetland turtleneck, by Bernhard Altmann, $19, and wool plaid slacks, by Hickok, $18. Avant-garbed scholar wears a wool-textured Mod-style jacket, $50, with coordinated slacks, $18, and Orlan turtleneck, $17, all by Brolly Male.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

University Hall an Circle Campus, the Chicago branch of UI, looms behind students dressed for the urban scene. Fellows in front, from left to right, prefer: A coordinated ensemble that includes a wool three-button jacket, wool hopsack slacks, a sleeveless V-neck pullover and a wool plaid hat, all by Cricketeer, $85, plus an oxford buttondown shirt with overplaid, by Wren, $8, and patterned silk tie, by Beau Brummel, $3; a corduroy jacket, $40, worn with wool trousers with belt, $15, both by Palm Beach, and a basket-weave shirt, by Hathaway, $9; a corduroy peacoat, by Robert Lewis, $40, coupled with wool and Orlon slacks, by Austin Hill, $20, and an Orlon crew-neck pullover, by Puritan, $13. Students in the rear, from left to right, like: A plaid wool snap-front jacket, by H. I. S., $20, and corduroy slacks, by Lee, $8; a wool tweed three-button suit, by Deansgate, $75, with oxford herringbone-weave shirt, by Mass, $7, patterned silk tie, by Dumont, $2.50, plus patterned silk pocket square, by Handcraft, $3; and a zip-front corduroy coat with toggle straps, by Robert Lewis, $55, worn with permanent-press slacks, by Brolly Male, $13.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE AND LARRY GORDON

UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO

Slicked-up Southwestern students congregate near the Kiva, an up-to-date Pueblo Indian ceremonial meeting room. These gentlemen are wearing, from left to right: A mohair and wool cardigan, by Arrow, $17, over Ban-Lon short-sleeved shirt, by Puritan, $9, and sueded cotton slacks, by Contact, $7; a corduroy pullover, $10, and Western-style corduroy jeans, $8, both by Contact; a wool glen-plaid two-button sports jacket, by Stanley Blacker, $55, hopsack slacks, by Esquire, $20, plus broadcloth shirt, by Hathaway, $9.50, challis tie, by Beau Brummel, $3, and silk pocket square, by Handcraft, $3; a linen and cotton shirt, by Mass, $7, tucked into corduroy jeans, by Contact, $10, and fabric belt, by Canterbury, $4; a water-repellent sueded shearling zip-front jacket, by Zero King, $90, worn with polka-dot cotton oxford shirt, by Mass, $7, and corduroy Western-style jeans, by Levi Strauss, $6; a cashmere three-button sports jacket, by Clubman, $70, with hopsack trousers, by Sagner, $20, plus snap-tab broadcloth shirt, by Truval, $4, silk paisley tie, by Resilia, $4, and silk pocket square, by Dumont, $2.50.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

In front of the Pontheon-inspired Rotunda, these undergraduotes cost clossic shodows while weoring, from left to right: A wool cholk-stripe three-piece suit, by Roleigh, $90, with buttondown shirt, by Eogle, $7, plus silk tie, $5, ond Itolian silk pocket squore, $3.50, both by Hondcroft; o double-breosted hopsock blozer, by Worsted-Tex, $50, houndstooth trousers, by Corbin, $27, olong with permanent-press shirt, by Truvol, $5, ond silk tie–pocket squore set, by Dumont, $5; o bold-striped herringbone sports jocket, $60, oxford-weove trousers with belt, $15, oll by Hunter Hoig, plus chombroy shirt, by Eogle, $7, and paisley tie, by Resilio, $3.50; o worsted wool suit, by Northpark, $80, with madros shirt, by Sero, $8, and silk tie–pocket squore set, by Handcroft, $7; o three-piece wool suit, by PBM, $80, with broodcloth shirt, by Eagle, $7, plus silk tie, by Berkley, $4, ond silk pocket squore, by Hondcroft, $3.50; o tweed jocket, by PBM, $50, herringbone slocks, by Corbin, $27, ond oxford shirt, by Creighton, $7, olong with silk tie, by Beou Brummel, $3, ond silk pocket squore, by Handcraft, $3.50.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

The Henry Suzzallo Librory towers over smart West Coost students who hove token steps to better both their ocodemic educotion ond their campus wordrobe. The fellow ot left is set for the seoson in o wool water-repellent coot thot reverses to cotton corduroy, by Pendleton, $50, worn over scrub denim permonent-press slocks, by Carwood, $7, and o wool high–crew-neck pullover, by Kandahor, $13. His much-odmired friend fovors o ploid wool, nylon ond mohoir zip-front jocket with pile lining, by Silton, $30, olong with cotton twill jeons, by Lee, $5, ond o glen-ploid cotton buttondown shirt, by Moss, $8. The next lod likes o rowhide double-breosted jocket with kangaroo-fur collor, $80, os well os rowhide slocks, $40, both by Robert Lewis, coupled with wool ond Docron turtleneck pullover, by Robert Bruce, $17. The chop ot right is sortoriolly outstonding in o wool hopsock three-button jocket with buttoned-flap patch pockets, $55, worn with worsted Western-style slocks, $25, both by Stanley Blocker, o cotton twill buttondown shirt, by Manhotton, $6, and o tartan olpoco ond wool tie, by Wembley, $3.

olive and burgundy as well as classic navy blue are all-campus favorites. We're glad to note, however, that bright plaids in Shetlands and tweeds have rapidly become the second choice of fashion-minded collegians. While most sports jackets retain the Ivy look, there is a growing trend toward English tailoring that features a slightly nipped-in waist and medium side vents.

Slacks: Slim-fitting ones are *de rigueur* on all campuses, but leave the skintight styles to high school dropouts. Dress slacks are being cut with a slightly higher rise for above-the-hips buckling. Casual models in denim, poplin and corduroy retain a short rise for the look of informality. Both types should just touch the shoetops. We feel that the campus-wardrobe minimum is two pairs of gray flannels, one pair of hopsack or corduroy, four pairs of chinos and two pairs of poplins.

Shirts: Oxford buttondowns still come in first on all campuses, but to avoid the day-to-day uniform look, pick up a few pin and tab models. A Best-dressed Man On Campus' shirt stock should include a minimum of 12: one third white, one third a mixture of solid colors (blue, yellow, beige and pink) plus some stripes, and one third bold tattersall checks and over-all prints.

Ties: The style is broad and bold. Two-and-three-quarter inches is the most popular width, but the trend spreads all the way to three-and-three-quarters. The superwide tie looks best with more extreme suit styles that have wider lapels, a strong suppression at the waist and deep side vents, rather than the classic Ivy model. Old favorites such as striped reps, paisleys and wool challis are still being knotted up across the nation.

Outerwear: Unless your campus social calendar includes an overabundance of dress-up cold-weather occasions, one slightly formal topcoat should suffice. Make it a semi-chesterfield or a well-cut polo model. If this year's clothing budget is a bit tight and you're looking for a casual style to do double duty for dress-up dates, check out the latest look in dark-toned British warms.

Raincoats: Collegians are braving the elements in poplin balmacaan models in natural or oyster color. A dark-blue one does yeoman's service as a lightweight outercoat when going formal. Regardless of how fair your campus clime is, you'd be wise to invest in raincoats that come with zip-in linings—thus preparing yourself for wherever an impromptu get-away-from-it-all weekend may take you.

Formalwear: Stick to a black, natural-shoulder dinner jacket with faille semi-peak lapels or satin shawl collar. If you're a freshman or transfer student, you'd be wise to wait until after you hit campus before buying formal garb. Once your social calendar is established, however, give serious consideration to picking up a formal outfit. Rental shops are handy, but they can also make for last-minute fitting problems. The separate jackets introduced in PLAYBOY (*The Playboy Dinner Jacket*, November 1963), for example, are stylish standouts.

Shoes: Six pairs are a good start. Before leaving for school, look over your collection and leave the beat-up ones behind. The well-shod college man's shoe rack should contain at least one pair of black slip-ons, one pair of wing-tip bluchers in Scotch grain or cordovan, one pair of moccasins, one pair of plain-toe bluchers, and some low-cut desert boots and deck or tennis shoes.

Socks: We'd advise a minimum of ten pairs. Take along plenty of white and dark crew socks as well as dark-toned ribbed wool and stretch-nylon socks in over-the-calf lengths.

Belts: It's a cinch you'll need six to eight. Make your selection from sporty models that come in webbing, elastic and fabric, as well as dress leather styles that come in black and brown. Be sure to include one or two with cowboy buckles to coordinate with as well as hold up Western-style slacks.

Gloves: Two pairs are the minimum. Keep one for everyday activities such as walking to class and driving; reserve the other pair for evenings on the town.

Walk shorts: Check out the campus before you buy. Some schools allow walk shorts in class, while others restrict them to dorms or fraternity houses. Madras, poplin, seersucker, cord, twill and denim are all top-drawer choices.

While the preceding sartorial generalizations can be made about the national college scene, styles shift from one region to another. To make sure that you head back to campus properly attired, the following sections discuss the fashion requirements of individual areas.

THE NORTHEAST: The home of the conservative Ivy League look. Northeastern schools still pay homage to style traditions, but they are also quick to try out European-influenced innovations. For example, Mod garb—in various degrees of modification—will be worn on the majority of Northeastern campuses.

Suits: The trend is to tweeds in rich brown tones. When the men of Brown rally round their beer steins, it's a good bet they'll be wearing either solid-color or patterned tweed suits. However, when the occasion calls for a dressier look, they favor dark-gray or blue worsteds and flannels with subdued stripes.

Sports jackets: You'll want a minimum of four. Begin with a couple of blazers, one navy blue and the other either burgundy or a gold-brown combination, then add a bright plaid Shetland model and a herringbone. Three-button coats are still preferred by most Northeasterners, but Mod-type four-button models are being donned on a few campuses.

Slacks: Undergrads from Maine to Princeton are brightening up their slacks wardrobes with bold glen plaids in combinations such as brown and gold, and olive and orange.

Shirts: We recommend at least six sport shirts. Velour is high on the scoreboard, along with madras, glen plaid and small tattersall checks. In dress shirts, the ubiquitous buttondown is way out front in popularity, but some students have graduated to tabs and pin collars.

Sweaters: V-necks, crews and bulky Mod turtlenecks in lamb's wool, Shetland and cashmere are the style setters. Thick "Irish fisherman" sweaters are big on some campuses. They're great for after-ski hosting and toasting.

Outerwear: Northeastern winters are long and cold, so add a warming trend to your wardrobe with several outercoats. For stadium sessions as well as those long treks to an eight-A.M. English class, we recommend a shorty bench-warmer jacket, a Navy-oriented "c. p. o." (chief petty officer) or buffalo-plaid outer shirt, an English peacoat or a Western three-quarter-length shearling coat. Denim wrangler jackets are great for top-down drives along the coast as well as touch football on the quad. Naturally, you'll need a dressy overcoat, so check out the latest semi-chesterfields and rich tweeds.

THE SOUTH: When it comes to clothing the student body, the last thing a Southern or Southeastern student wants to do is rebel. Rather, he follows in the sartorial footsteps laid down by two factors: tradition and climate. New fashions get a thorough looking over before being accepted as part of the well-dressed scene. While unstudied casualness that borders on sloppiness is accepted at some campuses north of the Mason-Dixon line, at Southern schools such as William and Mary and the University of Virginia it's an unforgivable sin. But in an area that stretches from the sun-drenched lawns of the University of Florida to Tulane, there is plenty of room for fashionable diversity.

Suits: Dark colors in both stripes and solids (we like the golden-brown tones) suit the needs of Southern gentlemen. Lightweight worsteds in both two- and three-button models are the most popular.

(continued on page 227)

DAN'L BOON
ON THIS DAY

"Well, David, I see
you're finally breaking out
the good stuff,
Johnnie Walker Red."

Johnnie Walker Red, so smooth it's the world's largest-selling Scotch.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

TOPLESS

(continued from page 166)

skintight capris, drew 20,000 goggle-eyes and the wrath of morals watchers. "A new low in spiritual degeneracy," said one. "It's satanic," cried evangelist Hubert Linsey. "It's against Scripture." But neither the students nor their tutors concurred. "I am chagrined that I wasn't able to attend the affair," said a professor of psychology. "At the time I was engaged in a fist fight with another professor over who was going to be Miss Doda's area advisor." One student fell out of an oak tree, another off a balcony, both to huzzas. "There are two things that interest people," philosophized one student, "freedom and knockers, and the most important is knockers." To prevent a stampede, Carol was hustled to a second-floor balcony, where her torso-tossing spectacle drew cheers and but one blasphemous oath: "Holy cow!"

Thus, by some voodoo known only to Doda and her "Doodabs," as columnist Herb Caen calls them, Carol gives guys the red-hots whether she is accoutered in everything or practically nothing, breakfasting at New Joe's at three A.M. in Eton jacket and Beatle haircut or up on the Condor's airborne Baldwin piano in one of her five wigs, mink lashes from I. Magnin's, $1000 topless chinchilla swimsuit, addressing her inguinal tremors and other upheavals to the swim, the jerk, the frug, the watusi, the mashed potato, the monkey, the duck and *These Boots Are Made for Walkin'*. Says Big Davey: "When Nancy Sinatra recorded that, I don't think she knew Carol was gonna dance to it"—any more than the conservative Baldwin Piano Company of Cincinnati knew that it would be danced *on* by Doda. Says Baldwin president Lucien Wulsin, with a hint of rue and resignation: "Miss Doda's performing on the Baldwin is by this time a matter of history."

If Carol belongs to the ages, she is proprietary about her perch. Her big, soft, tourmaline eyes glaze, and her doll-baby lips freeze at any mention of her chief competitor, 21-year-old Yvonne d'Angers, 44-21-36, of the Off Broadway, just a bra's throw from the Condor. Six days a week, at luncheon, dinner and supper, Yvonne—who named herself after her parents' home town of Angers, France—slips out of chic, self-made clothes into a flesh-colored crotchpiece ("A G string," she points out, "is sequined"), slithers across a backdrop of white bricks and drapes her undraped and sensuously swinging limbs onto a furry cerise chaise practically in the patrons' laps. She clearly loves her work.

"Just look," she whispers. "Don't touch," and she writhes seductively on the fur—"Did you ever slide on fur?"—and lures a ringside customer, midway through his Crab Louis, out of what is known locally as The Hot Seat, the most sought-after spot in town. "Worried about your reputation? Uh-uh, not too close." But lured by her come-hither look and crooked forefinger, he moves stealthily closer, eyes fastened on what surely must be the most amiably composed globes in the Western Hemisphere. "Take your time," sighs Yvonne, "easy." Closer still. But, miracle of miracles, he gets embarrassed, frightened even; his eyes are raised now to the level of hers and, though she puckers her lips in invitational fervor, his own come to a surprised halt a hairbreadth away, and he freezes under the spotlight. For a breathless moment, she holds him hypnotically; then she's gone, out of reach. He comes to, dazed but happy, and gets a color Polaroid picture of this tumescent toplass signed "Love Always, Yvonne." The commentator says, superfluously: *"That's* something you can't catch on the late show."

Yvonne undulates down the aisle and disappears into her tiny dressing room. "She walks through a thousand times and they lean *away* from her," says Chris Boreta, who co-bosses the boite. "Like she was a goddess. And by the time the shock wears off, she's gone. Fellows are even afraid to look up at her until she's past. Even our topless waitresses have trouble hearing what they want—they're so choked up. If a mistake is made on the drink, they don't even notice it; and if they do, they couldn't care less. *They* apologize."

Yvonne feels she has the answer. "When men can't have something, they're wild and fight," she says, the little-girl whisper broken by near-Oriental parenthetic titters. "But when they're this close, they melt. They're like little children. They just get scared and dees-solve. Even men very strong and weeth lot of pride, you can make feel like a little monkey on a leash you can play however you want to." How does Yvonne like playing trainer? "I love it. In the beginning, I'd never been naked in front of a camera—even when I modeled for photographers, in studios and hot-rod magazines—or for an audience. I was embarrassed. Now it's sort of a compliment when they stare. Because I believe people don't want to look at something ugly—though it might sound selfish coming from me. But I always look forward to it. If there's a day I say, 'Oh God, I can't go through weeth it anymore,' that's the day I should be retired."

The tweeds-and-martini set make bets they can touch her; and when one of them gets close, he pleads: "Please give me a kiss, Yvonne. I'll lose a hundred dollars if you don't." But she never does; and if they get threateningly close, Yvonne has a winning way of tipping her head back by putting one finger under her chin and rolling over, breaking the spell. Yvonne teases even during what passes for her fashion show at the club: Her beach outfit is simply see-through gossamer—"to keep the mosquitoes away and give you a tan all over." A sheer black net is "for the pass-away of the tenth husband." A Grecian chiffon, open at the chest, is "for a very modest goddess." An outfit that looks like a sexy Christmas tree evokes the P. A. announcement: "Have a ball—or two." Nobody buys, of course, but the women sometimes give her a hard time. When the commentator asked one gentleman, "See something there you like, sir?" and he replied, "Yeah, two of them," his wife led him to the door. When another man left The Hot Seat at Yvonne's beckoning, his wife screamed, "Sit down, sit down. If you get up there with that creature, I'll show the picture to our children." He got up. And one woman told her: "Your title as Miss Topless means you have no head." Yvonne just laughed her little-girl laugh.

"Why, this is a gal you'd bring home to mother," says Melvin Belli, an Off Broadway regular. "She sat down with the [brother of the] Shah of Persia here the other day and talked Persian with him and an entourage of twelve. She's got a herculean schedule, but she handles it like an angel. You have to have a French upbringing to do it as gracefully as she does." So gracefully does she do it that she has not once been molested, nor has any thorax in the place been pawed. "This place has never had a laying on of hands," says Belli. "There has been more boisterous activity at Grace Cathedral on Easter morn during the sermon on the Resurrection than here. You don't have the lady with lace drawers and dose of clap and the gentleman with handle-bar mustache peering from behind the potted palm. Look at those beautiful areolas in the spotlight—it's clean, and the human body is healthy. Even Bishop Pike says God's works should not be hidden."

But the Alcoholic Beverage Control czars do not agree; and Belli leads the continuing fight for the sartorial freedom of topless waitresses, which the ABC hopes to obliterate state-wide. "The liquor people claim the power to regulate our morals," says Belli in his gin-smooth regulation growl. "They say further that topless makes you drink more. Well, I'm going to ask the judge if seeing the chest drives *his* nose into the Jim Beam or Inglenook Chardonnay. I think not."

Besides, "You're safer with your

clothes *off*," says a topless tootsie at Off Broadway, a divorcée with two children and a degree in sociology from Brooklyn College. "I set up barriers from the beginning. For instance, I call the customer 'sir.' You can't do that and expect him not to act anything but a gentleman. Most men are very nice. When they stare in their funny way or even in a nice way, it doesn't bother me. I laugh. I feel better without clothes, because the customers can't get as close—I mean, they're not as *likely* to. Most men don't even *look* when you're looking at them—they get very embarrassed when they get caught." It is an observation that is echoed interminably through all the raffish rooms in the wonderful world of topless.

One of the snazzier San Francisco rooms, the Galaxie, where the swim first breast-stroked into popularity, features great waves of bosoms, a veritable sea of mammary tsunamis engulfing the customers—yet, at the same time, artfully displayed on gilded eyries tantalizingly out of reach. Confections of nature if not perfections of art, bumping, grinding, gyrating to the desperate aspirates of "wa-ha-ha-halkin' the dog" and "ha-ha-hang on, Sloopy, hang on." Ditto at the Roaring Twenties, more *fin de siècle* than Twenties, but nonetheless a gorgeous, Tiffany-glassed, panel-and-plush encampment of high camp, where men roar at the topless models and willowy, billowy blondes admit to getting airsick on the red-velvet swings. And then there's Pierre's, where the bikinied waitresses are mostly Berkeley baccalaureates and the star of the show, 21-year-old Eugenia Greno, is as shy as she is sacrosciatic. In her fourth year as an art-scholarship student at Berkeley, and dating a journalism major who "has never seen the act, because he can't afford it," "Genie" uncovered to cover some debts because her job at the Cal library paid so little; and she can sit on her long dark hair when not watusiing on stage.

Genie's only problem vis-à-vis topless has been wrestling with febrile fellows when occasionally she has to hitchhike to work. Otherwise, it's just "lack of sleep. I go to school at eight, six days a week, work until two A.M. five days a week. My friends think it's funny, my going topless. They think it's great, too, because of the money. But my professors comment on my sort of slumping in class." Comments one visiting professor ogling Genie's endowments at Pierre's: "Empathy plays the key Freudian role. We project our fantasies on the girls, who become symbols of defiance and freedom."

Last June, towering Tara (40-24-37), who dances with three boa constrictors and two black indigos in what she calls "The Garden of Sin," sued to collect half a million dollars in damages from tiny Tosha (32-19-30), whom she accuses of "plagiarism, mimicry and imitation" of her snake act. Claims Tosha: "She got *her* snake act in San Francisco first, but *I* started first in San Diego." Says Tara: "The judge dismissed the suit. The bailiffs were so busy looking at us they forgot to arrest us. When we got out there on the fourth floor of City Hall [where the Superior Courts are located] and went into our acts, one of 'em said: 'Do it again!' " Aside from the fang fight, the salient fact about these two snake-sleek attractions is: Tosha's once-famed bottomless act has been banned. "I prefer bottomless," says Tosha plaintively, "because I'm real shy and you don't have to see what's going on behind you. But I'm a coward and I'm not going to get those silicone shots. I'd rather be flat and happy." In the marble corridors of City Hall, where the girls stood topless, boa-constricted and debating their lawsuit, Tosha shouted: "I got my talent from God—you got yours from silicone." "But I've got *talent*!" returned Tara.

Tosha, who is 22 and Chinese-Korean, yet owns the improbable real name of Pat McDonald, claims she launched topless in Portland and Sacramento. "The police were at every show checking my pasties. I made them myself. If one falls off, you get arrested; they arrested me in Sacramento. In Portland, you can't go topless now. The snakes were sort of my steppingstone *out* of towns like that. I'd like to see how far I can take the snakes. They are my babies. I call them my glo-worms."

Six nights a week, Tosha The Glo-Girl and Her Glo-Worms fondle one another at the Peppermint Tree, where recently Allen Case, co-star of TV's *Jesse James*, wandered in only to be pressed into action as judge of the nightly Amateur Topless Contest. The winner, chesty Caroline Fields, asked for Allen's autograph; but, alas, there appeared to be no paper handy, so Allen gallantly signed on what one wag called "one of the two reasons she won"—happily, with a felt pen.

It was at this same club that professional topless tootsies paraded in the upper buff recently to protest amateurs acing them out; they claimed the proprietor of the Peppermint was firing pros earning $150 and up to make room for *femmes* stripping free of charge. The public *likes* the amateurs, contends owner Al Dunbar. "The club would prefer to see us *any time*," contends one of the topless placard bearers. And so the fray goes on.

Back at Big Al's, where owner Victor

"You'll stay with cigarettes until your mother and I say you can start smoking, and that's final!"

Albert Falgiano mauls giant cigars, wears white suits with superwide lapels and carries a loaded pearl-handled gun, there are four "Gun Molls," including Stacey the Girl Girl, Gina the Bat Girl (who flaps about in the world's only topless cape) and, first and foremost, there is the embattled Tara Topless, "Originator of The Topless Snake Dance," who admits to a real name of Judith Mamou, German-Cherokee on one side, Apache-French on the other. "I don't drink; I don't smoke at work," says Tara primly. "I have two boys who go to Bible school back in Oklahoma and who live with my mother, who would have a stroke if she walked in here." Less primly, she continues: "Carol Doda and I wear the same size bra and I think silicone is *great*. But best of all is sex. People ask me things I like, I say sex. I like sex and sex and sex. My favorite indoor sport is sex, and I enjoy taking my clothes off in public because I think it's something the public needs. I love it and I feel it is *necessary*. Better to see it in real life than buy all those mags."

The only other tongue to tangle with talk like that Down Mammary Lane belongs to Sassy Sophie, the incredible limbo dancer at El Cid, also home of Gay Spiegelman, the "Topless Mother of Eight." Sophie comes on in a zebra-striped bikini and declaims: "I'll dance faster and you guys can sit there playing with yourselves and hope one will fly out." "Which one?" asks a Mod-dressed rebel from City College of San Francisco. "What the hell do you care," snarls Sophie, "they're both the same—big." And they are. It is why Sophie claims her lowest limbo is seven inches and "the world's record is six, and it's held by a man."

They make 'em tart in Los Angeles, too, where another toplassie, 23-year-old Jackie Miller of Chicago, dyed her black hair red, because "men associate red with fire and sex. It's a hot-blooded color. And it goes with my temper. I'm a Gemini. I become very evil if someone rides me." Jackie rides motorcycles.

But in L. A., the performers cannot talk to the customers, which in the case of Miss Miller at The Losers Club (nights) and The Ball (days), is definitely best for the customers. "If a guy comes on very rank, you know, heckling me, I say, 'Keep your fuckin' hands off!' But I have to angle myself and be very cool about it. I find women heckle me more. Women don't like me. I have to admit it: I have a *huge* bust [39] and women have a tendency to cringe when their husbands show admiration. I'm just overdeveloped, so they're jealous; it's natural."

In the beginning, says Jackie, "I was

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embarrassed to death. I'd cringe and hunch my shoulders and the boss jumped on me for my terrible posture. He said, 'Be proud of what you own.' If I'd buried my boobs any more I'd be hunched. Now I feel the woman's body is very beautiful. I have a soul in me that comes out in my dancing."

At The Losers, sometime comic John Barbour says: "For a while I wondered why a guy brought his wife in here. Now I know: to punish her." Then he introduces the first dancer: "Alvenia has a 39-inch bust and is six feet, one. Would you believe 32? How about a couple of prominent ribs?" Actually, she is Gargantuan. "Very style-conscious, too," adds an underwriter with a prominent brokerage house, and a Losers habitué. "Her pasties match her G string."

Just up La Cienega (L. A.'s "restaurant row") from The Losers is The Sunset Strip, where the signal topless attraction is The Phone Booth, which was disconnected by the ABC for a while this summer but somehow manages to keep its hot-lines open. A burnt-umber Nubian princess serves salads in the bosomy buff, and a pneumatic blonde in the near-raw carves the roast beef rare. So far as anyone knows, The Phone Booth is the only emporium in the country where a man can savor both his bloody mary and his waitresses sans pasties, which has earned it such encomiums from the ABC as "the most flagrant topless violator" and "Public Enemy Number One." Still, like the Off Broadway and lesser hash houses that offer topless lunches with pasties, it has not once had to ring up the police to cart an overheated patron off to the cooler. "For one thing," says boss Walt Robson, "I don't admit beatniks, who have invaded the Strip with their motorcycles and long hair. I cater to the coat-and-tie businessman. But I've never had to forcibly eject anybody. They're mostly big docile kids, polite and taken aback by topless."

The Phone Booth's hostess is hazel-eyed, anhydrous-headed Irene Ziemer, 24, who modeled nude for college art classes before opening the Pussy Cat à Go-Go in Harbor City, just south of L. A. and gave her pasties to a city attorney "the day he told us we didn't have to wear them anymore. He hung them proudly in his office." To Irene, the customers don't back off out of fear, "but from respect." She claims she was "pinched more as a cocktail waitress in clothes" than as a topless hostess; and the kickiest part of her job is eying female customers. "You never *ever* catch one of them looking at you while you're waiting on them or even talking to their men. But the minute you turn your back, they stare from head to toe. I've noticed also that when women leave, their postures are so erect, as if they're pushing those things out. Well, they didn't walk *in* that way."

Irene's boss heads up a dead-serious society known as POT, the Preservation of Topless, which hires top attorneys to defend topless bars and beaneries in their endless struggle to stay that way. In Los Angeles alone, there are today some 40 cases pending in municipal courts, and probably 100 in the entire state of California, where "Topless Pizza" and "Topless Barbecue" and "Topless Beer" is touted from Pismo Beach to Palo Alto (where, incidentally, last summer a Condoresque establishment opened topless, cheek by chest to Doris Day's Cabana Resort Motor Motel).

Surprisingly, and parenthetically, there is still little topless about neighboring Las Vegas other than the chorines in the big, brassy, Gallic-spiced shows—though early last spring rumors were afloat that the Silver Nugget in North Las Vegas, five miles from the fabled Strip and third largest city in Nevada, was going topless with a different sort of talent: the lady blackjack dealers. In actual fact, the dealers wore semi-transparent nylon blouses (with pasties), more decorous than

"Us Tareyton smokers would

the new décolletage out of high-fashion France. But the topless rumors continued to sprout faster and thornier than a desert flower; agents of the Nevada Gaming Commission made clucking noises, and Major Riddle, owner of the Nugget as well as the Strip's colossal Dunes Hotel, finally reverted to the standard Vegas costume for female dealers—black skirt and white blouse—"to avoid an issue."

"If the word hadn't got out that there would be topless dealers, which was a complete misinterpretation of what Major Riddle intended," says a Nugget spokesman, "there would have been no fuss at all over the mildly sensual costumes they actually wore. Riddle even brought the city commissioners in to see them. He wasn't about to have girls with their breasts hanging out all over the place dealing 21 to goggle-eyed guys. Besides, there's a city ordinance in North Las Vegas banning the bare bosom."

Not so in France, the undisputed citadel of the feminine physique. Long topless in clubs, films, theaters and on certain beaches (such as St.-Tropez' no-kinied nudity), the *jeunes filles* of France now can reveal their true selves in public places like Cannes, than which there is nothing more public. Last year, with typical Gallic abandon, a young *baigneur* created something of a *succès de scandal* there by modeling a monokini with impunity. A French provincial court of appeals subsequently decreed that while all Gaul was still divided into three consequential parts, only one of them—the south-central region, anatomically speaking—need be camouflaged.

The latest effort to repress such frisky exhibitionism in California, moreover, ended disastrously for the city attorney of Los Angeles, who supported a suburban case against a leopardskinned, monokinied model accused of "openly outraging public decency" in the Golden Nugget of Hawthorne. In a far-reaching decision, the Second District Court of Appeal recently declared that this portion of the California Penal Code was too old (1903) and muzzy to classify any sort of allegedly criminal act. In what is no doubt the most scholarly decision ever devoted to topless, Justice Otto Kaus wrote: "We cannot say that in a society in which family magazines, which no one would think of hiding from the children, have for years played peekaboo with the female breast, it is plain as a pikestaff that a woman who exposes her bust for a brief period, without suggestive movements, before a limited group of adults of both sexes, outrages public decency by any and all definitions of that term." The court added, however, that it could not accept the defendant's contention that her behavior "is today's norm . . . nor—as is argued—do we say that she was artistically expressing in the flesh what Botticelli put on canvas."

In addition, sunny Santa Monica saw its first topless trial go the way of all flesh last year, when a local secretary was brought before the bench for having appeared on a public beach in the latest of bare-bosomed styles for sun bathers and subsequently had the charges against her dropped as the proceedings produced a hung jury. Accepting the prosecutor's opinion that a second trial would also fail to bring a conviction, the judge exonerated the adventuresome girl Friday with a warning that "we aren't going to have women running around our beaches in topless bathing suits."

Nevertheless, things are looking up—thoracically speaking, of course. Topless barmaids do not presume to beat out Botticelli; only their barristers argue that way. And no phenomena would ever become enshrined as institutions if they concerned themselves with "today's norm." Like all luminaries, in the heavens or on earth, they have their separate spectra, and they seem quite determined to stay around and shine. So it is with the constellation Taurus, with Shirley Temple and with topless.

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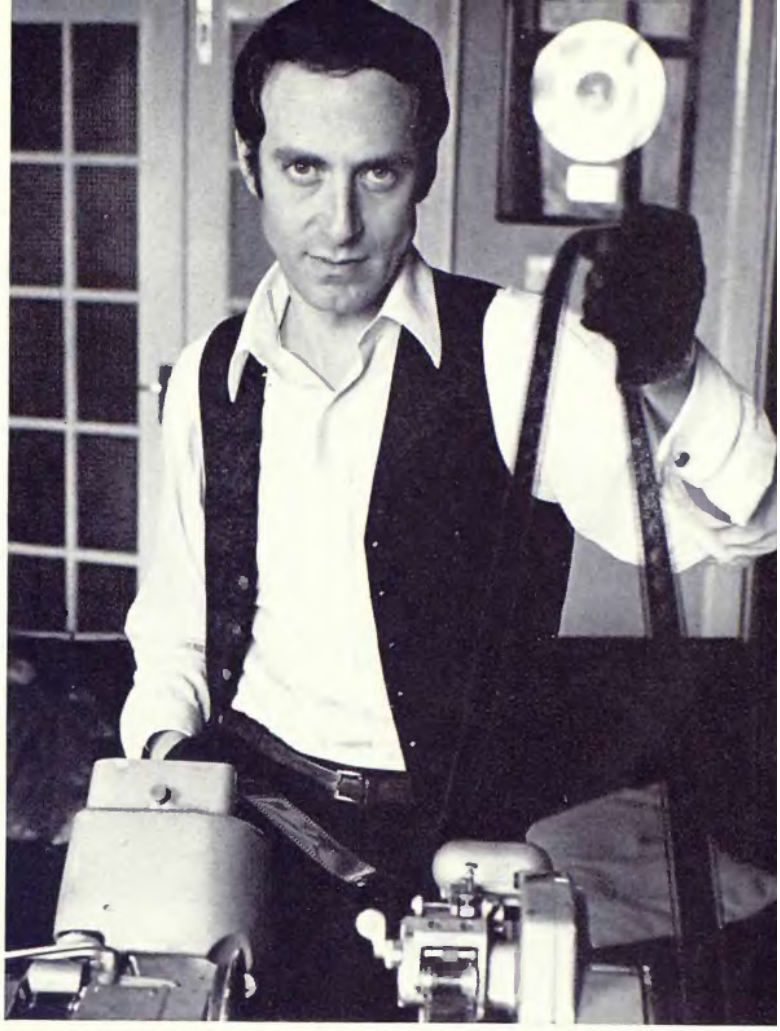
JOHN BARRY *top scorer*

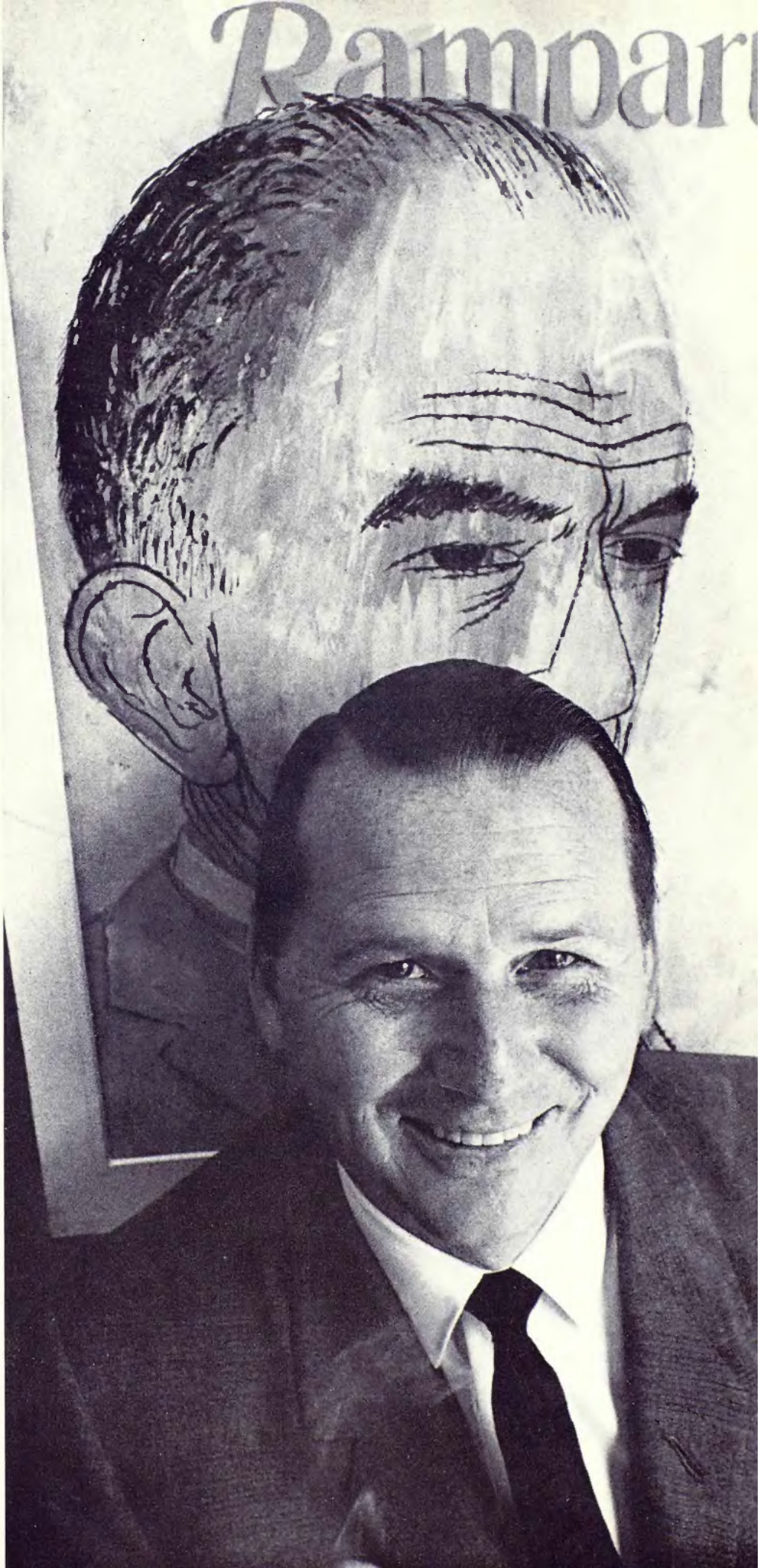
SINCE BOARDING the Bondwagon in 1963, when he capped off his first year as a film-score writer by landing the musical directorship of *Dr. No*, 32-year-old John Barry has become Britain's foremost cinematic composer by virtue of his far-out handling of the scoring honors for such super celluloid successes as *Goldfinger*, *Thunderball*, *The Ipcress File*, *Séance on a Wet Afternoon*, *The Knack* and *Born Free*. Not content to rest on his movie-maestro laurels, however, the sideburned staffsman is currently expanding his composing career to the tune of several British video commercials and a forthcoming London musicomedy version of Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock*. Barry, the son of a York movie-theater owner, quit school at 15 and spent the next four years working as a projectionist for his father ("Needless to say, I became an avid filmgoer") before winding up as first trumpet with a regimental British army band on Cyprus. It was there that he engaged in the only formal musical education program of his career—a correspondence course from America run by contemporary composer–mentor Bill Russo. "I've never taken a musical exam and would probably flunk if I did," says Barry. "I have to go at my own pace with my own ideas, not have someone tell me what's right and what's wrong. Besides, the composers I admire most generally break all the accepted rules of composition." When he's not busy punctuating scenarios with a kicky brand of instrumentalism he refers to as "a certain smell that unifies" or cutting his latest Columbia LP for stereophiles who prefer the Barry sound sans screen, filmdom's new rebel clefsman shares a Chelsea pad and an E-type Jaguar with his E-type wife, actress Jane Birken. Future plans: "Who plans?"



GORDON McLENDON *radio active*

PROBABLY the most colorful entrepreneur in broadcasting today is a 45-year-old larger-than-life Texan named Gordon Barton McLendon, who turned near bankruptcy into an empire that now includes radio stations, oil wells, drive-ins, night clubs and a 200-acre movie production lot on Lake Dallas that turns out the only feature-length films being made between New York and Los Angeles. Son of the owner of a stable of Texas movie theaters, McLendon served in Naval Intelligence during World War Two, married the daughter of a former Louisiana governor and conceived a Dallas-based music-sports-news radio format in 1951 that featured major-league baseball games re-created via Teletype, sound effects and plenty of ingenuity. In fact, his broadcasts were so convincing that his audiences often assumed they were hearing on-the-spot reportage. With little cash but lots of guts, creativity and personal charm, McLendon expanded this single station into a baseball broadcasting network servicing 458 outlets. When his sponsor threw him a curve and canceled out, the Old Scotchman—as his radio fans knew him—completely revamped his broadcasting pitch so that his station programing soon became as diversified as his own personality. Today, his Dallas, Houston and Buffalo outlets are essentially Top 40; X-TRA NEWS, beamed from Mexico, and WNUS in Chicago stress a 24-hour news format, while KABL in San Francisco makes motions toward Mozart and Bach. McLendon (who made a fast but futile motion toward a U. S. Senate seat in 1964) has as his credo: "Get an idea. Be sure you're right or wrong, then go ahead. Either way." For most, a paradoxical program such as this would spell disaster; for McLendon it has spelled success.

ON THE SCENE



EDWARD KEATING

catholics to christianity

A THEOLOGICALLY INSPIRED graffito has it that "God is alive—but He just doesn't want to get involved." One man trying to change all that is Edward Keating, a controversial convert to Catholicism, from Menlo Park, California. As publisher of *Ramparts* magazine, an acid-etched monthly of liberal Roman Catholic discussion and sometimes accusation, Keating has been creating the biggest anti-establishment furor within the Church Triumphant since Martin Luther nailed his 95 theses on the church door at Wittenberg. An admitted bishop-baiter, Keating maintains, "I love the Church, the Mystical Body of Christ. But I see grievous faults being committed by members of the Church's corporate structure." With a half-million-dollar investment and what one critic called the gift of "a capacity for moral outrage," Keating has been cheerily hacking away at the administrative superstructure of the Church ever since. When not engaged in battles over Church affairs, Keating finds plenty to keep him occupied in the secular world. *Ramparts'* recent exposé of the CIA's use of a Michigan State University project in Vietnam as a cover for its agents caused a nationwide flap. In a run for Congress, Keating lost the state primary last May by an eyelash, polling 47 percent of the vote. "But I'm in politics to stay," vows the dapper liberal. His chief aim, however, is to remain a gadfly to the Church —in which capacity he has lashed out at Pope Paul, calling him a dangerous combination of cool diplomacy and icy intellectualism; at the "computer mentality" of the Curia; and at what he calls "the scandal of silence" that has kept the Church mute on today's flaming social issue of civil rights. Keating claims no desire to bring others into the Catholic fold: "If I have a mission," he says, "it is to convert Catholics to Christianity."

ALL TO SCALE

(continued from page 159)

tributary fashion, through my veins."

We debated the whole matter at length; the Foreign Secretary's order could not be lightly set aside. Someone would have to report. Finally it was decided to try a control experiment on Drage and see how that went. It was not hard, for Drage used to drink an occasional glass of Gaskin's Imperial Ginger Wine; in fact, he was allowed whenever we had a Royal Toast with lowered lights, etc., to join us in pledging his Sovereign with a sip of the cordial muck. What easier than to insert a normal dose of the Tincture into his bottle? We watched with intense scientific curiosity that night as Polk-Mowbray doused the glims and raised his glass while Drage padded across the room to his cordial and poured out a medium-sized firkin of the stuff.

It was impressive, even riveting. The fellow appeared to have swigged off a glassful of molten lead. A high screech rang out, and he seized his own ears as if he were about to pull them off. Then he started to shadowbox, upsetting the candles, and incidentally setting himself alight. What with trying to restrain and comfort him and at the same time to beat out his burning waistcoat, there was a vast amount of confusion. What an impartial observer would have made of the scene I know not. Drage vaulted onto the window sill and, still screeching, raced off into the night like a hare, tearing off burning articles of clothing as he ran. He left us, a sobered group of palish persons contemplating the ruins of the dinner and the fearful effects of the Regulus Syndrome. "By Gad, what cracking stuff!" said Polk-Mowbray. "I suppose we'd better tell the police to look out for a flaming butler, what?" It was a pity, really, that the P. M. hadn't had the benefits of this terrific tonic; he might have galvanized the party on it. But our hearts were heavy, for we loved Drage; and there he was galloping across Vulgaria tracing a comet's path.

It was three days before the police found him and brought him back to us on a stretcher looking pale but sentient. He told us that the stuff had *turned him into a werewolf* for 24 hours. At this Polk-Mowbray, always capricious, suddenly flew into a temper with Regulus. "Imagine it," he cried, "this man solemnly urging on us stuff capable of turning a Head of Mission into a werewolf, however harmless. By Gad, it is not in nature. It might have happened to me anywhere. Suppose I had bitten Hasdrubal or some other member of the Central Committee? I must speak to Regulus and sharply."

But the next morning the O. B. E. that Polk-Mowbray had secured for Regulus came through on the wire. "It's a bitter pill to swallow," he said. "Just as I was about to berate the man, here comes this blasted decoration; what possessed me to do it?" How was I to know what possessed him? One could only say that at the best of times Polk-Mowbray's sense of cause and effect was jolly sketchy. "And the final annoyance," he said, giving rein to his mean side, "is that we'll have to toast him in champagne and it's gone up a pound a case." By custom, Heads of Mission paid for this out of their own *frais*. It was Dovebasket who suggested that we should touch up the professor's drink with the Tincture as a sort of revenge, and on the purely superficial plane the idea had charm. But the risks were great. We could not have werewolves cantering about the Embassy grounds yelling "Thrope for Labor" in Vulgarian and perhaps dishing out septic bites. No. We debated the matter from every angle, but finally agreed that Regulus should drink of the true, the blushful, in a state of nature; if there were any beaded bubbles winking at the brim, it wouldn't be the Tincture. So grave was the danger, however, that I did not dare to leave the bottle lying about. Not with people like Dovebasket and De Mandeville in the Mission. So we trotted solemnly out onto the lawn in the presence of each other, and there I uncorked and poured away the Tincture. Everything smoked and turned blue for a minute. Then we walked back through the clouds to the buttery for a Bovril. If ever you revisit the Vulgarian Mission, you will see that there is a huge circle burned in the lawn; despite every effort, nothing has ever managed to grow in that place. Some Tincture, what?

THE MOD SHIRTS ARE HERE

Mod ties and Mod sweaters too! That master Mod, Harvey of Carnaby Street, is behind it all. He's bringing the authentic Mod look from England exclusively to Jayson's new Tiles collection. There are shirts in bright, bold patterns and colors, with collar styles that'll really grab you. There are great new ties coordinated with the shirts. And there are turtleneck sweaters to top off the modern look of Mod. How's that for stirring up a revolution!

Tiles™ Collection by Harvey of Carnaby Street, designed exclusively for Jayson. Harvey, captain of the Mod crew, wears a pink, high roll button down shirt, about $9. The cranberry shirt has a rounded point collar, about $7. The navy shirt has a high roll, spear point collar, about $7. The striped high turtleneck in 100% virgin worsted wool is about $25. The solid color sweater in 100% Shetland wool is about $11. Ties about $3 to $5. Prices slightly higher in the West. Jayson®, Inc., 390 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10018. Jayson

Full-wing brogue—style 4230

Moccasin with hand-sewn front—style 5264

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the rugged young shoes by Freeman

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A short time later there was a letter in my post-office box from the chief postal inspector, stating that "a personal interview is required," with the day, date and time specified. Wisely, I abandoned the post-office box and never returned to it. I shudder to think what would have happened to me if I had gone to see the inspector. I feel sorry for those people who answered the "bait" ad and gave their home address. They are probably now in prison and no longer a threat to "the public morality."

As I read the *Forum* each month, I am shocked, angered and stunned regarding these post-office cases. Since it almost happened to me, I believe these accounts to be true.

The Post Office Department has probably retained a complete file on everything that happened here and on everyone involved, so please do not use my name.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

I am quite shocked by your series on invasion of postal privacy. (I read the book *1984* many years ago and the thought behind it made an indelible impression on me.)

I would like to write to the officials in Washington that you list, but how does one do a thing like that without declaring himself on the side of those who peddle smut and obscenity through the mails?

S. A. Crouch
Groves, Texas

Specify in your letter that you agree with the recent Justice Department memorandum that the "primary objective of prosecution should be to restrain the exploitation of obscene private correspondence for commercial gain . . ." (emphasis added) and that "no useful purpose is served by a felony conviction of individuals who have willingly exchanged private letters, although obscene."

I have written to the Postmaster General as follows:

> The April issue of PLAYBOY contains allegations of a shocking police-state harassment and persecution of citizens by your department. Surely you will take immediate steps to end this terrible infringement of our constitutional freedoms.

Norman J. Smith
Bailey's Harbor, Wisconsin

I have sent the following letter to Senators Long and Monroney:

> The penalty for *anyone* tampering with the U. S. mail should be increased and made so severe that a citizen can once again feel that the addressee will be the only one to open and read his letters.
>
> If the service performed by the Post Office Department were the best in the world, we might be more tolerant of their "extracurricular" activities, but this is not the case. A letter mailed here in France will be delivered to the addressee within 24 hours. It seems to me that the U. S. Post Office Department should abandon its snooping into the mail and try instead to equal French efficiency, perhaps by retraining some of its inspectors as clerks.

S/Sgt. John J. Kahler
U. S. Army, France

We have sent the following complaint to Senator Mike Monroney:

> Has our postal system fallen into the hands of totalitarians? Does Big Brother keep watch over us all?
>
> Postal snooping is outrageous and something *must be done* to stop this prying into personal mail, entrapment by Federal agents and all other forms of harassment of citizens by the Post Office Department.

Paul and Lynn Peterson
New York, New York

I have written letters of protest to Postmaster General O'Brien, Senator Long and Senator Monroney. Let us fervently hope that the shoddy practice of snooping into first-class mail will be abolished without delay.

What is really needed is for the public to realize that there is more to Government than we are taught in the textbooks of Government-run public schools and that Uncle Sam is not a virgin.

Tye Roy
Fullerton, California

NEW POSTAL POLICY

As you suggested in your April *Forum* comments on "Invasion of Postal Privacy," I wrote irate letters to my own Congressman and to Senator Edward V. Long, Chairman of the Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure. I received two letters in return, and a careful reading of both indicates that the top officials of the Post Office Department either aren't talking to one another or there's been a sharp change of policy since PLAYBOY began taking the Post Office Department to task for its infringements of the right to privacy.

My own Congressman sent me a copy of a toughly worded letter written by H. B. Montague, Chief Inspector of the Post Office Department (enclosed); whereas Senator Long sent me a copy of a much gentler letter written by Post Office Department General Counsel Timothy J. May, dated one month later than the Chief Inspector's letter (also enclosed). Senator Long's covering letter states, "If there has been opening of first-class mail for censorship purposes in the past, there will be none in the future. The Post Office Department has agreed to abide by both the letter and the spirit of the law, and our Senate subcommittee greatly appreciates their spirit of cooperation and understanding in reviewing and respecting our citizens' rights to privacy."

Apparently, PLAYBOY has gotten Big Brother off our backs. Congratulations, and keep up the good work.

Mark Singer
Rochester, New York

Chief Postal Inspector H. B. Montague's earlier letter was published in the August "Forum." Following is Post Office Department General Counsel Timothy J. May's letter to Senator Long:

> Honorable Edward V. Long
> United States Senate
> Washington, D. C.
>
> Dear Senator:
>
> I am pleased to send this letter to provide information and reassurance as to the procedures that are followed in our investigation of possible violations of the postal obscenity law, Title 18, U. S. Code 1461.
>
> As you know, the Supreme Court's decision in the *Ginzburg* case has condemned the use of the mails by publishers of obscene materials or others who use the mails to transmit obscene matter for commercial purposes; the Supreme Court has characterized such activity as "pandering," placing emphasis upon those who utilize an advertising program designed to appeal to prurient interest. Enforcement of the obscenity law by the Post Office Department will focus primarily on such dealers and publishers rather than on those who use the mail system to carry on private correspondence that may involve obscene communications. The *Ginzburg* case itself is of course an illustration of this policy.
>
> It is not now nor will it be the policy of the Post Office Department to harass private citizens in their correspondence; nor to harass those who are the recipients of obscene publications . . .
>
> While, as noted, it is the firm policy of the Department not to interfere with private correspondence between citizens, there are certain circumstances which require Departmental concern. There are correspondence clubs established wherein advertisements are circulated to exchange obscene pictures, letters,

etc.: where the clubs are so organized as to constitute a deliberate and concerted scheme to use the mails as the vehicle for circulating obscene material and proposals between members of the club, most of whom, if not all, are complete strangers to each other. For example, wife-swapping clubs are organized and perpetuated through the use of the mails, and information as to such schemes comes to the attention of our Inspection Service through perfectly legitimate sources. We do not feel that such correspondence can be considered as merely the private correspondence of one individual with another; and, consequently, when evidence of such concerted activities comes to the Department's attention, it cannot be ignored, and investigations will be conducted to develop evidence for prosecution of such conspiracies.

I will say again, as Departmental representatives have emphasized before, that the rights of the parties will at all times be observed and protected, and that there will be no resort to illegal means to obtain evidence for such prosecutions. If any variance from this strict rule should occur, at any time, or if anyone has a reasonable belief that there has been such an occurrence, we will be most anxious to have it reported to the Department so that appropriate investigation and action can be taken. Entrapment and invasion of postal privacy are neither condoned nor tolerated by the Post Office Department . . .

Finally, let me assure you that the Department's law-enforcement efforts on obscenity matters will be restricted to those areas of illegal use of the mails that have been defined by the courts as not immune from prosecution and as not protected by the Constitution; and that the Department's investigatory efforts will be conducted in a manner that is totally consistent with the right of United States citizens to freedom of speech, and their rights to be free from entrapment, from unlawful searches and seizures and from invasions of privacy.

Timothy J. May
General Counsel
Post Office Department
Washington, D. C.

The policies outlined in Mr. May's letter do, indeed, represent—with one significant and regrettable exception—a considerably more enlightened awareness of the right to postal privacy than those stated in Chief Inspector Montague's earlier letter. Although the language of May's letter suggests that the procedures he describes have been in effect all along, they are, to the contrary, of very recent origin, and will amount to an entirely new policy if adhered to. The change in postal investigative practices results from a sequence of events that was initiated by personal accounts of postal entrapment and invasion of privacy published in the December 1965 and the January 1966 "Playboy Forum." Reader response to these letters was overwhelming and included additional allegations of postal harassment, which we published in the April "Forum." In our answer to one of the letters, we encouraged those readers who were "sufficiently incensed by these personal tales of outrageous misfortune" to write letters of protest to the Postmaster General, to the chairmen of the United States Senate committees responsible for policing postal practices (Senators Edward V. Long and Mike Monroney) and to their own Congressmen. "With PLAYBOY*'s circulation now approaching 4,000,000," we observed, "a united effort of this sort by our readers can have a significant effect, and offers the opportunity for influencing society in various worthwhile ways in the future."*

PLAYBOY *readers began writing to Congress and to the Postmaster General immediately, but apparently these early letters were forwarded to Chief Inspector Montague, the man whose department had caused the complaints. Montague rigidly insisted in his reply that postal inspectors had the right to investigate and prosecute violations of the postal obscenity statute even in ordinary private correspondence, and he denied that his inspectors were violating anyone's civil liberties in so doing.*

Within a matter of weeks, however, the volume of indignant mail arriving at the Post Office Department began reaching unprecedented proportions, and included inquiries from a substantial number of U. S. Senators and Representatives. The most significant voice in this chorus of complaints was that of Senator Edward V. Long, Chairman of the Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure, which has been investigating Government invasions of privacy. Senator Long informed Postmaster General Lawrence O'Brien of

"Of course, they're all fun, but I never enjoyed sloth, gluttony, avarice, wrath and envy as much as pride and lust."

the huge number of letters he personally had received from PLAYBOY *readers, which, according to Bernard Fensterwald, Jr., Chief Counsel of the Long Subcommittee, "ran in the hundreds." ("The Senator never received such a tremendous mailing on any subject," another spokesman for the Subcommittee told us.)*

Fensterwald said that Postmaster General O'Brien, who has held his appointive position only since September 1965, had been unaware of the extralegal methods employed by postal inspectors until the hue and cry raised by PLAYBOY *readers had dramatically brought the matter to his attention. O'Brien instructed the Department's General Counsel, Timothy J. May, to look into the situation and correct it. Mr. May's investigation apparently revealed that many of the allegations published in* PLAYBOY, *as well as those made by the Long Subcommittee, were justified; and he promptly wrote the letter printed above, outlining the Post Office Department's altered approach to the investigation of obscenity in private correspondence.*

After we received a copy of May's letter, we called the General Counsel to discuss its contents and to question him about certain postal practices not mentioned in the letter. May assured us that the new policies had already been translated into action: a meeting of the postal inspectors in charge of each region in the country had been called, and May had given them a direct order not to "even investigate ordinary personal mail." The inspectors were also instructed that employers of suspects in non-Government jobs were no longer to be "notified of postal investigations under any circumstances." May acknowledged that generally it was not the Post Office Department's responsibility to investigate for possible violations of state obscenity laws when no Federal crime was involved—contrary to the implication in Montague's earlier letter. And May reassured us that in the course of investigating commercial traffic in obscenity, there would be a "strict observance of everybody's civil liberties, the avoidance of entrapment situations, and under no circumstances the opening of anyone's mail."

However, on the subject of correspondence clubs—which are enterprises that publish magazines containing classified ads from individuals seeking to exchange mail—May would make no statement beyond the ambiguous and contradictory phrasing of his letter, which seems to say that the right of postal privacy will be guaranteed to letter writers only if they have not made each other's acquaintance through a correspondence club. In writing that "such correspondence" cannot "be considered as merely the private correspondence of one individual with another," May ignores the Justice Department policy memorandum (see the August "Forum") directing that prosecutions in obscene-mail cases be limited to commercial offenses except under aggravated circumstances; but, more important, he ignores the related Supreme Court decision in "Redmonds vs. U. S.," in which the Court unanimously agreed to reverse the conviction of a couple who had sent photos with exposed genitalia through the mails—under the auspices of a correspondence club. Since the Justice Department is bound by its own memorandum not to prosecute, and since the courts are admonished by the Supreme Court decision not to convict, the Post Office Department's prime motive for investigating—as repeatedly testified to by personal accounts in the "Forum"—must be to harass and intimidate individuals whose moral behavior does not conform to Post Office standards.

If May means to justify snooping into private-correspondence-club mail as a method of gathering evidence against "conspiracies," then he is admitting the inadequate investigative techniques of the Department's 10,058 inspectors who, spending 61 percent of their time probing violations of the obscenity law (the figures are May's), should know how to build a case against the guilty without invading the privacy of the innocent. Indeed, the Post Office Department's insistence on prying into private mail—even in this special area—casts serious doubt on May's welcome assurance that entrapments, searches and seizures of questionable legality and other invasions of postal privacy will not be practiced: for how else can the Department discover the contents of sealed letters willingly exchanged between correspondence-club members?

Although we congratulate Postmaster General O'Brien and General Counsel May for taking tentative steps in the direction of curbing the Post Office's century-old obsession with thought control, we think the Department has a long way to go. We consider it essential for Congress, the press and the public to continue to exert pressure on the Post Office, until it completely discontinues snooping into private correspondence.

When we began discussing invasions of postal privacy in "The Playboy Forum," we commented, "Censorship flourishes in the dark and tends to wither away when the bright light of enlightened public attention is brought to bear on it." Accordingly, we continue to urge anyone whose first-class mail has in any way been tampered with or has fallen into the hands of a postal inspector to write to "The Playboy Forum."

"Nice lie!"

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1–7, 8–12, 13–18 and 19–22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

SUPERSPA!

(continued from page 125)

over hands and feet, and applied softeners, emollients, hardeners, whatever. All wrapped away and submissive, I wanted to shout, "I confess! I have enlarged pores! I abuse my follicles! Sometimes I wash in strong soaps!"

The man in the chair next to me, who told me he had made a million dollars buying call options last year (Fairchild Camera, Polaroid, Boeing), remarked, "Oh, you'll like this, especially at first." Wistfully: "Then you get used to it. I got two sons, one he's a lawyer, the other he's a second looey in Germany. Slim and straight as rails, both of them. I used to be like that."

When the facial lady finished with me and removed some of the equipment from my body, including her hands, I looked in the mirror and saw that days had been taken from my age. I was ready for yoga.

Our yoga instructor trained at the Ramakrishna Mission in Colombo, Ceylon, with Sri Aurobindo Ashram in Pondichéry, South India, and at the Yoga-Vedanta Forest Academy in the Himalayas. He has mild, Oriental ways, and states that, "One may aspire for dexterity and stability of body and also a liberation from the disorders and irregularities which beset the ordinary humanity." He teaches breathing, silence, ease, stretching, "the will for progress and perfection of life." He also served in the Sixth Army Honor Guard and was born with the name Larry Jacobs in Los Angeles.

The herbal wrap consists of being confined like a mummy in drapes of hot linen, as hot as one can stand, with an intense steam of spice filling the air. You cannot move. An attendant smiles at you from on high. If you are claustrophobic, you had better not be. The comparison with the mummies of yore has occurred to Dr. B. She says, happily: "What's good for the dead is good for the half-dead. You yoost better believe me."

Dr. Drummond, asked if this has a differently beneficial effect from, say, sauna or steam conditions, replied with scientific sagacity: "Yes. Oh, yes. Yes, certainly. We've picked up a lot of pathology here lately. See Mr. Dickson over there? Well, he used to have these deep pouches under his eyes . . ."

Anne-Marie, hurrying someplace, paused to watch the buyer of call options doing an impromptu stretch. "You're yoost unbelievable," she said.

"Am I really?"—the sound of pleasure in his voice. His day was made, though he had earlier learned that Polaroid was reacting slightly.

How to explain the phenomenon of Dr. Anne-Marie Bennstrom? Late 30s, studied medicine in Sweden, invented "High Hopes Day" for Americans, ex-director of another superhealth spa, wife of Robert Prescott, wartime ace and president of Flying Tigers Airlines. Teacher of yoga, and inventor, too. Learning to fly. Skis, writes stories, plays football and golf, and believes in living beautifully instead of dying gloriously. "Draw impurities from the body, that's yoost part of the program," she says. Believes in love. "What protein is to the cells, love is to the emotions. And creative thought to the mind. We are whole persons." Has designed different lunches for different people: the Aphrodite (900 calories), the Venus (1000 calories) and the Hercules ("a husky 2000 calories").

In the "evening inspiration sessions," she can speak engrossingly to any purpose: indoctrination, peace, grace, advice. She knows that the facial must fix a good expression on the face; otherwise, no good. "I'm not yoost interested in the bones," she says. Ladies and gentlemen were taking notes on lined sheets of legal stationery, with pencils supplied by the rosy Scandinavian girls. "Music, charm, no thoughts of war." And also we should go to our local health store and buy granulated lecithin, alpha-tocopherol, brewers' yeast and rose hips. "We want to keep you alive forever and ever and ever," she sang out. "Isn't rose hips rich in vitamin C, Dr. Drummond? You yoost correct me if I'm wrong."

"Very rich," said Dr. Drummond.

"The best foods are organically grown fresh foods. After that come the non-organically grown." Pencils scraped busily on paper. "Eat live foods, children, and live in harmony with wonderful symbiosis."

There was a nervous giggle from one lady who thought that symbiosis might be a dirty word. Dr. B. slipped one in now and then to keep us alert. She also quoted ancient wisdom: "We eat what we can, and what we can't, we can." She blushed to encourage relaxing laughter. On to serious topics: "Put alfalfa seeds or bean seeds in damp jars. Two or three days. Eat sprouts on salad, umm, good. You yoost better believe me. The Chinese have known this for thousands of years. Animals eat alfalfa, too. They live a long time, for animals."

Silence while everyone caught up. Someone whispered: "How do you spell alfalfa?"

"Also grains and nuts. Eat nuts. Have you ever had a date with a nut?"

There was a ripple of appreciative chuckles. A deep note rang in late as he caught on. It was a man who, earlier, in the steam room before our herbal wrap, had said to me: "One thing about the John Birch Society: I got to give them credit."

"What for?" I had asked, the two of us naked in steam.

He gazed at me through billows of eucalyptus exhalations as if I were suddenly becoming invisible to him. "I went to military school myself," he said, "understand discipline. Two years of college. Made my own way. Said I'd retire before I was sixty and I did. Got myself a nice boat and they're building a better one for me. Custom."

"I got to give you credit," I said, curious about the other topic. But he was off and running, enumerating all the heart attacks and strokes of his friends. He personally took care of himself. Now

"Just read the decision, Mr. Foreman!"

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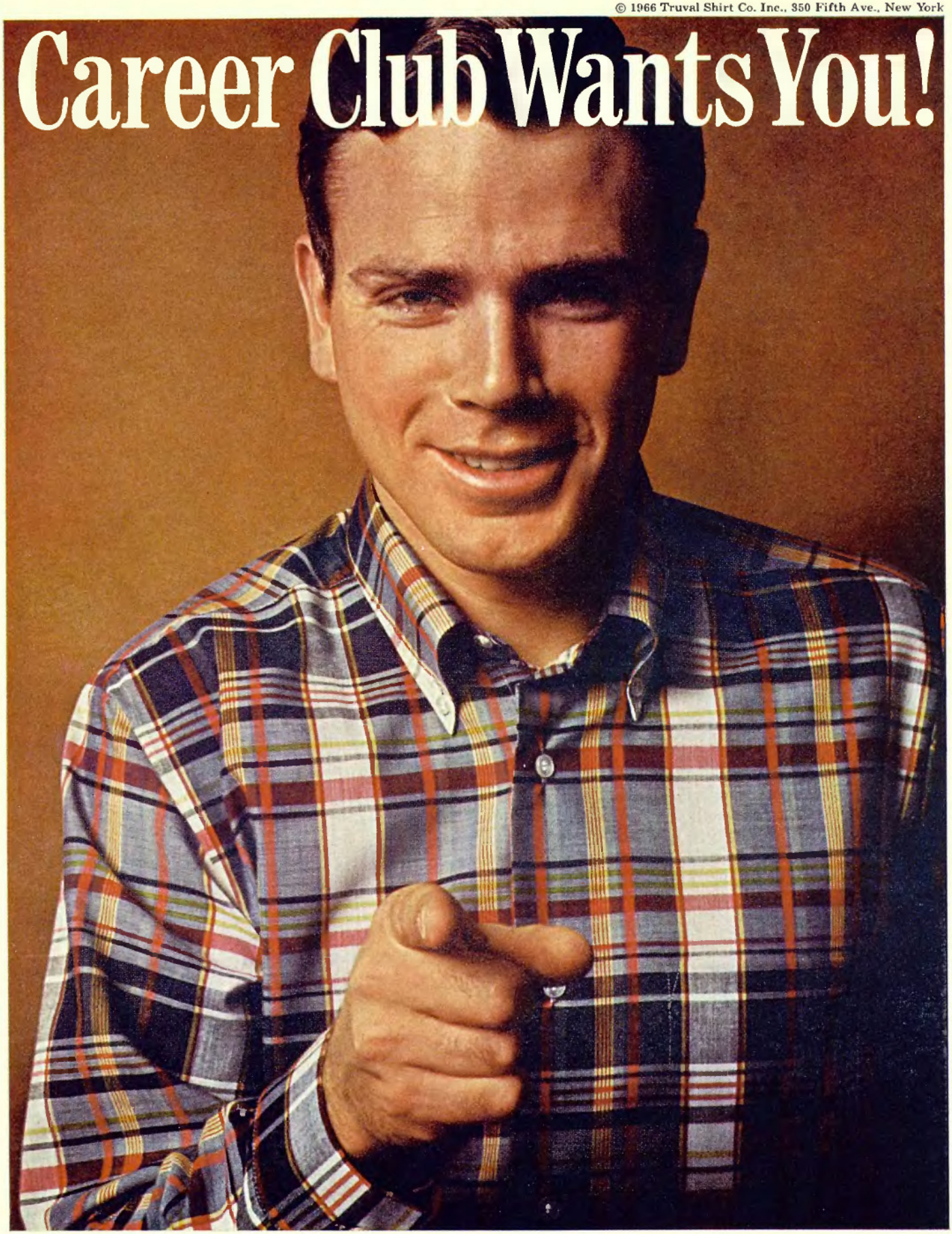

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he had appreciated Dr. B.'s pun. She was saying:

"The vegetable kingdom, children—good. The fermented-milk kingdom—good. Central European peasants live a long time if nobody gets after them to kill them. Good people. Yoghurt. Buttermilk. Yoost put in a little honey for sweetening . . ."

Dr. Drummond was whispering to me, "We drink three kinds of coffee here—real coffee, Sanka and tea."

Dr. B. glanced at him and the whisperer stopped. "Now we come to a delicate topic," she said. "Some of you got dizzy when you fasted a day. Your breath smells, stinks. Well, it's like house cleaning, you're yoost throwing out the bad garbage . . ."

There was silence in the new, smelling-of-new conference room of the spa. A terror of death lay over the group. They asked questions about weight, calories, alcohol, sex, golf. Is orange juice better than grapefruit? Why didn't I lose weight today? I'm a big eater, what should I do? I'm a good eater, always have been, what should I do? . . . I thought of Uncle Vanya and Chekhov's remedy for the terrors: Work, work, work, work. I thought of William James and his prophetic warning to Americans: You will need to find something engrossing, something to seize the passions, a moral equivalent of war.

How do you spell alpha-tocopherol?

What do you do if your husband raids the icebox?

Are you really opposed to medicine?

Dr. Bennstrom, who has found her moral equivalent of war in conducting the cult of expensive health, a vibrant, funny, jazzy and sexy lady, a flying tiger herself, told a story about the American woman's passion for surgery. She was filling out a form. "Tonsillectomy? Yes. Appendectomy? Yes. Hysterectomy? No, I haven't had my hysterectomy yet."

Everyone laughed, and then the deep voice of the John Bircher laughed, too.

"Children!" cried Dr. Bennstrom. "We yoost want to be loved by surgery, too. But ninety percent of surgery is unnecessary if you treat the body right!"

The 22-year-old divorcée had put the tip of her pencil in her mouth. Suddenly she noticed the taste of it and stuck out her tongue. I saw her lips forming silent words of criticism and judgment: *Oo, icky*. Then she smiled brilliantly at the Mexican waiter bringing fruit-juice cocktails.

Anne-Marie Bennstrom speaks to clubs, appears on television, is writing a book. Her vision extends to health riding rampant over America, perhaps over the entire world, a chain of nonfat farms, with no-cal people learning harmony with their inner natures in an atmosphere of hi-pro yoga, grace, music and lean, supple, sexy lectures and discussions. Books, towels, steam, stretch, sweat suits and the ancient wisdom of brewers' yeast. I, too, am exalted by her. I am crazy in love with her, like everyone else. Am I such a conformist? I ask myself.

This gives me pause. But she is high-protein plus, and lovable. I submit. I conform. I love her, too. She is a guru, a Swedish lady messiah with a sense of humor. When she looks deep into my eyes, she sees me for what I am—a creature who has eaten much refined sugar. Candy bars. Ice cream. Tobacco and alcohol. Yea, for I have consumed cholesterol pies and suffered artery-constricting anxieties. But she cares for me anyway. I can lean on her, and she will help me. She has broad shoulders, narrow hips, elegant legs, and wears lovely pale slack outfits. When she dances, her blonde hair shakes. "Come on now, shake it up!" she cries. "You yoost better believe me." This Swedish dumpling has muscles. She emanates health and power, and would even if she drank beer and ate pork. The power of the (vegetarian) gods has been breathed into her: charisma.

There is also the darker side of her life, which led her to wander the world and live off berries and grass in the Mexican jungles, and surely this is the history and nature that give her the important cloud behind her silver lining. She speaks little of the darkness, but it is there. She won some important battle. Conquering her own devils has brought her power over herself and over others. She is not one of your ordinary naturopathic lady chiropractors.

One night Princess Gina, the clairvoyant, came to talk. She was a princess from Texas, wearing a pale blonde fur, with brilliant blonde hair and heavy shoulders and a bit of a dowager princess' lump on her back. She explained that she saw the future, but it's easy, since the future is the present and there is no past. "I used to be mentally ill," she said, "but then I let God enter my heart and body. Now there is no future, and I see it clearly." Most of the healthers thought her peculiar, but one lady took her to her room for a private consultation. Who knows in what form may repose the ultimate truth about fitness?

As Camus says in *The Myth of Sisyphus*: "In a man's attachment to life there is something stronger than all the ills in the world. The body's judgment is as good as the mind's, and the body shrinks from annihilation. . . . In that race which daily hastens us toward death, the body maintains its irreparable lead."

Of course, this was a reasoning on the possibility of suicide in the light of the absurdity of human life. Camus was not considering eating lo-cal, synthetic-fluff, imitation gelatin strawberry dessert. Camus added, with his genius for the familiar, "Thus everything contributes to spreading confusion."

I learned that these people were serious in a way I found difficult to conceive. When I reached for the honey at table, someone admonished me gently, "Very calorific."

I remarked that this honey was taken from bees fed on saccharine, and at once, hungry hands came forward.

A 220-pound mass builder sat with his legs in the pool and read a book on yoga. He told me that it was his first novel in years. "When I work, I work," he said, "and when I play, I play." He looked at Lisa, beckoning us to a game of water volleyball. "Let's go to work." And to Miss Twenty-Two (not her real name): "OK, now, on the job! Get those earth movers rolling!"

She looked at him as if she knew him from someplace, but where? She had just put on her eye make-up. She had just lost a husband to a secretary after less than a year of married bliss. She was just all tuckered out from divorce and her facial and writing postcards and losing four ounces yesterday. And this stranger wanted her to play water volleyball.

"Into the pool," said Dr. B.

Miss Twenty-Two slid, pouting, into the pool. She was a good sport, anyway. Her make-up was waterproof. And water volleyball is exciting, fun, and toning to the places where the lumps hadn't ought to be.

Dr. B. watched shrewdly. She nuzzled the 220-pound yoga scholar and said, "Hum, you yoost have a little dry skin. I send you a package of the professor's cosmetics, hokay?"

It might easily be imagined, by the perverse and derogatory, that the institution of El Rancho Superhealth means a sterile, loveless place, where the plump enter chagrined and puffy and come out slimmed down but still chagrined. *No* is the correct answer to the anxious question implied; *yes* is the correct answer to the other and hopeful question. The prisoners of flab are friendly and searching; they think of their loosened ends when their lives are at loose ends; warm mating cries can be heard in the vasty realms of health, above the clink of the no-cal beverages. As the flesh disappears into steam and power in the dry air, rising invisibly above the winter residences of Frank Sinatra and Dwight David Eisenhower, the spirit also expands; the soul needs company; the meaning of life is a shared meaning. The prisoners burn to know; combustion seeks combustion; and, as we all agree, a log cannot burn alone. Another log must lean near it. Ergo, and praise vitamins, the spirit aims to test its new muscles in the calisthenics of toned-up eros. The rooms and suites in which the converts to ideal and permanent robustness—those elegantly appointed rooms in the style of Palm Springs Regency—are too comfy to be left lonely, unshared, with things undone which ought to be done. A certain creeping down of hallways is inevitable. Widow of Savings and

"They don't have much of a team, but they're leading the conference in half-time shows!"

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Loan meets erotic, maddened Bircher! Last decade's number-11-ranked starlet finds rich saccharine daddy!

There is a drifting and a slippage of familiar marital arrangements as the inmates float in the never-never, yet comfy-comfy world of the body's penultimate fulfillment. Yea, for there is health in us.

In the morning, there are also averted eyes at breakfast.

But in yoga class or facial therapy, all is comprehended in the great chain of being.

By herbal sheets time, philosophy and deep sweat have taken over. Stoicism. Clean pores.

In water volleyball, new friendships spring up.

By evening and dinner, rosy blushes greet the trays of melon and yoghurt. Love blossoms afresh. With so much pummeling and discipline, with so much bathing and showering, who can keep his heart empty of desire? With so many exertions, who will not seek to exert himself? Loins may be slim, but they are not fulfilled without the hope of a quiet chat with an attractive stranger who is also a connoisseur of slimmed loins. And strangers are not strange in the community of health. The jaded young and the refreshed middle-aged look with narrow, hopeful eyes at their fellow physicometaphysicians.

The first day I was a bit self-conscious and ashamed of so much concern with my diet, my body, my spine, my muscles, my flab. Aren't there other issues in this world? I thought. Wars, disasters, births, loves? Is losing weight the last frontier in America?

But then I was health-washed. Pretty soon my body seemed the only thing that mattered, and when a lady began to tell me—over her protein drink—about her former husband (weak, passive, disturbed, rich), I was impatient and just wanted to discuss her spine.

"He never took a real interest in the children. He was like a child himself. He ate the kid's cereal even: like nourishing him, you know? Competing."

"How was your facial today?" I asked her.

"He wanted me to mother him all the time."

"Did you do your knee bends with less pain?" I asked.

Dr. Drummond explained to me: "I had me a good practice and I come down here because Anne-Marie asked me to. Feel my heart. Lub-dub, lub-dub. Strong."

The man who had made a million dollars last year in call options: "What I have for breakfast—I have citrus, eggs, toast, coffee, and I laid off drinking the beer which I used to do all day. Ten pounds. In one week I lost ten pounds, with a nice big dinner, too. If anything makes you think, it'll be that fact."

His audience whistled.

"My advice is—fight it. Get your new suits a little small, and then fight it. You want to get into those new suits, don't you? So stop the beer every hour."

His wife: "You still haven't got your knees down there, honey. Down to where they're supposed to be when you bend, honey."

"Yeah, and I suppose you got three gold stars in yoga class. Naw you didn't. I didn't see you exhaling so slow."

"Wah! hoo! go! yeah!" said a Swedish girl. She restarted the record of *I Got a Hammer*. "Hammer out the evening, yoo-eee!" she cried.

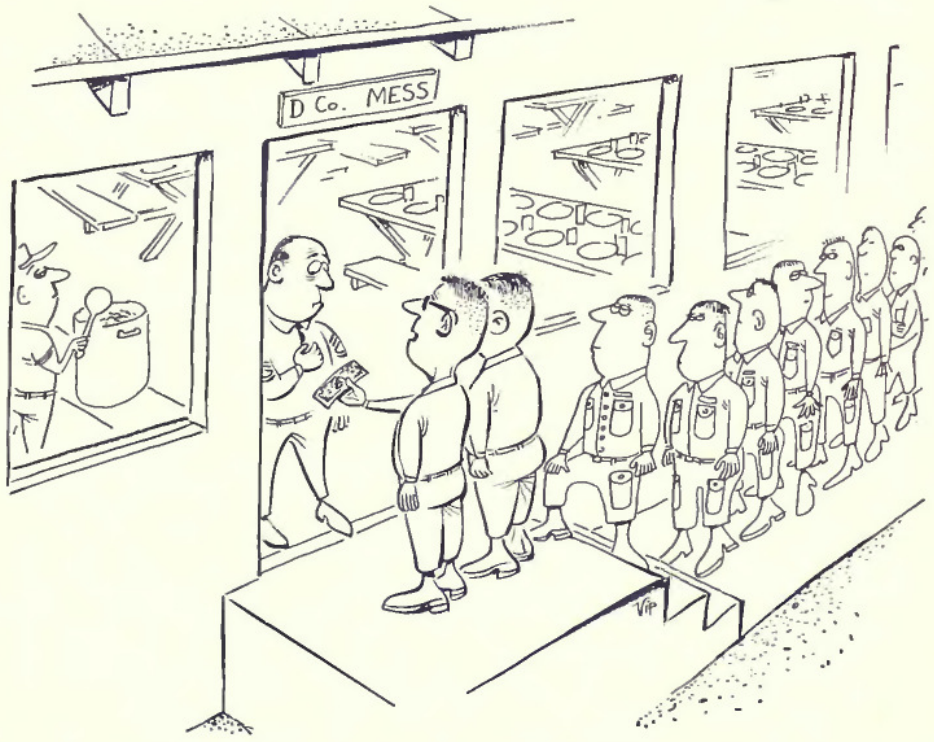
Dr. B. explained: "We keep the enthusiasm high, and hope it'll carry over past the couple hundred dollars they spend here. Lots of wives do the man's exercises with him in the hopes he'll yoost stick with it. Maybe he will."

El Rancho Low Calorie is one of the odder symptoms of the mid-century American mix of affluent unease. Ridicule and spite come easy to the spirit when we consider the other troubles of a world which demands money and effort, and then examine the jazz dancers in their blue sweat shirts, exploring what seems to them to be the last frontier, the poundage across belly and down buttock. But surely Camus here again has a wise and simple remark to make: "Any authentic creation is a gift to the future." Miss Twenty-Two lost six ounces across her tanned, pleasing, divorced middle, and regained a sense of meaning. She would strive in her life on earth not to be icky, for such—unickyness—can be her gift to the future.

Morose legend has it that Ponce de León failed to discover the Fountain of Youth in America. But as it often happens, the myths are stronger and perhaps even truer than the facts. If there is no Fountain of Youth, there are at least a few trickling tributaries. Anne-Marie Bennstrom, intrepid explorer, seems to have opened them up to intensive use, and so long live her smorgasbord of masochism, pampering, exhortation and natural rhythm! The emerging peoples have their Peace Corps, the poor have the Poverty Corps and the neglected rich, once abandoned to soggy plumpness by a heartless world, now have the proliferating descendants of the original Golden Door. Both the young and the middle-aged aspire to permanent youthfulness—that vision of ideal reality which is one of America's great innovations. Miss Twenty-Two was fresh and delightful. So was Jim Backus. In their honor, I wrote a little poem:

When (and if) we grow old and die,
We'll just join the Big Health Club
in the Sky.

At the end of my stay, I was sad to be demobilized out of my blue sweat shirt and sweat pants. A mere civilian in the heavy raiment of real life again, belt, keys, buttons, zippers, I suffered an access of nostalgia for the merry days of purity and fitness, those days of superhealth rampant. Ave, Anne-Marie! Skoal! And tomorrow, dear friend, I'll try not to be fatt.



"Two near the front, please."

SEX IN CINEMA *(continued from page 178)*

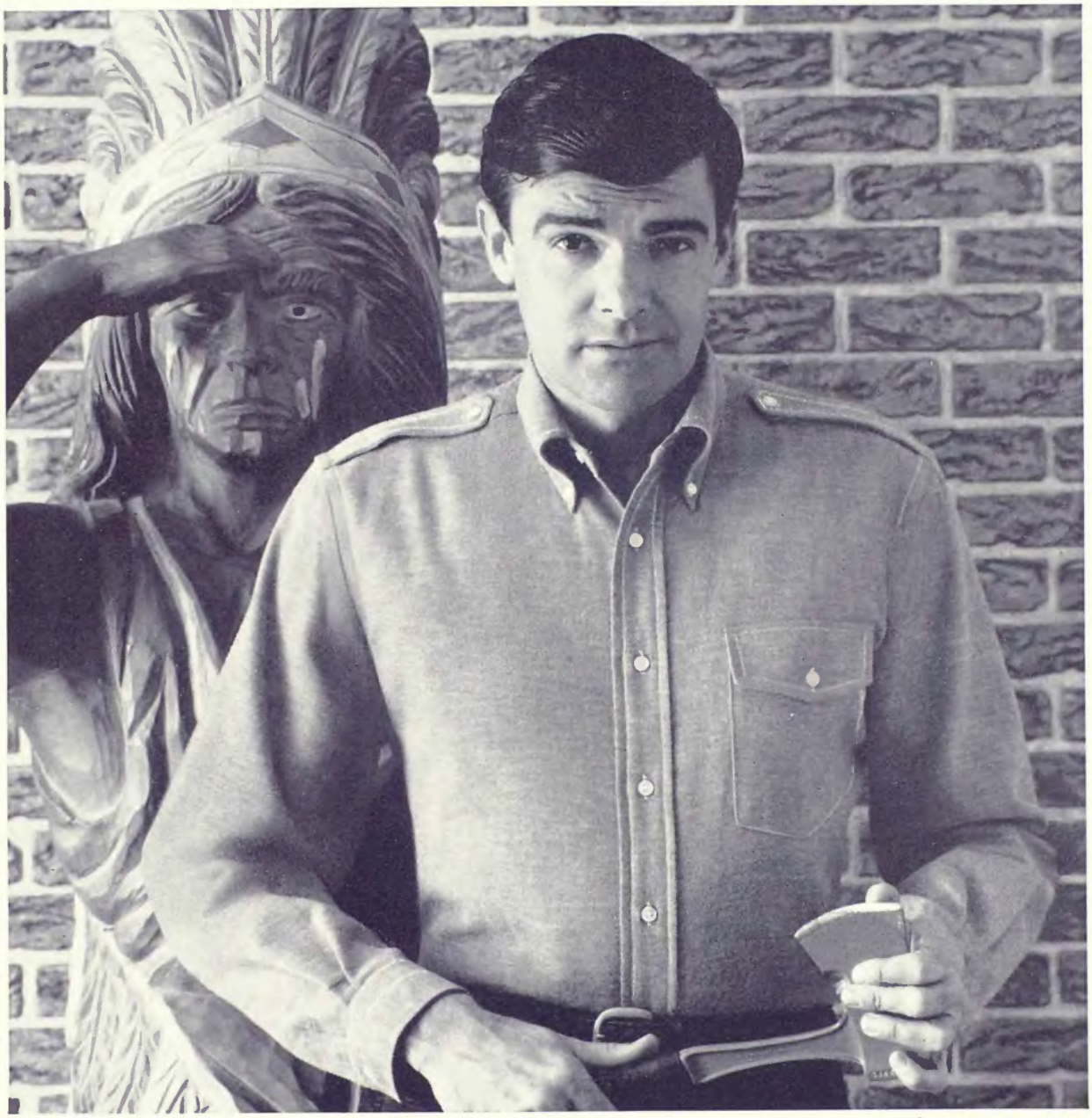
interpenetration of personal motivations and social drives, it emerged an ageless re-creation of the human comedy. Made while the Occupation was approaching its end, the film also symbolized a resurgence of France's own life force.

During the entire five-year period of the Occupation, only one French film of note dealt at all realistically with the contemporary scene—a contemporary scene, incidentally, in which Nazis and their agents were conspicuously absent. This was Henri-Georges Clouzot's spine-tingling thriller *Le Corbeau* (*The Raven*), a picture that, not coincidentally, also afforded a high quotient of sexuality. Written before the War and based upon an actual news story, the film traced the effects of a series of poison-pen letters upon the inhabitants of a provincial French town. Suspicion swings in turn from a doctor accused of having an affair with the wife of a confrere to the wife's jealous sister, and then to an oversexed girl whom the doctor has rejected. Among the suspects is the confrere as well, an elderly doctor who suddenly breaks down and admits that his young wife was really the poison-pen pal. And when the wife is carried away, she screams that the mysterious Corbeau is actually her husband. At the finale, it becomes clear that actually there have been several Corbeaus, each acting out of his (or her) own desires or frustrations. The picture, masterfully directed and uncompromisingly honest in its depiction of small souls working at cross purposes, was released in Europe by the Nazi-run Continental Company as *A Little French Town*. As a result, after the Liberation, the film was completely banned by French military censors for the next few years, and Clouzot himself, along with his scriptwriter, evicted from the industry.

As if to compensate for their wartime abstinence, French films of the post-War years rediscovered sex with a vengeance. Early in 1945, the French were finally permitted to see a smoldering version of *Carmen*, filmed in France, Italy and Spain two years earlier and starring Viviane Romance. The background music was Bizet's, but old Prosper Mérimée probably never dreamed that he had created a heroine as wanton and lascivious as Mlle. Romance. When, clad in her standard black-lace negligee, she flung herself hungrily upon Don José, even the French snickered, although long deprived of such scenes. The deprivation did not last much longer. *Boule de Suif*, a combination of De Maupassant's *Boule de Suif* and *Mademoiselle Fifi*, had much of its action set in an 1870s whorehouse; the action was often far too explicit for the American censors, who chopped it unmercifully before it was released here as *Angel and Sinner*. *Le Gardien* (*The Guardian*), filmed in the swampy Camargue country, had scenes reminiscent of Hedy Lamarr's *Ecstasy*—including the discovery by a passing cowboy of the heroine swimming *au naturel*. Before long, nudity had not only returned to French films but was included in them with matter-of-fact casualness. In Clouzot's *Jenny Lamour* (*Quai des Orfèvres*—the French equivalent of Scotland Yard), for example, a murder trail leads police inspector Louis Jouvet to the backstage of a Paris music hall. When he enters a dressing room filled with half-clad showgirls, only one has the presence of mind to put her hands over her naked breasts. In a comedy fantasy, *Télévision, Oeil de Demain* (*Television, the Eye of Tomorrow*), the abundantly endowed heroine, Muriel Taylor, is seen talking into a videophone, nude from the waist up; she has forgotten to turn off the picture part of the gadget.

But sex also suffused more serious films as well, films that by the end of the Forties had restored to France much of its earlier eminence as a source of mature and realistic drama. Jean Gabin, in *Martin Roumagnac* (*The Room Upstairs*) with Marlene Dietrich and in *Au Delà des Grilles* (*The Walls of Malapaga*) with blonde, seductive Isa Miranda, re-created his familiar late-Thirties portrait of a man driven by his instincts into love affairs that could only end unhappily. The same character was played in reverse by lovely Simone Signoret in one of her first screen roles, *Dédée d'Anvers*, made in 1947. Dédée, a prostitute on the Antwerp waterfront, falls in love with the captain of an Italian freighter, an arms smuggler. When he wants to take her away, however, her pimp kills him. Then Dédée and the *patron* of the bar where she works kill the *mec* and, sadder but wiser in the ways of love, she resumes her professional career. The film, directed by Yves Allegret, was remarkable not only for the authenticity of its atmosphere of low bars and cheap hotels, but for the many sordid details it portrayed in the life of a prostitute. At one point the pimp, demonstrating his

it's more traditional in Reidsville



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contempt for women, crushes out his burning cigarette between Dédée's naked breasts.

No less specific was Clouzot's *Manon*, an updating of Abbé Prévost's 18th Century novel of a faithless and fickle woman, transforming her into an embodiment of modern youth caught up in the chaos of the post-War era. Such, at least, was Clouzot's intention as he played the story against a background of Paris black marketeers, a jazz *cave*, an expensive bordello, a fashionable dress salon and, ultimately, the Jewish-Arab war in Palestine. However, with smoldering, baby-faced Cecile Aubry—an unsettling amalgam of innocence and carnality—in the title role, *Manon* became rather the sordid story of a vicious and willful tramp who gave or sold her body with equal indifference. "Nothing is disgusting when one is in love," she tells Des Grieux, her lover, when he slaps her for taking money from a dirty old man. Completely indifferent to Des Grieux' emotions, she knows she can win him back at any time simply by unbuttoning her blouse and drawing him down on a convenient bed—which she proves to herself, and the audience, repeatedly. So enamored is he that the film's finale, a lengthy shot in which Des Grieux carries Manon, dead from thirst and exposure, across the desert sands, seems motivated by sheer necrophilia—a fitting conclusion to a picture in which flagrant sensationalism is repeatedly offered in the guise of utter realism. But Mlle. Aubry was unquestionably a "find," and she continued to play the instinctual sex kitten until displaced in public favor by an earthier, livelier rival: Brigitte Bardot.

On a far more serious artistic level was Jean Delannoy's somewhat literary adaptation of André Gide's novel *La Symphonie Pastorale*, co-starring Pierre Blanchar and Michèle Morgan. Perhaps the first of the post-War French films to win international acclaim, it told with great sensitivity the story of a married Swiss minister who unwittingly falls in love with a blind girl he has raised as an orphan. When the girl, her sight restored, falls in love with the minister's son, he forbids their marriage. Sensing the reason, but unwilling to go against the wishes of the man who has done so much for her, the girl commits suicide. Rarely has a father-son rivalry been handled with such discretion, and made all the more poignant by the fact that the minister, because of his position, cannot even admit to himself what his real motives are—not even when he drives his son from his house. Such delicate and tasteful probings of human relationships emphasized the maturity of the French cinema.

Even more acclaim—and not a little scandal—attended the presentation of Claude Autant-Lara's *Le Diable au Corps* (*Devil in the Flesh*). Based on Raymond Radiguet's autobiographical novel, it depicted with poetic insight the love affair between a teenaged schoolboy and an older, married woman. For all its poetry, the film made it quite clear that the two had gone to bed together—indeed, the scenes of their love-making are among the most rapturous ever put on the screen—and that when the woman dies in childbirth, it is the boy's baby she is carrying, not her husband's. The late Gérard Philipe established his eminence as the youth who, dislocated emotionally by World War One, seeks desperate refuge in an illicit love; and the veteran Micheline Presle was never better as the woman who provided it. Because the husband was a soldier, however, the French Cartel of Moral and Social Action professed shock and demanded that the film be withdrawn and destroyed; while in this country, prints were seized by the Customs office and released only after Huntington Cairns, of the National Gallery of Art, reviewing the film at the request of the Treasury Department, judged it to be art "of the highest order." Nevertheless, the New York State censors banned it until one of the more ardent bed scenes was excised. When it finally reached American art-house screens, however, most critics and audiences echoed Mr. Cairns' opinion.

Increasingly, as the decade drew to a close, the French film makers found themselves in contention with American censors. Some, like the producers of *Le Bal Cupidon* (*The Cupid Club*), arranged their shots of almost-nude dancers cavorting in a Parisian night spot so that they could readily be cut without affecting the visual continuity. In Jean Grémillon's *Pattes Blanches* (*White Legs*), a shot of singer Suzy Delair standing naked in her bathtub was also eliminated without affecting the story. In *Prison des Femmes* (*Marked Girls*), however, in addition to censor cuts, English subtitles substantially changed the story from its original Lesbian motif to one in which an elderly woman disinterestedly helps a girl recently released from prison get back on her feet. A French-produced *François Villon*, notable in this country solely for its abundance of well-stacked females in low-cut gowns, led a *Variety* reviewer to note, "Censorial lads have been busy apparently with their shears and the expected torrid developments seldom come off. However," he added, significantly, "the torture and stabbing scenes are left in with all their goriness." Other films, because of less readily excisable nudity, or less readily concealable themes involving incest, Lesbianism or homosexuality, simply never made it to these shores. French pictures, however, were beginning to gain a prestige that was to have notable repercussions in American censor circles during the Fifties.

In England, the coming of war seemed to shake British film makers out of a lethargy that had persisted since World War One, injecting into their pictures both a national consciousness and the breath of life itself. Throughout the Thirties, hampered by a lack of funds, most producers leaned heavily on polite, self-contained tempests in teapots or comedies of manners translated from the West End theater. Symptomatic of the coming change was Carol Reed's *The*

"We made the account pitch of our lives, chief. Now it's all up to the people at Schwartz Seafood."

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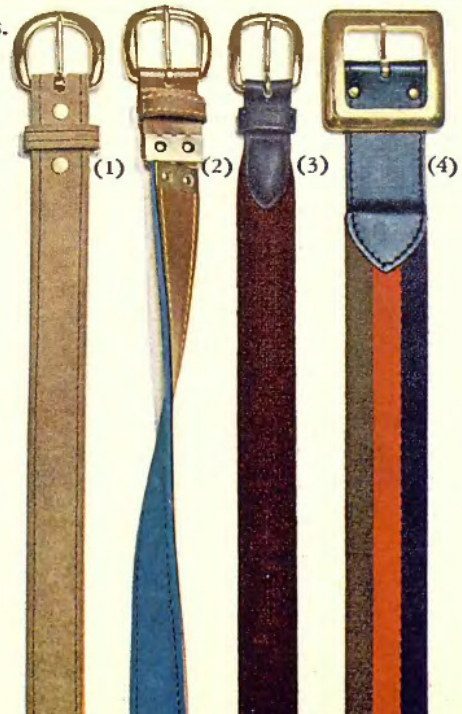

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"We don't get there as fast, but it's more fun."

Stars Look Down, in which a leader of the Welsh miners in a depressed coal town is deflected from his course by marriage to a cheap and vicious girl who, in time of crisis, deserts him to rekindle an old flame. For the first time, apart from the documentaries, some semblance of the true face of Britain was placed upon the screen—and inevitably this face showed not only riches and squalor, but passion as well. During the War years, naturally enough, the newly discovered vein of realism was explored primarily in the development of war themes, where passion was either directed against the enemy or served to bind together the men of one unit, one bomber or one battleship. Toward the end of the War, however, attention began to revert from deeds of daring on distant battlefronts to realistic glimpses of sex at home. Typical was *Waterloo Road*, in which a tough little private, John Mills, goes A. W. O. L. to track down and beat the living daylights out of Stewart Granger, the local black marketeer who has seduced his wife. The wife, incidentally, as depicted by shapely Joy Shelton, is not at all averse to Granger's illicit attentions. *A Canterbury Tale* featured a provincial justice of the peace (Eric Portman) with the interesting aberration of throwing glue in the hair of local girls he finds dallying with the troops in his vicinity—partially on moral grounds, but more specifically because he feels they might distract the boys from his lantern-slide lectures on historic Canterbury.

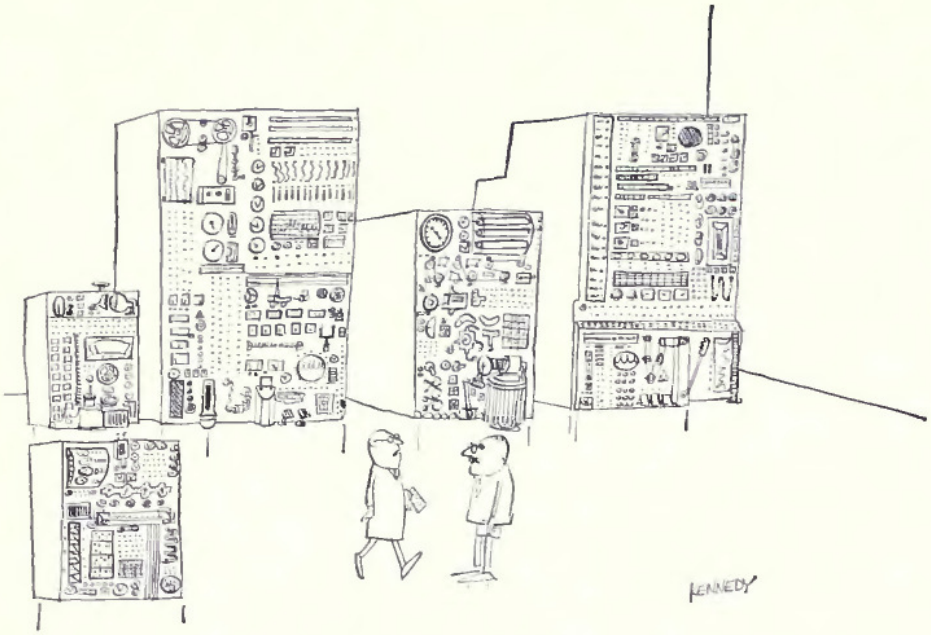
If *The Stars Look Down* directed British film makers toward a cinematic realism, it was David Lean's *Brief Encounter* that discovered for them the special arena of adult relationships on which the best of Britain's post-War films were focused. Expanded from a one-act play by Noel Coward, *Brief Encounter* dealt with two attractive married people whose chance meetings ripen into a love affair far deeper and more meaningful than anything they have known with their respective spouses. But the little deceits they must practice, the little lies they must tell—to others and to themselves—gradually drain their weekly meetings of their joy. The end of the affair comes when the man borrows a friend's apartment for an afternoon. Just as they are about to go to bed together, the friend unexpectedly returns and rather primly upbraids him for this abuse of confidence—while the woman flees in panic down the back stairs. Too decent to hurt others, too conventional to abandon all for love, they decide to call it off—with bitter regrets. Flawlessly enacted by Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard, *Brief Encounter* gained much of its strength from the verisimilitude of its backgrounds—the tawdry railway buffet where they meet for the first time and where they make their tearful, well-bred farewells; the small-town teashops and movie houses where they must steal their moments of happiness. But more than this, the fact that the film recounted an illicit affair not only with sympathy but without censure made it extraordinary in its day. To be sure, the relationship was not consummated; that was to be taken care of in films to come. An important precedent had been established, however—and no small part of its importance was the ready acceptance of this relationship as artistically valid by Europeans and Americans alike.

This initial good impression, this on-screen treatment of adults as adults, was happily confirmed in the films that followed. In the visually stunning *I Know Where I'm Going*, Wendy Hiller drew a sharp portrait of a materialistic young lady who learns about love—and sex—in the Scotch Hebrides just before she marries for money. In *The Seventh Veil*, narcohypnosis is employed to explain to a sex-starved concert pianist (Ann Todd), undecided which of her coterie of admirers to marry, that she is really in love with her neurotic guardian. The hero of *Mine Own Executioner* is a self-torturing psychoanalyst (Burgess Meredith) who loves his wife but is having an affair with a young actress; he resolves this conflict by dismissing prematurely a dangerously schizoid patient who obligingly murders the wife and then commits suicide, just as the analyst knew he would. *The Rake's Progress* (shown in this country as *A Notorious Gentleman*, perhaps to avoid any confusion that it might be a gardening film) presented Rex Harrison as a charmingly amoral young man who passes bad checks, cheats on his wife, cuckolds an employer and, driven to drink by his father's overamorous secretary, accidentally runs him down with a speeding car. Although American censors snipped away at the scenes of Harrison at work and play with his numerous female companions, they generously permitted him a heroic wartime death. Also subject to censorial tampering before it reached American screens was Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock*, adapted by the author himself from his racking novel about life, death and a seedy British razor gang; New York's censors used their own razors on a sequence in which Richard Attenborough, the pimply-faced leader of the gang, cold-bloodedly seduces a nice girl who has witnessed a murder, compromising her so that she cannot testify against him.

But if American censors were growing increasingly concerned over what they construed to be the new immorality of British films, there was another aspect of British film making that distressed them even more, and with which they were well equipped to deal: cleavage. During the War years, the English began turning out costume dramas in great numbers, many of them examining in clinical detail the libidinous private lives of the respected gentry. Typical was *Fanny by Gaslight*, a 1944 adaptation of the popular novel by Michael Sadleir set in London of the 1870s. Fanny, the illegitimate daughter of a dignified cabinet minister, had been brought up by the owner of a bawdyhouse frequented by wellborn rakes. When her guardian is killed by the dissolute Lord Manderstoke, Fanny is taken on as a maid in her father's house and discovers that his wife is having an affair with the lord. Falling in love with a young aristocrat, she refuses to marry him out of deference to his family and position, but agrees to live with him. In Paris, they meet Manderstoke, who is now living with Fanny's childhood friend. In the course of a duel, the young man kills Manderstoke, and somehow this reconciles the family to his marriage with Fanny. Since the director, Anthony Asquith, did nothing to conceal the numerous illicit relationships in the film, and since the costume designers did even less to conceal the abundant charms of Fanny and her bordello friends, the picture was severely scissored by the American censors, who cut it from 108 minutes to 90.

Beautiful, dark-eyed Phyllis Calvert, who played Fanny, was only one of many British heroines who suffered the censors' shears because they hadn't a thing to wear on top. Margaret Lockwood, Patricia Roc and Joan Greenwood also starred in a number of these costume dramas and melodramas, invariably co-starred with Stewart Granger or James Mason, and set in eras, such as the Restoration, when the female bosom all but burst its bonds. Googie Withers' generous cleavage in *Pink String and Sealing Wax* barred that film from American distribution for almost five years. Ultimately, as more and more of these pictures hit censor snags on American shores, the British producers in 1946 sent for Joseph Breen, Hollywood's intrepid Production Code administrator, to explain just what his Code was all about. Breen not only described, to the fraction of an inch, how much cleavage was acceptable before it became offensive, but also blithely suggested that the British might submit their scripts to his agency for prior approval. The suggestion roused a storm of indignation, and not merely in film circles. C. E. M. Joad, the distinguished English scholar, wrote: "I find myself tempted to ask Americans who and what they are that they should set themselves up as arbiters of manners and morals." And the eminently respectable *New Statesman and Nation* complained in verse:

America's artistes may strip
The haunch, the paunch, the thigh,
the hip,
And never shake the censorship,



"They're demanding Muzak."

While Britain, straining every nerve
To amplify the export curve,
Strict circumspection must observe . . .
And why should censors sourly gape
At outworks of the lady's shape
Which from her fichu may escape?
Our censors keep our films as clean
As any whistle ever seen.
So what is biting Mr. Breen?

Clearly, Joseph Breen was not America's favorite bundle for Britain. Once more, the Europeans were setting standards of maturity for the handling of sex and sex relations on the screen beyond anything that Hollywood had yet attained.

A similar liberation was taking place in other countries as well, although the language barrier effectively prevented many of these films from achieving wide distribution outside of their native lands. The Scandinavian countries, for example, had always been notably freer in the presentation of nudity on the screen than anywhere else in the world. In the Danish *Ditte Menneskebarn* (*Ditte, Child of Man*), based on Martin Andersen Nexö's classic novel, a young girl makes the transition from childhood to puberty by wonderingly exploring the changes in her nude body. Carl Dreyer's *Vredens Dag* (*Day of Wrath*), set in a 17th Century Danish town, includes a sequence in which a naked woman, condemned as a witch, is trussed to a stake and burned. Incidentally, the heroine of the film, the wife of the town's pastor, comes to believe that she is also a witch because she has been unfaithful to her husband. The link between repressed sexuality and religious hysteria has rarely been probed more profoundly than in the sequence in which the wife, having willed the pastor's death because she is in love with his son, guiltily accepts the charge of witchcraft after her husband has died of natural causes.

In Sweden, which long has accepted mixed nude bathing as the norm, total nudity was completely acceptable on the screen—with the result that few Swedish films of the Forties and early Fifties slipped past U. S. Customs. Alf Sjöberg's *Bara en Mor* (*Only a Mother*), for example, included the classic sequence of a woman bathing in a wooden tub—only in this film, the water barely covered her hips and her breasts were fully exposed to the camera. In *Den Ljusnande Framtid* (*Our Bright Future*) by Gustave Molander, Signe Hasso, later to star in American films, took a shower without the slightest display of false modesty. But it was not only their nudity, nor the language barrier, that long prevented Swedish films from entering the American market. Swedish film makers were also concerned with themes that had not, as yet, found acceptance on the American screen. Nymphomania was treated in such films as *Det vackrast pa lorden* (*The Most Beautiful Thing in the World*) and *Kvinnavtan ansikte* (*Woman Without a Face*), the latter written by a youthful Ingmar Bergman. Bergman also wrote *Törst* (*Thirst*, later released in the United States as *Three Strange Loves* after Bergman had been "discovered"); it included an exceptionally frank Lesbian sequence in which, during a dance, an old girlfriend attempts to seduce the heroine. Gösta Werner's *Gatan* (*The Street*) astonished even the Swedes by the authenticity with which it depicted Stockholm's gangsters and prostitutes—particularly the scenes showing the harbor police carting Swedish girls, including heroine Maj-Britt Nilsson, half-dressed, off an American ship where they have been plying their trade.

But it was Alf Sjöberg's *Hets* (*Torment*), again with a script by Ingmar Bergman, that first established Sweden as a contender in the international arena. Introduced at the Venice Film Festival of 1947, its story of a middle-aged, pathological schoolteacher and his effect on two young lives—a sensitive schoolboy and a terrified shopgirl—hinted (albeit discreetly) at perversions seldom treated on the screen. His teacher's petty cruelties, and the coldness of his home life, drive the youth into a liaison with the girl. Although he is unaware of it, the girl is also seeing the teacher, who brutalizes and debauches her until she dies of drink. The man is shown to be a small-minded tyrant who glories in the power he wields over the weak and the young to inflict mental and physical pain, and the film makes it altogether clear that for him sadism is his sole form of sexual release. The American censors delayed its distribution in this country. There was nothing to cut, but its central character was patently unhealthy: both the boy and his teacher were having an affair with the same girl, and no one really suffered at the end. What the censors called immorality, however, was hailed by the critics as maturity.

About the same time, Mexico began to edge into the spotlight with the eloquently photographed (by the great Gabriel Figueroa) *Maria Candelaria*. Mexico had long supported a thriving motion-picture industry, catering primarily to its domestic and South American markets; but its films were in the main pathetically cheap imitations of Hollywood's grade-B romances and musicals. *Maria Candelaria*, by contrast, starred lovely Dolores Del Rio in a story that was authentically Mexican. The daughter of an Indian peasant who once posed in the nude for an artist and was stoned to death by the outraged villagers, Maria meets the same fate for the same reason. Actually, she had supplied only the face for the portrait; another girl (Margaret Cortes) supplied the body. The film, internationally praised for its artistic and scenic beauties, inspired a host of imitators in Mexico—most of them devoting far more footage to the scenes in which the girl poses nude for an artist. Before the decade was over, nude scenes were being worked into many Mexican pictures, most of which were turned back at the American border.

The country whose films dominated the post-War scene, however, and inspired film makers everywhere with the freshness and honesty of their themes, was newly liberated Italy. Suddenly, almost out of nowhere, appeared names

double take

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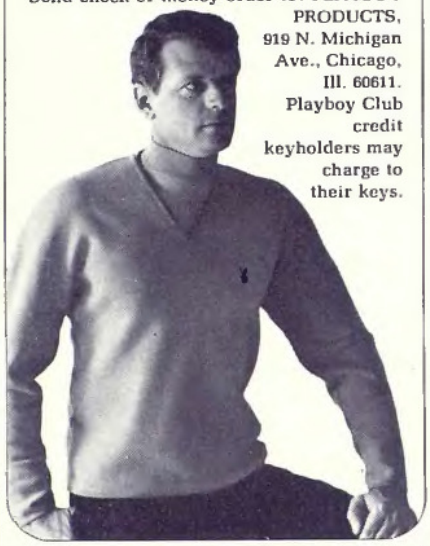

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like De Sica, Rossellini and Visconti, and their neorealist movies—with a suddenness accentuated by the fact that production under fascism had grown so stultified and corrupt that the pictures were, for the most part, utterly devoid of interest and rarely shown outside of Italy itself. An exception—or, more literally, a harbinger of things to come—was veteran Alessandro Blasetti's delightful comedy *Quattro Passi fra le Nuvole* (*Four Steps in the Clouds*). In it, Gino Cervi, as a shabby salesman with a nagging wife and raucous family, meets an unwed girl who is reluctantly traveling home by bus to have her baby. His sympathies aroused, Cervi volunteers to pose as her husband in order to avert parental wrath. Naturally, the parents, though simple farm people, are instinctively suspicious of this decidedly unslick city slicker; but their coldness promptly dissolves when the baby proves to be a boy. "*Mascolino!*" the new grandfather shouts proudly, holding the tiny bundle high over his head for all to see—and the harassed salesman returns to his crowded tenement filled with memories of a happier way of life. It was a joyously affirmative film: although produced in 1942, it was not released abroad until 1947—and critics unhesitantly hailed it as the latest achievement in neorealism.

Another important precursor, which, for copyright reasons, has still not been seen outside of Italy, is Luchino Visconti's *Ossessione* (*Obsession*), also made in 1942. Following (without the necessary legal sanctions) the general outlines of James Cain's *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, Visconti transplants Cain's unholy trinity of vicious wife, slobby husband and itchy lover to the flat, marshy stretches of the Po delta, with its easygoing peasants clamoring through wayside *trattorias* and turbulent street fairs. The wife is a passionate slut who sees in the young man a welcome change from her fat, complacent and sexually repellent husband. The lover has no compunctions about climbing into another man's bed, but grows uneasy as the affair continues. Actually, he is far happier when, eluding the woman for a while, he can spend a night with a simple, uncomplicated prostitute. But his desire flares up once more and he returns to the wife, and to his fate. Together, they kill the husband—and he finds himself locked to a woman he no longer really wants.

All of this Visconti tells with unadorned realism. And the film's natural backgrounds are every bit as removed as the characters from conventional, studio-made street scenes and interiors. "This is the way things are," Visconti seemed to be saying, neither condoning nor condemning his protagonists. "This is the way things are" was to become the philosophic keystone of the neorealist movement.

First, however, the past had to be bur-

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ied. When Italy signed an armistice in September 1943, and hard-core Fascists set up the short-lived Republic of Salò, Fascist elements in the motion-picture industry hastily moved from Rome to the Scalera studios in Venice. Here, in the months that remained to them, they put into production perhaps a dozen pictures—films with revealing titles like *Desiderio* (*Desire*), *Il Ratto delle Sabine* (*The Rape of the Sabines*) and *Le Due Modelle* (*The Two Models*). Meanwhile, ugly reports began to leak out of wild profligacy in the studios and of sadistic orgies in the villas of Scalera producers, directors and stars—orgies at the expense of the captured partisans and suspected sympathizers. Although never proven, the charges were so widely accepted that when the partisans finally took over the city, they summarily executed a number of the film people there.

At the same time, back in Rome, while Nazis still occupied the city, Roberto Rossellini had already begun work on what was to become, officially, the first neorealist film, *Roma Città Aperta* (*Open City*). Shooting from rooftops and from behind windows, setting up his camera on roads where he had been tipped off to expect partisan action, Rossellini assembled the documentary footage that would lend authenticity to his picture. The story itself was drawn from real-life incidents; his characters were composites of actual people. His purpose was admirably single-minded: to show the bravery, the humor and the torments of the people of Rome under the Occupation. And he succeeded because, although studio-trained himself, he refused to glamorize a single character or a single shot. Anna Magnani, conspicuously pregnant, trots through the early reels in a shabby black dress and wearing the clumsy clogs so prevalent among the Italian poor during the War years. Carla Rovere, the willful sister of an underground printer, sports a dress cut almost to the navel—suitable attire for a complaisant night-club entertainer who trades her body for German cigarettes and nylons. Most remarkable of all, however, is Maria Michi's tormented portrait of a night-club dancer, the mistress of a hunted partisan leader, who is fed drugs by the SS until she reveals his whereabouts. The SS woman, unmistakably Lesbian, adds to the drugs the offer of a costly fur—and coldly withdraws it after the girl has served her purpose. The partisan is tortured at SS headquarters by a colonel whose sadism is clearly dictated by perversion, and other Nazi types are depicted as ranging from the homosexual to the voluptuary. "This is the way things were," says Rossellini—and his film stands as eloquent testament to a time that made people better, or worse, than they were.

Rossellini followed *Open City* with the equally persuasive *Paisa* (*Paisan*), a series of six episodes that followed the course of the War up the Italian peninsula. In the Rome sequence, perhaps the most extended of the sextet, he again introduces Maria Michi. Seen first as a fresh-faced, laughing-eyed slip of a girl cheering the American tanks as they make their entry into Rome, she is discovered again six months later, an ordinary prostitute. The War has taken its toll. What gives this sequence its special poignancy, however, is the fact that she is discovered—but not recognized under all her make-up—by the young American who had fallen in love with her on the day of liberation. After their night together, she tells him she will leave the address where he can find the girl he loves and hurries there to wait for him. He looks at the slip of paper on the street; when another soldier asks him about it, he tosses it away. "Just another whore's address," he replies. War, Rossellini seems to imply, coarsens both the conqueror and the conquered.

Rossellini had set a course that other film makers were quick to follow. For the first time in their lives, they could make the films their consciences dictated without fear of reprisal or unemployment. It was a great moment in the Italian cinema—and many of the pictures that resulted were also great. De Sica's *Sciuscià* (*Shoeshine*), Zampa's *Vivere in Pace* (*To Live in Peace*), Visconti's *La Terra Trema* (*The Earth Trembles*) all sprang from this same impulse—to draw for the Italians a true account of their lives and their times, and to set it forth realistically and without adornment. Inevitably, this degree of realism was not universally acclaimed. When De Sica's *Ladri di Biciclette* (*The Bicycle Thief*) came to this country, for example, the Production Code people would not grant it a Seal unless the distributors eliminated a short flash showing a little boy, his back only partially turned to the camera, quite obviously urinating in the street. Others objected to the fact that, in the course of his frantic search for a stolen bicycle, the father takes his boy into a brothel (although, since it is Sunday morning, the women are not exhibiting their wares). But the distributors stood their ground and the film, shown intact, became not only one of the most widely praised but one of the most profitable Italian pictures ever to play in the United States.

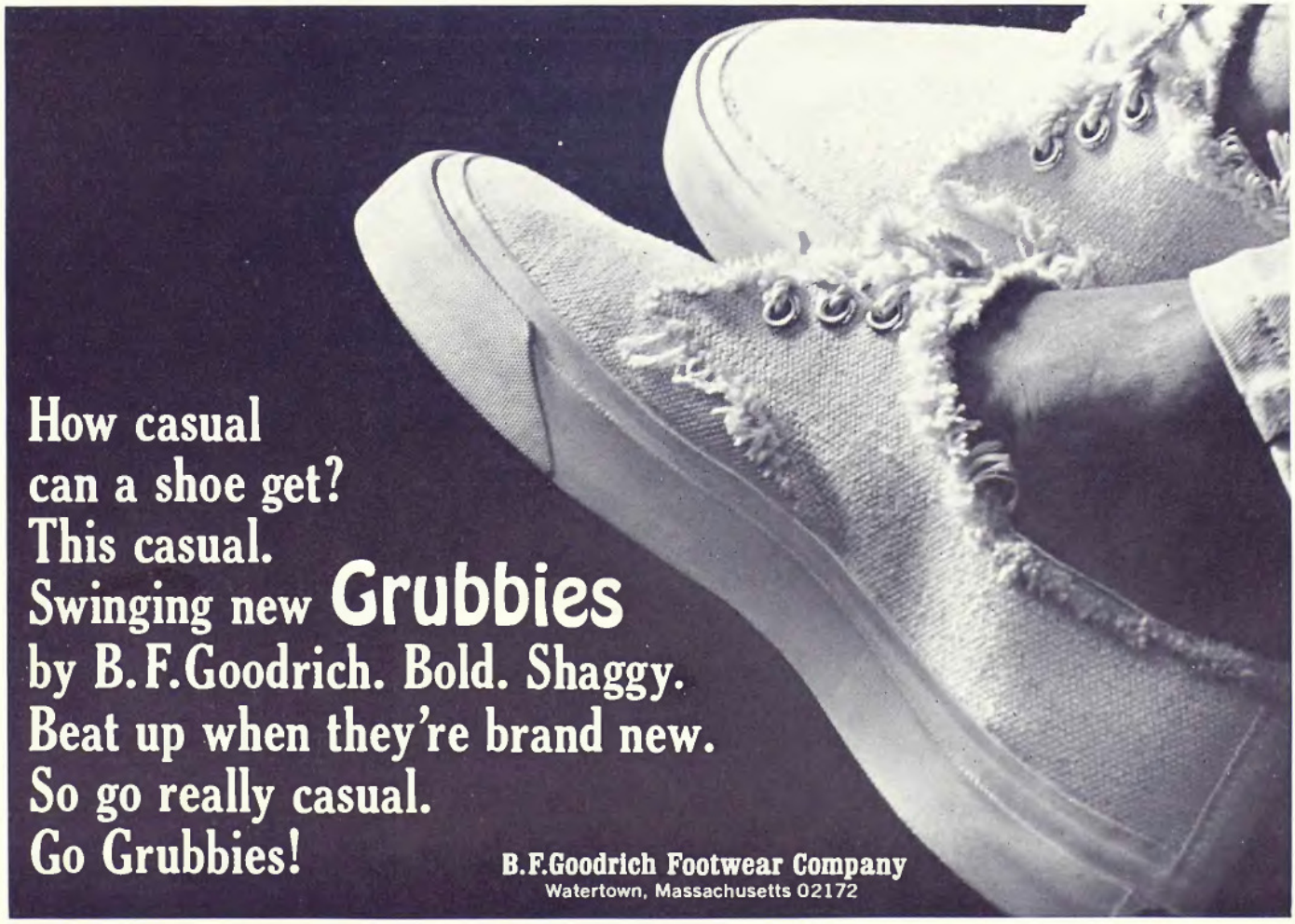
"I'll have a Coca-Cola Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., please."

While it is pointless to question the sincerity that lay behind most neorealist films produced in the years immediately after the War, neither can one blink away the fact that many themes were chosen for their exploitability or for the relative ease with which their documentary settings could be used as backdrops for melodrama, mayhem and sex. The Tombolo, for example, a heavily wooded area near the port town of Livorno, had become notorious throughout post-War Italy as a hide-out for American Army deserters, Negro and white, who lived there in open defiance of the law with town prostitutes and other criminal elements. It inspired such sensational items as *Tombolo, Paradiso Nero* (*Tombolo, Black Paradise*) and *Senza Pietà* (*Without Pity*), both depicting in lurid detail the rampant vice and lawlessness of the place, but centering their stories on cases of miscegenation—Negro GIs and Italian whores. *Gioventù Perduta* (*Lost Youth*), by Pietro Germi, dealt no less candidly with teenage delinquency just after the War, paying particular attention to the criminal activities of teenaged gangs. *Il Bandito* (*The Bandit*), with Anna Magnani, began simply enough as an account of the problems facing a young soldier upon his return to civilian life, but soon got beyond that when the young man, following a pair of pretty legs to a brothel, discovers that the girl is actually his sister. He promptly kills her pimp and sets off on a spectacular, if brief, life of crime.

But the picture that, for all time, turned neorealism in a new direction and profoundly affected every aspect of Italian production was Giuseppe de Santis' resoundingly successful *Riso Amaro* (*Bitter Rice*). Once again, it was a film that used a real setting and real people as its point of departure—the *mondine*, the migratory workers who harvest the rice crops in the Po valley. In this instance, they are primarily women. And among the women, wearing short shorts, loose blouse and incongruous long black stockings, stands the voluptuously proportioned Silvana Mangano. As *The New York Times* put it, "It is not too excessive to describe her as Anna Magnani minus 15 years, Ingrid Bergman with a Latin disposition, and Rita Hayworth plus 25 pounds." A big, fun-loving girl, she is half-seduced, half-raped by a fugitive from justice (Vittorio Gassman) in a wild, rough-and-tumble scuffle in a barn, then abandoned to her fate.

What the Italians learned from *Bitter Rice* was that all around the world there was a considerable public for big, fun-loving girls wearing brief pants, loose blouses and long black stockings. Almost overnight the earthy Anna Magnanis were displaced by the new neorealist heroines—full-busted, long-stemmed beauties like Gina Lollobrigida, Silvana Pampanini, Eleonora Rossi-Drago and Sophia Loren. These were the new stars to which the Italian studios hitched their vehicles.

At the same time, toward the end of the decade, as the country returned to normalcy and producers were able to lay their hands on greater sums of risk capital, the old Italian taste for sex-laced spectacles began to reassert itself. Probably no other nation has ever relished quite so much the opportunity to dress up and play its past—the good bad old days at Pompeii, the good bad old days of bread and circuses in Rome. In 1948, for the fourth time, the Italians prepared a mammoth superproduction, with a mixed French and Italian cast, of that old war horse, *Gli Ultimi Giorni di Pompei* (*The Last Days of Pompeii*). Simultaneously, Alessandro Blasetti—he of *Four Steps in the Clouds*—directed a huge Franco-Italian co-production of Nicholas Wiseman's venerable *Fabiola*, also a remake, starring Michèle Morgan and Michel Simon. "Two hundred leading French and Italian athletes engaging in spectacular feats of arms of ancient times," read the preliminary announcements, "and 7000 actors, bit players and extras." For all this extravagance, its complex story of skulduggery in Fourth Century Rome, when Christians were still being fed to the lions with alarming regu-



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larity, proved routine and dull—while the sequences that Blasetti had introduced to spice the proceedings (dozens of naked girls herded into the blood-flecked arena, dozens more dangling from crosses while flames licked at their feet) were absent from the American version. It was from such precedents as these, however, that Joseph E. Levine was to amass a fortune just a decade later.

One more film needs mention before the Forties draw to a close, although its full significance was not apparent until the early Fifties. In 1948, to honor the talents of Anna Magnani, Roberto Rossellini prepared a modest two-part film entitled *Amore* (*Love*). The first half, *La Voce Umana* (*The Telephone*), based on an absorbing but uncommercial one-act play by Jean Cocteau, never reached this country. The other half, however, was called *Il Miracolo* (*The Miracle*), and it reached not only this country but its courts as well. In it, Magnani appears as a simple-minded peasant girl who, seduced by a passing vagabond (played, incidentally, by Federico Fellini), becomes convinced that the man is St. Joseph. When she discovers she is to have a baby, she thinks of the Virgin Mary before her and her baby. Mocked by the villagers, who place a bedpan on her head instead of a halo and pelt her with garbage instead of flowers, she withdraws into the hills to await her time, then climbs painfully to a stable on a mountaintop, where she gives birth to her child. The final shot is her radiant, beatific smile as she bares her breast to give suck to the infant. New York's censors, at the insistence of the Catholic Church, hauled it off the screen as "sacrilegious" days after its opening, early in 1950. But its courageous distributor, the late Joseph Burstyn, initiated a series of court battles that was to shake the very foundations for legal censorship in the United States. For all its artistic merits, *The Miracle* will live in film history as the motion picture that wrung from the U. S. Supreme Court the admission that the film is a medium of communication subject to all the freedoms and protection guaranteed by the First Amendment. That in itself was no small miracle.

In the next installment of "The History of Sex in Cinema," authors Knight and Alpert scrutinize the charismatic sex stars of the Forties: leggy wartime pin-ups such as Lana Turner, Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth; sultry femmes fatales such as Ava Gardner, Lauren Bacall and Veronica Lake; beefcake boys such as Victor Mature, Robert Mitchum and Errol Flynn; teenage dreamboats such as Van Johnson and Frank Sinatra; matinee idols such as Alan Ladd and Gregory Peck; and everybody's favorite tough guy, the late, great Humphrey Bogart.

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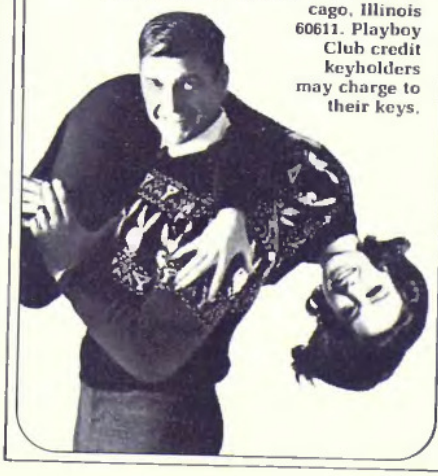

ASSIGNATION *(continued from page 138)*

SHE:

You know, you're different.

HE:

You're so { bewitching / bedeviling / entrancing / overpowering / overbearing / inhibited / hairy / thin / -so. }

SHE:

It's so { delightful / dark / deep / damp / dank } in here.

HE:

Your lips are so soft.

SHE:

Your hands are so strong.

HE:

Your breasts are so firm.

SHE:

Your beard is so rough.

HE:

So is yours.

SHE:

Your belly is like a heap of wheat that is set about with lilies. Please don't leave any { hickies / scars / evidence. }

HE:

Are you { ticklish / insensible / active politically? }

SHE:

Have you ever had { your picture taken / a Swedish massage / a Polish sausage / a blood test? }

HE:

Have you been { married / divorced / incarcerated / to a Happening? }

SHE:

Yes, and I was { cured / drunk / careless / framed / jilted. }

(or)

No, but { it tastes awful / it sounds terrible / it's none of your business. }

HE:

Do you think you could ever become involved with somebody so { simple / sturdy / stupid / supercilious / pretty / petty / prosperous / possessive / explicit / exquisite / brilliant / bibulous / insignificant / well endowed? }

SHE:

Where did you say the bathroom was? I'm going to leave you for a moment.

HE:

Be careful. Don't step on the { cat / dog / baby / broken glass. }

Would you bring me { a pill / a towel / that yellow jar in the medicine cabinet? }
Get under the sheets.

SHE:

Turn out the lights. / You're so { warm / strong / lovable / greasy. }

HE:

Whose { elbow / heel / breast / nose / gum } is this?

SHE:

Kiss me.

HE:

I have an idea. { Pick up / Tuck up } that pillow.

SHE:

I have { a cramp / understanding parents / never done this before. }

"I'm OK, I just slipped in something!"

HE:

It's so { nice / hot / heavy / cold / cozy / comfy / sticky. }

You are { tickling / choking / scratching / killing / bifurcating } me.

SHE:

You are { terrific / fantastic / an animal! }

HE:

I've never had such a { good time / strenuous workout / sordid experience. }

SHE:

Let's try it { on the back / sideways / upside down / inside out / on your head / sitting / swinging / standing / swimming / in a parachute. }

HE:

Why not?

SHE:

Don't!
No!
I said no!
Not that!
Not yet!
Positively not!
It hurts!
Oh!
Easy!
Ouch!

HE:

I wish I'd met you when I was { younger / older / single / just starting out. }

It's like { drifting into space / racing to the moon / falling from a star / landing on a cloud / a nuclear explosion / the Lincoln Tunnel. }

SHE:

Don't { bite / beat / kill } me.

Be nice.

HE:

Shut up.

SHE:

I'm going to faint.

HE:

Ready?

SHE:

Almost.
Not yet.
Uh-uh.

HE:

Uh-huh.

SHE:

{ Ah, / Ach, / Oh, / Oy, } baby!

HE:

Eureka!

SHE:

Geronimo!

HE AND SHE:

I love you.

HE AND SHE:

What did you say your name was?

AFTER

SHE:

Oh, my God! { What time is it? / What happened? / Where am I? / Who are you? / Why are you looking at me like that? }

How did I get { here / there / in such a condition? }

HE:

What { day / date / season / country } is this?

SHE:

I don't remember a thing.

HE:

I've got a terrible { headache / hangover / taste in my mouth. }

SHE:

May I have { an aspirin / a drink / a dollar / a toothbrush / a cigarette? }

HE:

Sorry, but { I'm out / I'm dry / I'm broke / I don't use them / I just smoked the last one. }

SHE:

I'm so hungry I could eat { my hat / a horse. }

HE:

Sorry, but I'm out of { juice / coffee / eggs / butter / bread / sugar / cereal / milk / bacon / breath. }

SHE:

I have to work today.

HE:

You must leave at once.

SHE:

I have to meet my { brother / father / lawyer } in twenty minutes.

HE:

I'm expecting my { brother / father / lawyer } in twenty minutes.

SHE:

Where are my { hairpins / garters / friends? }

HE:

Look under the { bed / chair / rug / covers / mattress / porch. }

SHE:

I can't find them anywhere. I don't suppose you have a { razor / comb / nail file / Kleenex / safety pin / clean shirt. }

Would you please { button / clasp / clip / zip / snip / snap } my { dress / blouse / shoe / bra? }

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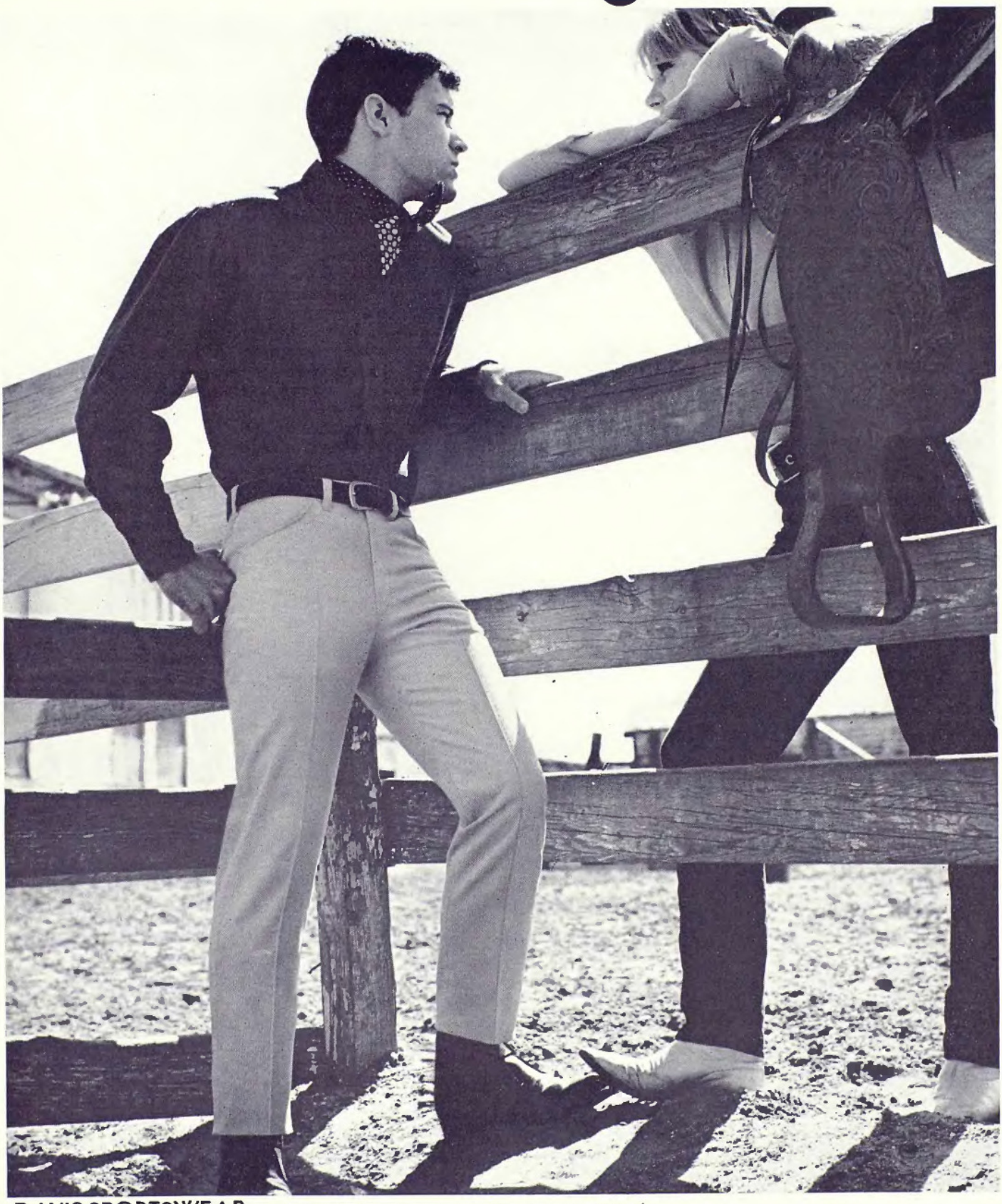

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Would you take me to the nearest { streetcar / cabstand / subway platform / brothel? }

HE:

I have a { flat tire / trick knee / fear of daylight. }
I'm out of gas.
The battery is dead.
The keys are missing.
You're better off by yourself.

SHE:

Would you give me cab fare back to town?

HE:

Sorry, but I'm completely out of { funds / change / patience. }

Would you mind { taking the back way out / being quiet going down / getting out of here right now? }

Don't forget your { handbag / handkerchief / Sen-Sen / equipment. }

It would be wiser if the { doorman / desk clerk / neighborhood } didn't see you.

Let me check whether the way is clear. Don't { cough / talk too loud / burp / giggle / cry / sneeze / slam the door / slide down the banister / come back. }

SHE:

Bye-bye.

HE:

See you around.

SHE:

Sorry about that little accident.

HE:

Just so I know how to get in touch with you.

SHE:

I'm in the book.

HE AND SHE:

What did you say your name was?

PLAYBOY LARDER

(continued from page 157)

Prejudice aside, there *are* certain canned foods that come off even more taste-temptingly than their green-grocery counterparts: mackerel in white wine, for instance, or plum tomatoes, silver onions, tiny beets, red cabbage and tropical fruits such as papayas or mangoes in heavy syrup. Of course, you can debate the virtues of such delicious fare as imported quenelles of fish from France versus the fresh varieties. But when you heat the canned quenelles with sweet cream and sherry, and take them piping hot to the table, debates cease and both sides plunge into foodstuffs at hand.

The following seven-layer larder, with approximate quantities of each item, is planned to keep the busy bachelor ready for any gastronomic delight.

HORS D'OEUVRES

- 6 ozs. beluga caviar
- 4 ozs. *pâté de foie gras*
- 4 ozs. *purée de fois* with truffles
- 5 ozs. sliced prosciutto
- 8 ozs. baby eggplant with dill
- 6 ozs. tiny artichoke hearts in olive oil, in jar
- 6 ozs. canned mackerel fillets in white wine
- 4 ozs. canned French or Portuguese boneless and skinless sardines
- 4 ozs. canned Reymersholm marinated fillets of smoked herring
- 4 ozs. canned Abba banquet herring in madeira
- 8 ozs. canned Nova Scotia sliced salmon, frozen
- 3 ozs. canned English *pâté* of smoked kipper
- 2 ozs. flat anchovies in olive oil
- 2-oz. tube anchovy paste
- 4 ozs. canned smoked oysters
- 6 ozs. canned cocktail pork sausages
- 8 ozs. canned Dutch cocktail meatballs
- 2 pkgs. assorted frozen hors d'oeuvres for baking
- 2 pkgs. frozen miniature quiche lorraine
- 1 8-oz. can colossal green ripe olives
- 1 10-oz. jar triple stuffed olives
- 2 pkgs. cocktail crackers or thin bread for canapés
- 3 pkgs. tartlet shells for hors d'oeuvres

These curtain raisers sometimes take over the whole show at today's informal drinking sessions. Two classics, caviar and *pâté de foie gras*, are still the most popular, although a special word of praise must be given to the Louis Henry *purée de foie truffée*—a delicious goose-liver spread from Strasbourg. The old custom of serving hors d'oeuvres in their original tins is simply an excuse for the host to prove to his guests that his caviar is the genuine stuff and that his sardines were packed in Norway and not in Maine. And we like to see French *pâté*

de foie gras served in the original crock —it has a certain charm. But, in most other cases, conspicuous consumption is neither smart nor sophisticated. The most inviting way of offering up chilled hors d'oeuvres is to empty them into a sectional hors d'oeuvre platter. (Chill the contents of cans or jars by placing them, opened, in the freezer for 30 to 45 minutes.) Hot hors d'oeuvres should be preheated in the kitchen and then kept simmering in a chafing dish or on an electric hot tray. Cocktail crackers or tartlet shells should always be tasted for freshness and recrisped in a moderate oven if necessary.

COCKTAIL SNACKS

8-oz. jar maraschino cherries with stems
2 5-oz. jars pitted martini olives
1 3-oz. jar pearl onions
1 5-oz. jar cocktail orange slices in syrup
1 7-oz. can salted cocktail almonds
2 7-oz. jars Macadamia nuts
2 2-oz. jars mushroom nibbles
1 6-oz. can cheesecuits
1 pkg. shrimp chips, uncooked

For delicious hot shrimp, fry the chips in deep fat, then salt them generously. All unused bar fruits and olives should be stored tightly covered in the refrigerator.

SOUPS
(in standard-sized cans)

4 cans black bean
4 cans Maine lobster bisque
4 cans Scotch broth
4 cans cream of cucumber
4 cans pheasant consommé with sherry
3 cans clear green turtle
4 cans consommé madrilene
4 cans *petite marmite*
4 cans chicken broth with rice

Almost any soup served in the evening —excluding the chicken broth—will be doubly delightful if you add 1 tablespoon (no more) dry sherry per serving. Garnish black bean soup with a slice of lemon, a chopped hard-boiled egg or frankfurter slices. Serve all thick soups bubbling hot in a tureen. Soup is best when served in bowls or cups that have been preheated by rinsing in hot water. Sprinkle chopped chives or chopped parsley over thin soups.

FISH AND SEAFOOD
(in standard-sized cans)

2 10-oz. cans frozen fresh jumbo lump crab meat or 7-oz. cans fancy Japanese crab meat
2 cans Swedish fish balls
2 cans quenelles of pike in shrimp sauce
3 cans Norwegian sardines
3 pairs shad roe, frozen, or 3 cans shad roe
3 cans rainbow trout grilled in butter
6 cans tuna fish in olive oil
3 pkgs. frozen rock lobster tails

In 1837, Thomas Walker, an English gourmet, writing on the art of dining, penned, "The rule generally followed is to think what the guests are accustomed to, whereas it should be reversed, and what they are not accustomed to should rather be set before them." For following Walker's advice, try fish balls from Sweden; they're given the flour, egg and bread-crumb treatment and fried in deep fat. Serve with a tomato sauce made sweet and sour with sugar and vinegar, and spiced with dill weed. Serve shad roe with a lemon-butter sauce and crisp bacon.

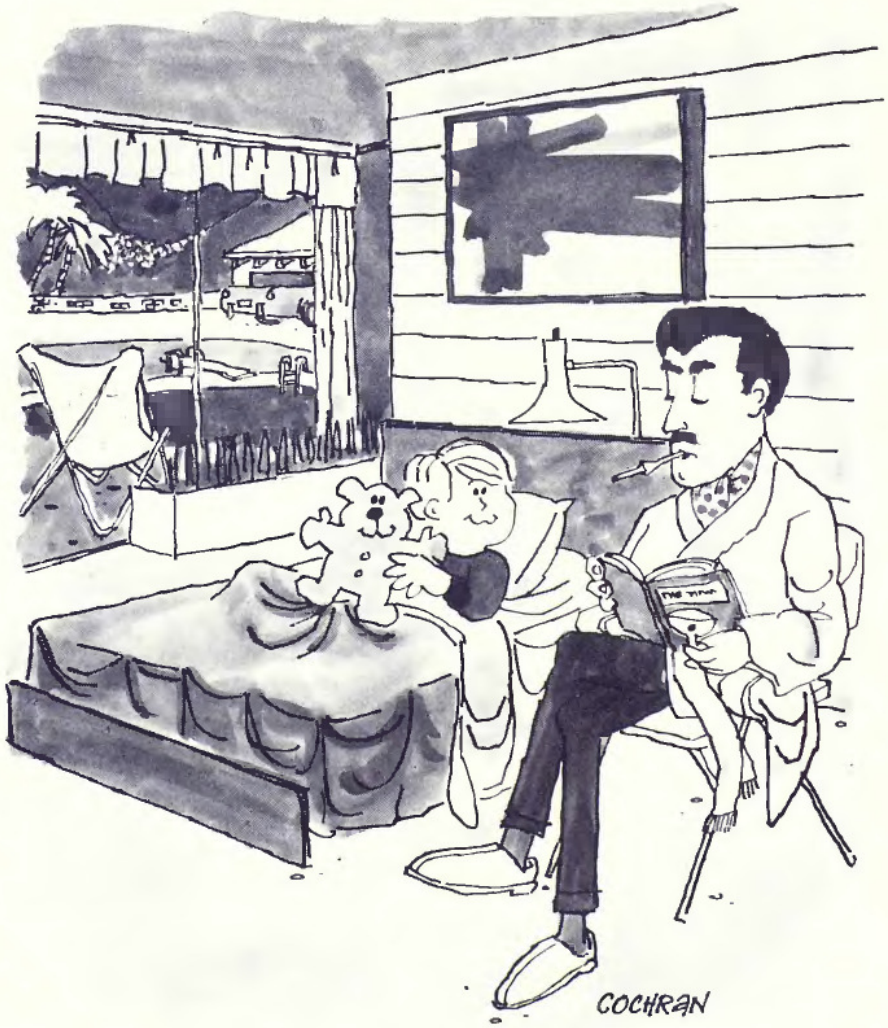
MEATS AND POULTRY

6 frozen strip sirloin steaks
1 frozen whole sirloin
6 frozen lamb steaks
12 frozen rib or loin lamb chops
12 frozen slices veal for scaloppine
6 12-oz. frozen pork tenderloins
1 3-lb. can imported ham
2 1-lb. cans Danish bacon
1½ lbs. frozen chicken livers
6 frozen Rock Cornish game hens
6 whole frozen squabs
2 12-oz. jars breast of chicken

When buying meat, go to a butcher who will slice cuts to your specifications. Select only those that can be taken directly from your freezer to the fire. Shun frozen meats cooked in a sauce. We've tasted store-bought freezings of beef Bourguignon, beef Stroganoff and *coq au vin*, and most of them are poor imitations. If you want to include these dishes in your basic larder, make an extra supply when you're cooking them and then store it in your freezer. If you want wild game, find a butcher who knows something about it (many of the better men's clubs offer special services on preparing game). Canned ham, bacon and chicken in jars are particularly right at late-supper fetes and brunches.

GOURMET VEGETABLES

2 10-oz. cans cooked wild rice
2 7/8-oz. cans black truffles
2 7-oz. cans sliced German celery knobs



"Once upon a time there was a momma bear and a poppa bear and a baby bear by a previous marriage . . ."

2 7-oz. cans French artichoke bottoms
2 7-oz. jars Belgian whole baby carrots
3 4¾-oz. cans mushrooms broiled in butter
2 5-oz. cans French chanterelles
2 5-oz. cans French whole natural chestnuts
2 7-oz. cans Brazilian hearts of palm

Most trenchermen stock their larders with various frozen vegetables, such as peas or green string beans, as they're easier to store and often match the fresh variety in taste, which is all right, as far as it goes; but canned vegetables from abroad often have no domestic equals. As garnishes, they add a luscious halo to many an otherwise pedestrian dish.

CHEESES

1 lb. gourmandise with kirsch
½ lb. gorgonzola or roquefort
1 lb. caerphilly
1 lb. brie or camembert
Swiss emmentaler or gruyère (natural) —1 lb. for dessert or 1½ lbs. for fondue
1 lb. bel paese
1 8-oz. crock cheddar in sherry

The cheese section of your pantry calls for a wise eye and nose. Buy cocktail and dessert cheeses only when they're ripe, being sure to guard against overripeness, particularly with brie or camembert. Store your selections in the refrigerator in their own humidor. Be sure to wrap chunks cut from a cheese wheel in polyethylene paper. To liberate the full aroma, cheese should stand at room temperature for at least one hour before it appears on the buffet table.

DESSERTS

2 15-oz. cans black pitted cherries
2 10-oz. jars pears in crème de menthe
2 19-oz. jars brandied peaches
3 6-oz. cans mangoes in syrup
3 6-oz. cans papayas in syrup
2 5-oz. jars whole marrons in vanilla syrup
2 pkgs. Baba de Paris
2 5-oz. pkgs. Gâteau (Belin) au Grand Marnier
2 7-oz. jars crepes suzette
1 1-lb. pkg. *petit beurre* cookies
1 pkg. of 40 *petits fours*
2 6-oz. bottles melba sauce
2 9-oz. jars Nesselrode sauce

Visit the nearest bakery and store an armload of their freshest baking in your frozen larder. Both bread and cake can be thawed or reheated to recapture their natural freshness. In many bachelors' quarters, a generous serving of ice cream is the proper topper to the meal. It can be garnished with fruit, fruit sauces or fruit flambeau.

Keep your larder in top shape by replenishing supplies as they diminish. A well-stocked bachelor buttery not only opens the door to a wealth of comestibles but also gives party-minded gourmets plenty of tasty excuses for keeping the fun and frolic rolling along.

"We all have our little idiosyncrasies, Mr. Bellows."

SCAVENGER HUNT

(continued from page 128)

the required uplift was soon supplied by a not-so-inscrutable Japanese industrialist named Soichiro Honda (see *On the Scene*, PLAYBOY, January 1965). Realizing that the modern motorist had very little use for the noisy, heavy and hard to-handle machines of the day—whose exposed engines were guaranteed to leave their telltale grease deposits on trousers and whose temperamental starters often called for the kicks of a karate expert—Honda introduced the motorcycling *cognoscenti* to a smaller, quieter prototype with such sophisticated features as an enclosed power plant and an electric starter. (His way had been paved to some extent by a flurry of American interest in the handy little Italian motor scooters of Vespa and Lambretta.) Soon a stream of similarly endowed street machines appeared on the American market—ranging from the Japanese-made models of Honda, Suzuki and Yamaha to the new and smaller cycles of American producers such as Harley-Davidson—and by the time the current decade rolled around, a new motorcycling mania had gripped the land. Professional men began tooling to work atop their trusty two-wheelers without the slightest show of self-consciousness, and students who had previously faced rigid campus auto restrictions came to consider the cycle *de rigueur* for commuting to class. The number of registered two-wheelers in America varoomed from a modest 200,000 in 1961 to an estimated 2,000,000 in five years.

It was only a matter of time, therefore, before this new breed of cyclist would look beyond such functions of cycling as commuting and shopping to the more recreational possibilities of his off-hours motoring. For the really competitive type, racing was the obvious answer. For those who didn't care to equate their sport with horsepower alone, the weekend pastimes of rallying and economy-run cycling proved as exciting on two wheels as they were on four. And the daredevil drivers could content themselves with an occasional scramble—racing around a closed obstacle course. In short, the possibilities for organized enjoyment on two wheels were limitless.

But what about the opportunities for some good old-fashioned impromptu fun? In the general scurry to form clubs and sponsor a wide spectrum of formalized competitive events, contemporary cyclists have overlooked the pleasurable possibilities of combining their versatile vehicles with the casual format of an afternoon party. And it is with this sort of fun-loving and freewheeling assembly in mind that PLAYBOY offers its latest in a long line of Party Games: the Motorcycle Scavenger Hunt.

The rules are simple: Like most

scavenger hunts, the object of the game is for all contestants to bring back a predetermined assortment of hard-to-come-by items within a prescribed time limit—in this case, three hours. Although any number can play, we've found that the contest stays more congenial if the number is limited to six or eight couples. And while some scavenger-hunt lists contain as many as a dozen items of contraband, we prefer to limit the search to the more sporting number of six. A few days before the running, the host and a tight-lipped confidant or two should compile lists of oddball swag. Since the contestant couples may be carrying out the search in a local area, there should be no duplication of items, thus avoiding arguments should two sets of searchers converge on the same objective. Naturally, the contestants will not be able to tote the spoils around all afternoon, so the host should provide a depot where the cyclists can stockpile their pillage during the hunt. The game can also be made more challenging if a one-through-five-point system is established whereby an easily discovered bit of booty —for example, a restaurant's dinner menu—rates one point, but a German World War One helmet would tally up three or four. Thus, couples can decide whether to hunt only the toughest quarry or to stick to easy pickings. In other words, sending one of your groups' twosomes in search of anything as large as a bass fiddle or as heavy as a Saint Bernard is definitely unfair play.

While the very name scavenger hunt implies that the participants will beg, borrow or commandeer the items on their lists, it's a good idea to request that all cash, except a dime that's to be used only for an emergency phone call, be left back at the host's. In this way, the temptation to hedge a bit on the rules will be removed. However, all pirateers should carry a wallet or purse well stocked with identification, to lessen the chance that a friendly balloon vendor will shy away from lending a dozen of his most colorful specimens to a couple of fast-talking urban marauders. (It's perfectly acceptable to agree to buy the booty *after* the hunt is over; any pre-deadline loan can later be paid off with a post-deadline purchase.) Players should also carry a notebook to jot down the source and description of each item. Either the host or the losers can undertake the return of the merchandise. We prefer assigning the chore to all defeated duos, thus easing an otherwise tedious task.

Assuming that you and your cyclemates will want to make a day of it, arrange to hold your treasure hunt on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon. The former is preferable, since most stores and public buildings are open, thus providing the players with a wider variety of likely spots to search for their booty.

Just before the contestants start their motors, the host should place all the treasure lists in plain envelopes and let a female from each team grab for her team's scrounge sheet. Give everyone a few minutes to go over their lists before lining them up for a 15-yard dash to their cycles in traditional Le Mans style.

A first-rate barbecue bash will cap the day with a festive flourish. The triumphant couple can be presented with an inscribed winner's trophy filled to the brim with a well-chilled brew or bubbly. Should two teams return at the same time with all the proper plunder, a tie is declared and a coin is flipped to see who gets to carry home the loving cup. If no team brings back all six items of booty, but several tie with four or five, the host should use the point system in determining the winner. Once the winner is decided, the formal ceremony of the chugalug is followed by an anything-but-formal grub session as guests and host relax round the barbecue pit while retelling the wacky adventures of their day on wheels.

For a chart listing the salient features of a representative sampling of foreign and domestic motorcycles with engine displacements of 250 cubic centimeters and under, see page 132.

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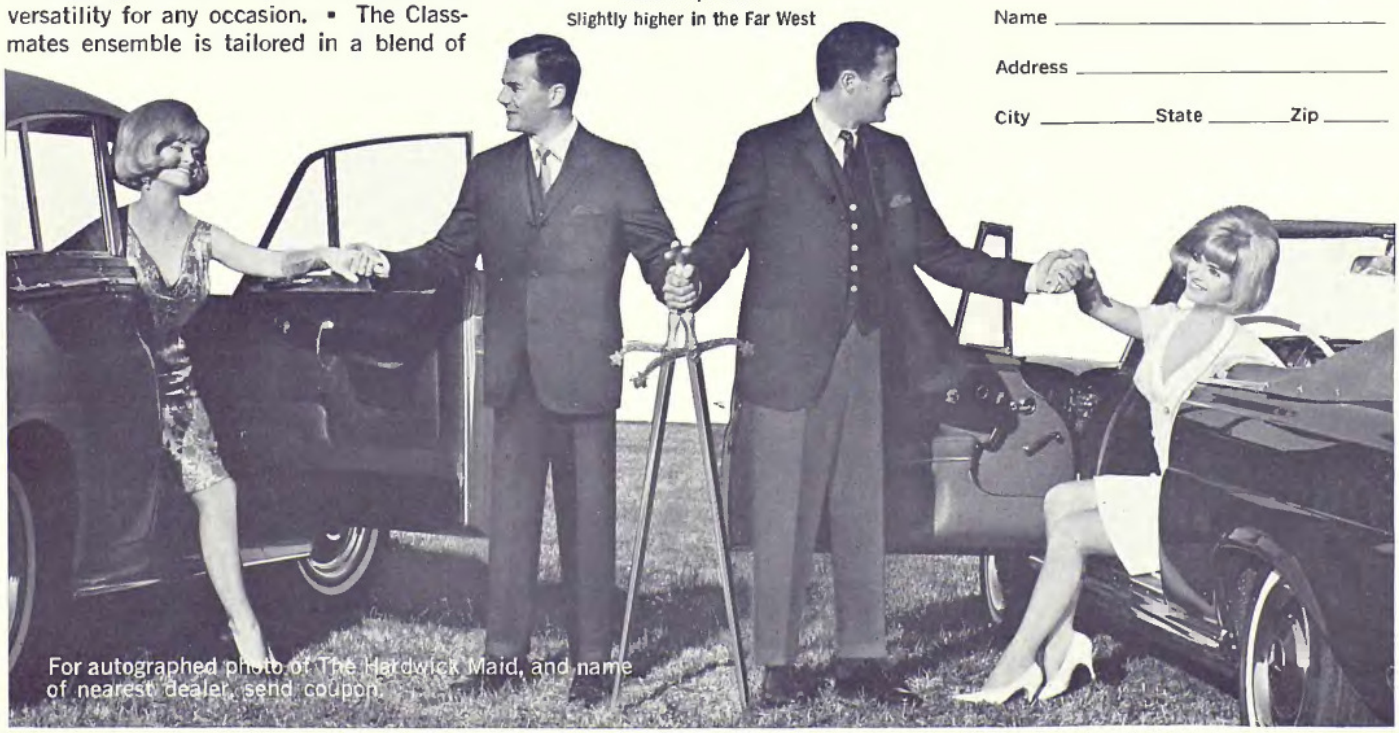

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GOLO OF TROY *(continued from page 127)*

jokers out. Matsoukas watched with delight the way he handled the cards, the way his long pale fingers shuffled in a dancing rhythm, the cards becoming an extension of his hands, slicing between one another in swift sure passage.

Old Gero Kampana raised his head and sniffed the air. "New deal!" he cried with delight. "New deal!"

Cicero passed the deck to Fatsas for the cut. Then he rapped the table lightly to signal the deal. He held the deck securely in his hand and with a deft snapping motion of his fingers skimmed the cards toward the players, each card coming to rest face down before each man's money. At the end of the round he barely altered the position of his fingers and the second card was pitched face up with the corner just touching the rim of the first card.

"Queen, ten, five, eight, jack," Cicero quietly called the quick and silent fall of the cards. "Queen bets."

With a five as the higher of his first two cards, Matsoukas folded.

"You play cautiously," Roumbakakis chided him.

"We are doomed to the dictates of our natures," Matsoukas smiled. "Mine is cautious, conservative."

Fatsas released a snort. When Roumbakakis looked sharply at him, he stared innocently at his cards.

"The game loses savor when played cautiously," Roumbakakis said. "I like to play by driving forward boldly. That is the Greek tradition in warfare and in life." He won the pot by pairing his queen on the last card. Fatsas threw in his jacks with disgust. Charilaos sighed. Poulos stared idly at his fingernails.

Fatsas threw in a dollar ante somberly. "Forty years I have been married to these pasteboard bastards and bitches," he said. "Nothing but grief and despair."

"A man makes his own destiny," Roumbakakis smiled broadly, showing an awesome structure of gold fillings.

If I could pluck a few of those, Matsoukas thought. "The gold of Troy," he said aloud.

"Pardon me?" Roumbakakis said, fearing there was a compliment he might have missed.

"This game is becoming a bloody bridge session," Fatsas grumbled. "A man can't concentrate on the bloody cards."

"Your disposition is less than congenial," Roumbakakis snapped. "The way in which a man loses reveals his character."

"Jack-five, ten-nine possible straight, pair of sixes, king-seven possible flush," Cicero called. "Pair of sixes bet."

Matsoukas played no-stay for the next seven hands. He could not afford to remain without a solid pair. One hand he held to the fifth card, feeling certain that Roumbakakis was preparing nervously to bluff. He bet lightly into the Fig King.

"Your five and twenty dollars more," Roumbakakis said.

Matsoukas hesitated to suggest indecision and then, as if agitated by his prudent nature, turned his cards over.

Roumbakakis laughed with delight and scooped in the pot. His flushed cheeks were clear evidence he had pulled off a bluff.

They played through the afternoon. Big Carl, heavy-bodied and lynx-eyed, replaced Cicero for an hour. When Cicero returned, he walked a little unsteadily toward the table and a certain limpness marked his lips. Matsoukas looked at him with concern, but his fingers did not waver as he resumed the deal. In his absence Matsoukas had strengthened his stake by winning about $150.

The tide turned against Roumbakakis and he began to lose. He continued to play as boldly as he had played when he had been winning and lost quickly and heavily. Matsoukas began to win more steadily and little by little the hands narrowed into a battle between the Fig King and himself. Fatsas and Charilaos and Poulos dropped from the game and the two of them played on alone with the limit raised to $50.

"Your twenty and raise you thirty," Matsoukas said.

Roumbakakis cursed under his breath and threw in $30. With a sharp look at Matsoukas, he threw in three more tens. "Back to you," he said.

"Triple ten raise to the sevens," Cicero said quietly.

"Of course," Matsoukas smiled. "Add fifty more to that." He put $80 into the pot.

Roumbakakis trembled with agitation and frustration. He cleared his throat with the sound of ice being crunched. He threw in the $50 almost in defiance and flipped over his cards.

"Aces and fours," he said.

"Three sevens," Matsoukas said gravely.

"Three of a kind again!" Roumbakakis cried and slammed the table with his fist. The cards and money jumped.

"New deal!" Gero Kampana came awake with a cry. "New deal!"

Roumbakakis signaled impatiently for the game to resume. All his amiability had fled and he played with a harsh and reckless anger. The next hand he bet senselessly against a pair of jacks and lost $70 to Matsoukas by remaining after he knew he was beaten. When his fury had robbed him of any capacity to play effectively he rose violently from his chair, which fell backward and struck the floor.

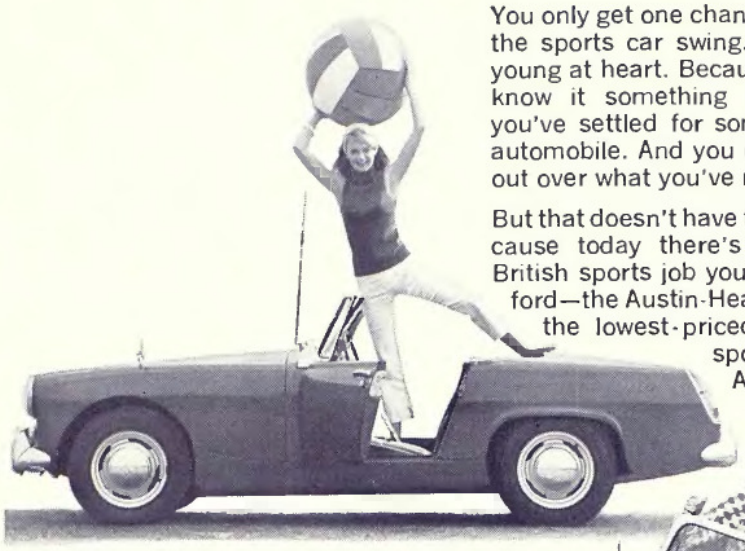
"I cannot play for peanuts!" Roumbakakis said hoarsely. "I wish to play no-limit! I will put all my resources in this game and we will see!"

"No," Matsoukas said quietly. "We will allow the fifty-dollar limit to remain or we will stop."

"You are afraid!" Roumbakakis cried.

"Man, you are unbalanced by anger," Matsoukas said patiently. "You could

"Sometimes I wonder if Brother Ignatius is meditating or reminiscing."



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lose a small fortune before you regained your rattled senses. It would be plucking feathers from a dead pigeon."

"Who are you to tell me what I am?" Roumbakakis shouted. "I am a man of considerable prominence in this city. I have intimate friends in City Hall. I demand to play no-limit!"

"Not with me," Matsoukas said and calmly began to count the sheaf of bills before him. Roumbakakis watched, quivering with fury.

"Six hundred forty," Matsoukas said. "Six hundred fifty and the final twenty makes a total of six hundred seventy dollars." He smiled amiably at Roumbakakis. "The way in which a man loses reveals his character," he said. "I am pleased you take it with such grace."

Matsoukas started for the door with a final grin at Roumbakakis.

"I see it all now," Roumbakakis said hoarsely. "I see now that I have been involved in a game with . . . with a cheat!"

Cicero let loose a fierce tight cry. His pale face was livid with fury, his lips as sharp as the blade of a knife. He lunged at the Fig King with his thin arms flailing the air. Matsoukas moved swiftly and caught him in the cradle of his arm. He held him gently but firmly as the dealer struggled to break free.

"Let me at him!" Cicero cried. "I will tear off his goddamn jackass ears!"

"All right, now," Matsoukas sought to console him. "It's all right, my friend. The buffoon isn't worth a blow." Still restraining Cicero, he turned to Roumbakakis. "Listen to me, Fig King," he said softly, "when you make an allegation against me, you also slander a dealer who is known all over the country for the relentless honesty of his deal. For that reason I will enlighten your ignorance." He paused. "While you have been accumulating figs, I have spent some considerable time playing bank craps, open craps, blackjack, roulette, *chemin de fer*, baccarat, gin rummy, poker, draw and stud, keno and the match game. I have bet on horse races, lotteries, sweepstakes, pools, raffles and varied and assorted carnival and amusement-park games."

Roumbakakis shrugged scornfully, as if the information confirmed his own observation.

"Take the game in question, stud poker," Matsoukas said. "To suggest that I am a card carpenter, that I have thimble-rigged, switched, palmed or stacked any card in the play is a stupid impertinence. To suggest that you have been trimmed, fleeced, flushed and clipped requires an incredible pomposity. To cheat in a game with you is to resort to an enema for a sliver in my finger."

Roumbakakis flushed and opened his mouth to cry out. Matsoukas cut him off sharply.

"You are not listening," Matsoukas said. "Poker is a skill and your arrogance, incompetence and pomposity doom you to what you are in this game and will always be—a bird, a greenie, a rabbit and a pigeon."

"Hold on, now!" Roumbakakis cried in an outraged voice.

"Let me clip the bastard just once!" Cicero pleaded for Matsoukas to release him.

"I will spell it out in figs," Matsoukas said to Roumbakakis. "Poker is a game of deception, strategy, mathematics and psychology. You play it as a game of chance, alibis, frets, frowns and squawks."

Roumbakakis tried to form words to answer, but no sound passed his lips. His face had grown darker, his eyes strangely glazed, and he chewed helplessly against the fillings of his gold teeth.

Matsoukas prodded Cicero, who had quieted slightly, toward the door. He turned in a final summary to Roumbakakis. "My advice to you, old sport," he said, "is to avoid poker. Find another game at which you might hope to achieve some modest success. Marbles with cross-eyed donkeys, and demand they pass a saliva test at the end of each round lest your grievances accumulate and cause you to fart away the gas of your figs."

For a long moment after he finished, the room remained totally still. Roumbakakis released his breath in slow fitful spurts. Fatsas and Charilaos and Poulos tried to suppress their grins. Matsoukas let the dealer go with a final look of warning. Cicero cast a scornful glare at the Fig King and started for the door. Matsoukas followed him.

"New deal!" Gero Kampana cried. "New deal!" And the old man's voice rose and became a wail that echoed and re-echoed in the dark corners of the room.

BACK TO CAMPUS

(continued from page 184)

but prepare yourself for the inevitable cold snap with one or two regular weights. Dixie college men will also be playing it close to the vest this season with elegant Southern adaptations of the traditional Ivy League three-piece suit. Campuses farther North, such as Vanderbilt and Kentucky, favor midweight tweeds and flannels, while their Deep South neighbors choose cooler versions in Dacron-cottons, poplins and whipcords. The bold-glen-plaid suit—a look we like—is rapidly becoming an all-campus leader. It not only makes a stylish switch from dark shades but also goes well with two-and-one-half- to three-inch-wide ties.

Sports jackets: Blazers are worn on all campuses. We recommend that you supplement your navy-blue one with a camel, dark-green or burgundy model. If you're studying way down South, pick a blended fabric to give you body without too much warmth. Southeastern men favor Shetland and tweed sports jackets in bold plaids and solids. Linen coats are also worn during the balmier months. On some campuses, old-school pride ties up with fashion in the form of poplin jackets with university emblems. (Check for on-campus acceptance before you buy.)

Slacks: Bold-plaid slacks in both tropicals and worsteds are coupled with camel and navy-blue blazers. Poplin slacks in blue and brown are popular for casual dates and T. G. I. F. beer blasts.

Shirts: Oxford buttondowns still rank as the favorite, but tab- and pin-collar styles with French cuffs are gradually gaining acceptance, so pick up a couple of pairs of cuff links. Balance your dress-shirt selections among whites, blues, yellows and stripes (the wider the better). Sport-shirt styles range from short-sleeved buttondowns in cardigan and pullover models to Henleys in stripes and solids.

Sweaters: V-neck and cardigan alpacas in bright shades such as fire-engine red and kelly green have a strong Southern following. A lightweight turtleneck in a medium or dark tone will come in handy on a chilly night.

Walk shorts: Let university regulations be your guide; some Deep South colleges have approved walk shorts for classroom wear, while others restrict them to after-school activities. Madras, poplin and seersucker are excellent choices.

Outerwear: Whether you've chosen North Carolina or Rollins, you'll need some type of outer garb for inclement weather. For keeping dry during a sudden Southern squall, Dixie undergrads

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buckle up tan English trench coats that feature epaulets and button pockets. However, Southeastern men prefer a poplin balmacaan coat in oyster or white (pick one with a zip-in lining) when the going gets wet, and a semiformal chesterfield in black or deep brown for more formal doings. Add a wool bold-plaid bench-warmer jacket for extra fashion points.

Shoes: Supplement your basic shoe wardrobe with several pairs of casual slip-ons. For heading out on a weekend sail, you won't be caught flat-footed if you've stowed away a pair or two of canvas-top deck shoes.

Formalwear: After you've acquired your basic formal fittings, pick up a madras dinner jacket for a colorful change.

THE MIDWEST: The heartland of America is famous for its sudden climatic shifts, so we'd advise you to plan your selections well in advance to avoid being caught sartorially out in the cold. You'll want hefty fabrics in traditional garb to dominate your wardrobe, but leave room for plenty of lightweight wearables and a few innovations.

Suits: Midwesterners favor the natural-shoulder, three-button suit (make sure it has a vest) in dark shades. Navy blue is the top contender, with dark grays and medium browns strong second choices. The Northeastern tweed trend will extend well into the Midwest, with brown shades coming on strong.

Sports jackets: Bold-plaid Shetlands are the Big Ten favorite. The navy-blue blazer—a coast-to-coast classic—is a stylish staple worn from Ohio State to Kansas.

Slacks: Be sure to coordinate dress slacks with sports-jacket selections, as extreme combinations are frowned upon. For fall and winter outdoor activities, stock up on corduroys, poplins, twills and Western-style denims.

Shirts: Oxford and broadcloth buttondowns in tattersall checks are teamed up with suits and blazers for both semidressy and casual occasions. The traditional look of madras is still popular, along with paisleys, plaids and checks.

Sweaters: For cold-weather comfort you'll want at least six. V-necks, crews and cardigans in Shetland, lamb's wool and mohair all make top grades. Bulky Mod turtlenecks in blues, grays, greens and yellows, worn under sports jackets and cardigans, give Midwesterners a jaunty Carnaby Street appearance.

Outerwear: Winter weather hits the Midwest early and often lasts until late spring, so plan your wardrobe accordingly. In addition to ski-oriented styles such as hooded parkas and quilted short coats, Western-style wearables, including shearling coats in waist and three-quarter lengths, have found a home off the range. Also take your pick from toggle coats, three-quarter-lined bench warmers, Navy-oriented c.p.o. shirts and peacoats, and fleece-lined herringbone and plaid wool jackets.

Shoes: Well-shod Midwesterners favor loafers in black and dark brown for both casual and dress wear. You'll find that rough-hide boots in mid-calf lengths make great shoes to wear in winter's blizzards.

THE SOUTHWEST: With the sudden national surge of popularity of Western garb, the Southwest has finally come into its own as an important fashion area. From Oklahoma to New Mexico, men heading back to campus are taking fashionable steps to ensure that they arrive with the proper attire.

Suits: Dark tones with blue or burgundy pin stripes in natural-shoulder, three-button models are the most wanted. There's also vested interest in three-piece models that range from worsteds and corduroys (for the Northern climes) to featherweight blends farther South.

Sports jackets: Both navy-blue and French-blue hopsack blazers are acceptable down here. Bold Shetland plaids score high, along with the latest offerings in seersuckers and denims. We recommend that you divide your selections between light- and medium-weight styles; balmy late-fall days rapidly turn into chilly winter nights, when a hearty fabric will be welcome.

Slacks: Round up at least nine pairs, including denim and scrubbed denim in shades of faded blue, wheat and tan, along with chinos, poplins and corduroys for casual wear, and worsteds, flannels and whipcords for big dates. Bold-plaid slacks are teamed up with a blazer or sweater for dates.

Shirts: You'll find a whole corralful of short- and long-sleeved sport shirts in plaids, wide stripes and solids from which to choose. Buttondown dress shirts are still preferred, with tabs running second.

Sweaters: This is big sweater country. Southwestern guys are always ready to pull the wool over themselves when new styles hit the stores. V-necks, crews and, especially, cardigans in lamb's wool, Shetland, mohair, double-knit and brushed wool in rich tan, burgundy, navy, yellow and camel all make the team.

Walk shorts: In Texas and Oklahoma, walk shorts are a warm-weather uniform. Denims, poplins and madras are the Southwestern champions.

Outerwear: Be prepared for sudden storms (Southwesterners call them "Northerns") with a c.p.o. shirt (preferably in navy), a corduroy or loden short coat or a three-quarter-length shearling. An unlined poplin golf jacket in tan, yellow or navy also helps cut the chill.

Shoes: This is the stomping ground for cowboy boots in rough suedes and hide, but you'll also want several pairs of cordovan shoes in addition to the basic stand-bys.

THE WEST COAST: Styles along the Pacific Coast shift constantly, but despite some of the highly publicized far-out attire, most West Coast collegians select time-tested fashions. Your best bet is to stock up on traditional wearables, avoiding possible flash-in-the-pan fads until you've visited the campus.

Suits: Here, again, you should make your selection with an eye on the thermometer. Southern California scholars favor vestless tropical weights in medium to dark shades, while farther North, tweeds and hopsacks in browns and blue-olives are more accepted. Hollywood-style suits with wide shoulders and longer jackets are still being worn, but most college men prefer the natural-shoulder Ivy look.

Sports jackets: Navy-blue blazers are this area's first choice in casualwear. But have on hand a madras and light-colored hopsack for after-class recreation.

Slacks: Scrubbed denims, light-blue and tan poplins and corduroys in browns and light tans are the coming look. Red plaids and checks teamed up with blazers also make it big on the Coastal scene.

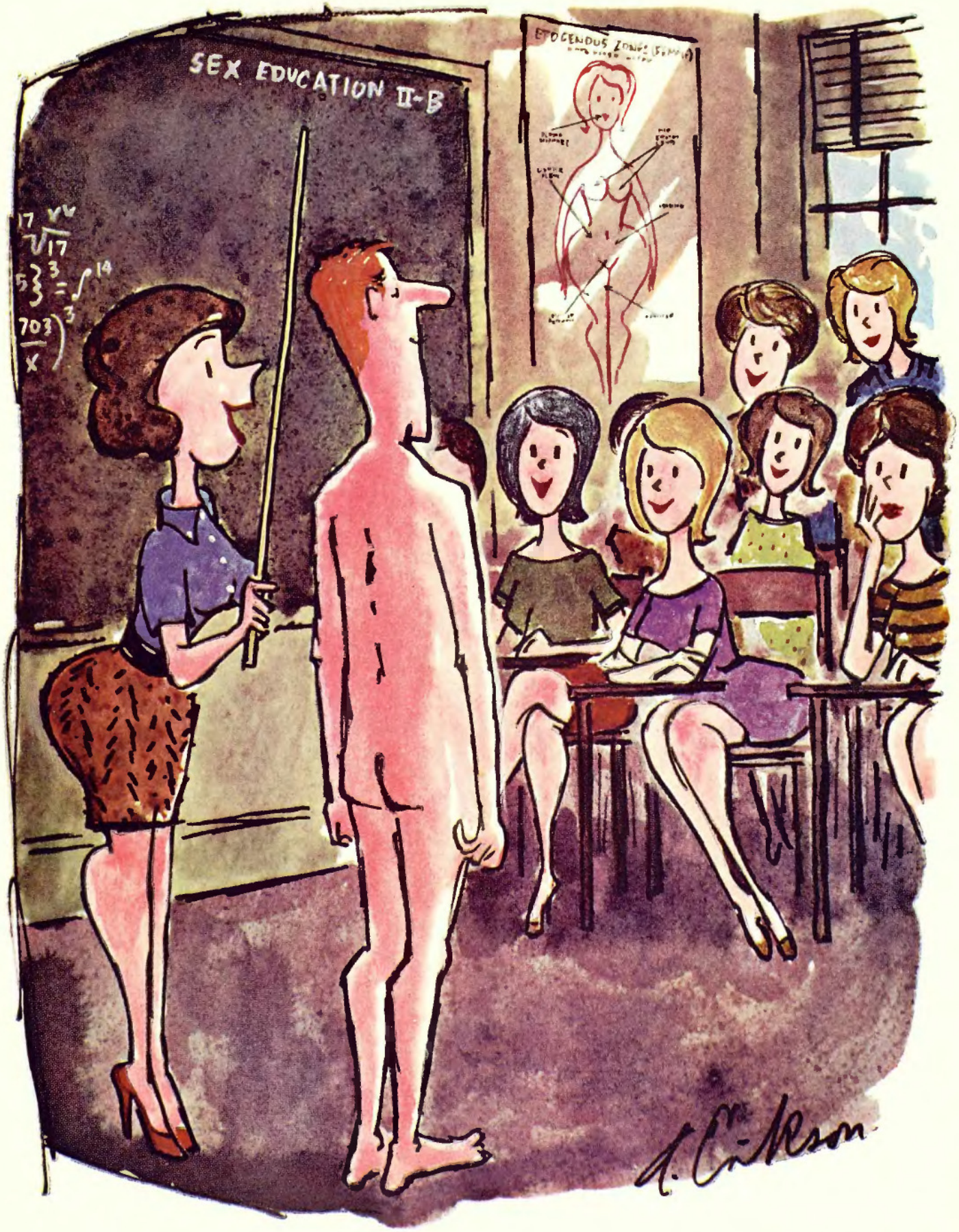
Shirts: West Coast matriculants choose solid-color knits (navy is strong) as well as bright-hued velours in both buttondown and Henley collars. But, while the look is colorful, they eschew coupling patterns such as small tattersall checks with patterned coats and slacks, favoring, instead, a more conservative pattern and solid-color combination.

Sweaters: V-necks and cardigans in camel, navy and yellow are winners, with turtlenecks running a close second. Generally speaking, the farther South you go, the fewer sweaters you'll need, but even in the warmest clime you'll find they come in handy as after-swim warmers.

Swimwear: Surf-oriented "jams" or "baggies" are the pace setters at most schools. However, you'd be wise to see what the student body is wearing before you buy. West Coast swim styles shift with the tides, so by registration time, new offerings may have hit the beaches.

Outerwear: In the Northern sections, you'll need a lined corduroy or shearling short coat for sporty occasions and a camel's-hair or herringbone topcoat for dressing up. Farther South, poplin golf jackets in yellow and blue, along with tan and dark-blue raincoats with zip-in linings, should provide ample protection.

So that's it—this fall's back-to-campus migration rings in an academic year in which collegians across the country are styling their wardrobes with the latest looks. For a preview peek at what may be the college and clothes of your choice, we refer you to the on-campus photos highlighted with this feature.



"Today we will examine the primary male erogenous zones—thanks to Dr. Simpson of the Social Sciences Department."

RENDEZVOUS *(continued from page 148)*

island on a deserted reach, the air was full of soft sweet sounds: the entire string section of the Royal London Orchestra. All this was flattering and exciting; and a little frightening. Because where he gave, he claimed.

And giving himself totally, he demanded the same of her. She was his, he said, for eternity. She shivered inside, and smiled and said:

"You're very romantic, darling, for all that solid English ancestry. The Prayer Book only says till death us do part."

The blue eyes fixed her, the strong full mouth was unsmiling. He stared at her, and said:

"Let me tell you a story."

"A romantic one?"

"If you like. About my grandmother."

• • •

She had been the daughter of a peer and engaged to a duke. Her father was appointed Ambassador to the Court of the Emperor in Vienna, and she went there with him. She met—no one quite knew how—a young Hungarian. He was completely undesirable; not only a revolutionary but a gypsy. They fell in love. As the date of her marriage drew near, she found herself pregnant. She told her lover and he was delighted. They would elope together and live at peace in a peaceful land. She was his and he was hers. He had faith in her and in their love.

But she was weak and afraid of what was happening to her. She confessed to her father and he took the story to the duke. The duke was a realist. He was also poor, for a duke, while her father, though only a baron, was rich. Her dowry, already impressive, was generously, magnificently increased. The wedding took place, as arranged, and the happy couple went to live in a quiet, remote villa in Switzerland. Her child was born there, and was a girl. Everything had worked out even better than had been hoped. The family's future was safe; and there was time for her to have sons.

Or there would have been time if she had lived.

Her father was still ambassador. They visited Vienna in the spring, almost a year after she had left the place and her lover. They did not stay at the embassy, but at a small hunting lodge in the woods. It was the place to which her lover had been taken by the duke's men. The marital bed was set up in the room in which, while two men held his arms, the duke had stabbed him to death. He was saving this up to tell her the next morning, for, like all realists, he prided himself on his sense of humor. The duchess retired early, while the duke drank his port. When he went up to her she was dead, covered with congealed blood from the stab wound in her breast.

She paused at this stage and I ordered her another drink.

"Gruesome," I said, "and Gothic, but not unlikely. She had killed herself?"

"No. Why should she? She had no idea her lover was not still alive. That very day she had asked a maid to make inquiries for him. She was safe and could afford to be romantic again. And besides, she was a coward who could not stand the sight of blood."

"Then her husband killed her."

"Not that, either. There was a reversion clause in the dowry, and the bulk of the money went in trust to her daughter. Though he was under suspicion for a time. You see, there was no trace of the dagger."

"Then . . . ?"

"A burglar, the police decided. An unknown man had come in, surprised the duchess in her bed and killed her to stop her raising the alarm. And then fled."

I sipped my brandy. "It sounds reasonable."

"That's what I said."

"But he—your fiancé—didn't agree?"

"He was a quarter gypsy, remember. That was the part of his ancestry that fascinated him, not the rest. He had gone to Hungary, found the tribe, lived with them for a time. He had learned their beliefs. One was that violent death tied the spirit to the spot in which death came. And that where there had been great love, or great hate, the spirit could make its claim whenever the person who had inspired it passed that way. It was a belief that had its social value. In cases of murder, suspects were bound and left in the place where the murder had occurred. It was not unusual for them to be found dead the next morning."

"Not surprising, either," I said. "So his view was that his gypsy ancestor had come back to claim his faithless love? And had stabbed her to death with a ghostly knife?"

"Yes. He believed that."

"You still haven't told me why you are afraid of traveling by air."

"He was a pilot in the Royal Flying Corps. Those were the days of the zeppelins over London. One night, he attacked one and brought it down in flames. It was a very daring attack, pressed beyond the limits of ordinary courage. Quite reckless. He came down, burning, with the zeppelin. They gave him a Victoria Cross posthumously."

"Whistler painted his mother . . . Bellows painted his mother . . ."

"Even now, I don't understand."

She said slowly: "He told me that I was his, belonging to him through life and beyond death. When he told me about his grandfather and grandmother, he meant that he would come for me if I betrayed him. And I did betray him." Her still magnificent eyes fixed on mine. "I was pregnant, too. Within a month of his death I gave myself, and his son, to another man."

I protested. "How can you call that betrayal? You had nothing to do with his death."

She shrugged. "His death did not matter to him. What mattered was his love, his pride. He had made provision for me, in case of his death. He expected that I should bear his son and live as his widow, until death reunited us. I married instead. That was the betrayal."

I shook my head. "And you think, because of that . . ."

"He died in the air. If he waits anywhere, it is there. I can face death as well as most. But not death in a burning aircraft. Not death and him together."

"Nearly fifty years ago," I said. "And based on a melodrama fifty years older than that."

"What is fifty years?" She stared at the array of bottles behind the bar. "I remember him better than I will remember you the day after we leave this ship."

• • •

We said goodbye at Southampton, with no expectation of meeting again. Nor did we. I went back to my work. I thought of her at times, in the quiet hours of the night when, not being able to sleep, I went downstairs to commune with a bottle of whiskey. It was the irony of it that struck me most. Two people meeting on shipboard, with nothing in common but a preoccupation with death. One wishing the dead could rest, but fearing their survival. The other willing to give anything to call them back, but knowing they were dead.

Then, by chance, I saw her name in a newspaper, and read the story in which it appeared. And the following day I resigned my job and came down here.

• • •

I have a room in a boardinghouse in Poole, but I spend little time there. The boat I have got is a small but sturdy one, and I take her out in all but the worst of weather. It happened not far outside the harbor—not more than a mile out. A sudden squall, and the friends Helen was with not as skilled as they should have been in the handling of a boat like that. She capsized, and the man who skippered her managed to swim to shore. The others did not. I could not trust myself to speak to him then, and still cannot.

But at least there is hope now or, if not hope, a dream to follow. The story was about Cynthia and about her death. She had died in her hotel room, in a fire. It was thought, the story said, that she might have been smoking in bed and fallen asleep.

She did not smoke, though, and she feared all flame, even a match. The hotel proprietors were quick to point out that there had been no negligence on their part. Each floor, each room was individually fireproofed, the electrical wiring impeccable. It was, after all, a very new hotel. And yet she had died by burning.

For what she had forgotten was that in 50 years the earth had risen to meet the sky. It was a very new hotel, the Metropolitan Towers, and it soared high above the crawling roofs of London. Forty-five floors, and her room was on the forty-second. Say 500 feet. I checked in an old copy of *The Illustrated London News*. The zeppelin had already been hit and was losing height when he made his last run-in. Down to 500 feet, they estimated, heading west over Mayfair.

It took her nearly 50 years to come, unwillingly, to her trysting place. I have only been here a year, so far. I live modestly and have the means to do so for a long time yet.

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PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 156)

winners not only on the scoreboard but in the futures market. Dartmouth returns its collection of splendidly endowed backfield talent virtually intact, and the offensive line contains center Chuck Matuszak and ends Bill Calhoun and Bob MacLeod, all of whom coach Bob Blackman says are peerless. Blackman has lost six All Ivy players via graduation, but his opponents won't notice much difference.

Princeton, however, will feel the graduation pinch rather severely, especially in the offensive line, where a lot of bone and muscle is needed to make the old single-wing power system work effectively. The bright side of the picture includes the presence of much good talent at the vital tailback spot and the arrival of a new field-goal kicker, Ted Garcia, a bigger, left-footed version of Charlie Gogolak. Garcia may turn out to be as good as his celebrated predecessor.

Graduation took a heavy toll at Harvard also, and depth appears to be a real problem everywhere on the Crimson squad. Except for snazzy halfback Vic Gatto, there will be precious little help from last year's freshman squad.

Yale is our choice for the dark horse of the Ivy League. Although coach Carm Cozza will have to find some new offensive linemen, the Yale squad is deeper, with more game-breaking talent than a year ago. The sophomore contingent is a humdinger; the new men may take over before midseason. Brightest hopes are placed in Brian Dowling, who enters the scene with more enthusiastic advance billing than any Eli quarterback in history. Yale fans insist he is the best quarterback in the country, even before he has played a game of varsity ball. Dowling brings along his own brilliant receivers from last year's freshman squad—Bruce Weinstein and Bernie Madden—and a thundering new fullback, Calvin Hill. Look for the Yalies to be invincible by the end of the season.

Cornell has a new coach, Jack Musick, and an exciting new halfback, Ed Zak, to go with a squad that has good size and speed but a very weak passing attack. If Musick can find a good quarterback to take the pressure off his swift halfbacks, Cornell could be much improved. Pennsylvania is steadily building, and the Quakers could have their first winning season since they won the Ivy title in 1959. The squad is small but skilled and has good momentum from last year. Both Brown and Columbia will field somewhat stronger teams if they can get some badly needed help from their sophomore contingents.

In the Yankee Conference, Massachusetts and Maine are again the reigning powers, but the increased rigors of Massachusetts' schedule will probably prevent them from repeating last year's 7–2 record. Maine took a severe physical beating in the Tangerine Bowl game with East Carolina, and several players still haven't recovered from their injuries, a factor that could affect title hopes. Vermont is the dark horse. The Catamounts are young, but big and eager.

Everybody in the Middle Atlantic Conference is tabbing Hofstra as the team to beat. The Long Islanders are assembling a juggernaut and are making no secret of it. Hofstra hopes to bring topflight college football to the New York City area for the first time since Fordham dropped the sport 12 years ago. This year's team will be built around ace quarterback Don Gault and halfbacks Fran Lynch and Wandy Williams, who will form one of the most exciting running duos in the East. Williams is a transfer from the University of Kansas, where he reminded coaches of Gayle Sayers.

Bucknell and Temple will be the biggest threats to Hofstra. Although Bucknell suffered heavy offensive losses from last year's championship team, nobody is going to run up much of a score on the Thundering Herd. If Temple can build a defense to supplement an explosive attack, they can have a great season. A talented group of newcomers will make them hard to handle by November, and the final game with Bowling Green will give us some idea of the comparative strengths of the Middle Atlantic and Mid-American Conferences.

It will probably be an off season for Delaware. Coach Dave Nelson chose a good year to retire to the relative peace and security of the athletic directorship. His successor, Tubby Raymond, inherits a squad decimated by graduation. Herb Slattery is one of the best linebackers in the country, but he has little seasoned help. Gettysburg will still have trouble with the leaky defense that was its nemesis last year, but a good running attack will help keep it in most of the games. Lafayette should be much improved and will probably field its best team in five years. There is plenty of experienced depth on hand and a stable full of big, speedy runners. Lehigh is steadily rebuilding toward the kind of excellence that won the Lambert Cup in 1961, but the Engineers have a long way to go.

• • •

We keep hoping that some strain of logic will enter the annual Big Ten scenario. Like everyone else last year, we figured Michigan was a shoo-in, but somehow they fell apart. The year before, it happened to Illinois. And we have a similar setup this fall. On paper, and in nearly everyone's considered estimation, Michigan State seems way out in front of the rest of the pack. But this time we're going to abandon our cherished belief that logic will somehow triumph, and instead predict that history will repeat itself. For the past 15 years, the Big Ten teams that have gone to the Rose

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THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Purdue	8-2	Indiana	5-5
Michigan State	7-3	Northwestern	4-6
Illinois	7-3	Minnesota	4-6
Michigan	6-4	Wisconsin	2-8
Ohio State	5-4	Iowa	2-8

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Miami	7-3	Marshall	6-4
Kent State	7-3	Ohio U.	5-5
Bowling Green	6-3	Toledo	5-5
Western Mich.	6-4		

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	8-2	Dayton	3-7
Xavier	8-2		

TOP PLAYERS: Griese, Beirne (Purdue); Jones, Washington, Apisa, West, Smith, Webster (Michigan St.); Rein, Pryor (Ohio St.); Ward, Clancy, Detwiler (Michigan); Batchelder, Wright, Naponic (Illinois); Ginter, Stavroff, Cole (Indiana); Banaszek, McKelvey, Campbell (Northwestern); Sobocinski, McCauley (Wisconsin); Last (Minnesota); O'Hara (Iowa); Eddy, Lynch, Regner, Duranko, Goeddeke (Notre Dame); Williams (Xavier); Weger, Williams, Rivers (Bowling Green); Matte, Philpott (Miami); Brooks, Ames, Tennebar (Kent St.); Biggs, Lyons (Ohio U.); Rowe (Western Mich.); Burch (Toledo); Wilkinson, Jackson (Marshall).

Bowl have averaged a fifth-place Conference finish the next season. The reason, of course, is more than metaphysical; everybody is out to beat last year's champs, and that spells trouble in the Big Ten. Michigan State, alas, has even more concrete problems, problems that may not be immediately apparent to the East Lansing fans, who expect another championship as a matter of course. First, and most important, the Spartans are in a precarious psychological situation. Any squad composed of five superstars (Clinton Jones, Bob Apisa, Bubba Smith, Gene Washington and George Webster) and 75 other good but unworshiped players is vulnerable to the morale problems of the star system that demolishes a few teams every year. Secondly, Duffy Daugherty must replace his entire defensive line, a group that, more than any other, kept the '65 Spartans undefeated during the regular season. Duffy must also find a replacement for quarterback Steve Juday, who couldn't do anything brilliantly except win games. If fullback Bob Apisa's leg heals, the Spartans may run like a herd of buffaloes and simply trample their opposition into defeat.

Michigan State, Purdue, Ohio State, Michigan and Illinois all look about equally potent as the season is about to leave the launching pad. The champion will probably be the team with the best on-field luck. Purdue seems to be the team most likely to make its own breaks, however. Quarterback Bob Griese returns and is blessed with an even better collection of receivers than last year. In

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fact, he may have the finest passel of pass catchers in the country to help him sew up his second set of All-America laurels. The pressure will be taken off Griese by Purdue's best assortment of breakaway speedsters since 1943, in the persons of sophs Perry Williams and Pete Jilleba. The only problem for coach Jack Mollenkopf is finding replacements for graduated offensive linemen to give Griese and his slippery sidekicks some protection. That shouldn't be an insurmountable problem at Purdue, where tons of beefy linemen are traditional.

There will be a wholesale change at Ohio State from quality with experience to quality with greenness. The Buckeyes graduated the finest senior class in 15 years, but the vets have been replaced with the biggest (47) and best collection of sophomores in the school's history. The difference between '65 and '66 won't be too noticeable by midseason. If Woody Hayes is anything, he is a good teacher, and the familiar Buckeye dreadnought will be functioning faultlessly by November. Principal new horses in Woody's stable will be halfback Joe Jenkins and fullback Terry Lee Ervin.

The best prospect for the sleeper team of the year in the Big Ten is Illinois. The Illini may be vulnerable on defense, because the great linebackers that have become traditional in Champaign are missing this season. Even so, the Illini could simply outscore their opponents. Cyril Pinder and Ron Bess are probably the best pair of halfbacks in the league, and soph fullback Rich Johnson looks good enough to fill even Jim Grabowski's shoes. Best of all, coach Pete Elliott is grooming a new quarterback, Bob Naponic, who seems destined for greatness. If Elliott can solve his defensive problems, Illinois could go all the way.

Michigan was expected to be invulnerable in '65, but, in true Big Ten fashion, it fell apart. Now the pressure is off and the Wolverines still have a large part of the talent that was supposed to spell a winner last year. Carl Ward and Jim Detwiler are a fabulous pair of runners, and quarterback Dick Vidmer may mature into greatness in his senior year. The Wolverines will be lighter and faster this time, and if Bump Elliott can find some good new interior linemen, Michigan may atone for last year's disappointment.

Coach John Pont appears to have things on the move at Indiana, at last. Pont's incurable optimism should bear fruit this season. The Hoosiers came on strong last November, giving the Big Ten's top three teams a bloody scrap before succumbing to greater squad depth. Pont's system will be more familiar to his players this year, and Indiana should have an awesome offense, largely due to the presence of Terry Cole, probably the greatest unheralded (until now) halfback in college football. Only a sophomore last season, Cole was almost a one-man team, playing several different positions as the need arose. This year, he could be the best back in the Big Ten. Look for the Hoosiers to pull some spectacular upsets this fall.

Coach Alex Agase, the jolly Syrian raconteur, faces the traditional dilemma at Northwestern: how to fashion a team out of a stable full of splendid backs and a dismal dearth of dependable linemen. If he can solve this problem as well as he did last year, Northwestern will be a real factor in the Big Ten race. Otherwise, the Wildcats will have to utilize all that backfield talent to go around and throw above the opposition. Agase is still looking for his first winning season in Evanston, but it won't be this year, we're afraid.

Minnesota and Iowa have problems, bad problems. Graduation took such a drastic toll at Minneapolis that Murray Warmath is left with little but the water boy and a field full of novices. Fortunately, Murray is a master at making the most with whatever there is to work with, so the Gopher season shouldn't be a total loss. Minnesota fans will be interested in new quarterback Ray Stephens (the great Sandy's younger brother) and promising soph fullbacks Mike Danielson and Dennis Cornell.

At Iowa, new coach Ray Nagel is starting from scratch after last year's catastrophic season. It looks as though it will be a long, difficult road back to Big Ten prestige. Nagel is a defense-oriented coach who stresses fundamentals, so the Hawkeyes will at least give everybody a good tussle.

Prospects are a little brighter at Wisconsin this year, but not much. Coach Milt Bruhn has hired a new staff of assistants, which will help, and the Badgers have an unusually good crop of yearlings to give some help to the returnees from last year's undistinguished squad. The ranks are still thin, however, and injuries to key personnel would be disastrous.

Notre Dame will look much like the 1964 team that made Ara Parseghian's South Bend debut so spectacular. The presence of two new talented and appropriately named quarterbacks, Terry Hanratty and Coley O'Brien, will enable Parseghian to abandon last season's slogging attack and revert to the wide-open pro-style offense he prefers. Like two years ago, the Savage Celts will be largely young but able, with most of the wise old vets on the defensive platoon. Most of last year's formidable infantry returns in the persons of Nick Eddy and Larry Conjar; and if Parseghian can locate some good offensive linemen among a squad that numbers 111, Notre Dame will stay near the top of the national ratings. One thing is for sure: The Irish will be an exciting team, one that can explode in any game. The opening Donnybrook with Purdue should be a gasser.

Last year, the Mid-American Conference was predominantly a league of lowerclassmen. This fall, with hosts of returning lettermen on all squads, the league from top to bottom will be the strongest in its history, with any team capable of winning it all. Miami of Ohio looks like the best bet. The Redskins have all their offensive aces back from the pyrotechnic team that spent most of last season on a scoring binge. Kent State, one of the beefiest teams in the country, with 27 men on the roster who weigh more than 225 pounds, may just grind everybody else underfoot. Bowling Green is also rich in returning talent; but on a senior-dominated squad, ennui is always a threat. Coach Bill Doolittle is doing a lot at Western Michigan, moving his team from mediocrity to championship contention in only two years. Now that the Broncos have arrived, they will be sharing the Conference dark-horse role with Marshall, whose first two teams return practically intact.

Ohio University is an enigma. After the unexpected disaster of a winless season, which saw the university administration rally behind the coaching staff, the Bobcats could bounce right back to their former potency. The squad is as experienced and determined this season as it was green and discouraged last year, and vicious fullback Wash Lyons is healthy again. The only roadblock is a toughened schedule that includes Purdue and Boston College as the first two opponents.

Xavier fans are jumping with joy, and with good reason. There were few losses from a squad that posted an 8–2 record in '65. Best of all, quarterback Carroll Williams returns. Not a few pro scouts insist Williams is the best passer in college football. With a good group of receivers on hand and a big and experienced line in front of him, Williams will have a chance to prove it this year. An undefeated season is a distinct possibility.

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This year, for a welcome change, we will probably know by the end of the season just who is top dog in the land of gravy and grits. For the first time in memory, nearly all the powerhouses are playing each other. This departure from the traditional Dixie tactic of fattening schedules with pushovers while avoiding showdowns will certainly improve the dramaturgical content of the season, not to mention the average Yankee's respect for Southern football.

Of the most promising combatants, Alabama stands a full head (Bear Bryant's head) above the rest. If the Bear's '65 aggregation was the product of a rebuilding year, we can anticipate what the Crimson will be like at full Tide. It was abundantly apparent to

"I don't know how he does it!"

intrepid Bowl watchers last January that Alabama, by shackling Nebraska in the Orange Bowl, deserved the mythical national championship, though it had been awarded a month earlier by general consent to Michigan State. Bear Bryant has a strong affinity for what he calls "winning players," which, translated, means young men with the speed and agility of an antelope and the combative instincts of a Tasmanian devil. He had a bumper crop of them last year, mostly underclassmen, and nearly all of them return, older, wiser and presumably more invincible. Bryant has no particular preference for the outsized linemen so prized by other coaches, so the Tidemen, like Cassius, have that lean and hungry look. On defense, they strike like so many rattlesnakes. The offense may be a little less talented right down the middle this year (center, quarterback and fullback), but opponents won't notice the difference much. Ken "Snake" Stabler may mature into as good a quarterback as predecessor Steve Sloan. Look for the Bear to field the best team of his career. For this, we vote him Coach of the Year.

Alabama gets its mettle tested October 1 against Ole Miss, the team most likely to dethrone the Tide. Last year, coach Johnny Vaught had the greenest team he's ever handled at Ole Miss, but they learned quickly and were fearsome by season's end. All those youngsters have returned with a year's growth and added experience, and Vaught should field the kind of powerhouse Rebel fans used to take for granted. With tackles Jim Urbanek and Dan Sartin and middle guard Jimmy Keyes, the defensive line should be nearly impregnable. The '66 Rebels, however, lack a couple of advantages that were once perennial features of Ole Miss teams: an All-America quarterback and a ludicrous schedule. In fact, the Rebs face the four other top teams in their Conference, and the schedule should be more of a stumbling block than the lack of a brilliant passer.

Georgia has that catalytic mixture of solid veterans and brilliant sophomores that can explode when least expected. The Bulldogs were a much better team than anyone thought possible during coach Vince Dooley's first two campaigns, and his third edition could be the most surprising of all. A brilliant new runner, Kent Lawrence, is in the fold. Lynn Hughes, the best defensive safety in the country, may also turn out to be the best relief quarterback anywhere.

Like Georgia, Tennessee has a much heralded soph runner, track star Richmond Flowers, who enters a backfield already loaded with experienced talent. The Vols claim to have the best set of alternating quarterbacks in the country in Dewey Warren and Charlie Fulton. Tennessee will feature a potent offense, but the defensive forces have been badly crippled. Any team that loses two All-America linebackers the same year is in trouble. Still, the talent bag is full enough, and if the Vols can have a little luck until all those able newcomers get smart, Tennessee may approach the glory of 30 years ago.

Graduation wiped out most of LSU's starting cast, including the entire offensive line, but nobody is feeling sorry for the Bengals. The sophomore crop is the best in years, though the new men, potentially the best players on the squad, may see very little action, because the reserves left over from last year are so good. In short, although this will be classed as a rebuilding year at Baton Rouge, the reconstruction job should be a short one, and the Bengals should be the same old familiar powerhouse by midseason. The opening game with South Carolina on September 17 should be the nearest thing to a Roman circus since those ancients stopped throwing Christians to the lions. On that night, Preacher Paul Dietzel brings his Gamecocks into Bengal stadium for his first

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Alabama	9-1	Kentucky	5-5
Mississippi	8-2	Auburn	4-6
Georgia	7-3	Florida	4-6
Tennessee	7-3	Mississippi State	4-6
Louisiana State	6-4	Vanderbilt	4-6

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

N. C. State	8-2	South Carolina	4-6
North Carolina	7-3	Maryland	4-6
Clemson	5-5	Wake Forest	3-7
Duke	5-5	Virginia	2-8

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

East Carolina	6-4	Virginia Military	4-6
William & Mary	6-4	Davidson	4-6
G. Washington	5-5	Citadel	3-7
West Virginia	4-6	Richmond	3-7

INDEPENDENTS

Miami	8-2	Southern Miss.	5-5
Georgia Tech	8-2	Florida State	3-7
Virginia Tech	7-3	Tulane	2-8
Memphis State	6-4		

TOP PLAYERS: Dowdy, Perkins, Kelley (Alabama); Sartin, Urbanek, Keyes, Hinton (Mississippi); Patton, Hughes, Richter (Georgia); Masters, Stokley, Garlington, Robichaux (LSU); Warren, Fulton, Naumoff, Denney (Tennessee); Seiple, Withrow, McGraw (Kentucky); Davis, Hall, Whiteside (Vanderbilt); Lewis, Rhoden (Mississippi St.); Bryan, Blue (Auburn); Spurrier, Carr (Florida); Hickey, Absher (Maryland); Calabrese, Matheson (Duke); Mass, Gore (Clemson); Byrd, Stec, Sokalsky (North Carolina St.); Talbott, Wesolowski (North Carolina); Galloway, Hunter (South Carolina); Nesbitt, Oplinger (Wake Forest); Davis, Carrington, Parker (Virginia); Moran (East Carolina); Ford (West Virginia); Albertson, Gadkowski (William & Mary); Metz (George Washington); Schmalzreidt (Virginia Military); Beier, Trosch (Miami); King, Snow, Breland (Georgia Tech); Fisher (Virginia Tech); DeVliegher, Duck (Memphis St.); Avery, Devrow (Southern Miss.); Campbell, Pennie (Florida St.); Colquette, Bankston (Tulane).

visit since he walked out on his LSU coaching contract five years ago.

Auburn should be about as strong as last year, but the problems are reversed. Last year, coach Jordan had to worry about building some kind of offense. He succeeded beautifully, but the defense, which was supposed to be impregnable, fell apart on him. Now he has to shore up a green defense and try to find a starting quarterback from among nine soso candidates. By the end of the year, fullback Tom Bryan should be one of the best in the country.

Florida enters the season with some discouraging problems. Not only did graduation take a serious toll, but the Gator squad suffered an unprecedented rash of injuries to key veterans during spring practice. Just who will be healthy enough to play is still problematical, but one certain disadvantage is the fact that the Gators lost their top three pass receivers. Quarterback Steve Spurrier is one of the best passers in the land, but it takes two to tango, so coach Graves must find someone to catch his tosses. Ergo, unless the Gators' luck takes a sudden dramatic turn, this will be an off season in Gainesville.

Like Florida, Mississippi State and Kentucky had their offensive teams decimated by graduation. Mississippi State retains a potentially great passer in Don Saget, and Marcus Rhoden is probably the most dangerous runner in the South. Kentucky has Larry Seiple, a do-everything runner, but little else from last year's star-studded offense that sent a million dollars' (literally) worth of talent to the pros. The Wildcats will probably be underrated by opponents this year (a welcome change). But look out for action from the best collection of sophomores in the nation. The new faces include 10 high school All-Americas, 33 All-Staters and 5 of Pennsylvania's "Big 33" high schoolers of '64. Kentucky, with an improved defense, could be the South's big sleeper.

Vanderbilt's offensive impotence should be partly cured with the arrival of dandy new quarterback Gary Davis, a junior college transfer. With some of the pressure taken off, fullback Jim Whiteside may be one of the best in Dixie. The Commodores will still be a top defensive club, and the long-delayed fruition of coach Jack Green's rebuilding project may begin to show this year.

The Atlantic Coast Conference has suffered a power failure the last few years, but a new day is dawning. All six Carolina teams are burgeoning, and this year's championship race should be a mad scramble among North Carolina, North Carolina State, Clemson, Duke and South Carolina. North Carolina and North Carolina State look particularly virulent. Both squads are deep, big, experienced and well-balanced. The Tar Heels have superb triple-threat quarter-

back Danny Talbott and a noteworthy new halfback, Dick Wesolowski. The Wolfpack, which dedicates its new stadium this year, should be a real sleeper team. The opening game, against Michigan State, may be a more interesting event than the Spartans expect.

Tom Harp, former Cornell coach, has taken over at Duke and, unless adjustment problems arise, the Blue Devils should be stronger. Though Harp won fame at Cornell primarily for producing teams with a strong ground attack, he may switch tactics at Durham because of the presence of a good passer and a bevy of fine receivers. Harp also inherits fully accredited fullback Jay Calabrese.

Clemson was a much stronger team in '65 than the 5–5 record indicated. The Tigers should be even tougher this year, but much of the improvement may be canceled out by a severe schedule. Coach Frank Howard, a colorful, tobacco-chewing, back-country pundit, specializes in hard-nosed football, and this year he has plenty of material to work with. The offense should be improved, with the line anchored by massive Wayne Mass and the backfield souped up with soph tailback Buddy Gore, the fastest runner at Clemson in a generation.

On the surface, South Carolina would seem to have an inside track in the Conference championship race. The Gamecocks were mostly a team of big, tough and talented sophs last season, and all that returning manpower would seem to give them their best chance for greatness in many years. There are two complicating factors, however: a backbreaking schedule and a badly timed coaching change. Paul Dietzel took over from departing Marvin Bass midway through spring practice, bringing almost an entirely new coaching staff with him from West Point. Installing new playing systems before the first game will be difficult, and adjustment problems may scuttle the Gamecocks. Dietzel should be far more effective as coach and recruiter in the Bible Belt, where his sermons against the evils of drink and tobacco ("You there in the third row, put that cigarette out!") will make a bigger splash than they did in sinful Yankeeland. Also, the Preacher's football savvy is a good deal more sophisticated than his theology, so the Gamecocks may reach full potential by the end of the season. But we doubt it.

Bill Tate has done one of the most difficult but successful rebuilding jobs in memory at Wake Forest. In only two years, the change in prospects for the Deacons has been fantastic. There are more good players on hand this season than anyone can remember, but experienced depth is still lacking. Wake Forest will play the role of spoiler in '66, and if coach Tate comes up with one more good recruiting year, the Deacons could be on top in a couple of seasons.

Lou Saban, late of the pro Buffalo Bills, takes over the coaching reins at Maryland and will try to pick up the pieces from last year's disappointing performance. Saban inherits a deep and talented squad, and if he can find a good quarterback to go with some excellent running backs and good receivers, the Terps may surprise us.

Virginia has a splendid offensive backfield, and if they can stay physically sound, the Cavaliers could have a respectable season. The Virginians will field a good 22-man team, but there is no depth, so injuries would finish them off.

Look for Miami to be hell on wheels. The Hurricanes were mostly sophs in '65, but they ripened early and came on like Gang Busters in the last half of the schedule, beating Florida's Sugar Bowl team and tying Notre Dame. The entire backfield returns, including spectacular quarterback Bill Miller, who will have to fight to keep his job from equally spectacular new slinger David Teal. The Hurricanes could easily be one of the big surprises of the year and, as fate would have it, their first game is against Colorado, another candidate for comeback team of '66.

The one thing that kept Georgia Tech from reaching the heights last season was a porous defense. That problem seems to have been solved via the importation of an entirely new defensive coaching staff and the introduction of a new "wrecker" defense. The all-soph backfield of '65 has matured and the Yellow Jackets should be as robust as ever on the attack. Since the schedule seems relatively mild, the Jackets should enjoy a big year.

Tulane has departed the Southeastern Conference and has set out to seek its own football destiny. While they were at it, the Greenies got a new coach, Jim Pittman, and abandoned their once-perennial proclivity for masochistic schedules. The morale, like the schedule, is better, but the Tulane squad still lacks depth and speed. The Green Wave hasn't enjoyed a .500 season since 1956, and Pittman would be working a minor miracle to produce one his first year.

Florida State won't have to fret about the senioritis that plagued them last fall. The Seminoles will be green but eager. The vaunted defense of the past two years is gone, but two of the new men, quarterback Gary Pajcic and flanker Ron Sellers, form a great future passing combination and may help the Seminoles field an explosive offense before

"Oh, to be young again, my dear, and be able to shock the hell out of them like we used to do!"

the end of the year. Everything depends on how soon a large group of promising youngsters win their spurs.

Two potent powers in Southern football who get less than their fair share of press attention are Memphis State and Southern Mississippi. We saw Memphis State scrimmage during spring practice, and the defense looked like that of a pro team. The offense, however, will suffer unless coach Spook Murphy can find a quarterback to go with scads of good running backs. Southern Miss was the number-one defensive team in the nation last year, and it will be just as hard-nosed this time around. But with the toughest schedule in their history, the Southerners will be hard-pressed to break even. Look for coach Pie Vann to reverse form and mount a spectacular aerial game.

Virginia Tech is loaded. Nearly everybody returns from a successful year, and if the Gobblers can find a good quarterback and can avoid the psychological letdown that sometimes besets a veteran-loaded team, they should have their best season in many years.

A major shift is occurring in the Southern Conference. Perennial power West Virginia was nearly wiped out by graduation, while William & Mary and newcomer East Carolina are stronger than ever. At West Virginia, new coach Jim Carlen inherits little but halfback Garrett Ford, who Mountaineer supporters insist was the best sophomore runner in the country last year. Marv Levy has been Conference Coach of the Year in his first two seasons at the William & Mary helm, and he might make it again in '66. The Indians are deeper in good players than they've been in years. The Conference championship could be decided during the first game of the season, with East Carolina, which will be as strong as ever. The Pirates have joined the big boys, however, and their new major college schedule will preclude a repeat of the last two 9–1 years. With a revved-up version of the old single wing, the Carolinians may beat a few teams by simply confusing them. VMI, George Washington and Richmond lost heavily from graduation after disappointing seasons in '65 and don't have the wherewithal to show much improvement this year.

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Nebraska still has the inside track in the Big Eight race. When the Cornhuskers won the title in 1963, coach Bob Devaney prophesied that never again would one team dominate the Conference. He has since proved himself a splendid coach but a lousy prophet. The Huskers have won three Conference championships in a row, and this year they look stronger than ever, with ace quarterback Bobby Churchich and "Lighthorse" Harry Wilson among a flock of veteran backs who boast size, speed and power.

"Now where the heck did Smith go?"

In fact, the only worry Devaney has is finding a pair of ends to replace All-Americas Freeman White and Tony Jeter. If the end problem can be solved, and if the Huskers don't get booby-trapped by overconfidence, this season will be a replay of the last three.

Colorado has the best chance to dethrone Nebraska. Coach Eddie Crowder has done a monumental rebuilding job in Boulder, and his team is making an impressive comeback. The Buffaloes finished the '65 season bursting with power, and virtually the entire squad is back, hungrier than ever to regain past glories. The Buffs will get an added lift from a group of big linemen coming up from the freshman ranks. The running game will be more explosive than ever. An opposing Big Eight coach, speaking of Colorado with awe in his voice, told us, "They have some folks in their backfield who run like they have been scared by a lynch mob."

Oklahoma's great expectations of 1965 fizzled, but the Sooners are back with most of their horses still in the stable. They also have a superb new coaching staff, headed by Jim Mackenzie, who is starting from scratch with basics. If he gets his teaching job done in time, Oklahoma will also have a shot at unseating Nebraska. Middle guard Granville Liggins, one of the best defensive linemen in the country last year as a sophomore, anchors a defensive line that may be nearly impenetrable.

On paper, Missouri would seem to be much weaker than a year ago, but don't you believe it. Although coach Devine shot the works last year by playing a large group of talented seniors nearly full time, thus leaving little experienced depth for this season, opponents are quick to point out that Missouri had a team of redshirts last year that could have won some of the games by itself. One of the gold-plated holdovers is quarterback Conrad Deneault, who,

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Nebraska	9-1	Iowa State	6-4
Colorado	8-2	Kansas	4-6
Oklahoma	6-4	Oklahoma State	3-7
Missouri	6-4	Kansas State	2-8

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Arkansas	9-1	Baylor	5-5
Texas Christian	7-3	Texas Tech	5-5
Texas	6-4	Texas A&M	4-6
SMU	6-4	Rice	2-8

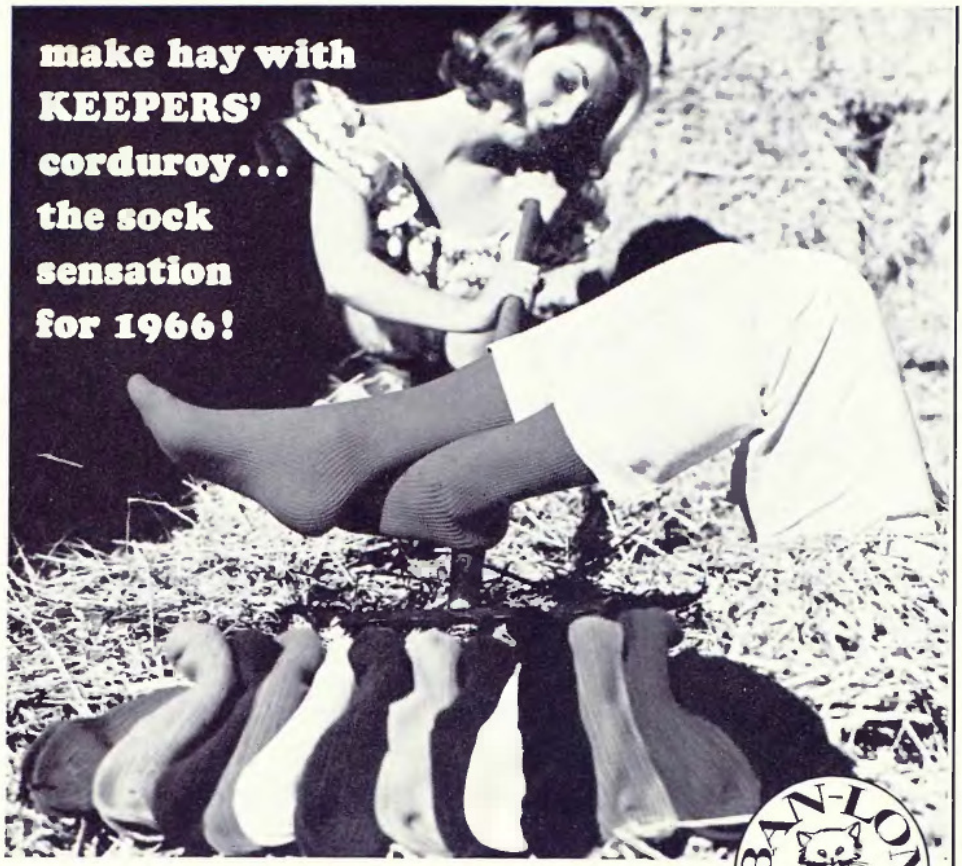
MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

Tulsa	7-3	Louisville	5-5
North Texas St.	6-4	Cincinnati	3-7
Wichita State	5-5		

INDEPENDENTS

Houston	8-2	West Texas St.	6-4
Texas Western	7-3		

TOP PLAYERS: Allers, Wilson, Churchich, Meylan (Nebraska); Harris, Harris (Colorado); Brown, Powell (Missouri); Liggins, Hart, Riley (Oklahoma); Skahan (Kansas); Van Galder (Iowa St.); Phillips, Jones, Brittenum (Arkansas); Horak, Bulaich (Texas Christian); Talbert, Bradley, Gilbert (Texas); LaGrone, Stewart (Southern Methodist); Moorman (Texas A&M); Southall, Hood, Pipes (Baylor); Tucker, Leinert (Texas Tech); Davis, Benningfield (Rice); Sweeney, Blake (Tulsa); Carlin (North Texas St.); Edwards (Wichita St.); McVea, Post, Berry (Houston); Stevens, Hughes (Texas Western); Washington (West Texas).



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unlike the best Tiger quarterbacks of recent history, is primarily a skilled passer. Consequently, with halfbacks Charlie Brown and Earl Denny returning, the Missouri offense should be wonderfully versatile. If coach Devine can find some antisocial linemen among his redshirts, the Tigers will be as good as ever.

Let us give warning right now that Iowa State could be the big sleeper of the year in the flatlands. The Cyclones have the most experienced squad in the history of the school to give support to a good passing game and better-than-average runners. Look for some big surprises in Ames this fall.

Kansas, Kansas State and Oklahoma State are all in the throes of rebuilding campaigns. Best bet to show some marked improvement this season is Kansas, where quarterback Bob Skahan could make the winning difference in some games. Coach Jack Mitchell is returning to old-fashioned fundamentals as the Jayhawks try to pick up the pieces from the worst season since Mitchell went to Lawrence.

One Southwest Conference coach, discussing the upcoming season, told us, "Anybody who picks any team besides Arkansas has got to be some kind of a nut." Not being a candidate for the funny farm, we feel constrained to agree with him—with a few cautious reservations, of course. During an amazing eight-year tenure at Arkansas, coach Frank Broyles has fielded teams that have won or shared five Conference championships and received six Bowl invitations. Broyles has the wherewithal to rack up his third undefeated season in a row. Passer Jon Brittenum and runner Harry Jones give the Razorbacks a one-two offensive punch that is almost unstoppable; and the defense, led by tackle Loyd Phillips, who Broyles says is the best defensive lineman in the country, should be as stubborn as ever. Add to this a soft non-Conference schedule, and you get the makings of another Bowl-bound team.

Darrell Royal had a couple of bad recruiting years at Texas (bad by Royal's standards, that is), and the results showed last year when the Longhorns won only six games, a season that is comparable with the battle of the Alamo in Austin. The returning troops will be rather thin this year, but they will be fleshed out with a conspicuous collection of yearlings. New quarterback Bill Bradley arrives on the scene with so much advance hoopla that many Texas fans expect him to win All-America laurels his first season. Soph tailback Chris Gilbert will add a new dimension to the running game. There will be 11 sophomores on the first two starting teams, which may cause some trouble in early games; but after all those new Longhorns get some game

experience, Texas will be the same old powerhouse.

Best chance to break the perennial Arkansas-Texas domination of the league is given to Texas Christian, which also has an impressive horde of new talent to go along with a deep squad of veterans. Rookies Norman Bulaich and Ross Montgomery will give the Horned Toads the best running attack in years. If coach Abe Martin can build a good offensive line, both Nebraska and Ohio State may be in for a surprise in the first two games of the season.

There is reason for much optimism at Baylor, also. The Bears will field a scorching pro-type offense built around brilliant passer Terry Southall. The picture is further brightened by the debuts of flanker Jackie Allen and fullback Pinky Palmer. With a weak pass defense, however, the Bears could be allergic to their own brand of medicine. If the incredible rash of injuries that decimated last year's team can be avoided, Baylor will be a contender.

Texas Tech has lost halfback Donny Anderson and quarterback Tom Wilson, who were the league's best in their specialties, and few of their opponents expect the Red Raiders to approach last year's success. But this could be a grave miscalculation. The Tech squad is stronger than ever, though much of the beef is fresh.

Southern Methodist whomped Texas last year, an event of epic proportions, and the resulting self-confidence has helped the Mustangs immeasurably. Nearly all the defensive platoon, which led the Conference in '65, has returned, so nobody is going to tally appreciably against SMU. If some offense can be generated, the Mustangs could have a good year.

Jess Neely, the current dean of college coaches, plans to retire at the end of this season, after 40 years as a head coach. His Rice Owls would naturally like to give him a good send-off with a winning season, but the prospects are dim. Little good talent returns from the '65 team that won only two games. One bright spot will be the debut of rookie tailback L. V. Benningfield.

If there is a big surprise in the Southwest Conference this year, chances are it will be sprung by Texas A&M. Dynamic young coach Gene Stallings is destined to become one of the greats, and his expertise may show up in unexpected proportions this season. Last year, the Aggies won only three games, but they led Texas, TCU and Texas Tech at half time, although they didn't have the manpower to make it stick. It will be different this time out. Look for new tackle Maurice Moorman to be one of the best in the country his first season.

The Missouri Valley Conference, with only five member teams, shows signs of becoming one of the most power-laden circuits in the land. Within the next couple of years, two or three of these five teams could wind up among the top 20 in the country. Prospects at Tulsa are especially bright. Although graduation nearly wiped out last year's team that went to the Bluebonnet Bowl, the replacements look better than the departed seniors. In fact, Tulsa will look more like a pro team than a college team. Both lines will average over 250 pounds per man. New tackle Joe Blake tips the scales at 318 and runs the 50-yard dash in six seconds. The Hurricanes have five new quarterbacks with dazzling credentials and a field full of good pass catchers. If the Hurricanes don't tear up the countryside this year, just wait until 1967.

Wichita State gets a needed injection of backfield speed via soph Tom Snodgrass and transfer Charlie Brown, so the Shockers have a good shot at the Conference title. Cincinnati will field a relatively green team, but if a group of promising sophs lives up to its promise, the Bearcats will have an explosive offense. Hopes at North Texas State lie mostly in the throwing arm of Vidal Carlin, a previously unheralded quarterback who was a sensation in '65. State will continue to emphasize its passing attack, a strange situation at a school that has built a national reputation for great runners. If a sick defense can be healed, the Eagles could be vastly improved.

There will be fireworks in the Astrodome. Houston plays seven games at home, and if speedsters Dick Post and Warren McVea can get acclimated to the Astroturf, this could be a distinct advantage. Even though Post and McVea are perhaps the best pair of runners in the Southwest, the Cougars will emphasize the air game with record-breaking passer Bo Burris and a flock of good receivers.

Two other cow-country independents will return with aerial circuses intact. Optimism is boiling over in El Paso, where coach Bobby Dobbs in his first year turned a winless and lethargic Texas Western squad into a fiery scoring machine that had spectators rubbing their eyes in disbelief. After beating Texas Christian in the Sun Bowl, what can the Miners do for an encore? More of the same, says Dobbs. All the offensive guns are back, including superslinger Billy Stevens. West Texas State's air attack is

"My God! I'm ruined!"

"Well, it's a wild life sanctuary, isn't it?"

built around Hank Washington, who will throw even more often this year than in '65, when he broke nearly all the school passing records.

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC COAST

UCLA	7-3	Oregon State	5-5
Southern Cal	6-4	Stanford	5-5
Washington St.	6-4	Washington	5-5
California	6-4	Oregon	4-5

WESTERN CONFERENCE

Wyoming	6-4	Utah	4-6
Brigham Young	6-4	Arizona	3-7
Arizona State	5-5	New Mexico	3-7

INDEPENDENTS

Utah State	9-1	San Jose State	4-6
New Mexico St.	8-2	Colorado State	3-7
Idaho	7-3	Pacific	2-8
Air Force	6-4		

TOP PLAYERS: Richardson, Beban, Farr (UCLA); Sherman, Yary (Southern Cal); Goich, Berry, Bennett, Sheridan (California); Sheron, Cadigan (Washington St.); Pifer, Brothers, Grim (Oregon St.); Lewis (Stanford); Williams, Moore (Washington); Bunker, Smith (Oregon); Kiick (Wyoming); Carter (Brigham Young); Williams, Pitts (Arizona St.); Hubbert (Arizona); McKissick, Stipech (Utah); Smith, Jackson (New Mexico); Staley, Musgrove (Utah St.); McDonald, Dotson (Idaho); Bohl, Miller (New Mexico St.); Starkey, Duncan, Zyroll, Roseman (Air Force); Tom (San Jose St.); Reed (Colorado St.).

Sizing up the West Coast teams this year is a job for a computer. We've seldom seen a Conference with such an apparently even distribution of power. Last year's kingpins, UCLA and Southern Cal, have both suffered crippling personnel losses, while all the also-rans look stronger.

UCLA is in a particularly interesting position. Since last year's offensive superstars (halfback Mel Farr and quarterback Gary Beban) return, Los Angeles fans will expect the Uclans to encore their '65 act. Most of the other offensive stalwarts are missing, however, and among the departed are Beban's three favorite receivers. The Bruins' colorful defense, led by enormous guard John Richardson, should be adequate, but filling the offensive gaps will be difficult. Another lost advantage is the surprise factor. Last year, coach Tommy Prothro took a young team that almost nobody had any hopes for and engineered a storybook season, including the dismantling of Michigan State's elephantine juggernaut in the Rose Bowl. This must certainly be listed as the neatest coaching trick of the decade. But this year, the Uclans can't bushwhack unsuspecting opponents. Prothro is a wonderfully resourceful coach, though, so look for another fine Uclan team.

Southern Cal lost irreplaceable Mike Garrett, and that alone would make the Trojans' prospects dimmer. But almost the entire offensive line has graduated also, and coach John McKay will have to weld a new attack squadron around his two best veterans, Troy Winslow and Rod Sherman. The Trojans' defense should be better than ever, though, so a winning season is still probable.

Stanford will have so many new faces in skilled positions that fans may not recognize the team. Both backfields, including incomparable Ray Handley, nearly vanished with graduation. The linebacking corps must also be rebuilt. The one familiar returning face, Dave Lewis, may be shifted to a running back slot to make way for new quarterbacking talent.

They're having a Happening in Berkeley. It's a refreshing change, too, because it has been years since California was an important factor in the Pacific Coast title race. Coach Ray Willsey has a regiment of new faces in camp (54 of the 81-man squad are rookies), and the Bears have general team depth for the first time in years. The recruits are raw, to be sure, but they are laden with aptitude. There are five neophyte halfbacks, for example, who can be game breakers. Everything depends on how quickly Willsey molds all this new material into a cohesive unit. By the end of the season, there should be plenty of excitement in Berkeley.

Coach Len Casanova was so displeased with last year's losing season that he is completely dismantling his Oregon grid machine and rebuilding it from the ground up. Although 27 lettermen return, most of them may wind up in new positions or on the bench. Best hope for a revival of Webfoot prowess rests in halfback Jim Smith and end Steve Bunker, who Casanova insists is as outstanding a receiver as the recently departed Ray Palm.

Oregon State's hope for a profitable season centers mostly around fullback Pete Pifer, who charges into the line like a bellicose bull. We saw him batter the Northwestern line to a pulp last year, and his coaches say he gets meaner with every game. Pifer, along with Paul Brothers and Bob Grim, will give the Beavers an imposing offense.

Washington switched from a defense-oriented club to an offense-oriented one last year, and the results were less fruitful than expected. The attack should cohere this season, though, and with Don Moore carrying the ball and Dave Williams catching passes, the offense could be terrorizing. In fact, if a quarterback can be found to throw to Williams, he could turn out to be the best end in the country. A green defensive squad, however, may keep the Huskies from bettering last year's break-even record.

Washington State, like UCLA, had a great season in '65 after being generally picked to finish near the bottom of the Conference. But nobody will overlook the Cougars this fall. Coach Bert Clark will field a better offense than ever. The only problems are finding a good fullback and rebuilding the defensive secondary. The Cougars are stronger, so now we can see how well they adapt to the unaccustomed role of being favored in most of their games.

Brigham Young stunned everyone last year by winning the Western Athletic Conference Championship, a feat it could very well repeat if it can find some new offensive linemen to give fabulous quarterback Virgil Carter some protection. The surprise factor will be missing, though, and with WAC opponents bent on revenge, BYU could turn out to be just a paper Cougar.

Wyoming seems to have the best chance to unseat Brigham Young. The Cowboys are a strange phenomenon in the mountain and cactus country—a running team. Arizona State will be the dark horse in the WAC. The Sun Devils have been blessed with two excellent crops of sophomores in a row. Coach Frank Kush says that if the new men jell soon enough, his team will be "tougher 'n hell." If State wins those first two games against Texas Western and Wyoming, the Sun Devils will be unstoppable.

Arizona had a disappointing year in '65, probably because too much of the offensive burden was placed on the running of Brad Hubbert. Coach Jim LaRue has gone out and lassoed a couple of good junior college transfer quarterbacks to take some of the load off Hubbert. If they come through, the Wildcats will be a good team again. Otherwise, it will be another long winter in Tucson. Utah could be much improved if new coach Mike Giddings succeeds in teaching his players an entirely new style of football by September. The Utes are loaded with experience, but a tough schedule may preclude a winning season. New Mexico will go to two platoons this year, and it will be difficult finding enough good linemen to go around. New quarterback Rick Beitler may take up where graduated Stan Quintana left off.

Idaho could be one of the big surprises of the year. Many observers characterize the Vandals as "Ray McDonald and a crew of spear carriers." But Idaho also has skilled depth at quarterback, plus flashy new wingback Ken Dotson. The line is big and mean, and the blocking should be better than ever. McDonald is a once-in-a-lifetime fullback. At 250 pounds, he runs like a cheetah. Over the breakfast table one morning this spring, he told us, "I keep trying and trying, but I just can't run the hundred-yard dash in less than ten seconds." Many pro scouts feel he is already a bet-

ter fullback than Jim Brown, which is rather like being a better singer than Caruso. Now that Idaho has other offensive guns to take some of the load off McDonald, the Vandals may have their best season in history.

Among pro scouts, Utah State has come to be known as "Tackle U." The tradition is certainly being upheld this year, with a collection of the most awesome linemen in the country. Keep an eye on defensive tackles Bill Staley and Spain Musgrove. Utah State lost only five seniors from last year's squad that won eight games, so the Utags look more fearsome than ever. They will probably give Nebraska more than it bargained for on September 24.

New Mexico State is optimistic because of the arrival of 15 junior college transfers ("real horses," say the coaches) to supplement the returning bulk of last year's very successful team. State fans are confident their team is on the verge of big-rank football, and they could be right.

San Jose State also has a fine group of transfers and should be much stronger. But so is the schedule, and thus the Spartans will have a hard time posting a winning record. University of the Pacific has decided to return to the big time, and new coach Doug Scovil has been given command of the reconstruction job. Results won't show for a while, partly because Pacific is in the unique predicament of having no sophomores, because there was no freshman team last year.

Finally, and appropriately, we wrap up our wrap-up with our Out-on-a-Limb pick for 1966—the Air Force Academy. Coach Ben Martin appears to have brought his team's fortunes to full circle since the disastrous cheating scandal that left his '65 squad skeleton-bare. Last year's leftovers were loaded with ability, though, and they ran the gantlet of the '65 schedule in fine shape, finishing strong and confident. Two good rookie squadrons in a row have given the Falcons depth. The defense is peerless, and if coach Martin can inject a little more fizz into the offense, the Falcons will fly high. Biggest new weapon in the arsenal is field-goal kicker Dick Hall, who converts consistently from 50 yards out. With that kind of kicking and a rock-ribbed defense, Air Force could be the top sleeper in the country.

"So if we miscalculate, they wipe us out and we wipe them out. While it's true we wouldn't be the winners, don't forget, we wouldn't be the losers, either."

buddy-buddy

(continued from page 122)

"So am I. Isn't she one hell of an exhilarating woman?"

"Let's go get a beer."

"A capital suggestion," said Honoria.

The weekend following the one that held the heady Chagall party (Pete in a brand-new dinner jacket, vital, magnetic to the women; Honoria in subtle beige, conversing with the guest of honor in rapid, colloquial French), the postponed fishing trip took place. There had been further talk of it at the dinner table. Pete, seated at Rod's wife's left, found himself drawn by her into talk of trout (was *any* subject closed to her?) and knew he would have to do some homework.

Early Saturday morning he phoned (ostensibly to make last-minute arrangements) and spoke first to Rod, then to Rod's wife. He went back to bed, but not to sleep. He was torn by passionate ambivalence. His loyalty to Rod was at war with his growing admiration for Rod's wife. At ten, he slowly dialed PL 5-0803.

"What is it? What's happened?" shouted Rod, his voice panicking.

"I have to ask you something."

"What?"

"Do you honest-to-God know what the hell you're doing?"

"This your idea of a joke?" asked Rod.

There was a pause.

"No joke, no. I only——"

Rod cut him off by hanging up.

After half an hour's careful reflection, Pete got out of bed, dressed, went down to the corner barbershop and had his hair cut. He returned to the studio, shaved, showered, put on a clean white shirt, his Bronzini tie and his best suit.

He went to Mrs. Palfrey's Greenery a block away, ordered an old-fashioned bouquet and waited while Mrs. Palfrey made it up.

"Where've you been, ducky?" she asked. "I haven't seen you since well before autumn."

"I'm off that still-life kick," he explained.

"Well, you might've popped in all the same."

"I will, Florence. You'll be seeing a lot of me."

"Back on the still life, are you?"

"Not exactly, no."

He hailed a taxi and went to Rod's.

To the elevator operator's question, he said, "Mrs. Mellin. Seventeen B."

"Are you expected, sir?"

"Yes."

Still, the elevator operator lingered and watched him as he waited for a response to his ring.

The maid who opened the door recognized him at once, having seen him the week before, and asked him in.

He nodded smugly toward the elevator and stepped into the apartment.

The maid said, "I don't think madam is expecting anyone. Might there have been some mistake?"

"No."

"I'll tell her. Would you care to wait in there?"

"No, this is fine."

Pete smoothed his hair, straightened his tie, put down the bouquet and, hands in pockets, tugged his shirttails into place.

The maid returned and said. "She's in the morning room, sir. Would you go in, please? Last on the left."

"Thank you."

He picked up the bouquet and made his way down the hall.

He found her standing at her desk, dressed in a flowing housecoat (a green girl in a pink room), her eyeglasses dangling from her fingers. She was pale.

Pete smiled and said, "What're you doing in the *morning* room? It's a quarter to one. Here."

He handed her the bouquet. She took it, sat down and put her forehead into her hand.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I thought for a minute—when Anna said you were—an accident or——"

"Oh, hell. I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking. The fact is, I'm not so sure I'm thinking *now*."

She looked up at him. They communicated in silence.

"Am I in trouble, Pete?"

"No. *He* is."

She looked at the flowers. "Thank you for this. For these."

"Nothing."

"Will you stay to lunch?"

"Damn right."

At lunch they avoided discussion of the situation and talked of other things: Italy (especially Florence), air versus sea travel and Shakespeare in the Park.

Pete asked, "Aren't you ever going to ask me how I happened to come over today? I wish you would, because I've got a fine answer."

"It frightens me."

"It shouldn't. To look at it one way, I'm a reprehensible rat—but that's not the way I look at it."

"Nor I."

"No. See, I'm interested in form—call it order. On canvas, in clay—or marble if I could afford it—and in people, too. Now, think for a second of us here. Doesn't this make more sense than you alone and me alone?"

They spent the afternoon coming to know each other through questions and responses freely interchanged.

At five o'clock she said, "You'll think it's absurd, but I really must go and lie down now. Habit."

"What could be more civilized?" he said. "Do you want me to blow, or could I stick around till you stand up again?"

"Whatever you like."

"I'll stick around. Maybe *I'll* try it, too. I was up early this morning. Telephoning."

She awakened him an hour and ten minutes later. He looked up at her from the sofa. They exchanged a smile.

"Say," he asked, stretching lazily, "how long has *this* been going on?"

He sat up, put on his shoes and noticed that she was dressed for the evening.

"You got a date?" he inquired.

"Not unless you ask me."

"You're asked."

"What did you have in mind? Should we be seen together?"

"Better if not," he answered, "but that's a great thing about New York. There's always somewhere to go where there's no one you know."

They went to Gilhuly's on 8th Avenue for drinks; to a long, slow dinner at a sprawling Italian restaurant on 32nd Street; and (at her suggestion) to a Viennese supper club on East 86th Street to be steeped in Offenbach, Strauss and Lehár.

He walked her home. They reached

her doorway at 12:30 A.M.

She glanced at him.

"Thanks," he said. "I'd love to."

Two drinks later, she failed to stifle a sonorous yawn.

"Oh," she said. "I *am* sorry."

"Don't be," he said, and yawned powerfully. "It's only the best of friends can sit around yawping sea-lion noises at each other."

She laughed, sobered suddenly and asked, "Is that what we are, Pete? The best of friends?"

"I think we can get to be," he said, "if we work on it."

"But can you see ahead? I can't. Not far. Tomorrow and the next day and maybe the one after that, but then they begin to blur."

"Days to come," he said. "That's one hell of a subject to introduce at twenty to two."

"Forgive me."

He got to his feet and said, "Sleep seven and a half. That's enough. I'll be back at nine-thirty to take you to a swinging breakfast. Coffee only, till I tell you."

"How about tea?"

"You have my permission."

"Thank you."

"And then at eleven we go to church," he said.

"You and church? I wouldn't have thought so."

"Every Sunday a different one is how I do it—every flavor. I'm hooked. The one for tomorrow is the French one on East Sixtieth."

"Whatever you say."

She took him to the door. They joined hands.

"Pete," she said. "You're a terribly—" she stopped and swallowed her emotion, "—kind man. The kindest I've ever known. I'm grateful to you."

"Shut up," he said.

• • •

She was ready when he arrived promptly at 9:30 the following morning.

"Holy smoke," he said. "*That's* a what-a-dress!"

"Suit, really," she said. "Sunday best."

He took her to Steinberg's Dairy Restaurant on Upper Broadway for a breakfast of sturgeon and smoked salmon, mushroom omelet with stewed tomatoes, cheesecake and coffee, and fresh grapefruit.

"I'm a fool," she said, touching her middle.

"We'll walk it off after church."

"Where?"

"Bronx Zoo," he replied.

The hour at the French church—where they were part of a congregation of 11—was spent in another world, replete with fresh sights and sounds, intimations and perceptions. When they left, they did not discuss the experience, but went directly to the Bronx Zoo, where they lunched on hot dogs and passed a young afternoon.

At 6:30 he said, "Fishing's over. Your husband and I are about to start back."

"Yes."

"I caught six."

They took a taxi and he dropped her at her door.

"See you soon," he said.

"I hope so."

Soon turned out to be the following Wednesday. Rod called a conference for 2:30.

At 2:30, Pete presented himself to Rod's wife carrying two folding drawing boards, pads and boxes of pastels.

"Here's the plan," he said. "You sit there and me here and we draw each other."

"No fair," she said. "You're a pro."

"So? When we finish, I sell you mine and you *give* me yours."

"Done!" she said, and they began.

They talked as they worked: of the day's news, of hobbies and of childhood recollections of Mayor La Guardia. From time to time they moved about to examine and criticize each other's work in progress. They each made several sketches, some incomplete.

"I'm getting *worse*," she said when they stopped for tea at four.

"And smudged, too," he said. "You and your cerise nose."

"Who cares?" she said.

They held a look.

"I think something's on for Friday night," said Pete.

"Yes. I've been told. The fights at the Garden."

"Would you care to make a bet?"

"Yes. On you."

"I'm a shoo-in."

"Would you be for movies at the New Yorker? Two great old Hedy Lamarrs."

Pete smiled. "I always say, 'Two Hedys are better than one!' "

"Leave the room," she said.

After that Friday there were two more afternoons before another weekend was arranged: a tour of New England museums to find American primitives for use in an upcoming cigarette campaign. It was to be a long one, Saturday morning to Monday night, late.

Pete rented a car and drove her, leisurely, to The Red Lion Inn at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. They had a picnic lunch on the way, dinner at the Inn and a walk and talk which lasted until four A.M. At her door, he kissed her cheek, and they studied each other for three minutes before she went in. They drove back on Sunday and went to Chinatown for the evening.

He brought her home a few minutes before midnight and said, "I think I won't come up tonight, if you don't mind."

He moved out of the entry lights to a dark spot down the block. She followed him.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"This wasn't how I meant it to work out," he said. "Believe me."

"Please come up," she said. A full minute later she added, "And stay?"

He took a deep breath, exhaled and

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said. "Let's once around the block."

They walked, saying nothing. When they reached the front door again he said, "Thank you. I will. But I have to go home first. I know I'd *look* good in his things, but I'd *feel* ridiculous."

They stayed in all of Monday.

She had told the servants to take the day off. A cold lunch had been left in the refrigerator.

At six, holding hands, they began to talk of where to go for dinner.

After a number of suggestions, she said, "Or I *could* fix us something right here."

"Like what?"

"My Greek stuff is where I shine, they say."

"Greek?"

"Lemon soup; moussaka with boiled dandelions; baklava."

"Is there time?"

"More than plenty. He's not due till eleven. And he's always late."

"Well, fine, then. If it won't make you nervous."

"It'll make me calm."

They spent the next hour in the kitchen. He was overwhelmed. Still another side of this kaleidoscopic creature was being revealed. He watched her. She worked seriously and quickly and with childlike concentration.

The result was an exquisite feast of delectable and exotic taste sensations. He ate heartily and made appropriate sounds.

They sat beside each other on the largest sofa, having coffee and anisette.

"All right," he said. "That settles it. Why didn't you *tell* me you could cook? I'd have asked you to marry me long ago."

"In Greek?"

"No," he said. "Greek is Greek to me."

She began to weep quietly. Pete stood up and moved about the room. When he came to a stop he realized he was quaking.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"Ten-twenty."

"I can't tell you why," she said, "but I feel like washing the dishes."

"That's funny," he said. "I feel like drying."

They had almost finished when Rod came in and found them.

He stood in the doorway, his hat still on his head. He blanched with shock, reached out and grasped the doorjamb.

He looked at his wife, at Pete, nodded and murmured. "Nice going, pal."

"I can't explain everything," said Pete. "But some of it, let me try. The thing to do is to all sit down a minute."

"*You* sit down," said Rod. "I know when I've had it. Been had."

He started out.

Pete called after him, "Will you wait a minute?"

Rod slammed the door as he left.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Rossi live in Florence now, in the celebrated Villa D'Annunzio, which they bought three years ago. The elder of their two sons is two; the younger, ten months.

Pete works in Carrara marble exclusively and is evolving a unique, highly personal, abstract style.

His wife's book on contemporary Italian painters is about to be published by Skira.

A few days ago, as they rose from their now-habitual midday siesta, she asked, "How are you?"

"Well," he replied, "I'll tell you. I'm thinking of changing my name to Riley."

Rod Mellin has become, after all, the husband of Jeannie Cowl (her third).

Shortly before his divorce became final, his British girl was offered a term contract by Paramount Pictures and took it.

Rod became a weekend commuter to Beverly Hills, until the routine began to affect his health. One Saturday he simply failed to turn up, did not phone, and it was over.

That Monday afternoon he developed a migraine working over a layout and had to go home.

At a quarter to 11 his assistant, a brilliant Puerto Rican of 22, brought the finished work to him for final approval.

The assistant grinned and said, "Please don't worry to be sick, Mr. Mellin. I can handle everything A-OK."

"I know you can, Santos."

Rod Mellin is a practical man.

When he recovered, four days later, he phoned Jeannie Cowl and invited her to dinner and the theater. She accepted and continued to accept for the next five months. She was as determined to capture him as he was to capture her, which lent the courtship a somewhat surrealist atmosphere. As a double divorcée with three children (a boy of seven and a girl of six by her first, and a boy of five by her second), her field was narrowing. She continued to be longingly fond of Rod, his earlier rebuff notwithstanding.

He explained. "I was an innocent, sweetie. You can't imagine how plain thick. Dense."

"*She's* the one thick and dense. To let you get away. A dreamboat like you. *I* never will. You just try."

"Why should I?"

The first Sunday after their wedding was spent on Mr. Cowl's estate at Old Westbury, Long Island. It was the children who fouled the day. They made it clear, as though by plan, that they adored their grandfather and disliked

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their stepfather with equal passion. When at last they had been sent up for their nap, Mr. Cowl handed Rod a cane and invited him to walk the grounds. Rod had become art director at Cowl and Ives, and there were matters of business to discuss. In the midst of these, Mr. Cowl broke off to apologize for the malevolent behavior of the children.

"Only natural, don't y' know? Too complicated, all this, for the little beggars. They're not at all sure of their relationships—even to one another. It'll take time. *Everything* takes time, don't y' know?"

"It certainly does," Rod heard himself respond.

"The future," said Mr. Cowl. "That takes time, too."

Rod, his attention fixed on the unwieldy cane, blinked. Could he have heard it right?

"I beg your pardon?" he prompted.

"I said," replied Mr. Cowl, raising his voice and enunciating too clearly, "that the future takes time."

Rod nodded gravely.

The dinner hour was torture, with the children being indulged and spoiled before his eyes.

Afterward, at Mr. Cowl's direction, there were parlor games—among them, charades.

The children were maddeningly clever; Rod, lamentably inept. (He suspected, with reason, that they were cheating.) He found himself being laughed at more than his good humor could absorb.

He retreated into numbness.

"Are you all right, dear?" he heard Jeannie call.

"Yes," he answered automatically and looked about. He was standing, naked, at the basin in the guest bathroom.

"Lovey?" she called again and knocked sharply.

"Right out!" he shouted, jolting himself into full wakefulness.

"Good," she said close to the door. "But hurry up! I don't want another one of those *bathroom* boys!"

He heard her moving off and whistling. (If there is one thing he cannot bear, it is whistling. For some reason it grates on his nerves, always has; moreover, it brings a stabbing pain to his right eardrum.) He would speak to her about it—— Would he?

He closed his eyes. When he opened them, they saw his reflection. He seemed far older than he had that morning.

"You're a mess," he said to his aging image.

"What?"

"*A mess!*"

The mirror conversation struck him as funny, and he began to laugh.

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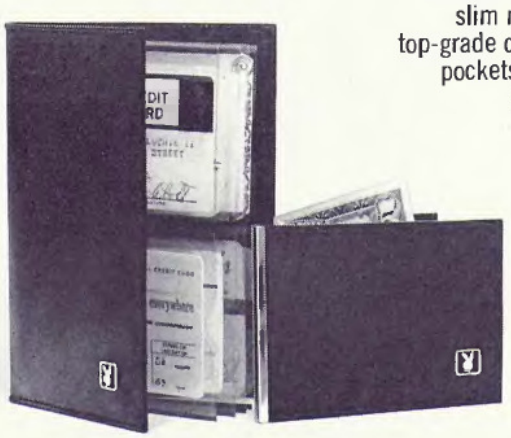

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 112)

Century voyage of spiritual discovery.

PLAYBOY: Yet restrictive and prohibitive laws against the use of LSD have already been passed in California, Nevada and New Jersey, and several members of Congress have urged Federal legislation outlawing its manufacture or possession.

LEARY: Such laws are unrealistic and unconstitutional. Over 15 percent of college students are currently using LSD. Do the hard-arteried politicians and police types really want to put our brightest and most creative youngsters in prison for possession of a colorless, odorless, tasteless, nonaddictive, mind-opening substance? Irrational, senile legislation preventing people from pursuing private, intimate experiences—sexual or spiritual—cannot and will not be obeyed. We are currently planning to appeal any conviction for possession of LSD on constitutional grounds. But the Federal Government is opposed to laws penalizing possession of LSD, because it recognizes the impossibility of enforcement and the unconstitutionality of such statutes. Of course, this ambiguous situation is temporary. In 15 years, the bright kids who are turning on now will be shaping public opinion, writing our novels, running our universities and repealing the hysterical laws that are now being passed.

PLAYBOY: In what way are they hysterical?

LEARY: They're hysterical because the men who are passing them have allowed their ignorance of LSD to escalate into irrationality. Instinctively, they put LSD in the same bag with heroin. They think of drug taking as a criminal activity practiced by stuporous escapists and crazed, deranged minds. The daily diatribes of police officials and many legislators to that effect completely ignore the fact that the use of LSD is a white-collar, upper-middle-class, college-educated phenomenon. The LSD user is not a criminal type. He's not an underground character or a junkie. He doesn't seek to hide, or to apologize for, his activities. But while more and more laws are being passed restricting these activities, more and more people are engaging in them. LSD is being manufactured by people in their own homes and in small laboratories. If this continues, in ten years the LSD group will constitute one of our largest minorities. Then what are the lawmakers going to do?

PLAYBOY: What *should* they do, in your opinion?

LEARY: As they learn more about LSD, I think—I hope—they will recognize that there will have to be special legislation. There *should* be laws about the manufacture of LSD. It is incredibly powerful and can be a frightening experience. It is not a narcotic and not a medical drug; it doesn't cure any illness. It is a new

form of *energy*. Just as a new form of legislation had to be developed for radioactive isotopes, so will there need to be something comparable for LSD. And I think some LSD equivalent of the Atomic Energy Commission and some special licensing procedures should be set up to deal with this new class of drugs.

PLAYBOY: What sort of procedures would you recommend?

LEARY: You can't legalize and control manufacture until you've worked out a constructive way of licensing or authorizing possession. There are many individuals who should be provided with a legitimate access to chemicals that expand their minds. If we don't do this, we'll have a free market or a black market. During Prohibition, when alcohol was prohibited, it was suppressed; then you had bathtub gin and bootleg poisons of all sorts. The Government received no taxes and the consumer had no guarantee that what he was buying was safe and effective. But if marijuana and LSD were put under some form of licensing where responsible, serious-minded people could purchase these chemicals, then the manufacture could be supervised and the sales could be both regulated and taxed. A healthy and profitable situation would result for all involved.

PLAYBOY: How would a person demonstrate his responsibility and seriousmindedness in applying for a license?

LEARY: The criteria for licensing the use of mild psychedelics like marijuana should be similar to those for the automobile license. The applicant would demonstrate his seriousness by studying manuals, passing written tests and getting a doctor's certificate of psychological and physical soundness. The licensing for use of powerful psychedelic drugs like LSD should be along the lines of the airplane pilot's license: intensive study and preparation, plus very stringent testing for fitness and competence.

PLAYBOY: What criteria would you use for determining fitness and competence?

LEARY: No one has the right to tell anyone else what he should or should not do with this great and last frontier of freedom. I think that anyone who wants to have a psychedelic experience and is willing to prepare for it and to examine his own hang-ups and neurotic tendencies should be allowed to have a crack at it.

PLAYBOY: Have you had the opportunity to present this plan to the Federal Narcotics Bureau?

LEARY: I would be most happy to, but the Narcotics people don't want any sort of objective, equal-play consideration of these issues. When anyone suggests the heretical notion that LSD be made available to young people, or even hints, let us say, at the necessity for scientific evaluation of marijuana, he is immediately labeled as a dangerous fanatic and is likely to be investigated. This certainly has been demonstrated by reactions of people asked to contribute to my legal defense fund. There are hundreds who have contributed but who realistically cannot afford to have their names involved in such a case, because they believe public identity may lead to investigatory persecution.

PLAYBOY is among the rare institutions that will tackle an issue of this sort. There is an enormous amount of peripheral harassment. For example, I couldn't get bail bond after my indictment in Laredo, and I had to put up cash. This issue has generated so much hysteria that the normal processes of democratic debate are consistently violated. When several million Americans can't have their voices heard and can't get objective and scientific consideration of their position, I think that the Constitution is in danger.

PLAYBOY: There are some who see the appeal of your conviction in Laredo as a step leading to legalization of marijuana. Do you think that's possible?

LEARY: If I win my case in the higher courts—and my lawyers believe I will—this will have wide implications. It will suggest that future arrests for marijuana must be judged on the merits of the individual case rather than a blanket, arbitrary implementation of irrational and excessive regulation. I consider the marijuana laws to be unjust laws. My 30-year sentence and $30,000 fine simply pointed up in a rather public way the severity and harshness of the current statutes, which are clearly in violation of several amendments to the Constitution.

PLAYBOY: Which amendments?

LEARY: The First Amendment, which guarantees the right of spiritual exploration; and the Fifth Amendment, which guarantees immunity from self-incrimination. The fact that I'm being imprisoned for not paying a tax on a substance that, if I had applied for a license, would have led to my automatic arrest, is clearly self-incrimination. The current marijuana statutes are also in violation of the Eighth Amendment, which forbids cruel and unusual punishments; and of

"My God! Can't I take you anyplace without your embarrassing me?!"

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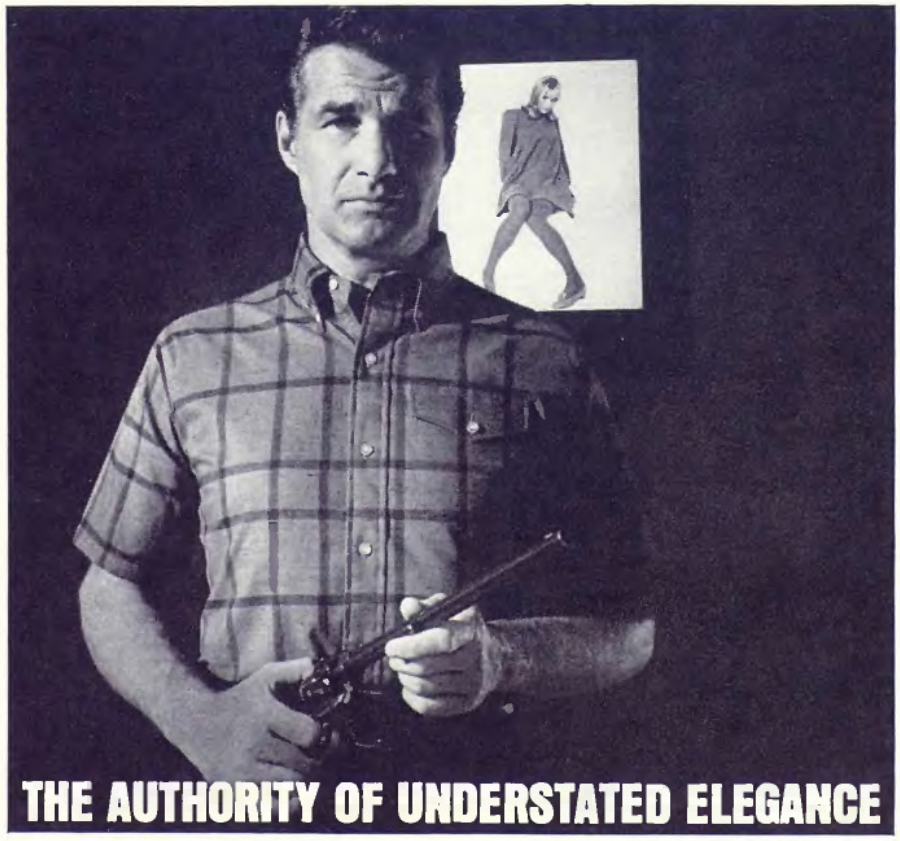

THE AUTHORITY OF UNDERSTATED ELEGANCE

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the Ninth Amendment, which guarantees certain personal liberties not specifically enumerated in the other amendments.

PLAYBOY: The implications of your arrest and conviction in Laredo were still being debated when the police raided your establishment here in Millbrook. We've read several different versions of just what took place that night. Will you give us a step-by-step account?

LEARY: Gladly. On Saturday, April 16th, there were present at our center in Millbrook 29 adults and 12 children. Among them were three Ph. D. psychologists, one M. D. psychiatrist, three physicists, five journalists on professional assignments and three photographers. At one-thirty A.M., all but three guests had retired. I was in bed. My son and a friend of his were in the room talking to me about a term paper that my son was writing. We heard a noise outside in the hallway. My son opened the door, slammed it and said, "Wow, Dad, there's about fifty cops out there!" I jumped out of bed and was in the middle of the room when the door burst open and two uniformed sheriffs and two assistant district attorneys marched in and told me not to move. I was wearing only pajama tops.

One of the sheriff's statements to the press was that the raiding party discovered most of the occupants in the house in a state of semi-undress—which sounds pretty lurid until you realize that almost everyone in the house was in bed asleep at the time of the raid. After the initial shock of finding armed and uniformed men in our bedrooms, all of my guests reacted with patience, humor and tolerance to five hours of captivity. The members of the raiding party, on the other hand, were extremely nervous. It's obvious that they had in mind some James Bond fantasy of invading the Oriental headquarters of some sexual SMERSH, and they were extremely jumpy as they went about their search of the entire house. One interesting aspect of the raid was that all of the women present were stripped and searched.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone object?

LEARY: We objected to *everything* that was being done, including the fact that we could not have a lawyer present.

PLAYBOY: What did the police find during the search?

LEARY: After a five-hour search, they arrested four people: a photographer here on a professional assignment, and a Hindu holy man and his wife—all of whom they alleged had marijuana in their possession—and myself. There was no claim that I had any marijuana in my possession or control; the charge involved my being the director of the house.

PLAYBOY: Did they have a warrant?

LEARY: They had a warrant, but we claim it was defective and illegal.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

LEARY: In the Bill of Rights it clearly states that the Government cannot just

swear out a warrant to go into anyone's house on general suspicion and speculation. Specifically, a search warrant can be issued only on the basis of tangible evidence, usually from an informer, that a specific amount of defined, illegal substance is present at a certain place and time. There was no such probable cause for the raid at Millbrook. Among the "causes" cited was that cars with out-of-state licenses were parked in my driveway, and that girls under the age of 16 were playing around the yard on a certain day when it was under surveillance.

PLAYBOY: How would that be a cause?

LEARY: How, indeed? Another alleged "cause" for the raid was that I am "a known and admitted trafficker in drugs." Well, none of these espionage reports seem to me—or to my lawyers—to justify the issuance of a no-knock, nighttime warrant that authorized the breaking of windows and doors to obtain entry to a private house.

PLAYBOY: What is the current status of the charges against you?

LEARY: We are now involved in nine pieces of litigation on this raid. The American Civil Liberties Union has entered the case with a supporting brief, and while I can't comment on the technicalities of the litigation, we have a large group of bright young turned-on civil libertarian lawyers walking around with smiles on their faces.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean that your lawyers are on LSD?

LEARY: I don't feel I should comment on that. Let me say, however, that you don't need to *use* anything to be turned on, in the sense that you've tuned in to the world.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Humphrey Osmond of the New Jersey Neuropsychiatric Institute—the man who coined the word "psychedelic"—has described you as "Irish and revolutionary, and to a good degree reckless." He was suggesting that if you had been more careful, you might not have been arrested in Laredo or Millbrook.

LEARY: I plead guilty to the charges of being an Irishman and a revolutionary. But I don't think I'm careless about anything that's important.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it careless to risk the loss of your freedom by carrying a half ounce of marijuana into Mexico?

LEARY: Well, that's like saying: Wouldn't it be careless for a Christian to carry the Bible to Russia? I just can't be bothered with paranoias about wire tapping, surveillance and police traps. It's been well known for several years that I'm using psychedelic drugs in my own home and in my own center for the use of myself and my own family. So at any time the Government wanted to make an issue of this, it certainly could. But I can't live my life in secrecy or panic paranoia. I've never bothered to take a lot of elementary precautions, for example, about my phone being bugged or my actions being under surveillance—both of which the police admit. I would say that if there was carelessness in Laredo, it was carelessness on the part of the Government officials in provoking a case that has already changed public attitudes and will inevitably change the law on the possession and use of marijuana by thoughtful adults in this country. The Narcotics Bureau is in trouble. I'm not.

PLAYBOY: But suppose all appeals fail and you do go to prison. What will happen to your children and to your work?

LEARY: My children will continue to grow—externally and internally—and they and all of my friends and colleagues will continue to communicate what they've learned to a world that certainly needs such lessons. As to where and how they will live, I can't predict.

PLAYBOY: Have you made any provision for their financial support?

LEARY: At the present time I'm $40,000 in debt for legal expenses, and I have made no provisions for eating lunch tomorrow. But we'll cross that bridge when we come to it.

PLAYBOY: Do you dread the prospect of imprisonment?

LEARY: Well, I belong to one of the oldest trade unions in human civilization—the alchemists of the mind, the scholars of consciousness. The threat of imprisonment is the number-one occupational hazard of my profession. Of the great men of the past whom I hold up as models, almost every one of them has been either imprisoned or threatened with imprisonment for their spiritual beliefs: Gandhi, Jesus, Socrates, Lao-tse. I have absolutely no fear of imprisonment. First of all, I've taken LSD over 40 times in a maximum-security prison as part of a convict rehabilitation project we did in Boston; so I know that the only real prisons are *internal*. Secondly, a man who feels no guilt about his behavior has no fear of imprisonment; I have not one shred of guilt about anything I've done in the last six years. I've made hundreds of mistakes, but I've never once violated my own ethical or moral values. I'm the freest man in America today. If you're free in mind and heart, you're not in trouble. I think that the people who are trying to put other people in jail and to control basic evolutionary energies like sex and psychedelic chemicals are in trouble, because they're swimming upstream against the two-billion-year tide of cellular evolution.

PLAYBOY: What would you say is the most important lesson you've learned from your personal use of LSD?

LEARY: First and last, the understanding that basic to the life impulse is the question, "Should we go *on* with life?" This is the only real issue, when you come down to it, in the evolutionary cosmic sense: whether to make it with a member of the opposite sex and keep it going—or not to. At the deepest level of con-

sciousness, this question comes up over and over again. I've struggled with it in scores of LSD sessions. How did we get here and into this mess? How do we get out? There are two ways out of the basic philosophic isolation of man: You can ball your way out—by having children, which is immortality of a sort. Or you can step off the wheel. Buddhism, the most powerful psychology that man has ever developed, says essentially that. My choice, however, is to keep the life game going. I'm Hindu, not Buddhist.

Beyond this affirmation of my own life, I've learned to confine my attention to the philosophic questions that hit on the really shrieking, crucial issues: Who wrote the cosmic script? What does the DNA code expect of me? Is the big genetic-code show live or on tape? Who is the sponsor? Are we completely trapped inside our nervous systems, or can we make *real* contact with anyone else out there? I intend to spend the rest of my life, with psychedelic help, searching for the answers to these questions—and encouraging others to do the same.

PLAYBOY: What role do you think psychedelics will play in the everyday life of the future?

LEARY: A starring role. LSD is only the first of many new chemicals that will exhilarate learning, expand consciousness and enhance memory in years to come. These chemicals will inevitably revolutionize our procedures of education, child rearing and social behavior. Within one generation, through the use of these chemical keys to the nervous system as regular tools of learning, you will be asking your children, when they come home from school, not "What book are you reading?" but "Which molecules are you using to open up new Libraries of Congress inside your nervous system?" I don't know if there'll ever be courses in Marijuana 1A and 1B, as a prerequisite to LSD 101, but there's no doubt that chemicals will be the central method of education in the future. The reason for this, of course, is that the nervous system, and learning and memory itself, is a chemical process. A society in which a large percentage of the population changes consciousness regularly and harmoniously with psychedelic drugs will bring about a very different way of life.

PLAYBOY: Will there be a day, as some science-fiction writers predict, when people will be taking trips, rather than drinks, at psychedelic cocktail parties?

LEARY: It's happening already. In this country, there are already functions at which LSD may be served. I was at a large dance recently where two thirds of the guests were on LSD. And during a scholarly LSD conference in San Francisco a few months ago, I went along with 400 people on a picnic at which almost everyone turned on with LSD. It was very serene: They were like a herd of deer in the forest.

In years to come, it will be possible to have a lunch-hour psychedelic session; in a limited way, that can be done now with DMT, which has a very fast action, lasting perhaps a half hour. It may be that there will also be large reservations, of maybe 30 or 40 square miles, where people will go to have LSD sessions in tranquil privacy.

PLAYBOY: Will the psychedelic experience become universal? Will everyone be turned on?

LEARY: Well, not all the time. There will always be some functions that require a narrow form of consciousness. You don't want your airplane pilot flying higher than the plane and having Buddhist revelations in the cockpit. Just as you don't play golf on Times Square, you won't want to take LSD where narrow, symbol-manipulating attention is required. In a sophisticated way, you'll attune the desired level of consciousness to the particular surrounding that will feed and nourish you.

No one will commit his life to any single level of consciousness. Sensible use of the nervous system would suggest that a quarter of our time will be spent in symbolic activities—producing and communicating in conventional, tribal ways. But the fully conscious life schedule will also allow considerable time—perhaps an hour or two a day—devoted to the yoga of the senses, to the enhancement of sensual ecstasies through marijuana and hashish; and one day a week to completely moving outside the sensory and symbolic dimensions into the transcendental realms that are open to you through LSD. This is not science-fiction fantasy. I have lived most of the last six years—until the recent unpleasantness—doing exactly that: taking LSD once a week and smoking marijuana once a day.

PLAYBOY: How will this psychedelic regimen enrich human life?

LEARY: It will enable each person to realize that he is not a game-playing robot put on this planet to be given a Social Security number and to be spun on the assembly line of school, college, career, insurance, funeral, goodbye. Through LSD, each human being will be taught to understand that the entire history of evolution is recorded inside his body; the challenge of the complete human life will be for each person to recapitulate and experientially explore every aspect and vicissitude of this ancient and majestic wilderness. Each person will become his own Buddha, his own Einstein, his own Galileo. Instead of relying on canned, static, dead knowledge passed on from other symbol producers, he will be using his span of 80 or so years on this planet to live out every possibility of the human, prehuman and even subhuman adventure. As more respect and time are diverted to these explorations, he will be less hung up on trivial, external pastimes. And this may be the natural solution to the problem of leisure. When all of the heavy work and mental drudgery are taken over by machines, what are we going to do with ourselves—build even bigger machines? The obvious and only answer to this peculiar dilemma is that man is going to have to explore the infinity of inner space, to discover the terror and adventure and ecstasy that lie within us all.

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NOR ANY DROP

(continued from page 152)

clouds, the water tankers of the sky, and grow fatter and heavier. Sea clouds trend toward continents. Nature has 19 methods of triggering clouds to dump precipitation—rain, hail or snow.

The biggest carrier of earth water to the sky is vegetation. Like ourselves, plants drink water and flush out their impurities with it, by a process called transpiration. In one day an acre of corn moves 3000 gallons of water from the ground to the atmosphere. A tree may transpire 50 gallons a day. Yet the sky holds only a tiny fraction of the world's total of water—about 3000 cubic miles. If it rained down evenly around the globe, the water would be only an inch deep. More than 9,000,000 cubic miles of water is on land. But, brother, where the water *is* is in the oceans—97 percent of the existing total, or 326,500,000 cubic miles, and all of it salty.

Until this century, the U. S. depended on surface water coming conveniently by gravity from watersheds or springs that welled from overcharged aquifers; if enough water piles into them to raise pressure, aquifers geyser from a drill hole.

Rivers contain 20 times as much spring water as they do rain runoff. The aquifer is the warehouse for our water. Streams are its trucking service. The aquifer is better than any dam invented by man. It will store cool water under a flaming desert for 10,000 years, and it filters and repurifies water.

Rainfall, aquifers and rivers are not found where you please. One third of the planet is arid, and even in North America, the big oasis, virtually a waterlogged land, many regions have no water and parts that have are using it up fast.

The first settlers here looked for water before anything else. They sought a tidal river or sheltered harbor deep enough for seagoing craft, because commerce was by keel. And they needed handy fish and shellfish to keep from starving. They looked for a spring near the homesite. They didn't need much fresh water: A gallon a day per head would satisfy both gullet and cookpot. Washing and cleaning didn't ask much; more water was used for brewing and distilling. Their domestic animals were modest water users. A hundred turkeys were satisfied with five gallons a day. Carrying water and dumping it on the crops might have drawn a charge of witchcraft.

In contrast, contemporary U. S. households spend water something like this:

One toilet flush—3–4 gallons
One tub bath—30–40 gallons
One shower—10–20 gallons
One wash of dishes—10 gallons

Sentinel fabric: a lustrous 2-ply blend of 65% Dacron* polyester and 35% Pima cotton treated with Zepel† to discourage both rain and stains.
†Dupont's reg. T.M. for its fabric fluoridizer *Dupont's reg. T.M.

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Attention to details, mainly. Especially the ones you can't see. Take this Sentinel all-weather coat. Won the Caswell-Massey Men's Fashion Award. But there's more. The Ventrim®—an exclusive way of free-floating the liner so that the outer shell keeps its crisp contour. And Instant Zipability®. Hidden zipper idea that lets you either add or subtract any Plymouth liner.

Cost? $37.50. With sleeved alpaca liner, $55. Prices slightly higher in the West. Not too much for the only coat a knowledgeable man really needs.

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One dripping faucet, at a drop per second—4 gallons a day
Leak in toilet bowl—35 gallons a day
Sprinkling lawn of 8000 square feet—30,000 gallons a year

There are many ways to reduce home consumption without hardship. Three or four bricks in the toilet tank will save a gallon a go. Showers use roughly half as much as tub baths. All the day's dishes can be saved for one attack. Leaks can be stopped, lawns can go brown. To really save domestic water, we would need ordinances requiring spring-closed faucets, bowls with trap-door bottoms (as in planes and trains) and European-type gas water heaters that start giving hot water as soon as you turn on the spigot. We run off gallons of cold water while waiting for hot water to ascend from remote heaters. Of course, the sure-fire way to reform the consumer is to meter his house and, during shortages, charge premium rates for excess drawoff. Water engineers have found that families paying flat rates use twice as much water as people with meters. Another way to inhibit domestic consumption is to lower the pressure in water mains. Usually water comes to the faucet at four times the pressure of the atmosphere. Cut it in half and people use less water. But no matter how families mishandle water, they take only eight percent of U. S. consumption. Two developments unknown to the first settlers, industry and irrigation, split the remaining 92 percent.

Industry uses most of our water, 125 billion gallons per day. Ninety percent of it is used for cooling: 25 gallons of water are required to make each gallon of beer. The nation's electric power plant uses three times as much cooling water as all the other industries combined. Other big drinkers are steel mills, which require up to 75,000 gallons to make one ton of steel; rayon plants, which use three times that much for a ton of fiber; and paper mills, 188,500 gallons per ton of newsprint. Even in petroleum cracking it takes 10 gallons of water to turn out a gallon of gas, and 70 gallons for aviation gas. Some refineries lose most of this coolant through evaporation. On the other hand, bigger water consumers, like steel and power, reuse the fluid as many as 50 times. The water that comes out of the 50th round is usually so loaded with impurities that it has no further use. The maximum water user is the aluminum industry—to produce a ton of this metal requires 495,000 gallons of water.

Irrigation got at our water resources after industry did, but now giant corporate farms and contract growers are consuming water at a dizzying rate. Irrigation is a very inefficient use of water. Sprinklers throw away a quarter of the volume as evaporation, and overloaded ditches waste even more.

American irrigation was out of business for hundreds of years after the Hohokam Indians lost out in the Salt River Valley. Modern irrigation started in 1847, when a troop of religious outcasts, gunned out of New York, Ohio and Illinois, "forted up" at the Great Salt Lake, shining silver under the snows of the overhanging Wasatch Range. By impounding runoff water from the Wasatch, the Mormons let loose the Tantalus of the West. In 1850 they were irrigating 16,000 acres, and by 1900, 300,000 acres. They styled our fundamental water laws beyond the Mississippi. A hundred years after the Saints got there, the east bank of the Salt Lake was waterlogged, streams went dry before the irrigation season was over, farms were rubbed out by mud avalanches from the slopes of the Wasatch, ground water was turning saline and Utah was importing water from Colorado.

Agronomists on the High Plains of Texas started mining water in 1911. By 1937 there were 600 irrigation wells. A piratical water raid got under way during World War Two. Eleven thousand irrigation holes were drilled into the Ogallala aquifer between 1943 and 1951. Around Amarillo, the water table in some areas fell 100 feet in ten years. While the water was disappearing, the population soared. Amarillo bought a water mine 70 miles away. With a paper-thin annual rainfall, the Ogallala aquifer can never be replenished. The crops it irrigates are mainly winter wheat and sorghum, for which there is no market. They are surplus crops, subsidized by the national treasury and stored at the taxpayers' expense.

In the Texas Panhandle, growers formed the High Plains Underground Water Conservation District Number One and filed a suit in the U. S. District Court, asking income-tax reductions for "depleting a natural resource." Congress gives them tax cuts for depleting natural gas, petroleum and mineral deposits. Why not water? The growers broke through last December, when the Fifth U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals awarded a $113 tax repayment to Marvin Shurbet, on the evidence that the Ogallala aquifer was shrinking beneath his ranch at Lubbock. Twenty thousand of his neighbors are now lining up for tax rebates. From the head of the queue Marvin said, "It's something we're entitled to. We're very humble."

However humble Uncle Sam succeeds in rendering the Texas Panhandlers, their aquifer is dying and soon they will need somebody else's water for their subsidized surplus crops. The Reclamation Bureau and Corps of Army Engineers are planning to furnish it by throwing up two huge dams in the Grand Canyon of Colorado. If the American people let them. These dams, if built, will drown scenes of cosmic natural wonder and erase the last wild West experience we have—that of rafting down the Colorado. The Grand Canyon will become renowned for water skiing.

The Corps of Engineers is partial to growers. To furnish "flood control"—actually more irrigation water to citrus farmers—the engineers have recently

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built 1400 miles of dams and levees in 18 central Florida counties. This impoundment is drying up the Everglades National Park, the third in size of our national preserves. Ibis and egrets no longer form rookeries in once-frequented areas. On the salt rim of the great swamp, the breeding grounds of boneheads and shrimps are being dried out. On the cracking mud of receding ponds, there lie the bleaching bones of turtles and garfish, the accustomed food of the Everglades alligators. The gators have taken to eating each other. Last year, while the Everglades croaked, the engineers had a dangerous surplus of water in their network. They opened the floodgates and dumped ten billion gallons at sea.

Although for quite a while conservationists have been concerned over abuse of the nation's water reserves, World War Two tramped the throttle on the superhighway to aridity. Army camps were established in the cheap, warm South, and air schools in the sunny Southwest. The aircraft and instrument industries followed them to the sun. Simultaneously came air conditioning and big money for irrigated foodstuffs. I mean steak, too. "A steer drinks ten gallons a day," a hydrologist told me, "plus a lot more water to make the grass he eats. One pound of prime steak runs into thousands of gallons." These new factors revolutionized the Southwest, at increasing expenditure of its ancient stores of water. Droughts hastened the massacre of the aquifers. In north Texas, a six-year dry spell started in 1951. The Ogallala was drawn upon for nine times as much water in 1958 as when the drought began. In the Southern High Plains the period 1952–1954 was deficient in rain, and irrigation shafts increased from 14,000 to 44,000.

The profits from irrigation excited farmers all over the country. "Dry farmers" in Kansas and Iowa, who had been growing acceptable crops with natural rainfall, went in for "supplemental irrigation" to fatten up fruit and vegetables, and make juicier forage for bigger livestock. U. S. agriculture was turning into the Strasbourg goose that is forcibly fed until its swollen liver is big enough to sell as *foie gras*. This kills the goose that gives the golden liver.

In western Iowa, which gets more rain than the national average, unnecessary irrigation has old neighbors feuding over the whack-up of local water supplies; yet the state government considers flood control its paramount water problem. The Iowa parliament is also suspicious that upstream states—the Dakotas, Minnesota and Wisconsin—are going to steal the Missouri and Mississippi river waters from her.

We Americans run our water supplies on what might be called the croak-or-choke system. Either we have not got enough water or we have too much. The latter case is called a flood. The public is dealt a lot of malarkey on this subject. Some of it comes from the Corps of Army Engineers, one of whose missions is flood control. Now, the purpose of a military organization with a billion dollars a year to spend is not to grow smaller. It is to grow larger. The toiling engineers are no exception. They do not go around knocking flood control. Floods occur in American rivers about every ten years and are easier to dramatize than droughts.

Floods are a normal aspect of the hydrological cycle. Old rivers run through flood plains of sand, gravel and sediments they have brought along to upholster themselves. The banks become aquifers and the sediments make good arable land. At times of peak precipitation and snow melt, usually in the spring, rivers spread over their flood plains. Only ignorant or deceived persons would take up residence or business on a river bottom, yet developers continue to gull people into buying there. Such land is good for farming or recreation, but if you put a building on it, sooner or later the river will knock it down and carry it off.

Pennsylvania is a flood-prone state with many valleys and flood plains. Engineers would have a much easier time erecting flood-control dams if people did not insist on living in what would be a good bottom for a dam. In fact, in Appalachia the development of surface storage of water is impeded because towns have pre-empted the better damsites.

Alabama is one of the most fortunate states of the Union in water reserves, both in the ground and in watercourses. Mobile, for instance, receives as much as 68 inches of rain a year, more than twice the national average. Yet the Gulf city is partially crippled by salt-water invasion of its aquifer. The salt water moved in during World War Two, when Mobile went gaga over air conditioning and sucked deep into its pure-water store. Mobile has now cut down on pumping, but a quarter of a century later, drip water has not completely flushed out the subterranean reservoirs.

There is no water shortage in the United States. The same amount is circulating in nature's cycle as before, and we are receiving our share, an average rainfall of 30 inches a year, far higher than most countries of the world. After natural vegetation has drawn its needs, there is left 7500 gallons per day for each man, woman and child. With industry and irrigation taking their lion's portion of this, we are still using only one fifth of the available supply.

The trouble is that water is unevenly distributed and the activities we call progress and prosperity are constantly increasing its maldistribution. We are throwing away many billion gallons per day by looting fossil aquifers and by pollution. Only about half our population is served by sewer systems, of which nearly half have no treatment plants to make the water reusable for the guy downstream.

On a working day the slaughterhouses of Omaha, Nebraska, dump 750 tons of grease and undigested stomach contents of killed animals into the Missouri river. Grease clogs the water intakes of Saint Joseph 100 miles downstream. Public indignation, pointed up by Lyndon Johnson's criticisms of the meat industry as a major river polluter, has obliged Omaha packers to join the public in erecting a waste-treatment system.

If we are to make up losses by pollution, replace plant and meet increasing need, a Senate study says we'll have to spend 228 billion dollars in the next 15 years.

The American water problem is caused by one thing: mismanagement by man. The code of sovereign states, of farmers, industrialists and communities alike is: To hell with the guy downstream. To this precept a new dimension is being added: To hell with posterity.

A bizarre method of punishing our great-grandchildren has been worked out in New Mexico, one of the states that has assumed powers to stop abuse of water resources. If the state engineer finds that the ground water available in a locality will be exhausted in 40 to 60 years, he orders a moratorium on drilling in order to give the current owners enough time and water to recapture investments and take reasonable profits. After that, the area becomes worthless—and unpopulated.

The outfit charged with finding, measuring and reporting on the nation's water resources is the Geological Survey Division of the Department of the Interior. I talked with one of its leading scientists, Dr. Raymond L. Nace, a weathered geologist from Wyoming with an Indian hint to his features (colleagues call him Chief Rain Ace). On the worries of the Western states, he says:

"Throughout human history desert living has been based on an oasis-type economy, and this is still true. The most striking feature of our deserts is not their great irrigation projects around air-conditioned oasis cities; rather, it is the vast expanse of unoccupied, pitiless desert that surrounds these oases. But, even within them, human occupation hangs in precarious balance. Extensive industrial and agricultural development has been possible only by drawing on fossil ground water that accumulated in natural reservoirs during past millenniums. These reservoirs will be depleted in the foreseeable future. Unless new sources of water are found, and none is in sight, the oases will shrink and some may revert to desert."

Another trouble out West is useless

THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY

Millet's THE GLEANERS By Jim Beaman

"He just can't forget the 'good old days' when he was an exec with Battem, Bottom, Disby and Olem . . ."

plants called phreatophytes (pronounced free-*at*-o-fights), which eat what little subsurface water there is across 15,000,000 acres. The freeloaders that fringe desert rivers are willows, salt cedars and cottonwoods. In the Rio Grande valley, salt cedars slurp up so much water that New Mexico is scarcely able to meet her delivery quotas to the Elephant Butte Reservoir under the Rio Grande water distribution compact with the Republic of Mexico. Salt cedar was imported from the Mediterranean by some idiot about a century ago. Arizonans have attempted to burn it off and uproot it with stump pullers, but the following season the stuff shoots up six feet high. Incineration and decapitation seem to stimulate the deeper roots. Airplanes have attacked with chemicals, but only occasionally succeed in exterminating salt cedar. It is now figured that seven repeated chemical attacks will rid you of the water eaters, but as with flies and DDT, salt cedar becomes increasingly resistant to herbicides. In Nevada, it is estimated that eliminating phreatophytes would leave enough water to irrigate 130,000 acres of alfalfa, which is also a phreatophyte, but nourishes beef cattle. Alfalfa, incidentally, uses ten times as much water as other edible cattle grasses.

In Israel, a water-conscious country, desert kibbutz farmers maintain a constant offensive against phreatophytes. In some areas destroying them has increased the settlers' water supply by 15 percent.

• • •

"Every major river system is now polluted," said Lyndon B. Johnson in a message to Congress in 1965. "Waterways that were once sources of pleasure and beauty and recreation are forbidden to human contact and objectionable to sight and smell."

Water pollution killed 18,000,000 fish in 1964, according to returns from state fish and game authorities in 42 states. Industrial pollution killed 7,000,000 of them in the Miami river between Dayton and Cincinnati, Ohio.

The tonnage of poison U. S. communities and industries void into the nation's waters would shame an anarchy. In the industrial East, two out of five plants still dump acids, chemicals, oils and organic refuse into our watersheds. An equal number of firms treat pollutants before discharge. But south of the 37th parallel from Norfolk to the Grand Canyon, less than one fourth of our manufacturers refrain from dumping nuisances into streams. The best record in the country for cleaning industrial discharges belongs to California and the Rocky Mountain basin. Half of their plant managers could dunk a hand in the river and see their fingers. That is, if the water wasn't boiling. One of the worst industrial pollutants is hot water, spilling out of cooling systems. Along the Mahoning river in eastern Ohio, steel mills pipe in water from under the ice during the winter and discharge it downstream at a temperature of 84 degrees F. In the summer, the downstream temperature rises to 104 degrees. Executives of these mills do not go trout fishing in the Mahoning.

Our misuse of water is killing off *Ostrea virginica*, the celebrated American oyster that once paved the tidewaters of the East. Oysters thrive in brackish water, above the tidal meeting of ocean and rivers. Already hard hit by overfishing and pollution, the oyster beds are now threatened with extinction by invasion of a murderous salt-water parasite called MSX. The killer cannot live in the diluted oyster environment, but as upriver water drawoff reduces stream pressure, MSX washes in with the salt front. Ninety percent of the splendid Chincoteague oysters of Delaware Bay now come up in the rake gaping open and dead.

A great many streams of Appalachia, in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky, are made lifeless and unusable by sulphuric-acid drainage from coal mines. Coal seams contain iron and sulphur pyrite, which when exposed to water and air is converted to sulphuric acid. In working mines the sulphuric water is pumped out; from abandoned mines it flows out. Each year the Monongahela river carries off 200,000 tons of sulphuric acid from mines in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, enough acid to manufacture twice the industrial explosives the country uses in a year.

Sewage and industrial wastes are also making sick lakes. In the states of Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York and the province of Ontario, 10,000,000 people drink from Lake Erie. They and their industries also dump their waste there. Excrement forms a pool in the center of the lake, setting off an explosive growth of plant spores that consume the water's natural oxygen content. Trout, pike and whitefish die of anoxia

and, from the central cesspool, there drift ashore big stinking, rubbery skeins of algae. Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall recently flew over Erie's "cloudy mess of murderous pollution" and thought he was "reading the flyleaf of a book on the end of civilization."

People are busily polluting lakes in high mountains, too. Lake Tahoe in the Sierra Nevada is undergoing heavy abuse. A few years ago you could drink Tahoe water without a qualm. Today its clear Mediterranean blue is stained by seepage from cesspools of cabins, motels, restaurants and casinos that occupy most of the 70-mile shore line. The lake banks are permeable and the cottage boomers didn't bother about sewage when they sold the property.

California, ever water-alert, shares Lake Tahoe with Nevada. In this case, differences in state water laws are not allowed to interfere with common sense. Both states agree that sewers must be laid and the effluent treated. Then the stuff can be dumped down the mountain to help irrigate Reno. The U. S. Public Health Service is putting money into a modern sewage-treatment plant to save Lake Tahoe.

A bizarre aspect of the post-War degradation of water is pollution by detergents. In order to make the powders sudsy—an advertising advantage having nothing to do with cleansing efficiency—a chemical called ABC, for alkyl benzene sulfonate, was added. ABC was not affected by water bacteria or oxygen reactions that disintegrate most pollutants. The late-late movie's favorite-favorite product went foaming through filtration plants, piled up in rivers and came frothing out of your faucet. This went on for years, until the state of Wisconsin and Dade County, Florida, clapped penalties on detergents containing ABC. Currently the sudsmongers are substituting a softer foaming agent called LAS—linear alkylate sulfonate. We'll see.

Twenty-five million Americans are drinking water that does not meet the minimum standards of the U. S. Public Health Service. About 10,000,000 of them consume water with too big a load of dissolving solids and another 9,000,000 are drinking too much iron.

The Senate subcommittee on water pollution estimates that by 1980 the American people will be consuming 650 billion gallons a day. That happens to be the maximum amount available from all natural sources. Gladwin Hill of *The New York Times* picked up the gist of the problem from a conservationist, who said the United States was "standing knee-deep in sewage, shooting rockets at the moon."

In the past ten years Uncle Sam has put $650,000,000 into state antipollution projects. However, the establishment was a little embarrassed by a hard-working subcommittee of the House Government Operations Committee headed by Representative Robert E. Jones of Alabama. Mr. Jones' outfit inspected waste disposal in 1000 Federal installations and found 68 bases, most of them military, pouring 21,000,000 gallons of untreated sewage and industrial pollutants into streams every day. The Marine Corps at Camp LeJeune, North Carolina, asked headquarters for $1,500,000 to build a sewage-treatment plant for 6,000,000 gallons of raw wastes it dumped per day into the New river. Headquarters, however, needed the money to maintain its combat men in Vietnam.

The President has since issued an Executive Order to the Armed Forces to fall out for latrine detail, but San Diego, for one, is still waiting for results. Its metropolitan sewage system with outfalls three miles at sea cleaned up the harbor, except where the First Fleet sits with 30,000 men on the hoppers, producing about 2,000,000 gallons of untreated waste a day.

The nation is currently spending about 2.2 billion dollars a year on water problems, of which $100,000,000 is for research and the rest for engineering works. The sum contrasts with the 50 billion dollars we are spending to visit the big dust balls up in the sky. Perhaps our water shortcomings would receive better legislative attention if Dean Rusk were to blame them on Mao, Castro and Ho.

By the mid-Sixties, Washington and regional authorities had built or planned more than 3000 water resource projects, most of them in the 17 arid Western states. The largest current expenditure per annum—1.3 billion dollars—is laid out by the Army Corps of Engineers. The Bureau of Reclamation is next, with $146,000,000. Reclamation, which was founded in 1902, benefits only the states west of the Mississippi. Senator Frank E. Moss of Utah is one from that region who would like a lot more. While admitting that the water "just isn't there" in a report of the Senate Western Water Development Subcom-

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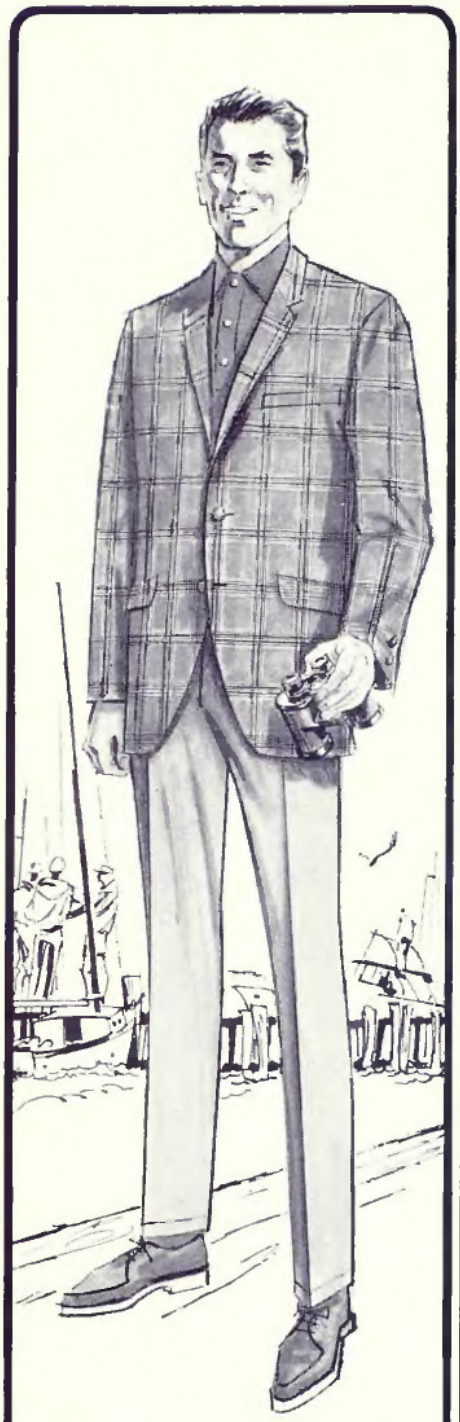

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mittee, he predicts, "The problem will get worse." His committee foresees that the West will need twice as much water in 1980 and three times as much in 2000 A.D. The water-shy states are increasing in population faster than the rest of the country. Senator Moss' committee paper says: "The present population of the Western states is in excess of 43,000,000 and is expected to reach 108,000,000 people in the year 2000." Although Western farm ownership is declining sharply in favor of bigger corporate farms, Senator Moss thinks the nation should provide land reclamation and water for 230,000 more "family-size farms" in the West.

Water imperialism is now a grim aspect of Western life. The state of Colorado is in the unique historical position of being simultaneously exploited by 18 other states. Colorado's neighbors take half of her water runoff under contracts that are likely to inhibit her growth. In her South Platte and Arkansas river valleys urbanism cannot develop without importing water. Moss' report prints the situation in boldface: **"There is only so much water available and inevitably every proposed project raises the controversy over taking water away from one place to help another."**

Southern California is the world's most successful desert. The first artesian well came in at Compton in 1868 and soon the aquifer was pierced by thousands of gay waterspouts. When a drought arrived in 1904–1905, the region had effectively exhausted its ground water. At the time, Los Angeles, a city of 100,000, was living off the Los Angeles River, which flowed out of the San Fernando Valley. A private water company monopolized the water sources in the valley and relentlessly profiteered on the sun-kissed suckers. Los Angeles sued them and eventually won a novel Supreme Court ruling based on Spanish law antedating American occupation, which gave the pueblo historic rights to San Fernando water.

In reply, the syndicate made a mysterious rook move by exercising options to buy 108,000 acres of the watershed at $5 to $20 an acre and then letting it lie fallow. After a series of complicated machinations that rumbled all the way up to conservationist President Theodore Roosevelt, they managed to secure water rights to hundreds of plats of land alongside streams and canals in the Owens River Valley. Then they offered kippered Angelenos a peek at the fountains of heaven; a miraculous aqueduct was to bring them the sparkling waters of the Owens Valley—if they voted a $25,000,000 bond issue. To help them make up their minds, parties unknown created artificial water shortages by dumping water into sewers before it reached town. On the eve of the voting, city hall forbade lawn sprinkling. The people voted for the bond issue.

The citizenry swelled with pride as the lordly aqueduct came toward L. A. But when it reached the San Fernando Valley, work ceased. Not a drop of water reached Los Angeles. It was distributed for irrigation on syndicate land. The mob then put the San Fernando Valley up for sale at $500 to $1000 an acre and cleaned up $100,000,000. The sons and grandsons of this money are among the gracious civic leaders of L. A. today. The city was obliged to annex the San Fernando Valley in order to bring the upstate water to town.

The waterless farmers of the Owens Valley started dynamiting the conduits and opening control gates and L. A. sent up shotgun men to stop them. The farmers sued and lost. In 1927 Los Angeles papers carried ads: "We, the farming community of the Owens Valley, being about to die, salute you!" The farms went back to desert and the valley became a potential flood generator. Los Angeles taxpayers had to shell out again to buy up land for reclamation. This romance of Old Los Angeles has appeared in several books, but few people there have ever heard of it.

By 1928 Los Angeles needed more water than the Owens Valley could supply. She joined up with 13 neighboring communities in the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California and went farther afield to capture water 392 miles away in the Colorado River. The thrice-blessed Angelenos were told the Colorado Aqueduct would take care of them until 1980. They voted the money.

In 1964 the state of Colorado got a Supreme Court standoff that may curb further Southern California withdrawals from the river. L. A. sent money 700 miles into the Sierra Nevada to get control of runoff in the Feather River Canyon, and she took another whack at the Owens Valley with a big new aqueduct. Although it isn't 1980 yet, on top of three billion dollars invested in the Metropolitan Water District, at L. A.'s rate of expansion, Angelenos will have to spend three billion dollars more by 1980 to fill pools, bathe cars and vaporize orchid houses. And there is no guarantee their leaders won't make them pay two or three times more for it.

New York City should emulate L. A., counseled Professor Rolf Eliassen of Palo Alto, a New York–born sanitary engineer. New Yorkers "have got to have the courage to go long distances to get their water," said he. "If you need water desperately you have to go get it. We haven't had rain here in four months," he told his drooling ex-landsmen, "but I am able to water my lawn any time I want to. My garden is beautiful."

When droughts come along—and nobody knows what causes them, how to prevent them or how long they'll last—the American economy becomes masochistic, almost suicidally so. Having too

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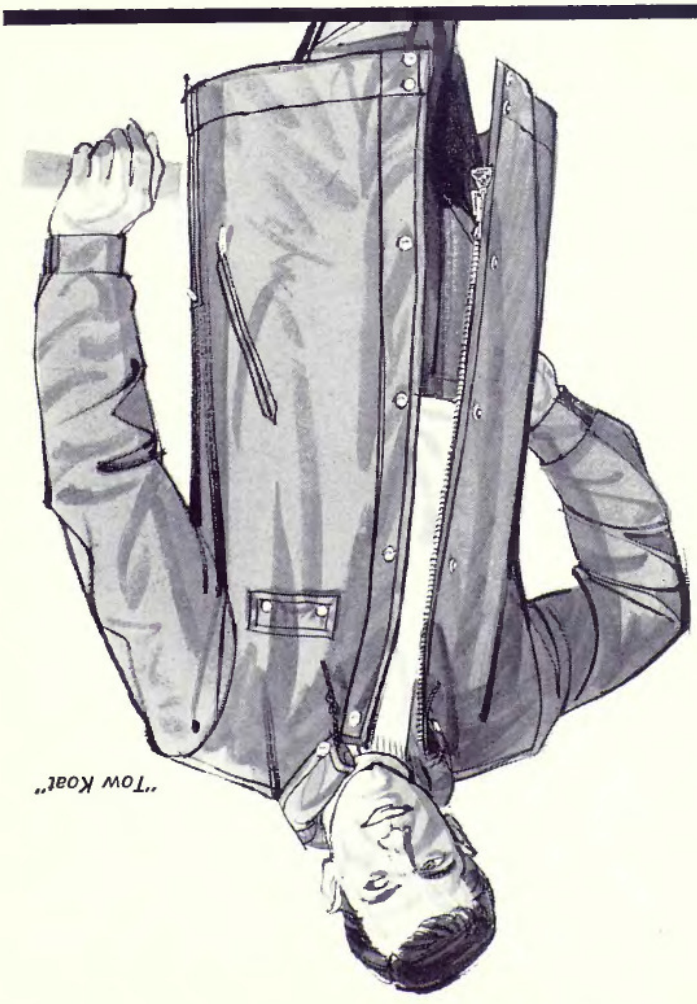

"Tow Koat"

Which Nylon Jacket is Pacific Trail?

BOTH ! The impeccable tailoring provides the clue ! Seen here, Pacific Trail's new longer-length waterproof tow coat of DuPont nylon. Rugged Oxford, styled with 2-way zipper under the wind-deflecting fly front and waterproof hood under the collar. Dacron® 88 provides lightweight warmth, and two 14" side zippers make chair-lifting more comfortable. Note the snap breast pocket for goggles. Navy, black, Oregon green, burgundy, loden green. Sizes S, M, L, XL . . . $35.00.

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Naturally it's DUPONT NYLON

little water, it demands more than usual. Crackling forests call for bigger water reserves to fight fires. Sanitary use of water goes up, swimming pools are filled and air conditioning increases its inordinate thirst. Air conditioning is a phreatophyte. Refrigerating a large office building takes enough water to meet the ordinary needs of a town of 25,000 people. The nation uses an average of two billion gallons a day for cooling, and in the hot months it peaks to ten billion gallons. To cover the hottest day, power companies must maintain this extra capability the year round, although in the North these reserves may lie idle for 11 months.

In the humid states, droughts occur in relatively small areas, but the resulting howls of pain are in proportion to population density. The big thirst of the day is New York City's, whose celebrated six-year drought has sounded a tocsin to the nation. There was a dry-up in New York in 1929–1932. A lesser brown-out in 1950–1951 brought the city to hastily erect a million-gallon filtration plant near Poughkeepsie to clean Hudson river water. The city had previously classified the Hudson as "hopelessly polluted." It rained in 1952 and the plant was dismantled. Sweet hydrophilia lasted for ten years and people forgot the dry days. To furnish water for the unnatural growth of the city, politicians ignored the Hudson and hooked into watersheds in the remote headwaters of the Delaware, the river in the heart of the booming downstream industrial basin around Philadelphia. Gotham statesmen diverted the Delaware to fill three huge reservoirs at Pepacton, Neversink and Cannonsville, New York. This made downriver people apprehensive; in a water squeeze New York could leave them with the short end. The Supreme Court ordered New York to join a Delaware River Basin Commission, composed of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and the Department of the Interior. The high Court decreed that New York could never divert enough water to reduce the flow of the river below 1525 cubic feet a second. A lesser velocity would let salt tides from the Atlantic roll upstream, knocking out water supplies for cities and industries. The Supreme Court appointed a scorekeeper known as the rivermaster.

In 1962 the precipitation in New York's watershed was below normal. Mayor Robert Wagner asked New Yorkers to conserve water. Two more lean years followed. The mayor deplored waste of water, but made no move to obtain more or regulate what was available. Again in 1965, the shortage continued and Wagner requested restaurants not to serve water unless the patron asked for it. This Spartan measure saved about a thousandth of no percent of the city's water. City Hall issued SAVE WATER stickers and wags printed their own, HELP CONSERVE WATER. SHOWER TOGETHER.

In the meantime, dribbling taps, leaking pipes, flowing johns, ruptured air conditioners and other impedimenta of the big waste continued in action. Lyndon Johnson made a crack to the effect that Bob Wagner ought to locate the third of his water that was being wasted. New York was using 900,000,000 gallons daily. The Department of the Interior estimated that 200,000,000 was escaping through leaks, but the city said it was only 30,000,000. Nobody knew. Wagner had steadfastly refused to require water meters in all buildings, maintaining that in New York water had "always been free." Of course, water was about as free as crossing a Robert Moses bridge. Only one fourth of New York City has water meters, because builders of cardboard apartment houses don't want to be troubled with the extra piping. Landlords get water at low flat rates. Tenants get the water "free"—the landlord packs it in the rent—and consider water meters an encroachment on their liberty. So they pay about ten bucks a month for water, buried in their rent.

New York's reservoirs did not fill up for the big summer splash of home pools, lawn soaking and cops turning on fire hydrants for ghetto kids. The mayor pleaded and reproached. Finally one citizen answered Mr. Wagner's prayer to save water; the city water commissioner stopped releasing it from his dams into the Delaware. The rivermaster requested him to return it; the salt front started up the Delaware at 3000 feet a day. The flow gauge fell off to 943 cubic feet a minute less than the agreed minimum. The rivermaster was helpless; only if a state of emergency were declared could he order Wagner's water boy to return Philadelphia's water.

Three and a half million New Jerseyites faced "a question of survival," said Robert A. Roe, the state's conservation chief. In south Jersey the ducal canneries and farms of the Campbell Soup Company were in danger of drowning in salt. Salt scale built up in the cooling systems of riverside plants. Scott Paper spent $500,000 to overcome salinity. The salt front ran past Atlas Chemical's big plant and the firm had to buy water from private sources. The saline content of the river reached 280 parts per million, almost the limit of human potability, and sufficient to corrode cooling systems. Wells and aquifers turned saline as the ocean invasion soaked through porous riverbanks.

Dr. Maurice K. Goddard, Pennsylvania member of the Delaware River Basin Commission, accused New York of water piracy. Governor Richard J. Hughes of New Jersey charged New York was violating the compact. Newsmen quizzed Wagner's water commissioner on the crisis. He said, "Look, Mayor Wagner is not a planner of the water supply."

A reporter wanted to know, "What if there is a drought next year?" The commissioner replied, "That is an iffy question." Then the water commissioner asked his "drought cabinet" for ideas. One was that the Air Force Reserve should fly over the city in a formation spelling SAVE WATER.

The Delaware Basin boys convened a hearing in Philadelphia to declare a state of emergency. The salt front was headed for Lambertville, New Jersey, from which the Raritan canal carried 90,000,000 gallons of water a day to reservoirs serving Jersey's northeastern counties. This promised to put salt water right in New York City's dormitories across the Hudson. "We just can't sit back and let one city decide the fate of four states," said Roe. "New York City must start loosening up."

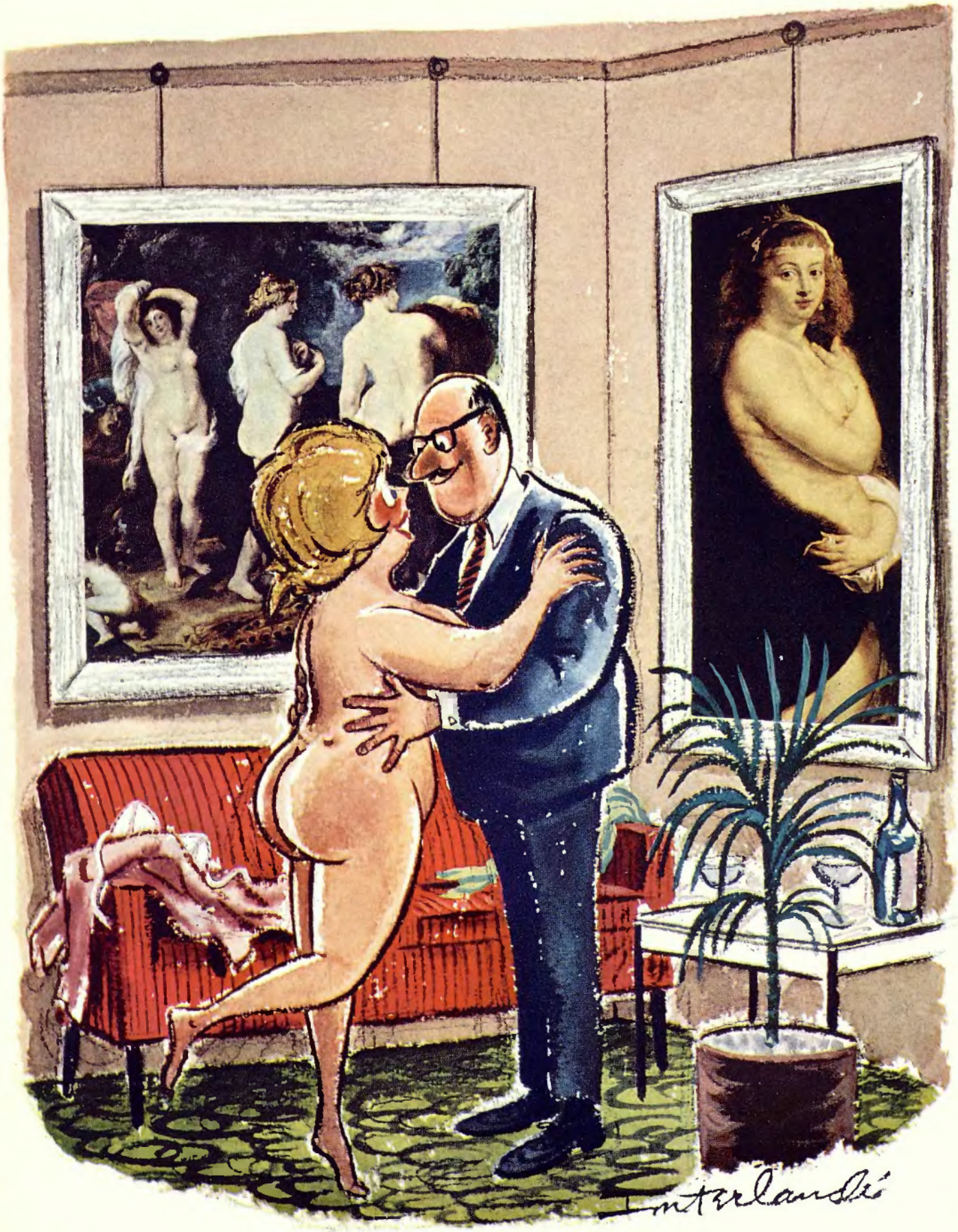
The redheaded mayor of Camden, New Jersey, Alfred R. Pierce, took the mike. Camden depends on wells recharged from the Delaware river and reacting quickly to its chemical changes. Camden and its water-dependent industries could not live unless New York returned enough water to beat the ocean back.

Mayor Pierce said something human and unstatistical: "I remember as a GI learning the importance of water for the first time, when you had to drop a pill in every cup you drank." He went on, "Most of us who appear here today are certainly guilty of provincialism. We are looking after our own locality. But when we are dealing with something as vital as water, we are all Americans. People will do what is for the common good. Gentlemen, give us the facts so that we can do the job with our people."

One speaker after another mentioned that his city was installing water meters; Trenton, New Jersey, was 70 percent covered. In Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, every owner paid per gallon used, and their rates rose for excessive drawdown. Allentown's representative said, "Fellows, whatever you do, don't tap the Lehigh river." His town can no longer get the water it needs from the Little Lehigh River and has applied for 70 mgd from the Big Lehigh. The mayor of Easton, Pennsylvania, which is completely metered, testified that his filtration plant was clogging with algae, the vegetation of still ponds, which thickened as the flow of the Delaware slowed down.

Finally, New York was ordered to observe the pact and release enough water into the Delaware to beat back the encroaching salt front. By then New York could not release enough to keep the flow gauge up to minimum. Fortunately, in midsummer 1965, rains and releases from lakes could be combined to stem the on-rolling Atlantic 90 miles up from the river mouth.

The drought continued. The Good Lord kept his back turned on New York



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City as the withering summer scraped along. New York politicians were stricken with hydrophilia and ran loose in the newspapers, howling and biting each other. Senator Jacob K. Javits jostled his fellow Republican, Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, for the driver's seat of the water wagon. The Senator demanded a nuclear desalting plant to save Sodom-on-the-Subway. He did not seem to recall that frightened New Yorkers had already prevented a utility from running up an atomic electricity factory in the city.

Neither did Rocky. He snapped back by ordering the construction of a million-gallon-a-day nuclear plant at Riverhead on the north fluke of Long Island. The area is the terminal moraine of the last glacier and used to contain an enormous fresh-water aquifer, but it got pumped out by potato growers and split-levels and is now full of ocean. Rocky said his atoms-for-water store would also peddle steam for electricity and offer a side line of high-energy radioisotopes for use on moon rides. As the governor put the pencil to it, the $4,250,000 plant would sell converted water for 35 cents a thousand gallons and steam electricity for 15 mills per kilowatt hour. This would bring in about $1000 a day. Nelson is lucky his grandfather didn't run Standard Oil that way.

Mr. Rockefeller's 35-cent ocean cocktail would be the best water bargain since the Johnstown flood. No salt-water distillery has yet been able to sell its product for less than a dollar a thousand gallons. The Navy spends $1.25 to produce a thousand gallons at Guantánamo Bay. Unmentioned by Governor Rockefeller and other desalination enthusiasts is yet another by-product of the stills—salt. Quite a bit of salt. Ocean water holds three and one half parts of salt per thousand parts. A million gallons of sea water a day will boil out to more than 900 long tons of useless, impure salt per week. This would tend to litter up the grounds around Rocky's nuclear spa. Burying it would be an expensive pain in the neck and it might taint underground fresh water. Dumping it at sea in the form of brine would require a big pipeline or special tankers and the corrosion effects on this hardware would be impressive. Local dumping of such a quantity of salt would wreak strange effects on marine life.

The mind was beginning to seesaw at Rockefeller's plan, but when Mayor Robert A. Wagner broke his silence on the water dilemma, the mind got off the teeter-totter, pulled its hat down over its nose and just enjoyed. What the politicians were staging, the mind perceived, was a Happening, one of those heavily improvised jollifications for in-people and pop-persons. The lame-duck mayor put his Happening on television. The mind thinks it should be called "Salt

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...AND PLAYBOY LIGHTER

Case of soft glove leather, lined in Rabbit-patterned pure silk, safeguards her favorite brand of cigarette, regular or king-size. When not lighting up, rakish Playboy Lighter tucks away neatly into Cigarette Case pocket. Available in black or in white. Both Case and Lighter $6 ppd.

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Water Taffy," and has noted parenthetically some effects that might have been added.

"The water we save today can be drunk tomorrow," Wagner declared. (A red-nose banana enters from stage right and recites a verse called *Water Today, Drunk Tomorrow.*)

The mayor said: "In New York City we do not charge for water on the basis of individual use, any more than we charge for the use of our streets or other public facilities." (Shower of torn-up parking tickets. A chorus dressed as toll booths from the Lincoln, Hudson, Brooklyn-Battery and Queens-Midtown tunnels and pay bridges comes upstage and explodes. A weeping landlord climbs the side of an apartment house, paying back water tabs he has buried in tenants' rent.)

"I am ready to reconsider my position [on water meters]," said his Honor, "but I want to be sure that the action to be taken is practical and supportable." (Back projection of the take-off runway at O'Hare crowded with jets loaded with Chicago-made water meters. Song, *You Never Miss the Water till the Well Runs Dry.*)

The mayor then demonstrated the uses of the old trouper's adage "Always make the third entrance." From his coattails, out popped a "long-range idea" for a $300,000,000 nuclear desalting plant to produce 100,000,000 gallons of water a day. Not 1,000,000 but 100,000,000 gallons. (Rocky and Jack Javits stick their heads in each other's mouths and 13,000 tons of salt fall onto the stage.)

As Mayor Wagner's Happening closed, one occurred in real life. A 36-inch water main burst at 90th Street and Central Park West and in a couple of hours a million gallons were gone.

New York had a mayoralty election coming up and nobody wanted to be Wagner. All the candidates were terrific water experts, deeply concerned and instantaneous with solutions. There was a spirited competition among them to find the biggest leak in New York. Candidate number one in the Democratic primary got off to a big lead by penetrating a grotto under the Central Park reservoir and unveiling a secret leak worth 750,000 points in the game. Against this handicap, his rivals could only scream for Wagner to drain the reservoir. Wagner's water commissioner lunged back by firing two water engineers for not reporting the leak, although they had done so years before. A second Democratic candidate yelled for pipes into a "huge natural water reservoir" under Long Island, most of which is polluted with salt. A third contestant wanted to bore into wells underlying Brooklyn; the others claimed they were brackish. The fourth candidate found wells pouring 15,000,000 gallons daily into the subway, from which it was pumped into the sea. One of his henchmen plunged into a subway pumping station and drank two glasses of the stuff. "You'll drop dead! It's poison!" a rival shouted.

A city water engineer told Murray Schumach of the *Times*, "I pray for rain, not just to get water, but also to get these politicians off my back. None of this political grandstanding will add a drop of water."

As the liquid treasure hunt went on, the G. O. P. candidate, John V. Lindsay, coolly referred water complaints to Wagner's water bureau. Lindsay got elected, but the drought didn't go away. At the beginning of this year's dry season, after a wet winter, New York's water holdings were at only three-quarter capacity and Lindsay was holding onto consumption controls. But the city had only 50 men assigned to stopping leaks.

Most Eastern hydrophiles look north. "The use of the Great Lakes as a water resource for the great Northeastern metropolitan area must be considered," Wagner once said. Just as the Southwest gazes strategically at the Canadian cascades, Northeasterners look upon the Great Lakes. Twelve million people in Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo and other lakeshore cities have all the water they can use from the Great Lakes, which contain one fifth of the fresh water on earth.

Skimming off the Great Lakes looks to be technically easy. The Erie Canal and the Mohawk Canal to Lake Ontario, built by our provident forebears, could convey oodles of lake water to Gotham. Alas, there are other difficulties. The level of the Great Lakes has been declining to a point that embarrasses navigation, and pollution has greatly increased in recent years. Then, too, Canada owns water rights to all the lakes save Michigan. For New York to "tap" the Great Lakes, she would have to make a jumbo treaty involving two nations, the lake cities including Windsor and Toronto, and

"It's just as we suspected, gentlemen; C ration is an aphrodisiac."

seven other states and a province: Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Ontario. They are closer to the lakes than Manhattan; namely, *on* them. I would not care to be water referee on that setup during a dry spell.

Los Angeles has blatantly practiced water imperialism for 50 years and crows about knocking off other people's supplies. Now, New York City wants to emulate L. A. The two largest cities in the United States are the two largest phreatophytes. L. A. is a hydrological error on a scale never before approached in history. New York is probably already far too big for the water supplies she may expect in the hard years that many hydrologists think lie ahead.

As well as taking water out of the earth, we are preventing rain water from sinking into it by waterproofing the ground. America is sealing off much of its humid land with housing developments, superhighways, jet ports, go-cart tracks, shopping centers, drive-in movies and parking lots. Bulldozers destroy transpiration by smashing down trees, and graders crush vegetation that conducts rain into the ground. Then comes the ready-mix to pave the area for builders' trucks. Storm sewers are laid to flash away rain. The aquifer is almost roofed over. Precipitation is shunted into sewers and becomes a net loss to the community's water stocks. A multilane highway is a deck 200 to 600 feet wide, stretched across leagues of water-receptive earth. It repels rain not only by paving but by cuts and shoulders that divert rain into gutters.

Engineers hate mud, floods and earth slides. They love dams. Every new dam surface they expose increases evaporation over that of nature, in which already two thirds of the precipitation goes up before we can use it. There is ample underground storage capacity for cool, clean water throughout the country, including its driest regions. For many years wise communities have been recharging their aquifers when water is plentiful. Flash floods and wasteful runoff from paved acreage can be filtered back into ground storage, where, unlike impounded water, it will not evaporate during dry spells. California has 87 recharge projects. Not only is the Golden State the biggest water user of them all (12 billion gallons daily), but she is the most efficient. Only nine percent of her water production is allowed to drain into the sea. The secret is reuse of the fluid.

A remarkable transformation of secondhand water takes place in Santee, California, a town with 13,000 population, 20 miles inland from San Diego. Santee taps the Colorado river aqueduct. As the town sprang up, it was faced with using the expensive San Diego sewer system. Instead, Santee asked help from health officers of the nation, state and county. With a $700,000 bond issue, the town dug a pond and filled it with sewage that had gone through preliminary purification treatment. Natural oxidation further reduced the noxious content, but the water was still not harmless. Santee engineers pumped it uphill into a dry sedimental canyon of an ancient river—30 acres of sand and gravel 12 feet thick, constituting an empty alluvial aquifer. "We were just going on blind faith," said Ray Stoyer, manager of the water bureau, "but somehow it worked. What came out at the bottom was clean enough to make a nice lake."

The lifeguard's whistle blew and the kids jumped in. Today Santee disposes of sewage for ten percent less than the cost of transporting it to San Diego and has five recreational lakes in the bargain. The citizens of Santee are quite aware that they are bathing in water that went through their johns and disposers. The community water experiment was conducted in the open and the results are there for all to see and enjoy. There was no yammering of cranks like that which has attended fluoridation.

Soviet Russia looks at water through wide-angle lenses. In her land expanse there is a macrocosm of the water-resource regions of North America, from glacier to desert. She has high plains in Siberia, Rockies in the Urals, and great lakes—the Caspian and Aral seas filled with fresh water, and Lake Baikal, the deepest lake on earth. Baikal contains as much water as the American Great Lakes combined.

In recent years the level of the Caspian Sea has been sinking alarmingly. Russian hydroengineers propose to reverse the great north-flowing rivers, the Ob, Yenisei and Lena, to rebuild the Caspian and refresh the deserts of Turkistan. The Russians do not expect nature to restore things to "normal."

The prevailing Soviet climate theory is that the earth undergoes great cycles of cold-wet ages and hot-dry ages, each as much as 2000 years long. Many U. S. and European scientists support the probability that the Northern Hemisphere is now entering long centuries of warmer weather and less precipitation. Droughts and lasting water shortages may be visited upon us in more places at more times. The Russian climatologist Dr. Anatol Schnitnikov says, "Water-development schemes should be planned now, taking into account the present transitional phase of climatic fluctuations. Bad droughts are coming in the future." If so, nature is not going to rescue nations that ball up their water supplies as badly as we Americans do.

Hydrologists are not at all sure that the rains will come next year to top off the dams and fatten the aquifers and put New York City back to sleep. Whatever comes, it will not be fun in Phoenix. It will not be easy in regions flooded this year that will dry up next. No power save patient centuries can refill the Ogallala and other ground reservoirs that are being mined in the Southwest.

Not only people and politicians tend to forget droughts. There is no article on the subject in either the *Columbia Encyclopedia* or the *Britannica*, and none in Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, a volume glutted with disasters. Yet more people have died in droughts than in floods, earthquakes, tidal waves and eruptions. None of these natural disasters has erased an entire civilization as drought has done many times. A dry cycle finished Babylon. The Saracen Empire disappeared in the 13th Century after the Mongols took its capital, Baghdad, and destroyed the irrigation systems.

Aridity and deficient water supplies underlie the misery and malnutrition of Islam, Pakistan and India. The UN is making a start on the world's water problem. Several years ago, Dr. Ray Nace and a colleague called for an international program in hydrology and in 1965, as a result, the International Hydrological Decade began. This occurred only one year after the U. S. Government recognized that hydrology was a science. Chief Rain Ace is the U. S. representative for the water-improvement decade.

Six years ago, before the long Eastern drought started and before the full effects of pollution and water mining were clear, four United States Senators sounded the alarm. "The United States," said they, "is shockingly in arrears in water-resource management. We face a water crisis that threatens to limit economic growth, undermine living standards, endanger health and jeopardize national security. We live on the edge of water bankruptcy.

"The free water frontier is past. Additional water can no longer be taken heedlessly or effortlessly. The United States is squeezed between the pincers of inadequate water development and rapidly increasing water requirements, while pollution makes more and more of our available water unfit for human or industrial uses."

The statement came from Senators Philip A. Hart of Michigan, Gale W. McGee of Wyoming, Frank E. Moss of Utah and the late Clair Engle of California. They were from water-conscious states. Today their warning calls to the whole nation.

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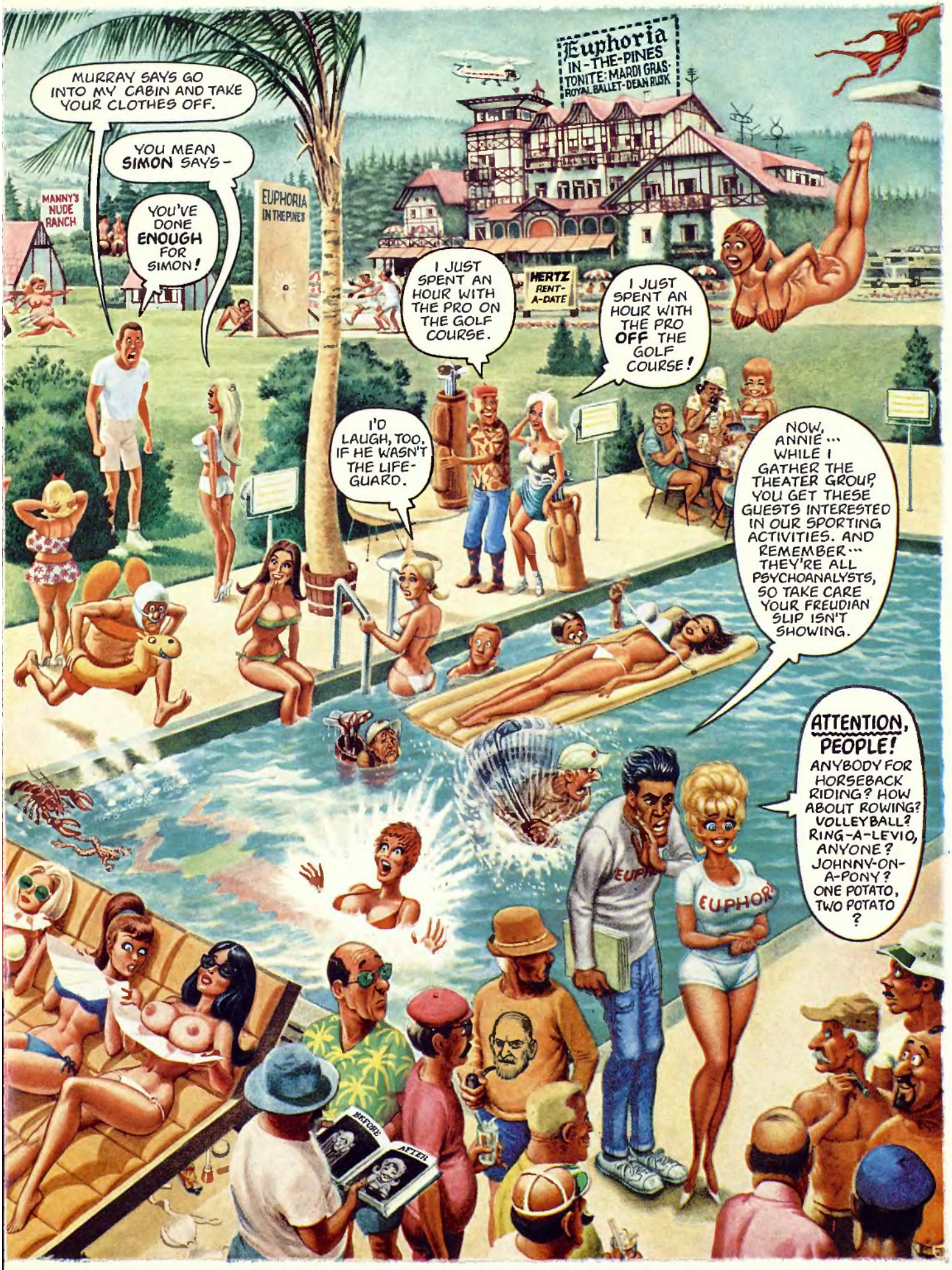
Little Annie Fanny
BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER WITH RUSS HEATH AND LARRY SIEGEL
MORE THAN EVER, CONVENTIONS ARE MOVING OUT OF THE SMOKY HOTEL HALL AND INTO THE PICTURESQUE VACATION SPOT WHERE BUSINESS CAN MIX WITH PLEASURE OR, AS IS MORE OFTEN THE CASE, PLEASURE CAN MIX WITH PLEASURE. WHICH REMINDS US OF A FUNNY THING THAT HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE SWIMMING POOL AT EUPHORIA-IN-THE-PINES, WHERE OUR SWEETHEART WAS ASSISTING THE SOCIAL DIRECTOR –
BOY... TALK ABOUT YOUR INSECURITY.
AND THAT'S HER HUSBAND!
SIMON SAYS HANDS ON HEAD. SIMON SAYS HANDS ON HIPS. SIMON SAYS HANDS ON SHOULDERS-
EUPHORIA
I LEAD YOU ON. I LET YOU MAKE LOVE TO ME. IT'S NOTHING BUT FUN FOR YOU! FUN! FUN! FUN! BUT WHAT ABOUT ME? ARE YOU GOING TO SEE ME IN THE CITY? HUH? HUH?
MARVIN! SHAME!
THAT'S THE LAST TIME I HIRE COLLEGE STUDENTS FOR BUS-BOYS.
EUPHORIA-IN-THE-PINES
WELCOME PSYCHOANALYSTS CONVENTION
GET OUT OF VIET-NAM!
JOHNSON IS A FASCIST
FREEDOM NOW!
GROSSINGER'S IS BETTER
DRY ICE


MURRAY SAYS GO INTO MY CABIN AND TAKE YOUR CLOTHES OFF.
YOU MEAN SIMON SAYS -
YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR SIMON!
MANNY'S NUDE RANCH
EUPHORIA IN THE PINES
Euphoria IN-THE-PINES TONITE: MARDI GRAS· ROYAL BALLET· DEAN RUSK
HERTZ RENT-A-DATE
I JUST SPENT AN HOUR WITH THE PRO ON THE GOLF COURSE.
I JUST SPENT AN HOUR WITH THE PRO OFF THE GOLF COURSE!
I'D LAUGH, TOO, IF HE WASN'T THE LIFE-GUARD.
NOW, ANNIE… WHILE I GATHER THE THEATER GROUP, YOU GET THESE GUESTS INTERESTED IN OUR SPORTING ACTIVITIES. AND REMEMBER… THEY'RE ALL PSYCHOANALYSTS, SO TAKE CARE YOUR FREUDIAN SLIP ISN'T SHOWING.
ATTENTION, PEOPLE! ANYBODY FOR HORSEBACK RIDING? HOW ABOUT ROWING? VOLLEYBALL? RING-A-LEVIO, ANYONE? JOHNNY-ON-A-PONY? ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO ?
EUPHOR
BEFORE
AFTER

A LOVELY GIRL. A VERITABLE SEX GODDESS-TYPICALLY CONFUSED AND UNHAPPY.
MEN MUST CONSIDER HER UNAPPROACHABLE!
AN OBVIOUS SUICIDAL TYPE À LA HARLOW AND MONROE.
WHAT A MARVELOUS SUBJECT FOR AN INTENSIVE THREE-YEAR ANALYSIS.
INSULIN COMA THERAPY WOULD BE MUCH FASTER!
I'M ALL FOR ELECTRO-SHOCK.
NO! NO!
PSYCHO-PHARMA-COLOGY! HALLUCINO-GENS CAN BRING YOU RIGHT TO THE BASIS OF HER PROBLEMS.
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! I DON'T HAVE ANY PROBLEMS!
...HORSEBACK RIDING, ANYONE? ROWING? VOLLEYBALL?
MISS... WHY DON'T YOU JOIN MY THERAPY GROUP? I THINK I CAN HELP YOU!
EUPHORIA

DOCTOR, YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT YOUR THERAPY GROUP GOES WITH YOU ON VACATION?
OH, YES. THEY'RE ALWAYS WITH ME. IT DOES GET A LITTLE MESSY... ALSO INTERESTING AT BATH TIME. JOIN THEM AND YOU CAN WORK OUT YOUR PROBLEMS TOGETHER.
BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY PROBLEMS!
WHY DO YOU REALLY WANT ME TO PASS YOU THE SALT?
HIS MOTHER NEVER PASSED HIM THE SALT.
HE DOESN'T REALLY WANT YOU TO PASS HIM THE SALT.
HE WANTS YOU TO PASS HIM HIS MOTHER.
EUPHORIA

RELAX, ANNIE. ONCE YOU GET INTO THE SWING OF THINGS, ALL YOUR DEFENSIVE MECHANISMS WILL FALL AWAY.
AAH! YOU LIKE PICKLES!
YES, INDEED! PICKLES REMIND ME OF -
AAH-
YES!
OF COURSE.
PHALLUS!
NATURALLY.
REMIND ME OF CUCUMBERS!
EUPHORIA

I KNOW WHY YOU'RE TRYING TO BUTTER YOUR BREAD WITH A SPOON! YOU'RE TRYING TO FAIL!
SHUT UP AND PASS ME A KNIFE. I WANT TO EAT MY SOUP.
HERE'S MOMMY.
YECH! IT'S PEPPER!
WHOOPS! I GAVE YOU DADDY BY MISTAKE.
...ER ... WELL ...ANYBODY FOR HORSEBACK RIDING?
YOU ARE INTERESTED IN HORSEBACK RIDING, YES?
TWEE!
EUPHORIA

OH, YES, INDEED.
IT ISS ALL ZERE. -DOMINATION OVER A SUBMISSIVE HORSE -
BUT- BUT-
ZE SUBSTITUTION OF CRUELTY FOR ZE SEX ACT. - LEATHER FETISHISM!
I'M READY, WOLFGANG!

AH! MY WIFE! WE WILL CONTINUE ZIS DISCUSSION ANUZZER TIME. MEANWHILE, TRY NOT TO REPRESS ZESE FEELINGS. ZE SOONER YOU BRING ZEM TO ZE SURFACE, ZE BETTER WE CAN COME TO GRIPS WITH ZE PROBLEM.
WOLF-GANG, ARE WE GOING HORSE-BACK RIDING OR NOT?
CAN'T WE DO AWAY WITH ZE UNNECESSARY PRELIMINARIES ZIS TIME, MY DEAR?
ALL RIGHT! NO HORSES!
ANY-BODY FOR HORSEBACK ...ER...AHEM -ANYBODY FOR ROWING?
I'D LIKE VERY MUCH TO GO ROWING WITH YOU.
-SO YOU SEE, DR. MANDUCK, EVERYONE IS TRYING TO FIND PROBLEMS IN ME. BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY. I'M VERY HAPPY.
HYPNOSIS! I THOUGHT THAT WAS ONLY SOMETHING THAT WAS USED IN VAUDEVILLE.
ANNIE, I HATE TO SAY THIS, BUT YOUR SO-CALLED "HAPPI-NESS" IS ONLY AN INDICATION THAT YOUR TRUE PROBLEMS ARE BURIED VERY DEEP. BUT I THINK WE CAN GET TO THE HEART OF IT THROUGH -HYPNOSIS.
YES! AT ONE TIME, I WAS A STAGE HYPNOTIST. BUT NOW THAT I'M A PRACTICING PSYCHO-ANALYST, I USE HYPNOTHERAPY TO GET TO THE ROOT OF EVERYTHING!
JUST LOOK AT THIS KEY. YOU'RE BEGINNING TO FEEL VERY DROWSY. YOUR EYES ARE BEGINNING TO CLOSE ... BEGINNING TO CLOSE-
YOUR EYES ARE BEGINNING TO CLOSE. YOU'RE BEGINNING TO FEEL VERY FREE NOW. YOU'RE THROWING OFF YOUR REPRESSIONS, YOUR INHIBITIONS, YOUR CLOTHES. YOUR EYES ARE BEGINNING TO CLOSE. MY EYES ARE BEGINNING TO OPEN.
ZZZZIP!
YOU ARE NOW IN A DEEP HYPNOTIC SLEEP. YOUR EYES ARE CLOSED VERY TIGHT!! MY EYES ARE OPEN VERY WIDE!!!!

AND NOW… AND NOW –
GIDEON BIBLE
DR. MANDUCK GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY …
–AND NOW YOU WILL CLUCK LIKE A CHICKEN!
CLUCK! B'K– CAWW!
I STILL CAN'T GET SHOW BUSINESS OUT OF MY BLOOD.
FORGIVE ME, ANNIE, FOR WHAT I ALMOST DID! IT ALWAYS HAPPENS! I BECOME EMOTIONALLY INVOLVED WITH MY PATIENTS –
THERE, THERE … WHEN I WAS THREE, I BECAME INVOLVED WITH MY DOLLY. I LOVED HER. THEN ONE DAY I ACCIDENTALLY BROKE HER ARM, AND–
OH, MY GOD! BROKE THE DOLLY'S ARM! WHERE IS SHE? I'LL KISS THE BOO-BOO–
… SEE WHAT I MEAN?
ALL OF A SUDDEN, I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL VERY BLUE.
–LOOK, ANNIE … WE'RE AT NIRVANA-IN-THE-WOODS, THE RESORT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAKE. IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE HAVING A CONVENTION HERE, TOO.
WELCOME NEUROSURGEONS
WITH EVERYONE HAVING PROBLEMS EXCEPT ME, PERHAPS I AM OUT OF STEP. I'M SO DEPRESSED. MAYBE I DO NEED PSYCHIATRIC CARE –
–PSYCHIATRIC CARE? NONSENSE, MY DEAR. DEPRESSION IS ULTIMATELY ORGANIC.
WHY INVOLVE YOURSELF WITH LONG, COSTLY PSYCHOTHERAPY WHEN YOUR CONDITION MIGHT BE IMPROVED WITH A NEAT, SWIFT LEUCOTOMY OPERATION?
BY SEVERING THE FIBERS THAT LINK THE FRONTAL LOBES WITH THE REST OF THE BRAIN, WE CAN ALLEVIATE ALL TENSION … HENCE, DEPRESSION.
WE CAN ALWAYS SEVER HER CORPUS CALLOSUM, THUS PERMITTING EACH CEREBRAL HEMISPHERE TO FUNCTION INDEPENDENTLY, AND–
I'LL BUY THAT! IT WORKED VERY WELL ON ONE OF MY MONKEYS!
END

COLD SOCIETY *(continued from page 136)*

from accident victims. I have walked away myself."

A district attorney in Queens looks at a reporter questioning him on public apathy and barks, "They talk about an Affluent Society, a Great Society, a Free Society. You know what we really are, chum? We're a Cold Society."

While the sense of community withers, however, so does the sense of personal identity. And the feeling of being an active, determining force in one's own life also diminishes. As Goodman says, people are becoming personnel. In an acceleratingly rationalized, pervasively systematized society, we are numbered —quite literally. Count the numbers through which your existence is proved —by machines.

But, at least, we like to believe, there is security in the system itself—the machines *do* work, the systematized cities *do* function, the subways *do* run on time. A central tenet of the new religion of technology is that the system cannot break down. But what if it does? All electricity stopped in New York City for 13 hours in November 1965. People, said the news reports, reacted remarkably well. They were friendlier than usual. They didn't panic. Who says we've lost a sense of community?

Later, however, the reports of social scientists began to appear. Two of them, Arthur and Norma Sue Woodstone, asked in the *Herald Tribune*'s *New York* magazine, "In the Blackout and Transit Strike, How Did New Yorkers REALLY Act?" Quoting from their own and others' studies, they disclosed that "trapped underground, in a black, claustrophobic box in labyrinthian corridors at the height of the city's homeward rush, amid strangers and potential 'ethnic stresses,' the New Yorker barely spoke to his reluctant companion. He often remained seated while ladies stood. If he was standing, he didn't even make himself more comfortable by sitting on the floor or by removing his shoes and wiggling his toes. Instead, he clung to the same strap for hours or with six others struggled for a grip on the pole near the door. . . . The truth is . . . the New Yorkers locked in their streamlined sarcophagi were not calm. They were . . . 'passive.' They were practically catatonic."

Add, then, what will increasingly become a new source of fear, of rootlessness, of insecurity—the Panovsky Law, herewith named after Dr. Wolfgang K. H. Panovsky, director of the Linear Accelerator Center at Stanford. Panovsky warns: "As society becomes more efficient and automated, it inevitably becomes more vulnerable to chaotic disruption."

By the year 2000, predicts scientist and science-fiction writer Isaac Asimov, "People will be living underground in skyscrapers going straight down instead of up. This will totally eliminate the weather problem—but will increase the possibility of great disasters. Can you imagine what would happen if a great public utility—the Con Ed of the year 2000 —should have a power failure? Millions of people could die from lack of air."

And even when the system is working, how much place remains for the spontaneity of individuality? When "communicating" with others, we more and more are trying to manipulate each other, and in the process we are often ourselves manipulated in turn. "Fake personalization," observes psychoanalyst Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek, "has replaced real regard for persons."

Alone, in the midst of atomized crowds, we hardly have the space or the chance to even be alone physically. To be private. "Retirement into solitude," adds Ruitenbeek, "has ceased to be an opportunity offered by daily life. Where besides the bathroom can man go to be by himself?"

And, in fact, as population explodes, there is a new term—"mental pollution" —referring to causes of alienation and disintegration, personal and societal. In March 1966, the World Health Organization cited the very noise of cities as a major element in mental pollution: neighbors shouting, television sets playing at full blast and motor traffic, which in itself "so substantially contributes to nervous disease, insomnia, nervous tension, ill temper and accidents."

Beleaguered by noise and crowding, city dwellers, added Dr. Arie Querido, president of the National Federation of Mental Health of the Netherlands, increasingly plunge inward into neuroses, or act out their alienation in cold violence. "Is the city population," he asks, "approaching the state of rats, which, under conditions of experimental crowding, start fighting and devouring each other?"

Further contributing to the alienation and fragmentation of the individual is his sense of being caught up in the swift developments of technology, developments most of us do not understand and could not change if we did. It is not only the bomb that may determine whether we live or die, but also all the other ambivalent "wonders" created by impersonal science. There is every likelihood, for one example, that heredity can now be shaped through control of the genetic code. But who will set the standards? Who will be the breeders? In addition, as science probes more deeply into the brain, more and more forms of behavior are going to be increasingly controllable.

In 1945, J. Bronowski, a scientist, and a team of colleagues examined what was left of Nagasaki and its people after the bomb had been dropped. Bronowski wrote: "Each of us in his own way learned that his imagination had been dwarfed. . . . The power of science for good and evil has troubled other minds than ours. We are not here fumbling with a new dilemma; our subject and our fears are as old as toolmaking civilizations. Nothing happened *except that we changed the scale of our indifference to man*." (Emphasis added.)

It is that indifference of power to man —the power of the state, the power of economic forces, the power of science— that has been felt with chilling impact in this century. More in this century than in the 19th because the scale of that indifference has indeed changed. And the corollary of that coldness is man's estrangement from himself, and then from his society.

"Things fall apart," William Butler Yeats wrote nearly 50 years ago. "The center cannot hold. Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world."

Not yet "mere anarchy," because, paradoxically, the society is ever more *organized*; but certainly there is growing concern as to how much control the scientists and the technologists themselves have over the power they are multiplying. "During the past two centuries," notes English social scientist Sir Geoffrey Vickers, "men gained knowledge and power" that they used "to make a world increasingly unpredictable and uncontrollable. The rate of change increases at an accelerating speed without a corresponding acceleration in the rate at which further responses can be made; and this brings ever nearer the threshold beyond which control is lost."

Or, put another way, technical knowledge is outrunning social intelligence, and the individual is swept along.

In a rapidly changing, rootless society, frustrations feed on fantasies. One psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph S. Banay, has linked the confusion of fantasy with reality—a confusion heightened by persistent television violence—to the immobility of Catherine Genovese's neighbors on her final night. The murder, he says, gratified the sadistic impulses of the silent witnesses. "They were paralyzed, hypnotized with excitation, fascinated by the drama, by the action, and yet not entirely sure that what was taking place was actually happening."

And *anomie* transcends class divisions. Consider the study of a group of delinquent youngsters, 13 to 17 years old, in Manhassett, Long Island. All come from families with incomes of from $10,000 to $30,000 a year. They represent what the Germans call *Wohlfahrtskriminalität*— the criminality of prosperity. Their fathers, according to group psychotherapist Norman Epstein, in his report to the American Group Psychotherapy

Association, "usually described how they had attempted to impress upon their sons the necessity for diligence, perseverance, social responsibility and respect for the golden rule."

But the boys heard their fathers boast of "shady business conquests, of truancy and sexual prowess in boyhood" and other forms of behavior directly contrary to parental precepts. These middle-class youngsters, finding it difficult to reject the real example given by their fathers, "felt hopeless about becoming a person of worth." Yet they couldn't blame their fathers. "How can you be mad," asked one of the youngsters in the study, "at a man who gives you a car and a TV set, but doesn't give you guidance, decency and honesty?" The middle-class youngster is confronted with parental pressures for conformity while being supplied with permission to chart a course of evasion.

The term "course of evasion" touches only the surface of the void. When one of the fathers bragged at home about his conquests in the business jungle ("the suckers are so easy to take"), he was the very personification of the chilled rootlessness of many of his contemporaries—and of his children.

Among the young, the result, when not delinquency, when not escape into drugs, is the cool self-interest that characterizes more and more of those who are "making it." Psychoanalyst Robert Coles has worked with the poor, the delinquent and the affluent, specializing in the young. Describing the similarities between lawbreaking ghetto youngsters and many middle-class "achievers," Coles says of the latter: "They are interested in their own welfare, and relentlessly pursue its achievement. Their actions are not so crude, not illegal, but their self-involvement is no less striking, and their essential disinterest in 'others' . . . no less obvious."

The reasons for the rise of alienation and *anomie*—now seen most clearly in the young—go back to the qualitative changes during the past two centuries in the ways men live and work. Certainly there was insecurity before the Industrial Revolution, but it existed, when it did exist, within a clearly ordered system of values and within a community that was organized on a human scale. Most people grew up within close-knit families that were also strongly interrelated productive units. Furthermore, man was usually involved in the total realization of his work. There was satisfaction in creating entities rather than in being an interchangeable fragment of an assembly line in a huge factory or a huge office.

Everything—production, distribution, even war—was human-size. As for the imponderable questions of the ultimate meaning of life and death, man relied on faith and on God. It was a purposeful universe. Nature was present as part of the total order of existence, and man's contacts with nature were constant and intimate.

Nor was man especially mobile, except in times of war. He was usually rooted for life to a place, to expanding generations of a family, to a category. But when the feudal system disintegrated and man found himself able to move—socially and geographically—his problems of identity in a rapidly changing world began.

By the late 16th and early 17th Centuries, it was possible for more and more men to conceive of themselves as individuals apart from their social categories. For a time, however, the anxieties of individuality were compensated for by the challenge of an open-ended society.

But as the rate of industrialization increased, that feeling of infinite possibility ended for large masses of people. Packed into growing cities, they lost control over the totality of their work and over the pace at which they worked. They became extensions of the machines. As Hannah Arendt puts it, "Unlike the tools of workmanship, which at every given moment in the work process remain the servants of the hand, the machines demand that the laborer serve them, that he adjust the normal rhythms of his body to their mechanical movement." Alienated from his work, he became alienated from other men, because his basic link with them had become the commodities they produced or exchanged.

Even those who didn't become mechanized, who turned into small entrepreneurs or remained craftsmen, were subject to huge, impersonal economic and political forces, forces that could determine whether they survived or failed without reference to the quality of their services or their skills, let alone their needs. If there was an economic order in this new world, it was an order they could neither understand nor control.

At the same time, faith in the ultimate order of the universe and one's place in it also began to crack. The all-encompassing unity of medieval Catholicism was split. Protestantism insisted that man face God alone and for a long time

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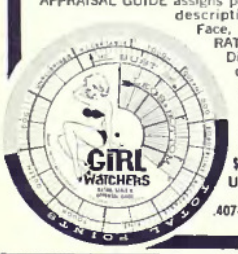

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taught that man is inherently evil. Isolated at work, isolated in the city, man was also isolated before God—and unworthy besides. Gradually, as man's identity in the secular world became more and more splintered, he found it harder and harder to find God, because science told him that in time there would be no mysteries. All was secular. All was material. All could be dissected and then controlled.

But in science, too, the center would not hold. In this century there emerged Heisenberg's Principle of Indeterminacy, which showed there are limits to knowing and predicting physical states. And Godel found that every system of mathematics is doomed to incompleteness. And the atom—the ultimate reality we know—has been discovered to be invisible. "The universe," concluded J. B. S. Haldane, one of the most brilliant scientists of the century, "is not only queerer than we imagine—it is queerer than we *can* imagine." Thus no universal laws can be found; only pragmatic formulas for particular questions. Man will never be able to grasp the universe as a whole. Kant was right. There are limits to reason, too. "We have tried to storm heaven," said mathematician Hermann Weyl, "and we have only succeeded in piling up the tower of Babel."

Other gods of this century have failed. Marxism was to provide the means to so analyze and control the secularized society that man eventually—through the class struggle and historical determinism—would achieve the utopia of a classless society. The agent of change would be the revolutionary working class. But in the West, even in the socialist parties of Europe, the working class has become a partner in the mixed economic order, asking for a larger share of the Gross National Product, but basically content with the structure of ownership and production.

The poor remain as possible vindicators of Marx' prophecy, but they are not organized in any meaningful way to force fundamental change, nor is there any historical precedent that they can be. They are not powered by any unifying ideology, certainly not by Marxism. And there is every likelihood that they will in time be absorbed and mollified by the expanding welfare state. In the underdeveloped countries, in China—if there is not world-wide cataclysm—softening materialism will gradually foreclose the last chance for Marx' utopia.

Another bankrupt deity is Freud. Through psychoanalysis, man was to discover more and more of the full range and depth of his being. And by being in contact with his irrationality—that force Marx neglected to recognize—man would be able to control it, sublimating aggression and other potentially destructive drives into constructive pursuits. The flaw is that psychoanalysis often

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obscured and dampened individuality, rather than liberating the psyche. As Irving Howe describes the usual middle-class analysand, "You go to your analyst to be smoothed down, to be eased off, to be rounded out—not so that you will live up to the image of yourself, which is being frustrated in your social life, but rather so that you will abandon that image of yourself and learn to conform to the images which society imposes upon you."

In a particularly shrewd perception, Michael Wood, an English social scientist, wrote in the periodical *New Society* about the isolating effect of psychoanalysis. In the vocabulary of that wistful science, "one talks about one's insecurity, one's anxieties as if they were alien bodies—the mutinous members of a not very well suited federation."

The rhetoric continues that the subconscious, if it is understood, can be a source of liberation. But, Wood adds, this is how psychoanalysis actually works: "The people, the disturbances are always right, and the conscious mind is seen as a kind of fascist guard: the author of an elaborate, lying construct; the enemy of the real self. . . . Morality now is fidelity to the subconscious, to the real, the sincere you. The problem is that you yourself are going to be the last person to know about the real you, because your conscious mind is not on your side. . . . In this shifting, Pirandellian world, neither the self nor the society is a reality, and the inhabitants of this world can only be the most confirmed of relativists."

Split apart by the Age of Industrialization, man was to be put back together again by psychoanalysis. But the gospel of Freud has served for the most part to alienate man even further—from himself and his society. A poignant American phenomenon now is the sizable number of the middle aged returning to an analyst a decade or more after having "finished." The first "treatment" bound up some wounds, but, it became increasingly clear, the patient's identity remained elusive, ghostlike. They return for a last chance at finding the center of themselves, but there is small evidence that the ghost of self will be made flesh.

With no core of certainty in religion, in science, in historical determinism, in psychoanalysis, Western man has also experienced the disintegration of his last fortress—the family. With the coming of industrialization, the family was no longer a coherent economic unit. For the father, the home became separated from the place of work. No longer in control of his work, he was less and less in control of his home. Even in bed.

The rights of women now include female as well as male orgasm; and if the man fails to fulfill that right, his sense of self, already weakened at work, is further assaulted. Kinsey found that some 45 percent of all the married men he interviewed considered themselves inadequate in their sexual performance. And impotence is hardly a rare occurrence in American marriages.

The wife, increasingly well educated, is either imprisoned at home with little chance to fulfill her expectations of herself, or she, too, is out in the world of work, further blurring her children's definition of male and female roles. The sexual identity of "man's work" is itself increasingly blurred. In Western society, Hendrik Ruitenbeek points out, "passivity, compliance and manipulation are traditionally regarded as female characteristics." Now, "with the declining role of direct production and the increasing importance of marketing activities, ability to do, to control things, has become less important as a way of achieving success than ability to manipulate persons."

Emasculated at work, father is also emasculated at home. Consider the television "domestic comedies" of the past decade in the light of Dagwood as seen by Marshall McLuhan in his 1951 book, *The Mechanical Bride*: "Dagwood is a supernumerary tooth with weak hams and a cuckold hairdo. . . . Dagwood is seedy, saggy, bewildered, and weakly dependent. . . . He is an apologetic intruder into a hygienic, and, save for himself, a well-ordered dormitory. His attempts to eke out some sort of existence in the bathroom or on the sofa (face to the wall) are always promptly challenged. He is a joke which his children thoroughly understand."

But they don't understand it thoroughly enough to be sure what *they* are sexually. In dress, it becomes more and more difficult to tell the sexes of the young apart. Writes Jane Tamerin in the *New York Herald Tribune*:

There was a day when men were men and women all wore dresses,
But now the girls are wearing pants and the men are bedecked with tresses.
So, Buddy, tease those curly locks, relax and just enjoy it;
You'll look pert in your flowered shirt, while your girlfriend tries to boy it.

At a showing of men's sportswear held early this year by the J. M. Fields discount stores, the models were girls. And

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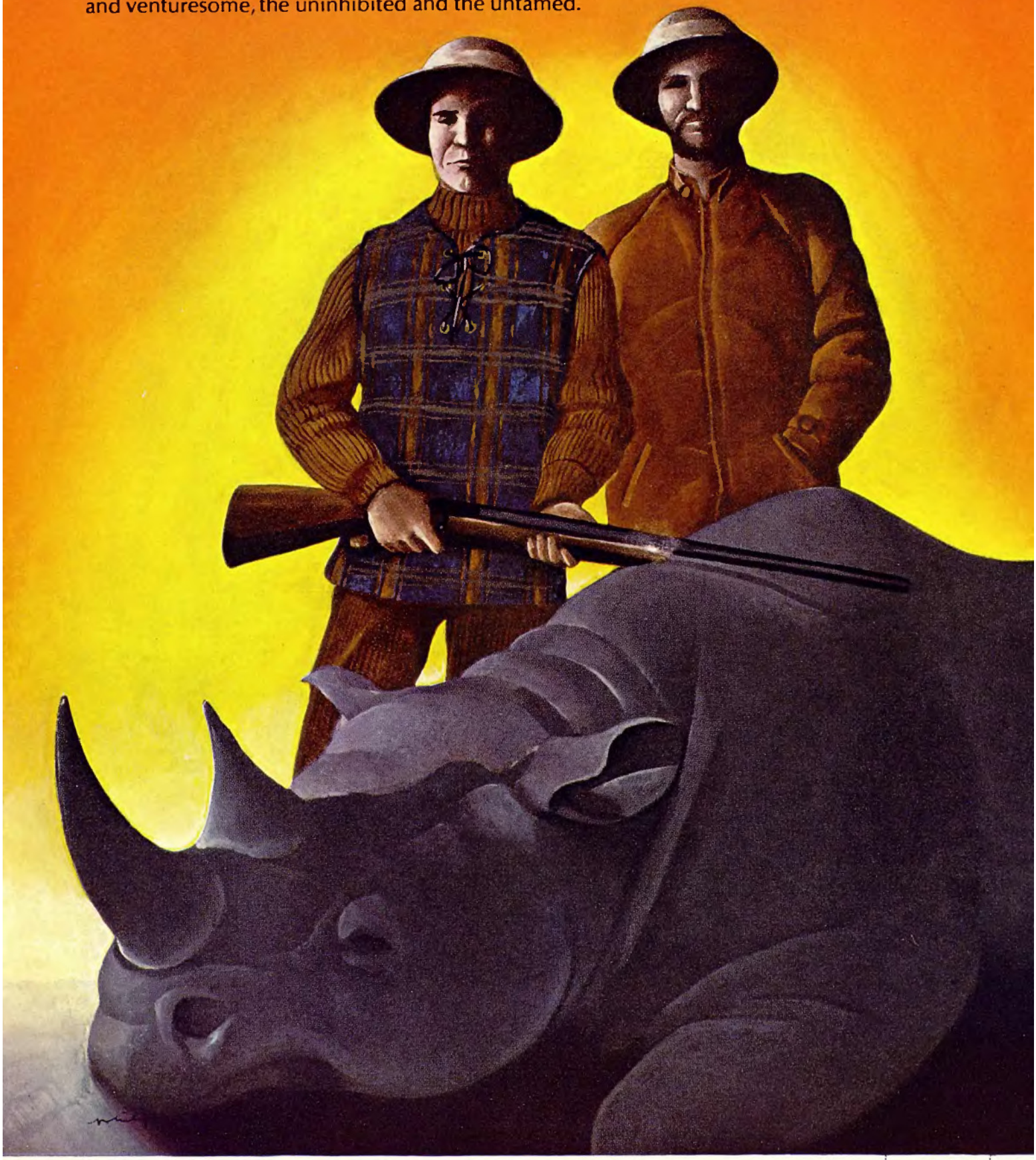

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women, in the past year, have increasingly taken to wearing pants and suits, which more and more men find sexually provocative.

Homosexuality, as can be seen in most large cities, appears to be increasing. In any case, it is certainly more open. And as contrasted with the homosexuals of a decade ago, the majority of today's recruits do not swish and are, in fact, quite difficult to distinguish from their heterosexual contemporaries at work, in the Army or in the colleges.

For those of the young whose sexual proclivities are "normal," there is a marked increase in what one appalled educator calls "genital, not human sex." In an article, "Pop Sex," in *The Village Voice*, Marlene Nadle has observed: "In our cool world, feelings have been eliminated by choice and incapacity. Bodies have become things to be cultivated, like the announcer's voice that persuades us we can sell our iridescent fingernails and squeaky-clean hair to the boy next door. And sex has become just a huge, swinging, pop-art image: simplified, often repeated, and isolated from everything else.

"There are perennial understudies," she continues, "playing one-nighters waiting for their chance at love. One girl explained, 'When there is nobody around who matters, sometimes you just have to reach out to somebody. Physical contact is better than no contact at all, although it can make things worse. . . . People have to have sex as a way to approach one another because they don't know how to get through another way.' For the generation after the sexual revolution, casual sex doesn't seem to be much of a question. But it doesn't seem to be much of an answer, either."

Less and less secure about his own identity, even in the act of "love," modern man is unsure—and uncaring—about the identities of others. In his own life, there are more people—contacts, clients, service personnel—but fewer persons. He shuts himself off from the pain of others; and those he does not see, he takes only the most transient notice of. The slums of our cities are as remote and alien to him as the mountains of Tibet. The aged are in separate housing and increasingly in separate cities. Three quarters of the American aged of all colors live in abject poverty, removed from the rest of the "community" as if they were already dead.

It is not that man is inhuman. In his alienation from himself and others, he has become *a*human. The Germans have been accused of criminal passivity while millions were murdered in their concentration camps. But other nations of the world knew what was happening, and only a small number offered asylum while there was still time. In the final desperation of the Jewish revolt in the Warsaw ghetto, not even medical supplies were dropped to the besieged by the Allies. As for the Nazis themselves, the horror of the Eichmann trial was that Eichmann was not a monster, different in kind from the rest of man. "Half a dozen psychiatrists," Hannah Arendt wrote, "had certified him as 'normal.' One found that his whole psychological outlook, his attitude toward his wife and children, mother and father, brother, sisters and friends, was 'not only normal but most desirable'—and finally the minister who had paid regular visits to him in prison . . . reassured everybody by declaring Eichmann to be 'a man with very positive ideas.'"

And what has been learned from the ahuman bestiality of the Nazis? Simone de Beauvoir, speaking of the years of French acts of torture in Algeria, exclaimed: "We have hated the Nazis when they tortured and oppressed us, and we were in the Resistance. We don't understand: the people who have been in the Resistance now do the same thing to the Algerians that the Germans did to us." The Germans had been alienated from themselves and others; now, those who had survived the ruthless *anomie* of the Third Reich were themselves transformers of self-alienation into bestiality. Cold in their violence, they felt no human relationship with their Algerian victims. Torture and death were impersonal.

The depersonalization of victims continues. A Canadian Broadcasting Corporation documentary on the war in Vietnam shows an American pilot caught up in the excitement of doing his job efficiently. His job is dropping napalm bombs. Over the intercom, exulting on his mission's success in driving the enemy into the open, he grins and says, "This is fun."

Warren Rogers, a columnist for the Hearst syndicate, writes from Vietnam: "There is a new breed of Americans that most of us don't know about, and it is time we got used to it. The 18- and 19-year-olds fashionably referred to as high school dropouts have steel in their backbones and maybe too much of what prize fighters call the killer instinct. These kids seem to *enjoy* killing Viet Cong."

• • •

What of the future? If the world does not explode, will the society become colder, even more depersonalized? Although arguments continue on the effect of cybernation (computer-directed automation) on job availabilities, there is consensus that the use of the computer will accelerate. And as it does, our present highly organized society will become even more tightly systematized.

Those in power will be those able to speak to the computers, to program them. Meanwhile, computers have started to talk among themselves. There are already self-programing machines that often do more than has been asked of them and are therefore unpredictable. By 1960, the late Norbert Wiener, the MIT professor who invented the word "cybernetics," was able to write about computers that "unquestionably show originality and most definitely escape from the completely effective control of the man who has made them." Computers, moreover, are designing other computers.

Whoever is in control—the technocrats, the machines, or both in an uneasy partnership—can have unprecedented power over the rest of the population. A perilous decline in privacy and in the quality of other civil liberties is all too likely.

Now, as Robert H. Davis, director of the Learning Service at Michigan State University, points out, "Privacy depends as much upon the technical inefficiency of our innumerable information systems as on the concept of the individual's rights. Often we know little about one another, not because the data is unavailable, but because it is so scattered. There are great pressures to centralize and organize the data because it would greatly facilitate the business of the state. Before the invention of the general-purpose computer, the idea of a central electronic dossier on every individual in the country was impracticable. Today, however, it is technically quite feasible."

A mild example of what might very well happen is described in *The World in 1984* by Dr. M. V. Wilkes, Universal Mathematical Laboratory, Cambridge University: "How would you feel if you had exceeded the speed limit on a deserted road in the dead of night, and a few days later received a demand for a fine that had been automatically printed by a computer coupled to a radar system and a vehicle-identification device? It might not be a demand at all, but simply a statement that your bank account had been debited automatically. Many branches of life will lend themselves to continual computer surveillance."

Right now, as John Pemberton, Jr., national executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union, emphasized in *The Playboy Panel: Crisis in Law Enforcement* (March 1966), privacy is being invaded with increasing subtlety. "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

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been or will be confined to criminals is naïve."

Nor is only wire tapping on the rise. "Surveillance technology" includes the growingly sophisticated use of personality testing, "truth serums," brain-wave analysis and closed-circuit television.

If, however, new generations are born into a society in which individuality, spontaneity and privacy are increasingly rare, might they not take these cold but firmly directed rules of the game for granted? If there is not a nuclear war, material wants will be filled by the omnipresent welfare state. "It is by no means impossible," Donald Michael projects in *The Next Generation*, "that those growing into and out of [such a society] will be at least as comfortable and content as we are with our world. After all, many people now live indifferently, apathetically . . . with decaying cities, racial inequities, megaton weapons and the population explosion, as members of the bureaucratic rat race, with their private lives on file, and so on through a catalog of society's failures which would have depressed a reader of an earlier day."

It is equally possible that in such a world, anxiety-creating alienation and *anomie* can be done away with. Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, foresees within the next 50 years pharmaceuticals able to change and maintain the personality at any desired level. Removed from even the semblance of decision-making concerning their work and the operations of the state, the population at large will be able to go further and further inside themselves, searching after new sensations, including new sexual experiences, through the use of cheap, safe, nonhabit-forming chemicals. The Age of Kicks will have arrived.

But the thrust for individuality, for spontaneity without drugs, for the right and power to make basic decisions about one's own life remains. In East Germany, a young poet, Wolf Biermann, is in trouble with the state because of poems subversive of what the East German press calls "the new age." Poems like:

I don't want to see anyone!
Stop standing there!
Don't stare!
The collective is wrong,
I am the individual.
The collective has isolated itself
From me.

The odds against the Biermanns, East and West, are high and are growing higher. But there is some justification for hope that the man of the future may not be entirely conditioned by the computer-powered state, by his other rationalized institutions or by drugs.

Significantly, today's dissenting young in the West are pressing not only for an end to poverty and war, but just as urgently, for decentralization of decision-making, for radical changes in the nature of education, for new, more humane definitions of work. Unlike their counterparts of the 1930s, they are radically questioning the Welfare State in its present, nascent form, and are working toward ways by which men can live in dignity as well as in economic security. They form "community unions" in the ghettos in which the decision-making is by "participatory democracy." No one stays in a position of leadership permanently. Identities are forged and strengthened through existential, nonmanipulative contacts with others.

Moreover, it is possible, say educational theorists John Holt and Paul Goodman, to so educate generations to come as to reverse the alienating effect of contemporary education. There is a case to be made that despite all the forces contributing to alienation—from the bomb to the dissolving family—the next generations could preserve and expand their individualities if school were not a lock step of accelerating pressures to be "right" and thereby to get into the "right" schools and the "right" jobs.

As of now, John Holt maintains in *How Children Fail*, our schools "fail to develop more than a tiny part of the tremendous capacity for learning, understanding and creating with which children were born and of which they made full use during the first two or three years of their lives." Man is still perfectible.

If, as Marshall McLuhan hopes, the whole educational system can change from instruction to discovery, with the students as researchers, man in the Age of Cybernation may be able to find a center of identity and the beginning of a returned sense of community. Technology can bring unprecedented abundance, but it need not necessarily further atomize man in his materialistic comfort. If technology is democratically controlled and if the abundance it creates is allocated to *human* resources—such as a massive radicalization of the schools—the increased leisure it will bring can be so creative as to be infinitely more fulfilling than most of what has been known as work up to now.

John R. Platt, associate director of the Mental Research Institute at the University of Michigan, sounds the possibility that "continuing education for much of the population may become a lifelong activity. . . . Many adults may fix up a laboratory room in their houses, where they can work every day at some scientific project, some study in crystallization or in embryology . . . that could offer a lifetime of unfolding discovery."

Others would be able to explore the creative arts. And not only on Sunday. Man would again be interconnected with nature, for, says Platt, "nature is

infinite to us, for it includes the human brain itself. After all the myriad galaxies of the astronomers are charted as well as we want to chart them, we will still go on studying the multimyriad complexities of the brain that has measured them." Not—if the society is humane and its members organically interrelated—in order to control others, but to learn and fulfill our own capacities.

In satisfying and deepening contact with himself, man would thereby be able to relate to others without withdrawal or fear. He might even know joy again. "One of the hardest things in this century," says actor-writer Eddie Albert, "is to be truly joyful: I don't mean pleasure; I mean joy. To know pure delight. They knock it out of you too soon."

But for technology to be transformed into a humanistic utopia—where the joy of discovery will have full play—power will have to be regained by humanists. Also essential is the humanization of scientists in the manner of Norbert Wiener, who in 1947 disdained a fortune by refusing to engage in "defense" work or in the kind of work in private industry that was aimed only at the further piling up of materialistic goods in a cycle of depersonalized consumption.

It is exceedingly difficult to be optimistic that these intersecting changes in political power, in education, in the self-image of scientists will take place. But the struggle to be human does continue. What individualistic joy remains, says octogenarian Norman Thomas, is the acceptance of challenge, the refusal to regard any obstacle—even the cold thrust of the technological society as it is now—as insuperable.

Albert Camus, the most humanistic of the existentialist writers, would have agreed with Thomas. Life is absurd, he concluded, but that does not mean that when one chooses to remain alive one cannot live meaningfully. "Metaphysical pessimism," he insisted, "does not necessarily require that one should despair of man. For instance, the philosophy of the absurd does not exclude the political thought directed toward the perfection of man and deriving its optimism from the notion of relativity."

Precisely because there are no absolutes, no fixed natural laws, no fixed laws of history, no fixed laws of human nature or of the capacity for human growth, man can keep trying to create a society in which he can be free without being fearful of his freedom, in which he can be an individual but not isolated from others, in which he remains in control of himself and his machines.

Increasingly, among the activist young, there is the further conviction that even if it proves impossible on a broad scale to achieve community without conformity, individuality without *anomie*, at least the struggle itself may make life valuable and self-identity possible.

"The reward," says young folk singer–composer Phil Ochs, "is the act of struggle itself, not what you win. In other words, even though you can't expect to defeat the absurdity of the world, you must make the attempt. That's morality, that's religion, that's art, that's life."

Tom Hayden, one of the founders of the Students for a Democratic Society and long an organizer of community unions in poor sections of Newark, also feels that even if "winning" isn't possible, there are alternatives to despair, alienation, passivity or conformity for those committed to a radical change in the nature of the cold society.

Hayden uses the word "radicalism" not in terms of political ideology but rather to denote ways of getting at the root of man. Until *1984* does arrive, says Hayden, "the alternative might be for radicalism to make itself ordinary, patiently taking up work that has only the virtue of facing and becoming part of the realities which are society's disgrace. Radicals then would identify with all the scorned, the illegitimate and the hurt." Radicals would persistently ask the depersonalized majority, "Who *is* criminal? Who *is* representative? Who *is* delinquent?"

Radicalism—others might call it humanism—would then "give itself to, and become part of, the energy that is kept restless and active under the clamps of a paralyzed imperial society. Radicalism," Hayden concludes, "would then go beyond the concepts of pessimism and optimism as guides to work, finding itself in working despite odds. Its realism and sanity would be grounded in nothing more than the ability to face whatever comes."

If even this alternative, and other alternatives, turn out *not* to be possible, we have the vision of Jacques Ellul, the pre-eminent critic of runaway technology: "When the edifice of the technical society is completed, the stains of human passion will be lost amid the chromium gleam."

"Eve, I've told you a thousand times — there isn't anyone else!"

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