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JUNE 1967 • 75 CENTS

# PLAYBOY



AN EXOTIC PICTORIAL ON THE ORIENTAL BEAUTIES OF *YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE*  
WITH TEXT BY ROALD DAHL • PLUS MAX LERNER, HERBERT GOLD, SHEL SILVERSTEIN



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**PLAYBILL** THE NINE distinguished churchmen who participate in this month's *Playboy Panel on Religion and the New Morality*, we discovered soon after undertaking the project, are very much in demand. Quite apart from their ecclesiastical functions, most of them are bound to itineraries for lectures and other public appearances that might well make the average show-business personality travel-weary. But once we had searched the nine out and pinned them down for several hours of frank discussion on matters sexual, ethical and theological, they became so absorbed in the creation of a polished and meaningful discussion that their initial remarks were amplified and reworked several times in conferences, correspondence and long-distance phone calls. Bishop James A. Pike, for example, put the final touches on his contribution to the *Panel* while he and a *PLAYBOY* editor were fogbound at the Green Bay, Wisconsin, airport. And Rabbi Richard L. Rubenstein stopped by our offices for a full working day just before proceeding up Lake Michigan to Winnetka for his wedding.

A further serious and timely note, at the onset of another "long hot summer" in race relations, is struck by columnist, professor and author Max Lerner, in *Climate of Violence*, a study of the phenomena—from mass murders to race riots—that constitute a frightening underside of the American way of life. This trenchant and provocative article will become part of a major new Lerner study called *Far Out America*, which will also include essays on "the drug culture, the student rebellion, the new left, the erotic revolution and the new morality."

Nat Hentoff's *The Cold Society*, which appeared in these pages last September, was judged the best *PLAYBOY* article of 1966 and continues to evoke remarkable reader response. We mention it here because this month's lead short story, according to its author, Frank Robinson, was directly motivated by Nat's article. *The Wreck of the Ship John B.* is a psychologically probing sci-fi thriller in which disaster takes the form of man-to-man indifference and callous cruelty—the dual themes of Hentoff's searching psychosocial analysis. *The Power*, a Robinson science-fiction novel of the Fifties, has been bought by MGM and is now in production, with George Hamilton cast in the lead.

*PLAYBOY* regular Herbert Gold—author of this month's wry and witty story set in the world of young San Francisco hippies, *Peacock Dreams*—is now in Tunis as a delegate to the Formentor Conference, on a jury charged with awarding the prestigious International Publisher's Prize. Herb's latest novel, *Fathers*, much of which originally appeared in *PLAYBOY*, was published by Random House in March and was immediately hailed by *The New York Times* as "the best and most deeply felt [book] that this talented, sensitive and dispassionate author has yet produced." Another Gold novel, *The Great American Jackpot*, is in the works, and, "unless Governor Ronnie Popular changes the school to a typing pool," Herb plans to keep in touch with the younger generation by teaching at the University of California at Berkeley next winter.

James Cross, the pseudonymous author of *Pin Money*, a fable about the survival-of-the-fittest psychology that sometimes characterizes the scramble up the Madison Avenue success ladder, teaches sociology under his other identity. He writes fiction, Cross told us, "on weekends, on vacations, whenever I can grab myself some time." June's fourth story—*It's Not Far, but I Don't Know the Way*, by literary critic and columnist Hoke Norris—uses the fictional form to talk about love, cuckoldry and death, in eloquently realistic terms.

As *Horse Sense*, Ernest Havemann's paean to horse racing, was being set in type, the prolific journalist-author called us to say that he had added a 67th track, El Comandante, in Puerto Rico, to his "collection." "The best I could do in a six-race pool was five winners," the philosophical bettor said. "And under the rules of the pool, my net winnings were exactly zero. But—perhaps inspired by Joseph Wechsberg's January *PLAYBOY* article, *The Lore and Lure of Roulette*—I won my money back at the wheel, which had never before attracted me."

Among June's other articles are two that appeal—in entirely different ways—to the upward striver in all of us. *Business Is Business*, by J. Paul Getty, our Contributing Editor, Business and Finance, is a study of the factors common to success in all money-making enterprises, no matter how disparate their products. And—in comedic contrast—Dan Greenburg has collaborated with James Ransom for *A Snob's Guide to Status Magazines*, an upward-mobile sequel to Greenburg's *Snobs' Guide to Status Cars*, in July 1964.

Also on hand for this summer *cum laude* issue: *007's Oriental Eyefuls*—the text of which was written by *PLAYBOY* prize-winning author Roald Dahl, who did the far-out Far East script for the latest Bond film, *You Only Live Twice*—features the picture's pulchritudinous stars and extras in six pages of appealing *déshabillé*. "The Nudies," Chapter XVI of Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert's *The History of Sex in Cinema*, surveys the screen's sexploitational skin trade—from the burlesque one-reelers of the Thirties to the gaudy, epidermal epics of our own day. Finally, for the ornithologist that lurks in all of us, a Mod-cap bird-watching expedition—*Silverstein in London*—in which Shel's wacky drawings and caustic quips provide an apt capper for this 14th *PLAYBOY* swing into summer.



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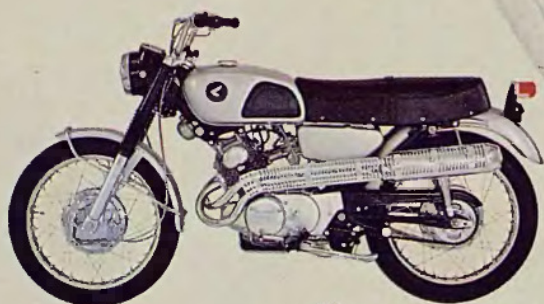
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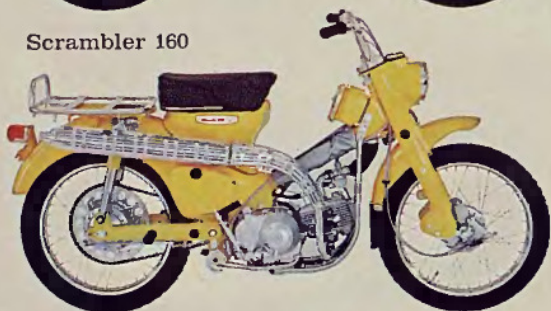
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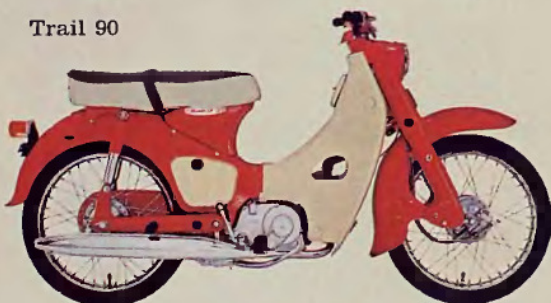




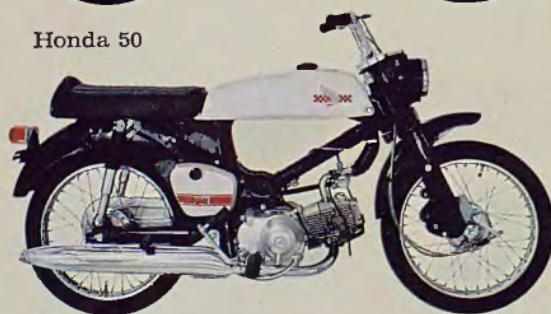
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See the "Invisible Circle" color film at your local Honda dealer's. While you're there, pick up a color brochure and safety pamphlet, or write: American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Dept. QQ, Box 50, Gardena, California 90247. © 1967, AHM.



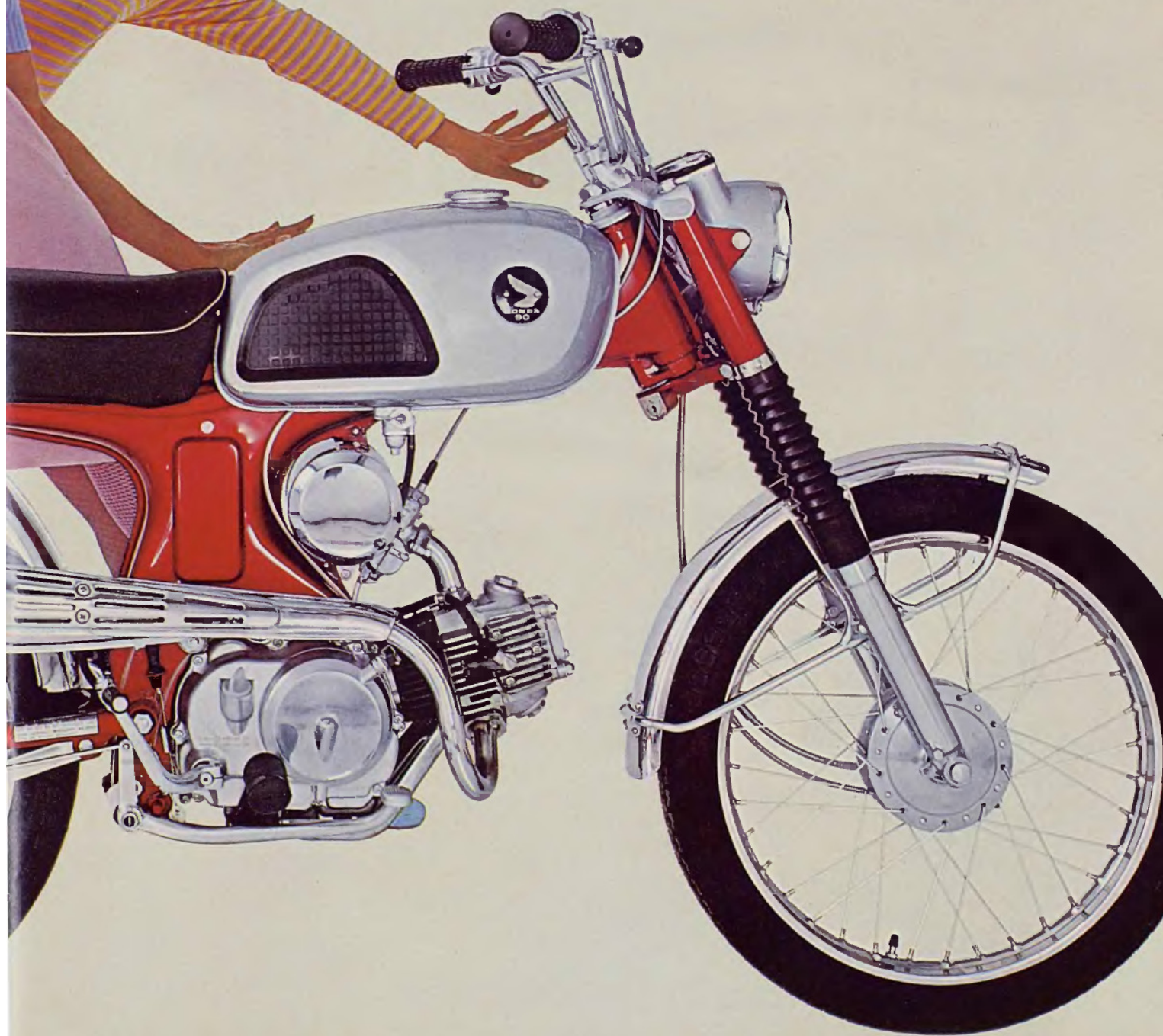


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## DEAR PLAYBOY



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### YOUNG IDEAS

As a member of Paul Goodman's *New Aristocrats*, with six or seven more years to go, I especially appreciated his article (PLAYBOY, March). I and many fellow students are weary of the same tired pieces about today's decadent youth—written by yesterday's decadent youth. Goodman (probably a youth himself, disguised as an older man for your *Playbill* picture) is a refreshing change.

Steve Tiger  
Ohio Northern University  
Ada, Ohio

Congratulations to both PLAYBOY and Paul Goodman for *The New Aristocrats*. As an old man of 40, I take these young people seriously and I'm thankful that they are not only tomorrow's leaders but today's as well.

Keith Manifold  
Beloit, Wisconsin

Paul Goodman's article was more than faintly reminiscent of the *Time* "man of the year" cover story on the 25-and-unders. These articles are only the most recent in a veritable flood of verbiage about our new "hip" generation of students, turned on by LSD and the Peace Corps, brutally frank and idealistic and, most important, totally turned off by the dominant cultural mores of America.

Although I am a sophomore in college and presumably am more intimate with this "new breed" of student than are various armchair pontificators, I cannot pretend to speak for the mainstream of college students. But I have never run into anyone who fits the stereotype of the "new generation." On the whole, college students still hold the traditional values and seek the same goals they always sought. I am not alone in this viewpoint, either. As the Yale student whose picture represented the "new generation" on the cover of *Time* told the *Yale Daily News*: "Nothing in that article applied to me except that I like Snoopy."

Harvey Prussin  
Yale College  
New Haven, Connecticut

Paul Goodman's appraisal of *The New Aristocrats* is essential reading for anyone who desires a better understanding

of today's collegians. Goodman's description of "the radical students" reveals the convictions of many moderate students as well. The majority of my friends who are not active in school organizations other than sports are all too aware of the flaws in our educational system and of the immoral double talk of most administrators. The most lucid observation Goodman makes is that this is not "a 'generational revolt' that will be absorbed as [students] grow older and wiser." The future will be influenced by today's young people as it has never been influenced before.

John S. Thin  
Ryerson Polytechnical Institute  
Toronto, Ontario

Student conservatives sometimes maintain that the leftist activists on campus are their intellectual inferiors. One is tempted to consider this wishful thinking—until he comes across a gorgeous piece of nitwittery like *The New Aristocrats*. Funny as Goodman's picaresque aristocrats emerge (taking moonlight classes in Castro's Cuba, Psychedelic Experience and Sensitivity Training), Goodman's playing the solemn ass about their virtues adds an even more ludicrous touch.

William Anderson  
Rockford, Illinois

I would like to invite Paul Goodman to visit some college campuses besides Berkeley. There are others, and they definitely contain other types of students. Goodman's opinions about oddballs are probably close to correct, but I wonder what makes him think they are the ones who will soon rule our country. Fortunately, there are enough people in my generation who are still in the same old rut that has made America great.

R. A. Sneed  
West Texas State University  
Canyon, Texas

### THE PRICE IS RIGHT

In his March article on *Executive Salaries*, Vance Packard has performed another valuable service by pointing out to the public the tremendous rewards that are available to those who reach for the brass ring—and aim for the executive heights. Never before in our 40-year history of executive recruiting have we noted

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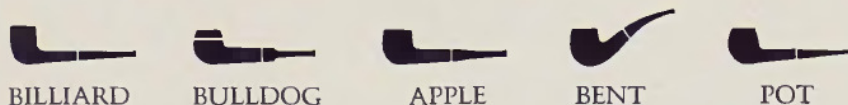
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**the pipe advisor:** Leave this ad in a conspicuous place before Father's Day. This play has proved to get results . . . and you, the pipe.



a greater demand for such men—and that demand extends through every category of American industry. We are concerned, however, that the general public be fully aware of the qualifications that are being demanded for the high-powered jobs Packard discussed. When we are looking for men to fill \$50,000-and-up executive positions, for example, we start the search knowing that probably only five or six men in the country will qualify for an interview. Often the number is smaller than that.

Lon D. Barton, President  
Cadillac Associates  
Chicago, Illinois

Vance Packard must once more be commended for his insight into business. Our marketing class was fascinated by Packard's income comparisons—and stimulated by the potential earning power of top-notch managers. Here's hoping our future is as bright as Packard indicates.

C. Roger Jenkins, Jr.  
University of Georgia  
Athens, Georgia

#### EXPENSIVE PLACE

I certainly enjoyed Len Deighton's *An Expensive Place to Die* (PLAYBOY, December 1966 through March 1967). I hope someday soon it will go into film—and that I can take part in it.

Harold Sakata  
Honolulu, Hawaii

*"Odd Job" Sakata's Bessemer bowler should slice him a role in any spy thriller.*

#### PRODUCTIVE WELLES

This may sound strange and outrageous, but I truly read your interviews before I open your centerfold. PLAYBOY is a great advocate—in probing, prying and airing the opinions of a great band of mavericks, from Castro to Welles (March). So thank you, and please continue the interviews.

Eli Wallach  
New York, New York

Would that there were more people like Orson Welles! But perhaps it is better that there are not. With a quantity increase, the value of such a person might diminish. This I would regret, because Kenneth Tynan's interview revealed a very fascinating man, who still has much promise to fulfill. Thank you for giving us such excellent interviews. They are worth the price of your entire magazine.

Halton Mann  
New York, New York

Many thanks for the interview with Orson Welles. Orson has been a friend of mine since the first time he set foot in Hollywood. His first dinner in Hollywood was at my home. Our friendship



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for the lusty life.

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has continued through the years. We religiously meet each summer for a week at Pamplona for the *corridas*. The only criticism that I have of the interview is that it failed—in my opinion—to really get under the skin of Orson as a man. It dealt almost exclusively with him as a creative artist. Orson is certainly a genius—but he is much more than that. Not since the glorious days with Wilson Mizner have I known such a wonderful dinner companion. With Orson there is never a dull moment—or a quiet one.

Darryl F. Zanuck, President  
20th Century-Fox Film Corporation  
New York, New York

## ROOMS AT THE TOP

Jules Feiffer's *Rooms* (PLAYBOY, March) ranks as truly great satire. Let's see more in future issues.

William A. Craft  
Darien, Connecticut

*Will do.*

## SHOW-ME BUNNIES

I have just read the March issue of PLAYBOY and must commend you for a job well done on *The Bunnies of Missouri*. It was pure joy to read about Bunny hobbies, Bunny personalities, Bunny educations, Bunny sports and Bunny measurements. Your article showed the world that these young ladies are human and humorous. I need not comment on the photos: They testify elegantly for themselves.

Ralph Taylor  
New York, New York

The Bunnies of the Show-Me State show me that statistics can mislead. The average measurement of the Kansas City Bunny was 35-23-35. However, the four individual measurements given in the article average out to a pulchritudinous 38½-22¼-36. Mathematically speaking, the standard deviation of the sample error indicates that the selection was biased, or that the profile of the K. C. cottontails does not fit a "normal" curve. They say that figures don't lie. After viewing Missouri's finest, I would agree: The Kansas City Bunnies are hardly "normal." They are far out in front. As a figure lover, I can only say keep up the good work: Your bias is in the most favorable direction.

Edgar T. Carlson  
Rocky River, Ohio

## WINNING WITNESS

Harry Petrakis gets as much feeling into his stories of commonplace humanity as anyone writing today—and with fewer tricks. *The Witness* (March) is an excellent example, and PLAYBOY is to be congratulated for offering its readers such fictional fare. I hope your continuing publication of stories by Petrakis will encourage readers to move on to his books—particularly his current novel, *A Dream*

of *Kings*, and his collection of short stories, *Pericles on 31st Street*, both of which were nominated for a National Book Award in fiction, and fully deserved to be.

It will be interesting to watch Petrakis' reputation grow in the years ahead, amid the more frantic experimentalists, absurdists and flash-fire sensationalists. He is a good man and a good and true writer who works knowledgeably and responsibly at his craft.

Edward Lueders  
Professor of English  
The University of Utah  
Salt Lake City, Utah

My usual approach to PLAYBOY is to look at the pictures first, then the cartoons, and finally settle down to serious reading, letting the ads fill the gaps. But after reading Harry Petrakis' *The Witness*, I'm going to look for future stories by Mr. Petrakis *before* examining the pictures. Does this mean I'm "over the hill"? I hope not.

Dr. Charles Kresnoff  
University of Illinois at  
the Medical Center  
Chicago, Illinois

## MENUMANSHIP

Thomas Mario's March article on *The Language of Gallic Gourmandise* deserves very loud applause. Even after living in France for three years, I found it most difficult to wander through a French menu until I had mastered the language.

Peter N. More  
Bloomington, Indiana

## RIBALD RAVE

I have been reading your Ribald Classics for several years, and though I usually enjoy them, I found the one in your March issue, *The Lady's Tale*, retold by Roderick Cameron, far and away the best you have ever published. It had a very clever plot and a style of writing that I really enjoyed. It was outstandingly different.

Charles Mann  
New York, New York

## EYEFUL

We girls in glasses all thank you for your March Playmate, bespectacled and spectacular Fran Gerard. If only I can find a pink ribbon like Fran's before my husband gets home from work.

Frances Kolotyluk  
Vancouver, British Columbia

I'm not a subscriber to your magazine, but after hearing so many raves about your literary excellence in all the media and "in" groups, I purchased your March issue. I had heard about Playmates with abdominal staples and I was ready to snicker, when I discovered that Fran Gerard, an abundantly endowed



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and attractive female, was wearing glasses. Her sex appeal was gloriously enhanced by this nuance. With this one photo, Dorothy Parker's aphorism should be interred forever. You have struck a resounding blow for a large segment of the female population. Thank you.

John Wilson  
New Orleans, Louisiana

Fran Gerard is 20/20—one of the best reasons I can imagine for having perfect vision. She would stimulate any man's retina. If she has a refractive error, I would be more than glad to perform a visual analysis and fit her with contacts. No charge.

Fred L. Malone, O.D.  
Vicksburg, Mississippi

#### DOWN DRAFT

One more congratulatory note on the best piece of journalism to appear in your magazine in a long time: Representative Thomas Curtis' exposé of the Selective Service System (*Conscription and Commitment*, February). It has long been obvious that the draft is at best mismanaged, at worst wholly unnecessary; but special credit should go to Representative Curtis for suggesting the first practical military procurement policy that would fill the military needs of a Great Society while retaining the individual freedoms outlined by the founding fathers years before the advent of Selective Service. An outstanding article.

Pfc. Paul Wisovaty, U. S. Army  
Fort Gordon, Georgia

I have spent almost two years working for significant changes in today's unfair draft laws. I admire both Representative Curtis and Mr. Bruce Chapman, from whose book Curtis quoted, for their attempts to come to grips with the problem. However, I think they may be ignoring certain other problems (and facing sure Congressional rejection) in proposing an Army recruited by pay.

An all-volunteer Army would almost certainly become an Army of Negro enlisted men commanded by white officers. A much greater percentage of Negroes re-enlist (for societal as well as financial reasons) at *current* military pay scales. The Negro overbalance would vastly increase at higher pay rates and—whether we like it or not—the eventual Negro majority might drive most of the potential white soldiers out. And until educational opportunities for Negroes are made truly equal, the officer group would continue to be mostly white.

Consider a situation that might occur if we had mercenary troops: The President dispatches a small, all-volunteer Army to a fledgling brush war (as Vietnam was in 1963). Who could complain? Those sent would be just paid employees doing their job—not civilians conscripted to commit their lives to a cause they



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**CHRONOMASTER**  
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GOES STEADY GOES STEADY

might not believe in. This important civilian relationship to the military—which provides a check on our foreign commitments now—would disappear with a mercenary Army.

Terrence Cullinan  
Stanford Research Institute  
Menlo Park, California

Thank you for publishing Representative Curtis' article. Everything that he says about the draft we, from our work, can verify many times over.

Robert Bird  
American Friends Service Committee  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Congressman Curtis, in his thought-provoking article *Conscription and Commitment*, overlooks a prime source of underutilized manpower: women. The experts on the draft ignore the fact that far fewer men would be needed if the military services would accept women under the same standards as men and step up recruiting programs. Women who now want to volunteer for service have to be high school graduates (men do not) and must make a much higher score on the educational test than men who are drafted—or who volunteer.

A Defense Department study of women in the military services shows that their upkeep is less than for men, that they perform as well or better in hundreds of classifications and that they are not the source of "administrative and personal problems" that many profess to fear. Far more than the present 32,500 women (one percent of the military services) could be effectively utilized, even though women cannot serve in combat and even though a certain number of male State-side positions must be retained for rotation of combat troops.

Maurine B. Neuberger, Chairman  
Citizens' Advisory Council on  
the Status of Women  
Washington, D. C.

PLAYBOY appreciates these thoughts from ex-Senator Neuberger. Defense considerations aside, we're sure the enlistment rate would rise dramatically if military service were more truly coed.

## PURLOINED PINUPS

Recently we encountered a situation so unusual that we thought it might interest you. The "we" I refer to is Team Number Three, Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol, 101st Airborne Division. As the name implies, our job is to precede our line troops into areas suspected of being occupied by enemy units, to determine their size and location. Since prisoners of war are one of the better sources of intelligence, we often find it our task to capture them.

In the central highlands of Vietnam we were successful in capturing a lone Viet Cong soldier. To our astonishment, we found, while searching the man's

equipment, a hard-worn but carefully folded centerfold of Lisa Baker, your November Playmate, which you can see us holding in the accompanying photo.

It does not surprise us that our enemy counterpart would want to cherish such an item as much as it puzzles us how he obtained it. PLAYBOY comes to us every month in the mail and we all read it and enjoy it. We have made attempts to start a collection of Playmates to decorate our team tent—but find it crippled by missing numbers. They seem to disappear en route from the States. What baffles us is how "Charlie" obtains what we have so much difficulty getting for ourselves.



Considering the similar incident described in your March *Dear Playboy* column, we wonder if Charlie could be one of your favored subscribers.

Team Number Three  
Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol  
APO San Francisco, California

*Our Circulation Department reports no subscribers in North Vietnam, chaps. Charlie must have liberated Lisa's likeness behind the lines.*

## RED-CHIP INVESTMENTS

The very evening I finished reading Marvin Kitman's marvelously funny piece on "investing" in czarist bonds (*The First National Fiduciary Imperialist Trust Syndicate Cartel Pool Combine*, PLAYBOY, March), I was amazed to see, in *Forbes*, a magazine edited primarily for stock-market investors, that perhaps Kitman knew what he was talking about. In the March 1, 1967, issue, overseas investment commentator George J. Henry wrote that the bonds of Estonia, one of the former Baltic states, jumped sharply on news of Premier Kosygin's recent visit to London. Henry noted that there are "about \$75,000,000 worth of old czarist bonds outstanding in the U.S. . . . quoted at about 31½ percent of face value," and went on to suggest that ultimately "the Soviet Union might make some settlement." Perhaps Kitman's witty doings will eventually make him rich in ways he didn't anticipate.

Harold Levy  
New Haven, Connecticut





"Nothing else quite measures up"



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A woman with long brown hair and bangs is sitting on a white, curved surface. She is wearing a bright yellow, long-sleeved, button-down dress and matching yellow boots. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a dark, solid color.

# WIDE





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Oh, I can take a hint, all right.  
Just from the look of that Vanopress  
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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



If you haven't been paying too much attention to the movie fan magazines, you may be unaware that they specialize in the sensational cover headline that more often than not heralds some innocuous piece of fan-mag fluff on the inside. A random sampling of some recent screen books yielded up the following gems in the headline writer's art. "HOW BOBBY KENNEDY'S WIFE REALLY GETS ALONG WITH JACKIE!" (The gist of the piece is that she gets along just fine.) "WHAT LYNDA HIDES FROM LUCI ABOUT HER LOVE FOR GEORGE HAMILTON!" (Well, it seems that Lynda worries that George will be drafted, go to Vietnam and become a casualty—and she can't bring herself to tell her sister about it.) "BARBARA EDEN: MY HUSBAND'S OTHER WOMAN CAME ALONG ON OUR HONEYMOON!" (While she and husband Michael Ansara were off on their honeymoon, he spent a few moments thinking about that other woman—his mother.) Lately, we've begun to feel altruistic concern for our fellow toilers in the publishing vineyard, fearing that the *Photoplay* and *Modern Screen* regulars, inured to the disappointments that await within, may turn their reading attentions elsewhere. Happily, we think we've come up with a solution to what is obviously a mounting problem. The idea is to carry the disparity between the cover headline and the story to its illogical extreme and make a grand guess-what-the-piece-is-really-about game out of the whole business. Human curiosity being what it is, we believe we're offering, gratis, a circulation builder that can't miss. And now let's run some examples on the projector and see how they focus:

TONY CURTIS: "I KICKED KIM NOVAK OUT OF MY BED!" (Tony finds neighbor Kim tromping all over his begonias; asks her to leave his garden.)

SAL MINEO AND HAYLEY MILLS: "WE WENT TOO FAR!" (Hayley and Sal, out on a date, overshoot their turnoff on the Pasadena freeway.)

SIDNEY POITIER: "I STARTED A RACE RIOT!" (Poitier due to indecision, is very

slow placing his bet at the Santa Anita pari-mutuel window, infuriating bettors waiting in line behind him.)

ANN-MARGRET: "MY MOTHER RUINED MY LIFE!" (In which she reveals how her mother inadvertently used the copy of *Life* Ann-Margret was reading to line her garbage pail.)

LIZ TAYLOR: "I DESPISE RICHARD!" (Now a student of English history and a Shakespearean actress, Liz has become incensed over the actions of crookback Richard III.)

DEBBIE REYNOLDS: "AM I AN UNNATURAL MOTHER?" (How Debbie bottle-fed a kitten she found on her doorstep.)

ROCK HUDSON: "I BROKE ALL TEN COMMANDMENTS!" (When Rock was a child, he appeared as Moses in a Sunday-school play and dropped the Tablets on the stage.)

SANDRA DEE: "FROM CALLGIRL TO MOVIE STAR!" (Sandra reveals how a producer discovered her working as a switchboard operator.)

TROY DONAHUE: "I HAD TO KILL TO LIVE!" (Troy tells of the summer he worked as a crop duster.)

JACK LEMMON: "I'VE GOT A PRISON RECORD!" (Lemmon, an audiophile, is proudest of his LP featuring the Leavenworth chorus.)

Got the picture, fan-magazine editors? Then get out there and really widen that credibility gap.

Even the most evangelistic user of LSD acknowledges that the next trip may be a bad one. Even worse than a bad trip, however, is a bad trip in a strange city without the companionship of an understanding "guide." For the use of those who may have occasion to take a trip while they're on a trip, the Psychedelic Information Center in Cambridge, Massachusetts, has compiled a Psychedelic Phone Directory containing the alphabetized names of people who "have had experience with LSD, and have volunteered to be listed." Their addresses and phone numbers (including that of Dr. Timothy Leary in Millbrook,

New York) range from Amsterdam to Hollywood. So if you find yourself freaking out in a strange motel in—God forbid—Rocking Chair, Wyoming, and you're drowning in purple Jell-o up to the light fixture, don't panic—the PPD is there in your knapsack, with the name and number of your friendly neighborhood acidhead, all handily lettered in extralarge print so you can read it even with psychedelically dilated pupils.

Unsettling sign spotted in a Pennsylvania cemetery: PERSONS ARE PROHIBITED FROM PICKING FLOWERS FROM ANY BUT THEIR OWN GRAVES.

In response to the "death-of-God" movement, many whimsical folk are sporting buttons that say GOD IS ALIVE IN ARGENTINA. Apparently, however, He is actually alive in England. We quote verbatim from the *San Francisco Chronicle*: "Britain's highest court, the House of Lords, yesterday overthrew the ancient doctrine that it may never change one of its own decisions. The unexpected action was announced by the Lord." From a burning bush, we assume.

In an appropriate programing move—as listed in the Rochester, New York, *Times-Union*—*To Tell the Truth* and *I've Got a Secret* were both pre-empted by a news special entitled *In the Pay of the CIA: An American Dilemma*.

France's official executioner—who has chopped off more than 400 heads with the guillotine since he took over the position in 1939—is paid \$360 a month, plus a bonus for each beheading. The bonus, we don't doubt, comes under the heading of severance pay.

*Incidental Intelligence Department:* In case you were wondering, Rhode Island state recreational inspector Roger W. Wheeler has ruled that a surfer





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constitutes a navigational craft and, as such, comes under the jurisdiction of the State Department of Natural Resources. If he falls off his surfboard, however, he becomes a swimmer and is subject to regulation by the State Division of Parks and Recreation.

"Pick Up the *Inquirer* and Perk Up Your Day" was the motto on the envelope that brought us this enlightened headline from that Philadelphia newspaper: "MARRIAGE STARTS WITH A BANG."

According to an unintentionally revealing poll conducted by the school's student publication, two percent of Princeton's students did not consider themselves or their contemporaries apathetic; one percent felt that apathy was, indeed, the campus mode of life—and 97 percent didn't bother to reply.

We can't help admiring the candor of the gentleman who placed the following notice in the Cushing, Oklahoma, *Daily Citizen*: "I will not be responsible for debts made by anyone other than myself."

*Who Said Chivalry Was Dead Department*: A mattress ad in California's *Glendale News-Press* advises readers to "PREPARE FOR THOSE SWEATY SUMMER KNIGHTS."

Reassuring evidence that old-fashioned romance is not dead came to us in the form of this marriage proposal in the classified column of the University of Massachusetts' *Collegian*: "Wanted, one wife for forestry major. Must be able to work in fields and pull engines."

*Indisputable Logic Department*: When Washington, D.C., Police Chief John B. Layton was asked to explain a rash of weekend robberies in the nation's capital, *The Washington Post* quoted his astute reply: "The biggest factor is the inclination of certain individuals of acquiring funds by illegal means."

"FAGS MEET IN SURREY" blared the headline in England's *Advertiser's Weekly*, but Britons didn't blink an eye. As the story went on to report, a very pleasant meeting, indeed, had been held by the Financial Advertising Golfing Society.

Travel tip for hydrophobes: A Beirut hotel proudly notes in its brochure that all of its rooms "efface the sea."

Bad news for female patients from a recent issue of the *Maryland State Medical Journal*: "Urologists, gynecologists and other practitioners are being consulted more frequently today by patients with problems of sexual adjustment. Are



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we prepared to help any of these patients? I suspect that many of us aren't, and those who are have tools that are of limited effectiveness. Nevertheless, we must use what we have."

Disquieting cybernetic note: A \$140,000 computer in England, upon being assembled and switched on for the first time, punched out a card reading, "Thank you so much for starting me."

Sentenced to a jail term for slugging his girlfriend, a McKeesport, Pennsylvania, man received permission from the judge to wed her on the spot, before his removal to the calaboose. "After the ceremony," reported *The Pittsburgh Press*, "the couple spent a half hour in an ante-room on the third floor of the courthouse. Six deputies looked on."

## BOOKS

There is an indubitable fascination—and yet something terribly tiresome—about William Manchester's *The Death of a President* (Harper & Row). Partly it is the fault of the press agency, which asks us to bow to the sheer vastness of the enterprise: two years of indefatigable research, more than 1000 interviews, 45 volumes of shorthand notes, tapes, documents, photographs, etc., etc. Somehow this enormous collection of facts and not-quite-facts is automatically supposed to produce a great book. It hasn't. Partly, too, it is that we have sat through so many bruising preliminary bouts—Manchester sued, Manchester condensed, Manchester rebuked, rebutted and reviled—that the main event was bound to be something of an anticlimax. But headlines and hassles aside, the book must be judged on its own lack of merits. Its tone is one of dizzying omniscience, as if Manchester were writing Victorian fiction rather than contemporary history. He tells us, for example, that on the eve of the assassination, Lee Harvey Oswald went mad because his wife scorned his amorous overtures. That is not history; it is psychospeculation. Again, he states that the two Secret Service men riding with the President in Dallas "were in a position to take evasive action after the first shot, but for five terrible seconds, they were immobilized." A damning charge, which makes scapegoats of two men in a scarcely credible situation. The book is full of smug judgments of people's behavior: Kennedy's bereaved staff was rude to Lyndon Johnson; Johnson exploited Jackie; Marina bullied Oswald; J. Edgar Hoover behaved heartlessly to Bobby Kennedy. Many of the details are interesting in themselves, but many are not; piled on top of one another, they totter on the brink of massive



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Perhaps the tropics have something to do with it? Maybe the hot Caribbean sun and the caressing sea breezes make our fat, luscious limes kind of restless. They are certainly the most devilish limes ever squeezed into a bottle. Their tart-sweet taste just seems to bring out the calypso in the most prudish of ingredients.

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Sorry, gin. Poor gin.



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trivialization. The tragedy is too often diminished to a kind of morbid gossip: the memory of that awful time is blurred. The point was better made by Jackie. "I want them to see the horror of it," she said in Dallas, explaining why she refused to change her blood-soaked clothes. And when she debarked in Washington, still wearing the bloody suit, 80,000,000 TV viewers did see the horror of it and *knew*, finally, that her husband had been murdered. That is precisely what this book allows us to forget. With all of his honest and emotionally involved labors, Manchester has somehow managed to smother the horror of the event.

*A Bell for Adano*, John Hersey's first novel, won the Pulitzer Prize in 1945. Perhaps misled by that award, Hersey has written a number of other novels. They have not won the Pulitzer Prize, but he keeps on trying. This year he has produced a book called *Under the Eye of the Storm* (Knopf). It is all about these two unhappy couples, the Medllars and the Hamdens, who go out sailing together. Medlar is a specialist in the liver and an old-fashioned humanist, whereas Hamden thinks that computers are the answer to everything. It doesn't seem likely that they would be friends, much less sailing companions, in real life, but Hersey thinks they would be; so there they are with their wives on this boat called *Harmony*—which, you see, is ironic. Medlar thinks that Hamden is playing around with his wife and considers having a go at Mrs. H. just to even the score; but, instead, he decides to worry a lot and make himself unhappy, the way a humanist would. He gets tired of that after a while, though, and it looks like the whole unpleasant mess may get a little discussion, when all of a sudden this storm comes shrieking in. The storm is called Esmé, and she is so loud that no one can say much of anything for page after page after page. Once Esmé is gone, Dr. Medlar decides that his wife may love him after all, so there's really no need for a frank discussion. Hersey thereupon brings his book to a close. Which is all right with us.

Ernest Hemingway was not a college dropout; he never dropped in. After high school in Oak Park, Illinois, he got a job as a cub reporter on *The Kansas City Star*. Then he moved on to the *Toronto Star*, basing himself in Paris with all of Europe for his beat. When he started writing fiction, he swore off journalism, yet he returned to it throughout his career, producing superb reports on the obscure and important events of his time, the Spanish Civil War and bullfighting, the Second World War and fishing in Cuba, shooting elephants in Africa and invading the beaches at Normandy. *By-Line: Ernest Hemingway* (Scribner's), a collection of his best journalistic pieces, makes





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an absorbing chronicle. His hard trademarked prose brings to life landscapes and seasons with a sure and loving touch, whether he is writing of Paris or Africa or Spain, or of a place in Wyoming called the Clarks Fork Valley, where he liked to hunt and fish: "Then there was the winter; the trees bare now, the snow blowing so you could not see, the saddle wet, then frozen as you came downhill, breaking a trail through the snow, trying to keep your legs moving, and the sharp, warming taste of whiskey when you hit the ranch and changed your clothes in front of the big open fireplace. It's a good country." There is also some marvelous dry humor, particularly when Papa tells about reading his own obituaries after the plane crash in Africa in the early 1950s, and in a dialog about his craft with an aspiring young writer. He is known as "Mice" (short for "Maestro," because the boy plays the violin), and Hemingway presents himself as "Y. C." (Your Correspondent) in the conversation that includes exchanges such as this:

Mice: Do you think I will be a writer?

Y. C.: How the hell should I know? Maybe you can't feel for other people. You've got some good stories if you can write them.

Mice: How can I tell?

Y. C.: Write. If you work at it five years and find you're no good you can just as well shoot yourself then as now.

Mice: I wouldn't shoot myself.

Y. C.: Come around then and I'll shoot you.

William Burroughs writes like a man who has no native language. In fact, in his fourth novel, *The Ticket That Exploded* (Grove), he tries to go beyond language itself; it's a novel that attacks words, an art that aspires to silence. Burroughs' vision of modern life is a galactic wasteland of metal excrement and neon gardens and plastic scrap heaps, its inhabitants clothed in cellophane envelopes, imbibing ammonia Cokes, indulging in electronic sex spasms. But to this familiar Burroughing into the modern soul, he now adds a new dimension of horror. Men have become addicted to language itself, and their thoughts are programed by media junkies. Electronic controls are fed onto their mind screens on punched tapes, and prerecorded instructions are then played back through their consciousness tracks. Having made this diagnosis, Dr. Burroughs writes his nearly illegible prescription: Cut the word and image lines, break the association controls, program yourself out by splicing the tapes, by jamming the control messages—in short, by achieving a kind of "cold turkey" of the mind. And so, in the novel itself, sentences are



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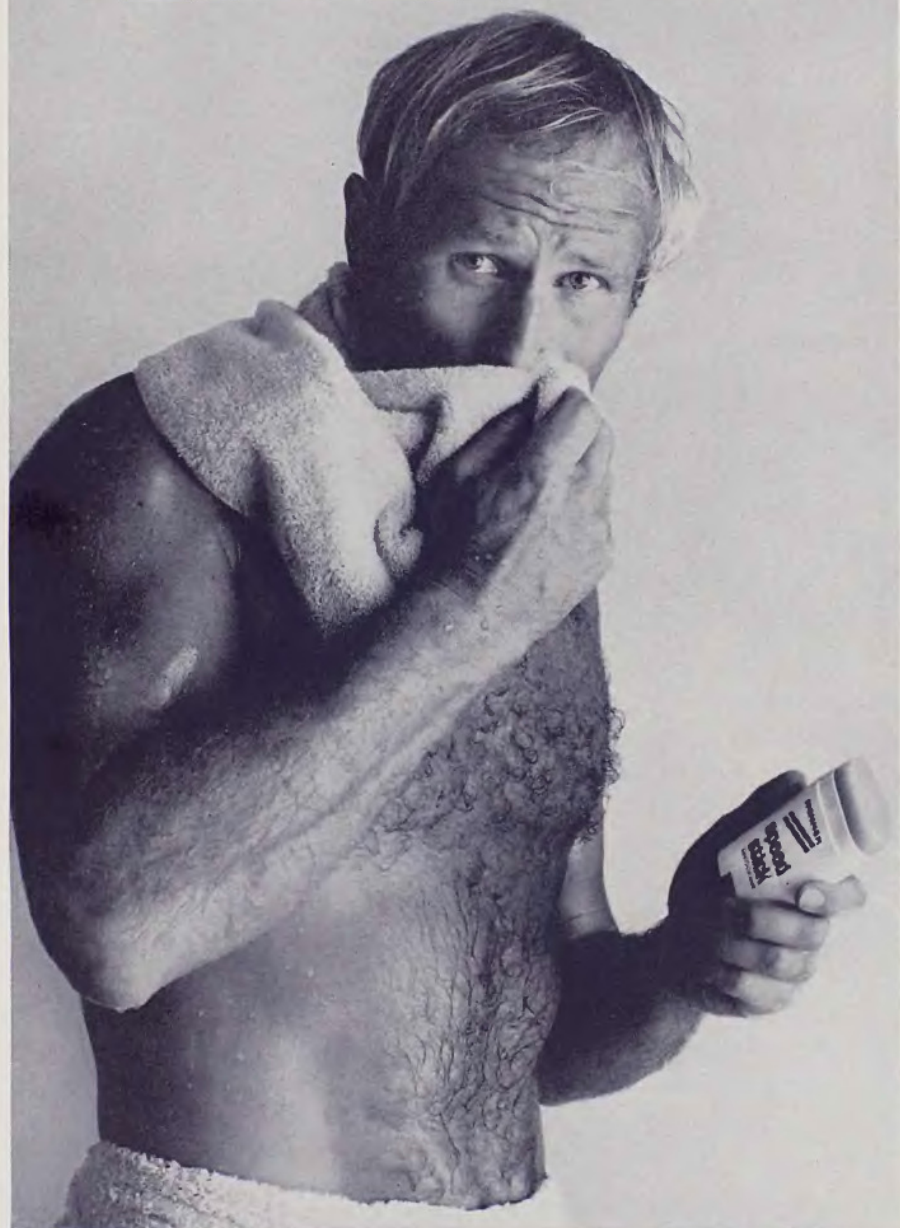
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fractured and reset at random angles; passages from other writers are chopped up and folded in; the novel is spliced together from haphazard fragments—and Burroughs escapes the “control” of words by hiding in inscrutability. Those still trapped in language will not only find this novel extraordinarily difficult to read but will also notice that the use of chance methods of composition produces a sense of hypnotic repetition; that in trying to jam the establishment's signals, Burroughs gets mostly static; and that for all his avant-garde technique, he adopts an old-fashioned behavioristic psychology. Yet his Swiftian vision of a processed, prepackaged life, of a kind of electrochemical totalitarianism, often evokes the black laughter of hilarious horror.

As you thumb through the rewarding contents of *Prize Stories 1967: The O. Henry Awards* (Doubleday), be sure to pause at *Dressed in Shade*, the tale of a man who consummated an affair with *Mademoiselle* Death. Our recommendation may be slightly partisan, since the author is none other than PLAYBOY Fiction Editor Robie Macauley; but we're confident you'll think kindly of us—and of writer-editor Macauley—for letting you in on an intriguing fictional experience.

Like the man who is the last in town to hear about his wife, Fred W. Friendly recently discovered that television “has now been captured by the mercantile structure.” For 16 years, working with Edward R. Murrow for much of the time, he oversaw some of TV's best programs—from the McCarthy and Oppenheimer shows of the *See It Now* series to “Harvest of Shame” on *CBS Reports*. Friendly recounts that milieu and his own departure from it in *Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control* (Random House), a book that deserves close reading because it reveals so much about network mentalities and so much about the TV system's eroding effect on such men as Friendly. We see the journalistic independence under which TV news departments operated in the early 1950s, but we also see the creeping strains as executives began to worry that forthright shows might affect the cashbox. As CBS strove to clear \$50,000,000 a year, after taxes, boss man Bill Paley was nagging Murrow: “I don't want this constant stomach-ache every time you do a controversial subject.” Similarly, number-two man Frank Stanton was permitting *CBS Reports* to be kicked around the schedule; when a “soft spot in the ratings” appeared, the news show was sloughed into it. Friendly tells much more about the boob tube and how it got that way, but his own posture has disconcerting aspects as well. With a weakness for self-serving euphemisms, he says he “tempered” some shows, when the



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word is censored. "I suppose that I was subtly influenced to do controversial subjects in a noncontroversial manner," he says of those *CBS Reports* that came to be known in the trade as tightrope acts. Friendly checked out as president of CBS News last year, when the network turned down coverage of former Ambassador Kennan's Vietnam testimony before the Fulbright committee and instead showed reruns of *I Love Lucy*. But he takes strongmen Paley and Stanton off the hook by portraying them as captives of their own organization: "they seemed incapable of stopping the inexorable flight from quality." Friendly maintains that the networks should never have been allowed to peddle their stocks on Wall Street. But in a final chapter, he proposes to leave them in unrestrained possession of what they have made off with by financing an educational TV network through economies gained by a system of domestic satellites. Friendly doesn't have all the answers; still, his experience dramatizes the big questions about TV that have been left hanging too long.

The flash of lightning that opens Gore Vidal's latest novel, *Washington, D. C.* (Little, Brown), serves the double purpose of revealing a couple making love in a bathhouse and announcing that the author is striking in the same place twice—as why should he not, after the success of *The Best Man*? The subject is politics and politicians, and from beginning to end we know we've tuned in on the authentic accents of power. To catch the accent at its ripest, Vidal begins in the Roosevelt era—to be exact, at that moment in 1937 when the Senate handed F.D.R. one of his few serious defeats: the court-packing bill. This sets the tone, for it is the world of Roosevelt haters that is exposed here: high-minded haters such as Senator James Burden Day, who has a Senatorial distrust of all Executive power; gut haters such as Blaise Delacroix Sanford, tycoon-publisher, who sees the nation going down the drain through the subversions of F.D.R. and his gang of socialist crackpots; weather-vane haters such as Clay Overbury, who doesn't really hate at all; he only pretends. Actually, he loves—but only himself. These three men—their wives, children, mistresses, successes, defaults and defeats—give the novel its form. Vidal's accomplishment is to show how politics, even dirty politics, has changed from the handiwork of the individual to the machine-work of the high-powered team. He delights in the clash of political warfare; and the cream of the joust is the social setting, the alliances and misalliances made between cocktails and bed sheets. Illuminating as the book is, the suspicion grows after a few chapters that Vidal is putting us on



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a bit. His people fit their roles a little too well; they plot a little too much. Nobody does anything resembling law-making in this capital of law. At least one back-room grind would have given the book more balance—and us a greater reliance on Vidal's otherwise capital Capitol portrait.

## MOVIES

*A Countess from Hong Kong*, as nearly all the world knows, is based on a notion Charles Chaplin began toying with during a trip to Shanghai in 1931. From that tiny souvenir, alas, the master spirit of screen comedy has produced a time-worn shipboard romance of no distinction whatever. Between stock shots of the cerulean-blue sea, we fully expected Madeleine Carroll and Lee Bowman to show up on the promenade deck, she a lovely stowaway who has to get to America, he the son of the richest oilman anywhere. Instead, Sophia Loren and Marlon Brando play the couple sharing the stateroom and the man's pajamas—otherwise the plot remains true to period. Though Chaplin himself appears briefly and impishly as a seasick steward, his performance as author-director maroons the principals with vintage smart talk, delivered while they are skittering off to the bathroom, answering inconvenient taps at the cabin door or deciding who will sleep on the sofa. Isolated bits of business show Chaplinesque flair, once when the screen develops a subtle, rhythmic pitch and roll that make even greensickly gags acceptable, again when Sydney Chaplin (playing Brando's friend) brings off some deft mechanical foolery about sneaking Scotch from a drunk at the bar. As for Sophia and Marlon, despite their widely publicized joy at being the divinities chosen to adorn the first Chaplin film in nearly a decade, both look resigned to a tiresome cruise that sounded much better in the brochure.

It is good to see Howth Head and the sights of Dublin and the tower at Sandymount where Buck Mulligan and Stephen Dedalus stayed. It is grand to hear the fine Dublinese brogue of whores, likely lads, pub crawlers and Leopold and Molly Bloom. Such sights and sounds give fiber to the *Ulysses* of James Joyce, an unassailable 20th Century classic so richly endowed with four-letter words that die-hard film censors will want to throw themselves upon their scissors (the distributors of the movie assured us that not a syllable will be excised for any of its showings). More than 30 years have passed since U.S. District Judge John M. Woolsey lightly lifted the ban on Joyce's novel and vouchsafed an

opinion that the book would make a dandy movie. Director Joseph Strick (*The Savage Eye*, *The Balcony*) finally bought the rights, co-authored the scenario, co-produced and directed the film—in a formidable labor of love. If only love were enough. But the high-impossible task of turning a monument into a satisfying movie requires a leap of the imagination that Strick seldom dares attempt. He lifts selections from the famous prose in cupped hands, trying to match them to some pictures on the screen without spilling a precious pearl. Everything he does is literal, intelligent, plain-spoken, and so somehow the movie matters even though it falls short. Bloom (in the doughty person of Ireland's Milo O'Shea) mentally ejaculates behind a stone wall while ogling a lass on the beach with her skirts up to herc. The youthful Dedalus (Maurice Rooves) blasphemes freely, while Molly (Barbara Jefford) reduces her final 47-page monolog to a pretty graphic slice of life. In such long stream-of-consciousness passages, the voice-over technique weds word to image and illustrates ideas adequately. But just adequately. Real problems occur in the "Nighttown" sequence, where Strick's flat-footed attempts at fantasy—Bloom as a sort of Jewish Walter Mitty—merely remind us that the film cries out for a director who can take flight aesthetically, some Hibernian Fellini ready to risk his neck performing backflips on a slack wire. The film is likely to be just the ticket for slow readers who find a great sensual-spiritual odyssey easier to digest in capsule form. Purists will discover less cause for re-joycing about this particular day in Dublin and might prefer to curl up with a great book.

Producer Ross Hunter generally dresses up his films (*Magnificent Obsession*, *Madame X*) for the suburban shopper who likes to see a pretty girl in a pretty pickle wearing lots of pretty frocks. *Thoroughly Modern Millie* fits Julie Andrews into some flapperish fantasies by designer Jean Louis, but this overstuffed musical will be happily remembered for better reasons than that. The image that lingers is Beatrice Lillie as a white-slave trader operating the Priscilla Hotel for Single Young Ladies. Pushing a creaky wicker laundry cart through the corridors, *La Lillie* collects the flibbertigibbet guests she has plied with chloroform, poisoned apples or spiked party punch and packs the poor things off to the Fate Worse Than Death. Comic relief is also generously displayed by Julie, free of the presweetened roles that have shot her to movie stardom without utilizing much of her mischievous talent. She is the bee's knees as a light comedienne, heedlessly swan diving into every pitfall prepared for the heroine of a nitwitty adventure





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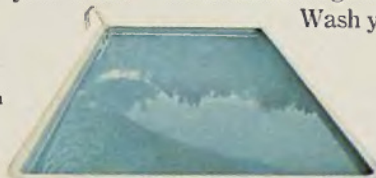
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tale set in the Roaring Twenties. Director George Roy Hill flips title cards across the screen while Millie shamelessly vamps her boss (John Gavin), pitches woo with another blade (James Fox) on a ledge 20 stories above the street, rescues an heiress (Mary Tyler Moore) from an opium den and learns about life from a hoydenish games mistress (Carol Channing) for Long Island's horsey set. With a crew so fast on its feet that spoofing the conventions of musical comedy in a Fu Manchu format looks like child's play, Hunter might have improved the show through judicious pruning. Still heavy-handed, he allows too damned much of everything, from an irrelevant Jewish wedding scene to an explosion in a Chinese fireworks factory; but the blithe spirits of Bea and Julie keep *Millie* explosively sparkling.

Transferred from stage to screen, Le-Roi Jones' *Dutchman* is nearly an hour of headlong cinematic wham. Filmed in England, of all places, Jones' microcosm of the black-white battleground is still a New York subway car, careening at night through the dark bowels of the city with a quiet, vulnerable young Negro aboard. Something slumps into the seat beside him—a faintly sleazy blonde, flaunting a miniskirt that's draped like a dishrag, and sunglasses the size of dinner plates. "Hullo," she begins, which somehow leads right into, "You think I want you to take me somewhere and screw me." What she really wants makes less sense than that, for the psychotic ofay who endlessly munches apples is not just an Eve hustling forbidden fruit. She embodies all, but all, of the blind, seductive, irrational white world that brings up a black man's blood. She goads him, gropes him, teases him, reviles him, until his own deep hatred comes gushing back at her, ten generations' worth. Having reduced her victim to mad animal rage, the blonde deals him a deathblow. Though such Jonesian truth may be hard to take, the statement is powerfully made and powerfully played by Al Freeman, Jr., and Shirley Knight. *Dutchman* succeeds so well on film that director Anthony Harvey's camera seems to disappear in the action, leaving the viewer there in its stead.

*Hombre*, following *Hud* and *Harper*, rounds out a trio of coin-catching movies with Paul Newman as their titular hero. It exudes class-A professionalism. The situation grabs you, despite nagging second thoughts that they have simply wheeled out the old *Stagecoach*. Newman plays a white *hombre* raised by Apaches, who have taught him to beware of palefaced perfidy. But after he gets a haircut, he settles down in the John Wayne mold for the hazardous run from Bad Ax to Bad Medicine. Diane Cilento makes a throaty bid for the

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
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rowdy-lady roles Claire Trevor used to get, while Fredric March blanches on cue as the Indian agent in a hurry to leave the territory with his sultry young wife (Barbara Rush) and a mysterious satchel that sags under the weight of those embezzled Government funds—remember? Familiarity breeds content, however, when the action moves so swiftly that all the passengers begin to spill the venom in their sacs. With one bloody crisis after another, from treachery on the trail to a duel of nerves at an abandoned mine site, it may sound churlish to complain that director Martin (Hud) Ritt seems oddly willing to break the rhythm of a trim frontier thriller with Messages. Every crisp comeback springs from a set of racial and social attitudes clearly dated 1967, until one wonders whether these scrappy pioneers have really been sent out just to slip in a word for civil rights.

In *Persona*, the frosty white glare of Ingmar Bergman's genius sputters away, all but snuffed out by the high wind of language. To convey some rather commonplace ideas about loneliness, despair and lack of communication, the writer-director overworks words and uses pictures mostly as marginal notes. Having asked his last serious question about God in *Winter Light* and having bleakly spelled out alternatives in *The Silence*, he can't seem to find a subject equal to his malaise. So we are left with quasi-intellectual doodling in monolog form. The speaker is a nurse (Bibi Andersson), cooped up in a lonely cottage beside the Baltic with a famous young actress (Liv Ullmann) who cannot, or will not, utter a single line, though she jots things down occasionally. What ails her has to be deduced from Bibi's blather, since talk appears to be the recommended therapy. Descrambled, several thousand words reveal that all the world's a stage and that all the roles assigned the wretched players—wife, mother, artist, lover—are equally meaningless. Bergman's camera raises some smoke with split-screen segments and superimpositions and Lesbian-leaning "dream" sequences—but two dull characters don't become a whit more interesting with their identities merged. The liveliest scene in the film is Bibi's explicit account of a little impromptu beach orgy she once enjoyed. Pointless, like life itself. But relatively easy to attend.

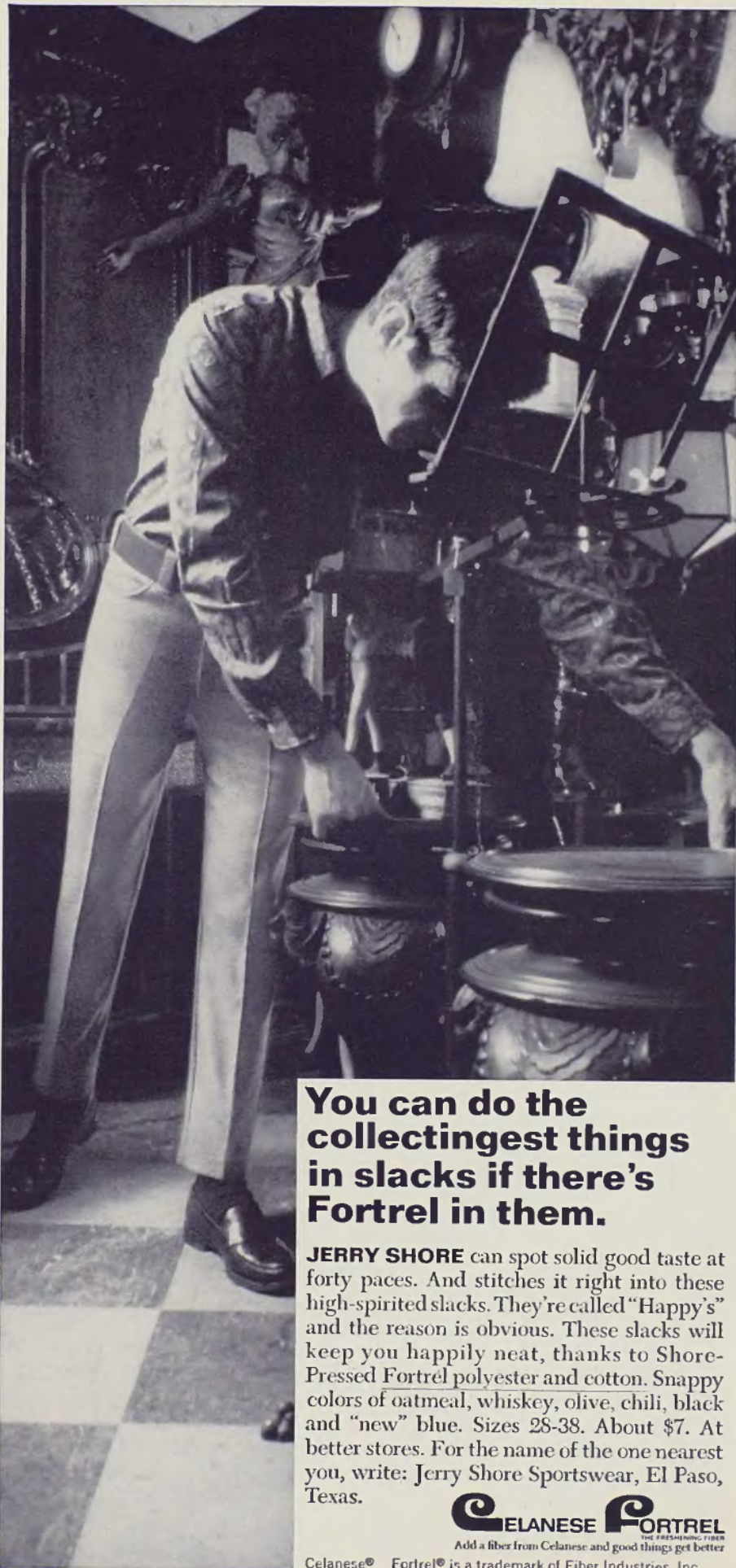
Despite a doggedly unoriginal title, *Divorce American Style* cuts through the gloss of formula sex comedy with more impudence than Hollywood usually musters. A god-awful opening gag is separated from a love-in-bloom ending by a symphony of marital dissonance in which many dry satirical notes resound. The upper-crass California community selected for study consists of \$49,000



broken homes, occupied by highly flexible family units thriving on alimony—the tie that binds. Debbie Reynolds divorces Dick Van Dyke for no particular reason except that they have been married a long, long time. While Van Johnson courts Debbie and the kids, Dick, reduced to \$87.30 a week, bunks with a svelte divorcee (Jean Simmons). Jean's ex (Jason Robards) wants to marry her off, because he is both alimony-poor and affianced to an impatient miss whose motherhood appears imminent. Robards customarily attacks a farcical role as though he had set his heart on playing Strindberg; but here the hard-milled humor of scenarist Norman Lear gives him something to chew on, and he chews with gusto. Most memorable scene is a gay melee about Sunday visiting rights, when three civilized men and a woman—representing any number of past and present marriages—try to divide their uncounted progeny among several cars according to name, rank and terms of custody. All in all, a wide-awake sleeper.

Lenny Bruce, filmed at San Francisco's Basin Street West in 1965, is a collector's item: one of Bruce's rare performances anywhere in the months before he died bankrupt last year, and the only complete night-club performance he ever spat and polished for the startled eye of a camera. His abrasive, hilarious, nonstop flow of social comment rings in tragic overtones now, for many of the battles Bruce died fighting have been won, even in films (see *Dutchman* and *Ulysses* reviews in this issue). Court transcript at hand, feinting and jabbing behind what looks like a 40-watt spotlight, Lenny blasts off with a brilliant turn based on his New York arrest and conviction on obscenity charges, playing every role in that "comedy of errors" from judge and jury to witnesses for the offense. Not all of his asides are relevant, but he proves himself a satirist whose nearly Joycean rat-a-tat-tat of language can triple-tongue pissshit-tits into a clarion cry. In context, his essential defense is both airtight and stabbingly precise. "There's a big difference," snaps Lenny, "between a big piece of art with a little shit in the middle, and a big piece of shit with a little art in the middle." As a footnote to history, or as a posthumorous sting from the hooded cobra of the club-circuit clowns, *Lenny Bruce* on film is blue, crude, pertinent, personal, outrageous and the most poignant short comedy of the Sixties.

Neither rain nor hail nor sleet nor the swiftly spinning shade of William Shakespeare will stay audiences from the Burton-Zeffirelli production of *The Taming of the Shrew*. Why resist? The movie is a news event—another colorful episode in the lives of Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, whose supposed follies



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happen to fit into a comedy from the first folio. Burton's Petruchio is a ringer for Henry VIII, played with broad and boozy license. Elizabeth's Kate is a bosom heaving with feminist wiles rather than congenital bad temper. She clearly adores the brute and lets him tame her just to prolong the fun. Director Franco Zeffirelli, loyal to the trampoline school of classic comedy, strives mightily to demonstrate that an actor's moving body can o'erleap most of the obstacles of Shakespearean verse. He stages the famous wooing scene as a knockdown, drag-out battle that starts with simple vandalism, proceeds to a roll in the woolshed, some slapstick with a trap door, acrobatics on the flying trapeze and a rooftop chase. For better or worse, this gaudy *Shrew* is as hard to ignore as a collection of crown jewels. The royal rowdies of filmdom may not have quite everything, but there is glitter in everything they've got.

## THEATER

Robert Anderson is a gentleman playwright, but good manners don't mean beans at the box office. Not since *Tea and Sympathy* has he had a Broadway hit. This time he decided to confound the pigeonholers and write offbeat, and a little offcolor—dirty enough to wow the suburbanites, but not too crude for the prudes. The result, four one-act sex comedies, collected as *You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running*, is, as Anderson intended—commercial. Much of it is fun, but it is also slight, superficial and single-minded in its concern with the mechanical aspects of sex. Each play sounds the same one note—how foolish grownups are about sex—but only the first two do it with clear comic strokes. In the third play, a married couple clashes, humorously, on the sex education of their offspring (the wife wants to outfit their daughter for contraception, the husband is an old-fashioned moralist), but suddenly turns serious and sappy. The last play, about a senile pair's confusion of affairs and marriages (they no longer remember who did what with whom), is simply bad burlesque. In the first work, an Andersonlike playwright (George Grizzard) decides to divest his latest hero of all his clothes on stage so that the audience can identify him. His producer is dubious, calls in a waiting actor to prove that no one would play him. The actor, in Martin Balsam's superbly comic performance, turns out to be superpliant. In the second play, Balsam goes shopping for twin beds with his over-the-pill wife (Eileen Heckart). He wants to keep the old double. She wants solitary reclinement. While she hunts for headboards offstage, he encounters a blonde divorcée (Melinda Dillon) trying out the bedding department's sample



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double. As she flirts with him, he spies, probably for the first time in his life, the joys of infidelity. The moment is magnificent, and so is Balsam. All the actors are funny, and the direction by Alan Schneider is pleasantly understated. But it is Balsam who finds acres of comedy between the lines. An earnest Everyman with a doughy face and a look of abject humility, he is the great American schnook. When he is on stage, he makes the evening seem consequential. At the Ambassador, 215 West 49th Street.

## RECORDINGS

Carmen McRae gets nothing but better. Her latest LP, *In Person / San Francisco* (Mainstream), is a beauty. Backed by a trio—pianist Norman Simmons, bassist Victor Sproles (who is only sensational) and drummer Stewart Martin—Miss McRae waxes eloquently lyrical on the likes of *What Kind of Fool Am I?*, *A Foggy Day*, *This Is All I Ask* and *It Never Entered My Mind*.

Herbie Mann / *Impressions of the Middle East* (Atlantic) has the eminent jazz flutist plunked down in one of his favorite milieus. The groups behind him vary in size (there's a string orchestra on *Eli Eli*) and Herbie has written some original items for the occasion that are in complete harmony with the traditional melodies on hand. The rhythms are hypnotic, the melodic lines fascinating, the session a complete success.

The new-rock record bin resembles a horn of plenty this month. In *Neon* (Columbia), the Cyrkle pursues its combination of smooth early-Sixties vocal stylings and *au courant* instrumentation. All the cuts are exciting, but *Weight of Your Words* and *I Wish You Could Be Here* stand out. *The Hit Sound of the Everly Brothers* (Warner Bros.) features the Nashville duo in their best offering in several years. *Let's Go Get Stoned*, *The House of the Rising Sun* and *Trains and Boats and Planes* pace a set that should surprise even their most devoted fans. Peter and Gordon, meanwhile, have emerged from their long apprenticeship to the Everlys and the Beatles. In *Knight in Rusty Armour* (Capitol), their seventh LP, they trip through a solid collection led off by their big-hit title tune and including evocative readings of Phil Ochs' *The Flower Lady* and Jackie De Shannon's *A Boy with Nothing*. Combining diverse influences—blues, jug bands, the Lovin' Spoonful and traditional folk—to come up with a style of their own are The Rainy Daze, who debut with *That Acapulco Gold* (Universal City). The group performs excellently on such ditties as *For What It's Worth* and *In My Mind Lives a Forest*. Finally, the Byrds have their most

winning outing yet in *Younger than Yesterday* (Columbia). Although heavily folk-rock oriented, the aggregation engages in some of the most controlled and successful experiments with electronic sounds. All the songs are worth a listen, but it should be noted that the Byrds' recent hit, *So You Want to Be a Rock-'n'-Roll Star*, is present and accounted for.

A change of scenery is almost always beneficial. *Encounter: The Swingle Singers Perform with the Modern Jazz Quartet* (Philips) melds two of musicdom's most enterprising and provocative groups and the sum is more than equal to the parts. Four of the numbers are from the pen of the MJQ's John Lewis and represent the Swingles' first venture into the contemporary idiom. The interplay between the singers and the instrumentalists (especially vibist Milt Jackson) is remarkable. A delight from beginning to end.

The Zimbo Trio, whom we've mentioned before in glowing terms, is back with *The Brazilian Sound / Restrained Excitement* (Pacific Jazz). The trio proffers high-powered bossa nova, adding a decidedly jazz feeling to such familiar sonnets from the Portuguese as *Favela*, *Tristeza* and *Agua de Beber*.

Sammy Davis, Jr. / *That's All!* (Reprise) leaves almost nothing for Samele to do for an encore. A two-LP album recorded "live" at The Sands in Las Vegas, it has Mr. D. generously emptying his bountiful bag for the audience—vocals, humor, mimicry; Davis delivers all. Among the many highlights: an immensely imaginative medley that ranges from *Dang Me* to *The Lady Is a Tramp*, and an imitation of W. C. Fields singing *One for My Baby* that is uncanny.

Nothing in the past had prepared us for the brilliant sound that pours forth from the Melodiya/Angel recording of Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du Soldat—Suite* coupled with Prokofiev's *Quintet, Op. 39, for Oboe, Clarinet, Violin, Viola & Bass*. Recorded in the U. S. S. R., it is a revelation in terms of Russian audio engineering. The works—performed by a chamber ensemble under Gennady Rozhdestvensky—are absorbing in their own right; as captured on this LP, they're dazzling.

Take your choice—Aznavour in English or in French. *His Kind of Love Songs* (Reprise) is two sides of the former, with charmer Charles dishing up his own special brand of Gallic *Weltschmerz*, and what little his lyrics lose in their translation to the English is more than made up in his delightful pronunciation of the words. *The Very Best of Aznavour* (Monument) is all French—a rerecording of ballads he etched early in his career—and frankly fabulous. Included is

Aznavour's moving rendition of the French lyrics he set to the oldie *Jezebel*. France's most famous *yé-yé* girl, Françoise Hardy, can be heard to advantage on *Je Vous Aime* (4 Corners of the World). Mlle. Hardy does wonders with a minuscule voice that is perfectly at home with ballad or big beat. You really don't have to know the language to dig the dozen lilt on the LP. *La Hardy* is formidable.

Except for *Pyramid* (circa 1938), there's probably nothing on *Duke Ellington's Greatest Hits!* (Reprise) that you haven't heard many times before; but it's a tribute to the man and the orchestra that one's interest never flags at any point in the auditing. *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, *Creole Love Call*, *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*, *Echoes of Harlem* and solos by the Messrs. Hodges, Williams and Nance—all sound mint-fresh.

Would you believe 15 years old? Would you believe she composes all her own songs, arranges, plays guitar and sings in a big-girl voice that reminds listeners of Judy Collins and Jackie De Shannon? Then you have some small idea of the talent evidenced in the first album by *Janis Ian* (Verve Folkways). There are several notable entries (*Society's Child*, *Go 'Way Little Girl*, *Pro-Girl*, *Janey's Blues* and *New Christ Cardiac Hero*). Miss Ian displays a highly developed poetic and melodic sense. Older, but no less accomplished, is Sandy Posey, whose single release of *Single Girl* (MGM) was a big hit. Others done in the potent Posey manner include the pensive *I've Been Loving You Too Long* and the swinging *A Place in the Sun*.

*The Jazz Mass by Joe Masters* (Columbia) underlines the appropriateness of the Church's recent pronouncement that new musical modes should be "held in honor, encouraged and used as the occasion demands." Masters' work is obviously a labor of love—and love, as the man says, is what it's all about. The instrumentalists, and the choral group under the direction of Allan Davies, are inspired. One small jarring note: Buried in tiny type amidst the liner copy is the credit, "The Mass is BMI."

Francis Albert Sinatra and Antonio Carlos Jobim (Reprise) adds the bossa nova to the long list of musical items the Chairman of the Board has under lock and key. Composer-guitarist-vocalist Jobim joins Sinatra on four of the album's tunes (Frank does seven Jobim-penned tone poems in all—filling out the LP with beautifully Brazilianized versions of *Baubles, Bangles and Beads*, *I Concentrate on You* and *Change Partners*). The mood is whisper-soft, but you can hear the loud ring-a-ding of success throughout.





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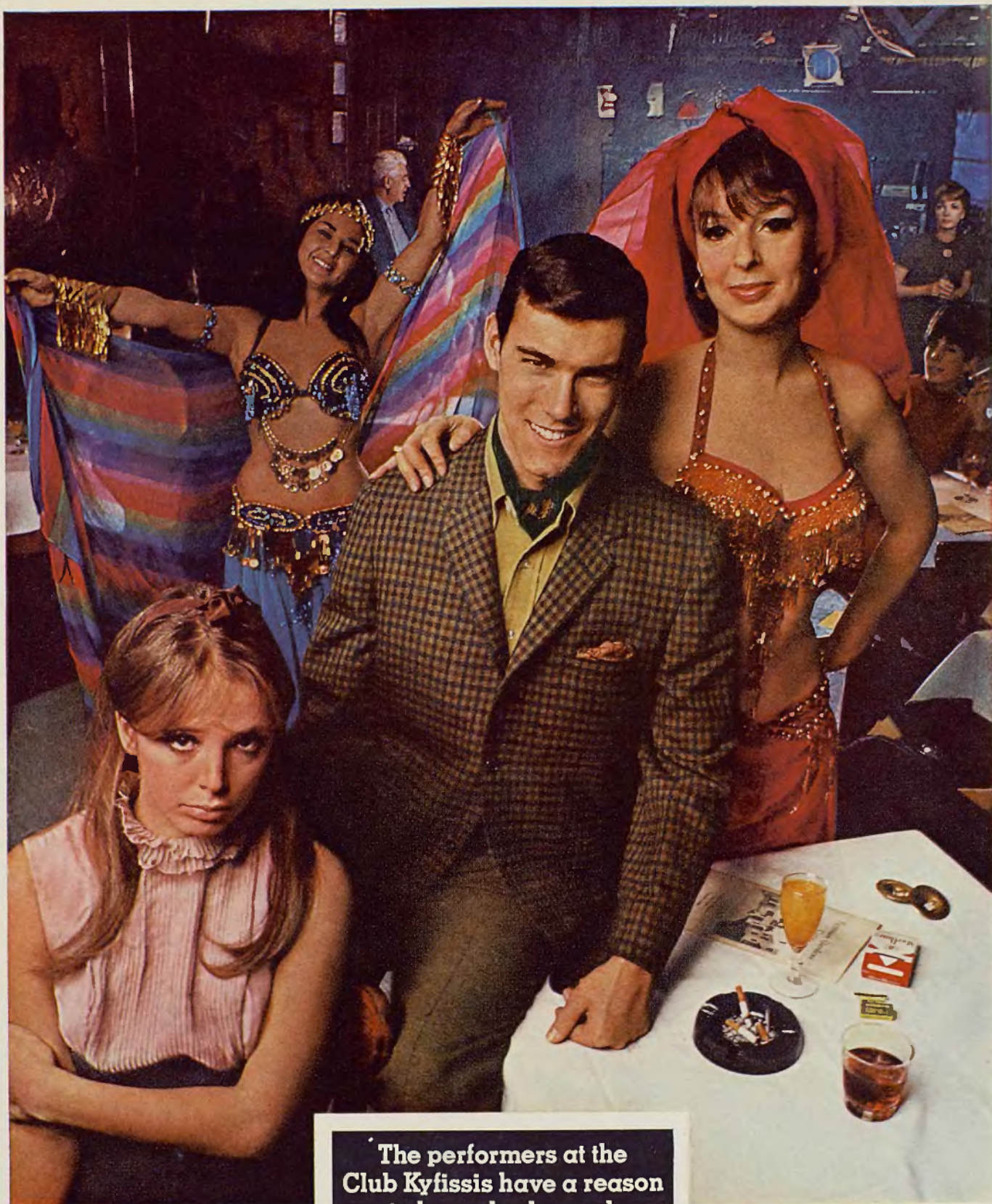
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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am stationed with the Navy in the Philippines and have set up housekeeping with a girl here (a very common practice and one in which I see no harm at all). I have written to my girlfriend back home in East Peoria, Illinois, suggesting that we do the same when I get back. She is completely against the idea, even though she has no objections to sleeping with me before marriage. Should I make an issue of her refusal?—D. C., FPO San Francisco, California.

*Your girl has enough common sense to know that what may be "common practice" in the Philippines is a common taboo in rural America (where you apparently intend to play house). We suggest that, to avoid embarrassment for all, you do as the natives (American natives, that is) do: maintain separate residences, pull down the shades and realize that discretion is the better part of amour.*

Last week I attended a jazz concert featuring a well-known quintet. While the audience applauded each member of the group after his solo, they did not do so for the leader when he soloed. Is it correct jazz etiquette to reserve applause for the group leader until the end of the piece?—J. J. D., San Diego, California.

*No. Applause for a solo is given whenever the audience thinks the performer deserves it, regardless of who has the spotlight. In this case, either the listeners weren't grooving—or the leader wasn't.*

On vacation in Munich this year, I picked up a strange-looking bottle of liquor, the contents of which tasted a little like mint-flavored after-shave lotion. The label reads, "A. Riemerschmid, Munich, 56 Vol%, Escorial Grün." Can you identify this type of liquor and tell me how it should be served?—S. R., Dearborn, Michigan.

*Escorial is a German version of Chartreuse (an herb liqueur produced by the Carthusian monks). Available in yellow at 86 proof and green (Grün) at 112 proof, it should be served straight in liqueur glasses as an after-dinner drink.*

My problem is that I can't seem to fall in love. I am a 19-year-old male college sophomore. I find great girls to go to bed with; but, although I feel friendly and kindly disposed toward them afterward, I have none of the deeper and more lasting feelings that are supposed to be part of being in love. I can enjoy a sex session very much and yet not care whether I make it with that girl again or with a

different chick. *The Playboy Philosophy* contends that sex without love is inferior to sex with love. Why don't you give some instructions on how to achieve the latter?—J. K., Fairfield, Iowa.

*The Chinese have a parable about "the man who wanted to help the corn grow." He went out into the field and pulled the stalks, killing them. The moral is: Growth is a natural process; don't try to rush it. Although sex with love is certainly superior to sex without love, sincerity is also superior to insincerity; and the idea that how-to-do-it instructions on falling in love are possible might tempt you to pretend or force a love that isn't real. Being honest and relaxed about your feelings with yourself and your sexual partners is more likely to provide a propitious climate for a deeper relationship, when appropriate, to develop. Let it happen by itself, in its own good time.*

I am thinking of buying a transistor stereo amplifier with about 60 watts per channel and I want to double it as a guitar amplifier for a band and possibly even run an electric bass through it. I have 12-inch hi-fi speakers, but I would like to know if the high power of an electric guitar will damage the components in a high-fidelity amplifier of the type I described. What's your opinion?—J. W., Westminster, Maryland.

*A 60-watt-per-channel transistor stereo amplifier will stand the load, but chances are your speakers won't. Not only do you run the risk of blowing the sound cones, but the sensitivity of regular hi-fi speakers will magnify out of proportion some of the weirder noises from your guitar. And when you rehook your speakers to your stereo rig, you may find you've lost some of the fidelity, thus leaving them unfit for either your hi-fi or your band. Don't risk blowing your speakers; pick up a set of extra-heavy-duty speakers that are specifically designed for use with electrically amplified instruments.*

I have a medium-sized stock of pure-cashmere sweaters, and although they are supposedly of good quality (usually around \$45), they continue to "pill"—in other words, the fuzz gathers into little balls. Is there anything that can be done?—S. T., Albany, California.

*Almost all sweaters—pure cashmere and otherwise—will pill to some degree. To keep your collection in top-drawer condition, regularly touch it up with a soft-bristled clothes brush, and don't forget an occasional dry cleaning.*



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Two summers ago I spent my vacation in California and, shortly before I was to return to the East, I had a blind date with a girl. She had just broken up with somebody, and I also needed someone to whom I could turn. Under these circumstances, we became involved with each other. We got along marvelously, with no hesitation or shyness whatsoever. Neither of us had ever had such an enjoyable and harmonious relationship. We had three wonderful days together. We haven't seen each other since, although we have corresponded and talked often over the phone. We are both history majors and share a lot of interests. She is coming East shortly and is aware of the intensity of my feelings. But evidently the two years that have passed have diminished her feeling of the sublimity of our experience together. She dismays me by saying that we have to wait and see if "we've got what it takes." I don't want to give up or imperil what we have had together, and I'm not sure how I should go about re-establishing the bond. I am 22 and not particularly aggressive, especially with people I think highly of. How can I catch her?—T. P., Blacksburg, Virginia.

"Three marvelous days" are not a safe foundation for predicting an idyllic reunion two years later. The girl, showing commendable insight, evidently can discern in your communications that you expect the new meeting to be exactly like the California interlude, and she's sensitive enough to brace you for a letdown. But don't take the gas pipe yet; the fact that she's crossing the continent and wants to see you again is solid evidence that she hasn't cooled entirely. She is merely hip to the fact that you both have a lot to learn about each other. Look forward to the learning as an adventure; don't kill it by preprogramming the reunion as a rerun of the California caper.

What's your opinion of pipe smoking by females?—Miss R. C., Durand, Michigan.

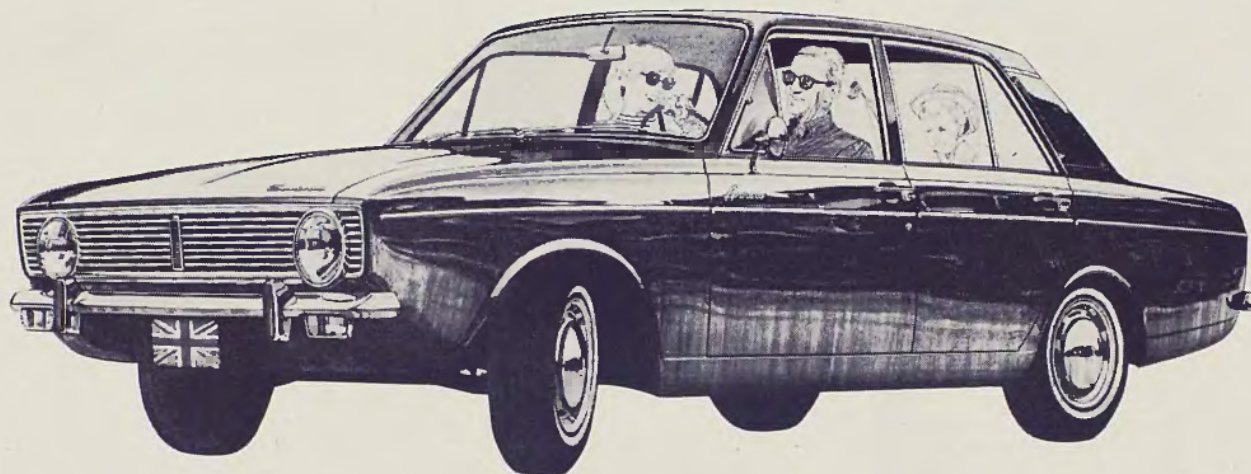
Depends. We don't dig distaff pipe smoking in public when a comely puffer uses it as a ploy to attract attention. But in private or in the company of friends, we've no objection to the practice; Dunhill and other top-notch pipe makers now market a variety of petite pipes designed especially for the fair sex.

Until a year ago, I was involved with a fellow with whom I engaged freely in sexual intercourse. This semester, I transferred from one college to another and met a wonderful boy from a well-to-do family. He believes that I am a virgin—and has told me that he will marry only such a girl. We are very much in love and have spoken quite seriously of marriage. Here is the disaster—I have



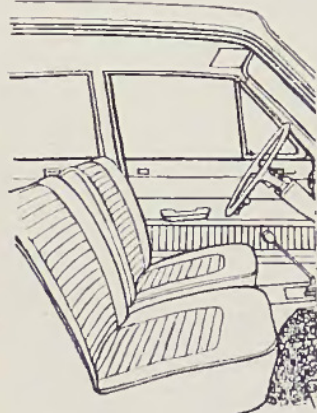
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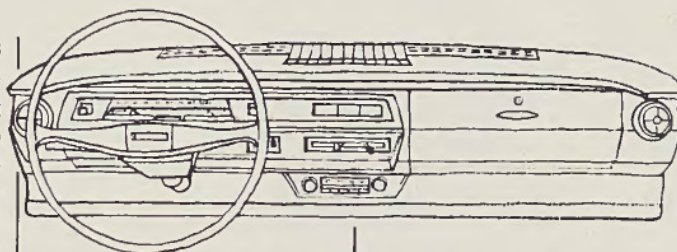
mile power train warranty which other American car makers have somehow neglected to apply to their imports.

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just found out that his cousin, who is coming to live with him this summer, is my old boyfriend! I don't know whether to plead with the cousin not to say anything, confess or just die. Help!—Miss C. Y., San Jose, California.

Regardless of your pleading, your former beau would have to be a prince among men to keep his lip buttoned once his new roommate starts declaiming about your supposed purity; and dying at your age seems hardly reasonable. So we recommend confessing as the best of the three choices. It will have the double virtue of starting you on the road to honesty, which you should have been traveling all along, and assaying your boyfriend's ability to face the truth—about you and nonvirgins in general. If he can't accept you as you are, say goodbye and consider yourself lucky that you learned this before marriage.

**B**ecause of the coil and the pill, the effectiveness of birth-control methods in modern society is practically taken for granted. But how did earlier generations and civilizations handle the problem?—F. T., Bronx, New York.

Poorly. Mankind has tried various types of birth-control measures ever since the act of birth was first associated with sexual intercourse. Coitus interruptus (withdrawal before ejaculation), for example, was used extensively throughout early civilizations. Biblical reference records it in the story of Onan and the spilling of his seed, formerly mistaken as a reference to masturbation but now believed to refer to the withdrawal technique. Superstitions that conception could be prevented by almsgiving, potions and magic were also prevalent, as was douching and the insertion of a sponge into the vagina. For more information about birth-control measures, pick up a copy of "Medical History of Contraception," by Norman E. Himes, Ph.D.

**I**n the past few months I have become a fairly decent pocket billiards player—so good, in fact, that occasionally I'll earn as much shooting a few games in the evening as I did at work that day. However, as the stakes grow bigger, so does the importance of the rules. I have now discovered that most of the guys I shoot with have their own variation of such basic pool games as eight ball. Can you tell me where I can obtain some type of official rulebook that will settle disputes?—L. T., Kent's Hill, Maine.

For \$1.25, the Billiard Congress of America will send you their official "Rule and Record Book for All Pocket and Carom Billiard Games." Their address is 20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

**I** have been going steady with the same guy for over two years. He claims I'm the most beautiful girl in the world and that he loves me very much. He is 24 and I am 20. A few months ago we started having trouble controlling our emotions and had intercourse several times. Afterward I felt very cheap and low. For the last month I have refused to have relations until we are married, which can't be for at least three years, for economic reasons. I've been brought up to believe that intercourse is sacred and only for married people, but I've also heard that it isn't wrong before marriage. Should I allow it, or am I right in saying no?—Miss M. M., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Nobody can answer your question but yourself. The "rightness" or "wrongness" of sex before marriage (as with any personal moral decision) depends not on abstract judgments but on the attitudes of the people involved, as well as on the circumstances of their relationship. Perhaps we can help analyze yours:

Favoring the resumption of sexual relations with your fiancé is the realization that, if you abstain from intercourse for three years, you'll risk creating serious strains and conflicts in your relationship. These might drive the two of you apart, or they might impel you to an earlier marriage than economic circumstances warrant (which could be disastrous).

On the other hand, because you were "brought up to believe that intercourse is . . . only for married people," you feel "cheap" when your actions are opposed to your religious and moral training. This is because you are emotionally committed to that training; and no matter what you may come to think about premarital sex, it is wrong—for you—as long as you feel it is wrong. Your negative emotional reaction to intercourse could create strains as great as those of abstention and could hinder sexual adjustment both before and (should the relationship survive) after marriage.

In making your decision, whatever it may be, you cannot ignore your deeply inhibiting attitudes. You must either change them (perhaps with professional help) or learn to accommodate them. Neither course is an easy one, and both will require the understanding and cooperation of your fiancé.

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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## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IF YOU PLAN to visit Europe this summer, consider the freewheeling freedom and convenience offered by an auto tour. A well-recommended starting point would be Frankfurt, central to both West Germany and western Europe, where several auto-rental agencies—among them Hertz and Avis—can be found. Or if you're thinking about buying a foreign car, Germany's auto manufacturers offer substantial discounts to visiting Americans; you can arrange to pick up a car in Frankfurt. A sampling of German makes and prices for the tourist (and some comparative U.S. costs) reveals that the more you spend, the more you save, even after duty and shipping costs of between \$300 and \$400: Volkswagen 113—\$1454 (\$1810, U.S.); Porsche 911S—\$6110 (\$7400, U.S.); Mercedes Benz 250 SE convertible—\$6905 (\$9711, U.S.). Nemet Auto International of Jamaica, New York, will attend to all arrangements before your departure.

If you arrive in Frankfurt in time for dinner, the fashionable Arnold Grill sets a superior table and shouldn't be overlooked. First-rate American jazz artists are frequently on view at the intimate Storeyville cabaret. Later, as whim dictates, you might catch one of the splashy showgirl stage shows at Femina, Tabarin and Bei Ellis Elliot; or, if you speak German, sit in on the scathing political satire offered nightly at Die Schmiere. Hamburg, whence came the hats of the same name, is only 12 miles to the west. The Ritters-Park Hotel here is a favored summer retreat for Frankfurt's junior executives—and their secretaries.

Germany is famous for its spas, and some of the best lie immediately west of Frankfurt. During the last weekend in August, the annual St. Bartholomew Festival and the Festival of Flowers at Bad Ems bring hundreds of fetching *Fräuleins* from the hinterlands. Wiesbaden, a half hour's spin west of Frankfurt, is a stopover for the sporting set; life here revolves around the roulette wheel, the race track and the golf course.

A few miles from Wiesbaden lies one of the loveliest stretches along the Rhine—the heart of the Rheingau wine country. Telephone the state cellars at nearby Eltville for permission to visit: It will be well worth the effort to sample their magnificent rieslings.


Student prince or not, you should then head south to Heidelberg, a medieval labyrinth of cobbled streets dominated by its flying-buttressed castle, Schloss Heidelberg. From June through August, the city's series of alfresco concerts attracts

young people from all over Europe. (Tour buses pull up to The Red Ox for lunch, which makes it a mecca for out-of-town feminine companionship.) For a more elegant Teutonic tiffin, take a new-found friend to the Perkeo or Goldener Hecht. But watch out for *Schlachtplatte* on the menu; as dished up in Heidelberg—a gigantic plateful of sauerkraut, *Spaetzle*, mashed peas, liver sausage and boiled pork—it will keep you satiated but probably sedentary until evening.

Sixty miles south of Heidelberg, you'll hit the granddaddy of all German spas, Baden-Baden, still steeped in the rococo elegance of the 19th Century. On festive weekends, drop in at the Salon Pompadour's gaming tables, where wagers are placed with silver and gold chips. From Baden-Baden, you can take your pick of five nations to visit: To the west, the Netherlands is a full day's drive, Belgium and Luxembourg a half day's, and France less than an hour's; to the south, Switzerland is just a half day's drive.

If you decide to head east from Frankfurt, be sure to stop at Richard Wagner's birthplace, Bayreuth. Germany's major summer music event, the Wagner Festival, begins here at the end of July and continues through the end of August. Tooling east beyond Bayreuth—if you begin your drive after an early breakfast—you'll be in Czechoslovakia's old-world capital, Prague, in time for lunch. Arrangements for sojourning in the Iron Curtain countries can be made at the frontier. Allow between a half hour and an hour for the formalities of admission. Prague's night-life scene is not exactly a paradise for pleasure seekers, but the city has been playing host to increasing numbers of westerners in the past few years and is gradually regaining its former stature as a world capital.

If you opt against an Iron Curtain crossing this time, drive south from Bayreuth 175 miles to the *gemütlich*, picture-book city of Salzburg, Austria, where you'll best be able to view the tessellated skyline and its Alpine-girdled setting from Hohensalzburg Castle on the outskirts of town. If you're in the mood for a modern milieu, head for Hamburg instead; it's a day's drive north. You'll find this swinging city's neon-splashed St. Pauli district, with its blocks of throbbing strip, jazz and rock-'n'-roll clubs (where the Beatles first burst into the limelight), the best of all possible whirls for the man about West Germany.

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

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The Genius-  
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# THE HOT NEW SPRITE RELIEVES THE SPORTS CAR ITCH.

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What makes the new Sprite *more* Sprite is basically what made prototype Sprites champs of their class at Le Mans and Sebring. A hot new 1275 cc power plant that ups the horsepower 10%. So the new Sprite runs more quietly, wears longer, and needs almost no maintenance.

And because the new engine turns out more torque at lower revs, and more power at higher revs, you get quicker acceleration and better top speed. And still eke out 30 mpg. Other new Sprite touches include a new quick-and-easy

folding top with 3.3 square foot rear-view window. And a new 6½-inch diaphragm clutch that works with minimum pedal pressure.

But that's not all you get for the relief of your sports car itch. There's Sprite's fast-acting rack-and-pinion steering. Low-slung road-hugging suspension. Self-adjusting disc brakes for fade-free stops. Plus bucket seats and roll-up windows.

So, if you've got the sports car itch, get quick relief at your nearest MG/Austin Healey dealer. For very little scratch: less than 2 grand.



New Sprite: another action car from the sign of the Octagon.



## THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

### INVISIBLE FILTH

Lots of letters on censorship have appeared in *The Playboy Forum* and many have been sidesplitting; but this anonymous letter—published in our local paper, *The Hamilton Spectator*—will surely rate number one on the absurdity parade:

[Recently] my daughter, her two children and I watched "The See-Through Man," an episode of *The Avengers* series.

In some scenes, the invisible man was depicted by an empty set of clothes walking around.

Yet in other scenes, there were no clothes at all—it was obvious the man must be naked. I have never been so disgusted, and promptly switched the television off.

When the Board of Broadcast Governors sanctions filth of this kind for the viewing of teenagers, many of whom I am sure were watching this spy thriller, something must be wrong in Ottawa. It is your duty to urge action to prevent such trash as this from dirtying the morals of our children.

Joe Kazmar  
Hamilton, Ontario

### TOPLESS VIRTUE

Topless go-go girls were recently introduced into two Roanoke, Virginia, night spots, with the result that several professional moralists began shouting that the decline and fall of the republic was upon us. Thereupon, a citizen wrote to the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, pointing out that the state seal has been, since time immemorial, a topless girl (*Virtus*, or *Virtue*) standing over a fallen man (*Tyranny*), with the slogan *SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS*. The result? Another group of moralists is now crusading to have the state seal changed.

If *Virtus* must be confined within a bra, who is next? The *Venus de Milo*?

Jack Johnson  
Washington, D. C.

### OBSCENE ANIMALS

Under section 2292 of the Mississippi obscenity laws, it is ordained that "a person shall not keep a stallion or jack nearer than 100 yards to a church," under penalty of a \$25 fine.

The mind of the puritan is a strange and fascinating thing. In Mississippi, a

stallion 100 yards from a church is pure as the driven snow, but after moving an inch closer, the same animal becomes obscene.

George Webber  
Miami, Florida

### CENSORSHIP BY SIZE

Readers of the *Minneapolis Morning Tribune* had the absurdity of censorship brought home to them by means of a brilliant journalistic trick. A pornography law has been proposed in Minnesota that would prohibit the display of the female breast "with less than fully opaque covering of any portion thereof below the top of the nipple." In a column discussing pornography, reporter Robert W. Smith included a photograph of a pair of mammae, completely nude, nipples prominently displayed. Some readers were merely curious as to whose breasts they were; some were indignant at such "obscenity"; and no doubt some had their prurient interest aroused. The following week, the column carried the complete picture. As it turned out, the pruriently arousing "breasts" were the well-developed chest of former actor and championship swimmer Johnny Weissmuller. Commented Smith:

If male chests and female breasts are indistinguishable and if the naked female breast, by the anti-pornographs' definition, inevitably is pruriently stimulating and harmful to public morals, some tightening up, some refining of our decency statutes is called for . . .

Suppose we define as "harmful" not the female mamma as such but all human mammae *above a certain critical size* . . .

Then anyone, woman or man—such as Johnny Weissmuller, perhaps—possessing mammae measuring over a certain cubic centimeterage would be required to cover up in public. Probably, to be consistent and fair, we would have to allow anyone with less-than-critical mammae—including women—to go topless . . .

Mrs. A. Grant  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

### POSTAL PUZZLEMENT

The *Dayton Daily News* has been running a series on those intrepid postal inspectors who so gallantly defend us against moral decay by devoting their

got  
enough  
ball

?



Get all that's in you and your clubs... hit a Maxfli. You'll never know how good you are until you do. Sold only by professionals. Try one.



**Maxfli**  
BY DUNLOP

Everywhere in the worlds of golf, tennis, and tires



lives to reading dirty letters. At one point, the newspaper asked U.S. Attorney Roger Makley to explain what a citizen might safely mail (and receive) without fear of prosecution. Makley refused, saying, "If I set down my guidelines for publication, people would sort of get the idea of what they can get away with."

Isn't this a 1984ish approach to law? The government in Orwell's fantasy deliberately lured the citizens into "thoughtcrime" in order to have an excuse to punish them. This part of the book—implying that totalitarianism grows directly out of sadistic and evil impulses, rather than out of misguided idealism—had always seemed to me the weakest part of Orwell's satire, but now I am beginning to wonder. It is evidently Mr. Makley's belief that the law should be a series of puzzles, in order that the maximum number of fish might fall into its net. I always thought law was a device set up to protect the citizens, not a maze in which to trap them.

Roger Pellegrini  
Dayton, Ohio

#### BEAUTY OF CERTAINTY

Lord Coke once said that "the beauty of the law is the known certainty thereof." Considering what the Supreme Court has done to our laws in the area of censorship, we may say that their beauty is like unto a maiden with a glass eye, a wooden leg, three arms, an ill-fitting wig and the gait of the Frankenstein monster. The ugliness of these laws, in short, is the known uncertainty thereof.

Peter Brooke  
Chicago, Illinois

#### HEALTHY SEX

Anne Barrett obviously forgot her psychiatric training when she blamed PLAYBOY for sex crimes (*The Playboy Forum*, February). She should know that most mental and emotional disturbances stem from infancy or early childhood and grow with the child. My mother taught me years ago that sex is good, healthy and beautiful.

When I read PLAYBOY, I want to curl up in a nice warm bed with my husband, not run out and stab a few good-looking bachelors.

B. Polson, R. N.  
Seattle, Washington

#### SEX EDUCATION AND MENTAL HEALTH

Someday I will have to sit down with my daughter and two sons to stammer and sweat out the age-old "birds and bees" story. When I'm done, I want my children to understand that to practice sex for its own sake does not afford the full joy of an act of love.

I am appalled to read, in almost every major magazine, recommendations that parents teach sex to six-year-old children. Still more ridiculous was your

argument in the February *Forum* that children who are raised in ignorance of sex often become mental cases or sex criminals. Did it ever occur to you that the older generation, including virtually all of our world leaders, had precisely the kind of childhood in which sex education was conspicuously absent? Would you say that most of them are mental cases?

R. L. Wergin, Sr.  
Brick Town, New Jersey

*In paraphrasing our February "Forum" answer, you have both oversimplified and distorted it. Our statement was that a liberal diffusion of sex information would tend to reduce the number of sexually aggressive and violent criminals, because they "typically come from strict religious-moral family backgrounds in which sex is hidden and forbidden." Mental illness, of course, results from a combination of factors, of which sexual miseducation is only one.*

*Many psychiatrists estimate that 90 percent of the population is at least mildly neurotic, and this is partly because children who have "the kind of childhood in which sex education was conspicuously absent" rarely escape without some damage. Too many parents are hesitant, nervous or evasive in talking about sex, or disapprove of sexual curiosity. They tend to make the child think sex is mysterious, perhaps dangerous or evil, hence to be associated with fear, guilt and punishment. In the absence of full and accurate information, the child, hungry for answers, will frame his own theories about sex. These will most likely be erroneous, and may have implications that frighten him—for example, that intercourse hurts women, that the vagina can constrict and lock the penis within it, that masturbation stunts growth, and the like.*

*Your own anticipated stammering and sweating might be expected for a discussion of death or bankruptcy, but hardly for a simple description of love and reproduction. This is a classic example of a mildly neurotic reaction to sex.*

*What is saddest about your nervous anticipation of a "birds and bees" session is that it would not be necessary if you had talked about the subject naturally and honestly all along. As A. S. Neill, headmaster of Summerhill school, explains in "Summerhill":*

*Sex instruction should not be necessary for a self-regulated child, for the term instruction implies previous neglect of the subject. If the child's natural curiosity has been satisfied all the way by open and unemotional answers to all his questions, sex will not stand out as something that has to be specially taught. . . . The term sex instruction springs from the fact that sex activity is inhibited and made a mystery . . .*

#### AN AID TO SEX EDUCATION

You will be flattered to know that you are receiving respectful attention from Canadian educators and clergymen. According to a story in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, PLAYBOY came up for discussion at a teachers' convention when an unidentified vice-principal said he had confiscated the magazine from one of his students. He planned to return it, but wondered what he should say to the boy.

"The first thing I'd do would be to apologize," said Ontario educator Stephen Lewis. "The degree of sexual repression in our society is one of the greatest single concerns in education today."

The Reverend Morton Paterson of Chatham agreed with Mr. Lewis, saying: "One of the least neurotic ways for boys to learn their sex roles is through PLAYBOY magazine."

William K. Gross  
Toronto, Ontario

#### PLAYBOY AND THE METHODISTS

A recent issue of *Pace-Maker*, a two-page newsletter of the Board of Christian Social Concerns of the North-East Ohio Conference of the Methodist Church, consisted entirely of quotations from PLAYBOY. The opening paragraph stated that the quotations were printed "as a special service to Methodist parents with sons in college . . . so you can know what your sons are reading."

There followed remarks by Lenny Bruce (on humane treatment for drug addicts, and on religious leaders who own more than one suit being "hustlers" as long as there is someone in the world with no suit at all); by Rolf Hochhuth (against the bombing of civilians in any war); by Dr. Harvey Cox (on the need for revolution in the churches); by Senator Edward Long (opposing the practices of bugging and eavesdropping by Government agencies); by Surrey Marshe, Miss January (on her admiration for Albert Schweitzer); and by Sir Julian Huxley (on the unity of the species, *Homo sapiens*, and the comparative unreality of such "pseudospecies" as races and religions).

Although I have always considered PLAYBOY to be very moral (in the true sense of that oft-mangled word), I never before realized how close your material is to the most orthodox interpretations of the Sermon on the Mount.

Bob Fisher  
Dayton, Ohio

#### PADRES FOR PLAYBOY

PLAYBOY has been getting so much mileage out of the responses of Unitarian ministers lately that I hesitate to give the impression of climbing on what seems to be a kind of padres-for-PLAYBOY band wagon. But, seriously, you continue to have some of the best articles on so many subjects of concern that it would

(continued on page 172)



# *your* **WEEKEND BARGUIDE**

*how to mix great  
summer drinks  
the easy way...*

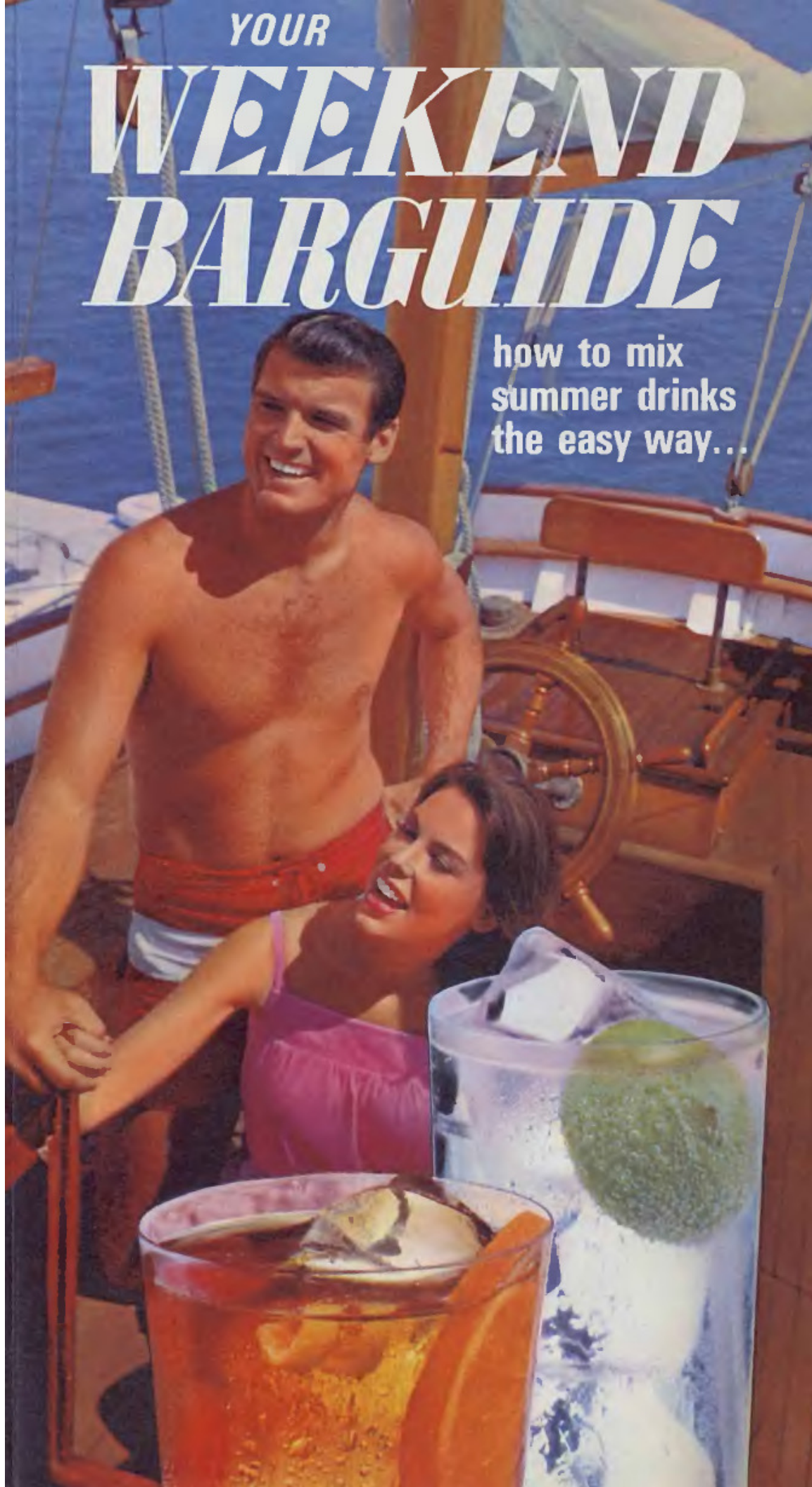


These striking contemporary glasses can be yours at a special price. See offer on previous page.



*YOUR*  
**WEEKEND  
BARGUIDE**

how to mix  
summer drinks  
the easy way...







# how to make great summer drinks

**... with far more pleasure and a lot less work**

There's no happier hour than five of a summery Friday afternoon. No happier words than, "Have a nice weekend." This recipe guide was created to help you have even nicer weekends, a more pleasurable summer.

The tinkle of ice in a tall glass is as much a part of summer as the patio party, the picnic or trip to the beach. And the easy-to-make recipes in this barguide show you how to enjoy the greatest of all tall drinks as well as most of your year-round favorites. Created by expert barmen in famous hotels and restaurants, these drinks are so simple to mix that you'll be an expert yourself on the first try. These recipes use all the popular basic liquors: Scotch, Bourbon, gin, vodka, rum and Southern Comfort. Work-saving tips are included to make warm-weather mixing easier and more fun.

## the basic secret of the pros:

This one secret of the pros . . . the art of "switching" basic liquors . . . shows you how to *improve* the taste of many drinks. A perfect example is the use of Southern Comfort to achieve a smoother, tastier base for your Juleps, Collinses, Tonics and other tall drinks. The difference, of course, is in the unique flavor of Southern Comfort itself. It adds a *deliciousness* no other basic liquor *can*. It improves your Manhattans, Old-Fashioneds and Sours the same way. Try it yourself. Make one with the regular recipe; then make one with Southern Comfort (*both* recipes for all these drinks are in this guide). Then *compare* them. The improvement will surprise you!

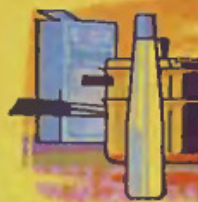
### Tested Tips for Hot Weather Drink Mixing

Summertime entertaining can be a bother or a breeze . . . depending on how you prepare for it. Here's how the "pros" do it.



**Mix in advance!** When you're expecting a crowd, pre-mix by the pitcherful. You can mix ingredients for drinks like Collinses, Sours, Daiquiris, Manhattans ahead of time. Keep the mix cool. Just don't add ice (or soda) until ready to serve.

**Sugar's no problem!** Here's the easiest way to make sugar dissolve in alcohol—especially when serving outdoors. Prepare "simple syrup" in advance. Cook 2 cups of granulated sugar with 1 cup water in double boiler, until dissolved; store in a cool place. 1 tspn. syrup equals 1 tspn. sugar.





## LEARN HOW TO IMPROVE MOST DRINKS

***Make this simple taste test!*** The *taste* of any mixed drink you make is *controlled* by the flavor of the liquor you use as a base. Once you understand this, you'll make better drinks from now on. Prove it to yourself with this simple test. Fill three short glasses with *cracked* ice. Pour a jigger of Scotch or Bourbon into one, a jigger of gin into another, a jigger of Southern Comfort into the third. Swirl glasses to chill. Then . . .



***FIRST***—sip the whiskey, then the gin. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip *it*, and you've found a completely different liquor — one that actually *tastes good* with *nothing* added. No wonder so many experts use it instead of the conventional liquor called for in many drink recipes. They've found that this "switch" improves the taste of most drinks tremendously. In tall summer drinks or cocktails, Southern Comfort's unique, delicious flavor makes the difference between a good drink and a *great* one.

### WHAT IS SOUTHERN COMFORT?

It's a *special* kind of basic liquor. In the days of old New Orleans one talented gentleman was a true perfectionist. Disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskies of his day, he carefully combined rare and delicious ingredients to create an unusually smooth, superb liquor. Thus Southern Comfort was born! The formula for this 100-proof liquor remains a family secret to this day; its delicious taste is still unmatched by any other liquor on the market. Try a bottle—taste for yourself how it improves your favorite mixed drink . . . how good it tastes straight, on the rocks, or in a highball.

*Southern Comfort® is also available in Canada*



***Make your own "ice box."*** Fill quart-size plastic detergent bottles almost full with water; close *tightly*, and store in refrigerator freezer compartment overnight. Place in portable cooler to keep drink mixes and foods chilled without ice.



***Time, or taste?*** When the recipe calls for fruit juice, you can save time and trouble with the frozen or concentrated product. But *fresh* juice always tastes better and adds a tangy *fragrance*, too.



***Best way to preserve ice***—when "traveling" ice cubes to a picnic or the beach, do this to retard melting: wrap small piece of "dry" ice inside a hand towel, place on top of cubes inside chest.





# Comfort Collins

*The Collins es mixed the improved way at Hotel Fontainebleau, Miami Beach*

Discover how this simple switch in basic liquor will improve your Collinses tremendously.

Jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort • juice ¼ lime • 7-UP

*Blend Southern Comfort and lime juice in tall glass. Add ice cubes, fill with 7-UP, and stir.*





*Play it cool with great summer drinks like these!*



### **RUM 'N COLA**

Juice, rind  $\frac{1}{2}$  lime • 1 jigger light rum • cola  
*Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass. Add rind, rum. Fill with cola and stir.*  
 Instead of rum, see what a comfort S.C. is to cola.



### **TOM COLLINS**

1 tspn. sugar •  $\frac{1}{2}$  jigger ( $\frac{3}{4}$  oz.) lemon juice  
 1 jigger ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz.) gin • sparkling water  
*Use tall glass; dissolve sugar in juice; add ice cubes, gin. Fill with sparkling water. Stir.*  
 John Collins: Use Bourbon or rye instead of gin.

### **PLANTER'S PUNCH**

Juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon • juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  orange  
 4 dashes Curacao • 1 jigger ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz.) Jamaica rum  
*Shake; pour into tall glass filled with cracked ice. Stir. Decorate with fruit; add straws.*



### **LEMON COOLER**

Served at El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs  
 1 jigger ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz.) Southern Comfort  
 Schewe's Bitter Lemon  
*Pour Southern Comfort over ice cubes in a tall glass. Fill with Bitter Lemon; stir.*



### **GIN RICKEY**

Juice, rind  $\frac{1}{2}$  lime • 1 jigger gin • sparkling water  
*Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass. Add rind, gin; fill with sparkling water. Stir.*  
 Make brandy, rum, Scotch, Bourbon rickeys the same way. Or, to really "rev up" the rickey use Southern Comfort.



### **WHISKEY SOUR**

$\frac{1}{2}$  jigger lemon juice • 1 tspn. sugar  
 1 jigger ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz.) Bourbon or rye  
*Shake with cracked ice; strain. Serve with orange slice on rim of glass, and cherry.*

*\*Southern Comfort®*



*Here's how they make the sour smoother at Anthony's Pier 4, Boston:*

## **Comfort Sour**

1 jigger ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz.) Southern Comfort  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tspn. sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  jigger lemon juice

*Shake with cracked ice and strain into glass; add cherry. Place orange slice on rim. A superbly smooth sour!*







# Comfort'n Tonic

*High point in cool refreshment  
at The Broadmoor, Colorado Springs*

Simple tonic drinks reach the peak of perfection, when mixed the Southern Comfort way.

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort  
Juice, rind ½ lime (optional) • Quinine water (tonic)

*Squeeze lime over ice cubes in a tall glass.  
Add rind and liquor. Fill with tonic and stir.*





*Take time out with these simple, long-time favorites!*



#### **GIMLET**

4 parts gin or vodka  
1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice

*Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass.*



#### **BLOODY MARY**

2 jiggers tomato juice • dash Worcestershire sauce  
1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka • ½ jigger lemon juice

*Salt and pepper to taste. Shake with cracked ice and strain into 6-oz. glass.*



#### **MARGARITA**

1 jigger (1½ oz.) white Cuervo tequila  
½ oz. Triple Sec • 1 oz. lime or lemon juice

*Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit rind; spin rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into glass; sip over salted edge.*



#### **BCREWORIVER**

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka • orange juice

*Put two ice cubes into a 6-oz. glass. Add vodka; fill with orange juice and stir.*

*A new twist: Use Southern Comfort instead of vodka.*

#### **GIN 'N TONIC**

Juice, rind ¼ lime • 1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin  
Quinine water (tonic)

*Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass. Add rind, gin; fill with tonic. Stir.*

*Vodka 'n tonic: Use vodka instead of gin.*



#### **MANHATTAN**

½ oz. Italian (sweet) vermouth  
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye  
Dash Angostura bitters (optional)

*Stir with cracked ice, strain; add cherry.*

*Rob Roy (Scotch Manhattan): 2 oz. Scotch, 1 oz. vermouth, bitters; mix as above. Serve with twist of lemon peel.*



*\*Southern Comfort®*

*Improved recipe used by Town & Country Room, Mayflower Hotel, Washington*

## **Comfort Manhattan**

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort  
½ oz. dry (French) vermouth  
Dash Angostura bitters (optional)

*Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass; add cherry. The delicious taste of Southern Comfort makes the difference.*







# Honolulu Cooler

*Sun-lover's choice at Sheraton's  
Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu*

Just pool Southern Comfort's talent with your  
own . . . and watch your friends dive in.

Juice ½ lime • 1½ oz. Southern Comfort • pineapple juice

*Pack tall glass with crushed ice; add lime juice  
and S.C. Fill with pineapple juice and stir.*





*Easily mixed cocktails leave time to mix with guests!*



#### **DRY MARTINI**

1 part French (dry) vermouth • 4 parts gin or vodka  
*Stir with cracked ice; strain into chilled cocktail glass. Add green olive, pearl onion or twist of lemon peel.*

#### **DAIQUIRI**

Juice  $\frac{1}{2}$  lime or  $\frac{1}{4}$  lemon • 1 tspn. sugar  
1 jigger ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz.) light rum

*Shake with cracked ice until shaker frosts; strain into cocktail glass.*

Give your Daiquiri a new accent; use Southern Comfort instead of rum with only  $\frac{1}{2}$  tspn. sugar.



#### **SCARLETT D'HARA**

As served at Antoine's, New Orleans

1 jigger ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz.) Southern Comfort  
1 jigger Ocean Spray cranberry juice cocktail  
Juice  $\frac{1}{2}$  fresh lime

*Shake well with cracked ice; strain into a chilled cocktail glass.*



#### **ALEXANDER**

$\frac{1}{2}$  oz. fresh cream •  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz. creme de cacao  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. Southern Comfort or gin or brandy

*Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass.*

#### **GRABSHDPPER**

$\frac{3}{4}$  oz. fresh cream • 1 oz. white creme de cacao  
1 oz. green creme de menthe

*Shake with cracked ice or mix in electric blender. Strain into cocktail glass.*



#### **OLD-FASHIONED**

Dash Angostura bitters • 1 tspn. sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. water • 1 jigger ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz.) Bourbon or rye

*Stir bitters, sugar, water in glass; add ice cubes, liquor. Top with orange slice, cherry.*



*\*Southern Comfort®*

*The Hotels Ambassador, Chicago, make an even better Old-Fashioned:*

## **Comfort Old-Fashioned**

Dash Angostura bitters;  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. water  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tspn. sugar (optional)  
1 jigger ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz.) Southern Comfort

*Stir bitters, sugar, water in glass; add ice cubes and S.C. Garnish with twist of lemon peel, orange slice and cherry.*







# Comfort Julep

*Symbol of gracious hospitality  
at the Brown Hotel, Louisville*

Welcome your guests with this great drink . . .  
as served in the city where juleps were born.

4 sprigs mint • dash water • 2 oz. Southern Comfort

*Use tall glass; crush mint in water. Pack with  
cracked ice; pour in S.C. and stir until frosted.*

*Bourbon julep: Add 1 tspn. sugar to mint; Bourbon replaces S.C.*





*Superb new liqueur!*

# COFFEE SOUTHERN®

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# Playboy Club News



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SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY  
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Current comedy star (through May 6) in the Club's cabaret showroom is Dave Allen, whose recent triumphs include a six-week stint as *compère* of the *London Palladium* TV show and appearances at The Talk of the Town in London's West End. He also recently journeyed to America to appear on Ed Sullivan's famous TV programme. Beginning May 8 through May 20, Al Koran, master mind-reader, will perform in the Playroom, and May 22 through June 10, the madcap team of Chase and Reed will entertain.

In past months the Club has featured comedians Earle and Vaughan and British singing star Tony Tanner (star of the Broad-



Dave Allen, fast-rising comedy star, is featured in the Playroom

way production of *Half a Sixpence* and the cinema version of *Stop the World, I Want to Get Off*). Some of the American entertainers who have appeared in the Playroom are Teddi King, "Professor" Irwin Corey, Curtiss & Tracy and Mark Russell.

The cabaret showroom, offering three shows nightly, four shows Saturday, features Playboy's famous 10-shilling steak dinner, enabling members and guests to dine at the same price as a drink. The lively Living Room Discotheque, location of the popular Playboy buffet, provides dancing nightly (including Sundays) to the latest popular recordings as well as live entertainment from exciting beat groups.

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The Penthouse Casino occupies the entire top floor of the Club and features blackjack, American dice and roulette. Other gaming areas include the Cartoon Corner and the Playmate Bar Blackjack and Roulette Rooms. The minimum stake is designed to allow you a flutter at the gaming tables with a very small investment.

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Bunny croupiers deal blackjack for members and guests in the London Playboy Club. Other games of chance are roulette and American dice.

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Beauties like Playmate-Bunny Terry Kimball (right) and Bunny Candy welcome keyholders at the door.

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discussion

# THE PLAYBOY PANEL: RELIGION AND THE NEW MORALITY

leading liberals of the clergy debate the church's role in today's sexual revolution

## PANELISTS

**DR. JAMES LUTHER ADAMS**, 65, Professor of Christian Ethics at the Harvard Divinity School, is the most prominent Unitarian theologian in the world. Chairman of the National Advisory Committee of Social Responsibility of the Unitarian Universalist Association, he is the author of *The Changing Reputation of Human Nature*, *Taking Time Seriously* and *Paul Tillich's Philosophy of Culture, Science, and Religion*. He is an officer of the American Civil Liberties Union, the Americans for Democratic Action and the Northern Student Movement, and was an official Protestant observer at the 1962 Vatican Council.

**DR. HARVEY COX**, 38, is Associate Professor of Church and Society at the Harvard Divinity School. A native of Chester County, Pennsylvania, he received his A.B. with honors from the University of Pennsylvania in 1951, his B.D. from Yale Divinity School in 1955 and his Ph.D. in history and philosophy of religion from Harvard in 1963. Dr. Cox was ordained by the Baptist Church in 1956, is the author of the theological best seller *The Secular City* and has contributed articles to such magazines as *Commonweal*, *Harper's*, *Redbook* and *Saturday Review*. In April 1961, for *Christianity and Crisis*, he wrote a celebrated critique of *PLAYBOY* that led to subsequent appearances on various public platforms and television panels on which he debated *The Playboy Philosophy* with Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, and to an article for *PLAYBOY* (January 1967) on the *Revolt in the Church*.

**DR. ROBERT WOOD LYNN**, 42, dean of The Auburn Program at Union Theological Seminary in New York, received his A.B. *magna cum laude* from Princeton in 1948, his B.D. from Yale Divinity School in 1952 and his Doctor of Theology from Union Theological Seminary in 1962. After serving in the Army from 1943 to 1945, he was ordained in the Presbyterian Church in 1952, became an assistant professor at Union in 1959 and was appointed full professor in 1965. The author of *Protestant Strategies in Education*, he is also a member of the editorial board of *Christianity and Crisis* and a contributor to *Spiritual Renewal Through Personal Groups* and *The Search for Identity*.

**DR. MARTIN E. MARTY**, 39, an ordained minister in the Lutheran Church (Missouri Synod), served in the parish ministry for a decade before joining the faculty of the University of Chicago Divinity School, where he is Associate Professor of Modern Church History. An associate editor of *The Christian Century* and co-editor of an annual anthology titled *New Theology*, he is the most prolific and widely quoted of contemporary church historians. Among his many works are *A Short History of Christianity*, *The New Shape of American Religion*, *The Hidden Discipline* and *Varieties of Unbelief*.

**THE REVEREND HOWARD MOODY**, 46, United Church of Christ, received his B.D. from Yale Divinity School. After serving in the U.S. Marines from 1941 to 1945 (and receiving the Air Medal in the Solomon Islands campaign), he assumed the pulpit of the Judson Memorial Church in Greenwich Village. Under his leadership, this progressive church has been the subject of numerous magazine articles and several television programs. One of Moody's church-sponsored projects, The Judson Poets' Theater, received five Obies (annual awards for off-Broadway plays) during the 1963-1964 theater season. The Reverend Moody has been active in the struggle for more humane treatment of drug addicts and was a delegate to the 1962 White House Conference on Narcotics Addiction. He has also been on the faculty of the New School for Social Research and is the author of *The Fourth Man*, an assessment of the clash between man's religious emotions and his scientifically conditioned intellect.

**DR. ALLEN J. MOORE**, 39, is Dean of Students and Associate Professor of Christian Education at the School of Theology at Claremont, California. He received his B.D. in 1953 from Perkins School of Theology at Southern Methodist University, was ordained into the Methodist ministry in 1953 and received his Ph.D. in 1963 from Boston University. For five years before assuming his present position, Dr. Moore was National Director of The Methodist Young Adult Work and Young Adult Research Project. He has also been active in studying the church's strategy for dealing with the problems of sex and marriage in a changing society, and is now deeply involved



**MOODY:** Are we able to say with assurance that all extramarital sex is destructive? Most men engaged in counseling know there are situations in which extramarital affairs have saved marriages.



**ROGERS:** We should not concern ourselves too much with censorship for adults. Our emphasis should be on educating rather than coercing the public. The only effective censorship is self-censorship.



**RUBENSTEIN:** Although there is more sexual activity on campus than when I was in college, today's relationships are usually much more responsible than the more lurid journalistic accounts would suggest.



**COX:** It is wrong to insist that always, and with every unmarried couple, intercourse is wrong. There are instances in which it would be not only permissible but advisable before marriage.





**LYNN:** Many people feel it's necessary, once they've experienced the full sexual relationship with each other, to make a premature commitment. This is as much of a problem as no commitment.



**MARTY:** When I read that article Harvey Cox wrote criticizing *PLAYBOY* for depersonalizing women, it occurred to me how incongruous it was. The church has been depersonalizing women for centuries.



**MOORE:** I approve of abortion. If two people are not willing and ready emotionally, psychologically or economically to enter into parenthood, they should have the right to terminate a pregnancy.



**PIKE:** I can't buy the codifiers who say we've got a set of rules telling us what is right and wrong under every circumstance. Decisions ought to be made contextually, situationally, responsibly.



**ADAMS:** Physical intimacy can be exhilarating, but it can be deceptive when it gives an illusion of intimacy that doesn't really exist. Physical intimacy shouldn't be confused with depth of relationship.

in research on the problems of ethics in an urban culture.

**THE RIGHT REVEREND JAMES A. PIKE**, 54, formerly Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of California, is now on the staff of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, California. Bishop Pike received his doctor's degree in law from Yale, served in Naval Intelligence during World War Two and, before his ordination into the priesthood in 1946, was an attorney for the Securities and Exchange Commission in Washington, D.C., and was admitted to practice before the U.S. Supreme Court. He later taught at Columbia Law School. The author of such lay texts as *Doing the Truth*, *A Time for Christian Candor*, *What Is This Treasure*, *Teenagers and Sex* and *You and the New Morality*, he wrote a widely publicized *PLAYBOY* article (in April 1967) calling for taxation of church property and income. Possessed of a colorful personality and a penchant for controversy, Bishop Pike was one of the first major clerical crusaders for racial justice, and is one of the most outspoken and radical advocates of updating Christian doctrine and discarding "the church's unnecessary supernaturalism"—including the concept of the Holy Trinity. Recent accusations of heresy against him before the Episcopal House of Bishops—resulting in his censure for "irresponsibility" and vulgarization of the faith—caused him to invoke the church's judicial machinery. He put his miter on the line: "Exonerate my cause or unfrock me."

**FATHER HERBERT ROGERS**, S. J., 55, attended high school in his native New York City and seminary in Maryland. Since entering the Catholic Society of Jesus in 1930, Father Rogers has taught English literature, drama and philosophy at St. Peter's College in Jersey City and also theology at New York's Fordham University, where he is presently a member of the faculty. He has lectured and written on the theater, cinema, ecumenism, alcoholism, and the peace movement, and is on the Executive Committee of Clergy Concerned About Vietnam.

**RABBI RICHARD L. RUBENSTEIN**, 43, is the Director of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation and the Charles E. Merrill Lecturer in the Humanities at the University of Pittsburgh. His primary vocation, however, is that of a creative—and controversial—theologian. He is best known as one of the proponents of the "death-of-God" theology, about which he has written an eloquent opinion piece that will appear in next month's *PLAYBOY*. He received his A.B. at the University of Cincinnati, was ordained a rabbi at the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York and received his Master of Theology degree and Ph.D. from Harvard in 1960. He is one of the few rabbis to have a graduate degree in Protestant theology. Author of *After Auschwitz—Radical*

*Theology and Contemporary Judaism*. Rabbi Rubenstein is a contributor to leading Jewish and Christian periodicals and a frequent lecturer on campuses in the United States, Canada and Europe.

**PLAYBOY:** "The Christian church is being dragged, kicking and screaming, into the 20th Century," Bishop Pike has written of the belated but deepening commitment of America's clerical establishment, led by its dissident young liberals, to the ideals of human rights and social reform. In the realm of human sexuality, however, traditional churchmen have for the most part staunchly resisted the changes in action and attitudes wrought by what has been called the Sexual Revolution. Christianity's inter-necine battle over the updating of sexual morality was touched off in early 1963, when Bishop John A. T. Robinson of Woolwich, England, wrote a widely read theological treatise entitled *Honest to God*. In a chapter on "The New Morality," Bishop Robinson opined that the supernatural underpinnings of traditional morality were being rejected by modern society, that the church's legalistic approach to morality is no longer valid and that both legalism and supernaturalism seriously distort the teachings of Jesus. "Nothing can of itself be labeled as wrong," he wrote. "One cannot, for instance, start from the position that divorce and sex relations before marriage are wrong or sinful in themselves. The only intrinsic evil is lack of love."

The traditional moralists were outraged—and scandalized. The relativistic new morality preached by Robinson, they insisted, is simply the old immorality condoned. Taking up Robinson's cry, zealous young reformists replied that they were simply revolting against the immorality of the old morality. And so the battle was joined, with philosophical positions ranging all the way from Norman Vincent Peale's insistence that sexual permissiveness threatens to precipitate the downfall of Western civilization to Dr. Alex Comfort's description of sex as "the healthiest and most important human sport." While the sexual conservatives trumpeted the destructive consequences of sexual indulgence, the liberals contended that sex can be a positive and rewarding force within or outside marriage, and is destructive only if used coercively or if distorted by such lingering influences as 18th and 19th Century puritanism.

The outcry about the Sexual Revolution, pro and con, soon escalated from obscure theological journals to the popular press, and readers of the Sunday supplements began to be told that "carnal anarchy is rampant on college campuses," that "the copulation explosion has reached seismic proportions." Most



dispassionate and qualified observers, however, feel that the Sexual Revolution represents more of a change in attitudes than in actions. Many liberal churchmen feel that it is precisely this change in moral values, rather than any real or imagined change in overt sexual practices, that threatens traditional churchmen, because it signifies their loss of power over the minds and emotions of men. The Sexual Revolution, like any other revolution, Dominican theologian Bernard Suran has written, involves a transfer of power. The power to influence sexual behavior and attitudes, he feels, has been transferred from the church to such secular agencies as science, psychiatry and the mass media. "From the Fifth through the 18th Centuries," says Brother Suran, "the church's basic right to govern moral matters remained unchallenged. . . . It has taken secular society a good many years to realize that its sexual etiquette has been created by a religious establishment to which it has denied allegiance. Only recently has secular man awakened to the incongruity of his looking to the religious establishment for his moral imperatives."

Challenges to traditional Christian attitudes toward sex are coming from within the church as well as from outside it. Theologian Joseph Fletcher wrote, in the Roman Catholic journal *Commonweal*, "The fact is that all along churchmen have relied on prudential arguments against sexual freedom—the triple terrors of conception, infection and detection—not upon Christian sanctions. But modern medicine and urban anonymity have made sex relatively safe. The danger-argument is almost old hat. It is true, of course, that coital adventures may bring on delayed emotional reactions, but the same is true of petting. And in any case, these feelings are largely guilt feelings which changing cultural norms are making archaic or even antediluvian. The guilt is going. If Christians honestly and seriously believe that there are matters of principle at stake, as distinct from situational factors, they had better make them clear." Thus, a radical re-evaluation of sexual morality is being forced upon the church. In the hope of assessing its significance and its scope, *PLAYBOY* has assembled nine of the nation's leading liberal clergymen and theologians. Gentlemen, let's start with fundamentals. Do you believe that there is such a thing as a new sexual morality?

**COX:** Well, I think "the new morality" is about the phoniest phrase going. About every 20 years there is a flap about some "new" morality. There was one in the "Gay Nineties," another around 1922—the flapper era—and another just after World War Two. The new morality is about as new as the so-called "new theology." Morality is *always* new, always changing, because there are always new

situations emerging to which existing moral principles have to be applied, and this requires new thinking. The trouble is, as Bishop Robinson pointed out, that for some people, *new* morality means *no* morality. But that's wrong. Morality is a living, changing organism; it has to be. We have to be constantly rethinking our moral principles, because there are always unanticipated and unprecedented situations—in the field of sex, for example, the fact that we now have an overpopulation problem, rather than the problem that the Israelites faced in the deserts, the problem of needing every person they could get. This influences the way we understand our sex life. No, I don't think there is really any "new morality" as such.

**MARTY:** Regardless of semantics, Harvey, we *are* undergoing profound and epochal changes. We are being forced to look at every aspect of environment in new ways, and a radical reappraisal of human relationships is inevitable. So far, no newly clarified formulation of morality has come during this change. We don't know enough about how the Christian message relates to these "new people" to give them clear guidance. This doesn't shock or surprise or shatter me. The Christian church has often had to bide time or tread water. Take the example of modern contraception. Here, as in so many other instances, there was no detailed, ready-to-go Christian ethic tucked away in our files, waiting to be put to use. Don't contraceptive devices and methods put sexual relationships into a different context than when intercourse always involved a direct risk of conception—when the threat of having unwanted children was very real? The morning after the pill was invented, the churches couldn't come up with a completely meaningful new ethic. When the world is too crowded instead of too sparsely populated, as you suggested, we have a new situation. The increase of mobility, the increase of leisure—these will force still more new definitions. But so far "the new morality" has been mere reportage, mere provocation, mere "playing it by ear." At least I have not yet seen any careful, systematic treatment. That will come later.

**ADAMS:** A significant number of college students are already developing what I would call a new ethos. They want to find a heterosexual relationship that involves a maximum knowledge both of the other person and of themselves, in the context of authentic fellowship. They are making a serious effort to deepen the character of the boy-girl relationship and to broaden their range of perception and sensitivity. Some of these students stress only an intensity of interpersonal involvement, with little attention to consequence or durability. Others broaden the definition of involvement. They want to connect sex and love with concern for civil rights and other social-institutional issues. This

second group doesn't confine itself to concern for merely interpersonal relationships; it is concerned with cultural criticism and with the institutional obligations of citizenship. This group represents a new trend in our youth culture, the trend away from an apolitical to a political orientation. But I don't know whether the seriousness of their political orientation is matched by an equivalent seriousness in regard to sex. It may be that something of a new ethos of fidelity and durability is latent here. We may have to wait a decade before we can know what this adds up to. It will be illuminating to observe not only what kind of poetry and novels come from these movements but what kind of marriage relationships. Certainly, there is a good deal of freewheeling premarital sexual intercourse, promiscuous and otherwise, among some of these young people, and also a marked quantity of thoughtless conformism. Here is a curious paradox of the youth culture: much talk about freedom and an equal amount of debilitating conformism. A friend in the Harvard Health Department tells me that he finds it necessary again and again to say to the undergraduate who hesitates to "go along," "You know, you don't *have* to conform to these misdemeanors." He adds that sometimes the student then looks as if he were being relieved of a burden.

**MOODY:** Right. Absolutely. I'm afraid the Sexual Revolution—and there *is* one going on—is leading us into a reverse Victorianism that may be more dangerous and damaging than the old Victorianism.

**PLAYBOY:** In what way?

**MOODY:** Well, look here: A girl used to feel guilty because she went to bed with a guy. Now she's often guilty if she doesn't. This comes from a new impersonalization and compartmentalization of sex, a separation of the body from the spirit. It's just as unhealthy as Victorianism, and the danger inherent in our emancipation from sexual suppression is that we are falling into a new kind of slavery in which we are no more free to make choices about sex than we used to be. If a girl feels guilty because she *doesn't* go to bed with a guy, God knows, *that's* no improvement; it's not getting her anywhere. She's just as apt as before to wind up on the analyst's couch.

**PLAYBOY:** Couldn't it be said that sexual conformism and guilt can be destructive, no matter what value system they operate from?

**MOODY:** Sure, but it also means we shouldn't be so smug about fabricating a "new morality." If it's misinterpreted, it can cause as much havoc as the old rigid system of absolutes.

**PIKE:** Well, Canon Douglas Rhymes, in his book *No New Morality*, claims that the new morality is a restoration of basic ethical attitudes, in that it is concerned with persons as persons and not as things.

**ROGERS:** Like Adams and Marty, I think



something new—and heartening—seems to be emerging. I notice it from talking to students a lot. They are more conscious of the fact that love and love alone should justify a sexual relationship. They have rejected the old justifications for sex, such as legal ties and procreation. For those who think in terms of morality, love is the most logical justification for sex. In the absence of social pressures and the threat of disease and all that kind of thing, there is a great insistence on the autonomy of the person. I think to this extent there is a new sex morality emerging. The emphasis is upon personal freedom. Freedom is the great key word, I think, that young people are insisting upon. It ties in with our great technological advances. Man is aware for the first time that he is *capable* of being free to an unprecedented degree, so he wants to make everything as free as possible. What is not so clearly appreciated is that, with the growth of freedom, there must be a corresponding insistence upon responsibility. For almost the first time, young people are really free, and therefore they have to be more fully responsible for the consequences of their acts, for the effects of their actions upon the well-being of both themselves and others. They don't have the old outside helps. They don't have the help of a society that condemns practices readily and is capable of enforcing its moral evaluations. Each person is very much on his own.

**MOORE:** I agree, Father, but the new sexual morality is more than just an individual and personal thing. The church is in a theological revolution in which there is more change taking place in our ethical, moral and theological understanding than probably at any time since the Reformation. This revolution is resulting in a genuinely new moral theology. We are being forced to rethink what we say and what we believe in the light of a great social and technical revolution that is taking place in the larger society. The basis for morality is shifting from prescriptions for behavior to methods for moral decisions, or how to arrive at situational answers. Theology and Christian ethics in the final reality must be relevant; they must be in touch with what is actually happening to people.

**ROGERS:** I agree entirely, and this is as true of the Catholic Church as it is of the Protestant. Let me indicate some of the changes in Catholic thinking. The first that comes to mind is a very new approach to reproduction and sex. Prior to *Casti Connubi*, an encyclical of Pius XI, there was almost no mention of the legitimacy of spacing births. One was told to trust in God's providence; the assumption seemed to be that there was a conflict between God's providence and man's sense of providence. Then, in the Forties, came a greater awareness of the actual limitations upon our freedom of choice; we

learned a scientific basis for not judging others quite so readily. With the Fifties, we acquired a much greater awareness of the centrality of love—of the complete wholeness of the sexual act itself. I should venture the opinion that with the growth of the Sixties, there will be even greater acknowledgment of our ignorance concerning sex. Not an ignorance so great as to rule out making practical judgments for here and now, but an ignorance that will make us more cautious in not being too arbitrary and too detailed in our sexual codifications for the years ahead.

**MOODY:** Some people say that human beings have always acted the same; it's just that they are more honest and open now. But I do a lot of work on college campuses and I have often discussed these questions with college students, trying to find out from them what they're feeling and what they're doing. I think there is a new sexual morality emerging. And I think the most important single factor about this younger generation in regard to sexual conduct is that they don't feel guilt about going to bed with somebody—even though they may feel guilty about *not* going to bed with somebody. This is a very important factor. You may be able to conjure up guilt in young people today by setting up all sorts of rules and regulations for them and telling them they're disobeying God or dishonoring their fathers and mothers. You may succeed in making them feel guilty, but this guilt will be of your own making. Most young people will not, by the nature of their own feeling about how they relate to someone sexually, feel guilty about it. But it's too early at this point in time to decide whether I'm joyful about this lack of guilt or whether I deplore it.

**LYNN:** All this talk about a new morality is one of the fetishes of our time. The newspapers have to have something fresh and novel for every issue, and so we tend to exaggerate discontinuities and to minimize the continuities of life that are underneath the surface. For a long time, change has been taking place in our sexual attitudes in this country, but talk of a swift and abrupt disintegration of standards is nonsense.

**MOORE:** Actually, as our moderator suggested, the moral revolution is primarily a revolution of attitudes rather than actions. I'm not convinced that there is a great increase in sexual immorality today, even by Christian standards. We shouldn't mistake more openness, more freedom of discussion, greater tolerance, for a change in practice. One of the more interesting studies that have been made in this area was reported by Dr. Mervin B. Freedman at Stanford University. He examined the sexual attitudes of college coeds and concluded that sexual practices among college girls have not changed very much since 1930. What *has* changed is their attitudes. It seems

that college students today are more insistent that they be given the right to make their own decisions about sex, rather than having these decisions predetermined for them. And I must say I'm pretty much in sympathy with this. I have a good deal of contact with young adults in all walks of life, and I don't find many of them jumping into bed with someone—anyone—every chance they get. They're really quite mature. They have some understanding of their feelings and they're able to talk about and express these feelings. And they're much more tolerant. But I don't believe they're an immoral generation, as some politicians and theologians would have us think. In fact, the new generation isn't as preoccupied with sex as we are. They have actually settled the issue.

**PIKE:** I don't know the percentage of young people who now engage in either pre- or extramarital sex as compared with earlier and more conservative times, but I know that a profound change of attitude has occurred. There's a lot of difference between saying, "This is a sinful thing, but I'm going to do it anyway," and saying, "I'm going to do this, and it isn't sinful." Certainly there is a growing attitude that sexual relationships outside marriage are not in all circumstances necessarily wrong.

**ADAMS:** It's too early to say whether a new morality of sexual *behavior* is actually in the making. Like Dr. Moore, I encounter among college youth a measurable proportion who are not taking a philandering attitude in sex matters, even though they don't accept the old conventions. These are the people who are truly in search of a new morality; but I don't believe they will adopt a *laissez-faire* attitude in sex matters any more than in economic philosophy. There are others, of course, who are exploring not a new morality but an old and familiar *immorality*. What will the responsibilities of parenthood do to them? Who knows? They might even turn up with a rigid new puritanism. That also would be no novelty. After all, the Restoration period was followed by a period of revulsion. A period of relaxation often gives rise to a period of neurotic reaffirmation or reformulation of norms. Something like this can happen in the life of the individual. The profligate youth later revolts against his younger self and adopts a rigid norm or joins an authoritarian church. There is nothing that a jellyfish wants so much as a rock.

**MARTY:** You may be right—but to return to Dr. Moore's point about the nature of the new morality, I think the revolution in sex mores involves more action than thought—or at least more action than organized and systematic thought. People have been improvising beliefs and behavior because they've had to. A 16-year-old, at the peak of his sexual concern, isn't really interested in the comment I





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made a moment ago about how we're undergoing epochal cultural changes and how in a hundred years we might know what to tell him. He won't wait: He'll act now. My personal observation is that he has often tended to act with more sanity than we give him credit for. He is thrown into implausible and absurd situations; he finds himself caught between an ethic propounded—but seldom lived up to—by adults from an inherited tradition on one hand and what seems to him to be empirical and logical and meaningful on the other. I am more often than not impressed by the way young people retain their integrity, enter into profound relationships and eventually marry and establish good homes.

**RUBENSTEIN:** I agree. Although there is more sexual activity on campus than when I was in college, today's relationships are usually much more responsible than most of the more lurid journalistic accounts would suggest. As Dr. Adams has pointed out, these relationships also contain more affection and more genuine interchange between the persons involved than some of the more sensational accounts have suggested. Many people who have come out of fairly rigidly enclosed primary religious or ethnic groups have found themselves in the anonymity of a big city or a university campus. They tend to experience a new and unfamiliar freedom. As a result, they begin to question old norms and to assert some of their new freedom. The old idea that religion can supply a meaningful set of guidelines derived from divine sanction no longer carries much conviction with the average college student. I am in considerable sympathy with the death-of-God theologians; I feel that their significant insights point out that the thread has been broken between heaven and earth, and between God and man. I agree with Father Rogers that people are experiencing a new sense of personal freedom. We now ask, "Is this right for me?" We no longer ask, "How do I comply with a set of inherited commandments from my religious tradition?" We enjoy a degree of freedom today that people have never experienced before.

**ROGERS:** If you're going to judge the sinfulness of any sexual act today, I think you have to take careful account of the mentality and the attitudes of the person involved. For the most part, I do not think an attitude of mere condemnation is very helpful in evaluating such a situation. I feel it is more important to uphold the sacredness of sacramental marriage and yet to adopt a certain sensitivity in treating each situation of illicit sex as it presents itself. There is certainly a very significant difference between a relationship built upon love—in terms of respect, concern, tenderness—and one built upon lust or mere convenience. In other words, although I feel that as a Catholic I must maintain that marriage is the proper situation for a complete sexual relationship,

I must also be prepared to respect the feelings and persuasions of those who do not find themselves quite up to this standard, and be prepared to evoke the best response that they are capable of. The function of the priest is more often exercised in staying with a difficult situation than it is in a blanket condemnation, or in washing one's hands of what one may consider to be an unclean situation. **PIKE:** I can't buy the codifiers who say we've got a set of rules telling us when and when not to do something—who say how far to go in petting and what is right and wrong under every circumstance. That isn't the way decisions ought to be made. They ought to be made contextually, situationally, responsibly. If a person decides not to indulge in premarital sex in a given situation, it ought to be because sex is so good a thing, not because sex is so bad a thing. Mind you, we aren't simply saying sex should be avoided just because it's good. We're saying sex is such a good and important part of life that it shouldn't be treated casually.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you consider all premarital sex casual?

**COX:** What Bishop Pike is saying, I think, is that sex should be handled responsibly. And that responsibility lies with the people involved. I think it's wrong to insist that in every instance and with every unmarried couple, intercourse is wrong. There are many times, however, when I would advise against it. It may unduly commit people to each other before they've really found out if they have enough common interests on a wide range of things. For many people it becomes a kind of excuse for not developing a commonality in other things; you can always go to bed. But, of course, there are instances in which it would be not only permissible but *advisable* for people to have intercourse before they're married. This might be the case, for example, during engagement periods that for one reason or another have to be unduly prolonged. I'm against any absolute prescription or prescription of sex before marriage. I think it varies from case to case.

**PLAYBOY:** If sex prevents a couple from developing other mutual interests, isn't it possible that the failure is in the people involved rather than in sexual activity itself? Isn't it possible for a liaison that begins on a primarily sexual basis to develop into a far broader and more meaningful relationship?

**COX:** Of course, when it involves people who are emotionally prepared for a full and mature man-woman relationship. But an awful lot of kids aren't ready for that kind of thing, and getting involved in a sex relationship when they're not prepared to handle the emotional consequences can be pretty devastating.

**PLAYBOY:** If two people aren't emotionally involved with each other to any degree, do you feel that devastating emotional



consequences are likely? Wouldn't it be possible to sustain a primarily sexual relationship, as long as both parties know that's all it is, that's all they want out of it, and they both enjoy it?

**ADAMS:** A sexual relationship without emotional involvement and without emotional consequences! That is quite a feat of specialization and spatialization. I'm reminded of Immanuel Kant's word about two individuals who enter into a mutual agreement to use each other's genitals. In modern parlance, such people are called "orgasm chasers." I suppose the least possible personal involvement requires the highest degree of transiency. If transiency and casualness disappear, emotional involvement develops. In any event, exploitation of another person, lack of respect for the other and for oneself—a violation of human dignity—will have emotional and other consequences, even in prostitution. Mature human beings prefer to relate the various aspects of living to the total personality, to culturally enriching values and to religious commitment, whether this aspect be eating, drinking, gregariousness, economic success or sex. Your question—inquiring about sex for the sake of sex—reminds me of the old notion that there is an Economic Man, the man for whom business is business and nothing else, for whom everything must be subordinated to the corporation—the organization man. The violation of human dignity and values attached to this view is widely recognized today. It is self-destructive. So also is a purely sexual relationship without emotional involvement and commitment. Psychosocial intimacy is a fundamental human need. This kind of intimacy requires emotional, indeed, full personal involvement. A sexual relationship without emotional involvement is something less than human. It can happen between animals but not between fully human beings.

**MOORE:** Yes, people, unlike animals, are not capable of a purely sexual relationship. This may be due to conditioning, to the psychological perceptions that they bring to their relationships, or to social influences. But in any case, there is more to the man-woman relationship than physical release and satisfaction. And I think it's this kind of transcendent meaning to the sexual relationship that the Biblical and theological tradition has tried to deal with in its emphasis on commitment in sex. Sexual relations seem to be more satisfying when the man and the woman have a continuum of relationships and meanings. It's not the body alone that "turns one on." It's all that the body represents. Imagery, especially for the woman, seems to require something more than bodily union. In fact, I don't believe there is such a thing as casual sex without gross depersonalization.

**MARTY:** Well, I can't say dogmatically that a person cannot divorce personality



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from sexuality, thereby making it purely mechanical. But it seems to me that the context in which this could occur would be either very artificial or pathological or—as in the case of prostitution—destructive of the dignity of the other person. In ordinary circumstances, I think that two healthy persons would find their sexuality an integral part of their whole personality, that such a divorce of emotion and sensation would be unrealistic and difficult to sustain. Most obviously, there is the risk that either or both of the partners would find themselves “escalating” emotionally, caring for the other in more ways than merely sexually. If only one partner accomplishes this, much unhappiness and hurt inevitably result. If both do, something good can indeed come of it, for human relationships have many different kinds of bases. But I’m not sure that compatible plumbing is the best basis on which to build a relationship.

**RUBENSTEIN:** I don’t believe that a purely sexual relationship can exist longer than the first few encounters. A purely sexual relationship, with nothing else involved, would merely be mutual masturbation. I think we all have expectations that go beyond mutual masturbation, even in the most casual sex. I can imagine a situation where two people who are total strangers meet and are drawn to each other, having no further investment in each other than the sexual encounter, and then go their separate ways. The French have a phrase for it, *étrangers passant*, passing strangers. This can happen in an excursion boat or in a foreign city. But such encounters are isolated from the lives most of us actually lead. People who have never met each other before and will never see each other again can have casual sex and go on to something else. However, most of us are likely to have sexual encounters within our normal social circles. We are too involved with the people with whom we normally establish sexual contact. The likelihood of simply never seeing them or wanting never to see them again is so slight that really casual sex is not a realistic possibility. Furthermore, if casual sex is good, the people involved will want to repeat it. Casual sex doesn’t remain casual very long with people who have any capacity for affection.

**PIKE:** The point is, we just can’t look at it like a still picture. Human relationships grow and change, and we must look at them like we view a movie. We simply cannot assume that one partner will not become more involved than the other and that somebody may not get hurt. A second question that must be answered is: How much inner meaning must the relationship have for us in order to make the outward expression of sex appropriate?

**MOORE:** Well, I try to avoid giving categorical answers to questions about premarital sex. I don’t think we can discuss it simply in terms of what is right or what is

wrong. These are the kinds of questions college students like to ask, but if you answer them one way, they’ll say, “Aha, that’s what we’d expect of a clergyman,” and if you answer them another way, they’ll say, “Well, then, you’re giving us the OK to do anything we want to.” The first question for a theologian is, “What is the ultimate purpose of human sexuality?” And the second question is, “What is the meaning of this experience?”

**MARTY:** Well, this whole question of premarital sex covers more territory than most people realize. I don’t think you can define handholding or dancing or necking by the unmarried as something other than premarital sex. I disagree with people who set aside copulation in an absolute way and say, “Here is the line.” I’ve read many interviews with teenagers in which a sort of magic line is drawn. If you stay on one side of it, with technical virginity, you’re a saint. If you happen to cross it, you go to hell. Such line drawing is a violation of the definition of sexuality in our tradition. True, sexual intercourse is, on the relative scale, the deepest, highest, most profound, most engaging and involving relationship. We conceive that relationship as one through which two people share a secret of personality and become “one flesh”—as in marriage. But two people certainly exchange a great deal of that secret of personality through sexual expressions just a little bit short of the “line.” We all know very well that many, many young people in our churches take a wide range of these sexual expressions almost for granted.

**PIKE:** Obviously, sexual intercourse, like the foreplay that leads up to it, is good in itself—a very natural way of expressing love, rapport, recognition and some degree of commitment. Weighed against actual premarital intercourse, there have always been the three old terrors of “conception, infection and detection.” But people are learning more and more how to handle these dangers, so that they are no longer absolute barriers. These three considerations have become a matter of ethical responsibility within a relationship. Two people may enter into a premarital sexual relationship with a view that “we have a strong affection for each other, but we’re not committing ourselves.” But one person can get much more deeply involved than the other, and someone can get seriously hurt. All of this has to be responsibly looked at, both in advance and during a relationship. But as for an absolute, unconditional injunction against premarital intercourse, I do not think so; I would say no.

**MOODY:** I suppose I, too, would have to say that premarital sex is possible without a person, in a theological sense, “falling from grace” or being outside the church. The Christian community holds in itself all kinds of people of different backgrounds, different values and different mores. The Christian faith is large

enough to accommodate all these different values, and I think it is wrong for us to judge whether or not some particular instance of personal conduct or social behavior is by its very nature apt to place a person “outside the pale.” In my own religious persuasion, there are no beliefs that are set down in absolutes about premarital sex. The individual’s conduct is left to his own judgment in the context of the situation. And for the Christian, this judgment must be based as much as possible on consideration of the ultimate welfare and happiness of both people.

**MOORE:** There are many levels of human sexuality, and although premarital intercourse may not be the most appropriate, it offers the possibility of being meaningful. It might be entirely possible for two people who are very much in love, very much committed to each other, very much concerned with the relationship, and who are struggling to find a deeper way of communicating with each other, who out of this level of communication are trying to find some renewal, some hope for the future, to have sexual intercourse premaritally. But, as a social theologian, I think there are three things that must be involved in any sexual act—be it outside or within marriage. The first is that the people involved should have some shared history that is significant. Sex is meaningless unless two people have some significant shared experiences other than sex. The second thing is that these two people should have a commitment to each other—a commitment they are willing to make public. By commitment I mean a promise to share life together. I don’t necessarily mean “till death do us part,” but there should be a willingness to make their commitment public; they needn’t announce it in the local newspaper, but they shouldn’t have to hide or lie about the nature of their relationship, either. Finally, I think that the two people should have some hope for the future. They should see that this act is not an end in itself; it is not just self-gratification, not just mutual masturbation, but points to something beyond them in both space and time. My point is that the state of marriage alone does not ensure “right,” appropriate, meaningful sexual intercourse—although this, for me, is where it most appropriately belongs.

**RUBENSTEIN:** I would rather deal with the problem primarily on psychological rather than on purely religious terms. The real problem of premarital sex is whether the people who engage in it are emotionally able to handle it. Speaking from my experience as a college chaplain, I must agree with Harvey Cox that most of the people who indulge in premarital sex aren’t emotionally capable of handling what they get themselves into. I think there is much sexual immaturity in our society.

**PLAYBOY:** Some psychologists have suggested that this may be at least partly



because many young people make the mistake of equating sex with love.

**LYNN:** Yes. It's very easy for people to deceive themselves about what constitutes a serious relationship. In this area, we have to be fairly realistic about ourselves and our enormous capacity for self-deception. In our society, many people feel that it's necessary, once they've experienced the full sexual relationship with each other, to make a commitment, so they're driven into making a premature commitment. This is as much of a problem as the absence of a commitment.

**ADAMS:** I agree. A premature commitment issuing from premarital intercourse can be motivated by a sense of responsibility—by a strong subjective sense of conscience—but the objective consequence of the commitment may in the end be destructive. It is often easy to overlook the fact that one is responsible for consequences as well as for authentic motives. A widely held view in our youth culture today places much more emphasis upon inner authenticity, the euphoria of spontaneity, immediate response, than upon continuity and durability. In this sort of ethos, a consideration of future implications tends to be neglected. Physical intimacy can be exhilarating, but it can also be deceptive when it gives an illusion of personal intimacy that doesn't really exist. Physical intimacy shouldn't be identified with depth of personal relationship. It's possible for the person who indulges in premarital or extramarital intercourse to be misled by this deception. My main point is that opposite values always have to be taken into account, as is true when we consider both conscience and consequence, freedom and order, spontaneity and reflection. But these considerations don't provide a pat answer to your question about premarital intercourse. I don't have a slot machine into which I can insert a coin and get an answer in an automatic fashion. For one thing, it's difficult to define intercourse; as Reverend Marty points out, it's not confined to coitus, after all. In view of the fact, however, that narcissism and exploitation can all too readily find rationalization in the name of spontaneity, I prefer to appeal to what I believe is an authentic conception of love, an abiding affection that carries with it responsibility and respect for the other person in the context of a community. But one should not understand responsibility merely in terms of a compact; responsibility means response to broadly human needs. This is what is meant in part by Gibson Winter's term "a covenant of intimacy." Out of this complex of values emerge guidelines, not neatly formulated rules. One thing is clear: Sexual experience cannot be properly separated from the rest of experience. One may not relegate sexual intercourse to the status of "an aside" or of something segregatable. Sexual behavior is an integral part of human

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behavior. It must be viewed as an expression of the total personality and not as something comparable to the simple act of drinking a cup of water.

**PLAYBOY:** In this connection, Hefner has written that "Sex is, at its best, an expression of love and adoration. But this is not to say that sex is, or should be, limited to love alone. Love and sex are certainly not synonymous, and while they may often be closely interrelated, the one is not necessarily dependent upon the other. Sex can be one of the most profound and rewarding elements in the adventure of living; if we recognize it as not necessarily limited to procreation, then we should also acknowledge openly that it is not necessarily limited to love, either. Sex exists—with and without love—and in both forms it does far more good than harm. . . . This is not an endorsement of promiscuity or an argument favoring loveless sex—being a rather romantic fellow, myself, we favor our sex mixed with emotion. But we recognize that sex without love exists; that it is not, in itself, evil; and that it may sometimes serve a definitely worthwhile end." How do you gentlemen feel about that?

**ADAMS:** Mr. Hefner seems to be saying that when fully human and responsible participation in intercourse is not possible, then dehumanization is better than nothing at all.

**PLAYBOY:** Is sex without love necessarily dehumanizing?

**ADAMS:** Sexual intercourse should involve the total personality. If it does not do so, it brings about a disjunction between spirit and nature, and I don't see how you can say a disjunction between spirit and nature is better than nothing at all.

**LYNN:** I think Mr. Hefner tends to be an absolutist when he implies that sex without love is better than no sex at all. A great many people, I am sure, would prefer no sex at all to sex without love.

**RUBENSTEIN:** Well, I would agree with Mr. Hefner that sex without love is better for an adult than no sex at all, but I would go on to say that if it continues indefinitely to be sex without love, I'd have to wonder what's wrong with the person and why he or she remains incapable of having a really deep and lasting relationship. Married, fulfilling, emotionally gratifying sex is the best kind of sex. Sex without love is at best a poor substitute for sex *with* love, and must always be seen as such.

**MOODY:** I wouldn't want to make such a categorical statement as Hefner's. I mean, that's getting down to the level of hiring a prostitute or getting a shack-up job. If you really need nothing but sexual release, and that's all there is to it, then that's sad. I don't want to be dogmatic, but I don't want to reach that place where I say that sex without love—that is, sex without caring—is better than no sex

at all. I'd hate to have to get to that point.

**COX:** Maybe our disagreement here stems from the fact that we're using the slippery word "love" in very different ways. If Hefner means romantic love, the kind of love we often think of when we talk about mixing sex with love, then I would say that Hefner's wanting to mix sex and love is a kind of romantic prejudice on his part, albeit a nice prejudice. But the fact is that most of the sex of history and of the modern world has very little to do with romantic love. And I would agree with him that there is clearly a difference between sex and love, and that sex without love exists. However, if by "love" we mean caring or being concerned for the other person's welfare or health or worth, then I think we must be against sex without love just as we're against any other activity that isn't concerned for the welfare of the other person. In fact, using my definition of the word "love," sex without love is pretty much the same as irresponsible sex, and I hope Hefner is against that.

**LYNN:** To say that sex without love is not necessarily evil and that it may sometimes serve a definitely worthwhile end is rather like saying the same thing about a "just war." Sure, there may be cases where that holds true, but I'm very suspicious about the odds. I think those cases are rare.

**MARTY:** Well, I don't know, Bob. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't generalize about it. I know sexually repressed people who hold themselves in, who are emotional basket cases, who are crabby and judgmental, who are good for nothing in the world and who probably would be better off if they could have a means of expressing their sexuality.

**PLAYBOY:** You mean they'd be better off if they did have sex without love rather than no sex at all?

**MARTY:** Well, let's take a hypothetical case. Think of a man, say, 40 years old. Maybe his wife is dead, or he's divorced, or maybe he never married. In any case, there's nobody in his life right now. He works at a lonely desk, seldom sees people, and he goes home and eats a TV dinner. He's holed up in his apartment; this is his whole world. He's never been involved in a good social or ethical cause, never done anything for anybody else. And then he climbs into bed with somebody. What happens? If we hear about it, for the first time in his life we start caring about him. Suddenly he has joined society; he did something *wrong*. He might have hated people right along; he might have been a slum landlord, but we never bothered about him. We weren't concerned about his spiritual welfare when he was just a slum landlord victimizing his tenants, and we didn't care whether or not he had a potential to care for other people. But now he climbs into bed with somebody and we say he's using her, that

he's going to destroy his and her potential to be human. All of a sudden we're concerned with his morality and his potential for antisocial behavior.

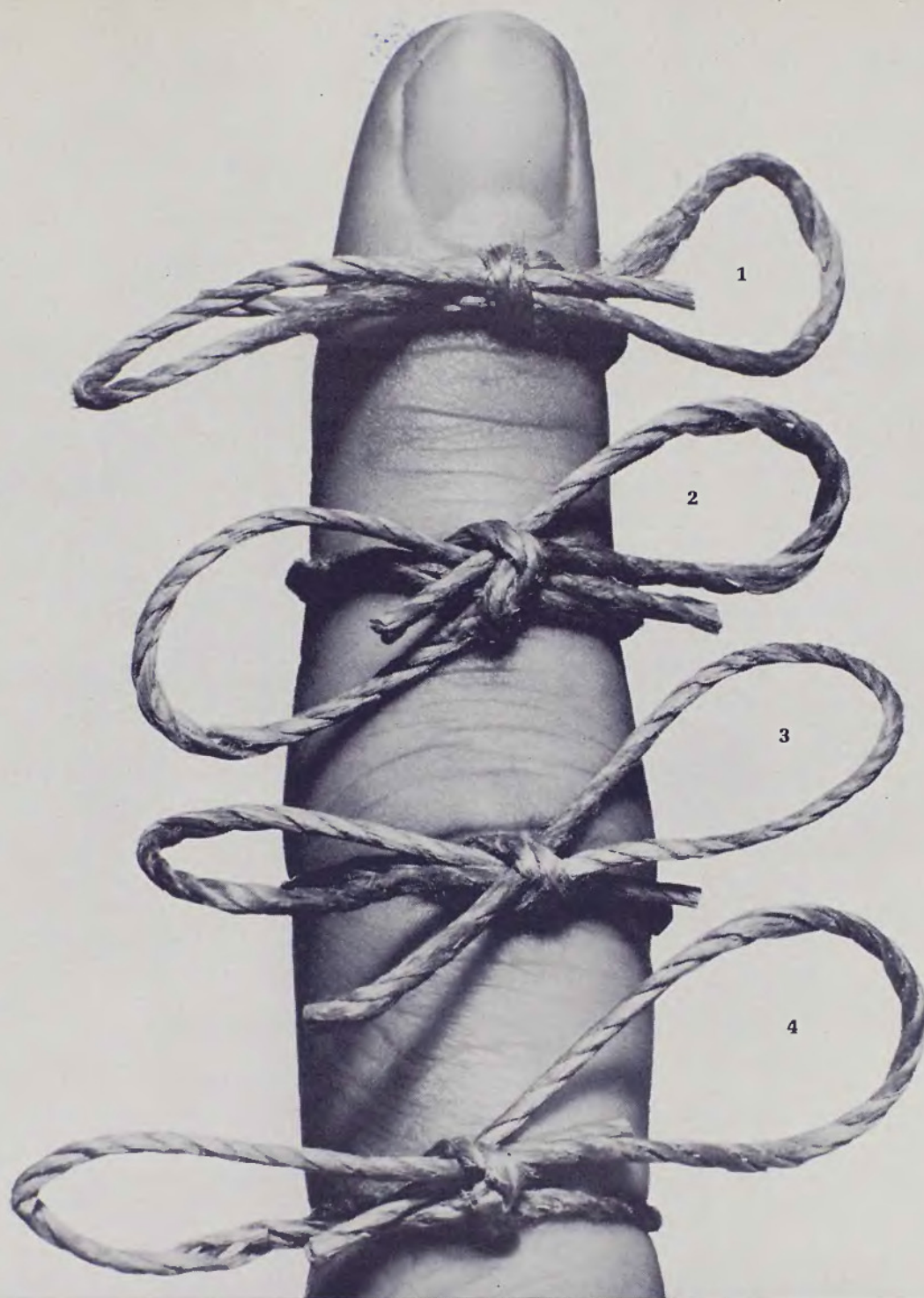
But now just suppose this guy tangles with somebody who really *uncorks* him, who gets him over some of this emotional isolation—gets him to join the human race. You know, he may actually become a better human being for it. We can hypothesize cases like this because we've all observed them—instances in which such a person joins the human race because he did something that we would have ordinarily considered illicit and immoral. This plot has often been played out; I know Christian ministers who have really hoped that a certain older unmarried woman in their congregation would get seduced, that some man would give her a thrill and start caring about her, because perhaps then she would stop being so judgmental toward others, and that she might thereby start *being* somebody. Now, a preacher can't proclaim that secret hope from the pulpit, but he can, as a human, support her in her need and in her interpretation of the event when and if it happens. So I certainly agree that there can be circumstances in which somebody who has been good for nothing can start being good for *something* through experiences and relationships that are, by my own view, less than the norm for Christians, but which by any human view are much higher than the norm for selfish humanity. I hope that makes some sense.

**PIKE:** It certainly does make sense. I've known a number of cases in my pastoral experience very much like the one you describe.

**MOORE:** So have I. One of my concerns as an educator is to teach people the process by which they can make good decisions, rather than predetermining the decision in advance. I'm a situationist. I mean by this that the answers are induced out of the situation in which a person finds himself. The problem is that there has to be a basis for making moral decisions in a given situation, and this is what some of us are searching for today. It's possible for sexual intercourse between two responsible single people who are very much committed to each other to be a more meaningful expression of sex than that which sometimes exists within marriage. We forget, I think, that many wives prostitute themselves in order to get what they want from their husbands. They use sex as a weapon to manipulate the husband. And husbands can depersonalize their wives in attempts to prove their maleness.

**PLAYBOY:** Dr. Moore, you seem to feel that situation ethics is the answer to the need for a viable sex ethic for single people. Hefner has often pointed out that the Christian church has traditionally offered no kind of sex ethic for single people except "Don't." Yet we live in a





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society where many people find it impossible or impractical, for educational or financial reasons, to get married until their late 20s, although the sex drive reaches its peak in the late teens. Gentlemen, can the church expect young people to abstain completely from sexual activity for the 10 or 15 years of their lives when the sex drive is strongest, and then suddenly enter into a sexually mature and well-adjusted marriage?

**LYNN:** Your analysis of the situation is quite acceptable, and you're talking about an area where the church has been guilty of selective inattention. We not only haven't developed a sex ethic that makes sense for the single person; we haven't even thought much about it. Even the most supposedly enlightened theologians scarcely deal with this problem at all. Mostly, they deal with questions of premarital sex for college students, but they ignore the problem of what happens to the single woman who doesn't marry until she's 30 or 35, or maybe never marries. What about her? We've said very little—because we have very little to say.

**MOODY:** I'm a little bit leery about the church's being able to promulgate any kind of ethic that would prescribe behavior patterns for all people. I tend to agree with Dr. Moore that most ethical decision making is done—and *should* be done—by human beings within a context of some kind of world view and in the particular situation in which they find themselves. Now, I admit that the church has not done its homework in regard to any kind of word for the youth of today. I think that's sad. The church always talks as though there's no such thing, for example, as premarital sex. In this area, it seems to me that the church is terribly irrelevant today. Young people are trying to decide in what context they're going to have premarital sex, and I feel that the church has some responsibility to help them with their decision making, and not forever to look the other way, pretending that there's no reason for them to think deeper and to ask questions. I used to think you could give general lectures on sex to tell people how to behave. I really don't believe that anymore. All we can do is teach them to think—to think about themselves and the world and their relationship to it; in other words, to develop attitudinal postures out of which come the decisions they must make; to think about who they are and to know the world of other human beings, and out of that context of caring and concern for another person, to make decisions about their sexual life and all other areas of their life.

**PIKE:** Many churchmen, through their writings and sermons, are recognizing this problem, and as a result there has recently been a very rapid shift to situation ethics in contrast to the old code. This shift, I think, will continue to in-

crease and will eventually result in most of the various church denominations' making official declarations supporting a situational approach to sexual morality much like the recent committee report on sex morals received by the British Council of Churches as having "much to contribute of value to the contemporary discussion of moral questions."

**LYNN:** I think the only beginning of an answer the church has to this dilemma is the current emphasis—which is so apparent in this panel discussion—on individual responsibility and a refusal to exploit the other person. But actually, I don't think that's very much of an answer. The church has to give some guidance as to what responsibility means. As I said earlier, I'm quite wary of the human capacity for self-deception and rationalization in any area of human life, including sex. Therefore, I don't think the ethic of responsibility, of care and concern for the other person, takes us very far. It's become largely a slogan, a cliché. Beyond praising "concern," "openness," "responsibility" and all that, what more does the church have to say? Very little.

**PLAYBOY:** Does the church *need* to say anything beyond that?

**LYNN:** Yes, but that's a problem we're just barely beginning to think about. We're in the same place on this issue as we were on the question of economic ethics in the early part of the 19th Century, before we began to think about the problems of industrialization. If you go back and read the thought of the American Protestants of the early 1800s, you'll find they were as ill equipped to deal with questions of economic ethics as we are ill equipped today to deal with the problems of sexual morals in a world where human situations are vastly different from anything we've ever known before.

**ADAMS:** There are within Christendom, of course, certain cultures in which premarital sexual intercourse on the part of people who subsequently become married is rather generally recognized. In Holland, for example, not merely in the anonymous culture of urbanism but even in the rural districts, it is fairly common for people to be married after the bride-to-be is already three or four months pregnant. And there seems to be little sense of guilt or community reproach attached to it. I understand that something similar can be said about Sweden. We must recognize that even before the advent of urbanism and mobile culture, some church people in established traditions—that is, church people with a national culture of continuity—had already made an adjustment. So when we speak about what the church is going to do in the future about establishing a viable sex ethic for single people, we can say only that certain segments of Christendom have already

made changes in that direction. The task of the church in a changing society is always the task of reformulating standards, by taking into account aspects of the situation that previously were ignored or that previously were interpreted in a different way. So the future of the church here with regard to sex behavior is not in principle different from its future with regard to other fundamental questions. The problem of achieving a standard itself requires reflection and responsibility, taking into account the whole complex of values that make human life meaningful. But let me point out that there's a difference between trying to find a decent standard for today and simply saying, "Well, the world is changing. Look at what human behavior actually is. We might as well adjust ourselves to it. This is the way people are, so we might as well accept it." In other words, what people *do* cannot be a basis for an ethical standard.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think that's the basis on which many churchmen have become more tolerant of premarital sex—because everybody's doing it?

**ADAMS:** Yes, perhaps some of them. But I agree with Margaret Mead in her comment on the Kinsey Report. She said, "Let no one suppose that these data that describe what people are doing can be taken as the basis of what is right." What is right may, of course, be different from what they're doing. If the church of the future is worth its salt, it must rethink these things, and if the sex ethic is changed, it must be changed toward the end of finding a standard that has a theological base. That is, we must arrive at a new understanding—a reinterpretation—of sexual relationships between people under God.

**MARTY:** I agree that this has been an overlooked question, in that our sex ethic until now has been devoted to either of two goals in life: one, how to remain celibate all your life, thus attaining a higher degree of "spirituality," or, two, how to prepare yourself for monogamous marriage, which is the only other ideal. I don't think it would be truthful to claim that the church has done anything except devote itself to these alternatives. In recent decades, the church has bent and stretched within those boundaries; but I don't think anything really new has emerged yet. I couldn't honestly say that the church has developed a new ethic. And this means that there's really a kind of unrealistic thing going on: The church is affirming one set of values while it's allowing or winking at another. I think any pastoral counselor knows that what he's talking about from the pulpit or in his classes isn't really being grasped or lived up to by the people who hear him. I can't say where this is going to go. By this I don't mean that Christians should merely take a poll and then adjust or try to be relevant to its findings. No, if



something runs counter to the central impetus of Christian ethics, believers must condemn it, even if this greatly embarrasses and inconveniences them, setting them apart from others in the world. The Christian may live under norms and mandates he would not impose on the world at large, because these norms were designed to equip him for the discipleship of Jesus Christ. They were not designed to license him to be a snoop or a legislative busybody or a thrill-seeking gossip. As things are now, I see more erosion in popular Christianity; but looking ahead, I don't think the church will ever endorse every kind of extramarital relationship. I do, however, picture the church trying to find meaning in forms of sexual expression that it has not yet recognized and not yet related to the Christian ethic.

**RUBENSTEIN:** To the best of my knowledge, Judaism has not had this difficulty with premarital sex. We have a principle that says that if an unbetrothed man goes into an unbetrothed woman, their act is not considered an act of sexual degradation. The early Jews made a distinction between the act of an unbetrothed man or woman and the act of a married man or woman. But, more important, it's beside the point for me to say that a particular relationship is desirable or undesirable. People are going to enter into a relationship when they feel it's appropriate to their needs, no matter what clergymen say. Very often, all we can do is try to pick up the pieces and help people mend things. I would be most reluctant to pass judgment on sexual matters. In a sense, it would be passing judgment on somebody else's freedom.

**PLAYBOY:** Until now, we've been talking about premarital sex. Would you also hesitate to pass judgment on extramarital sex?

**RUBENSTEIN:** I'm completely in accord with the Biblical strictures against adultery.

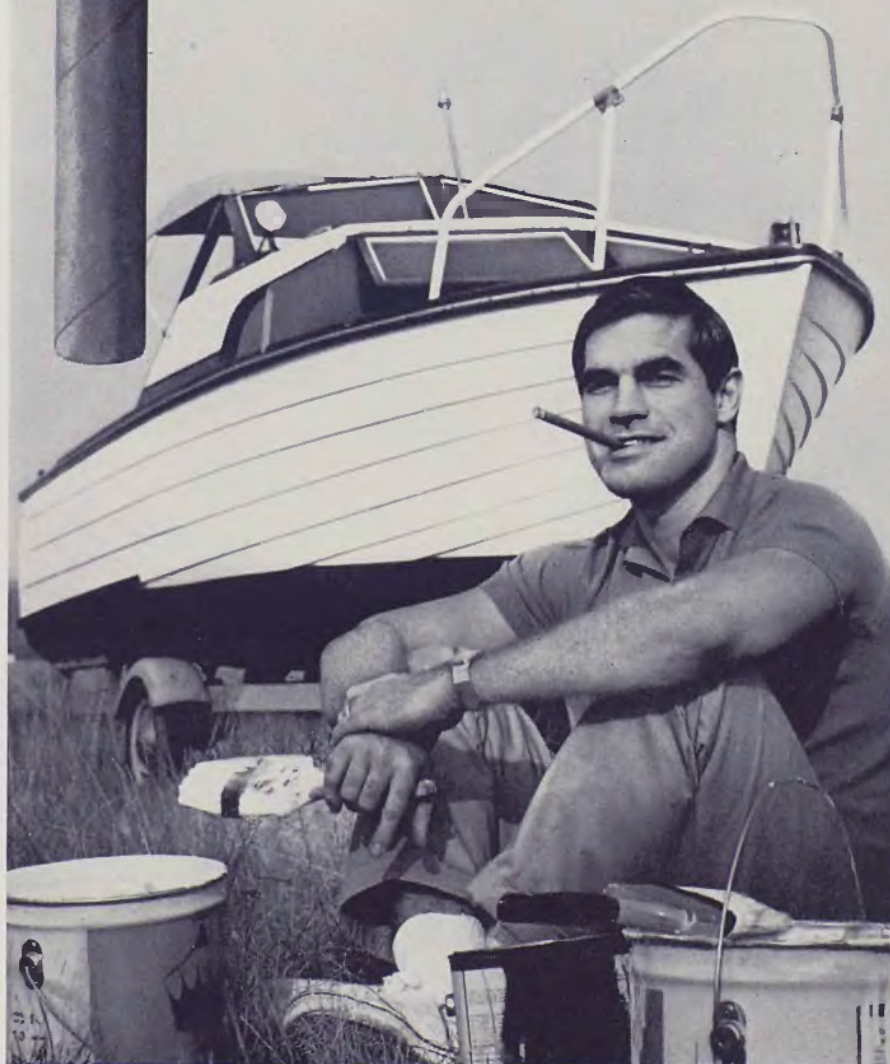
**ADAMS:** Any conclusions about sex outside of marriage depend on what you mean by marriage. For the Christian, marriage is more than a civil act; it's a religious covenant. The idea of a covenant presupposes that the individual becomes a person by entering into meaningful and enduring relations with other persons, by making a commitment. The texture of his commitments constitutes the character of his personhood. This is also true of a community. One could say that the kind of commitment made by a person or a society gives that person or society its style. Marriage for the Christian is a commitment not only between husband and wife but also between them and the religious community, and all are bound together in fidelity, sexual and otherwise. But one should not make this fidelity sound like a business contract, signed and sealed and duly notarized. Nor should one identify it with neatly

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formulated rules. Fundamentally, marriage is a covenant of intimacy, rooted in affection. And affection rules out casualness; it rules out not only coercion but also manipulation and exploitation. But the covenant is not absolute. The responsible person, in the modern view, may in good conscience believe that a particular covenant should come to an end. The maintenance of a covenant can have very destructive consequences. Divorce may be a means of mitigating this destructiveness. But extramarital intercourse is something else. It may be nothing more than plain adultery. Generally, it is not the proper remedy for maladjustment in marriage. Yet there may be rare, special circumstances under which extramarital sexual intercourse may be condoned.

**PLAYBOY:** What sort of circumstances?

**COX:** Jesus made it uncomfortably clear that in this area the church has no business condoning or condemning. He also insisted it is the attitude that counts as much as the act. Certainly where it entails deceit and the deception of the spouse, it's always damaging. On the other hand, I can envision extreme instances in which it might be the lesser evil. Take the famous instance in *Tea and Sympathy*, where the wife of a teacher in a boy's school helps a boy who fears he has homosexual tendencies achieve a kind of confidence in his own manhood by having an affair with him. I wouldn't want to put my unequivocal stamp of approval on her action, however, because we can't know what other factors might be involved in such a situation; but it does raise the point of the lesser evil. Also, think of those people who are separated from their spouses for years by war, prison or sickness. What we have to learn today is not to inflict on others our own particular understanding of the marital bond or the sexual act. Adultery really means violating the marriage vow, but that vow is understood differently by different couples, so a wide pluralism is really necessary, and we should not condemn other people for not living up to our standards.

**ROGERS:** Well, I can't see where adultery would ever be permissible for a fully responsible Christian. It violates the essential commitment of two people in marriage. But again, when you're dealing with a concrete situation, you have to juxtapose it with relevant alternatives. Sometimes it is a better thing just to let an affair work itself out than forthrightly to condemn it. A considerable change is taking place in pastoral counseling. For one thing, there is a renewed awareness of personal evaluation and personal responsibility. In this setting, the priest frequently functions as advisor, but the actual decision must be that of the individual concerned.

**PLAYBOY:** Father, you say that adultery,

at least for the Christian, violates the essential commitment of two people in marriage. But only a minority of people in our society are committed Christians. How do you feel about mutually agreeable marital infidelity for those who aren't?

**ROGERS:** Well, I suppose such situations do exist, but I really can't personally understand how they can, how a couple can really continue to love and respect each other under such circumstances. I would think the emotional strain would be terrific. But maybe the facts are against me; I just don't know that much about what people actually do in their private lives. I don't feel qualified to pronounce judgment upon the situation of those who do not accept Christian principles. Since people do vary in their capacity for emotional adjustments and accommodations, I should think we must await further evidence before coming to any hard-and-fast conclusions.

**LYNN:** I agree, Father. But I would be very suspicious of the likelihood of love between such people remaining unimpaired. Isn't it naïve to think that passion and temporary involvement can be so easily managed?

**PIKE:** My experience in counseling indicates that more often than not damage does occur to the primary relationship. I have run into only about two couples who, rightly or wrongly, have a mutual agreement along this line, where there apparently isn't any flak or tear-up about it. In most cases, it involves the necessity of deceit on the part of the party who goes outside the camp. And deceit, more often than not, is unsuccessful, and this brings hurt to the other person. Even if the deceit is successful, I've seen many instances where it has taken some of the savor out of the primary relationship.

**RUBENSTEIN:** I'm not prepared to say that mutually agreeable marital infidelity is wrong or immoral. But it would seem to me that marriage means the sharing of the total personal and psychological resources of two people, and I can't conceive of a couple who are really enjoying their marriage wanting to do that. On the other hand, I know that it exists in our culture. My guess is that these marriages are less than adequate, but it's difficult for me to sit in judgment as to how other people live their lives. All I can say is that I personally don't see how I could possibly live that way.

**MOORE:** With few exceptions, extramarital sexual relations, even when mutually agreeable, lead to serious problems for a marriage. I can remember working in a marriage-counseling center where we had seven very sophisticated couples playing the trading game. They were coming one by one for help without one another's knowing it. It was becoming a problem for them. One of the things that often makes such a marriage deteriorate, even in the most sophisticated society, is

that you begin unconsciously comparing one sexual partner with another, and the one you're accustomed to, the one you're living with all the time, cannot stand this comparison. And most affairs are not this open. Most involve deceit and secrecy, which places terrific strain on both the primary and the outside relationship. The sin here is not the sex act but the disruption of fidelity and trust.

**PLAYBOY:** What about a situation in which one of the spouses is institutionalized or incapacitated? Would you consider extramarital sex permissible under such circumstances?

**ROGERS:** I would certainly be inclined to be extremely sympathetic in a case like that, but positively approving such a thing as a kind of moral commitment would, I think, be wrong.

**LYNN:** This would be one of the most painful and poignant human situations I could imagine: a man with his wife permanently, say, in a mental institution, or vice versa. It is at this point that my sense of marriage as a covenant is tested. I worry about the pressure that human beings are under when the possibility of a sexual relationship is not permitted.

**COX:** I think this is the type of situation in which extramarital sex would be acceptable. I would say that in every possible instance, however, some kind of understanding with the spouse is essential. I think that doing things that the spouse doesn't know about, or lying to the spouse, sows seeds of personal destruction.

**MARTY:** It wouldn't take a good pastor ten seconds to understand such a situation, and he would try to handle it compassionately. But I can't envision a pastor recommending adultery as a solution, because I have great difficulty imagining that the crippled mate could ever really, in his or her heart, want it. For this reason, I suppose I would pull rank in such a circumstance and urge that the spouse may be called to an extraordinary kind of sacrifice or suffering. If a man gets polio and is paralyzed, he will look upon his wife with more dependence than ever. I cannot imagine that he would feel that the necessary relationship on which his very life depends would not be threatened by her having sexual relations with someone else. Here, let me accent something that plays a big part in the Lutheran tradition: While marriage is not a sacrament—though I regard it virtually sacramentally—it is based on the concept of the vow or the pledge. This implies more than mere legalisms couched in terms of civil marriage and its requirements. We accent very strongly the way human relationships are based on language, word, pledge. Thus, when I commit myself, as with an oath, it almost seems as though the whole structure of the universe depends upon my following through. God speaks to a man and a woman through a word; and





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they, before Him, speak to each other, promising to be together in sickness and in health, for better or for worse. Life is risk. If they violate pledges, the agreed-upon base of human relationships is violated. We make a good deal of this approach.

**ADAMS:** I don't see how the Christian community itself could actually sanction extramarital relationships. The unusual hardship case—an invalid or a separation by war, etc.—calls for a thin line of distinction. I would insist, along with Dr. Marty, however, that entering the married relationship entails "for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse." On the other hand, no Christian point of view is authentic that is based on a set of inviolable rules. There are situations in which human values can be actually *preserved* by violation of neatly formulated principles.

**MOODY:** Although premarital sex is a shadowy region in Biblical ethics, this is not so true when we come to the question of adultery. But I have a feeling that we are in for some overhauling and re-examination of this whole area of our sexual life, mostly because it has been such a sham. It has been phony in so many ways—in terms of what we talk about as norms and what is actually going on. The church needs to provide new guidelines for extramarital sex as well as for premarital sex. I think the church is afraid to do this; but eventually it must. The trouble is that the first time you talk about extramarital relationships, people always block their minds. They say there are absolutely no justifiable reasons. I have discussed this with a number of my colleagues. How do we proceed in our counseling when these questions are raised? What do we have to say to a man or a woman in a situation where sex with the marriage partner is impossible? Can it be that once again all we have to say is, "Total abstinence is your lot. Live with it"? Well, it seems to me that we had better take a good look at that, out of respect for the realities of this life. It's amazing the kind of realism we can condone when we look at the ethics of foreign policy. We can't condone equivalent realism, however, in personal ethics. We insist we are being merely realistic when we say that killing is ordinarily wrong, but in self-defense or in war it is justified. When it comes to realism about a human being, with all his sexual needs, though, we become highly idealistic and moralistic. Are we able to say with dogmatic assurance that *all* extramarital sex is bad and destructive to the marriage relationship? As Reverend Adams indicates, most men engaged in counseling know there are situations in which extramarital affairs have saved marriages rather than destroyed them.

**MOORE:** In my own counseling experience, I have known some such cases.

One example was a wife who was living with, but estranged from, her spouse, who became involved outside marriage, and in the experience found a new understanding and confirmation of herself. She learned from the affair, and her marital relationship found new health because of the experience. The problem is that we look upon sex as the great sin that must end everything. A man can wreck his car, or he can lose his job or injure his child physically, and his wife is able to bridge these experiences. But let him get involved with the flesh and this becomes the great unforgivable sin. There are many kinds of estrangements and wrongdoings within marriage; sex does not necessarily have to be the experience that will end all other experiences. I think the objection to sex outside of marriage is that within the Christian tradition of marital union, sex is more than just the physical act; it is symbolic of the commitment and merger of two personalities who are attempting to share a whole life together. The problem in our world today is that it is becoming increasingly difficult for two people to share a whole life together. There are so many forces pressing upon each individual that contribute to estrangement. Some experts are pessimistic enough to say that in another 20 years, marriage will no longer be for life, but on five-year contracts. I'm inclined to think that when extramarital sexual relations occur, it is only *symbolic* of a breakdown that has occurred in the union between two personalities; and to attack this breakdown just as being a sexual sin misses the point altogether.

**ADAMS:** Extramarital intercourse by married persons is viewed as abnormal not only because it's a violation of a norm but because it often indicates some sort of personality maladjustment. In most cases, extramarital intercourse is a symptom rather than a cause of marital unhappiness. And so the more fundamental problem is not that of extramarital intercourse, but rather the problem of maladjustment.

**MOORE:** Yes. We ought to recognize the fact that sexual expression is a much bigger question than the sexual act itself. To reduce sex just to intercourse is abstracting it from the whole person and his total sexuality. But on the other hand, I would go so far as to say that marriage itself may not be the only determining factor in the rightness or wrongness of sexual expression. When we get into this trap, we tend to make the institution of marriage more important than the welfare of man. There are many people who are married and who have very invalid sexual expressions within that marriage.

**COX:** I agree. The sexual expression of love is a broader expression than just sexual intercourse. It involves the whole range of sexual contacts, and it would be

not only unwise but impossible to restrict all sexual expression to marriage. I would think that the sexual expression of relationships between men and women would at least be a part of the wide range of relationships, in *and* outside of marriage.

**LYNN:** Well, I think that a sexual relationship is at the very base of the marriage covenant and, therefore, is to be taken most seriously. This doesn't mean that a husband or a wife cannot appreciate another person as a sexual being. Thank God for beauty, wherever it exists. But because the marriage covenant between man and wife has, in a sense, its beginning and its end in the sexual relationship, I would argue for a firm commitment to the sexual bond.

**MARTY:** So much normal human relationship is sustained through noninvolved and legitimate kinds of flirtation—and flirtation has a sexual base—that if you said *all* sexual expression had to be limited to marriage, you would rule out much human relationship. I agree that sexual intercourse, which we conceive to be the full and ultimate expression of sexual involvement, ordinarily should be limited to marriage. But it is somewhat more complex than merely enforcing a code based on such a viewpoint. I can picture what might be called the "tea-and-sympathy" context, which Harvey mentioned a while ago, in which I could conceive, from the pastoral point of view, the legitimacy of something like adultery in extreme situations.

**MOODY:** It all boils down to the fact that we can't set up absolute ethical norms to determine behavior before we actually enter into the situation in which those answers are called for. We should also recognize, as Dr. Moore pointed out a moment ago, that sexual love within marriage can be just as damaging and degrading to the human personality as sexual love expressed outside of marriage. The most valid guidelines concerning the sexual expression of love—and this has nothing to do with rules and regulations—are related to human beings and their worth, their preciousness as people. The respect for this, and the concern for it, and some tenderness and feeling for that worth, it seems to me, are the basic guidelines for *all* treatment of human beings in a personal relationship.

**ROGERS:** And this means that, regardless of the context in which people express themselves sexually, the Christian must never lose sight of the more serious implications and the essentially sacred nature of the sexual union.

**PLAYBOY:** Must sex always be so solemn and sacred in order to be moral and responsible, Father? How do you feel about sex for pleasure?

**ROGERS:** I wasn't suggesting that people



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should douse themselves in holy water before going to bed. Of course, sexual pleasure is good and legitimate. Of course, sex should be fun. We are getting away from our traditional overconcern with the procreative purpose of sex. Procreation is still a very important point of reference, but the inner, immediate meaning of marriage is being sought in love—a common shared life—and this includes the fun and pleasure in sex.

**COX:** Of course, sex should be fun. Man is, among other things, *homo ludens*—the playing creature; this is one of the things man can do that machines cannot. Machines may take over a lot of other things, but they do not *play*. Man does, and I think his sexuality is one area in which man expresses this playfulness. It is good that some correctives have been introduced, some criticisms of the standard Christian understandings of sex. The criticisms that have emphasized playfulness and the erotic element are useful and welcome. And they act as a corrective to what I think is an oversolemnizing of the theological understanding of sex. But I would like to say immediately that when sex is viewed *only* as play, then the other person becomes merely the plaything, and sex is restricted to the leisure side of life. Men who view sex only as a source of pleasure fail to see the woman as a companion, as a co-worker, as one with whom the male struggles in the social, professional and political arena. She is seen almost entirely as an object of diversionary interest. Sex is fun, but when it becomes nothing *but* fun, then pretty soon it is not even fun anymore. Some eminent psychiatrists have lately been reporting a neurosis that is beginning to emerge in America today. Young people come to psychiatrists not with complaints of guilt feelings arising out of a repressive Victorian background but from the fact that they have all the freedom they want now, but they aren't having fun. It's not pleasurable for them. They report that fun in sex just doesn't seem to be there, and they ask, "What's wrong?" It's a reverse guilt syndrome. We feel bad because we're not having the fun we're supposed to be having. I don't believe we can pull off a total identification of sex with play. It's fun, but it's more than that.

**RUBENSTEIN:** I think that sex can be play only when everything else is going right. To see sex *only* as play is to forget what sex is. It is a way of relating to another human being at a particular moment in the timetable of life as we go from birth to death. The insights of both literature and religion speak of the relation between love and death. When we are involved in sex, we are involved in that activity out of which the human origins arise. We are also reminded of where we are going. There is a certain tragic sense connected with the sexual act.

What is involved is not purely personal and voluntary. When we engage in sexual intercourse, we are serving forces beyond our own nature. Even what we desire is beyond our own nature. In sex we give our bodies to each other. I believe our bodies are all we have. When I give my body, I give my total self. I can have good sex only when I am at home in my body. But to accept my body is to accept my mortality. Paradoxically, to accept sex is to accept death. To accept sex is to accept the fact that our bodies are limited in time and ultimately brings with it the price we pay for entering time—namely, death. This solemn element in sex has been underestimated in our country, which tends always to underplay the elements that are tragic in the human condition. I am reminded of Albert Camus' essay *Summer in Algiers*. In it he talks with reverent joy about the way his compatriots used to enjoy their bodies. They used to swim naked on the beaches of Algiers. At the same time, there was a sadness to all this, because the very same bodies, which they knew to be all they had, would within a very short period decay and die. I do believe in celebrating the joys of the body. But I also believe the body is all that I have. Therefore, the joys I celebrate have a terminus to them, so sex has a significance that is more than just play.

**MARTY:** Well, I don't think that every time I eat a lobster I have to moralize about the vitamins and minerals to be drawn from it. If someone taps me on the shoulder and wants to theologize upon the experience, I will politely invite him to do so with somebody else. Pleasure is a legitimate element in humanity. But what is a person *for* in the world? Is he just for eating lobster or having sex? If he is, then he is in trouble before we ever get near the question of legitimacy in something pleasurable. But if he has a warm, responsible, healthy relationship to others and to the world, then pleasure will fit in as a part of his sustenance.

**MOORE:** I hope that within Protestantism we can get over the attitude that sex has to be some sort of superspiritual experience. I am afraid that so many Christians have so mystified sex that they can't enjoy it. I'm sure many people aren't willing to become real physical beings because they're trying to make sex into some sort of spiritualized prayer experience. This is probably because they feel so guilty about sexual intercourse and physical pleasure that the only way they can do it is to turn it into an other-than-body experience. I wish we could get away from this. I wish we could accept the idea that man is made to enjoy the pleasures of life, that sex is one of these pleasures and that to be truly sexual is to be earthy and physical and to let the body be one of the channels out of which we can express our deeper existence. Sex, for me, is one of

the ways husbands and wives can *celebrate* the joys of life together.

**MOODY:** There is an undeniable animality about man, and we shouldn't try to pretend it isn't so. If that animality, that physical, biological urge and its consummation, is a part of the pleasure of life, then it should not be denied.

**ROGERS:** I agree that there is a very real sense in which sex should be play. Play is highly contemplative. By this I mean that it is not out to win or to achieve something outside of the scope of its immediate concern. Love is contemplative and it is fitting that it expresses itself in play. But I suspect that is not exactly the sense in which the question is being asked. If by sex-as-play you mean a sort of deliberate rejection of the complex structure of sexual expression, if you mean pleasure utterly detached from responsibility, then such play may well appear self-defeating. The very concentration upon sexual pleasure as an end in itself tends to put it beyond the capacity of the average man's habitual achievement.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**ROGERS:** Because if he makes personal pleasure the ultimate achievement, the sole standard for judging his sexual accomplishment, failure to achieve this standard may produce greater guilt than the old puritanism. And here let me say that if one thinks of sexual puritanism as the separation of the biological from the emotional, then one must speak of two opposing sorts of puritanism: One sort would have sex only for the purpose of duty, and fails for this reason to see sex as good in itself. The other sort of puritanism would limit the sexual to the merely pleasurable—excluding its emotional involvement and its social responsibility. Both forms of puritanism oversimplify the complex phenomenon of sexuality and rob it of its specific and true inner meaning. Furthermore—and this is very important—the danger in mere pursuit of pleasure is that it often results in one person's *using* another person. A person is always a person and can never be exploited as if he or she were a thing—an object. A person—for the Christian—must always be an end, never a means.

**PLAYBOY:** That is a view with which virtually everyone, from the most conservative to the most liberal, including Hefner, agrees in principle. What Hefner objects to is the idea that all sexual relations unblest by deep spiritual love and irrevocable vows are by definition exploitative and inhuman. Some churchmen have felt that noncoital sex—inside or outside marriage—is immoral because it is not only "unnatural" but is exploitative, because it is sex purely for pleasure rather than procreation. How do you gentlemen feel about the morality of noncoital sex; that is, sexual activity that



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leads to orgasm without intercourse?

**ADAMS:** I would assume that such behavior could contribute to the maintenance of, and even the deepening of, love between two people.

**COX:** Any action that expresses affection between consenting adults in private is something that lies outside the range of my moral condemnation.

**RUBENSTEIN:** The trouble with noncoital sex is that when practiced exclusively to the neglect of coital sex, it represents an immature relationship. In noncoital sex, one often expresses some neurotic fear of the full genital relationship. I believe in a kind of incarnational theory of sex. The mind and the body must be at one with each other and they must will their total function, which means genital sex. On the other hand, I don't see anything immoral about noncoital sex. I simply feel that when practiced exclusively, it is immature and incomplete. It represents a kind of fixation at an infantile level of sexual development.

**MARTY:** I see no problem at all. I look at this in the category of play. Holding hands is not coital sex, yet I could picture the right man with the right woman getting a bigger—and healthier—charge out of that than the wrong man with the wrong woman could get out of "normal" intercourse. All these things, including all forms of fondling each other's bodies, if mutually agreeable, would belong to play. And if such activity reinforces a good relationship, I have difficulty seeing why the state should have laws about it. In fact, such laws seem absurd. So, as a pastor, if it is mutually supportive, I would have difficulty seeing anything even to discuss.

**ROGERS:** Well, it seems to me that there should always be a reference, wherever possible, to procreation. I don't think procreation is central, but I think completely noncoital sex is too much of a deviation from it. I'm not now speaking of foreplay. I'm talking about deliberately producing an orgasm without intercourse. I think this is immoral for the Catholic.

**PIKE:** Well, I see no moral difference between petting to climax and actual intercourse. I don't see any significant distinction between intercourse and noncoital stimulation to orgasm. If one is going to be this involved—leaving out whether or not one *should* be this involved—it might as well be as fulfilling as possible to both people. There is no point to "technical virginity."

**MOODY:** We have this great hang-up on genital intercourse, and we call a girl a virgin if she hasn't reached that stage. It is possible for noncoital intercourse to be immoral, but it is also possible for it to be morally responsible. Again, it would depend upon the situation and the circumstances that exist between two people.

**RUBENSTEIN:** Well, you know, many couples have resorted to noncoital sex

because of fear of pregnancy. But, needless to say, we now have better forms of contraception.

**PLAYBOY:** Since we're on the subject, what are your views on the morality of birth control?

**RUBENSTEIN:** I understand what the Catholic Church means by its prohibition; the sex act cannot be taken out of context of the fact that this is the way children come into the world. From this point of view, I would say that the desire for a child is unconsciously involved in all good sex. However, given the terrors of overpopulation and the hideous problems that will arise unless this problem is solved, we cannot afford the luxury of unplanned parenthood. For this reason, I'm unequivocally in favor of birth-control measures. I have no moral judgment against childless marriages, because I realize that there can be circumstances in which the birth of a child might introduce a severe problem. Nevertheless, if a healthy young married couple didn't want a child, I would wonder if they were well. But I would certainly not think they were bad or evil.

**MARTY:** I'm almost tempted to ask: Is there any moral problem about birth control? In the Lutheran Church, as in almost all Protestant churches, we reacted negatively at first to the development of modern contraception. The literature on the subject just a generation ago was generally negative; now it's almost universally positive about family planning. Change has come about chiefly because of the rereading of the Bible, which is where Lutherans always have to start to measure their norms for reclarification and revision. Concerning birth control, they can find no clear prohibitive texts; if they could, they would probably go against the whole world, no matter what the cultural situation was. Biblical passages such as the one about Onan are seen as no problem; they were misapplied in the first place. The words "Be fruitful and multiply" are seen more as a blessing than as a command. Natural law isn't a big thing with us. In our reappraisal of the human situation today in a crowded world, we tend to stress doctrines and teachings about stewardship, responsibility, planning, provision, shared love, all of that. A Lutheran counselor would insist that marriage involve children whenever possible. But no stigma is attached to childless couples. In fact, there is strong pastoral support for them.

**COX:** Not only do I feel that birth control isn't wrong, I think it is of questionable morality *not* to use birth control today, when population growth is such a serious problem. Christians have a positive responsibility to restrict the size of their families.

**PIKE:** I believe in family planning, in responsible decision making about having children. A child should be wanted.

In some circumstances, it is a positive effort toward responsibility to use the best birth-control methods available. The church has no infallibility as to what, in a given decade, is the best means under the circumstances to prevent birth and still maintain the sex relationship, which has another, independent primary purpose—that is, a unitive function.

**MOORE:** Frankly, I feel that we still need to do a great deal of research into the whole matter of birth control. For example, sterilization is one of the more perfect ways of preventing conception, but some recent studies indicate that sterilization of the male contributes to a great feeling of inadequacy and impotence. The birth-control pill is limited in that there is presently some question about how long it can be safely used.

**ADAMS:** An elaborate research on these matters is under way at the Center for Population Studies at Harvard. Two members of the Department of Ethics at Harvard Divinity School are associated with this Center and the project. They are finding that the issue of developing efficient and safe birth-control techniques, important though it is, will not by itself bring about the necessary reduction in the birth rates unless the motivation to limit and control births is present. The existence of such motivation is often assumed, but this assumption is not warranted. Certain coeds in our own culture, for example, despite their knowledge of birth-control techniques, play a kind of "Russian roulette," declining to use contraceptives and taking their chances as to whether or not they will become pregnant.

In other cultures, as in our own, one finds special religious objections to birth control. In India, surviving sons are needed for social security and for the burial of the father, a religious observance viewed as absolutely essential. Among Islamic peasant women, controlling or limiting family size is held to be in God's hands, and God might take the children of those who presume to stop having children. Islamic peasant women do visit birth-control clinics, but primarily to seek assistance in spacing the births of their children for the sake of health. Such a temporary health measure is sanctioned by the Koran. Responsible parenthood is today a moral issue even when birth-control techniques as such are viewed as morally acceptable. But for some cultures and subcultures, planning per se is an alien concept.

**MOODY:** Since the whole world population explosion is moving toward S.R.O., I believe in some kind of family planning, in not bringing into the world children who are unwanted. The children that do come, God knows, need lots of love and care and tenderness, which parents sometimes cannot give to a great many children. Prospective parents ought to determine what they have to give





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in supporting and helping kids grow up, and practice birth control accordingly.

**LYNN:** I agree. Properly understood, it is a way of spacing your children, to preserve the sanity of the father and mother and the economic health and well-being of the family. That's great, but when birth control is used by people who kid themselves that they're merely postponing children until some unspecified future date, only to get caught up in the consumer syndrome and finally wake up in their middle years with a sense of wistful emptiness, then this is a very sad and unfortunate misuse of birth control.

**ROGERS:** With respect to the various birth-control techniques, the evidence is that there is considerable hesitation, even in the highest Catholic circles, as to what exactly the force of law is, and even the nature of the law. Under these circumstances, I think I would have to take a very tolerant view. Thus, if for physical reasons a child would be extremely hazardous to the life of the mother, and if the rhythm method is not safe, under those circumstances I feel that the pill, or something like it, should be allowed or tolerated.

**PLAYBOY:** But what if, as Rabbi Rubenstein suggested, a couple simply doesn't want children?

**ROGERS:** This is what I call the contraceptive mentality, and it should be condemned. It is an attempt to completely dissociate sex from procreation. It is the mentality that refuses to see parenthood as the natural result and complement of a sexual relationship. Notice I speak of a sexual relationship—not each and every sexual activity. Certainly rhythm is morally acceptable, and there is considerable probability that the pill will be acceptable. The actual decision should be left up to the individual couple, after appropriate consultation with doctor, psychiatrist and spiritual advisor.

**ADAMS:** But I question the necessity for the risk, the uncertainty, the worry involved in the rhythm method. With respect to the theological defense of the rhythm method, I agree with the Roman Catholic mother in England who gained wide approbation a few years ago when she said, "You may be fooling yourself by using rhythm. But certainly you are not fooling God. He knows what you're up to." In short, contraception is inevitably "artificial," but like a pulley or a wheel or any other product of intelligence, it is an instrument of human freedom. This means that it can be abused. On the other hand, it can contribute to responsible parenthood.

**MOORE:** The rhythm method—for my money, at least—is the most imperfect method. I'm perfectly happy for Catholics to use it, but I hope they will soon change their minds and be willing to accept mechanical means of birth control. You see, for me at least, sex is a natural expression of a healthy marital relation-

ship between man and woman, and this expression, this means of communication, this act is essential to that relationship and should not be tied to conception. If I had to rate this, I would say that sex is first for the purpose of communication and second for the purpose of creating new life. The very fact that I set up this hierarchy of values means that birth control is very essential to my understanding of sex. Also, I believe that every man should have the power to determine the outcome of his acts, and thus should have the power, as far as is possible, to determine the outcome of every sexual expression.

**PIKE:** I agree completely. As to methods, I would make distinctions between artificial contraception, sterilization and rhythm only in terms of the effectiveness and the appropriateness in the given context. Obviously, for a young person to be sterilized—there would be no later opportunity to have a family and raise children—I would, generally speaking, say that this is wrong. Now, if we know that because of blood factors or other physical reasons, a particular person should *never* have a child, then, yes, sterilization might be the answer. However, my moral objection to rhythm—sometimes called "Vatican roulette"—is that in most cases it isn't as dependable as other available methods and therefore is a violation of responsibility.

**RUBENSTEIN:** As far as I'm concerned, any birth-control measure is all right if it's effective, aesthetically appropriate and doesn't interfere with the full enjoyment of the sexual act.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you feel about a couple who practiced birth control from the very beginning of their marriage because they didn't *ever* want to have any children?

**ADAMS:** The human being should be a free creature; and a married couple should be free to choose not to have children. They thus choose, however, to forgo a fulfillment that belongs to the human being. It's conceivable that a couple might agree that they aren't sufficiently mature emotionally to undertake the responsibility of rearing children; or the deliberate childlessness of a married couple might conceivably be related to a "higher" vocation. In making the decision not to have children, of course, a couple runs the risk of bitterly lamenting the fact later on, as Bob Lynn suggested a few moments ago. But this possibility holds true for all roads, taken or not taken.

**COX:** I think they can make that free choice if they want to. But I wouldn't advise it. I think children are something that round out and strengthen a marriage, make it a more meaningful thing. However, maybe they want to adopt children rather than procreate them. There are so many children without families in our world and so many

people who want children and who do not have them that I could envision a family, for example, using birth control all of the time and not having any of their own children, but adopting children as a way of having them.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about abortion as a method of birth control, gentlemen? Do you think it would be justified to save the physical or mental health of the mother or if there were a danger of a malformed infant, or if the prospective parents happened not to want a baby for personal and emotional reasons?

**ADAMS:** It is gratifying that therapeutic abortion—for the saving of the life of a pregnant woman—is permitted in most states. Often therapeutic abortion favors not only the health of the mother but also the good of the husband and the children in the family. I cannot for one moment accept the spurious "religious" notion that the Christian should adopt a special kind of vocation for the care of a malformed infant when the malformation was recognized even before the birth. Certainly, we need a liberalization of the law with regard to abortion. Five progressive states allow therapeutic abortion for the prevention of serious injury, emotional as well as physical. But I am amazed at the slowness with which the public faces the situation. It is said that 2500 illegal abortions are performed daily in America. As many as 5000 women a year die because of improper abortion and improper care. Apparently this number is a conservative estimate. And contrary to popular belief, most abortions are *not* for unwed mothers. Nine out of ten are procured by married women over 30 who have three or four children. Well-organized abortion rings operate in the large cities, making enormous profits because of the backwardness of our legislation. This situation deserves a high place on the agenda of public issues. Both the Planned Parenthood Conference and the American Law Institute have called for model abortion codes to stimulate responsible discussion. Some experts argue for "abortion on demand" and for more extensive, informed use of contraceptives. But I doubt that abortion will or should be exempt from *all* laws of regulation. On the other hand, I can see no ethical or religious justification for the attempt of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to prevent the liberalization of laws surrounding abortion. This liberalization aims to relax some of the restrictions, and it does not coerce anyone to practice abortion. Those who do not wish to avail themselves of the relief provided by proposed legislation are free to maintain their own standards. It would seem to me appropriate for the Roman Catholic Church to attempt to persuade their own constituency to adhere to Church rules, but it is not appropriate for the



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Church to impose these standards by law upon other citizens. Almost everyone on this panel has expressed himself in favor of freedom and against coercion in religion. I have expressed the same sentiment, and now I say I reject the Catholic Church's attempt to coerce the rest of us by maintaining the old laws.

**ROGERS:** Moral principles are one thing; civil law is quite another. Law is not simply concerned with enforcing morality. When we think in terms of law, there are other considerations besides the morality of abortion that must be reckoned with. Whether we should have definite laws against all forms of abortion is a matter that calls for further study and considerable discussion between all those who have an interest in the matter. There may be reason to believe that abortion laws should be liberalized to prevent greater evils. From the moral standpoint, however, I could not support such legislation, because abortion seems to me to be *direct* killing of human life, and for this reason it is immoral. I am very reluctant to admit compromise in this area of direct taking of human life, because the implications are too vast and terrifying—including the destruction of the human race by nuclear armament. The emphasis must be upon the *value* of human life—*any* human life—that of the baby, that of the Viet Cong, that of the criminal. I am prepared to admit the possibility of exceptions to this general principle of the sanctity of life—but I would mitigate this general principle only under powerful persuasion. Obviously, however, I am not speaking of a situation in which there is some pathologic condition of the womb where an operation is necessary that would involve the death of the child. This is not a case of direct killing. There is a difference in attitude between a direct and an indirect killing. And attitudes are all-important.

**MOODY:** Well, Father Rogers, I can appreciate the argument your Church uses to develop a theological position on the question of control of birth, and I would not for a moment denigrate it. Given your theological and biological presuppositions about when life begins, then your conclusions are absolutely correct. I do not happen to share those presumptions, however. In fact, I don't know where I draw the time line on abortion, but I feel that even up to the birth of the child, especially in cases where the mother's health or life is in danger, abortion may be both moral and sensible. Like you, I don't share theological presuppositions that deny the life of the mother for the sake of the unborn child.

**PIKE:** Again, there are no absolutes. As far as the sanctity of human life is concerned, we are killing people right now in Vietnam. We kill people as an act of self-defense either as a nation or as an individual. My objection to capital punishment, for example, is not that the

people are killed but that, as sound statistics show, capital punishment doesn't deter crime. If capital punishment were shown to deter crime noticeably, then I think that would outweigh the other factors. My approach is the same in regard to abortion. If all the factors are weighed, and the lesser of the two evils is abortion, then it should be carried out. Certainly our laws should be liberalized to permit abortion in cases such as rape and incest and the verified danger of the birth of a child who will be permanently incapable of living life adequately, physically or mentally. The law should also take into account seriously debilitating mental and physical effects on the mother. The fact is that we have no verification, medically or theologically, that the fetus in the very early months is a human being. In fact, Thomas Aquinas and others in the Roman Catholic Church said that until there is a quickening—for him, after 40 days for males and 80 days for females—there is no life. To those for whom Aquinas is the normative theologian, abortion, therefore, is not really killing a *person*. So for them, talk about murdering the child, as some put it, doesn't really count until a later period—after safe abortion is no longer possible—when life really seems to begin. These are technical questions, but even if abortion is the taking of the life of the child, this is a question of weighing that consideration against the other factors. But we have not yet achieved reform allowing for the grounds outlined. So I haven't even forced myself to think of the question of whether abortion would be a legitimate method of regular birth control. We are so far from getting our laws amended to take into account these urgent and obvious reasons for abortion that I simply have to "pass" on this broader question.

**MOORE:** Well, I approve of abortion. If two people are not willing and ready emotionally, psychologically or economically to enter into parenthood, they should have the right to terminate a pregnancy. I don't think we're dealing with real life, anyway, until the child is born and his personality begins to take shape; so the old argument against abortion, I think, is completely out of date.

**RUBENSTEIN:** I can't accept abortion as easily as you do, Dr. Moore. Normally I am utterly opposed to it. Our Jewish tradition has a horror of it. At the same time, there may be medical reasons why a woman cannot give birth. But there would have to be pretty good evidence that the child would be born malformed before I could approve abortion on those grounds. In the case of the Thalidomide drug that resulted in so many malformed births, for example, my feeling is that those births *should* have been aborted. But just not wanting a baby—which you give as an acceptable cause—would for me be the worst possible reason for an abortion, and one that I

would find the greatest difficulty in accepting.

**COX:** I'm a little old-fashioned about abortion, too. I think it's too often used in our society to avoid social stigma among the married. You know, the middle-class girl who gets pregnant and instead of having the baby and putting it out for adoption, or raising it, has a quiet abortion somewhere because she doesn't want to bring any social disrepute on her family. The lower-class girl in our society who gets pregnant, especially the Negro girl, tends to go ahead and have the baby. And then we publicize the statistics about the high illegitimacy rate among Negroes, when there have been no records of how many suburban white girls have had abortions. I am in favor of legalizing abortion, mainly because so many people, black and white, are killed and maimed by illegal ones. Still, though I would defend a woman's right to have an abortion, I am personally strongly against her doing so. I approve in those cases where abortion safeguards the physical health of the mother; I think it would be perfectly acceptable—but not when it's just a matter of getting rid of the child. I would rather see a wider acceptance of birth control, which is vastly preferable to abortion. For one thing, when a woman becomes pregnant, a kind of psychosomatic process begins in her body, and if it's interrupted, it can inflict a kind of damage that we don't yet know much about. There's a close connection between the mental and physical state of people in various aspects of sexuality, and I think we have to be careful not to intrude until we know a little more about what we're doing.

**MARTY:** If I were a pastor in a Thalidomide case, and the prospective parents came to see me in a crucial stage of early pregnancy and said it was quite likely that they were going to give birth to an abnormal baby, I would no doubt be middleman for them, working with a medical doctor where it is legal—or smuggling them to where it is permissible, or working for liberalization of laws where it isn't—to take care of the matter. I would assess human values and probably vote more for an actual mother than for a potential monster.

**MOODY:** I think our present abortion laws are the most barbaric on the books in this country. Once again, it's a matter of the American people, particularly religious people—and I'm not now talking about Catholics, but about Protestants, whom I know best in terms of how they treat this whole question and the kind of hypocrisy that is involved in it—not being willing to open their eyes to what exists. We don't realize how many people in this country are getting abortions every year, how many of our daughters and

(continued on page 148)





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*fiction* By FRANK ROBINSON

## THE WRECK OF THE SHIP JOHN B.

*nothing was wrong with the craft except that it might never reach its destination, so he had to begin taking chances—and he had to act fast*

I SPOTTED THE CORPSE the 1356th time period out. It was floating alone in the indifferent blackness of space ten billion miles from nowhere, the small jets attached to its space suit empty of fuel and the oxygen tank a depleted, echoing canister of aluminum. There was nothing else within immediate range, which meant that the body had drifted in the silent dark for thousands of time periods, the air in its suit gradually seeping out through a hundred microscopic pinholes and the cold seeping in, turning the man inside into a frozen, desiccated mummy.

It was sheer accident that I had picked it up at all. I had given up running the radar on automatic sweep hundreds of time periods before; but this particular period, for reasons I couldn't put a finger on, I had gotten tired of staring through my compartment ports, dreaming of home or trying to figure out what seemed so strange about the ship lately, and decided to run the gear through a routine check. It picked up the suit on the fourth sweep, right after I had fired it up. The sweep line in the viewing globe staggered to a halt, hunted for a moment, then narrowed to a bright thread of scarlet. The panic button flashed red and a split second later the "All Stations" alarm echoed throughout the Cassiopeia like the brassy trumpet call of doom—which, I suppose, it really was.

I must have stared at the globe for a full minute, idly scratching my tattooed captain's bars and wondering what the hell it could be, before I began working the magnifier to bring the hologram closer. When I could make out what it was, the sweat popped out between my shoulder blades and a chill grew in my stomach. I waited until the control console indicated all stations were manned—some 2.3 minutes behind optimum schedule, though I had really ceased to worry about optimum schedules long ago—then hollered into the squawk box for Coleman, our metalsmith, to suit up and drift out and get it.

Once the body was inside the air lock, other crew members acted as honorary pallbearers and bore it quietly into the communications compartment and laid it gently on the deck, using light magnetic clamps to secure it to the metal flooring. It was quite an occasion and I guess we were all aware of it, or so I thought at the time—the first martyr to be recovered from space. A few minutes later, the rest of the crew had kicked silently into the compartment to cling to the brake rings and cold light tubes until the tiny cabin looked like a human aviary with ten nude and featherless birds clustered in it.

It must have been at least 500 time periods since we had all been in one compartment together and probably only slightly less than that since I had spoken to another member of the crew. During the long voyage, the humanity in you slowly evaporates, like a puddle of water in a hot sun, and you grow apart. It was probably different on military ships, but the Cassiopeia was a freighter and I was an elected captain and we weren't really a crew, we were future colonists—which meant young, brainy and noncooperative. The ship was completely automatic, of course, which made us strictly a



group of passengers, like those in a crowded transit shuttle back on Earth. We had make-work, but eventually we grew bored and sick and tired of one another and then silent and hostile. The Colonization Board had expected that and made sure we had shadow screens and no weapons of any kind. For our part, we wore Privacy like an invisible suit of armor, and the day inevitably came when we didn't speak to one another at all.

Nobody said a word now, all stared expressionless at the thing on the deck. They were waiting for the captain to speak—and I didn't know what to say. I didn't look like a captain—I was short and skinny and cursed with a baby face and pale hair the color of ashes—and right then I didn't feel like a captain, either. I coughed, the noise sounding gross and vulgar in the humid cabin, and wondered how to begin, then realized I couldn't see the death mask behind the cracked faceplate of the space suit. The warm moisture in the cabin had condensed into an army of fine white crystals intent on burying the thing where it lay.

I kicked over to the suit, grabbed a floor ring to brake myself and hunkered down by the frosted metal. I



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES BARKLEY

brushed away the crystals from the plate, wiped my hands on my naked thighs and rocked back and forth on my heels, momentarily absorbed by the fragile face behind the plate. Then it was time to say something and I was suddenly acutely conscious of the soft whine of the central computer, the murmur of the ventilation machinery that never quite removed all the moisture and human stink from the air, and the shallow breathing of the naked crew in the cramped cabin. I could feel the temperature start to creep up even as I knelt there, and then the smell got to me and I almost gagged. We had no ship's laundry, no separate living quarters and no showers—cargo was too valuable, so space and weight were at a premium—which meant that living on board the *Cassiopeia* was like living in a crowded locker room just after the winning game, when you can taste the sweat in the steamy air.

I frowned, glanced up at Potter, the pimply-faced kid who was our life-systems man, and clicked my thumbnail against the faceplate with a great show of deliberation. "Not . . . pretty," I croaked. My voice sounded oddly loud and choked with rust.

Potter licked his lips, picked nervously at his scraggly beard, looked like he was going to say something, then merely nodded. Hulsman, our man in micro-circuitry, the boyish blond type that fat old ladies love to mother, opened his mouth, noticed that nobody else was about to speak, closed it again and in-

stead made fluttering motions with his hands. Reynolds, a pudgy medical tech, expert at splinters, boils, blisters, hives and shipboard circumcisions, fingered his nose and looked wise. Ball, the astronomer, tall, thin and professionally British, the man I had always thought should have been captain, was suddenly preoccupied with his loincloth. Skinny little Jimenez, our physicist, whom we had earlier dubbed Keeper of the Pile, hid behind his thick glasses and bushy red beard and tried to appear inscrutable, while Adams, Kentworthy and Herschel merely stared at the thing on the deck with varying degrees of distaste and—to my surprise—disinterest.

I made the mental note *crew all present and accounted for* and swore that this time period I would actually enter it in the log, then turned my attention back to the suit. The shrunken face and the dried eyeballs and the marble mouth. I shivered. If the suit's radio had been working, you could probably have heard him scream for hours. Then something caught my eye and I leaned closer, my own breath fogging the faceplate. The radio switch was off. *But that isn't done*, I thought. *Nobody leaves a ship with his radio off.*



I nodded to Coleman, now out of his suit, and asked: "Know age?"

He hooked a foot under a brake ring and squatted down, his badge of office, the screwdriver, tucked into his greasy loincloth, ringing slightly against the deck. He was a tiny, bandy-legged man with curly black body hair and heavy eyebrows and a broad nose that made his face look faintly anthropoidal. He wiped at the suit and grunted, "Old model, maybe two-three hundred years. Dark Ages stuff."

Which didn't tell me much, so I said, "Let's open him up."

We fumbled with the frozen fastenings, then dumped the body out of the suit like dice out of a cup; frost immediately silvered it with a thin rime. Potter and I inspected the body carefully while Coleman went over the suit. The corpse felt light and dry—papier-mâché. "Nothing," I finally muttered, baffled more by thoughts of what I ought to be looking for than by what I had found. "No wounds, he didn't bleed." I studied the faint expression, a human watermark barely discernible on the dried and frozen flesh. "Doesn't look unhappy, looks more . . . annoyed? Alive when he put the suit on, alive when he left the ship alone."

*Alone?*

I dove back to the viewing globe just as the alarm bell thundered throughout the ship once again.

. . .

I wrapped my legs around the control console, signaled the crew to remain in the cabin and let my fingers dance over the banked control boards. The ranges dwindled and the stars in the viewing globe exploded outward, touched the globe's surface and vanished in brief sparkles of light. A moment later, the globe held another hologram of a suit cartwheeling through space.

Same model, I thought. Another man from the same ship, another drifter dancing his solitary waltz. I ran my hands swiftly over the console again and the ranges grew, the stars shrinking in toward the center. The sweep line sprouted a dozen thin, red branches and a thick trunk—a dozen drifting men and the ship they came from.

"Want me to get them all?" Coleman asked, looking apprehensive. "There's time . . . fuel mass." He pointed to the corpse on the deck. "One isn't enough?"

I shook my head. "I want their ship," I said quietly.

I heard movement among the crew members behind me and Jimenez drifted around the console and grabbed a brake ring. He had that thin Latin skin and I could see the little veins pulsing at his temples. "Why?" It came out as a

furious, muffled croak. "No business of ours—can't do anything anyway. Ship's dead, crew's dead, can't bring them back to life. Not our business!" He was a scrawny little man and, with his dirty glasses and the cords standing out in his neck, he looked 30 years older than he really was; I had to remind myself that he and I both had an Earth year to go before we reached our majority.

I glanced at the others. They were looking at the viewing globe as if it held something that smelled bad. I was pushing it, I thought. But then, the derelict had been—what? Gutted by a meteorite, boarded by—something?

I shook my head and made slight corrections for the viewing globe. "Whatever happened to them could happen to us," I said logically. "Maybe we can find out what it was."

Jimenez hunched over the globe, the exploding stars disappearing into the reddish thatch that covered his thin chest. I was physically closer to him right then than I had been to anybody in hundreds of time periods, and the proximity made me nervous. His voice was carefully slow, the voice you use with an adolescent when you're





underlining a warning. "It's not our business, Martin! And if there's danger, we have no weapons to protect ourselves or our ship. And since *that* crew is dead and floating Outside, there's obviously danger—and nothing we can use against it!"

"What's *it*?" I asked casually.

He got red in the face, glared at me for a moment longer, then shrugged his pipe-rack shoulders and said, "Have it your way." He let go of the brake ring and drifted a few feet over to the side of the cabin with the others. I concentrated on watching the suits float past in the silence of space, the close-ups spinning through the globe. One, two, three . . . A dozen men, lifeless and frozen, drifting in the spotted silence, forming a funnel-shaped path back to the ship for which they had once crewed. Then the suits were gone and there was only a glittering beach of stars with a small red smear in the center that grew steadily larger. When it came within the smallest hologram range, I spun the controls and it leaped to full view. I motioned to Coleman, who slanted over to the console and inspected the image in the globe as if it were a tissue slice under a microscope.

"Freighter class, Model A-18, two hundred years old—closer to two-thirty. Tell by the flare to the tubes."

"You're too sure," I said.

"Made models when I was a kid," he grunted. "Won a lot of prizes."

I stared at the ship in the globe. It was old, all right—the ancient dumbbell shape, with small circular ports and awkward radar antennae projecting out beyond the hull. And then I saw it—an exit hatch gaping open as if some celestial dentist had asked it to say "Ah." I got the same feeling I used to get on Earth looking at the people on the moving sidewalks from 200 stories up: a lurching sensation in my stomach and a loose feeling around my anus.

We drifted into a tight orbit around the derelict and waited. I started to sweat—a thin film of slime that oozed out all over my body—and I knew that I stank; algae-based meals have something in them that's worse than garlic. We kept inspecting the freighter in the viewing globe, hoping to get some clue, but there was nothing to be seen from a distance—only the ship itself silhouetted against the stars, one hatch open to space. There was no sign of any physical activity and no sudden burst of chatter from our radio receiver, which was running up and down the frequency spectrum like a squirrel on a tree, hoping to lock onto a signal. There was no sign of life on the infrared detectors and only residual pile activity showed on the Geigers.

"You going to board her?" Coleman asked hesitantly. I could sense the attention of the crew suddenly switch from the viewing globe to me.

"How many long-voyage ships fail

to reach their destination?" I mused. "Thirty percent? Forty?"

Reluctantly. "About that."

"Anybody know why?" I asked quietly. "No. Anybody ever found a freighter that didn't make it? No again—in the deeps of space, there isn't even any sense looking. But somebody just found one. We did. And somebody can now hold an autopsy. Us."

Coleman's face was all lines and angles, his brows two greasy black thumbprints over his small brown eyes. "Look—we're freighter class, *long-voyage* freighter class. The only weapons on board are knives less than three inches in length."

"You think aliens are a possibility?" None had ever been found.

"Not likely."

"Then what's bothering you?"

"I—don't know." His usual growl faded to a mumble and he wouldn't meet my eyes; I was forcing him into a corner and I knew he hated me for it. "I don't think we ought to bother. It doesn't really concern us."

I stared at him for a moment and his face grew red. Then I glanced back at the viewing globe, at the lonely ship framed against the glitter of the galaxy, and made up my mind. I turned to the crew and said curtly, "Any volunteers for a boarding party?"

Nobody looked at me and nobody raised a hand. I let the silence grow and finally Jimenez said in his hoarse croak, "This isn't a military cruiser and you're not a real captain, Martin. You're elected—and we can elect another if we want."

I shrugged to myself. I had half expected it and it really didn't matter. If they wanted a new captain, that was jake with me. And then I thought about it a moment longer, about maybe Jimenez running the ship, and decided—much to my surprise—that it wasn't jake at all. Not really.

"Fine," I lied. "I didn't ask for the job. Anybody who wants the responsibility and the work that goes with it"—there wasn't much, but you'd have to be captain to know that—"can have it. Anybody want to nominate himself? Hulsman?" He looked alarmed and shook his head. "Ball?" He declined, too, which surprised me—I figured if anybody would have grabbed it, Ball would have. "Jimenez?" He hesitated. "Come on, Jimenez," I said, "the involvement will be good for you."

It worked, of course. He shook his head and rasped, "No thanks."

"Anybody else?" There were no takers. "Thank you all for the honor, gentlemen. Jimenez, Coleman, suit up." I turned to the others. "Ball is acting captain. If we fail to return within three time periods, resume voyage. Do not try rescue."

I unwrapped my legs from the con-

sole, motioned Ball over to it, then floated to the space-suit locker. We suited up in silence and all the while I felt vaguely unhappy. Nobody had wanted to get involved with my excursion over to the derelict, but nobody had really put up a fight against it, either; and for some reason, that bothered me.

. . .

It was while drifting across to the derelict that I had my first really bad time of it. In space, you tend to react one of two ways. For some, the environment has no meaning—Outside is a room of black velvet with small lights for stars embedded in the black, and you, your shipmates and your ship comprise the immediate horizons. The psychological *Gestalt* is not one of vastness but one of an odd miniaturization. For others, particularly if they lose their referent points, reality floods their sensory apparatus and they panic. It was something that hadn't been foreseen by the early astronauts, who could position themselves in space by the huge bulk of the Earth nearby and their own space capsules. In deep space, a man can't conceive of the vastnesses, the immense stretches in any direction, the feeling of no horizon, no end to the uncharted silent reaches.

It hit me when I was halfway across. I had twisted slightly to get at my laser flashlight and for a split second I lost sight of the Cassiopeia, the derelict, and Coleman and Jimenez. I could suddenly *feel* the immensities, the intense quiet, the frozen loneliness, the indifference. It was like being cast adrift on a huge ocean at night, an ocean in which there was no spark of life in the black waters below and no familiar beating of wings in the dark skies above and the nearest land was so far away you could not even imagine the distance.

My muscles spasmed and my suddenly clenched hand automatically turned on the laser flash. My eyes followed the beam outward until it was lost in space—a beam of light that penciled out and vanished in the immensities, but which in my mind's eye kept running on and on and on. And then the sense of my own insignificance crushed me and there was only blackness and I closed my eyes and knew I was falling but there was no floor that I would ever hit.

It sounded at first like a baby crying and then I realized it was myself. I jerked my eyes open wide, started to cartwheel, then caught a glimpse of Coleman and Jimenez on my left, silently watching. Their size immediately told me their distance from myself and suddenly the whole scene collapsed and inverted itself, like a curious optical illusion. The vastness was actually a room with dimension, the Cassiopeia and the derelict marking the positions of the

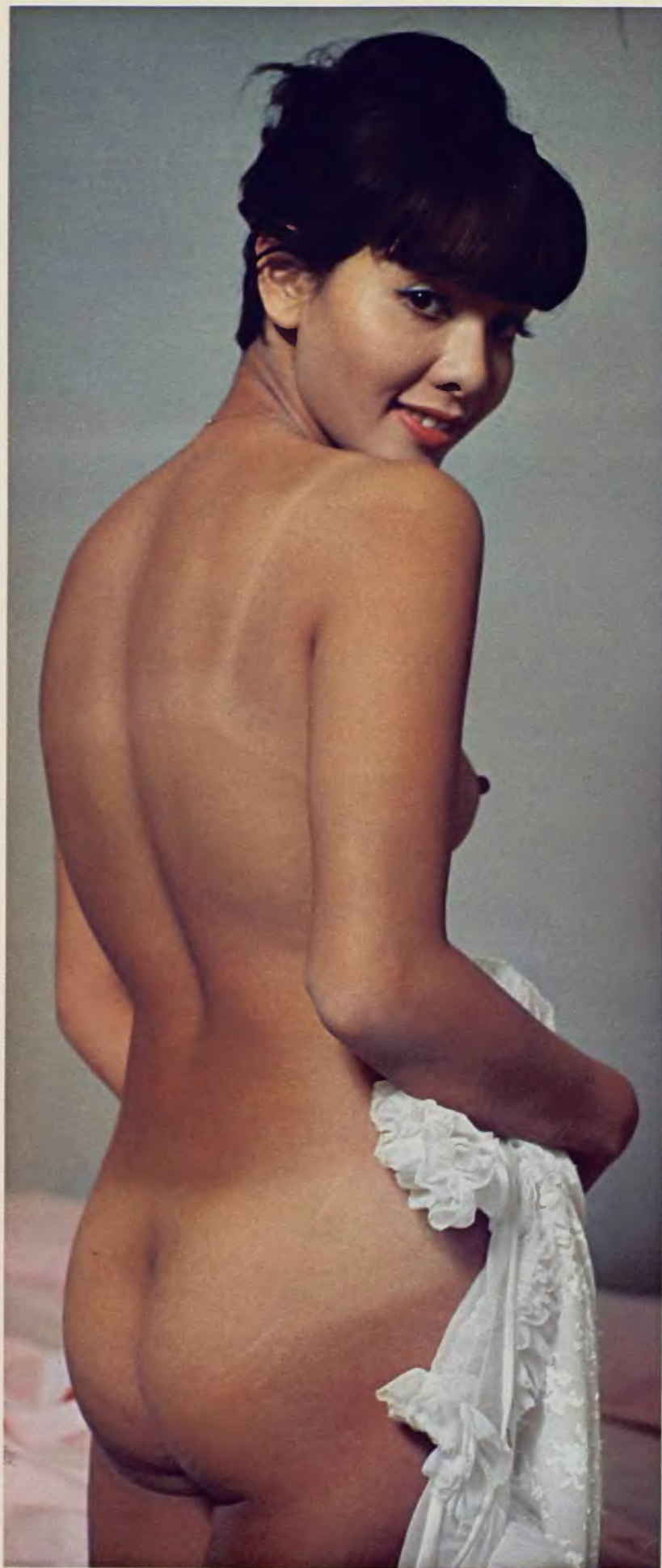
(continued on page 92)



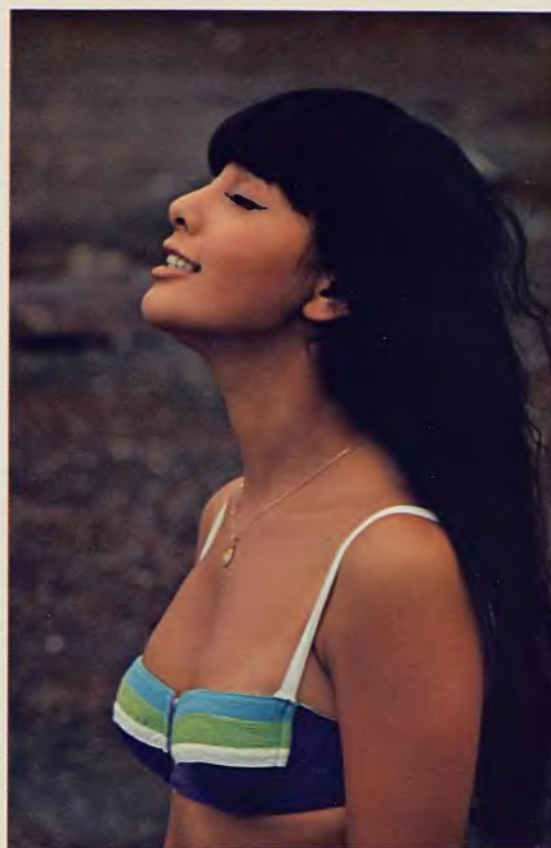


*"Marvin, stop teasing your sister!"*





PHOTOGRAPHY BY MAYNARD FRANK WOLFE



**MIE HAMA**, as an Ama-island pearl-diving girl named Kissy Suzuki, wins international exposure—and the brawny hand of James Bond himself—in the film version of *You Only Live Twice*. Not that Bond is going soft: The movie's rewrite of 007 history calls for Sean Connery to marry Kissy—in a traditional Shinto ceremony (below)—out of affection not for her but for Her Majesty's Secret Service. In 67 domestic films since signing with Tokyo's Toho Studios, Mie has earned the sobriquet "the Brigitte Bardot of Japan" and a reputation as the most photographed girl in the Orient.





# 007'S ORIENTAL EYEFULS

pictorial essay **BY ROALD DAHL** in his latest cinematic sortie, "you only live twice," the irrepressible, indestructible and irresistible james bond cements east-west ties in the way he knows best

"A MAN CALLED BROCCOLI wants you on the telephone," Pat said.

I had never in my life heard of anyone with a name like that. "It's Archie Lockley," I said. "Lockley. Try to say it properly." She still had occasional trouble with names.

"This one is Broccoli," she said. "Head of the Mafia. You'd better watch out."

I took the phone. A quiet voice said, "Would you be interested in writing the next James Bond film?"

"Well . . ."

"Could you come and see us today? We're in a bit of a hurry."

The famous co-producers (I confess I'd never heard of them) of the most famous and successful series of films in the history of motion pictures, Cubby Broccoli and Harry Saltzman, were sitting in an enormous room where the telephones never stopped ringing. Neither of them looked undernourished.

"You can come up with anything you like so far as the story goes," they told me, "but there are two things you mustn't mess about with. The first is the character of Bond. That's fixed. The second is the girl formula. That is also fixed."

"What's the girl formula?" I asked.

"There's nothing to it. You use three different girls and Bond has them all."

"Separately or en masse?"

One of them took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "How many Bond films have you seen?" he asked.

"Just one. The one with the crazy motorcar."

"You'd better see the others right away. We'll send them out to your house with a projector and someone to work it."

This was the first small hint I was to get of the swift, efficient, expansive way in which the Bond producers operated. Nobody else does things quite like them.

"So you put in three girls. No more and no less. Girl number one is pro-Bond. She stays around roughly through

the first reel of the picture. Then she is bumped off by the enemy, preferably in Bond's arms."

"In bed or not in bed?" I asked.

"Wherever you like, so long as it's in good taste. Girl number two is anti-Bond. She works for the enemy and stays around throughout the middle third of the picture. She must capture Bond, and Bond must save himself by bowling her over with sheer sexual magnetism. This girl should also be bumped off, preferably in an original fashion."

"There aren't many of those left," I said.

"We'll find one," they answered. "Girl number three is violently pro-Bond. She occupies the final third of the picture, and she must on no account be killed. Nor must she permit Bond to take any lecherous liberties with her until the very end of the story. We keep that for the fade-out."

All this may sound a bit childish, but the fact remains that the Broccoli/Saltzman formula was a very sound one. The three girls, properly spaced out through the story, gave a nice sexy balance to this curious charade, a sort of beginning, middle and end, with a welcome change of girl in each section.

Girl number one (in the first third) was played by Akiko Wakabayashi. Everyone liked Akiko. She was gay and gentle and virtuous; and we were all sorry when she had to be murdered and sent home. We had her killed in bed, with Bond alongside her, while they were sleeping it off. The manner of the killing was interesting and complex—a sly, silent Japanese method that involves a long length of cotton thread and a tiny little bottle.

Girl number two, the anti-Bond bitch, was played by Karen Dor, a well-built actress from Germany, and it is with her that Bond demonstrates his incredible sexual magnetism. Her henchmen have captured him, and she has him all to herself, trussed up like a turkey, *(text concluded on page 90)*

Ian Fleming's 11th novel was one of the gilt-edged Bonds linking PLAYBOY with the great modern spymaster. The evocative illustration below, by Daniel Schwartz, opened our three-part prepublication serialization of *You Only Live Twice* in 1964. For the movie version, British writer Roald Dahl not only married off Bond but also subjected Fleming's entire story to a major overhaul, with an added emphasis on molls and mayhem, outlined in his accompanying text. *Twice* is this year's second 007 film (see February's *The Girls of "Casino Royale"*) to be featured in PLAYBOY, where the first publication of three Fleming novels, one short story and two novelettes helped detonate the Bond boom.

**YOU ONLY  
LIVE TWICE**

at this point, it looked like curtains for James Bond; he was skimping on his work, gambling, womanizing, and on the edge of becoming a security risk.

Part I of a new novel  
By IAN FLEMING

[illegible]

To Bond, there was really no point in playing a game...











**HISAKO KATAKURA** (far left and foreground in surf), fashion model and competition swimmer, plunged into films via a part in a Ginza scene with Bond that sets the locale for *You Only Live Twice*. **YUKA MINAMI** (left and wading with Hisako) went to Tokyo from the southern Japanese island of Kyushu to star in a TV series, to study dramatics and to pursue her amateur interest in classical music. She appears in the same street scene with Hisako and Connery. **KIYOMI KOBAYASHI** debuted for *PLAYBOY* readers in our June 1966 feature *Three Summer Vacations*, which showed her rub-a-dub-dubbing with friends in a Japanese communal bath. On this page she displays the other assets that won her a small but conspicuous role in *You Only Live Twice*: As a geisha-courtesan in the picture's credit sequence, she is awakened, bathed and dressed for her duties.








tied hand and foot, with no gun in reach, no weapon—no inanimate weapon, anyway—nothing but his own magnificent body. The girl advances upon him with an instrument known as a dermatome. This works rather like a super safety razor and is employed by plastic surgeons for shaving off very thin layers of skin. By intelligent use of this instrument, the villainess feels fairly confident that she can make Bond talk. But as she gets close to him—and this is what I like so much about old Bond—as she bends over him, the instrument poised for slicing, he gives her a look of such piercing salacity that the poor girl begins to twitch and dribble with desire—and off we go again.

Don't knock this. It's good stuff. It is the Mitty dream of every heterosexual male that he should be able to melt a woman in this manner. In fact, Bond himself, in all his escapades, is the biggest Mitty dream there's ever been. He is also the best, and the reason he's so good, so much better than all the other comic-strip men of action we see around us is that he's thoroughly believable. Make no mistake about it, the things you see him doing on the screen are actually carried out in real life before the cameras. They're not faked.

Girl number three is played by a long-stemmed Japanese peony called Mie Hama. She had a rough time shooting the end sequence in the terrible heat off the volcano coast of southern Japan, and once she passed out cold and had to be rushed home by speedboat and helicopter. But she came back for more, and under the sizzling sun, pouring with sweat, she and Bond went into the final clinch and the director said, "Print it . . ."

When Hama and Wakabayashi first arrived in England and appeared on the set, a great number of experienced rapscallions in the unit licked their lips and began to make lascivious plans. But all were thwarted. The girls were constantly surrounded by such a retinue of protectors and interpreters that nobody, not even the slickest seducer in the place, got a look in. Once, in a Japanese hotel in Kagoshima, I went into Mie Hama's suite at her own request in order to help her with some new lines of dialog. I hadn't been in there 40 seconds when a side door opened and a sort of female Cerberus entered and positioned herself between me and the maiden. I imagine she was armed. 







**YUMI FUJIWARA**, a former N.Y. Copa girl, unveils the figure (left) that earns a double take from Connery when their paths cross at a sumo wrestling arena early in *You Only Live Twice*. **JUNKO MAKIMURA**, taking a *tatomi* break (below), is one of several girls, including Yumi, who relay walkie-talkie reports of Bond's progress through Tokyo to Japanese secret-service headquarters. Though *Twice* is her first major film, Junko is well known to her countrymen: She's a first-rate jazz vocalist. **AKIKO WAKABAYASHI** (above and right) plays Aki, sexy secretary of Tiger Tanaka, head of the Japanese spy corps. While the traditional Japanese beauty is poised and cool, Akiko smolders. Her mouth is fuller, her skin a shade darker and her 35-23-35½ measurements are distributed over a taller frame than most of her compatriots. Despite her departure from the Oriental narm, she has appeared in dozens of Japanese movies and three European films. Akiko comes to an unhappy end in *Twice*—felled by a bad guy while in bed with Bond—but her part in the apus marks an auspicious new beginning.





## THE SHIP JOHN B. (continued from page 84)

walls of black velvet studded with the tiny lights that looked like stars.

I caught my breath, swallowed, pushed the panic from my mind and set my suit rockets so I slowly circled the derelict. At the far end I spotted the name, almost pitted into illegibility: The John B.—I couldn't tell what the last name was. Then the hatch was yawning open below me and Jimenez and Coleman had already disappeared inside. I clung to the lip for a moment before ducking through and stared back at the black depths behind me, at the sandy sifting of stars and the Cassiopeia riding in silhouette half a mile away. The words came automatically: *ghostly galleons*. Nor did the feeling vanish once inside. The shadow screens, shutting out sight and sound, were on, apparently still operated by the residual activity of the pile, cutting the ship into cubicles and compartments and a main corridor. The cold light tubes were also on, bathing the empty corridor in brilliance after—how many time periods? I knew without looking further that the ship was deserted and I could imagine echoing footsteps and pale ghosts.

*Oh pilot, 'tis a fearful night! There's danger on the deep.*

Jimenez and Coleman drifted up to me, looking like oddly articulated fish in their suits. "We won't split up until we can turn off the shadow screens," I said, trying very much to sound like a ship's captain. "Crew's quarters first, then communications, then the pile room." Even to myself, I sounded officious.

Jimenez' voice was an irritating squeak in my headphones. "What are we looking for?"

"Don't you think you'll know when you see it?" I asked. And then it occurred to me that he wasn't being sarcastic after all.

We hit the crew's quarters first—the one long compartment with individual ports, elasto-hammocks, and individual viewing screens hooked up to the central computer, the standard source of information and entertainment, the electronic tit on which we all suckle as soon as we're on board. There were switches for the read-out screens, plus additional switches so you could partition off your section with a shadow screen for Privacy. And that struck me as odd—all the screens were on, which was highly unlikely, though I had noted their increasing use aboard the Cassiopeia.

I ignored my own dictum about staying in sight and pushed through into one of the screened-off compartments. It was empty, of course, but there were telltale signs of human occupancy, like a fading whiff of perfume in the air. The archae-

ologist entering the burial tomb, I thought. And from an ax handle and a shard of pottery, I'll resurrect the man who lived here. But there was damn little in this tomb. A chessboard had been set up—it was forbidden to bring anything personal aboard, but Coleman had smuggled one aboard the Cassiopeia and I had no doubt but what it was a standard bit of contraband—and dates of games played and who had won and who had lost marked with a soft pen on the bulkhead. I knelt down and looked at the dates. At first a game had been played every time period, then it was every other, then every tenth time period, and finally—the 1267th time period out—two members of the crew had played their last game. The pieces were still on the board and by the looks of it, the game had only just begun. Then there had been an interruption and the players had left and the game had never been resumed.

I shoved through to the next screened compartment and just then Coleman located the central switch and all the shadow screens dissolved and we were in one large compartment. At the far end was the pile room and at the near one, the control console and communications. Crew's quarters were in between, spiraling like a gigantic helix around what had been the main corridor. I started to drift over to join Coleman, then suddenly hung back. A thin magnetic food tray was on the deck by one of the elasto-hammocks. I bent and ran a metal finger across the residue on the tray. The meal had been half eaten, the remains now effectively freeze-dried. Somebody had obviously set the tray down, magnetic fork carefully placed back in the indentation provided, and walked away. The tray hadn't been dumped in panic, the food particles in the standard gummy sauce that adhered to the metal tray hadn't been scattered—what looked like artificial rice, steak and peas were still within their shallow compartments.

There was a sound in my headphones and I looked up to see Jimenez waving at me from the power pile. I floated over. The dials and rheostats indicated that the pile was at neutral—a high enough level of activity to supply power for the cold light tubes and the shadow screens and perhaps a few other facilities, but hardly enough to provide any thrust.

Jimenez had the engineer's log open and I glanced down to where his finger was pointing. *Shut pile down, time period 1436. Signed, Dickinson, Physicist.* So it had happened 169 time periods after the last chess game had been started, I thought. If I guessed correctly, that was the time period the ship had been

deserted. From then on, the John B. had drifted.

"Coleman . . ."

He floated over, the beard behind his faceplate making him look like a monkey in a glass cage.

"Granted the pattern in which we found them, do you have any idea within how much time of each other the crew members would had to have left the ship?"

His voice sounded metallic and puzzled. "Not the faintest, not over a drift pattern of two hundred years. The computer could figure it." He paused. "Probably within a few time periods of each other, maybe a few hours."

"Could they have all left together?"

"No, we would have found them all clumped together then. No, I think they left within hours of each other."

I shivered. So one by one they had suited up and walked out, I thought. Walked out to a certain death, indifferent to the ship, indifferent to their mission, indifferent to life itself. And no indication as to why. No struggle, no hurriedly scrawled notes, no indication of force.

We ended our search at the far end of the compartment, by the control console and the central computer. I had a sudden hunch and sat down at the console. There was enough pile activity to energize the computer. I tapped out a request for a Biblical passage as a test. There was a soft whine and clicking and then the passage appeared on the read-out screen, the lines moving slowly up from the bottom to the top.

*Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.*

I hesitated a moment, guessed at a date, ran my fingers over the keys and requested a list of read-outs for the 437th time period. Soft clicking. Biologist Scheer had requested information on chess, mathematician Bailey had requested current light fiction, Captain Shea had wanted a history of the Renaissance. I jumped to the 989th time period. No requests. I tried a few periods later. Still none. There were no further requests for another 31 time periods, then psychologist Hendrix had suddenly wanted to read everything about the problems of cities in the late 20th, early 21st Centuries. There were no requests after that until the 1436th time period, when physicist Dickinson had wanted technical information on the pile. From there on, the request files were completely blank.

I suddenly felt a hammering through the metal soles of my boots and looked up from the read-out screen to see Coleman tearing at a bulkhead safe with a spanner wrench. The safe abruptly gave

(continued on page 208)



# IT'S NOT FAR, BUT I DON'T KNOW THE WAY

*fiction* By HOKE NORRIS

*it was a strange encounter  
in the deserted graveyard,  
and the man waiting there  
asked him a question  
only the dead could answer*



BARRY GELLER

KENNETH STUART arrived at the cemetery on a mellow November afternoon that would soon darken. He left the taxi and walked through an open double gate of black iron suspended upon columns of granite. Beyond the gate he came upon a granite chapel of unsteeped, dollhouse Gothic, as available as any telephone booth to anybody with the price. He looked here and there across the landscape. The cemetery rose before him in a series of hills. Stone and iron defined its purpose. The oaks were almost bare, but the firs and the magnolias were green. Kenneth was bareheaded, and he held his face up to the sky. Beneath his left arm he carried a long white box, tied with a gold string. He kept his hands in the pockets of his topcoat.

Behind the chapel he found the caretaker's cottage. It was Queen Anne and cozy and should have been painted white. It was painted instead the sort of depot gray, thick and impregnable, that is preferred by institutions with thrifty trustees. It stood beneath a vast water oak, and about its porch were planted spirea and quince, now bare, dark and dry. Kenneth knocked on the gray door. As he waited, he held before him and regarded, bemused and stilled, the white box and its gold string. It bore the name of a florist, and in gold script the legend "Flowers With Character— (continued on page 191)



*These big-time operators might avoid glaring errors by showing up well shaded.*

*Sawbones are wearing, clockwise from ten:*

*Ujiji glasses with tortoise-shell frames, \$35, Fuz glasses with wood frames, \$35, both by Oliver Goldsmith; and Polaroid glasses, by Cool-Ray, Inc., \$4.98. Stringing along with charming cellist, our fiddlers three play it cool in noteworthy sunglasses.*

*Left to right: Polarized contour-lens glasses, by Sea & Ski, \$7.50; glasses with tortoise-shell frames, by North Eastern Optical, \$9.95; and pilot-style glasses, by Renauld, \$13.50.*



# THE EYES HAVE IT

*shades shape up—fanciful and functional sunglasses for most any occasion*





Wedding belles break up over  
 old gang's singularly shaded  
 eye-dos. Left to right:  
 Ray-Ban glasses with Kali-  
 chrome lenses that sharp-  
 en contrast and details  
 and minimize haze by fil-  
 tering out blue light, by  
 Bausch & Lomb, \$21.95; Girl  
 Watcher polarized glasses with  
 wrap-around frames, by Sea  
 & Ski, \$2.98; and lightweight  
 Slitely Square tortoiseshell  
 glasses, by May Manufacturing  
 Corporation, \$15.95. Friendly  
 fall guy creates a big splash  
 while wearing a pair of Y-  
 Not glasses that feature  
 handmade plastic frames  
 available in several colors,  
 lenses from Crookes-  
 Pilkington of England, by  
 Oliver Goldsmith, \$35.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY GOROON





*"Now let me explain my own little incentive plan, my dear."*



# BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

## THE FIELDS OF ENDEAVOR MAY VARY, BUT THE GROUND RULES FOR FISCAL SUCCESS REMAIN THE SAME

SHORTLY AFTER THE UNITED STATES entered World War Two, I tried to obtain a commission in the U.S. Navy. On February 20, 1942, I had an interview in Washington, D. C., with Colonel Frank Knox, who was then the Secretary of the Navy.

Colonel Knox, aware that I indirectly held a controlling interest in the Spartan Aircraft Corporation and the Spartan Aeronautical School, urged me to abandon my plans. Instead, he asked me to take over active personal management of these companies.

"That would be the most useful thing you could do for the Navy and for your country," he told me. "We need aircraft and airplane parts—and trained flyers—desperately. To obtain them, we must have experienced businessmen running our plants and flying schools—men who can rapidly expand manufacturing and training facilities and raise production to unprecedented levels."

Two days later, I was in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where Spartan Aircraft and the Spartan Aeronautical School were located. The former was a small company that had been established in 1928. The latter, a thriving training plant turning out air and ground crews for the U.S. and Allied air forces, was already well on its way to becoming the largest privately owned flying school in the country. It was being well managed by Captain Max Balfour, a veteran pilot and top-notch administrator. The factory, still geared for post-Depression civilian production, needed much attention.

Now, my knowledge of airplane manufacture was nil. I knew little more about airplanes than that they had wings and engines—and that if they were properly built and piloted, they flew. My business career up to that time had been largely devoted to finding, producing, refining and marketing oil. Admittedly, I'd made some tangential assays into other fields, including real estate and even the hotel business—but I certainly had no experience even remotely related to the manufacture of airplanes. On February 21, 1942, while en route from Washington to Tulsa, I made the following notation in my diary: "I have an important job—getting the Spartan factory into mass production for the Army and Navy."

I faced this job with no small degree of trepidation. It was no normal peacetime venture. The factory would not be producing everyday items for civilian use. Its products would be highly important—possibly even vital—to the nation's war effort. Airplanes were not porch swings or doorknobs; they were fantastically complex machines whose components had to be manufactured with infinite precision. There could be no margin of error; any mistake or miscalculation would cost human lives.

Could I handle the job? I'd asked myself this question a thousand times in the two days that followed my interview with Secretary Knox. Upon my arrival in Tulsa, I made an intensive inspection of the Spartan plant, studied the company's books and records and conferred at length with the firm's executives and employees. Within 48 hours, I had the answer to my question. My job was to "expand manufacturing and training facilities" at Spartan, to boost the production of airplanes and the number of trained men to fly and service them. I felt certain I could do it.

It seemed logical to me that the basic principles involved in accomplishing these tasks would be the same as those involved in, say, the expansion of an oil company. Granted, there would be vast differences in the technical aspects. One does not drill an engine-mount bracket to a one-thousandth-of-an-inch tolerance in precisely the same way one drills a mile-deep oil well. When one builds a storage shed he can, in a pinch, substitute asbestos roofing for galvanized iron; but there can be no substitutions when, for example, specifications for a wing surface call for a certain gauge and type of aluminum alloy. I also knew that time was very short and materials scarce—and that labor would have to be recruited and trained. But I'd had experience with fairly analogous situations previously in my career, particularly in the great oil-boom periods in Oklahoma and California.

In short, I reasoned that business is business—whatever type of business it may be. And, according to my definitions, "doing business" is nothing more nor less than



performing a service that has a commercial value.

Of course, in the case of Spartan, the service that the company—and I—had to perform was not commercial in the most widely accepted sense of the word. The primary aim was not to build the company or to make profits, but to do everything humanly possible to help win the War. Nonetheless, the service could be considered commercial in the sense that Spartan had to turn out top-quality products at maximum speed and at the lowest possible prices, in order to meet a huge and exigent demand.

Once I viewed my new job in this light, the problems of getting Spartan's operations into high gear diminished to entirely manageable proportions. I realized that I need only apply the same principles that I had always used in business. I soon found that these were just as valid when applied to airplane manufacture as they had been when I'd applied them to my oil business.

Before long, Army and Navy representatives were accepting my forecasts of time needed to get various items into production and my estimates of ultimate output, considering them more reliable than predictions contained in surveys made by various "efficiency experts."

In one instance—in April 1942—Spartan received a subcontract to manufacture wings for the Navy's Grumman fighter planes. The experts predicted that it would take the factory at least 15 months to tool up, train labor and get into full production on the wings. They backed their prediction with the customary Everest of charts, tables and graphs. At this time, the War situation was anything but bright. The Philippines had fallen; the Nazis continued their advance into Russia. The U.S. and its Allies were on the defensive everywhere, while the Axis powers were celebrating triumphs large and small on all fronts. Under these circumstances, 15 months seemed an unconscionably long time to get into production on wings for urgently needed fighter aircraft.

I wasn't overly impressed by the forecasts of the factory experts. I've often found that the trouble with many experts is that they're technicians, not businessmen; they frequently seem to lack the built-in enterprise and competitive spirit that motivates businessmen to beat deadlines and achieve results quickly. I talked the matter over with Spartan executives, supervisory personnel and line workers. All of them recognized the challenge and the need for speed. We slashed the time-lag estimate down to six months. Needless to say, the experts howled their protests and disbelief.

"Paul Getty has never run an aircraft plant before in his life!" they chorused. "He doesn't know what he's doing!"

Although Grumman and Navy representatives were somewhat skeptical

about Spartan's ability to begin deliveries within six months, they agreed to go along with my estimates and to cooperate in every way possible. My production chief and I promptly selected 50 of our best workers and shipped them off to the prime contractor's plant in California. There they were given intensive on-the-job training in the most efficient methods of producing wings for the firm's fighter planes. In the meantime, we began tooling up feverishly at Spartan. We had ten jigs ready by the time the men returned to Tulsa. Spartan was in production on the Grumman subcontract in slightly less than the six months I'd estimated. What's more, Spartan workers reduced production time from a normal 400 hours per unit to an astounding 40 hours per unit.

By the time I had been at Spartan two years, I had ample reason to feel proud of the company's achievements and of its contribution to the war effort. Factory floor space had been increased from some 65,000 square feet to more than 300,000. The plant, which had formerly employed only a handful of people, now had over 5500 employees—loyal, hard-working men and women who certainly earned the efficiency awards the company received from the United States Government. By February 14, 1944, I could note in my diary that Spartan had produced: 90 training planes on prime contract; 155 sets of wings for Grumman fighters; 650 Curtiss dive-bomber cowlings; all the control surfaces for 1100 Douglas dive bombers; 5800 sets of elevators, ailerons and rudders for B-24 bombers; and a great quantity of other aircraft components and subassemblies.

The point of all this? Business is business. Business principles do not change; the fundamentals remain constant, no matter what the field or industry.

When I began my career over 40 years ago, it was assumed that if an individual was a businessman, he could handle almost any type of business. It was hardly considered unusual for a man to own a mill, a department store, a brace of office buildings and perhaps even a bank—and make a success of running them all. It was taken for granted that a man who possessed the necessary traits of leadership, imagination, ambition and enterprise—who "had a good business head on his shoulders"—could operate almost any form of commercial endeavor. I am well aware that business is far more complex now than it was then. Nevertheless, I still think it can be done, and that there are still men who can do it.

Don't misunderstand me. In no way am I trying to imply that I think that businessmen are born and not made. I'd be the last person in the world to advance any such theory, for I have my own example and experience to indicate that the opposite is probably true. I most

certainly was not a born businessman. Quite to the contrary. I showed no early urge or drive—or, for that matter, talent—to be a businessman. My own thirst for lemonade quickly doomed my juvenile forays into lemonade-stand operation. I had only indifferent success as a magazine-subscription salesman. I suppose the closest I came to having any childhood feel for business was the strong feeling of competitiveness I derived from being an avid collector and trader of marbles and automobile catalogs, two items dearly prized by most boys in those days.

As a young man, I wanted to join the United States diplomatic service and to be a writer. I most probably would have tried to realize these ambitions even after I'd achieved my first successes as a wildcatter in Oklahoma, had I not been an only child.

My father, George F. Getty, devoted his entire life to building his business. If I'd had a brother or brothers who could have taken over from him, I doubtless would have become a diplomat or a writer. As it was, I had no brothers—but I did have a sense of responsibility toward my father, his employees and the shareholders in his companies. It was a sense of duty to them that impelled me to abandon my ambitions and enter the family business. However, once I did decide to go into business, I determined to be a businessman of the kind that William H. Whyte calls an entrepreneur—rather than the organization-man type he labels a collaborator, who is merely a cog that spins in the business machine only because the big gears are turning.

My formal education had been mainly in the humanities. My practical training had been in the oil fields, where I'd worked as a roustabout and tool-dresser. Thus, I had much to learn about business; and, more often than not, the lessons were anything but easy. But learn I did—most particularly, the basic truth I've already stated, that the principles of business apply with equal force and validity to all forms of commercial enterprise. And, in my opinion, one of the most important of these principles is implied in the definition of business as "performing a service that has a commercial value."

Plainly, a business must supply a need. In so doing, it must give value for value received. The value received—or the price of the service rendered or product sold—must be fair, low enough to be within the buyer's ability to pay, yet high enough to give the business a reasonable profit.

In order to keep old customers, obtain new ones, meet competition and justify his profits, the businessman must constantly seek to raise quality, reduce costs (and prices), increase production and improve all facets of his business. He must

*(concluded on page 122)*



*there is a sickness abroad in the land that makes americans prone to assassinations, mass murders, race riots, armed extremism and teenage mayhem* **OPINION BY MAX LERNER**

DOES VIOLENCE HAVE A CLIMATE? I am not talking only of the "long hot summers" of 1965 and 1966, when violence crackled in almost every major ghetto from Harlem to Watts: It is less a physical than a social and moral climate I have in mind. I am asking about the line that can be drawn from hate and frustration to mass death.

Consider some of the acts of violence that have thrust this question at us in the past three or four years: the killing of an American President; the wave of terror on the streets and in the dark hallways of the big cities; the racial clashes, North as well as South; the teenage gang violence.

Last summer, a mass killing took place that shook the nation to the core and made Americans ask what had gone wrong with their mode of life, to have made such an act possible. It was the case of Charles Whitman, the young University of Texas architectural student, who killed his wife and his mother, then climbed to a high tower on the Austin campus with a whole artillery of weapons and rounded out his killings to 15 while wounding double that number.

This killer from the high tower was, on the surface,

an all-American boy who had been an eagle scout, had married a girl who was the home-town beauty, and had friends and a good social life. But he suffered from headaches, from a brain tumor; and the separation of his parents triggered a deep-lying resentment of his father, who had been a tyrant to his children and had beaten his wife over a period of 25 years.

Whitman's sickness, and that of our other young killers, goes very deep—deeper, probably, than we shall ever know. Deprivation amidst affluence, reaction against repression, the effort to assert masculinity in the face of deep self-doubts, a cultural conditioning that teaches that there are no bounds except what the individual sets and no codes except what he recognizes. A failure of identification, whether with a father or anyone else, with the consequent suffused rebellion that issues in senseless violence and takes random people—or the society itself—as the target. Finally, the profusion of guns and easy access to them, with or without telescopic sights, by mail order or direct sale, for cash or credit, with no names asked or given.

This is the climate of frustration, of emotional deprivation, of hate. The component (continued on page 118)

# CLIMATE OF VIOLENCE







from a longtime bangtail bettor come words of counsel—tempered with caution—on the hows and whys of playing the ponies *article* By ERNEST HAVEMANN

BE FOREWARNED. You are being exposed here to one of history's great buffs.

I bet on my first horse when I was 12 years old. Ever since, I have collected race tracks the way some people collect paintings or trout streams or fine restaurants. The last time I counted, I had been to 54 tracks in the U. S. and another dozen in foreign countries, including Russia. (I won money at the Russian track, the least I could do for the honor of capitalistic horse players.) I have been at the races in rain, hail, windstorm and blizzard—often when I should really have been doing something else.

What is it about racing that can fire a man's blood into such a lifelong passion?

I know artists who claim it is the beauty. Agreed. There is nothing more lovely than a thoroughbred race



# HORSE SENSE



PAINTING BY ROY SCHNACKENBERG

horse—a half ton of muscle with ankles as slim as a woman's and a muzzle that can fit in a teacup.

I know horse-playing scientists who claim the thrill is like aiming a spaceship at the moon and watching it hit. Agreed. When you bet your money on a horse, you make a scientific prediction. When your prediction comes true, you have outsmarted the universe. (If your prediction fails, you know that you can try again in the next race, a half hour later.)

I know horse-playing psychiatrists who say that racing is one of mankind's few remaining outlets for hostility—an unashamed outlet for all our competitive instincts and a rare chance to recapture all the primitive joys that our forefathers used to get out of clouting each other and their women over the head with a club. I agree with the psychiatrists most of all. When I was in school, I was always the skinniest male in my class, a perennial reject from the teams. Since then, thanks to horse racing, I have been the hero of thousands of breath-taking contests of skill and brawn. I have picked off passes and raced down the side lines. I have fallen exhausted against



the tape, courageously hanging onto the baton. If you ever see me at the races, cheering at a stretch duel, don't think I'm yelling merely for the horse or for the prospect of winning a bet. That's me out there running and me I'm rooting for. In what other sport can the unathletic man gain such rugged triumphs?

The unique charm of horse racing lies in the fact that it is the only spectator sport in which the spectator is also a participant. Professional football lacks this kind of involvement—who but a man who stands six feet, seven and weighs 290 pounds can identify with the players? Who can think of himself as catcher for the Orioles? But if you buy a two-dollar betting ticket, you own part of the horse, even such a great horse as Kelso or Graustark or Buckpasser. You are the boss of the jockey, even such a great one as Willie Shoemaker or Braulio Baeza. When they win, you share their glory and their profits. When they lose, you can fire them—by never betting on them again.

Let me say at once that I do not recommend that you go to the races for reasons of profit. As will become apparent, this is impossible. You will get as much joy from the game as I do only if you watch the horses for the beauty and the excitement and bet them for the same foolish and indomitable reason that people climb mountains. Because they're there.

. . .

You think you see a lot of high-priced athletic talent at Candlestick Park or the pro-football games at Wrigley Field? Listen. On any good afternoon at the track in New York or Los Angeles, you will see 80 or 90 horses worth as much per pound as caviar, gold or sometimes platinum; there are days when you couldn't buy all the assembled four-legged talent for \$5,000,000. You will see a dozen or more jockeys who earn no less than \$200,000 a year, not counting their income from their oil wells and apartment houses.

Money is part of the lure. For the jockeys, horse racing is a game where, for riding a horse the distance of a few city blocks, you can take home a check for \$10,000 if you win, but for only \$25 if you lose. For the owners, it is a game where a man can spend \$80,000 for a baby horse, risk another \$15,000 training him—and get all the money back in two minutes when he wins the Kentucky Derby or the Hollywood Gold Cup. For the spectators—some of them—it is a game played with \$100 win tickets, bought by the stack. Just watching the lights flash on the tote board, recording how much money is bet every two minutes, can make a man's head swim. The spectators have risked over \$5,000,000 in a single day at Hollywood, Santa Anita and Churchill Downs—and over \$6,000,000 in an afternoon at Aqueduct.

I myself once owned a race horse who could have earned \$112,000 in a single race; she missed by the tantalizing margin of one and three quarters lengths, less than 20 feet. I have bet big and won big; I once collected \$61,908.80 (a figure I will never forget) on a single bet at the Agua Caliente track in Mexico. But the money, though it puts the same kind of sparks in the air that prickle the skin when you visit the New York Stock Exchange, is only incidental to the excitement. You have to bet *something*, to make the magic leap from spectator to participant. But I was just as happy at the races when I was young and broke and split a two-dollar ticket with three companions, each of us putting up 50 cents.

The money you win or lose at the races isn't real money, anyway. There is an old story about the horse player, back up North in the spring after watching the races in Florida all winter, who sat shivering in a lightweight suit in the chilly and windswept grandstand. A friend noticed that he had a wallet full of money and suggested, "Why don't you spend some of it on a topcoat?" The horse player was shocked. "Spend *this*?" he cried. "This is betting money."

We true racing buffs earmark some of our income for betting, just as for rent and taxes. I used to throw a half dollar into a cigar box every time I denied myself a cocktail in the winter, thus building up a kitty for the day the track opened in the spring.

Still, the money they pay off at the cashier's windows, if you are lucky enough to win, is legal tender and spendable if you care to spend it. I've had many a fine dinner and many a bottle of champagne after the races—and it is amazing how much better food and drink taste when they come to you courtesy of the people who weren't as smart as you were that afternoon. One charm of the race track, which appealed to me especially in my struggling days, is that it is the only place in town where you can have a marvelous time, even take a date if you like, and come away with more money than you had when you started. Where else in the sports or entertainment worlds can you find such a delightful possibility?

. . .

Walk into the grandstand entrance with me. It won't cost much; the biggest tracks charge two dollars; and there are many smaller tracks, just as much fun, where the fellows in the parking lot will give you tickets that let you in for 50 cents, a quarter or sometimes even free.

The first thing you see is a man selling programs (25 cents). You need one; you can't tell the horses without one. The next thing you see is a man selling the *Daily Racing Form* or *Morning Telegraph* (60 cents), the daily newspapers of

racing, amazingly fact-filled journals that tell you in a few cunningly condensed lines of type everything that is known to man about the breeding and past records of all the horses running this afternoon. You need the *Form* or *Telegraph*, too, to enjoy the races to the hilt—but more about this later.

Did you bring binoculars? You should have. Most tracks are a mile in circumference and there are long stretches where the horses are too far away to be seen clearly with the naked eye. To know what is going on, at every stage of the race, you have to have help. I myself use a pair of ten-power glasses that are small enough to slip inside a jacket pocket; when I go on a trip, I pack them as automatically as my razor and toothbrush. But if you don't own binoculars, cheer up. There is a stand where you can rent a pair for the afternoon for a dollar—the best investment a man can make at the track.

Let's find a seat and get settled. If we are at Hialeah, we can admire the flamingos in the infield lakes; if at Hollywood, the geese; if at Santa Anita, the flowers. If we're at a less pretentious track, there is beauty anyway. Did you ever see a fresher green than that infield; a richer tan than the newly harrowed dirt along the rail?

Let your mind drift along with the conversations of the crowd. People at race tracks don't talk about grim subjects such as war, or economic problems, or crime statistics. They talk innocently and blissfully about horses, and every man among them is a self-appointed expert. The woman behind us knows she has the winner in the first race, because his father is the great sire Bold Ruler; her friend has tabbed a different horse, because his grandfather is the great Nashua. The fellows in front of us are talking about running times, in split seconds. The husband and wife to our left are comparing the selections in the morning newspaper with those in the afternoon paper and the *Form*. The talk is fascinating, even if you cannot understand it, and every once in a while you hear a gem that needs no interpreter. My second favorite of all time is the priceless syntax of a discouraged horse player who sat behind me one day in New York and said, "I used to do better when I didn't know from one horse to another." My prime favorite is a conversation between two men who had become friends on the short ride by tram from the far reaches of the parking lot. Said the first man as they paid their admission, "I think the races are pretty crooked." Said the second man, "I don't think they're half as crooked as I am." (About this question of crookedness, again, more later.)

Take a look at the tote board—that long black panel with flashing lights that  
(continued on page 200)





## PIN MONEY

*drinking too much? wife hate you? losing your job?  
if you are ready for drastic solutions, apply to doctor dee*

*fiction* **By JAMES CROSS**

"I THINK HOWARD has got hold of a very bold concept here, J. L.," Weatherby Fallstone III said enthusiastically. "Very strong."

He paused, smiling at Howard Grafton across the long table.

"Pioneering," he went on, "ground-breaking. Completely new; I don't think we've ever done anything quite like it. I want to roll it around in my mouth for a while and get the taste of it."

He watched the imperceptible shadowing of J. L. Girtton's face. Very neat, Fallstone, he thought. Like nothing we've done in the past, like nothing J. L. Girtton has approved or devised, like none of the old stuff. Newer and better than J. L. Let's see Grafton weasel out of that one.

"I think Weatherby is giving me too much credit," Grafton said carefully. "Actually, it's a



recombination of a few ideas J. L. sketched out as early as 1958. If it seems fresh and new—why, that's a tribute to the vitality of the concepts it was taken from."

Mousetrapped, Fallstone thought, that slick son of a bitch.

"I can see that," he said, "the basic fundamentals don't change.

"I think you have a winner, Howard," he went on generously.

"Sound creative thinking, Howard," J. L. said decisively. "How does it strike you, Eldon?"

The white head of the vice-president in charge of client relations bobbed sharply and he blinked once or twice. Eldon Smith had not quite been asleep, but it would be hard to prove it to the men watching him, carefully and without charity.

"Perhaps," he said slowly, "perhaps we should sleep on it."

"I thought you had done that already, Eldon."

"Not at all, J. L. I find that closing my eyes helps me to visualize."

J. L. looked at him coldly. Then he smiled around the table.

"That about wraps it up. Thank you, gentlemen."

The executives of J. L. Girton and Associates began to file out quietly.

"Oh, Howard," J. L. said, "stay around for a minute. You, too, Weatherby."

"A good plan, Howard," J. L. said, when the three men were alone. "I like to see a man who can work creatively without getting himself out of touch with sound, tested concepts."

Grafton's round, bland, white face looked as though sincerity and gratitude had been applied to it like a face cream; he looked J. L. straight in the eye.

"Thank you, J. L.," he said modestly. "I only hope I can pull it off."

Then he looked at Fallstone out of the corner of his eye. This is a big one, he thought; I'll bet that skinny bastard's chewing nails.

"It'll be tough," J. L. said, "a real challenge. That's why I asked Weatherby to stay. He's going to beef up the old team, and between the two of you, I can look forward to a bang-up job."

"Grand, J. L.," Fallstone said enthusiastically. "Between us, we'll turn these ideas into something solid."

"Well, boys, get cracking on it. When you have a working plan of operation, let Frank Baker work out the housekeeping details."

The two men paused in the doorway for a moment in an elaborate charade of friendly courtesy. Then Fallstone, the larger man, put his hand on Grafton's shoulder in so affectionate a way that it was impossible to take offense, and started to propel him through the door.

"Oh, by the way," J. L. said. "I think you should know one thing—close the

door a minute, Weatherby. Eldon Smith will be retiring at the end of the year. Past his prime, I'm afraid. All right, that's all I wanted to say."

Howard Grafton's office was closest and he got to it a few seconds before Weatherby Fallstone reached his identical cube—identical in square feet, in furnishings, in windows. But mine is closer to J. L.'s, Grafton thought for a moment before he realized that the choice of offices between the two men had been originally decided prosaically by the toss of a coin, with much good-natured joking and even, on the part of the winner, the offer to give first choice to the loser, "if it meant so much to him."

Grafton sat there quietly. A few feet down the hall, he knew, Fallstone was sitting in the same Mark II, executive-model swivel chair, with (imitation) leather upholstery, and thinking just about the same thoughts. It was about as clear as anything ever was at J. L. Girton and Associates. They were being told, as directly as they ever would, that sometime before the end of the year, when old Eldon Smith was retired, one of them would be the new vice-president in charge of client relations. And they were being told to get in there and compete, that J. L. had his eye on each of them. Short, chubby, genial Grafton versus tall, thin, enthusiastic Fallstone.

When Grafton got home that night, he told his wife about it. Lenore Grafton was small and curved and blonde. Someday she would be too fat, but at the moment, she had reached a ripe perfection. She was quite a lot smarter than her husband, but some of her intelligence was wasted on the constant need to keep him unaware of this fact.

"I think we had better have J. L. and his wife out to dinner pretty soon," she said. "With that frightful woman, he must be dying for a decent meal."

"And a pretty face to look at," Grafton said with elaborate casualness. He was remembering the time he had stepped into the kitchen at the party and had seen J. L. and Lenore, still holding an ice tray in one hand, pressed back against the sink. They had been too busy to see him and he had drawn back and come in again a minute or so later with a good deal of preliminary noise.

Lenore looked at him levelly for a moment, as if she were receiving a message she was not sure she wanted to get. Then she went to the desk at the far end of the room and picked up her Florentine leather engagement pad.

"Any time after this week," she said. "I'll call her then; we don't want to push too fast."

For J. L. Girton and Lenore, at least, the dinner party was a great success. She was discreet enough, but she talked with him as much as with all the other guests

combined. She sat girlishly on the floor at the foot of J. L.'s chair, laughing at his jokes or reacting to his autobiographical anecdotes with an open-eyed admiration and an interest that more than once caused her to lean forward so that he could get the maximum effect of her décolletage. Even when she was not with him, she was seated across the room from him at such an angle that her excellent legs in the short, swirling *discothèque* dress were never out of his sight.

Grafton, as a result, had to focus the bulk of his duties as a host on Mrs. Girton, a scrawny, faded, complaining shrew. It says a lot for his charm and geniality that he was able to bring her through the evening without her really noticing her husband's behavior.

Lenore did not like New York in the summer. The heat and crowds wilted her, she said. There was nothing new at the theaters; the city was full of tourists; the stores were doing nothing but remaindering their past mistakes. She liked to play golf or tennis, or lie in the sun at the beach and then cool off in the Sound, or even just stay in her air-conditioned house and read.

Thus, Grafton was a little surprised when she started coming into New York once or twice a week—for two months during one of the hottest summers the city had ever had. She came into town before noon, as she told him, window-shopped a little, lunched and spent the afternoon at a museum or, occasionally, a movie. Sometimes she took a train back just before his; at other times, she stayed in and they had dinner together. He did not want to know too much about what she was doing in town, so he did not ask many questions. He did not want to think about it any more than he wanted to think about the fact that J. L. seemed to be having more luncheons with clients than ever before and apparently had decided to improve his golf game by taking off several afternoons a week. Only once did he move obliquely toward the subject, and that was after several drinks before dinner one Friday evening.

"I'm a little worried about how I stand with J. L.," he said. "I don't seem to be seeing him as much as usual. He's always out of the office."

"I wouldn't worry too much about it, Howie. I think he appreciates you very much; and what's more, I think you're going to get the job."

That, however, was before the dinner party at the Fallstones'. Lenore was not at her best there. Her nose was red and swollen and runny with a summer cold, and her voice was hoarse. Grafton was alone with her a lot that evening; and even though they left early, he had plenty of time to watch Marcia Fallstone  
(continued on page 195)





*Tullio Pericoli*

“... And you, you lucky bastard, do you ...”



Joey Gibson holds strong opinions about American men. Says our June Playmate, "He is probably the world's most open and candid man when it comes to telling a woman how he feels about her. In fact, he is the only man who knows how best to pay a woman a passionate compliment. It's said that he doesn't like his women to possess anywhere near his own knowledge or intelligence. Nonsense! The American man encourages his woman to be worldly and sophisticated—to share his pleasures and his passions."



Opposite page: Prior to a midmorning tennis date, Joey raids the refrigerator in her Santa Monica apartment for a favored source of energy—carrot juice. A devoted fan as well as player, she rarely misses any of the important matches at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. "And if Chuck Pasarell—the national indoor champ—is playing in town," our June Playmate adds, "I'm in the stands cheering for him." What with health foods and exercise, Joey keeps in fine form. "It's necessary," she says. "On weekends I rarely stop eating."





# PAL JOEY

*this gibson girl—  
a hypnotist's assistant—  
makes a spellbinding  
june playmate*



IF YOU FOLLOWED Joey Gibson, our peppy June Playmate, around her home town of Santa Monica one weekend morning, more than likely the trip would be a California kook's tour. First, a stop at her neighborhood grocery for a quart of carrot juice and a half pound of sunflower seeds. Then to a stationer's for a notebook—where Joey impulsively purchases a pink paper dress. Miss June, a 21-year-old blonde beauty,

next takes time out for book browsing, leafing intently through Euell Gibbons' *Stalking the Healthful Herbs*. Walking briskly back to her pad, she practices what she preaches about the benefits of exercise. At her apartment, Joey quickly changes into her tennis togs; and as she awaits a midmorning date who'll escort her to the courts in Rustic Canyon, she downs the carrot juice, hardly touches her coffee. "If I want to



exercise outdoors and it's raining," she says, "I'll put on a bikini and run around the block a couple of times." Finally, a sports car's klaxon calls to her—and another day in Joey's life has been suitably launched. "I am," says Joey Gibson, "my own woman. I lead my life according to no social standards other than my own." Joey's standards are predicated with one goal in mind: the pursuit of intelligent pleasure. And she finds it in her own eclectic bag—music, reading, exercise, relaxation. "It's *important* to learn to relax," she says. "When I arrive home from work, I'll put on a James Brown record, start gyrating all over the apartment, and in 15 minutes I'm more relaxed than most people are four hours after they're home from work." For the past year, our June Playmate has been secretary to Dr. Emmanuel Kruger of the Hypnosis Society of America. "When I was graduated from Santa Monica City College," she says, "even though I was a psychology major, I had no idea I'd be working in medical hypnosis." Joey underwent hypnosis as both job prerequisite and perquisite, is impressed with the short time span required for hypnotic cure to take effect—30 sessions clear up most difficulties. "In psychotherapy," she points out, "patients' problems are cured by



Joey romps on the beach at Santa Monica (above), where she comes prepared with food strictly for the birds. Right: Miss June straightens her pet canary's cage. Says Joey, "Leroy's a moody bird—he usually sings only when I play records. Right now his favorite group is The Rolling Stones."





An artist when the muse strikes her, Joey begins work on a wire, clay and paste sculpture. "I usually wind up with glazed Aztec figures," she says. Turned art fancier, Modly attired Joey takes in a Picasso exhibition at the Los Angeles County Museum.





MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



going after the causes—usually stemming from childhood incidents. In hypnosis, the doctor goes after the symptoms.”

Currently attending evening sessions at a nearby university, Joey says that the highlight of her criminology course came when the class was given a demonstration of how to cheat at cards. Says our Gibson girl, “Professional dealers are all magicians with cards. Their profession is lucrative but limited—they know if they’re caught cheating, no gambling casino will rehire them.”

Joey’s tastes in music also reflect her individualistic life style: “I started listening to Ravi Shankar years ago,” she says, “and only recently, when the Beatles brought sitar music into their records, did I become a fan of theirs. A West Coast group I particularly like hasn’t made it nationally yet, but it will. They’re the Hindustani Jazz Band—their music is *really* something else!” Joey is one young lady who, at the moment, is not overly concerned with the future. “Oh, I’ve thought about trying to be an actress,” she says. “I appeared in several plays while at college, and I liked it. But since I started working for Dr. Kruger—and learning all about hypnosis—I haven’t really thought about doing anything else. At any rate, why should I worry about what’s going to happen a lot of tomorrows from now? I’m having too much fun with my todays.”

*Just before finishing up at work, Miss June receives a surprise invitation to dinner. After rushing home, Joey completes her quick change minutes before her escort arrives.*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER GOWLAND



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The young wife was in the bedroom toweling off from her morning shower when she heard the back door slam. Thinking it was her husband, she called out, "I'm in here, darling. I've been waiting for you."

To which a deep voice answered, "I think you ought to know, madam, that I'm not your regular milkman!"

**Our Unabashed Dictionary** defines *snake dancer* as a woman who can writhe to the occasion.



Well launched on an LSD trip, the two acid-heads were happily relating the details of their hallucinations to each other. Said the first, "Right now, I've a mind to buy all the jewels in the world. In fact, I'm going to buy up all the world's gold, its oil, its yachts and, yes, all those lovely naked women who are now dancing in front of me."

Raising an eyebrow querulously, his friend replied, "And where, may I ask, did you get the idea that I'd be willing to sell?"

**Our Unabashed Dictionary** defines *homosexual* as a man's man.

We've heard about a preacher who officiated at so many shotgun weddings that he decided to rename his church Winchester Cathedral.

One late fall day, the Indian chief called together his tribe and announced that he had news to give them—some good and some bad. He went on to say he would give them the bad news first, and stated that due to their own improvidence, they would have nothing to eat during the winter months except buffalo dung. He then said, "Now for the good news—we have an ample supply of buffalo dung."

After a Sunday-morning wedding, the newlyweds boarded a plane for Bermuda and several hours later arrived in the bridal suite of a magnificent hotel. Overwhelmed with the sheer splendor of the resort, the bride nervously remarked, "I'm sorry to bother you, honey, but I don't have any idea of what to wear tonight."

"Darling," said her smiling mate, "you're putting me on."

**Our Unabashed Dictionary** defines *prostitution* as fee love.

It was eight A.M. at a Las Vegas gambling palace and two lone bettors were still standing by a dice table awaiting further competition when a lusciously endowed brunette, attired in a slack suit, happened by. "Although it's quite early in the day," she announced, "I feel lucky this morning. I'd like to roll the dice once for twenty thousand dollars. Would the two of you care to take me up on the wager?"

"Sure, lady," answered one of the men, "we'll take your action."

"I hope you gentlemen won't mind," she then said, "but the only way I can get lucky is to roll the dice without my panties on." So saying, the lissome lovely proceeded to remove her slacks and panties. With a shout of "Mamma needs a new pair of pants!" she rolled the dice, gave a squeal of delight and yelled, "I win!" She then picked up her money, her slacks and her underwear and made a hasty exit from the room.

The two men exchanged double takes and one of them blurted out, "Hey, what did she roll, anyway?"

"How the hell should I know?" snapped the other. "I thought *you* were watching the dice."

**Our Unabashed Dictionary** defines *pessimist* as one who has faith in future degenerations.

Two sisters were arguing about the upcoming marriage of their widowed father—a venerable gentleman in his 60s whose wife of 40 years had died just a year ago. The bride-to-be was considerably younger than either of the two daughters.

"I really can't understand these May-December marriages," said the first of the sisters. "I can certainly see what December is going to find in May—youth, beauty, freshness, an upbeat attitude toward life—but what on earth is May going to find in December?"

"Christmas," answered the second.



A new potency pill developed for men has only one drawback—if it's swallowed too slowly, the user winds up with a stiff neck.

The disgruntled miss was complaining bitterly to her roommate about last night's blind date.

"Not only did the nogoodnik lie to me about the size of his yacht," she said, "but he made me do the rowing."

*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.*





John  
Dempsey

*"Should I tell you about this in my next session, Doctor?"*



# A SNOB'S GUIDE TO



humor By DAN GREENBURG and JAMES RANSOM *how to suit your psyche to your favorite periodical*

MOST MAGAZINE advertising departments distribute "profiles" of their subscribers for the guidance of space-age space buyers. For example, the *National Review* subscriber, it says in the April 6, 1965 issue, is 40.3 years old, makes \$13,129.77 a year, is 72 percent married and has 1.5 children. However, making exactly the right amount of money and having exactly the right number of legs under the table—or missing from under the table—is not the whole story. The drink-stained back issues on your coffee table tell us not only how much you drink (or how much you spill) and how much money you make but what you are likely to be doing with your money as well. And what you think, and what you do for recreation—what, in fact, you are.

Therefore: (1) Be certain the image of your magazine is consistent with your image of yourself; (2) Learn to discard an inappropriate magazine as easily as you discard an inappropriate friend; (3) If it's not the magazine's image but yours that is faulty, the following should aid you in rebuilding your personality around the publication of your choice.

## HOW TO READ NATIONAL REVIEW

Be prepared to interpret what Barry Goldwater really meant when he said

whatever he said, and insist that Ronnie Reagan never made a bad movie. Vote for the man, not the party, but always vote for the same party. Have a laminated snapshot of Joe McCarthy in your wallet. Keep a vicious German shepherd and a Springfield rifle and a U. S. Marine Corps ceremonial sword and a Sam Browne belt and a derringer and say you're ready in case the Commie bastards or the Socialists or the Democrats or the Rockefeller Republicans or the beatnik tennis-shoe wearers or the fluoridation people ever get out of hand. OK comment: "Would you want your sister to marry one?" OK bumper strip: REGISTER COMMUNISTS—NOT FIREARMS. Alternate OK bumper strip: UNLEASH THE POLICE.

## HOW TO READ NEW REPUBLIC

Rent an overheated 14-room apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side within walking distance of Lincoln Center (but never walk there, because it's too risky) and fill it with overstuffed furniture of an indeterminate period and say you've furnished in Art Nouveau. Own a Volkswagen, but be defensive about it. Live with a woman of 40 who is intense, petite, has black hair pulled back in a severe bun and wears embroidered peasant blouses with burlap skirts and always goes bare-

foot. Display volumes of Martin Buber, Rachel Carson and Hermann Hesse prominently on the bookshelves and hang a huge Marboro reproduction of Picasso's *Guernica* in the living room. Have a fancy winerack filled with very ordinary wines, which you call "robust." Serve everything in oversized coffee mugs—including food. Have cats. OK comment: "He had the makings of a great domestic President, but he's in over his head on foreign affairs."

## HOW TO READ PLAYBOY

Speak glibly of J. Paul Getty's economic theories and the psychosocial ramifications of Hefner's *Philosophy*. Build expensive stereo speakers into the headboard of your king-size revolving bed. And into the cockpit of your Aston Martin. And into the bookcase in your office. And into the commode in your bathroom. Keep a stack of at least three hours of mood music on your record changer at all times. Before you take a girl to your apartment, arrange to have a friend call you three or four times after she's arrived, and never even acknowledge that the telephone is ringing. Recommend the pill. Or the coil. Or something obscure, like gargling with vinegar and crushed peppercorns. If you're married, try to make it seem as though you're just living



# STATUS MAGAZINES



together. If you're living together, call her by a different name every night in order not to bore the neighbors. Send a blank check (or key-card number) to Playboy Products and tell them you want one of *everything*. They'll do the rest. OK comment: "It's no good getting an unlisted number—if a woman wants to call you, she'll call you. I've had to hire an answering service, myself." OK bumper strip: THE HUMAN BODY IS CLEAN! IT'S CLEAN!! Alternate OK bumper strip: THERE IS SEX AFTER DEATH!

## HOW TO READ FORTUNE

Be an overt Republican with latent guilt feelings that express themselves in an anonymous annual contribution to the Urban League. Be on the way to the top and get transferred to a different city every 2.7 years. Drop an average of \$2750 annually in the stock market and justify it by saying you're "establishing tax losses." Read aloud the story in your morning newspaper about the conviction of a labor leader. Turn up the car radio when the Dow-Jones averages come on. Wear a Harvard Business School class ring and declare frequently that "Wendell Willkie is the most misunderstood man of our generation." Strive to hide the fact that you're making only \$25,000 a year. Give Christmas subscriptions to *National Geographic* to the children of your close

friends. Say you have a no-good son who wears a beard and is in Tanzania with the Peace Corps. OK comment: "I haven't laughed so hard since Roosevelt died!" Alternate OK comment: "I'm for free competition as much as anybody, but why cut each other's throats?"

## HOW TO READ ESQUIRE

Be born in Kentucky but live in New York and have a slight British accent. Let it be known that you play squash every Tuesday and Thursday before lunch at the club. Be gray at the temples (a little Clairol and a soft brush should do the trick) and comb your hair over the tops of your ears. Wait a long time for Norman Mailer's long-awaited new novel. Have exophthalmos and spend several years ogling girls—then stop ogling girls and collect essays and stories by people who wrote poetry in college. Keep a running total of the number of Nobel Prize winners who have appeared in *Esquire* as against the number of Nobel Prize winners who have appeared in *The New Yorker* and *PLAYBOY*. Say that when you go to Europe, you stay in Rome just long enough to see your tailor. Own 14 pairs of shoes and 12 sweaters all autographed by Arnold Palmer. Spend about an hour selecting the right clothes for walking your large cocoa-brown poodle. Look very trim and wear a corset (but not a bra).

Have an affair with a well-groomed older woman who knows porcelain. Like kids, but don't have any. Hate class prejudices, and have some. OK comment: "I'd like you to try an amusing little red wine I picked up in Tangier." OK bumper strip: TROUBLE PARKING? —SUPPORT PLANNED PARENTHOOD.

## HOW TO READ READER'S DIGEST

Take Gray Lines tours. Wear sensible shoes. Have your plot paid for and mention it often. Gently ply young people with statistics on smoking and heart disease. Practice the Power of Positive Thinking. Look for the silver lining. Buy a set of encyclopedias, a volume a week, at the A & P. Save trading stamps and give them to your married sister. Fail to understand how young people can do such plumb foolish things. Observe that welfare checks are handed out by the Government as a reward for indolence and depravity. Chuckle with amusement at the innocently sexual content of a small girl's conversation. Send antimacassars to the laundry. Send letters of praise to Paul and Fred Harvey. Send a dollar to provide food and medical care for an entire Vietnamese village for one month. OK sport: bowling. OK comments: (1) "There's a little bad in the best of us, and a (continued on page 206)



## CLIMATE OF VIOLENCE

elements of the climate are not always the same in each case of individual and mass violence. Thus, the great act of symbolic violence of our time, the killing of President Kennedy, needs understanding in separating out the elements of the twisted individual mind and the social climate of hate.

Writing of death, an early English poet, Thomas Traherne, spoke of the "immortal wheat, which never should be reaped." Such was John Kennedy, cut down in his prime before his greatness could be harvested. We have been reenacting, in our collective mind and conscience, the dark tragedy of that November day three and a half years ago. Yet despite the deeply felt horror at President Kennedy's murder, and the tributes to him by historians, public figures and ordinary people, the climate of hate, which nourished if it did not produce the act, has not wholly been dissipated.

I am not one of those who say that it is always "the system" that is guilty of human crimes and never the particular man. The recent doubts about the Warren Commission Report turn on the question of whether Oswald alone was the killer or whether (as Edward Jay Epstein has suggested) there were two men firing the shots. Yet it was clearly not a far-flung conspiracy. I could wish, however, that the complex problem of the "right-wing climate," in Dallas and in Texas generally at the time of the assassination, had been handled in a less gingerly manner in the Report. Logically, indeed, there was no connection, since Oswald saw himself as a member of the radical left and not of the radical right. But what counts psychologically is the fact that it had little to do with left or right in Texas, but with their common climate of authoritarianism and hate.

There is an extreme view that holds the whole of America responsible for Kennedy's death, recognizing only gradations of sickness in the nation. One finds it in Hans Habe's book *The Wounded Land*, which was an almost catatonic response to the Kennedy killing, leaving the author incapable of distinguishing between the psychotic elements of hate and the ferment and turbulence of a nation bursting at the seams with change. Yet the Warren Report might have braved the risk of dissenting footnotes from Southern members of the Commission, and might have explored the link between the specific act of violence and the pervasive climate of hate in Dallas immediately before the assassination: the black-bordered advertisements against Kennedy in the Dallas papers, the privately printed handbills announcing that the President of the United States was WANTED FOR TREASON, the mushrooming of superpatriot organi-

(continued from page 99)

zations—some national, some specifically Southern, some very local, but all of them sharing an inextinguishable belief that New Frontier liberalism was only an American outpost of the Russian and Chinese Communist conspiracy and that Kennedy was a conscious tool or an unconscious dupe in its hands. Actually, all of this is there in the Report, including the shabby schemings and maneuverings of Dallas extremist groups to use the Kennedy visit as a take-off for launching this or that fanatic cause with a burst of national publicity. It is there, even if its implications are officially and formally disowned.

One often finds Texas—and California, too—singled out from the rest of the nation as special case studies of right-wing extremism. I don't mean to fall into the trap of using either of them as a kind of "fall-guy state." Actually, one finds California producing as striking examples of left-wing extremism as of right-wing. One may also add that the bloodiest ethnic riots in recent American history took place in Los Angeles. The fact is that both Texas and California have a particular climate of emotional intensity, which is the result partly of their frontier tradition, partly of the way they have telescoped in a brief period a series of stages of development that took other regions longer to traverse. Thus, their extremism is not due, as some have thought, to their being backward and stagnant states, but rather to the speed with which they have grown in population and wealth. What has happened has been that a new urban-corporate-consumer economy has been quickly superimposed upon an earlier society that was at once feudal, individualist and vigilantist. There has not been time enough for the kind of transition from earlier to later social structure that the Eastern and even the Midwestern states made; and not time enough, therefore, for habits and attitudes of democratic moderation to be formed. Elements of the same telescoping of stages will be found in some of the recently formed Southern industrial centers as well.

I am not suggesting that Texas, California and the South are the sole centers of American violence today. Every nation has had a tradition of violence, and America is no exception; nor has any section or class or ethnic group been exempted from the pervasiveness of violence. America was born out of a revolution and grew by pushing ever farther along a lawless frontier. Alexis de Tocqueville, in his classic *Democracy in America*, noted the remarkable respect for law among the Americans he saw on his visit in 1831, the role of religion in setting norms of conduct and the rise of something very like a civic religion—a feeling of participation in the society and

its problems and decisions—that helped curb the violent growing pains of a young society.

But on the California frontier in the gold-rush days and on the cattle frontier at the turn of the century, the breakdown of the old codes and inhibitions brought a new violence that threatened to escalate beyond control. The response, in the name of law and order, was a summary vigilantist violence as lawless in essence as the violence it was invoked to repress. The tenacity with which Texas and the other Southwestern states still cling to the idea of complete freedom of buying and possessing guns is part of that vigilantist tradition. During the Civil War, which was in itself the ultimate violence of fratricidal bloodshed, there was an additional marginal violence in the draft riots. In the halcyon days of early corporate and industrial growth, there was class violence between mercenary strikebreakers hired by the employers' associations and the new militant trade unions using their organizing drives to establish their position. All through American history there has been violence among farmer groups, from Shays' Rebellion in the late 18th Century to the battles against mortgage foreclosures during the Great Depression. All through American history, also, there has been race violence, from the slave rebellions before the Civil War to the great race riots of the 20th Century—in East St. Louis (1917), Chicago (1919), Detroit (1943), Cicero, Illinois (1951), the 1964 riots in Philadelphia, New York, Jersey City, Rochester, Chicago and the deadly Los Angeles riots of August 1965.

Against this historical record in America one must place, for the larger perspective, the even more blood-drenched record of dynastic struggles, civil wars, class conflicts and ethnic murderousness in world history, from the early dynasties of China and India through the whole bloody history of the Middle East, of tribal Africa and of Europe from the early Greeks to the Nazis, and the political and civil violence of the Latin-American republics. Within this frame, the contemporary violence in the United States becomes not a unique thing but part of the inherent pattern of men's struggle and conflict in seeking to build a community out of the varied experience of diverse human beings.

The great symbolic death happening of the Kennedy assassination shook up the nation and startled it into a new awareness of the need for understanding the roots, as well as the bitter fruits, of violence. Although it was a single event, it was the central tragedy in the whole pattern of violence. For all its blackness, it was the crevice of light that illuminated the meaning of the whole structure of violence, especially the violence of

(continued on page 162)



# PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB POST

Presents perfect for fathers and postcollegians. 1: MSC compact stereo system features an 8-track stereo tape cartridge player, a 4-speed automatic turntable (with smoke-tinted dust cover, not shown), a 60-watt AM/FM solid-state receiver and two SS-200 walnut-finished speakers, by Bogen, \$521.95. Shown with RCA 8-track stereo cartridge tapes. 2: Nylon-strung tournament tennis racket that needs no press, \$15, and a pair of Sportcraft Super Pro paddle tennis rackets made of top-grade hardwood, \$24, all from Abercrombie & Fitch. 3: Danish adjustable canvas sling chair designed by Fabricius and Kastholm folds for easy storage, frame is bleached oak, from George Tanier, \$575. 4 (front to back): Set of lightweight luggage in Tanner nylon includes a Carry On Soft Pak that contains three compartments plus a frame for one suit, \$45, a Tennis Pak that holds a racket plus accessories, \$30, and a Deluxe Three Suiter Pak, \$75, all by Lark Luggage. 5: Thinking Man's Golf game is based on 18 of the most challenging holes in the U. S., enables players to choose clubs and allow for variables such as wind, distance and direction, by 3M Company, \$7.95. 6: Italian shoulder-carry picnic hamper comes with plastic glasses, salt and pepper shakers, food containers, eating utensils and vacuum bottle, from D/R, \$25. 7: Danish lounge chair designed by Fabricius and Kastholm features horseshoe-shaped base of steel that's cast in one piece and molded-plywood seat frame covered with oxbide, from George Tanier, \$750. 8: Portable radio-recorder receives AM/FM, aircraft and short wave, records and plays back AM/FM on tape cartridges, operates on six flashlight batteries, also AC adaptable, by Norelco, \$229.95





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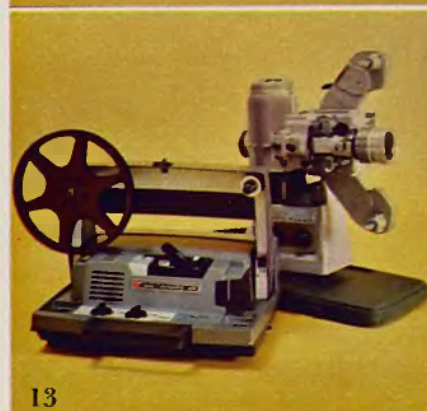
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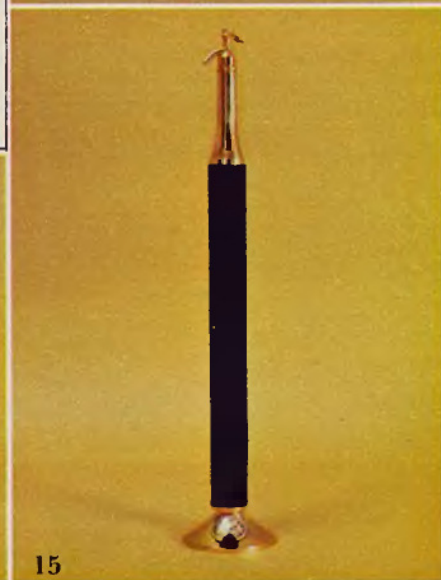
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9 (left to right): *Medallion World Atlas*, New Perspective Edition, by Hammond, \$19.95. *The Playboy Book of Horror and the Supernatural*, \$5.95, and *Playboy Interviews*, \$5.95, both from Playboy Press. 10: Touch Dial intercom telephone can be used with hand receiver or speaker amplification, which allows for group discussions, by Amplitrol Electronics, \$140. 11: Precision 17-jewel wrist watch can transmit signal or voice commands to pocket-size receivers, by Continental Telephone Supply, \$289.50. 12: MGM Playtape is portable, transistorized and automatic, plays 2-track cartridges, by Playtape, \$29.95. Extended-play cartridges are \$1.49 each. 13: M95 Kodak Instamatic movie projector (front) shows both regular 8mm and super 8mm film, threading is fully automatic, by Eastman Kodak, \$199.50. Diplomat 16mm projector features variable speeds forward and reverse and Filmovara f/1.6 zoom lens, by Bell & Howell, \$410. 14: Stereo modulators (top) are tuned pipes that expand audible tones, can replace or supplement existing speaker system, by Capitol Records, \$50 the pair. FM stereo receiver has tape-monitoring facilities and input for magnetic and ceramic cartridges and tape playback, by Audio Dynamics Corporation, \$279. 15: Three-foot-tall siphon, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$150. 16: Solid-state stereophonic phonograph with AM/FM radio and portable speakers operates on batteries or optional adapter, by Symphonic, \$59.95. 17: Austrian chess set includes natural-cowhide board, brass chessmen and chessmen racks made of wengewood, from Bethune & Moore, \$135. 18: Plastic mushroom lamp made in Italy has special translucent shade, from D/R, \$60.





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19: Model of a 1907 Fiat F-2 racing car is 1:8 scale reproduction, from Sinclair's, \$67.50 for construction kit, \$175 assembled. 20: Malibu electric clock features ring pendulum, spun-aluminum dial and hand-rubbed walnut cabinet, by Sunbeam, \$19.98. 21: Ben Forrester Sportsman gun case that's made of Borg-Warner Cylolac ABS plastic holds either rifle with mounted scope or two shotguns, by EMC, \$39.95. Inside the case is a Weatherby Mark V rifle with mounted Weatherby scope, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$438.75. 22: Travel coffee case contains mugs, percolator, cream and sugar containers and eating utensils, from Dunhill, \$29.95. 23 (left to right): Royal Regiment after-shave lotion, 7 ozs., \$3.50, and Royal Regiment Cannon Ball Soap in wooden box, \$5.50, both by Max Factor. Set of nine shaving fragrances, 2 ozs. each, by Nine Flags International, \$15. 24: Potentate carving set of seven stainless-steel carving tools with staghorn handles plus stainless-steel horn-handled platter, all in lockable case, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$300. 25: Imperial color-television chassis for custom installation measures 28" x 21 $\frac{3}{16}$ " x 22 $\frac{7}{8}$ ", by Andrea Radio Corporation, \$675. 26: Rolleiflex SL66 single-lens reflex camera that's equipped with 80mm f/2.8 planar lens, by Honeywell, \$995. 27: Fiat 850 Spider is firm's newest model, features a 4-cylinder ohv engine that develops 54 bhp, by Fiat, \$1998, East Coast P.O.E. 28: Portable refrigerator weighs only 52 lbs., has 2.1-cubic-foot capacity, shelves are adjustable, by General Electric, \$99.95. Refrigerator cart on easy-rolling casters, from General Electric, \$19.95. Set of six Iittala crystal glasses made in Finland, from C. D. Peacock, \$24.



## BUSINESS (continued from page 98)

accept the facts that he will always be faced with problems and that these exist only to be solved in the most efficient manner possible. Once he accepts these concepts, he must train himself to be an imaginative innovator, able to meet any situation by applying his cumulative knowledge and experience to whatever new obstacles confront him.

Actually, there are very few unique business problems or situations. Anyone in business for any length of time soon realizes that there are, within the realm of his own experience, precedents to almost any problem that may arise. A drilling rig and an airframe may not seem to have much in common; but the construction of one is analogous to the construction of the other, if only because both must be built from raw materials to perform certain tasks. Lessons learned in eliminating delays and bottlenecks in the construction of one can, if applied imaginatively, go a long way toward showing how similar problems may be solved in the construction of the other. Even my experience in hotel operation and construction proved invaluable when it became necessary to build housing accommodations—and eventually a miniature city—for Getty Oil Company employees in our Middle Eastern oil fields.

I could cite countless other examples to show how previous business knowledge and experience may be applied imaginatively to new and different business situations. However, I believe it is more important to emphasize that experience *alone* is hardly enough to make an individual a successful all-around businessman. Mere experience—without the imagination to use it constructively and creatively and without business ability—is likely to be more handicap than advantage. There are many men for whom experience serves as a mental strait jacket. They are unable to apply imaginatively what they already know; they only repeat what they first learned. The experience of five, ten or twenty years actually stultifies such men. Instead of adapting what they know to new situations, they try to make all new situations conform to patterns with which they are familiar.

As for "business ability," this is something of an imponderable, comprised of many ingredients. Among these are large measures of common sense, ambition, versatility, a highly developed spirit of competitiveness, a genuine interest in business, a healthy appetite for the give and take of the market place, resourcefulness—and an ingrained understanding of the concept that business is performing a service that has a commercial value.

I have said that I was not a born businessman. But, as I have also said, when

I did go into business, it was with the determination to be an entrepreneur. To my way of thinking, being in business was worth while and challenging only if one viewed it as a form of creative work. My career has seasoned me as a businessman—and has taught me not only that business is business but that there are commercial possibilities in almost everything. To me, an empty lot is not just an empty lot; it is a potential site for a house, a store or a filling station. If I went to a remote Greek island inhabited by poor fishermen and farmers, I would automatically start looking for natural resources that could be developed or for industries that could be established on the island. True, the profit motive would be present—but profits could only come after the life of the islanders had been bettered by putting their human energy to more productive use.

The farsighted businessman realizes that he can render the greatest commercial service by taking advantage of every opportunity. And there are opportunities everywhere for creating new businesses, even entire new industries—and for building and expanding old ones. They exist in profusion on remote Greek islands, in developed countries and underdeveloped ones—and in our own back yards.

It is often charged that the modern-day business executive is too much of a specialist and not enough of a businessman. I'm forced to agree that there is more than a grain of truth to this. Over-specialization has narrowed the outlooks of some of our most promising men.

On the other hand, it must also be admitted that the present-day business executive is a better businessman than the old-timer—in the same way that the modern physician is a better doctor than was the g. p. of a few decades ago.

Both the doctor and the executive of today are specialists. Both have had intensive training in their specialties—and both have more and better tools with which to work. The modern heart specialist has the electrocardiograph and other scientific instruments to aid his diagnosis. The g. p. had to rely on his stethoscope, the patient's symptoms, diagnostic questioning—and his own experience and intuition. The oil prospector of 1967 is aided by seismographic tests, vast quantities of geologists' data and other technical devices and information. The oil prospector of 1917, by contrast, had to feel and guess his way to oil.

To such extents as these, doctors and business executives are today more efficient and less liable to make errors—in their own specialized fields. But I wonder if the average heart specialist can deliver a baby, set a broken arm or

remove an appendix as well as the old-time g. p. I certainly know innumerable executives who are specialized in highly restricted fields, but who are completely lost when asked to take over a department other than their own.

While the modern technician-executive may know far more about one particular aspect of business than does the all-around businessman, the latter's grasp of the whole and all its parts is much greater. And, consequently, it is the all-around businessman—the entrepreneur—who has the best chance of reaching the top. As one extremely successful businessman remarked to me recently: "I own several businesses and I run them all profitably. If I get stuck and need a specialist, I can always put one on the payroll, but I can't hire anyone to do my job. The men who could handle it are in business for themselves, making their own fortunes."

In my opinion, modern business has a great need for more entrepreneurs. I believe there is more opportunity for a young man to become a successful entrepreneur today than ever before—if only because specimens of the breed are fewer and farther between.

How to do it? First of all, an individual must possess business ability, imagination and enterprise. He must be of the type who would rather run the show than be a supporting player. He should conceive of business as a form of creative effort—and understand that business principles are the same whether one is manufacturing safety pins or skyscrapers.

His education should be as broad as possible. Whether obtained at a university or in the college of hard knocks—and preferably in a combination of the two—it should give him a multidimensional background and outlook. A highly specialized education is fine—for the specialist. But the wider the scope of the entrepreneur's education, the more capable he is of grasping the problems he will have to face.

Then, no matter what field he enters initially, he must learn as much as he can about all aspects of it. In short, he must be a sort of g. p. of business—versed in everything from accounting to warehousing—to the extent that he can direct every facet of the business.

Lastly, and perhaps most importantly, the would-be entrepreneur must have it clearly in mind that business is business. The entrepreneur who knows one business thoroughly can operate another—or a dozen others—as handily as the first.

There's a great challenge and a great satisfaction in being an entrepreneur in the business world. It's fun—and it's highly profitable. It's also the shortest, fastest—and surest—road to success.







*"Don't let us interrupt you—we're just here to see  
that you don't exceed your limit."*



# THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA

## PART XVI: THE NUDIES

By ARTHUR KNIGHT  
and HOLLIS ALPERT

SINCE 1959, when Russ Meyer's mini-budgeted *The Immoral Mr. Teas* made its unblushing bow on American screens—and walked off with better than a \$1,000,000 gross—the “nudies” have had an impact far in excess of their numbers, their cost or their quality. Not only was many a failing art house saved from extinction by switching from foreign films to domestic flesh, but Hollywood itself, despite the strictures of its own Production Code, soon began cautiously to insert seminude scenes into its glossy “A” features. Meyer, a veteran glamor and figure photographer, has stated that he “showered the screen with nudity” in *Mr. Teas*. Within three years, his shower had turned into a flood; by 1963, thanks jointly to the unanticipated success of his picture and to the even less anticipated leniency of the local censors, Meyer was able to count 150 imitations of his girl-studded gold mine—seven of which were his own. Singlehanded, he had touched off a whole “nude wave” of moviemaking.

Nudity, of course, has never been totally absent from American films. Even after the formation of the Hays Office, in 1922, it continued to flourish: The Haysian restrictions applied only to the member companies of the Motion Picture Producers Association, and there were always plenty of fly-by-nights to supply the exploitation market with suitably lurid material. State and local censors contributed their mite toward controlling the situation by snipping away at offending sequences or by banning entire pictures outright; but those who demanded stronger sexual titillation in their movies soon discovered that they could leap across state lines to communities where censorship was either more permissive or nonexistent. It is a fact, and one that today's proponents of a more stringent censorship might well ponder, that during the middle and late Thirties, when America's censors were most potent, the sexploitation movies could anticipate at least 2000 bookings across the country, while today's nudies rarely average over 400. Obviously, the relaxation of censor controls has not increased the average American's appetite either for greater sensationalism or for more nudity.

For the most part, then as now, the films played in shabby, third-rate houses on run-down streets leading off the main drag. Often they supplemented, or supplanted, the local burlesque shows; and one bought tickets with the same furtive prurience. Some of the films from the late Twenties are quite remarkable even for that era of precensorial permissiveness. In a series of short one-reelers shot for (text continued on page 128)

a survey of the cinematic skin trade—from burlesque peep shows and nudist “documentaries” to the epidermol epics of jayne mansfield and mamie van doren



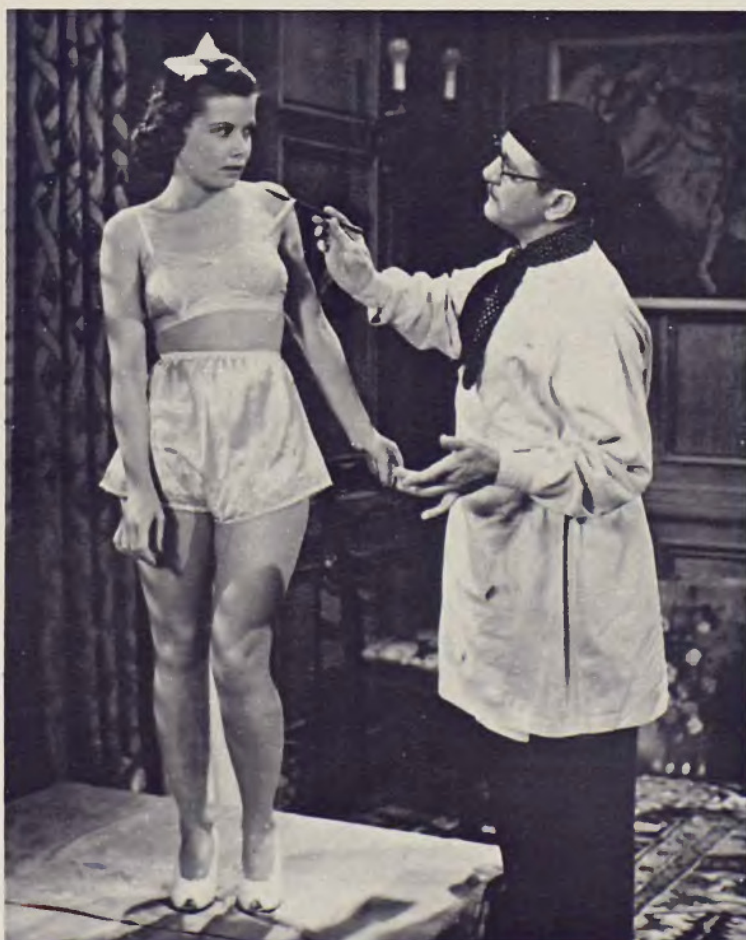


**"THE IMMORAL MR. TEAS":** The prototype production for a nude wave of flesh flicks, this Russ Meyer film-flam cashed in on the increasingly permissive climate of the time by offering unclothed sequences that were more silly than sensual. Far from immoral, Mr. Teas is an ineffectual Hollywood messenger suffering from hallucinations: Constant contact with pulchritudinous females on his rounds has left him certain he's seeing them disturbingly denuded. When a toothsome dental assistant's uniform vanishes, Teas is teased by the nearness of the nude nurse—and shaken by an imagined antler-sized extraction. At an L.A. diner, he envisions his deep-cleaved waitress going topless—and bottomless as well. Driven to distraction, he finally takes his problem to a female headshrinker; when her duds disappear, too, Teas decides his affliction is appealingly incurable.





**"MAIN STREET" FILMS:** During the Thirties, as new movie houses in fashionable neighborhoods began to book the better films, once-popular downtown theaters were forced to subsist on tempting but tepid sexpotboilers. Typically touted with lurid posters, early exploitation films such as *"The Road to Ruin"* (above left) promised prurient diversions seldom seen within. Despite such titillating titles as *"Smashing the Vice Trust"* (below left) and *"Secrets of a Model"* (below right), the "Main Street" films were moralistic screen sermons in which wayward women paid for their sins—all suggestively depicted—in the last reel. A case in point: *"Child Bride"* (bottom left), in which a seminude schoolmarm is brutally beaten by night riders.







**BURLESQUE FILMS:** The first major post-War nudies were unabashed burlesque shows. Some proffered baggy-pants comics (above right), but the fans came to glom the girls. Most were able-bodied unknowns (above), but many were eminent ecdysiasts such as Ann Corio (below left) in the Forties and Candy Barr (below center) in the Fifties. Lili St. Cyr's celluloid stripping (right) netted her a Hollywood career.







**JUNGLE FILMS:** Because censors seldom objected to the bared bosoms of dusky "native" girls, pseudo-documentaries shot during the Thirties and Forties were often doctored with sexed-up sequences such as the faked footage (above) spliced into the 1938 film "Bowanga Bowanga." Even more preposterous was "Forbidden Adventure," a trumped-up jungle jaunt in which two white hunters safari into darkest Africa accompanied by dark-skinned barers.



the burlesque trade, or to be used as a midnight-show fillip in small-town exploitation houses, groups of girls cavort against desert or beach backgrounds totally in the raw, their pubic hair abundantly displayed. Far from erotic—for affection between the sexes rarely extended beyond a simple handshake—some of these peep shows had rudimentary plots, others merely nude or seminude dance routines. (In the early Thirties, a number of these were re-edited, a sound track added, and then re-released to continue on their profitable way for the next decade.) Others presented nudity in the context of a very well-developed story line. *Hollywood Script Girl*, for example, a one-reeler produced in 1928, pretended to chronicle the rise to stardom of a bespectacled minion in a movie studio that seems to be producing the last-act curtain for a Ziegfeld show. Just what her script duties would be under the circumstances is difficult to imagine, particularly since the sequence being shot presents nothing more involved than an array of unclad chorines posing artistically against a Follies-type staircase. During a break, however, some of the girls think it might be fun to transform their ugly duckling. With a suitable show of reluctance, the heroine permits herself to be stripped down to her step-ins. Then, after her figure is appraised and approved, she is hustled off to make-up, where the final touches are applied—including the belated removal of her spectacles. "Why, you're really beautiful!" the girls exclaim in subtitle, and when the recalcitrant star of the show throws a temper tantrum, they introduce their new "find" to the director. As the film ends, our heroine—the new star—stands posed at the top of the stairs in the briefest of G strings, while below her the other girls wink and simper like mad at the success of their little prank.

Naïve as this film and its contemporaries may have been in subject matter, they were professionally made and mounted, and on a technical par with any modestly budgeted studio production of the period. Unlike most of the early nudies, which went out of their way to avoid sets and give the impression of having been shot largely in motel bedrooms, most of these were produced with full Hollywood crews and on proper Hollywood stages. When sound came in, the practice continued. Whereas the first wave of nudies dispensed with dialog in favor of the cheaper voice-over narration, the exploitation pictures of the Thirties and Forties were fully sounded, shot on standard 35mm film and employed professional actors (frequently an admixture of tired has-beens and eager, hungry young hopefuls). By the early Thirties, features had replaced the shorts, and men like Louis Sonney, Duane (text continued on page 136)





**NUDIST FILMS:** Until the Sixties, another quick-buck gimmick used by sexploitation moviemakers was the “educational” junket to a nudist camp. The success of the 1933 skin film “Elysia” (above left) spawned a spate of imitators. In the 1959 French flick “Isle of Levant” (above right), a dedicated sun-camp follower proved all-together delectable. Recent nudist films, however, have abandoned authenticity to display the bodies beautiful of burley queens and figure models on outdoor sets, as in such films as “Daughter of the Sun” (below left). A 1958 Supreme Court decision—holding that nudity per se is not obscene—permitted the producers of such nudist nudies as “The Raw Ones” to film uncensored scenes such as the one below right.







**NUDIE-CUTIES:** In the wake of the money-making "The Immoral Mr. Teas" came a stampede of cinematic copycats eager to cash in on its simple-minded formula—ploysfully coupling nude girls with an ineffectual hero who keeps his hands, if not his eyes, shyly to himself. In "Paradisio," a 3-D sextravaganza starring British comic Arthur Howard, female apparel magically disappeared whenever the fumbling funnyman donned a pair of "X-ray" eyeglasses. When Howard focused his tricky cheaters on a nightclub lensmaid (top left), both star and moviegoer saw the girl lose her clothes but not her cool. While digging the beauties of nature, Howard ogles a blonde Bo-Peep—and finds his specs have stripped both shepherdess and sheep. In "Not Tonight, Henry," burlesque comic Hank Henry played a henpecked husband who dreamed he was several of history's all-conquering heroes. As Napoleon (below left), he eagerly sampled the charms of a comely Josephine who proved to be his Waterloo. In another episode, as John Smith, his head was saved by Pocahontas—but he promptly lost it over some sweet Sioux (below). Like the silent-screen nudie shorts of the Twenties, the nudie-cuties of the early Sixties offered a broad burlesque of sex—purveying asexual nudity and depicting the male as a bumbling buffoon rather than a lover. Vacuous variations on the theme appeared in such productions as (opposite, clockwise from lower left) "Once Upon a Knight," "Adam and Six Eves," "Kiss Me Quick," "Boin-n-g" and Russ Meyer's "Eve and the Handyman," in which the hapless hero stares at the wares of a ring-a-ding door-to-door salesgirl played by Meyer's real-life wife.











**THE ROUGHIES:** By 1963, sagging box-office sales had inspired nudie-cutie producers to lace the old formula with carnal carryings-on, thus creating a bold new breed of films—"roughies." Clockwise from left: Russ Meyer's "Lorna," among the first of these erotic opuses, starred stripper Lorna Maitland. Germany's "The Festival Girls" contained stag-party footage shot Stateside. "Saberleros" and "Orgy of the Golden Nudes" portrayed outdoor seduction and indoor inversion. **THE "MONDOS":** Italy's sensational documentary "Mondo Cane" begot such violent, voyeuristic sequels as "Sexy Proibitissimo" (below), "Mondo Freud" and "Mondo Bizarro" (opposite, below and bottom).







**KINKIES AND GHOULIES:** As nudie themes escalated into deviation and sadomasochism, bookings immediately increased. The 1960 fetish film "Satan in High Heels" (above right), starring a leather-laced Meg Myles, was among the first of this far-out genre—"kinkies." Others—such as "Suburbia Confidential" (above far right) and "Love Is a Four Letter Word" (right)—accented such aberrations as transvestism and sadism. These, in turn, unleashed a new degeneration of sick flicks—"ghoulies"—exemplified by "The Blood Feast" (bottom right).







**NAME NUDIES:** In an effort to revive the waning nudie biz, producer Tommy Noonan pumped an unprecedented \$80,000 into his highly publicized "Promises, Promises!"—the majority of it going to cantilevered sex star Jayne Mansfield (above and below). Abetted by a celebrated pictorial preview in the June 1963 *PLAYBOY*, the film ended up a major money-maker. However, Noonan's second big-name nudie, "Three Nuts in Search of a Bolt," was a financial flop—despite the uninhibited presence of Mamie Van Doren (right)—because bigger sex queens were beginning to appear nude in major studio productions.









Esper, Al Dezel, Howard Underwood, Willis Kent, J. D. Kendis and Samuel Cummins (who brought *Ecstasy* to America) began amassing small fortunes by catering to the exploitation market. Known among themselves as the Forty Thieves, they carried cutthroat competition to new extremes. One of them went so far as to send faked FBI "MOST WANTED" photos of a rival distributor to theater managers whom both of them served. When the distributor appeared in person, instead of booking his pictures, one manager called the police.

Throughout the Thirties, in addition to the established theaters, the producers of exploitation pictures also sold their wares to "states-rights" distributors and itinerant showmen, who would buy for an entire territory, then hawk them as best they could. Occasionally, they would rent the film to a theater owner; more often, however, they would make a "four walls" deal, renting a theater or a tent outright for a night or two and reaping their harvest before either the police or the public caught up with them. It was rarely possible to please both. Such pictures were known to the trade as "Main Street" films—not because they played the gaudy flagship houses. They didn't. In thousands of American communities, the newer theaters had gone up in more fashionable areas, often leaving the "Main Street" altogether. The theaters that remained behind, dust-laden, dim-bulbed and decrepit, provided homes for the sexploitation market.

Not that the films themselves were particularly shocking, at least by today's standards. Although owing no allegiance to the industry's self-imposed Production Code of 1934, and hence theoretically free to emphasize sex and nudity in their own movies, the producers of the exploitation films of the Thirties and early Forties were nevertheless relatively circumspect. They were, after all, well aware of the force of local censors and watch-and-ward societies—plus the need to get their pictures accepted by theater owners in the first place. *The Road to Ruin*, one of the best-known exploitation pictures of the early Thirties, had as its key scene a strip-poker sequence in which the girls finally get down to bras and panties. In *Child Bride*, a heavily moralistic condemnation of child marriages in the Kentucky hills, the attractive young teacher who speaks out against this practice is abducted by a band of vigilantes, stripped to the waist, bound to a tree and flogged. (As an added fillip, the child herself, a half-developed adolescent, is seen in *extenso* bathing in the nude in the ole swimmin' hole while her 16-year-old swain looks on. It's all very folksy.) In these, as well as in such sexpotboilers as *Forbidden Desires*, *Hopped Up* and literally dozens of other movies in which teenage girls, eager for excitement, find more than they bargained for

in the back rooms of a roadhouse (the standard symbol for sin in the Thirties), nudity or near nudity was clearly the motivating factor in their production. But it was introduced either as a story element or with seeming inadvertence. The women, for example, even when attired, invariably were bra-less and wore loose-fitting dresses that afforded frequent peeks of what lay beneath. *High School Girl* and *Birth of a Baby* insinuated sex in the guise of hygienic moral enlightenment. *The Virgin Goddess* and *Goona-Goona* employed the ethnological approach to anatomical exposure—abetted by the fact that censors rarely objected to the display of female breasts, provided the breasts were black. *Elysia* (1933) was perhaps the first of a still-unabated series of nudist-camp features. And following the success of *Ecstasy*, many shoddy French and Italian pictures were imported, dubbed into English and sexy scenes inserted for the exploitation market. Generally, these were pseudo documentaries of life in primitive, nonwhite cultures, re-edited and hoked up with a hastily invented story line. Each of these approaches—moral, ethnological, pseudo-documentary or nudist-camp—had the same all-important virtue: It permitted a "legitimate" rationale for the existence of nudity in a context that was essentially nonerotic.

After World War Two, a new variant appeared in the form of burlesque movies—nudity in a setting that was a bit more forthright in intent but still far from erotic in its effect. Burlesque, of course, had been dead in New York since May of 1937, when Mayor Fiorello La Guardia denied the Minskys a license to reopen their Oriental Theater or even to use their family name on any place of public entertainment. Rising prices and the siphoning off of top burlesque talent—baggy-pants comics and strippers alike—by Broadway shows and the movies soon reduced the old burlesque wheels to a dispiriting few weeks' spin through antiquated fleabags centered mainly in the Midwest. But there was still a tawdry magic to names like Georgia Sothern, Ann Corio and Margie Hart, not to mention such curvaceous newcomers to the ecdysiasts' art as Lili St. Cyr, Blaze Starr, Evelyn "Treasure Chest" West, "the ever-popular" Tempest Storm and the toothsome Candy Barr (although Miss Barr, as will be noted later, was to gain even greater fame for her unorthodox appearance in films of a more exotic nature). All of them were names that could draw an audience, even though their audiences now saw them in crudely photographed black-and-white flickers instead of, as before, with the blue spotlight playing seductively on the quivering, living flesh.

The burlesque films—there were only about two dozen of them—were generally produced on the West Coast, where both "talent" and capital were available.

Done on the cheap (from \$10,000 to \$20,000 budgets), they followed the burlesque format of the Thirties, with the accent falling on the peelers and the nude production numbers. The singers and the comics, holdovers from an earlier, happier burlesque era, had degenerated into little more than obvious stage waits before the next stripper emerged. (This quality was unintentionally accentuated in several of the films where, through technical ineptitude, songs and comedy routines were frequently visibly out of sync with the lip movements, yet no one bothered either to reshoot or to rerecord these sequences.) Since the name of the star was what sold the show, the actual titles of these films were little more than formalities. Nor did the same title necessarily guarantee the same film. Generally, the pictures were shot in two versions—a "hot" version, in which the girls stripped down to an abbreviated G-string (these had their major distribution in the South), and a "cold" version, which got the girls down to panties and net bras or pasties—as far as they could safely go, in other words, to get the pictures distributed in New York and other major metropolitan centers. Without exception, these were movies made for the fast buck—and not even the staunchest enthusiast for burlesque as it was could be deceived into thinking that his favorite form of entertainment had been revived and immortalized on celluloid.

Of far greater importance historically was the 1954 production of a nudist film, *Garden of Eden*. Professionally made (the cameraman was Boris Kaufman, who had shot *On the Waterfront* for Elia Kazan only the year before), it was actually filmed in a Florida nudist colony—thus differing from a number of its precursors, which customarily rigged up the semblance of a nudist camp solely for picture purposes. Essentially a documentary, although it took some liberties for exploitation purposes, the film was promptly labeled "indecent" by the New York State censors and barred from the screens of that state. As described by one of the judges who found against it, "The motion picture depicts in color the life in a nudist camp with views of nude men, women and children, singly and in pairs, walking, talking, swimming and playing together. . . . In addition, the picture contains specific protracted scenes of women in unwholesome sexually alluring postures which are completely unnecessary to—and in fact a radical departure from—the activities of the nudist camp depicted. For example, there is a dream sequence where the principal actress, a comely young lady, completely disrobes in full view of the audience in a manner not unlike . . . professional ecdysiasts."

Unlike most producers for the exploitation market, who would rather switch  
(continued on page 177)



AS AL DOOLEY ENTERED past the display of Tapered Surf Boy Sport Shirts, with rawhide tie fronts and side zippers in blue ("will evoke compliments"), he overheard a conversation between a Polk Street slicker and a Haight Street hippie. It was a fine sunny morning in the cool, blue and white and gray city, San Francisco. He noticed two, not one, but two pregnant women picking out tight-crotch clothes with their husbands. One of the pregnant women also had a child in a carriage alongside her confused husband.

The Polk Street slicker, in new white bell-bottoms, with striped turtle-neck dickey and virile olive Dutch Boy cap, was saying: "Did you hear what the Russian astronaut got asked by the first man he met on the moon?"

The Haight Street hippie in psychedelic-ecstatic paisley silk shirt, wide-wale corduroy pants with wide belt, trim seat, tapered, and top pockets, and boy-scout mountain boots, replied with interest: "There are men on the moon? Have they got a place to go? The fuzz don't give 'em a hard time?"

"You're up tight, listen," said the Polk Streeter. "And answer my question."

"What the Russian tripper got asked by the first stud on the moon?"

"Cool."

"I don't know, man."

"This moon stud come up to him and ask him in perfect English: *Is it true Woody Allen don't write his own material?*"

With a laughter that sounded like subdued grumbling, the two pals pushed past Al Dooley into the sanctuary of Carnaby, the citadel of far out, the delight of the well-dressed San Francisco stud, Ye Sworde and Casual Whippe, purveyor of clothes in the ferocious, clawing, happy world of men's fashion on Polk Street. One of the pregnant ladies was chatting with the other pregnant lady. They were not discussing morning sickness. They were discussing their husbands' vinyl jackets. Vinyl is *out*. Further than madras. Paisley is in.

Al drifted out of earshot.

"Hey, how are you, buddy," said a slender young man in tangerine plush-velour pullover.

"Fine?" said Al, wondering where they had met.

"Lookin' sharp," said the plush-velour boy encouragingly.

"Thank you," said Al.

"But not sharp enough, thinks I. Thinks I: You need you a fire-patterned paisley sport shirt to jazz up whatever downtown outfits you got hanging in your closets next to the old Murphy bed."

How does he know I have an old Murphy bed? Al asked himself. How does he know I call the fall-in, fall-out, fall-down old bed a Murphy and not a California bed?

"How do you know?" said Al.

"I can tell, judge of human nature and nurture," the menswear psychologist admitted briskly. "First place, up front, and for openers, you got that studenty look about you, old-timy studenty. You got that apartment off-campus look. You got that look doesn't live in the motelly, swimming-pooly-type digs. You got that turn on, tune in and drop out charisma to you, kid. Second place, and what's most important: So what if I'm wrong? *So what if I am wrong, buddy?* The ice is broken and I can talk clothes and you can answer back and in the end I get my commission, which is what made America great, aside from coonskin caps and moccasins and dressing right for the times. Now the times is different-o, made for trips festivals, psychedelic-ecstatic shirts, up-tightly expressions of ye olde *Zeitie geistie*. Which is why I am here to aid and counsel you, Fred."

"Al."

"Whoops, Al. My name is Buck Burford. My father came out here like an Okie, he *was* an Okie, all his belongings toted on Ford flivver, my mother had the pellagra, if only John Steinbeck could see me now."

"Lookin' sharp," said Al.

"As white men should, too," said Buck. He was wearing a button that said: KILL A COMMIE FOR CHRIST. "This is a great country, where in one generation a man can go from being a long-jawed (continued on page 170)



*he had wandered by mischance  
into the world's most  
switched-on haberdashery—  
ye sworde and casual whippe*

## PEACOCK DREAMS

*fiction* By HERBERT GOLD





*"So you're not Amelia Earhart. We'd still like to take you back with us."*



NEED I BEGIN my story by explaining to you who Achmet Hodja was? His fame, whether as wise man or as simpleton, has spread throughout the lands inhabited by the faithful, all the way from Bokhara to Fès, from Sarajevo to Timbuktù. Recently, I have been told that some of the less ignorant among the infidels have already published learned dissertations on his divinely inspired blend of sense and folly, in the distant and benighted universities of Uppsala, Chicago and Johannesburg. Let it therefore suffice that I remind you that Allah, in His infinite wisdom, had also seen fit to endow Achmet Hodja with physical gifts of such magnificent proportions and remarkable endurance as to be able to satisfy the lusts of the most wanton of women. But these gifts were seemingly an afterthought to compensate for the disabilities of a man otherwise hunchbacked, crooklegged, prematurely bald, hook-nosed, clubfooted, gat-toothed and pock-marked.

Be that all as it may, the rumor of this unfortunate monster's rare gifts began to spread as soon as he was old enough to be discussed, along with the other men of his native village of Bok Köy, meaning the Hamlet of Turds, among the 999 mothers, sisters-in-law, mothers-in-law, wives, daughters and sisters of this otherwise undistinguished community. It thus came to pass, in time, that every one of these 999 women of Bok Köy had been tempted in turn, out of wanton idleness, to taste in secret of the forbidden fruits with which Allah had seen fit to endow Achmet Hodja.

But not one of these 999 wanton women of Bok Köy had ever fallen in love with Achmet Hodja, each one of them in turn using his services as if he were but a kind of public convenience placed discreetly at their disposal. Not even Achmet Hodja's own wife, a hag who in any other village of Turkey would have had to remain content with her broomstick, ever expressed any tenderness toward her mate. Still, a boy had been born of this strange union, Allah-ud-din, a child that, remarkable as this may seem, grew daily in strength and beauty, the pride of the whole village of Bok Köy. In due time, it then became known on the riverbank that the growing boy had inherited his father's rare gifts, in spite of his not really needing such compensation for any lack of natural wit or beauty. But Achmet Hodja knew the 999 shrews of his native village too well

and was determined that his son deserved more worthy mates. He therefore devised, with his friend Murad Haimoglou, a physician and the son of a physician from nearby Elâziz, a strange plan to ensure Allah-ud-din a great future.

Their plan was as follows: First, the physician would inflict, on the boy's extraordinary gifts, some quite harmless scars that might nevertheless give the impression that he had been made fit for a job as eunuch in a great harem. Then the physician would accompany him to Stamboul and, before presenting him to the chief eunuch for appointment in the imperial harem, would also administer to him a potion that would make him able to pass the strict civil-service tests.

The plan worked perfectly, and the boy was accepted in due course as an apprentice eunuch in the sultan's harem. There, because of his rare beauty and charm, he was soon entrusted with the task of holding the towel or bathrobe when the sultana took her daily bath.

In those days, the ladies of the sultan's harem were particularly idle and restless. Many of them had been recruited from among the infidels, so that their upbringing had not prepared them for a life of dignified retirement. Moreover, affairs of state and other preoccupations kept the sultan from devoting to his 999 wives and concubines the only kind of attention that might have justified, in their eyes, their rigorous seclusion from the world. Reduced to their own devices, the ladies thus played cards all day, consulted dubious fortunetellers, wrote poems, sometimes even studied theology. Several of them, especially the poetesses, had organized societies of mutual admiration where they discussed the utter uselessness of men and had even discovered means of happily dispensing with the favors, rare as these were, of their lord and master. Others corresponded regularly with bishops and rabbis and other dignitaries of the communities of the infidels and had already caused many of the imperial harem's Moslem inmates to abandon the true faith in favor of every kind of strange and foolish belief. The sultana, a truly great lady, had developed a passion for contemporary French poetry. She wore at all times an emerald monocle, specially cut for her by a Frenchman who was then jeweler to the Imperial Muscovite Court, and she corresponded regularly

## ***how the sultan made peace in his harem***

Ribald Classic  
from a traditional Turkish tale





with a chlorotic Parisian poetess who sent her autographed copies of privately printed limited editions of her works, together with autographed photographs that revealed "the Sappho of Argenteuil" wearing a cavalry officer's helmet, breastplate, breeches and spurs, for all the world like one of the corseted military attachés of the infidels attending in full dress a diplomatic reception of the Sublime Porte.

One day, as this great but perverse sultana was taking her bath, stripped of all her finery except her emerald monacle, she suddenly perceived, through this flawless green stone, an unusual stirring, like that of a captive bird, beneath the towel that her boy eunuch was holding, spread out against his body and ready for the moment when she would rise from the perfumed waters and need to wrap the cloth round her exquisite and glistening form. A Circassian princess, she was the daughter of a Mameluke from Egypt who had deemed her worthy of only the greatest of all living sovereigns; but this did not make her appear any less desirable to the common run of men. When she stepped out of her bath, the proud and beautiful sultana simulated a moment of clumsiness, in the course of which she was able to verify, with her erring and surprised hand, the exact shape, size, quality and nature of the mysterious birdlike thing that she had seen stirring beneath the outspread towel. That evening, she summoned young Allah-ud-din to her private apartment, ostensibly to fan her throughout the hot August night. True, no breeze reached the imperial harem from the shores of the Bosphorus, and even the fountains in the marble courtyards of the palace appeared to wilt from heat. The sultana and her boy eunuch thus spent the whole night together in rare transports of love, after which she ceased to correspond any longer with the Parisian poetess and even donated her autographed volumes of verse and photographs to the library of a nearby French convent, for the education of the daughters of the wealthier infidel merchants of Pera.

But the ladies of a great harem are not much different from the gossiping shrews of a village such as Bok Köy, and it soon became known among them that the sultana had made the greatest discovery of her life, something indeed worthy of the attention of the 998 other wives and concubines of the sultan, too. For a while, Allah-ud-din was kept very busy, but he was always able, thanks to the unusual powers of endurance with which Allah had endowed him, to give satisfaction to all and sundry. The sultan began to receive reports, from the unsuspecting chief eunuch, of a most satisfactory lull in the harem's intrigues and of an unusual improvement in the morale of the strictly secluded ladies. They no

longer accused one another of cheating in their card games, nor did they listlessly consult so many dubious but expensive fortunetellers. In their poetic societies of mutual admiration, organized on the same principles as the courts of love of the troubadours who had once accompanied the crusader armies of the infidel in their invasions, the imperial ladies no longer interrupted their debates to fight and tear one another's hair or scratch one another's faces, nor did any of them correspond any longer, on theological matters, with the sly and intriguing great doctors of the infidel.

This lull in the usual goings on of a great harem could scarcely, in view of the very nature of women, be expected to last long. In time, several ladies fell in love with Allah-ud-din, each one of them wanting him as her own exclusive property. The imperial harem then became, in short shrift, such an inferno that the chief eunuch was prompted to conduct an inquiry into the cause of so much turmoil, after which he submitted a shocked but tactful report on his weird findings to the sultan in person. He did this orally and in secret conclave with the ruler of all the faithful, lest the nature of the scandal he had discovered reach the ears of any court official of doubtful discretion who might report it all, for a consideration, to the special Constantinople correspondents of *La Vie Parisienne*, *The Sporting Times* and the *Wiener Journal*. Among other findings, the chief eunuch's report included alarming statistics on the number of heirs whom the sultan, who had not visited his harem once in five full years, had good reason to expect within the next few months.

The sultan was a sovereign of rare wisdom, busy with important affairs of state and too devoted to the privacy of his rare leisure, when he pursued other delights, to want his neglected harem to remain, at all times, a seething source of worry and vulgar scandal. He was grateful to the young eunuch for having solved, at least in the early stages of his career in the imperial harem and within the limitations imposed on him by the lack of discretion of the ladies concerned rather than by any failings of his own remarkable potency, at least some of the problems of this vast and unruly hen-roost. The sultan therefore sent for Allah-ud-din. Charmed by the boy's appearance and rare modesty, instead of ordering that he be impaled forthwith, the sultan asked him to explain how and why he had thus been appointed under apparently false pretenses to his job in the imperial household.

Allah-ud-din, like most country boys from the distant villages of Anatolia, was courageous, truthful and respectful and remained so in the presence of his sovereign. Though dazzled by the magnificence of the imperial divan, he did

not hesitate to tell the great sultan, in a clear voice and in modest terms, of his own father's misfortunes and of how Achmet Hodja had decided that his more fortunate son deserved a better fate. The sultan was delighted with the boy's truthfulness and dignity and moved by the account of Achmet Hodja's fate. He therefore appointed Allah-ud-din, on the spot, captain of the palace guards, and then added: "Boy, send immediately for your father. I have important affairs of state to discuss with this Achmet Hodja. Why have I been deprived, all these years, of the services of so wise and resourceful a man from among my countless loyal subjects? Why do I always seem to be surrounded only with ambitious fools?"

Several days later, Achmet Hodja arrived at the imperial palace in Stamboul. As soon as he was announced, he was admitted into the august presence of the ruler of all the faithful, who gave orders that they be left alone in the Baghdad kiosk, from the windows of which the view over the Bosphorus is truly like a glimpse of paradise. The sultan first assured himself that this monstrous old man, in his torn and filthy garb of a poor Anatolian villager, had been truly endowed by Allah with such rare concealed gifts of the body as well as of the mind. The sultan then appointed Achmet Hodja hereditary eunuch of the bathrobe, in Allah-ud-din's stead, in the imperial harem, and then added, with a delighted chuckle: "Achmet Hodja, have you still a father as fortunately deformed as yourself, to inherit in the third generation this great honor, should your aptitudes ever fail to the point of suggesting that you may have reached the age of retirement?"

From that day on, there was no more trouble of any sort in the imperial harem. The sultan's 999 wives and concubines took it in turns to be the joy of Achmet Hodja's days and nights, but not one of them ever fell in love with him. They began to bear him peacefully a great number of beautiful and wise princes and princesses, all remarkably alike in their physical and intellectual gifts. True, one foolish grand vizier, a former Armenian slave who had reached high office through his gift for intrigue and gossip, was impaled one day for remarking to a Russian diplomat, in the presence of a loyal eavesdropper, that all these princes and princesses looked suspiciously like the captain of the palace guards. As for Captain Allah-ud-din, he soon became the sultan's confidant, rapidly learning to unburden his lord and master of many wearisome affairs of state. He always slept, they say, fully armed on a Bokhara rug spread out at the foot of the sultan's bed, the constant companion of the days and nights of the ruler of all the faithful.

—Edouard Roditi







# SPIT ROASTING

*one good turn deserves another when it's mouth-watering fare weather*  
*food* By THOMAS MARIO

TODAY'S DO-IT-HIMSELF GOURMET who finds his taste buds set atingle by even the prospect of a spit-roasting feast is in good company. For over seven centuries, professional roasters have been saying that ovens are perfectly fine for bread or brioche, for *gratins* and *cassoulets*, but not for roasts. Ever since the French Guild of Goose Roasters was founded in 1248, *rôtisseurs* have used anything from larks to whole lamb to demonstrate that meat, to be perfectly roasted, must meet with a direct flame; that to be beautifully browned, it must turn crisp in the free dry air (not the wet atmosphere that builds up in an oven); and that to conserve its naturally luscious flavor, it must be basted continuously with its own crackling fat and juices. In fact, the *Confrérie de la Chaîne des Rôtisseurs*, a distinguished organization of 7000 professional and amateur chefs with chapters all over the world, dedicates itself at innumerable Homeric feasts to spreading the philosophy of the turnspit.

That Americans have even more links in their *chaînes* is proved not only by the number of indoor rotisseries but also by the outdoor charcoal grills that hold plump fowl, miles of spareribs and countless standing ribs. Standing ribs, of course, don't just stand there, with their juices all flowing in one direction—downward. As the rib roast turns one cheek and then the other to the glowing coals, the inner succulence moves in all directions on the slow Ferris wheel. The beef acquires a fire-kissed savor to which the usual oven roast can never be privy.

The master of the turning spit knows that after he's built his fire and impaled his meat, his chief job will be to do nothing. He can leave his captain's chair and his Pimm's Cup for a minute to brush the spitted meat with its own fat or with a basting sauce. But even these minor duties aren't always necessary. If he's prepared a rice pilaf or a hot potato salad, it can be placed on a warm section of the grill for gentle reheating. If he wants to grill some beefsteak tomatoes or corn on the cob, or heat a loaf of French bread with chive butter, the roastmeister simply relaxes and waits until he's brought the (continued on page 167)



# SILVERSTEIN

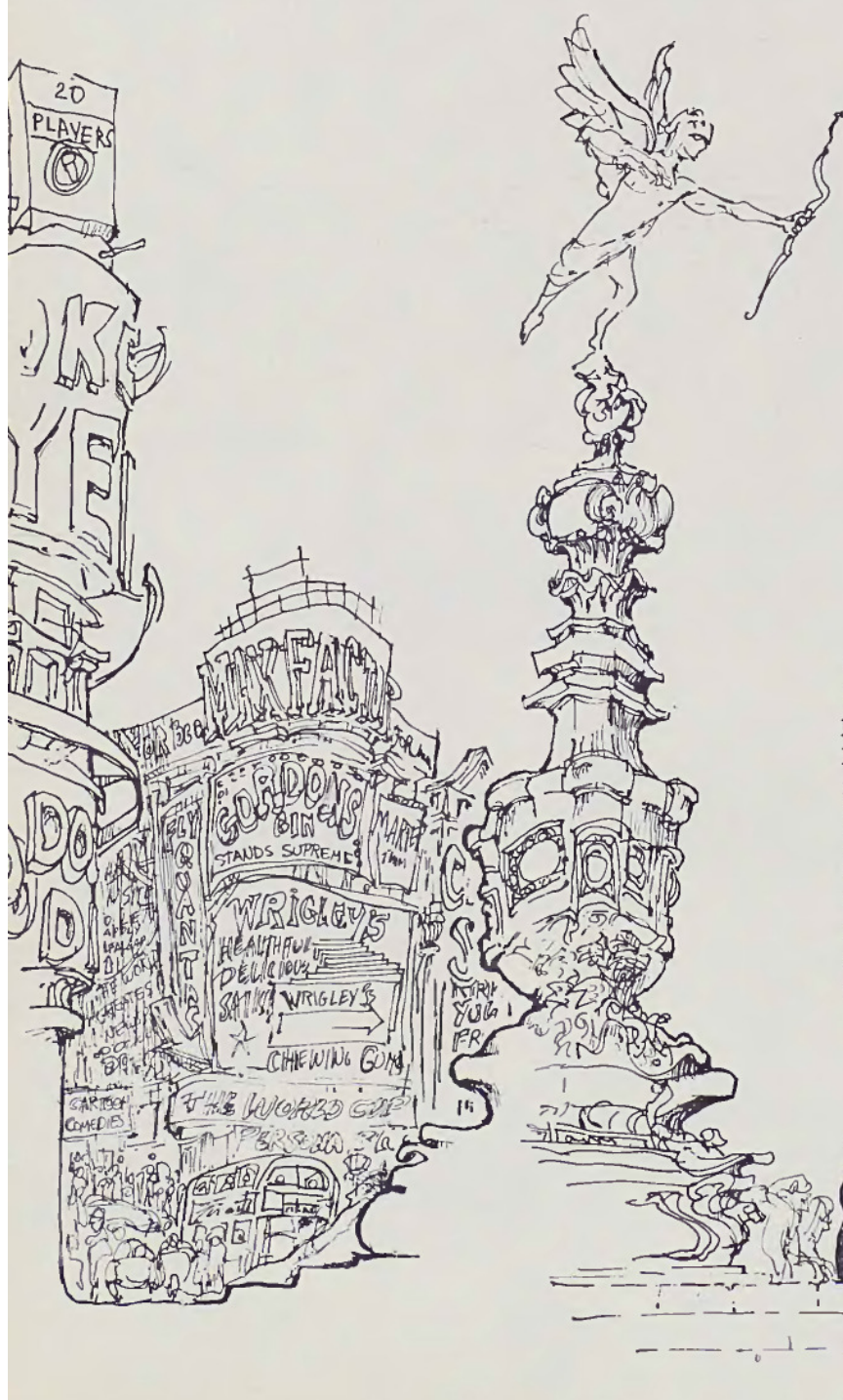
## IN

# LONDON

*our switched-on beard catches the mod  
show in a return visit to swingsville-on-thames*

TEN YEARS AGO, Shel Silverstein, our bawdy bard of the satiric sketchbook, portrayed for PLAYBOY a London that was venerated and venerable. England's capital has since become the West's prime example of urbane renewal; today, titled nobility is bypassed in favor of a closely knit coterie of miniskirted mannequins, pop-music groups, fashion photographers, dress designers and disco-technicians. Shel's second sortie into Londontown finds him caught up in the storied city's new-found spirit. In a word: Modness.

At the foot of the statue of Eros, landmark of Piccadilly Circus, Silverstein is knee-deep in loveniks gathered to celebrate o worm doy.



"Of course you can't find 'Swinging London'! There are only a handful of people in London who have enough money to swing. The rest of us are busy doing articles and picture stories and television shows on 'Swinging London,' so that you desperate Americans will come swarming over here looking for the action, and spend enough money to beef up our economy so we can afford to swing a bit!"



"Well, Mr. Silverstein, you passed the physical, but did poorly on the mental exam, only average in the personality tests, language proficiency, art and literature, but you'll be pleased to learn that your over-all grade was a passing one, so we will consider tailoring you a suit!"

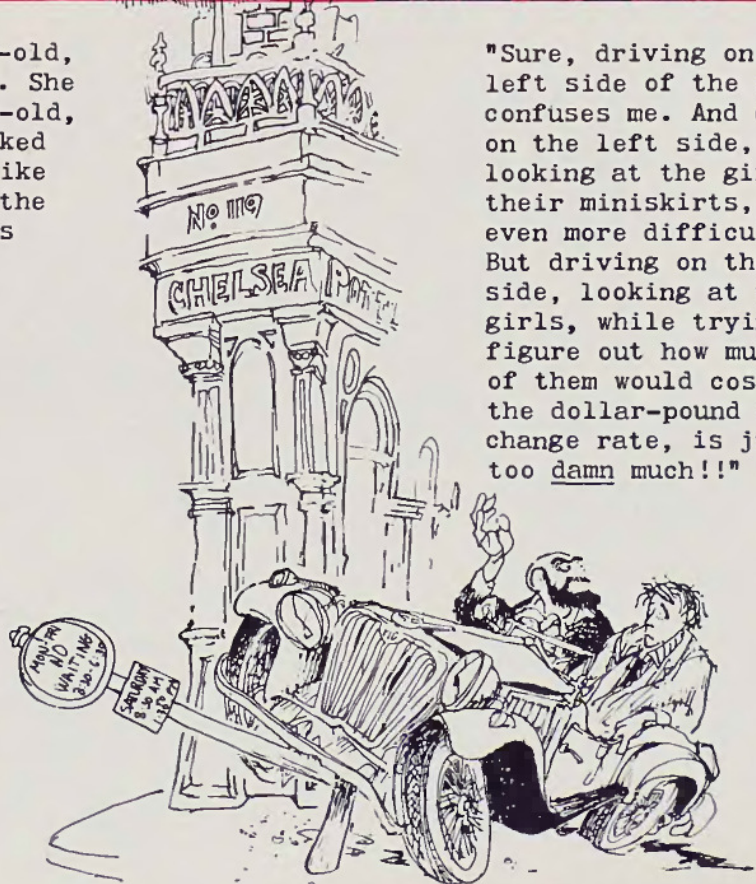


In Trafalgar Square, Shel draws a bead on London's birds—the feathered variety. Afterward, in Carnaby Street shop, he displays wildly wide lapels as salesgirl surveys Silverstein à la Mod.



"She had her hair fixed like a 15-year-old, just the way all the London girls have. She was wearing the miniskirt of a 15-year-old, just like they all wear. And she talked and acted like a 15-year-old, just like every woman does these days. So how the hell was I supposed to know she was actually a 15-year-old?!!"

"Sure, driving on the left side of the street confuses me. And driving on the left side, while looking at the girls in their miniskirts, is even more difficult. But driving on the left side, looking at the girls, while trying to figure out how much one of them would cost on the dollar-pound exchange rate, is just too damn much!!"





"Actually, all this publicity about the sexual promiscuity of London girls is highly exaggerated, and you'll find after you've been here a while, Mr.... Mr.... what did you say your name was again...?"



Twiggy, London supermodel and an international celebrity of 17, oversees lunch date Shel sketching away at Alvaro's, mecca for rich young Britons. Later, he digs the threads worn by busbied Buckingham Palace guard.



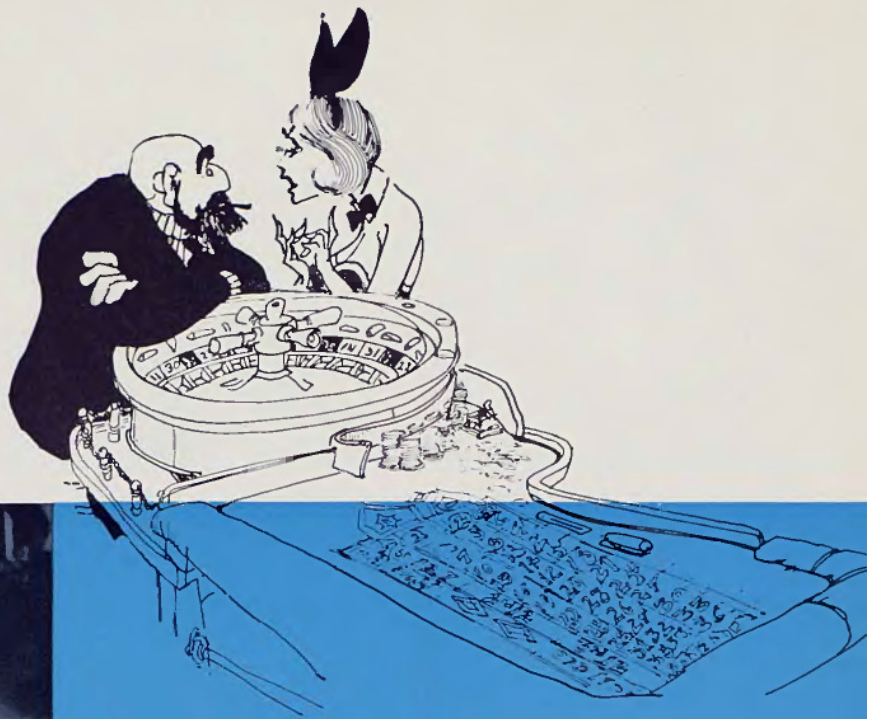
"No cameras or drawing pads allowed in the crown jewel chamber? Well, what the hell do you think I'm gonna do--steal 'em? I happen to be a well-paid cartoonist--with an international reputation--and besides, how could anybody steal the crown jewels--from an electrified glass case, with three guards, in a stone tower with a barred window?! It's impossible! Unless, of course, you could find a way to lower yourself to the window from the parapet above, which would require 18 feet of rope, a grappling hook, and a blowtorch for the bars. But then you'd be faced with the problem of the electrified case, for which you'd need a jumper wire and a pair of alligator clips--to disconnect the alarm without interrupting the circuit. But even then you'd need somebody on the inside to take care of the guards, and how would you like to meet me at the pub down the street a little later for a friendly drink...?"

"Well, they don't call them sentry boxes where I come from...! But it was an honest mistake ...and I said I was sorry... and I will clean it up...!"



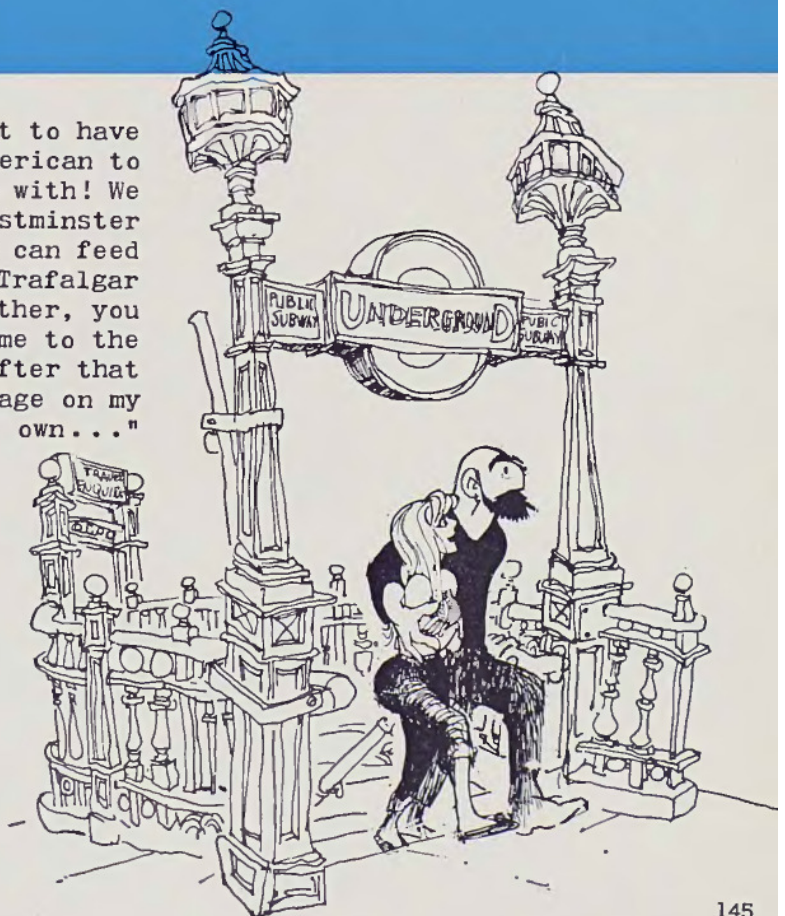


"I remembered the odds, I remembered the amounts of the natural bets, I remembered to clear the layouts and pay the outside bets first, I remembered the pay-offs, I remembered to offer the bank, and I forgot to take my pill...."



Visiting the London Playboy Club's gaming rooms, Silverstein concentrates his betting on roulette, his attention on the Croupier Bunny.

"It's great to have another American to share London with! We can explore Westminster together, we can feed the pigeons in Trafalgar Square together, you can introduce me to the Beatles, and after that I can manage on my own...."



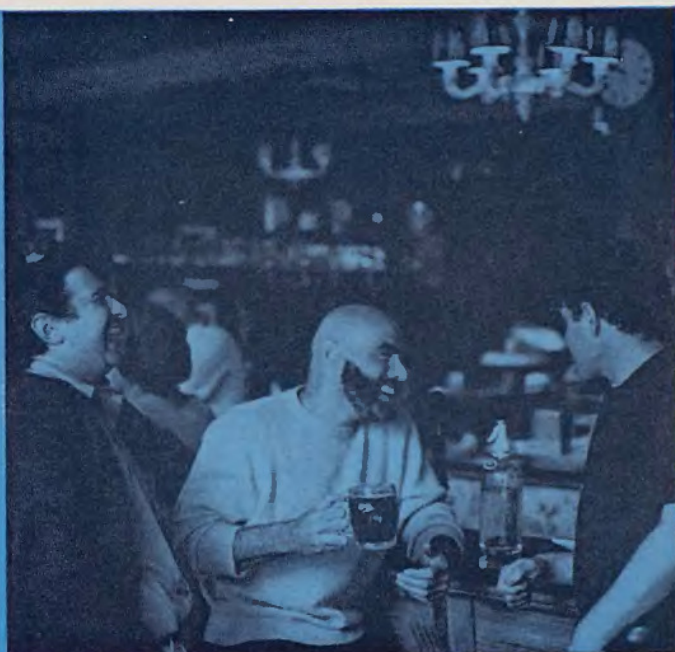




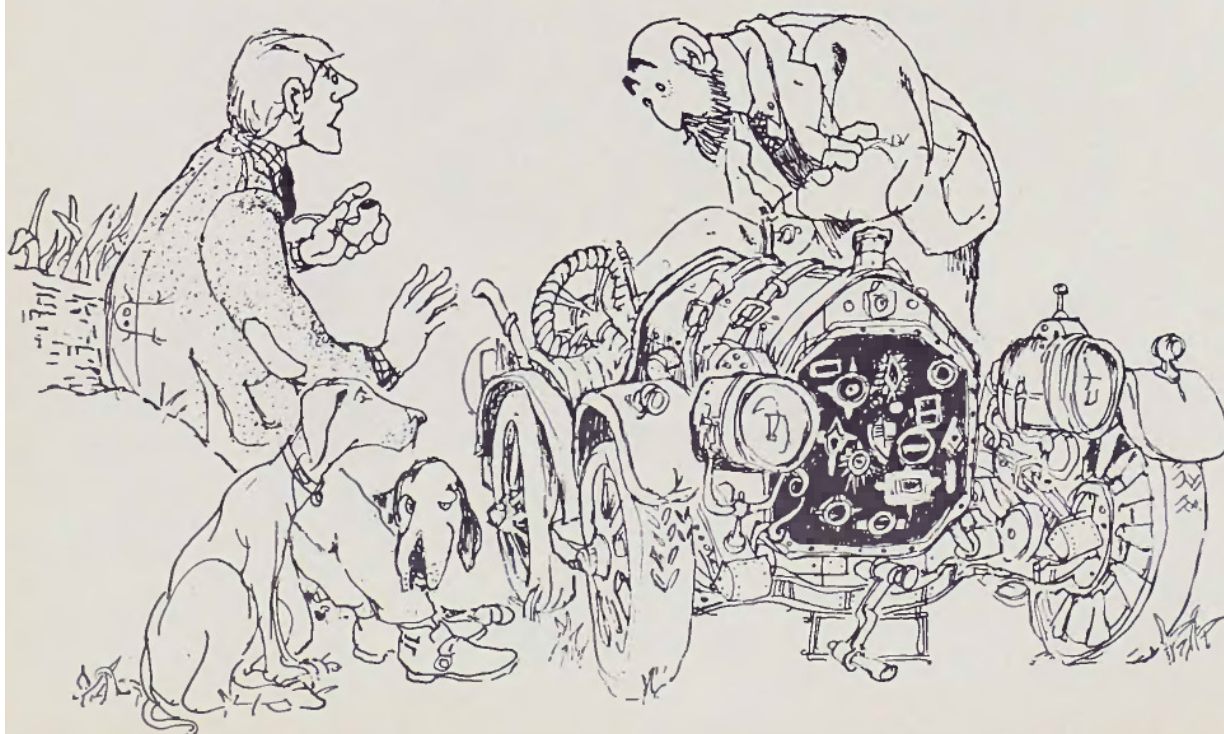
"When you first arrived in London, you said my mini-skirts were sophisticated and smart--now all you say is my ass is showing!"



American mannequin Peggy Moffitt leads Shel on a shopping safari in Knightsbridge area. Silverstein then repairs to a nearby pub, where he downs a pint with playwright Herb Gardner and film maker Jerry Farrell.



"That's old Betsy, and you've been introduced to Spot and Judy, so I guess you've met the entire family.... Oh, and, of course, I also have a wife and three children...."



"Through liberal legislation our antiquated sex laws are being modernized. Homosexuality, for example, was once a major offense, then it became a minor infraction; a few months ago, it was made legal and I, for one, shan't be satisfied until it becomes mandatory!"



Neither rain nor fog can stay the hand of PLAYBOY's penman: Silverstein, with brolly unfurled, comps out on Westminster Bridge for a moist morning of drawing historic Big Ben.



"You say I never  
take you anywhere  
but to bed....OK,  
here we are--Big  
Ben--landmark of  
London, symbol of  
the city's enduring  
strength and dignity  
--for over a cen-  
tury, steadfastly  
ringing the hour,  
ticking the minutes  
--reminding us that  
time is passing, life  
is expiring, youth  
is vanishing--tick-  
tock, tick-tock--  
'live, live,' it  
seems to say--bong-  
bong--'live, live'!  
Let's go home and  
go to bed!"





sisters are involved in this practice. We don't realize the kind of criminality a person is forced into by the abortion laws that are now on the books. I think this is terrible. I really believe we need to do something decisive about this situation.

**RUBENSTEIN:** I feel very strongly on the whole subject of sexual freedom—not just on abortion—that these are essentially private matters and that the state has no right to interfere.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel the same way about homosexuality?

**RUBENSTEIN:** Up to a point. I would say that homosexuality is basically a psychological sickness; the homosexual is fixated at a rather low level of sexual expression. He is deeply involved in what the psychoanalysts call "castration anxiety." I wouldn't consider homosexuality either fulfilling or an adult kind of sexual relationship. On the other hand, I don't regard homosexuality as immoral and I don't think there should be any laws on the books prohibiting it. It ought to be a matter of individual choice. However, it is one thing to say that this is a matter of individual choice and quite another to endow homosexuality with the respectability of mature sexuality, which it definitely is not. Only in a complete heterosexual relationship do people have a fully mature sexual relationship.

**LYNN:** I'm afraid I can't quite go along with your pat psychological analysis, Rabbi. Frankly, I don't think we really know whether homosexuality is a psychological condition or just another kind of normality, and any dogmatism here is decidedly premature. We should listen far more seriously to homosexuals than we have before. When I say "we," I mean those of us who are heterosexuals and are happy in that relationship.

**ROGERS:** We have often been less than kind, and at best often merely condescending, in our treatment of the homosexual. This is a severe problem, and we don't help matters by using terms such as "unnatural." We must remember that such words are understood by people in terms of their own experience, and they intensify guilt needlessly and thereby augment rather than clarify or alleviate this psychologic disturbance.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you consider homosexuality immoral, Father?

**ROGERS:** I guess I would have to say that acted-out homosexuality is in itself immoral, but this is not answering the question concretely, because we must deal with people in terms of their knowledge, in terms of their value judgments and in terms of their degree of freedom. Bear in mind that I distinguish between the terms "immoral" and "sinful." "Immoral" is in the abstract, and when we say "sinful" we are talking about real people. So I don't know how I could

speak always and necessarily of homosexuality as "sinful." This is all-important.

**PIKE:** Right! It may not be a question of judging a person in terms of sin; we must take into account compulsions and other psychological factors. The question may be what is wrong with the person, not what is wrong with the conduct. I mean, let's see *why* he's this way. Maybe he doesn't have any choice. Homosexuality may be a choice for some people, but I have real doubts about whether it's a sound choice. I think in almost all cases homosexuality represents unfortunate factors in the development of the individual, and we should not be judgmental about him. Rather, we should try to help him free himself from whatever blocks he has about relations with the opposite sex. But in any case, freely consenting adult homosexuality should not be a criminal offense. Even if it is to be conceived of as a sin, it should not be a crime. Not all sins are crimes—nor should they be when they don't affect outside persons.

**ADAMS:** Bishop Pike brings up the question of the relation between law and morality. The Wolfenden Committee in England has recommended that homosexual practices between consenting adults in private should not be considered criminal offenses. The assumption is that there must be a realm of private morality that is not the law's business. But society is entitled to protect people in this area. A completely permissive attitude on the part of society would be unjustifiable. Although I realize we have been speaking here about sexual relations between consenting adults, we recognize that we cannot approve of the homosexual who in the seduction of youth brings out latent elements of homosexuality that might not otherwise be activated.

**COX:** I agree with Rabbi Rubenstein that homosexuality is a psychological condition, but so is heterosexuality. Many factors—physical, environmental and psychogenetic—influence a person's sexuality. So it's more than just a matter of taste, although that's part of it. But if a person is homosexual, society should permit him to exercise it, with no restrictions whatever, as long as it is done between consenting adults, in private. But this doesn't mean that I think homosexuality is as desirable a way of life as heterosexuality. I would want to try to convince homosexuals that they're missing something, that theirs is a partial and fragmentary expression of sexuality, which I think grows out of a kind of fear of encountering a truly different kind of person. The heterosexual encounter is an encounter with a person irreducibly different from yourself. It includes a kind of terror, but also a kind

of maturation that is introduced by this confrontation with the wholly other. I think that in part there is a timidity in homosexual behavior that is afraid to take that step. But that step is essential to the development of real personhood.

**MARTY:** Although I agree with Harvey that the tendencies toward both heterosexuality and homosexuality are psychologically based, I'd like to point out that we can choose to express the tendency or not. We can choose to be celibate or not. I may choose to restrict my sexual expressions or to be a libertine. In my view, then, although homosexuality has a psychological base, the moral questions concern the *voluntary* acts of the homosexual.

**ADAMS:** As I said a moment ago in mentioning the *Wolfenden Report*, this is a question that relates to the bearing of law upon morality. Society has the right to protect itself against destructive, anti-social behavior, but is it appropriate for the community to assume that *all* aspects of morality are subject to investigation and rule, subject to coercion at the hands of the law? The recent Supreme Court decision with regard to the birth-control law in Connecticut held that the use of contraceptives by married couples is in the realm of privacy. Shouldn't this principle be extended, in restricted ways, to the homosexual behavior of consenting adults?

**COX:** I would be in favor of a society in which there were no legal restrictions whatever on the private behavior of consenting adults.

**ROGERS:** I don't think we should discriminate against the homosexual; we should treat him the way we treat the heterosexual. In both cases, the seduction of the young, violence and public indecency should be forbidden. Of course, there's a practical consideration, too. These antihomosexual laws encourage a much worse evil: blackmail and police entrapment. As I remember, that was one of the major considerations in the *Wolfenden Report*.

**MOORE:** It's very interesting how in some cities where the police work to entrap homosexuals, they often catch the man with overtly feminine characteristics rather than the hard-core homosexual prostitute, who has learned how to avoid the police. Thus, the innocent bystander with homosexual tendencies or who occasionally slips into homosexual behavior is the one who is persecuted. We are going to have to realize that there are many different ways to express our sexuality. Some people choose not to marry, to remain celibate, but we don't call them queer. All of us are the products of our psychological backgrounds. I'm ready to say that homosexuality is a style of sexual expression, and like other styles of sexual expression, it has its imperfections. My quarrel with the homosexual community and its outspoken



**"Me? Smoke a filter?  
I'm the guy who walked  
a mile for a Camel."**



**"I'd walk a mile  
and a half  
for the flavor  
this filter's got."**



**Regular or  
Filter**

**Camels' real taste satisfies longer**



advocates is not in the realm of civil liberties; it is with irresponsible behavior. I would be opposed to promiscuity among homosexuals, just as I'm opposed to promiscuity among heterosexuals. But I'm ready to adopt liberal new laws in regard to homosexuality, and to get rid of this police brutality against homosexuals that exists in most of our states today.

**RUBENSTEIN:** One of the reasons why a homosexual finds such tremendous hostility directed against him is that practically every human being alive has some latent homosexual feelings. Most people do not want to recognize it in themselves. Instead, they turn against the homosexual with a great deal of anger that is really a defense against their own temptations. Just as all of us have secondary sexual characteristics, all of us to some extent are latently homosexual. The minute a person realizes this about himself, he is much less likely to be hostile to the homosexual, who has not mastered his problem.

**MOODY:** Right! One reason for our uneasiness with homosexuality is that it touches many people too closely. When I was in the Marine Corps, for example, the guys who were really hardest on homosexuals, who beat them physically, were the guys whose own sexuality was in question. A strong heterosexual will have no fear of the homosexual; it is the ambivalent man who seems afraid.

**MOORE:** I think this Sexual Revolution will be a very helpful thing for the homosexual. My only fear about the Sexual Revolution is that it won't go far enough. There are forces in our society already that are trying to develop anti-obscenity laws, so-called morality laws, to stop the tide of sexual revolution. I hope that we can go far enough to get over this preoccupation with sex and begin to deal with persons as human beings.

**PLAYBOY:** You mentioned anti-obscenity laws, Dr. Moore. Do you believe in any kind of censorship?

**MOORE:** Well, there is always the problem of helping people, especially the immature, evaluate literature, films and magazines; but I don't favor legal censorship. I fear it. We're in an age in which we are going to have to find some alternative to the censorship laws of the past. Ideally, in a sexually mature society, we can handle the problem of the immature by rating films and books, grading those things that are for family, for children, for adults. I think the movie industry, for example, is beginning to do this in a very responsible way. There is no reason why sex cannot be dealt with in literature and the performing arts as one of the aspects of human life. To censor material just on the basis of sexual content reveals the immaturity of our society. But we should recognize the difference between erotic realism and hardcore pornography. We can deal with the

question of pornography only when we are able to help society openly discuss what is good sex, and to begin to build into society the process of evaluation. The whole problem with censorship is that it concentrates on sex and doesn't say anything about sadism and violence. It doesn't say anything about themes of war and militarism—which, by the way, is increasingly a subtle way to disguise sick sex in books and films.

**COX:** I don't think any useful purpose is served by prepublication censorship of anything—films, books or anything else. After publication, children should be protected from pornography by parents, churches and schools, but not by some kind of censorship that enforces somebody's tastes on the rest of us.

**RUBENSTEIN:** I don't like censorship, and I don't like the kind of people who are usually censors. But I don't believe that some activities—for example, the literal depiction of sexual intercourse—should be shown on the screen.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**RUBENSTEIN:** Well, it tends to make the act of being a spectator more important than the act of participating in the relationship. Although it's impossible to make any general statements about human sexuality that apply to everyone, it seems obvious to me that voyeurism can become a masturbatory substitute for real sex, and as such, undesirable. It can become a substitute for the reality of a real woman. When a man is afraid of a real, sexually active woman, he turns to pictures. We know that voyeurism is basically an affliction of people who are afraid of sex. They want to be reassured that the real thing isn't dangerous. As long as people stay at the voyeur's level, they aren't going to get to the next level—which is simply being involved in healthy sex. Now, I don't see anything immoral per se in watching the sex act on the screen. I object because it's a substitute and an unnecessary detour. Voyeurism ultimately represents the desire to watch one's parents in the sexual act, and this is infantile.

**PLAYBOY:** Aren't you speaking of compulsive voyeurism, which precludes one's own active participation? But what about people who can both watch and participate, and enjoy both activities? Dr. Albert Ellis, the well-known psychologist who is head of the Institute for Rational Living in New York, has written, "The reason any sexual activity becomes deviant is because it becomes compulsive or exclusive or obsessive. There is never anything inherently wrong with an act per se. Not only is viewing pornography perfectly normal under most circumstances, since practically all healthy human beings enjoy doing so at times, but in many cases it is distinctly helpful to husbands and wives in their regular marital relations. In my marriage manual, *The Art and Science of Love*, I stated

this fact emphatically, and since the book was published I have received a great many letters from married couples who tell me that they got a much greater satisfaction from sex after viewing a stag film."

**RUBENSTEIN:** I doubt that. A person who has watched a blue film might be stimulated, but not by his real sexual partner. In good sex, there is no need for extra stimulation. I don't think normal, healthy people need stag films as a crutch. I don't have any moral objections to it, but I certainly think it would be out of place in a public theater, and I think most people rightly find it offensive. I recently visited Denmark, where I attended a public movie in which something very close to the act of sexual intercourse was depicted on the screen. Denmark is much more liberal in these matters than we are, and yet I noticed the acute embarrassment of the audience.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you sure you weren't projecting your own embarrassment to the rest of the audience?

**RUBENSTEIN:** Absolutely not. The embarrassment was vocal. It was very disturbing for all of us. Sex simply is not a spectator sport. I think that people for whom sex is a spectator sport are people who aren't getting their kicks out of the real thing. They're afraid of the real thing. They are content to identify with someone else. Nevertheless, if I had to choose between showing the act of love or the act of killing, I think I would show the act of love. One of the horrible things about the motion-picture medium in our country is that we don't see that there is a pornography of violence as well as a pornography of sex. If I had to choose between the two, I would prefer sexual pornography. But I would rather have neither. I see nothing objectionable in the literary presentation of the sexual act, however. I am opposed to literary censorship. It may be an inconsistency on my part, but instinct tells me that the realistic representation of the actual sexual act on the screen is somewhat different in quality from the depiction of a sexual scene in literature.

**LYNN:** I suppose some form of censorship is inevitable in any society, but I refuse thereby to give a blank check to self-appointed censors—of films or books.

**MOODY:** As I see it, there should be no censorship except the censorship that every individual imposes upon himself and that parents impose upon their children. Some movies and books include sexual subjects that I think children are not prepared for; but when we begin to apply censorship to these things, we're in danger. That's why I'm always so careful about not wanting somebody else to tell me what my child may read. I want to decide myself what my child may read.

**ADAMS:** I agree. I would like to keep the Government out of censorship as much as possible, because in matters of censorship,





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the Government is usually the tool of pressure groups. Often the pressure group is a church that is not willing to rely upon its power of persuasion with its own members and wishes to impose its standards by coercion upon the rest of the community. All of us can recall instances of this. The process of maturation requires that people shall be permitted to read or see what they wish. I don't want the Government to tell me what I or my children may see. I am entitled to make this sort of decision for myself. I grant that the community has the responsibility to maintain some standards with respect to public decency. But that is a difficult, delicate issue for which we need to clarify the criteria. I think we should recognize that pornographic books and pictures are sold to youth in the back alleys, at exorbitant, exploitative prices. This is a racket, a very lucrative racket, and it preys upon the young. This evil of exploitation depends largely upon the clandestine character of the market, and perhaps it could be mitigated by requiring that sales be made in public places. In any event, not all of the problems in the area of censorship would be solved by leaving matters to the individual and to voluntary associations.

**PIKE:** My attitude toward censorship is very much like the early American Colonial flag with the snake and the words DON'T TREAD ON ME. My general feeling is that people should do as they want; in other words, "Get off my back!" I realize that there is a good deal of hard-core pornography in circulation—for example, a "novel" that is just a series of erotic episodes with sequences connecting them like little bits of Scotch tape, having no plot, no meaning, simply meant to be sheer titillation. I can see how that could be barred, particularly since the censor really has no way of separating young readers from adult readers. To say "for adults only" doesn't do much good; if it's around, it's available. I suspect that there are some things that *should* be barred; but on the whole, I would rather take the risks of obscenity—since I'm not so sure how damaging it is to people—than the risk of suppression of ideas and expression. I'm sure that some of this horror stuff that is tolerated, showing hatred and murder and war—as when we report with glee not that we have gained so much ground in Vietnam but that we've killed a thousand Viet Cong and lost only ten of ours—could also be damaging to young people. And I can't understand why a four-letter Anglo-Saxon word is supposed to be more sinful or wrong than a Latin derivative, let us say, of 11 letters meaning the same thing. This is purely semantics; it isn't a moral question. The church should spend less time encouraging censorship and more time cultivating a taste for a "whole" view of life and for those things which are mature. If hard-core

pornography must be censored, however, I know the state has to do it. Much as I'm biased against censorship, I have to recognize that.

**LYNN:** The trouble with that is that people who exercise censorship are often nothing more than self-interest groups who want to protect their own immediate interests and not the rights of others. Since I don't want the state to handle censorship, this leaves me in a very real quandary. I don't see anyone around who is wise enough to be a public censor.

**MOODY:** Neither do I. Look where "clean-literature" citizens groups have led us. Have you ever known such groups to operate with any kind of literary discrimination? They will forbid *Black Boy* or *Catcher in the Rye* or some other great classics and say, "These are dirty." But one man's meat is another man's poison. That's why censorship never quite works. Let's consider the mores of a community—for example, Greenwich Village. The tolerance level is a lot higher there than in most places. Probably things can be seen and done there that in another neighborhood would be absolutely prohibited. The mores of communities differ. That's why the Supreme Court of this land has had such a terribly difficult time deciding what obscenity really is. And I don't think it's such a terrible thing that they haven't been able to decide. There's good reason for this indecision. I don't want the state to censor my reading material any more than I want the state to underwrite the religious training of my children. That's the parents' job.

**LYNN:** The only way censorship works is through a family's or a society's health and vitality, which develops a sense of understanding and a kind of maturity, as Bishop Pike suggests, that can take anything. But I don't think it would be prudent to say that *no one* has the right of censorship, because this would take away from a society the right to preserve and defend the integrity of the social order. To absolutely rule out censorship would be as dogmatic as it would be to insist that there must be a severe censorship.

**ADAMS:** Well, in Chicago many years ago, I was involved in a great controversy over a movie called *The Fight for Life*, a picture produced by the Federal Government in order to expose slum conditions in Chicago. It was banned by the mayor. But we couldn't even find out why. We did see one possible reason, though: There was one place in the movie where a class was receiving some kind of instruction at a hospital, and we wondered if the police censor thought that it was instruction in birth control. At any rate, we finally called on Mayor Kelly after attending a private showing of the picture under the auspices of the Civil Liberties Union. The mayor said, "You're wasting your breath. Don't talk to me about it. Go and talk to the cardinal. If the cardinal says this movie should be

shown in Chicago, it will be shown in Chicago." So we said, "But Mr. Mayor, we didn't elect the cardinal to tell us what movies could be shown." So he said, "Don't talk to me about who you elected. The cardinal told me that it should not be shown, and it's not *going* to be shown. But if you persuade the cardinal, then it's OK with me." So in my experience, the official authorities who exercise the power of censorship have shown themselves to be erratic, ignorant and incompetent. What's needed is a review board consisting of responsible, sensitive citizens who enjoy the confidence of people of taste and judgment.

**PLAYBOY:** That view seems inconsistent with the First Amendment to the Constitution, which says, "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press."

**ROGERS:** It seems to me that any attempt at legal censorship—however intelligent, tasteful and well intentioned—is ineffective. Also, in practice, it can militate against freedom of opinion. It is ineffective partly because it is difficult to define or identify sheer obscenity—that which has no redeeming social significance or any literary value. So principally for that reason, it seems to me that we should not concern ourselves too much with censorship of books for adults. I think our emphasis should be upon educating rather than coercing the public. The only effective censorship, as Reverend Moody has pointed out, is really self-censorship. The greater question in my mind concerns censorship of books, as the other panelists have pointed out, which readily fall into the hands of children. But again, I'm not sure if there's any effective way of censoring books in order to keep them even out of the hands of children. If there were, I would be willing to consider it—provided it were scientifically established that smut has a proportionately deleterious effect upon the young.

**MARTY:** That's one of the rationalizations the sexual censors have given to justify their crusades over the years: "We must protect our children!" But we should remember that this ploy is fairly recent. A reading of the history of censorship suggests that just a few decades ago nobody thought of the kids; the cry was, "We must protect our womenfolk!" This was a function of the double standard, which was almost universally accepted until very recently. The assumption was that women were psychologically and mentally fragile, and an exposure to any kind of erotica would not only contaminate them morally but it could cause them to have a nervous breakdown or something of that sort.

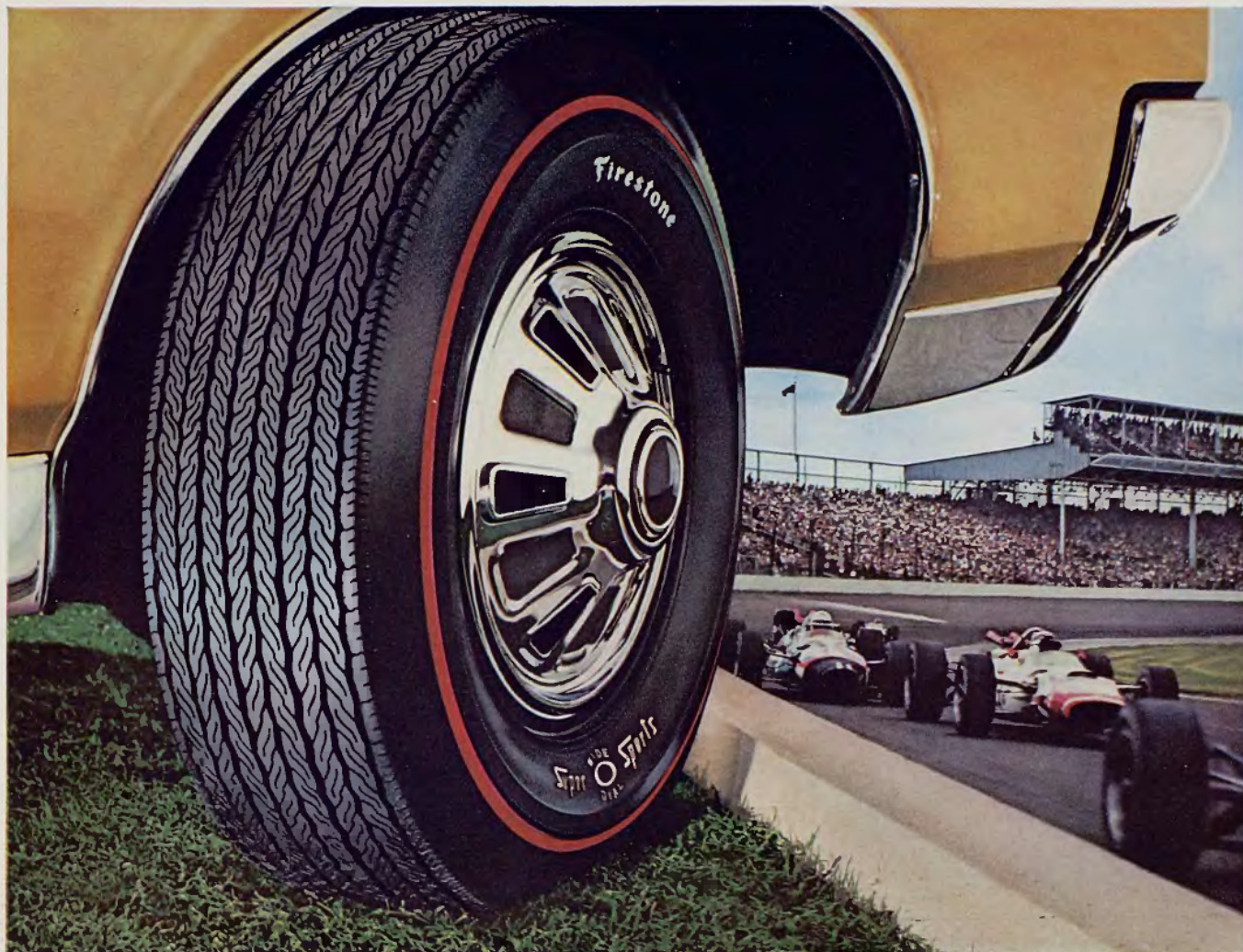
**PLAYBOY:** But most observers agree that the double standard hasn't completely disappeared. Do you gentlemen think that inherent psychosexual differences between men and women, as some have





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suggested, give any validity to the double standard?

**LYNN:** Perhaps that was the case in previous times, but I don't think it's as true now as it once was. Women have been liberated by birth-control devices, so that they are freer to reject the double standard. But you know, we don't yet really understand the psychosexual differences between men and women. I'm not willing, like some social scientists, to say that they are absolutely alike. A woman is so much more involved emotionally in sex, she's so much more closely identified with the birth process. She's the one who bears the child, and in this sense her awareness, her sobriety, her involvement is far deeper than that of the man. We've looked at these differences almost entirely from the point of view of the man, and this discussion of sex we're having today is suffused with the male's sense of his freedom—with no understanding of the woman's sense of responsibility, or her own deep emotional involvement in sex.

**MOODY:** It's strange. I've remarked to a lot of women about what a terrible thing the double standard is and how much sham and hypocrisy there is about it, only to have them tell me, "Leave it alone; I like the double standard; I want it." You understand, these remarks don't come from strong, aggressive women who are fighting for their place in the sun with men. That sort of woman abhors the double standard as much as I do. There does seem to be a certain polygamous bent in men as opposed to a monogamous bent in women, but I don't think we can draw any sweeping conclusions from that about inherent psychosexual differences between men and women. Women, obviously, engage in premarital relations today as much as men do, and they aren't being seduced or coerced or hoodwinked into it. They're engaging freely in it. There are certain built-in strictures, like fear of pregnancy, loss of reputation, that used to have a restraining effect on women, but I don't think they have much effect anymore.

**PIKE:** Happily, we're getting away from the situation in which a young man feels free to be promiscuous but still cherishes the notion that the girl he marries automatically has to be a virgin or she's no good. In matters of both freedom and responsibility, there seems to be less and less differentiation between men and women, boys and girls. It's about time, I'd say.

**ROGERS:** Although I certainly don't believe in judging women very differently from men in matters of sexual activity, I think it only fair to mention that the double standard does have a kind of basis in reality—culturally conditioned reality, perhaps, but reality nonetheless. As Dr. Lynn pointed out, a woman's

attitude toward sex is, by necessity, more serious. She cannot be—or at least *isn't*—as casual about it as a man, because it involves more of her emotionally and to some degree physiologically. Rightly or wrongly, there are greater risks for her. The risks are considerably less than they were 50 years ago, but they still obtain. In *Kiss Me Kate*, there's a song called *I Hate Men*, and one of the lines is, "It's he who'll have the fun and thee the baby." Perhaps I should best put it this way: Woman's attitude toward sex is still sufficiently different from man's to be taken into account, but not so great as to warrant greater condemnation.

**MOORE:** But, Father, that basis for the double standard has been rendered somewhat obsolete by birth control. The woman is no longer the one who "gets caught." We're living in a heterosexual world in which the woman has achieved her freedom and must learn to take responsibility for her sexuality, along with the man.

**PIKE:** Yes. In the past, women were more psychologically oriented toward marriage than men, but I see a change in this. In my counseling experience, I've seen more and more women who consider marriage and children not as big a thing, relatively speaking, as it seems to have been in the past. I'm not saying that this is either good or bad, but I do think that the abiding relationship in the family and the home is the desideratum; it is good when women emphasize this.

**ADAMS:** Claims regarding the unique psychological nature of woman, I think, represent for the most part unexamined folklore, for they tend to overlook cultural influences. In our culture today, the roles of the male and the female are in a state of flux. This situation is partly the consequence of a spurious theory of egalitarianism. Equality in dignity must, of course, be insisted upon; but the differences between male and female can become so neutralized that polarity between the sexes is jeopardized; thus, the erotic ingredient of love is weakened. Intimacy between the sexes, a fulfilling intimacy, requires difference and firmness of identity.

**PLAYBOY:** Hefner has written in *The Playboy Philosophy* that this "breakdown in the cultural patterns that distinguish the sexes—especially here in America—has caused us to drift toward an asexual society, in which it becomes increasingly difficult for either sex to find true satisfaction or fulfillment in its interpersonal relationships with the other." He feels that this is one of the two primary causes—the other being the increasing automation and anonymity of our civilization—of the erosion of individual identity. Do you agree?

**ADAMS:** Well, the sartorial and tonsorial embellishments of a good many men and women—not only of the beatniks—certainly aid and abet frustration and

confusion. Ten years ago, the clothes and hairdos of many young people today would have been taken as signs of homosexuality. These practices bespeak a loss of clarity with regard to the polarity of the sexes. Achievement of sexual identity thereby becomes difficult. This weakening of sexual identity—or differentiation—also creates confusion about respective responsibilities within the family. If the father and the mother don't exhibit some clarity about their respective roles, then relations between the parents become ambiguous and frustrating, and the child of either sex encounters difficulty achieving personal and sexual identity.

**COX:** Well, that doesn't really worry me, because I think all this stuff about woman's psychosexual "nature" is nonsense. As Dr. Adams pointed out, it's almost entirely cultural conditioning. But the biggest adjustment we men have to make now is to recognize that women are just as free as we are. Men like to have women in a dependent role, needing security, because that's part of the art of seduction. In the past, if the woman needed permanence, the man could use that need, if he wanted to, in the seduction process. Now this is no longer the case, and many men don't like it, because one of their weapons is lost. Women are as free to be predatory as men are; and we have to adjust to that.

**MOORE:** Yes. One of the things we're discovering is that the woman is not sexually passive. As she becomes free and loses the inhibitions that were characteristic of an earlier age, she emerges a very sexual individual who has needs and desires entirely her own. This is still hard for some men to take. But we must now recognize that woman's sexual needs must be taken seriously. In the past, we have talked almost entirely about the sexual needs of men. The identity crisis you gentlemen were discussing a moment ago is much more characteristic of the woman today, who is caught up in the feminine mystique and who is quite unclear as to what it means to be a female in the contemporary world. She has achieved the freedoms she worked for, but she still isn't quite sure how to express herself. So we have the stereotyped definitions of femaleness, which are largely physiological definitions in terms of breasts and hips. I think the reason men are so breast-conscious today is that the woman is breast-conscious; her breasts are the one symbol she can display to prove her femininity. Many women walk around as if they were wearing their bodies outside their clothes. So to deal with the topless craze as being a moral problem is to miss the real social and psychological significance of toplessness. It is only a symbol of the problem of sexual identity in our time. The woman who is out to display her sex but who has no intentions of following



through is a person who, in my estimation, is being irresponsible. I'm not saying that the body of a woman should ever be depreciated; it has always been a thing of beauty, appreciated both by the artist and by the common man. But the exaggeration of the body, a phenomenon so characteristic of our society, emits sexual signals that the owner of the body usually has no intention of acting upon. I think this is one reason so many people are confused and disturbed. They see these signals, yet they know there is an opposing set of standards behind the signals that negates them.

**COX:** Well, I think much of our so-called sexual liberation has been *man-centered* rather than *woman-centered*. Woman has not been taken into consideration. As Reverend Moore suggested, women have a serious problem in working out their identities. If they aren't simply going to be a second kind of man, what are they going to be? I don't think we men can force *our* ideas of womanhood on them. This is one of the most serious weaknesses in much of the so-called sexual-freedom talk today.

**RUBENSTEIN:** You cannot disadvantage

one sex without some unconscious retaliation. Women have much to protest against, especially the cult of youth that our culture suffers from. Personally, I don't honestly think a woman gets to be interesting until she's at least 30 years old. There is a profound difference between women and girls. A woman is usually far more compassionate, far more giving, far more responsive and far more sexually adequate than a girl. One of the things I find wrong with *PLAYBOY's* emphasis is that it exhibits young women as Playmates when they're hardly capable of full sexual response, when they have hardly begun to experience the ironies of life, when they cannot be mature and compassionate partners. It is part of our American immaturity that we look to adolescence as the great time of life. Why doesn't *PLAYBOY* have a 45- or 50-year-old Playmate?

**PLAYBOY:** Why should we?

**RUBENSTEIN:** Well, it would seem to me that she would be far more interesting as a woman, and far more interesting in bed, if I might say so. The fact that she might not be visually attractive doesn't mean a thing.

**PLAYBOY:** In a photograph it means a great deal.

**RUBENSTEIN:** But I object to the fact that we don't look beneath the surface at what things really mean.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you look beneath the surface of a photo?

**COX:** Well, I agree with Dick. A Simone Signoret or a Lauren Bacall is much more attractive to me than an 18-year-old girl barely bordering on full womanhood.

**RUBENSTEIN:** And I agree with Harvey's marvelous insight into the whole *PLAYBOY* attitude toward women, insofar as it doesn't give women their due.

**PLAYBOY:** Hefner has written repeatedly that women are the equals of men in their rights, their dignity, their integrity and their value as human beings.

**RUBENSTEIN:** Well, I'm not talking about what Mr. Hefner *says*. I'm talking about the whole impression I get from *PLAYBOY's* presentation of women. The girls in *PLAYBOY* are presented primarily as sexual beings. If a woman is just something you go to bed with, rather than a partner in a very important and decisive relationship, then woman is an object rather than a person. I like Martin Buber's conception of the I/Thou relationship, which is a spontaneous relationship between free persons who give of themselves. There is no constraint. There is no sense of one as an object. There is no sense of being manipulated. Both are fully real persons in the I/Thou relationship.

**PLAYBOY:** That is exactly the kind of man-woman relationship Hefner has said he feels is the most rewarding.

**MARTY:** Well, when I first saw that article Harvey wrote criticizing *PLAYBOY* for depersonalizing women, however much I agreed with the positive side of the article, it occurred to me how incongruous it is for a churchman to make such an accusation. The Christian church has in practice been guilty of depersonalizing women for centuries.

**PLAYBOY:** Hefner made that point during his *Dialogue* discussion with three clergymen published in *The Playboy Philosophy*. He said, "Though we are sometimes accused of having a dehumanized view of women, our concept actually offers the female a far more human identity than she has had historically in the Western world. It is our religious tradition that has tended to look upon woman as a depersonalized object, or possession, by continually associating her with its antagonism toward sex. Sometimes the emphasis has been placed upon the temptation to sin in womankind, and sometimes the emphasis has been placed upon feminine purity and chastity; but whether they were considered creatures of the Devil, or placed upon a pedestal, their status in our antisexual society has



"Mom, would you set up a Tuesday appointment for Mrs. Cartmill?"



always been that of an *object* rather than a *human being*."

**LYNN:** *Touche!* He's right. Women have historically had second-rank status in every area of life, including that of the church. And it's still true today. In the church we are very slow to make decisions in response to our presumed ideals. We make them finally and perhaps only because of the pressure of necessity, and I think this pressure of necessity is going to drive us toward the further recognition of women.

**PIKE:** I think women have a far better break in professions and in other realms of public and secular life than they have in the church. Before the church can hope to give leadership in terms of equal status for women, it's going to have to catch up with secular society. Martin Luther King said, "The church is more often than not a taillight rather than a headlight." And this is a perfect example of it.

**LYNN:** The difficulty of the church today is that it's ideologically pretentious. It pretends to live up to its idealism, but that's actually a mask to disguise the *status quo*.

**MARTY:** Any attempt to make the Christian faith sound as if it's always had a positive and almost ribald attitude toward sex and human pleasure, as some recent thinkers have tried to do, doesn't do justice to the facts of Christian history. In actual practice, churchmen have traditionally been antisex and anti-pleasure in almost every context; and they have carried this over to women themselves. Churchmen have always asserted the theological principle that before God women are equal to men. But I don't think you can conclude from any of the church's practices that it has through most of its 20 centuries really regarded the woman as a parallel crown of creation. She is described in almost all cases as inferior.

**MOODY:** It isn't just the church. Most men in our society have had this attitude toward women. But the church in the past has been guilty of fostering this attitude. Let's face it: The Reformation was a masculine thing. How many feminine theologians have we had in the Christian church? Hardly any. What feminine viewpoints ever get incorporated into our way of thinking? Virtually none. That's why I agree with what Hefner has said about the church's negative attitude toward women. I mean, there was a whole mystique about feminine evil that developed in earlier centuries. The church supported that school of thought theologically. In fact, from around 1500 until Puritan New England, over a million women were put to death as sorceresses and witches. This will give you some idea about the hatred of women in the church. I think the church is in large part responsible for our traditional distorted view of women as either vessels of

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sin or holy paragons of virtue. There's no question that rejection of femininity has been a great loss to the whole Christian church and to our whole culture. The fact that women haven't had their way for all these centuries has been a tremendous loss to us—and still is. We're going to suffer a great deal if we don't learn to take the feminine element of human life into account and give credit to it and allow it to operate in our lives—without denigrating it, without interpreting it as a sign of weakness or forcing our boys into homosexuality because they've got feminine traits. We Americans have been atrocious in our denial of the feminine aspects of life, and our whole culture has suffered a great loss as a result.

**RUBENSTEIN:** Well, these attitudes have been with us a long time. In traditional Jewish communities, they considered it a greater sin for a married woman to have extramarital sex than for a married man to do so. I don't think it was because women were considered property. The reason for it—and this is something that

both Judaism and Christianity share—is that this was essentially a patriarchal religion with a very strong masculine orientation. A religion with a masculine orientation tends to disadvantage women and to regard men as having superior privileges.

**MARTY:** When I hear Christians criticizing modern urbanites for making a "thing" out of a woman, I'm reminded that the cultural context in which the Bible was recorded, and in which the church was formed, gave the double standard some of its base, almost accidentally, and certainly in violation of the Bible's central affirmations about womanhood. Early Christian spokesmen, influenced by their cultural environment, often pictured woman as a mere receptacle for the male. She was never seen for her sexual status, her sexual rights, her sexual desire. Modernity did both woman and the church a favor, which the church has not acknowledged, by putting into practice the democracy that is inherent in Christian doctrine. One can say that Christianity bore the seeds of

liberating practice, but if liberation came only with modernity. I think we churchmen had better send some cards of thanks to the moderns.

**PIKE:** It's about time we admitted that the church's sex norms have been, even within marriage, totally wrong in most of its history. Take Saint Augustine, who said that intercourse always involves sin because it involves bestial movements. Saint Jerome bigheartedly granted a limited value to the sexual act; he said that from it can be produced more virgins. Churchmen have simply had a bad attitude all along, until modern times, when we have at last begun to recognize that there is only one claim on life, and that is: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole soul, whole mind, whole strength, which means total responsibility for making decisions under God with the whole of one's being. This means that the decision in a given situation about the sexual act between two persons is a contextual decision, with responsibility for weighing all the factors.

**ADAMS:** I agree that Christian tradition on the whole has a poor record with respect to its attitude toward sex, an attitude of devaluation, an attitude of prurience, an attitude of secrecy in talking about it. But two things should be taken into account here. First, the extreme asceticism that appears in the Christian tradition is theologically unsound insofar as it makes sexual intercourse as such sinful. It belittles an authentic aspect of human existence. At one period in the Middle Ages, for example, complete abstinence from intercourse was admonished for no fewer than five days of the week: on Thursday in memory of the arrest of Jesus, on Friday in commemoration of his death, on Saturday in honor of the Blessed Virgin, on Sunday in honor of the Resurrection and on Monday in honor of the faithful departed. The present demand that priests should be permitted to marry presupposes a more sound Biblical view of sex than the extremely ascetic view. On the other hand, the ascetic view was in part an extreme reaction against a merely sensual conception of sex. Here I would point to an analogy. One cannot understand the ancient monastic "cult of filth"—the unwillingness of certain ancient monks to take a bath—if one does not recognize the lascivious connotations of the Roman bath. So also the devaluation of sexual behavior historically was in part a reaction against sexual practice that was merely the indulgence of lust. Yet the correction of lust is not properly effected by simply adopting extreme asceticism.

**ROGERS:** Well, it's true that we Catholics have allowed ourselves to get into a bind of overemphasizing chastity, often to the neglect of the other virtues, such as honesty and social justice. So thoroughly



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have we done this that for many Catholics, the word sin immediately suggests sex. I have for long felt that many Catholic moralists were wonderfully adept in explaining away the statements of Jesus concerning almsgiving, or nonresistance to evil; but what little Jesus did have to say about chastity was always taken with the utmost gravity. I am far from suggesting that what Jesus said should not be taken seriously, but I simply note the selective retention of texts that deal with sex to the comfortable exclusion of other texts that figured in Christ's thinking upon human dignity. Another point that has puzzled me is the fact that sins against chastity are always treated as, *per se*, mortal sins in sharp distinction to other sins, such as sins against justice or honesty or the dignity due to man, which sins are usually, *per se*, venial. There is certainly something here that is wildly disproportionate. We have always been very definite in condemning sexual sin, but wonderfully vague and accommodating when it came to racial justice

or war. This discrepancy bugs me.

**LYNN:** This discrepancy is true of nearly all Christians, Father, not just of Catholics. One of my old teachers used to say that Christians always had their exceptions on morality. One Christian would be an absolutist in the area of war, another in the matter of divorce. I'd never thought about it until just now, but there is a consistent place where we have been absolutists, and that's on the question of sex. And I think for the most part that is due to our traditional fear of the body. It can only be explained by the false dualism between body and soul, which no longer makes any sense at all—if it ever did. The attitude of traditional Christian thinking that the mind and the spirit of man is holy, but that the body is evil, has no basis in Christ's teachings. It's a perversion of later centuries. Of course, I suppose future centuries will look back upon us and see our corruptions and distortions. I don't want to criticize the past, though, and beat the medievalists and the Puritans. I'm

not really interested in that. Puritans are used these days as a favorite whipping boy, but they were really far more lively than we give them credit for.

**ADAMS:** Indeed they were. The term puritanism, from a historical point of view, has been egregiously distorted. Puritanism initially was a social philosophy that broke through all sorts of inhibitions that were associated with earlier authoritarianism and also with feudalism. Puritanism was the greatest revolutionary force for 200 years in the history of Western civilization.

**MARTY:** All vital schools of thought in Christian ethics come into being at a time and in a social situation when these ethical systems are practical and make eminent sense. And the Puritan sex ethic, the *real* Puritan sex ethic, not our caricature of it, made much sense at the time it was promulgated. But like other ethical systems within the Christian tradition, by the time it actually became codified and formally assimilated into church doctrine, it was out of date.

**LYNN:** That's a wonderful insight. But the problem is how to keep reforming and reformulating that ethic so it never becomes frozen into the rigidities of a code.

**PIKE:** No religious morals are necessarily fixed and permanent when viewed in terms of historical development. At one time it was sinful to lend money at interest, but when I was the bishop of a diocese, we lent money to churches. The only sin in this transaction was when they didn't pay it back. There was also a time when slavery was accepted by the church; but there were rules within the game on how to be a good slave, a nice master, and so on. In 1920, at the Lambeth Conference—our modest Anglican version of the Vatican Council—it was held that any form of contraception was sinful; in 1958, family planning was declared a moral obligation. A Roman Catholic theologian working on *their* problem asked me, "How can you do that as a church?" I replied, "That's the advantage of not being infallible."

**MOORE:** We're moving to an era of uncertainty in which all aspects of life will be much more open-ended. In such a situation, the church will have to give up its authoritarianism and its emphasis upon the "givings." Most of my generation are hung up on sex, but I believe the issues are much larger than that one topic. The real issue is the nature of our humanity in these times and how it can most appropriately be expressed. I believe that any new morality that emerges in our time will focus more upon the issues which will establish man as a person within a community of persons.

**COX:** Morality must always be a living, organic thing. We must constantly be rethinking our morals, not on the basis of



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rigid law but on the basis of human needs.

**LYNN:** And morality, as Bishop Pike points out, is a constantly changing thing. The breakthrough will come not when Christians can conceive of morality just as an evocation of what *ought* to be but rather when they can look upon what they're actually doing and come to grips with it. When I was in the parish ministry, I did a study on the parishioner's perception of a minister. A minister has a five-letter word written right across his chest: OUGHT. It's no wonder he can't help his flock. He can't help them understand what they're up against, because they don't want him to look at what they're really doing, and he has no way of achieving an understanding of what he can do to help them. Many young ministers are inhibited because of this image with their parishioners. This accounts in part for the dropouts among young clergymen. When you can begin to look at what morality actually is, then you can begin to get change and correction and self-criticism. In this respect, what **PLAYBOY** has done has been very helpful, because it has forced us to look at our *actual* morality. None of us ever look at our own morality by ourselves. We have to be forced to do it. One of **PLAYBOY**'s contributions has been to awaken us to the invasion of privacy in the mails. **PLAYBOY** has called our attention to the outlandish sexual laws that are still on the books, and it has prodded us to re-examine what it is that happens to the person who's considered a deviate by society. We just haven't looked at these things before. There've been few, if any, Christian leaders who've seriously attended to these problems. Certainly no other national publication has. I have my quarrels with **PLAYBOY**, but the important thing here is that **PLAYBOY** has spotted several areas of selective inattention that we churchmen have persistently overlooked or ignored. And none of us would have looked at these things without the force of good criticism that arouses us and says: "Now look, here's what's really going on here." I have no faith in the reform of an institution from within that institution. The reform of an institution, even the church, comes about by the pressure of the people on the outside.

**PLAYBOY:** You gentlemen seem to agree more often than you disagree about what's wrong with our sexual codes and what to do about it. As a Catholic, Father Rogers, are you in general accord with the other panelists?

**ROGERS:** Well, it's always difficult to discern a consensus in the midst of a variety of theological backgrounds, but I think there is evidence of a very considerable agreement among all of us, despite our differences. In general, we



*"Just think! In twenty minutes I'll be Mrs. What's-His-Name."*

agree upon the need to view human sexuality in terms of personal fulfillment as well as in view of our social responsibilities. There is quite general agreement also that sex is good in itself, which is not to say that it shouldn't be accompanied with restraint or with regard for other values. We seem in fair agreement that there is a significant change in attitude toward sex among young people nowadays, enough to warrant speaking of a "new morality"—not totally new, of course, but new in that it gives a more wholehearted endorsement to what we in Western culture had been saying somewhat halfheartedly for some time; namely, that sex should be related to the other phases of human conduct and especially that it should be considered in the context of love rather than of the observance of some abstract law. There is some difference of opinion among us as to exactly when and how the expression of sexual love is appropriate or moral, but the central emphasis is clear enough: All of us are against sex without love, without some sort of bond or sense of responsibility, because we feel that sex is

not a casual matter. It has been difficult for us to fully evaluate this new morality, because it is clearly in a stage of great transition. But I should venture the opinion that as it comes more and more to center upon love, and as the church comes more and more to see the persistent relevance of love, a sexuality that is at once expressive of love and tender of its restraints will come to the fore. Young people want restraints, but they want restraints within their capacities and which are related to their other emotional needs. Sexual morality must be correlated to other aspects of life. It must not become a highly specialized, departmentalized sector of human behavior. In short, the chastity we must preach must be a chastity at once expressive of and restraining of sexual love. Love has about it a need of expansiveness, of great freedom—and of great personal restraint. But the restraint must always be seen as related to love and not as something of a taboo left over from an earlier era.

**PLAYBOY:** Thank you, gentlemen.





## CLIMATE OF VIOLENCE

extremism. Groups of scholars, criminologists, public administrators and political observers began to pool their insights and experience in an organized effort at understanding and prevention.

There was also, for a time, an effort to exploit politically the popular fears and passions aroused by the issue of violence on the streets. Barry Goldwater raised the specter of widespread terror as soon as he was nominated for the Presidency at San Francisco, and kept at it, spottily but persistently, all through the campaign. He cast his net widely, including in his indictment the whole violence pattern, from delinquency and addiction to rape in dark doorways, and from peaceful civil rights demonstrations and sit-downs to the turbulent big-city racial riots. He might have made considerable political capital of this issue had he not scared potential voters away by his stand on other problems. He voiced the fears of many more people than those who voted for him, and got a response from farmers and from small-town and suburban dwellers who shared a sense of the sinfulness of the big city. In another election, with different candidates, it may become the basis of a formidable political coalition.

The angry right, with its "tough" approach to violence, is an anomalous position. On the one hand it deplores all forms of lawbreaking, identifying itself with a rigorous support of the letter and spirit of the law. On the other hand, in the tradition of Goldwater's classic dictum—"Extremism in defense of liberty is no vice"—it places itself on the side of a vigilantist course that is in some ways the most dangerous violence potential of our time. Thus, the angry right, with its pent-up frustrations and its cult of extreme panaceas for real and imagined ills, is itself part of the lawless violence pattern in America.

It is hard to talk of the angry right without jumping ahead of our story and talking of racist violence. For the psychic drive of the far-out right today lies in the specter of an invasion and an impending take-over of the nation both by the Communists with their fellow travelers and by the Negroes with their Northern white supporters. This carries with it a racist-rightist paranoid fusion, overlaid with delusions of grandeur: the belief that they act in the name not only of a higher moral law but of a higher political patriotism as well. They are fearful men—fearful of the explosive social changes taking place in American civilization, fearful of new ideas and of the idea carriers, fearful of new waves of voters (especially the Negroes) who will displace their local hold on power, fearful of winds of change in the outside world. They are frustrated men who see the immense strength of America, both military

(continued from page 118)

and economic, and ask why it should not be used—by a preventive missile war if necessary—to destroy the missile power of the Communist enemy and wipe it off the face of the earth.

They are men who yearn for a simpler society, like the small-town agrarian American society of the past. They feel themselves (in Housman's line) strangers and afraid in a world they never made, a world of unsettling transformations they cannot understand. Unlike the militant Negroes, whose demonstrations, and even riots, are part of a larger strategy of hope for a newer and more equitable society, the violence of the far-out right is part of an unthinking and reactionary strategy of despair. They have come increasingly to feel that they dwell in an occupied country—a land once theirs that has been invaded by foreigners, beatniks, Reds—and that a massive resistance movement, both to ferret out the subversives and to confound the invaders, justifies any degree of violence and the use of any weapons.

They form a curious mélange of groups—the thought-suppression groups such as the Birch Society, the religious hate groups such as the Christian Frontiers and the Rockwell American Nazi Party, the military action groups such as the Minute Men of America, the hard-core white-supremacy groups such as the Ku Klux Klan, and many others. Unlike the far-out groups on the left, such as the Russia-oriented Communist Party and the China-oriented "Progressive Labor" Communists, they have no power centers outside the United States to count on for abetting their planned violence. There was a time, under the shadow of fascism, when they did; but, happily, that time has passed.

In clinical terms, one of the most interesting of the groups is the Minute Men movement, centered in the Midwest and Southwest and based on the premise that American foreign policy will continually be betrayed by appeasement of world communism; that the Communists will invade and occupy the United States, aided by their subversive Fifth Column from within; and that only devoted resistance bands, with arms and with guerrilla training, will be able to survive against the onslaught. It sounds farfetched, but there are other groups as well—the Paul Revere Associated Yeomen, the Counter-Insurgency Council, and a mushrooming cluster of other equally far-out fringe outfits—that are convincing one another of this apocalyptic vision, and that are busily training, secretly and in dead earnest, for the coming of The Day. In fact, one of the most striking attitudes in far-out circles, both on the right and on the left, is the sense of expectation in waiting for the take-over:

The far-out left is convinced that the right will make the first attempt at direct violence and that a revolution on the left will follow; the far-out right is convinced that the Communists will make the take-over, but that later a well-prepared right will overcome them.

By any rational judgment, both are suffering severely from paranoid delusions. But they are not to be taken lightly. The instruments of a sense of mission, on the part of any group of True Believers or of any individual like Oswald, inevitably, are firearms. Since 1959, the U.S. Government has supplied a legitimate and responsible organization, the National Rifle Association, with free guns and ammunition valued at well over \$12,000,000, and has sold an additional quantity of larger guns at cut rates. A number of foreign governments have put their earlier-issue rifles, guns and other weaponry—including bazookas, mortars and hand grenades—on the market and these, too, are openly for sale in America, are distributed through mail-order houses and move unimpeded in interstate commerce. Thus, there is a recklessness in the present sale and free distribution of firearms that the nation can badly afford.

Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut has several times introduced legislation intended to regulate the sale and shipment of guns in interstate commerce and to make records of the identity of those involved. After the multiple killings from the high tower at the University of Texas, President Johnson added his own persuasive urgency to the Dodd legislation. Inevitably, there has been an outcry against these proposals. There are three levels of approach to the issue. On one level there is the question of honest citizens who want weapons in self-defense, and gun lovers who genuinely enjoy the discipline of marksmanship and want to practice it in groups. For either of these categories there is no real problem, since they need not fear the record of their purchases of guns and ammunition.

On a second level, there are individual crackpots with a sense of mission, such as Lee Oswald, and the twisted mass killers, such as Charles Whitman. It may well be argued that no limiting legislation will reduce the chances of multiple killing and of assassination attempts by such men, since anyone demented enough to work out a plan as coldly as Oswald and Whitman did will manage to get hold of a weapon somehow. Restrictive laws (it is argued) would therefore accomplish little more than to punish the large majority for the possible sins of a minute number of psychotics. This is the argument that Governor Connolly of Texas has used against the antigun bill. There is some substance to this contention. Laws by their nature often inconvenience the well-intentioned many in order to get at a few malfactors. It is always a question



of balancing social gains against losses. Yet on looking back, there were only three ways by which the act of violence by Oswald could have been prevented: possibly by better psychiatric care given to him as a boy; by better security around the President; by a firearms law that would have made it at least harder to have acquired that mail-order gun with a telescopic sight.

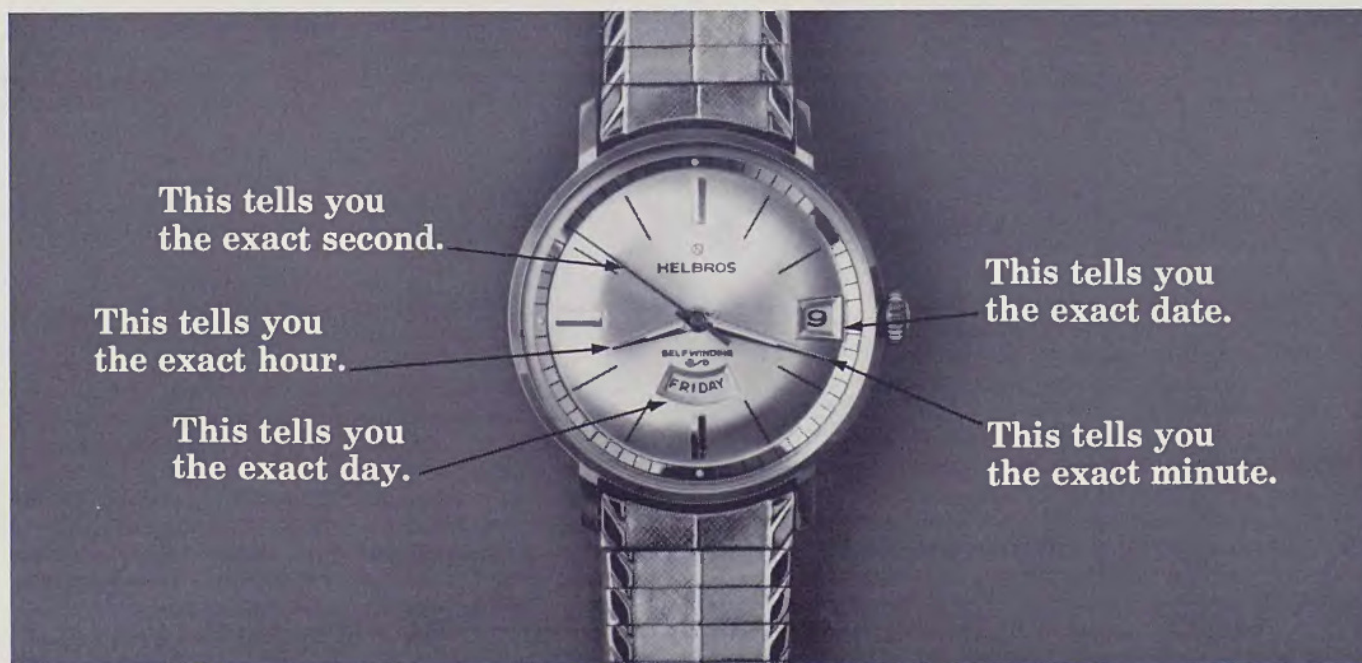
It is the third level of approach that counts most—that of private paramilitary violence. I am not speaking now of individual True Believers, but of groups that are convinced that only privately organized firepower can save the nation, or their race or religion or whatever, from enemies with sinister plans or strength. It is argued that the Constitution guarantees every American the right to bear arms, presumably on the ground of defending the nation against tyrants and tyranny, domestic and foreign, and on Jefferson's principle that the tree of liberty must periodically be watered by the blood of patriots. But Americans have come in time to ease up on the idea that every government is a tyranny to be overthrown. And, as Carl Bakal has pointed out in his richly documented book *The Right to Bear Arms*, the record shows how far the recent uses of guns, too freely bought, have departed from the original intention. Even bypassing the obvious fact that this constitutional

right will still exist for every individual, under proper safeguards of identification, there is the additional fact that the nature of warfare has been wholly transformed since the framers of the Constitution guaranteed the individual right to bear arms. Given a hostile modern enemy armed with tanks, flame throwers, bombers and atomic weapons, the chance of overcoming it by rifles and machine guns seems a distant one.

But the real danger of groups with easy access to guns is not their ineffectiveness against a foreign enemy but their effectiveness against one another. Senator Dodd, who was a prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials and has studied both the Nazis and the Communists to good effect, knows the lesson of the Weimar Republic, when paramilitary armed groups of Communists, Socialists, monarchists and Nazis marched, drilled and practiced their shooting skills against one another until they created an intolerable climate of tension and a vacuum of social order: It was into this vacuum that the Nazis moved. In America, too, the danger of the proliferating groups that believe they have the mission of saving their country by direct action is that they will engage in private violence against groups they hate, and thus destroy not only the public order but a goodly part of the heritage of decency as well.

Not surprisingly, some of the groups on the far-out right have tried to infiltrate the police. This is true particularly of the John Birch Society and the Ku Klux Klan. The Klan boasts openly that local Southern sheriffs and deputies have joined them—which raises the question of how you can police lawless groups when you are yourself part of them. There have also been incidents involving Bircher recruitment of police in Los Angeles; in Santa Ana, California; in Philadelphia; and in New York City. There will be others.

The lot of the American policeman is not a happy one, not only because he has to meet the mounting tide of crime and violence but also because he feels aggrieved at overlenient judges, pampering parents, "bleeding-heart liberals," slushy sociologists and timid public officials—all of whom he sees involved in a conspiracy to bypass effective law enforcement. Often himself a small property owner who is worried about the falling value of his house as Negroes move into white neighborhoods, and probably a father worried about the busing of Negro children to his neighborhood school or of his own children to a predominantly Negro school, the policeman has been one of the early forces behind the "white backlash." He bears the brunt of criticism and abuse for "police brutality"



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in coping with demonstrations, counter-demonstrations and the grilling of suspects in criminal cases. In actual riots, he gets much more than criticism hurled at him. The policeman of today is likely to be bristling with defensiveness, and it is natural for him to be tempted by a movement that builds and butters him up, and tells him that he is sinned against, not a sinner.

Natural, perhaps—but also dangerous. Since the police must deal with violence in all its forms, they cannot identify themselves with any "cause" organization on any side of the great struggles of our time. A police force with a substantial Bircher contingent, for example, could not be trusted to be politically neutral in any civil liberties case involving the expression of dissenting opinions, nor in a civil rights case or a racial clash. If the local police in America should become politicized and fanatic, their policemen's clubs would themselves become bludgeons of lawless violence and would evoke in the end an ungovernable violence from their civilian targets. Resentment breeds resentment, hatred evokes hatred, until we are caught in a spiraling interaction of passions and violence that may someday blow the American social fabric to kingdom come.

...

We need to distinguish two kinds of violence—that of the rebels for a cause and that of the rebels without a cause. In a sense, the crustacean True Believers of the far-out right, of whom I have been speaking, belong to the first category. But the movement that has caught the attention and imagination of our decade—the civil rights movement—also inevitably involves a degree of cause violence in the form of sit-downs, marches and demonstrations, and the angry passions they evoke on both sides. This, in turn, must be distinguished from the violence of racial riots, which is not in itself part of the civil rights cause, but which flows from the same bitterness about inequalities of treatment and from the same smoldering sense of injustice.

The evils against which the cause violence protests are real evils, not fantasies. In the South, there has been an exclusion of the Negro from the whole range of equal life chances, including schooling, housing, jobs, medical attention, police and court treatment, even church services. This exclusion had hardened into legal molds that had to be broken. The civil rights demonstrations, not only in the South but throughout the nation, cannot be understood except against this background of the accumulation of anti-Negro outrages in the South, and the life-and-death risks of fighting back against them in the context of the garrison state. With the help of the Supreme Court decisions, of national Negro organizations and of sympathetic and even militant young whites from

both North and South, the Southern Negroes have taken the risks. The cohesiveness of the Southern Negro community, and especially the cement of religious belief, has held them together remarkably in the struggle. This has been true even in the face of episodes like the willful bombing of a Negro church in Birmingham, whose victims were a huddle of little Negro girls in white Sunday dresses, or the shotgun shooting of local NAACP organizers, or the three young men—two Northern whites, one Southern Negro—who were beaten, shot and buried deep at a dam site in Mississippi.

It is worth noting that both sides in the South have invoked the principle of a "higher law" that has justified the breaking of formal legality. The civil rights demonstrators, trying to show up the injustice of local ordinances and state prohibitions, have appealed to the higher law of human decency, religious belief and the American conscience. The men of Neshoba County, Mississippi—whoever they were, Klansmen or others—who killed and buried the three young civil rights workers, also thought they were carrying out a higher law. Their extremism was in pursuit of their conviction about Mississippi's freedom to set its own rules in the treatment of its Negroes, in the teeth of the U. S. Supreme Court's decisions against segregation and in the teeth of both legislative and Presidential action in Washington. They had been told—by their high state officials, by Klan leaders, by local rabble-rousers—that the Federal officials and the Federal court system had usurped the rights of the states, that troublemaking interlopers from the North—"Communists," "Jews," "Nigger-lovers"—had conspired to break up their way of life. They felt they were making a last stand against these conspiring forces.

"They have to strike at what they can reach," wrote William Bradford Huie about the gas-station attendants, insurance salesmen, poor farmers, small tradesmen, store clerks, sheriffs and deputy sheriffs who make up the vigilante cadre in the small towns of the Deep South. They struck at James Meredith, at Medgar Evers, at the little girls in the Birmingham church, at the Detroit housewife and the Boston minister who came to Selma, at the divinity student and the priest who came to Hayneville, Alabama. They reach for whatever symbolic target of their hatred they can strike at, always confident that they possess the inward grace of a divine right to protect the true Southern and American way.

There have been some Negro voices that have called for an answer in kind, with weapons and firepower. A Negro defense organization, the Deacons, has been quietly formed in the Deep South, and their members are ready to shoot back when their lives are threatened.



This may deter some murders; but despite some manic talk by a few Negro writers about killing the whites in a civil war, the Negroes know that in the nation as a whole, they are in a minority. Violence on their part would trigger a larger violence by those whites who hate them and perhaps alienate many Americans who are today marginal or neutral. This applies also to the contention of some black-nationalist leaders that the cause of civil rights parallels the revolutionary nationalisms of Africa. There is every reason for the American Negro to take pride in the new independent black republics of Africa and to derive psychic strength from the triumphs of the African peoples in winning their freedom, much as American Jews get psychic strength from the emergence of Israel. But the situation neither of the Jews nor of the Negroes in America is that of a colonial majority, but rather of a minority winning equal access to equal life chances in a democracy that at least in rhetoric and increasingly in fact is dedicated to the idea of equality.

In the Northern cities, the racial riots of the summers of 1965 and 1966 have shown how thin the veneer of public order is when turbulent passions are engaged. There is a deeply cherished theory of the sociologists that the roots of these disturbances—as in the Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant, Philadelphia, Chicago, Newark, Rochester and Los Angeles riots—are to be found in the social environment of the Negro ghettos. There is enough truth in this view to make it an easily embraceable one, especially since so many of the violent racial episodes in Northern and Western cities during the 1965 and 1966 summers were triggered by trivial incidents—a cop making an arrest, a fight between youth gangs, a hydrant turned off on a hot day. For the grinding poverty in the Negro ghetto is a harsh fact, not to be ignored. Slum living, official indifference, police hostility, overcrowding, unemployment, rent gouging, overcharging in the stores—these are all part of the squalor of life among what may be called the *underclass*.

But while all this furnishes the tinder, it does not explain the heat of the flame. The heat comes from anger, not necessarily at conditions in the ghetto but at the gap between the rhetoric of American life and the reality of Negro life in America. It comes from resentment at unequal treatment that persists even when conditions are improving; and it has to do less with the life in the ghetto than with what is happening outside, especially in the highly publicized Southern struggles. The young Negroes, whether in Harlem or in Watts, were striking out symbolically at whatever they could reach—at cops, photographers, store windows, loot, whites in passing automobiles. It was the violence of a man locked in an airless, oppressive room,

who feels he must break the windows in order to breathe.

Despite the squalor of the Negro slums, it would be a mistake to see the current race violence in America as part of a downward arc of Negro living conditions. The violence was far less intense when these conditions were far worse; it has become sharper as these conditions have grown better. Actually, it is the violence of a people on the mend and on the move, but rightly impatient at the slow rate of improvement, deeply resentful of lingering inequities and injustices, bitter at outrages become intolerable, responding to them with a sharpened bitterness under leaders who are themselves caught in a competition of militancies and who find themselves talking of "black power" and brushing aside any cooperation with whites. De Tocqueville, writing on the French Revolution, noted that the great explosion came not when the condition of the peasant was at its worst but when the reforms had begun and were on their way. He noted also the role of the intellectuals in creating the revolutionary image to which the people responded. Both these observa-

tions apply to the breakthrough of the American Negroes. Each gain has intensified the need for further gains, because what counts is not the objective situation so much as the distance still to be traversed between the condition of the Negroes and that of the whites. While living standards have risen for the Negroes, the expectation of what is possible has risen even faster. The gains in freedom have a way of feeding on themselves. Moreover, the image created by Negro and white intellectuals, of the gap between what the Negro is and what he ought to want, has played a decisive role in making him want it.

In the most general sense, all resentments of minority groups derive from the pathos of their situation. The violence of the American Negro, especially in the riots of the big cities, is what it is because the Negro feels himself, for all his gains, an outsider in American society. He knows that, from the local sheriffs and mayors to the President, he is ruled by whites, and that his black brothers are in very few of the seats of power. If he is lucky enough to be employed in the industrial society, he often



*"My roommate's wife is visiting him."*



feels alienated from his job, especially since he has never had the discipline in industrial technology that the white child has from childhood on. In many cases, he doesn't get the chance at developing the skills that the industrial society requires. With automation, he will find himself in a world in which the unskilled and semiskilled workers will become a decreasing force.

The Negro family unit, broken by the will of the slaveowners and slow to reconstitute itself in the intervening century, forces the Negro male child to grow up in a context where there is often no male model on which he can shape himself. The religious cohesiveness and the community fabric of the tight Southern Negro community have not found new roots in Northern urban soil. The Negro has become uprooted from family, religion and community, with a resulting high incidence of alcoholism, drug addiction and lawlessness. Unwilling to face the extent to which he has become separated from his own identity, the Negro strikes at the enemy without.

There remains the violence of rebels without a cause. It includes the violence of teenage groups wielding machetes, switchblades and baseball bats in "rum-bles"; classroom and school-hall violence; reefer-smoking and drug-addict violence. It includes auto thefts, hold-ups, robberies and rapes committed not by professional criminals but by the unprofessional young. It includes "thrill killings" by the bored or desensitized, and multiple killings like those in Chicago

and Austin. It includes the everyday hooliganism of lower-class youth on the streets, on buses and subways, and the holiday hooliganism of middle- and upper-class youth on the beaches, at suburban debutante parties, in summer-resort towns. It is a fact that the figures on the increases in major crimes are as steep in the suburbs as in the big cities. They are no respecters of class or locale.

When I speak of the rebels without a cause, I am speaking of young people of every class who harbor a sullen and diffused resentment against their elders, against "outsiders," against society as a vague constrictive entity. Too often we speak of this violence as "senseless" when we mean that it doesn't make any sense to us. But it makes sense—a distorted kind of sense, but still sense—to the lower-class youngster whose hand wields the switchblade, or to the middle- or upper-class youngster who, in a drunken state, wrecks a motel room or goes out and smashes up his car and his date. They, too, whether out of resentment or out of an intolerable sense of emptiness, are striking at whatever and whomever they can reach, not for some cause but because they have nothing that commits them to life. They do not rage with a fanatic passion of hatred, like a Black Muslim or an Alabama lyncher or a member of a gun squad of the far-out right. Yet their kind of violence is that of a person on the way to becoming desensitized. It is the violence arising from *anomie*—from an absence of values—and may therefore turn out to be the most dangerous violence of all.

America will survive its civil rights struggles and riots. In fact, the nation will be enriched by the tumbling down of caste walls and by the new access to life experience on the part of groups hitherto cut off from the mainstream of the culture. America will even survive the political hate groups, not by trying to legislate hate out of existence—for that cannot be done—but by the sustained educational and cultural explosions that will make these primitivist hatreds obsolescent and even absurd. But the *anomie* of the uncommitted may prove in the end the more fearful malady.

It arises in part from some of the same breakdowns that I noted in speaking of the American Negro—the uprooting experience of our time, the failure of the adolescent to identify with an effective model, the breakdown of a cohesive community. What is involved at base is a generational struggle that goes beyond those of past generations and that is at once the root and the fruit of the breakdown of communication between the generations. The earlier generational struggles were those between the children and their foreign-born parents, or between parents still clinging to rural and small-town mores and adolescents eager for the experience of city life and rebelling against traditional religion and moral codes. In the present era, the struggle still operates on the ground of changing moral codes and value systems, but something new has emerged—a "youth culture" with a language of its own and a contempt not only for the values of the older generation but, in many cases, for any values at all. The most fundamental thing that has happened has been an erosion of trust: Many in the younger generation—often with justification—have no trust in the older generation and its purposes and its institutions and they feel themselves in turn untrusted. What fidelity they have is for one another, in the urban roving gangs and street-corner clusters or in the suburban fun groups that have made "having fun" the imperative of our time.

It is hard to grow up in America and to achieve a sense of selfhood within this frame. Every adolescent must pass through two crucial periods: one when he identifies himself with a model—a father, an older brother, a teacher; the second when he disassociates himself from his model, rebels against him, reasserts his own selfhood. Both are necessary. But if the first has been a failure, the second cannot take place in a healthy way. Instead, the identification is likely to be with a group or gang in a similar plight, and the rebellion becomes a striking out against authority and society as a whole, with consequences we have already seen in the pervasive violence of our time.



"What do you expect? They don't let us pray anymore."





## SPLIT ROASTING

(continued from page 141)

spit motor to a lazy halt before starting these chores. The 10- or 15-minute intermission gives the setting roast time to firm up for easy carving.

The chief attraction of the alfresco turnspit is that all kinds of large roasts—Spencer roasts, boned hams, capons and geese—can be done to a turn literally and figuratively. The corpulent roast must have clearance between the spit rod and the grill, but this is the only limitation. Every chap who has tried to grill lamb chops on his outdoor barbecue knows that he can grill them successfully only if he's armed with a high-powered water pistol ready to battle the almost incessant flare-up from the dripping lamb fat. But a whole rack of lamb, the same meat uncut and in one piece, which makes a small but epicurean roast, faces no such hazard on the rotisserie. Like every roast over charcoal, it's protected by a long, narrow drip pan placed slightly to the front of the revolving meat. Into the drip pan flows the fat, as well as some of the meat's juices. Later on, the fat is discarded and the juices that turn into brown drippings are the essence of delectable gravies. The whole rack may be marinated in a mint-garlic-lemon trio; and this, too, adds a haze of enchantment that eludes the ordinary charred chops. Small viands such as split squabs, pork tenderloins or baby bluefish are fenced in a spit basket, which is nothing more than a wire broiler fastened to the spit to turn as a unit. The basket eliminates not only the endless flip-flopping but also the possibility of instant charring. Certain tough cuts, such as short ribs of beef, whose normal destiny is the stew pot, become incredibly tender when taken for a ride on the turning spit.

Managing a rotisserie isn't tightrope walking; but you've got to be something of a balancing artist, just the same. The weight of a plump bird or joint on the spit should be evenly distributed, or the rod may get out of balance, moving in fits and starts. Ideally, you should stab the meat through its center of gravity. Thus, if you're fencing with a large standing rib roast, slender at the top but built like Falstaff at the bottom, it's best to pierce the meat diagonally from the top end of one side to the heavy bottom at the opposite end. Some turnspits are equipped with a set of compensating weights, a neat gadget that can be hooked up and boosted, if necessary, during the roasting. There are some heavy-duty rotisseries with doughty spit rods and powerful motors, and if you own one of these, balancing is never a problem. Finally, there are spitless spits, flexible, self-balancing metal cages designed for large or small roasts.

All roasts should be made as compact

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CASPARI GENEVE



as possible before they're mounted on the spit. Akimbo chicken wings and flapping drumsticks should be skewered as close to the body as you can get them. Boned roasts should be tied into a symmetrical shape by the butcher. In season, pheasants or partridges, which may be dry, should wear a thin shield of salt pork tied snugly around the birds' breasts.

Most bottled sauces for basting would be delightful if only they tasted at the end of the spit run as they did at the beginning. When too much basting sauce has been brushed too soon on the flesh, the heat often reduces it to a caramelized, tasteless crust. A good rule is to take any bottled thick basting liquid and thin it with equal parts of dry wine or stock. Don't baste too often. When the roast is finished, add a final dab before carving, or pass the sauce at the table.

In the past, spits have been turned by many different forms of energy. They've been operated by slaves, scullery help, children and even dogs. In England, a special canine with a low body and sturdy legs was bred to keep a treadmill going. There were more elaborate spits turned by windmills. At one time, roasting jacks suspended above the fireplace

were operated by elaborate clock mechanisms or by the weight of the meat itself. Nowadays, plug-in chefs will find a crowd of new stainless-steel faces. There are gas or electric rotisseries fired from the top, the bottom or the sides. There are charcoal rotisseries for indoor or outdoor use, with vertical fireboxes in the rear so that the fat can never jump from the turnspit into the fire. The Farberware open-hearth rotisserie turns above closed heating rods; its drip pan is far below the line of fire, so that unintentional smoke signals never go up. Many wall ovens are fitted with rotisseries beneath the broiler; it's always a good idea to keep the door open, so that the turning meat enjoys the pulse of fresh air.

And now, to prove that turnabout is fare play, we offer the following:

#### SHORT RIBS, ROBERT SAUCE (Serves four)

4 lbs. short ribs of beef  
Salad oil  
Salt, pepper  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup bottled Robert sauce  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dry red wine

Remove bones from short ribs, cutting as close to meat as possible. Brush lightly

with oil and sprinkle generously with salt and pepper. Fasten on spit, keeping chunks slightly separated, if possible, for thorough browning. Roast over charcoal fire, using long, narrow drip pan set slightly toward front of short ribs. Disposable aluminum pans (the kind used for frozen pastries) are good for this job. Add a little water to drip pan to prevent smoking. Combine Robert sauce and wine, mixing well. As soon as meat turns light brown, brush with sauce mixture. Roast meat for about 1 hour or until thoroughly browned, brushing with sauce at 20-minute intervals.

#### CURRIED ROCK CORNISH GAME HENS (Serves four)

4 Rock Cornish game hens, 1 lb. each  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup salad oil  
2 teaspoons curry powder  
1 teaspoon tarragon vinegar  
1 teaspoon lemon juice  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon white pepper

Thaw hens in refrigerator. (Squab chickens or squabs, 1 lb. each, may be substituted for Rock Cornish game hens.) Combine all other ingredients, mixing well. Pour over hens, and marinate at least 3 to 4 hours in refrigerator. Preheat electric rotisserie or prepare charcoal fire. Place hens on spit, using extra spit holders, if necessary, to hold 4 birds in place, moving as a unit. End birds may be held by spit holders and middle birds attached to them with skewers. Roast 45 minutes to 1 hour, or until well browned and tender, brushing several times during roasting with marinade. Serve with pistachio rice pilaf and chutney.

#### PISTACHIO RICE PILAF (Serves four)

2 tablespoons butter  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup finely minced celery  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup finely minced onion  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  small bay leaf  
 $1\frac{3}{4}$  cups chicken broth or stock made with bouillon powder  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup dry sherry  
1 cup converted rice  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
2 ozs. shelled salted pistachios

Melt butter in heavy saucepan. Add celery, onion and bay leaf and sauté until onion is tender, not brown. Add chicken broth, sherry, rice and salt. Stir well. Bring to a boil; reduce flame as low as possible; cover with tight lid and cook without stirring until rice is tender—18 to 20 minutes. Do not stir while cooking. Remove bay leaf and add pistachios, tossing lightly with fork.

#### SPIT-ROASTED FILLET OF BEEF (Serves six to eight)

Order a prime, well-aged beef fillet (tenderloin) weighing about 6 lbs. before trimming. Do not follow the advice in



"Excuse me, haven't we met before?"



some cookbooks that a lower grade of fillet is as good as the prime. Have the butcher remove the fat and tie the meat for roasting, folding the thin end under to make a symmetrical roast. Some chefs like a larded fillet; that is, one through which the butcher has drawn long thin pieces of fat, using a larding needle; the meat is richer tasting, but the beef flavor is modified—a matter of personal taste. Let the fillet stand at room temperature for at least an hour before roasting. If a charcoal fire is prepared, be sure it's very hot; or set the electric rotisserie at the highest temperature. Fasten meat on turnspit, brush generously with melted butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roast 35 to 40 minutes, brushing several times with melted butter. Remove meat from spit and let it set for at least 20 minutes. Just before carving, place the whole fillet on the hot grill for a few minutes on each side. With roasted fillet, good accompaniments are foil-covered potatoes roasted right on the coals and broiled or sautéed mushrooms. Serve *pâté de foie gras* as an appetizer and bring on the fillet to the sound of trumpets.

#### HOT CHARCUTERIE WITH MUSTARD (Serves 12)

- 3-lb. cooked, trimmed and skinned corned or smoked tongue
- 2-lb. piece Taylor pork roll
- 2-lb. piece Canadian bacon (cooked smoked boneless pork loin)
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup prepared mustard (Dijon or Dijon style)
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup light cream
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup salad oil

Narrow end of tongue should be folded under and skewered to make compact piece. If base of tongue (root end) is tough, cut it away before fastening meat on spit. Remove outer casing of pork roll. Fasten tongue, pork roll and bacon on spit. Use three spit holders to keep meat in place. If only two are available, fasten center piece of meat to end pieces with a long skewer. Combine mustard, cream and oil, mixing until well blended. Brush meats with mustard mixture. Roast 45 minutes, basting every 15 minutes with mustard. Meats need not "set" after roasting, like fresh meats, but should be sliced thin while piping hot. Serve on toasted split long French bread, toasted split soft buns or sour rye bread. Serve with warm or cold potato and leek salad. Keep the party foaming with ice-cold beer or ale.

#### POTATO AND LEEK SALAD (Serves 12)

- 4 lbs. medium-size potatoes
- 8 large leeks
- 1 cup salad oil
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dry white wine
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup white wine vinegar
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard



- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dry mustard
- 2 tablespoons fresh chives, minced very fine
- 4 small sour pickles, minced very fine
- Salt, pepper

Boil potatoes in jackets until just tender. Drain. As soon as potatoes are cool enough to handle, peel them, then cut lengthwise into four strips each. Cut strips crosswise into  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in.-thick slices. Cut away green part of leeks; then cut them lengthwise in half, then crosswise into  $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. slices. Wash well to remove sand and drain in large wire strainer. Sauté leeks in oil over low flame until just tender. Combine wine, wine vinegar, prepared mustard and dry mustard, mixing well with wire whip. To potatoes, add leeks with their oil, wine mixture, chives and pickles. Toss gently; add salt and pepper to taste. Salad may be served cold. "Hot" potato salad is always actually served warm, and may be heated gently in a flameproof casserole over the coals or in a moderate oven.

#### ROCK LOBSTER, ANCHOVY BUTTER (Serves four)

- 4 9-oz. pkgs. frozen lobster tails
- Salad oil
- $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. sweet butter
- 2 teaspoons anchovy paste
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- Cayenne pepper

Keep lobster tails frozen until ready to use. They may be roasted in a spit basket or pierced individually by spit rod. To pierce lobster, use a skewer to make a hole in center of each tail. Force skewer through underbelly and out of hard shell on opposite side. Arrange lobster tails on spit rod; end pieces should be held in place with spit holders at ends of rod. Keep all lobster tails moving as a unit with the use of jumbo-size skewers holding them from one end of spit rod to the other. Brush lobster generously with oil.

Roast 15–20 minutes over very hot charcoal fire or in electric rotisserie set at highest temperature. While lobster is on turnspit, melt butter slowly over low flame. Skim off foam from top and pour off butter to another container, omitting sediment at bottom of pan. Add anchovy paste, lemon juice and dash of cayenne. Cut lobster tails in half lengthwise with heavy French knife. Serve anchovy butter at table in individual sauceboats or dishes for dipping. Grilled tomatoes, corn on the cob, julienne potatoes or Saratoga potatoes are all natural members of the camaraderie.

#### MINT-BASTED RACK OF LAMB (Serves four)

- 2 single racks of lamb, 3 lbs. each
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup dried mint leaves
- 1 cup salad oil
- $\frac{1}{3}$  cup lemon juice
- 2 large cloves garlic
- Salt, pepper

Have butcher saw off ends of racks, so that there will be enough clearance between spit and grill for lamb to rotate. Have him remove backbone for later carving. Crush mint leaves between fingers. Combine oil, lemon juice, mint leaves and garlic smashed lightly with side of French knife. Pour over lamb. Marinate overnight. Remove lamb from marinade and fasten racks on spit. Sprinkle generously with salt and pepper. Remove garlic from marinade. Roast lamb over strong fire 30 to 40 minutes. Meat should be slightly pink, not well done. Brush two or three times during roasting with marinade. Carve meat, and brush cut pieces with marinade. Pistachio rice pilaf, grilled eggplant steaks and cold fresh asparagus vinaigrette enhance a sumptuous lamb roast.

And thus we see how a feast can be turned to one's advantage.





Okie, his ears full of Depression dust, to a granny cyclops sunglass-wearing fagola. In appearance. Actually, honey, I'm as straight as they come. With my oxymoronism corrected—and the bad bite, too. Had to remove a bicuspid, though. I've just adopted this dykey manner to keep the avenues of communication disparate."

"Wha?"

"Confused. I dropped out of Berkeley because it was too square. I'm *selling*, man, you buying?"

"Buying what?" asked Al.

"Well, for instance, this mojo vest in soft cotton suede. I believe we have your size in olive, blue, blood, black and brown. Thirteen dollars and it'll make a gear new man of you. Or a pair of see-through, mesh-sides boxer trunks, very trim."

"I think I'll just saw off an old pair of blue jeans."

"Listen, don't think our stylists aren't inspired by the new casual manner—surf. Also the new Victorian manner—Teddy. And the new horny, careless, psychedelic-ecstatic manner—op, right? We are inspired by *manners*, kiddo. So how about starting yourself off in the authentic Sworde and Casual Whippe style with a letterman boating jac in regimental, excuse it, naval red. With competition accent stripe. After-swim jac optional."

"Actually, sir," said Al, "I was just looking for a friend I thought I'd find here."

"You'll find lots of friends here. Just

wait. All your friends will be here. If you don't have any friends, you'll make friends here. This is the *club*, man, and none of your transvestite horrors, either. It's men, man to man to girl. Those who buy fag clothes now, buddy, are *straight*. It's life that's gone kinky. It's the universe in which our leaders stand waist deep in garbage, shooting missiles at the moon, which seems a little odd to us. So how about a Dutch Boy cap?"

Shoppers were browsing among the bins and racks like Jews in a bakery on Sunday morning. They tasted, they felt, they compared, they sucked in their bellies. They had good appetites. They looked as if they could gobble up these clothes. They were famished for dress. What used to be called "fag" was now named "psychedelic-ecstatic Mod," which means turned on, it's happening, it's what's happening, baby. In the words of a famous jazz critic, the 48-year-old schizophrenics were trying to decide whether to turn themselves into three 16-year-olds or four 12-year-olds. The thin voice of Bobby Dylan filled the cracks between wide-wale corduroy and thickly packed velour. There was a speaker between the hiboy shirts and the loboy pants. There was a speaker between the free Moroccan espresso and the fat Max ties. The folk-rock swing of the cash register interrupted the trance-like turning of men before full-length mirrors, trying on their footwear, their neckwear, their wristwear, their dickeys and hickies and whatchamacallits.

"You like it?"

"Well . . ."

"You like it?"

"I guess I like it."

"Well, don't decide in a hurry. Have some coffee first. You want to make sure it's a perfect fit." It was as if the customer should tuck a cup of Moroccan blend under his cowboy belt first, to try it on for size. And it was true that the friendly smell of Moroccan wafted by a little fan from the pin-striped blender did add something to the floating feeling of the clothes. A voice from the fitting room floated out, over Bobby Dylan's blowin' in the Moroccan coffee blend:

"Well, you see, sir, why I am here is, well, you see—"

"Out with it, man."

"I'm a Negro, sir, and I want to see how the white folks dress."

"It is recommended," replied a cool voice, "that you make your selections quickly, as many of the items are limited in quantity."

"I'm colored."

"All mail orders, for example, will be shipped within forty-eight hours."

"I'm black."

"In order to expedite mail orders, it is suggested that money orders or cashier's checks be mailed rather than personal checks. Or come in, soul brother, and pay cash, hey?"

Another new customer came out of the fitting room, gingerly walking in his pants as if he were carrying a prickly cucumber between his legs where it might hurt a little. The salesman smiled sympathetically, crinkling up his eyes, and then bent suddenly and straightened things out. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but a gentleman wears his jewels on the left."

"Ah, that's better."

"Well, if you're new to long pants . . . I didn't mean that, sir. Sometimes my kidding gets out of hand." His right hand, which had done the adjusting of the jewels, still held its pattern, as if it were calling for Ballantine's ale or perhaps still straightening some future or imaginary gentleman's jewels.

An old friend was talking with the owner at the cash register, or perhaps it was a friend of the owner, or a trusted companion, or a bonded cashier. The old friend was shaking his head. "Look, I knew my marriage was in trouble when we moved from New York to San Francisco and we had the same milkman . . ."

Dooley's new salesman was smiling expectantly. This was his life. Al must have brought himself there for some reason. The reason would emerge in due course. Nothing in this life is done without good reason—even grokking the town. *Grokking* is a word that means "digging the scene." It comes from a science-fiction book by Robert Heinlein, which, to Al, made sense. It described a real-life activity. Today he was grokking



"Harry, is there any truth to the stories I've heard about men in prison?"



a little. Grokking, he opened his mouth to have a word with his salesman. He spoke:

"Do you have any socks? Argyles? Jockey-type shorts or even Jockey shorts? Golf shirts with alligators on them?" With each word the salesman seemed to die a little. Al bombed him with these sneaky attacks on attire. "Bow ties?"

"Oh, stop," weakly spoke the salesman, whose name was P. J.

"Nylon dress shirts? Two-tone shoes? Leather cord ties with silver dollars imbedded in them, like the Las Vegas prospectors wear?"

He stepped over the body of P. J. who was lying there, perhaps still alive. Al stretched to step over him. The air stored up in P. J.'s bleeding madras lungs pushed its way past his slim-jim tonsils with a hissing sound. "For a natural-looking suntan all year long," the perishing breath hissed, "try a bottle of our Number One Suntan Lotion, Number One Lotion."

Al reached toward the natural-wood-style Formica shelf on which floated oceans of lotions in seashell bottles. He dashed five dollars' worth of after-faint onto P. J.'s pale cheeks. P. J. sighed and revived, murmuring, "Musk, elephant tusk, witch hazel, plus our secret ingredients." Thus he correctly identified the liquid that saved his life. He pulled himself to his feet. "What can I do you for?" he asked Al.

"I'd like a pair of shoelaces," said Al Dooley. "I just broke my shoelace out there."

"Whalehiding?"

"No—shoelacing. To keep my shoes tied."

"I have just the things for you, *thing*," said P. J. with a touch of malice touched with gratitude. The gratitude was touched with a subtler malice, but this malice was not in turn touched with a subtler gratitude, and so there the chain stopped. He took a box out of a drawer. Shoelaces.

"Thank you so much," said Al Dooley.

"Twenty-five cents the pair," said P. J.

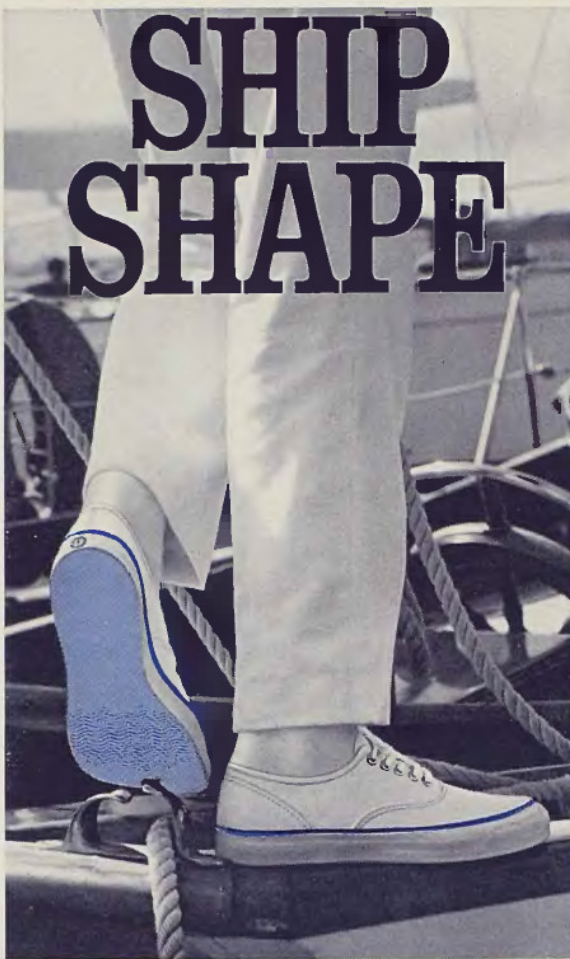
Al inserted the laces, first removing the frayed ones. A Roger Miller record played. The scent of Moroccan coffee filled the air. A faint tang of velour and corduroy to sweeten it. A touch of stretch fabric. A soupçon of peacock dreams.

He straightened up. He walked.

Al now stepped out into the world to settle the wars of Asia and Africa, to win fame, riches, and the love of beautiful women, and to answer, like everyone else, the great matter of inevitable time and alteration. Like P. J., for openers he would need to put on some raiment that could enable him to master the sense of his own mortality. Soul needed its disguises; soul moves in secret ways.



# SHIP SHAPE

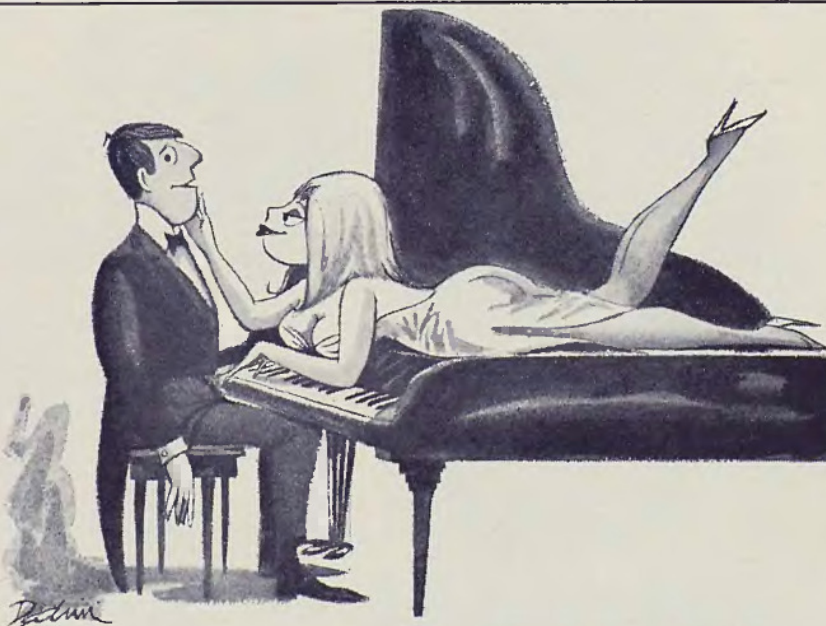


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## PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 52)

be unfair not to recognize that fact. I thought William Hamilton's article (PLAYBOY, August 1966) was the best brief account of the "death-of-God" approach thus far printed. Dr. Harvey Cox' *Revolt in the Church* (PLAYBOY, January 1967) was also excellent.

Undoubtedly, you are aware of Harvey Cox' famous critique of PLAYBOY some years ago. I wonder if his appearance in your pages indicates that he has modified those opinions?

James H. Curtis, Minister  
West Shore Unitarian Church  
Cleveland, Ohio

We think so. Cox' critique of PLAYBOY was written in 1961. Since then, Cox acknowledges, the magazine has matured considerably, as has his esteem for it. See the "Playboy Panel: Religion and the New Morality," elsewhere in this issue, for additional insight into Cox' views on subjects discussed in "The Playboy Philosophy" and "Forum."

## CLERICS AND CONTROVERSY

Because for many years the Episcopal Church has been smartly assailed for "air-

ing linen in public," I feel it's only fair to state that the Right Reverend James A. Pike, whose letter to *The Playboy Forum* in February expressed agreement with aspects of *The Playboy Philosophy*, does not speak for the entire church. He has been privately censured by the House of Bishops and has resigned his jurisdiction.

It is of some concern to me that there are few men in the episcopacy who have the guts to speak out on controversial issues. Bishop Pike does so and is roundly criticized. It would be better for his critics to present some positive alternatives than merely to condemn such a man.

Bishop Pike is "out of step" with the rest of the church; of this there is no question. But perhaps now that he is speaking as a private individual once again, he can be heard as only a private individual.

However, instead of the clergy's getting so enmeshed in controversy, perhaps they should realize that the church has always been conservative, and for good reason: The little systems of the present have a tendency to be forgotten rather

quickly as the years roll by. What seem to be important problems today will probably be forgotten in a year or so. The church has a great deal more to do with life than to worry so constantly about the things of this present world. What is set down as dogma and fact has come out of 2000 years of experience, and we believe that what we do and say and teach not only has to do with this world but also has implications in eternity.

The Rev. Robert L. Leather, Vicar  
St. Wilfred's Episcopal Church  
Camden, New Jersey

The efforts of Bishop Pike (who also participates in this issue's "Playboy Panel") to stir up the Episcopal Church may draw fire from his colleagues, but the House of Bishops' decision to set up a council to "help rethink, restructure and renew the church" may well bear testimony to his influence. Such a move has long been advocated by Pike.

We don't agree that the church should be, or always has been, conservative. Historically, Christianity was a revolutionary underground movement from the time of the crucifixion of Jesus to the conversion of Constantine in the Fourth Century. There seems to be little question that Christianity originated as an answer to pressing moral questions of those early times, and that to remain vital today, it must deal relevantly with today's questions. Theologian Rudolf Bultmann, in "Essays Philosophical and Theological," declares that the notion of immutable heavenly laws is idolatrous. Father Joseph Fletcher, one of your Episcopal colleagues, says in his excellent book "Situation Ethics": "Therefore, in the relativities of this world where conscience labors to do the right thing, we may always do what would be evil in some contexts if in this circumstance love gains in the balance." And the Roman Catholic theologian Leslie Dewart writes, "Unless we make it be, the Kingdom of God shall never come."

Perhaps the most stirring example of a Christian clergyman who concerned himself responsibly with "the things of this present world" is that of the German theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer. He once wrote: "The question of the good is posed and is decided in the midst of our living relationships with men, things, institutions and powers; in other words, in the midst of our historical existence." Bonhoeffer lived this belief and died for it. He entered into a plot to assassinate Hitler and was executed by the Nazis.

## PLAYBOY AND THE NAZIS

Last year, after you printed the magnificent Alex Haley interview with George Lincoln Rockwell, many Jewish groups expressed to me the conviction that Rockwell and his Nazis should not be publicized at all. I replied, at the time, that the interview was a public





service, since it revealed just how dangerous the man is. Later, I was able to prove my point most dramatically.

You see, I am the lawyer who represented the Jewish War Veterans and won their court battle to obtain a permanent injunction against Rockwell and his American Nazi Party, forbidding them to march in Jewish neighborhoods in Chicago during the holy days. In drafting the complaint against Rockwell, I relied heavily on the *Playboy Interview* to disclose his character and that of his movement. In this way, I was able to make the judge see that Rockwell's proposed march was a deliberate attempt to incite riot by rubbing salt in the wounds of those who lost families and relatives in Hitler's crematories.

To those who might regard this injunction as a violation of Rockwell's civil liberties, let me say: Although the Constitution provides no grounds for abridgement of free speech, it limits the right to assemble by specifying that the assembly must be "peaceable." Justice Hugo Black, certainly the most strict constitutionalist (and most devout libertarian) in the Supreme Court today, has indicated that he understands this crucial difference. Although he generally votes against the conviction of anyone whose crime consists of speech, Black has often upheld the convictions of persons who assembled not "peaceably" but with the obvious intent of creating a public nuisance or disturbance.

Without your interview's exposure of Rockwell, I could not have won this case. The Jewish War Veterans of America—over 100,000 strong—are quite well aware of *PLAYBOY's* contribution to my case, and you can be sure of their gratitude.

Luis Kutner  
Attorney at Law  
Chicago, Illinois

#### FAIR PLAY FOR SPERM

Congratulations to Helen McKenna and her Fair Play for the Fetus Committee (*The Playboy Forum*, March). Her brilliant reasoning has inspired me to carry her argument to its logical conclusion. Consider the lot of the poor spermatozoa. As living things, can they be any less sacrosanct than a fetus? With the use of modern contraceptive techniques, we are sending hundreds of billions of spermatozoa to a cruel death each year. Even when fertilization does occur, only one of these sperm cells penetrates the ovum; the rest die.

Just as Miss McKenna boasts that she is here today because her mother rejected abortion in 1927, I am alive because my parents rejected the use of a contraceptive in 1943. Join me in my crusade, Helen, and we'll fight those "irresponsible creeps" all the way, protect-



*"... and meanwhile, traffic on the Pakistani Expressway is moderate to heavy . . ."*

ing every sperm and embryo. We'll save 'em all and bequeath to our children a very moral and very overcrowded planet.

Loren Johnson  
Fair Play for Sperm Committee  
Washington, D. C.

#### WOMEN AND ABORTION

I am astonished that some of the *Playboy Forum* letters defending our antiquated abortion laws are written by women. In my opinion, no woman in her right mind wants to give up the right to decide for herself whether she will bear a child, and no woman with any guts will allow male-made laws against abortion to prevent her from getting an illegal abortion when she wants one.

Arlen Riley  
Chicago, Illinois

#### ABORTION AND WAR

Helen McKenna could do a lot more for humanity if she would channel her energy into saving living beings who are 20 to 30 years old and are being slaughtered by the thousands in Vietnam.

Her sincerity seems to me as doubtful as that of established religious leaders who sanction atom bombs and napalm but condemn a contraceptive as the work of the Devil.

H. Namuab  
Paris, France

#### E PLURIBUS EUNUCH

The letter in the March *Playboy Forum* commenting on the case of the FBI clerk who was fired for having a girl in his apartment overnight raises some interesting questions. Does Mr. Hoover require his agents to wear some kind of chastity belt, with keys furnished only to wives? When a man is appointed an FBI agent, he takes an oath to support the Constitution of the United States. Does he also have to take an oath that he will remain chaste and sexually pure while in the service of the FBI? Every FBI agent must be a Galahad, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Must he also be *sans sexe*? Where is there any necessary connection between one's love life and being able to



do a decent job in an investigating agency, providing said love life is conducted discreetly, behind closed doors?

Mr. Hoover has done a first-rate job in the area of law enforcement. He has become an institution in this country. But even institutions make mistakes.

Cases such as this encourage hypocrisy among FBI agents. There is probably no agent on the staff of the FBI who, at some time in his life, has not been involved in extramarital or nonmarital sex activity. If the facts were known, Mr. Hoover could, on the basis of this case, fire his entire staff.

Morris Ploscowe  
Attorney at Law  
New York, New York

#### THE GOLDFISH-BOWL SOCIETY

Senator Edward Long's comments about our goldfish-bowl society (*Big Brother in America*, PLAYBOY, January 1967) are perhaps truer than anyone realizes. I just read the following story in the *Miami Herald*:

Looking-Glass War: There is now a two-way mirror in the ceiling of the men's room of the city-owned bus terminal in Coral Gables, the "City Beautiful." Policemen upstairs keep a lookout for morals violators. In the past few weeks, 26 men have been arrested.

James Stephens  
Miami, Florida

#### FAIR PLAY FOR HOMOSEXUALS

I am writing in reply to the Lesbian who asked, apropos of the destructive results of legal and social pressures against homosexuals, "Is all this human tragedy and waste absolutely necessary to preserve . . . 'morality'?" (*The Playboy Forum*, January).

This question caused a lengthy discussion between my fiancée and myself. Both of us are fundamentalist Christians insofar as we believe the Bible to be the inspired Word of God, to be taken literally—not as a collection of myths and tales. Although we cannot agree with any part of *The Playboy Philosophy* that contradicts the literal words of the Bible, we do agree with some of Hefner's positions, including his fight for postal privacy and for complete freedom of married partners, so long as their actions are mutually satisfying.

Our answer to the question is that all this persecution of homosexuals and waste of their talents is *not* necessary to preserve our "morality." When an adulteress was taken to Jesus and he was asked if she should be stoned, he replied, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." After no one had so condemned her, Jesus said to her: "Neither do I condemn thee: Go, and sin no more." How, then, can an employer condemn his employee for homosexuality

—unless, of course, that employer is without sin? In another passage we find Jesus saying, "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

I would ask employers: How many of you have engaged in or are currently engaging in extramarital or illicit sex? How many males have made or will make suggestive advances while on the job? Are these actions more "moral" than a discreet relationship between consenting homosexuals? The New Testament places an equal prohibition on *all* forms of sexual relations outside of marriage. I see no reason why the homosexual should be singled out and punished while other sinners are not. That is not morality, that is prejudice.

Ron Wilson  
Decatur, Illinois

#### SUICIDE AND HOMOSEXUALITY

I am grateful to you for opening *The Playboy Forum* to the same frank and fearless discussion of homosexuality that you have given to other forms of sexual behavior. The Lesbian who wrote in your January issue about the countless tragedies caused by society's persecution of homosexuals was not exaggerating the picture at all. There are many, many more "disguised" homosexuals than anyone realizes; even Kinsey, in my opinion, underestimated our number. For instance, after teaching for eight years at an institution of higher learning, I just recently discovered that the president of the college—a man with a wife and three children—is, like me, a hidden homosexual. (It was a shocking revelation for both of us.)

The homosexual group in Philadelphia is very clever and accurate in calling itself the Janus Society, after the Roman god with two faces. Most of us hide behind a mask of heterosexuality and live in constant terror of discovery. It is my personal opinion that this fact is directly related to the abnormally high suicide rate among college students today. It is a terrible shock to a young man when he realizes that—although living in an age of proclaimed "sexual revolution"—he himself must seek love and gratification in the shadows and alleyways of our world, with a threat of medieval retribution hanging over him.

(Name and address  
withheld by request)

#### SURVIVAL AND HOMOSEXUALITY

I have known since my early teens that I am homosexual. Now I am in my late 20s and have to face the realization that I will always be this way. I have never had sex with anyone, even though many times I have had the desire to do so. It's a world with me alone in it.

I do not feel like a "pansy." In fact, I detest effeminate men. I do not act, look

or feel effeminate. I am not a kookie musician or artist. Nor do I have long hair, ridiculous clothing or a lisp. If you were to see me, you would see a strong young American Serviceman. I work with other men; we do men's work—and sometimes, here in Vietnam, that's one hell of a job. I take orders and give orders. It's a rugged life, and I like it.

I remember reading that all persons "are endowed . . . with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Somehow, those seem like empty promises to me. After nearly 30 years on this earth, I am not able to grasp the reality of those great words. First, nature has played a dirty trick on me and, second, my fellow human beings attack me as though I had caused the accident myself. But perhaps these are the same people who laugh at an unfortunate in a wheelchair. Perhaps these are the same people who shout "Jump" to some poor guy perched on a window ledge.

Perhaps it is common for people like me to feel sorry for themselves. I have thought of death a lot, because it is so prevalent here; but the encouraging revolution in sexual morality going on back home—in which PLAYBOY has taken such a significant part—gives me some hope for the future; hope, at least, of encountering a new tolerance for those of us who do not fit into the conventional mold.

(Name withheld by request)

APO San Francisco, California

#### HELP FOR MADALYN MURRAY

This is a request for help. After the *Playboy Interview* with me in October 1965, many persons sent contributions—in care of my lawyer, Walter Haffner—to support my "Tax the Church" suit. It is now necessary, for legal reasons, that I obtain a complete list of these contributions. Would those persons who were so kind as to help my cause then, perform another kindness now and send me photocopies of the canceled checks?

Madalyn Murray O'Hair  
Society of Separationists  
P.O. Box 2117  
Austin, Texas

"*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.





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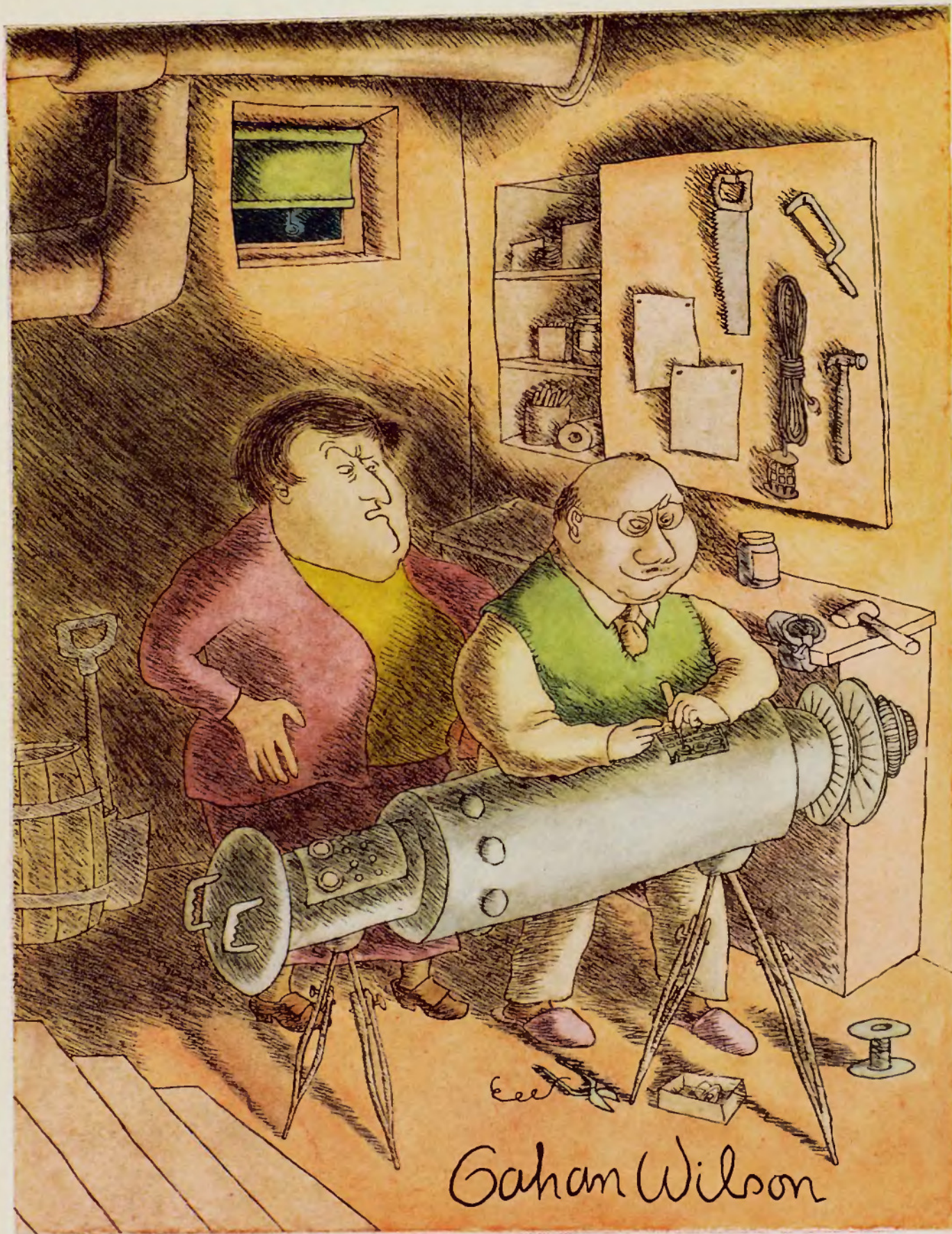


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## SEX IN CINEMA (continued from page 136)

bookings than fight, Walter Bibb, the head of Excelsior Pictures, appealed the decision, maintaining that his film was neither indecent nor obscene, but highly educational. When, in 1957, the New York Court of Appeals finally ruled that "Nudity in itself, and without lewdness or dirtiness, is not obscenity in law or in common sense," the gates were suddenly swung wide. Russ Meyer and his cohorts were standing just outside.

Meyer, an Army Signal Corps cameraman during World War Two, had arrived in Hollywood during the Fifties hoping to break into the studios. Unable to penetrate the closed-shop setup there, he turned instead to shooting glamor-girlie photos and stills for television shows. But the idea of doing movies remained with him, particularly since both his Army training and some experience doing industrial shorts in San Francisco had shown him how to turn them out fast and cheap. In 1958, a meeting with Pete DeCenzie, an Oakland impresario who had previously produced and distributed nudist pictures, made it possible for Meyer to combine his two skills. The two men pooled \$1000 and, with the assistance of some Army buddies, Meyer shot *The Immoral Mr. Teas* in four swift days. Sound, processing and editing brought the bill to \$24,000 (and, incidentally, established a norm for subsequent nudie budgets—between \$15,000 and \$30,000—although it might be noted that some of the more parsimonious fast-buck operators frequently managed to bring in a picture for as little as \$7500).

But *Mr. Teas* also did something far more important: It established a new norm for nudity on the screen and indicated the way to make it acceptable to the censors. The formula was simplicity itself: plenty of skin but no sex. Mild, middle-aged Bill Teas is a "girl watcher," with many pleasant opportunities to exercise his hobby as he pedals his bicycle through the sunny streets of Los Angeles delivering dental supplies. One afternoon, however, he has a molar extracted, and the anesthetic has a somewhat disturbing aftereffect. Under its influence, every girl he looks at—a pretty dental assistant, a melon-breasted lunchroom waitress—becomes instantly, and utterly, undressed. Far from being overjoyed at the prospect (Mr. Teas is "immoral" only in the title), our hero goes off to a secluded spot for some solitary fishing, but soon suspects he is losing his marbles when all the girls he has met earlier in the picture invade his sanctuary and, stripped to the buff, frolic in the water about him. He takes his troubles to an analyst who, unfortunately for him (if not for the audience), turns out to be a spectacularly stacked female. When the inevitable occurs, Mr. Teas decides he might as well be philosophic

about his affliction. As the film's narrator states at the conclusion, "Some men just enjoy being sick."

Since the courts had already ruled that nudity in itself is not obscene, and the picture was devoid of any kind of sexuality (except for blatant voyeurism), the film played with surprisingly little difficulty. At its opening engagement, in Seattle, the local censors' sole objection was to a sequence in which a girl, glimpsed in a passing car, is seen inserting her tongue in her boyfriend's ear. Meyer and DeCenzie were only too happy to make this cut, and the picture was thereupon passed (if not wholeheartedly approved). Its reputation built slowly, since the two entrepreneurs found themselves at first limited to the dingy grind houses that normally ran exploitation features, and excluded altogether from cities like New York and Chicago that still had strong censor boards. But gradually, as its fame spread, their film made its way into those marginal art theaters whose managers had already discovered that receipts increased substantially whenever they ran an old Brigitte Bardot or Gina Lollobrigida extravaganza instead of some of the heavier stuff. There were, to be sure, some risks involved. The show was labeled "indecent" in Pasadena, for example, and the print was confiscated from the projection booth of a Philadelphia theater in which it was playing; but every time it reached the courts—except in Fort Lauderdale, where it was labeled "obscene"—the picture was passed and resumed its run.

*The Immoral Mr. Teas* and its unprecedented immunity from censorial crack-downs, not to mention its unprecedented grosses in the field of exploitation films—and its equally unprecedented favorable review from no less than literary critic Leslie Fiedler in *Show* magazine—quickly inspired a host of imitators. *Bachelor Tom Peeping*, for example, presented the stratagems of a photographer for "Huge Hefner's Playaround Magazine" who, assigned to break into an all-girl nudist camp, eventually succeeds by dressing up as a woman. In *Kipling's Women*, an aging pukka-sahib reminisces fondly of the various "rags, bones and hanks of hair" that had brightened his earlier years. *Not Tonight*, *Henry* features a henpecked, middle-aged husband (burlesque comic Hank Henry) who dreams he is a succession of great lovers from the past, including Napoleon, but is somehow thwarted in every encounter with the opposite sex. The dean of *The House on Bare Mountain* purports to be a Granny Good (played by the film's producer, Bob Cresse, in drag), who is so unobtrusive that the girls pay her no attention whatsoever as they scurry about their dormitory with little or no clothes on. In

*Pardon My Brush*, two house painters discover that their paintbrush makes whatever walls they touch with it transparent. Curiously, the walls that need painting always seem adjacent to the bedrooms of particularly luscious and narcissistic young women. In a number of others, such as *Paradise* and *Magic Spectacles*, the gimmick is X-ray eyeglasses that permit the wearer to see through the clothes of the various young ladies he encounters. But if the makers of these films provided an abundance of female breasts and bottoms in every size and shape, they were circumspection itself when it came to the display of pubic hair or *genitalia*. At least for the time being, the regions below the navel remained unexplored by their cameras.

The voyeuristic nature of these early nudies is perhaps the most striking thing about them. The hero does not crave sex; he just wants to look—and the devices of the film makers are all bent toward making it possible for him (and the audience) to look at the girls as unobtrusively as possible. Frequently, the films go even further, removing all suggestion of sexuality from the leading male character. The hero of Russ Meyer's *Wild Gals of the Naked West* (which had earlier been titled, less explicitly, *The Naked West and How It Was Lost*) is a bowlegged runt of a man who, even in a ten-gallon hat, barely reaches to the chests of the bosomy cowgirls and saloon girls studding the film, and who carries a four-foot-long silver-plated pistol to compensate for the virility he so obviously lacks. In *Bachelor Tom Peeping*, the photographer quite literally surrenders his masculinity when he dons female attire to gain entry into the nudist camp. In *The Playgirls and the Bellboy*, starring the statuesque June Wilkinson, the bellboy is a bumbling Jerry Lewis type who keeps rushing back and forth between his hotel and the theater next door where a sexy play is being rehearsed. His object is to pick up pointers that might impress June and her covey of lingerie models (who spend most of their time languorously dressing and undressing). Needless to say, it is to no avail.

*The Playgirls and the Bellboy*, incidentally, typifies with special crudity a prevalent production technique for nudies of the early Sixties. Its producer, Harry Ross, had exhumed a dull, mildly risqué German sex comedy of the mid-Fifties, pared it to about an hour, dubbed it and added to it some 30 minutes of footage featuring Miss Wilkinson, her lovelies and the bellboy. Although the German film was in black and white, Ross shot his new material in color. (Color is practically a *sine qua non* for nudies.) All the action in the picture centering around the theater came from the German original; the color sequences were confined to the girls' hotel bedroom. Similar domestically created



inserts spiced up many a cheap French, Italian and Swedish film, as well as numerous imported documentary and nudist-camp features.

Humor—or at least an attempt at humor—was another lesson that “nude wave” producers learned from *Mr. Teas*. While *Naked West* was Meyer’s only attempt at outright satire (and, ironically, his least successful venture commercially), virtually all the nudies maintained a wisecracking voice-over narration that either kidded or proffered a leering commentary upon whatever was happening on screen. A majestically proportioned girl is seen bouncing on a trampoline and the voice opines, “I’ll bet she’s better at indoor sports.” The camera enters a nudist colony that seems to be populated solely by buxom beauties aged 18 to 20, and the voice informs us it’s “time for another walk down mammary lane.” Musical scores for these films invariably include a jew’s-harp in the ricky-ticky orchestration: Its sharp, nasal twang synchronized with the bouncing breasts or dimpling buttocks of a *saftig* female manages at once not only to desexualize her but to turn her into a figure of fun. This seems to be the function of the narration as well—to reassure not only the censors but also their practi-

cally all-male audiences that they are not taking sex too seriously. Music and narration together underscored the lack of any real sexuality in the first American nudies, and by 1964 most of their producers were realistic enough to recognize that their limited market had become glutted. To retain their customers, they would have to supply hotter stuff.

By a curious coincidence, while the “nude wave” was still on the rise in the United States, the traditionally austere Japanese were enjoying a similar phenomenon in their own country. They called their nudies “eroductions”—erotic productions—and with typical Oriental thoroughness, they carried their fleshly delights to the limit. Nudity was simply where these pictures began. With titles like *Blood and Naked Flesh* or *The Girl with the Mole on Her Breast*, they presented quite explicitly action that most film makers up until that time would hardly dare hint at. Donald Richie, an American film historian living in Japan, describes one typical of the genre: “Disturbed young man,” he writes, “listens to lovemaking in next room; attacks his sister, proves impotent; opens icebox on array of sausages and cucumbers; spies on lady next door having intercourse; goes over, menaces her;

she allows him in; he proves impotent again; shoots her in head and kills her.”

Because these films show actual intercourse—sometimes even with animals—few have found their way to these shores, and those few that have, such as *Abnormal*, *The Adolescent*, *The Bite*, *The Love Robots* and *Village of Love*, have all been sharply scissored by their American distributors prior to release. As if to compensate, additional nude sequences featuring Japanese models in baths and showers are photographed in Los Angeles and spliced into the original.

But if these pictures represent but a tiny fraction of the nudie and sexploitation scene in the United States, they just about dominate the film industry in Japan. In 1965, of the 503 features produced, 233 fell into the eroduction category—and their popularity is enormous. Booked into a wide circuit of theaters throughout the country, they often recoup their modest costs in a single week. Not only that, where most Japanese houses close around ten p.m., the theaters running eropros regularly grind on through the night and often into the next morning to accommodate the crowds. As was the case with the American nudies, new companies have come into the field specifically to make these films; and as was the case with Hollywood’s major studios, which are now cautiously insinuating nude sequences into their own films, such respected Japanese firms as Toho and Daiei have found it expedient to present unprecedentedly intimate bath and bedroom scenes in their pictures just to stay in business. Significantly, the theaters that run these eroductions are never raided. Specifically designated as such, they play to audiences that know precisely what to expect. And, what is more, they get it.

Naoki Togawa, a prominent Japanese critic, has suggested several reasons for the present prominence of these “pink films”: the growing competition for a relatively limited market (500 Japanese pictures per year, plus another 250 imports, with only 6000 theaters available); the ever-increasing popularity of television (90 percent of Japanese homes now have TV sets); the sharp rise in participation sports; and the outlawing of prostitution. In the United States, when television threatened the movie industry, the studios responded with wide screens and 3-D. The Japanese, working on budgets barely ten percent of those of most Hollywood films, were blocked from making important technological changes. Instead, impressed by the growing eroticism of their European imports, they experimented with more-daring material—stories of fallen women, strange perversions, sadistic criminals and broad, sexy comedies. At its best, this led to such films as *Onibaba* and *Woman of the*



“Parlez-vous français?”



*Dunes*, which combined rare artistry with outspoken eroticism; but it also led to the eruptions—films made without art or emotion, films made as a substitute for sexual experience.

But this explains only the reasons for their existence, not the reasons for their tremendous popularity. Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, who were recently in Japan, studied this phenomenon and offered two explanations: With the high quotient of aggressiveness (primarily against women) that these films contained, they filled a popular need; and in their heavy accenting of male impotence (at least once in almost every picture), they reflected a popular fear. But the films themselves are not essentially sexy. Indeed, critic Donald Richie finds them essentially antisexual. "Thoroughly commercial in intent," he says, "they have cheapened the erotic (a prestigious sign of the avant-garde in other countries) and confused the salacious with the sensual." In this, too, they seem to parallel America's nudies.

By the end of 1963, the crest of America's "nude wave" had pretty well passed. After all, the formula they followed neither was terribly stimulating nor did it afford scope for many interesting variations. And while the girls they presented were often comely and invariably well endowed, the shoddy, slipshod

productions that surrounded them were distressingly devoid of glamor. To make matters worse, theaters began to double-feature the domestic product—*Ruined Bruin*, *Adventures of Lucky Pierre*, *Surf-tide 77* and the like—with straight nudist-camp films, most of them from England. Curiously, during the Fifties, the English turned out a considerable number of these sunshine-and-health features—curious since it is difficult to imagine as many bona-fide nudists lurking in England's chilly grasses as in such traditional sun-worshippers' paradises as the Cap d'Antibes and the Isle of Levant on the French Riviera. But perhaps it was the forbidden-fruit novelty of nudism alone that held such attraction for the English—just as it did for their American cousins. Certainly, there was a minimum of attractiveness in the films themselves, all of which tended to follow the same humdrum formula: A shy (and generally bespectacled) secretary is induced to spend a weekend at a nudist colony, where, after she has shed her clothes, she finds to her surprise and delight that the aloof young executive she has secretly admired is also a member. And he, discovering that she has a figure, shares her surprise and delight in his own way. Unfortunately, the girls' figures in these British-made pictures were rarely memorable, and the camp activities depicted—volleyball, swim-

ming, diving and calisthenics—made nudism not only antiseptic but insufferable. American nudie producers, concerned less with fact than with figures, eventually abandoned all pretense of documentary authenticity. Instead, they introduced curvaceous models or burlesque queens. *Blaze Starr Goes Nudist* and *Bell, Bare and Beautiful*, featuring Virginia "48-24-36" Bell, typified the new trend, while *Orgy of the Golden Nudes* merely used the nudist-camp setting as background for a horror story. But nudie producers soon learned that, even though the Supreme Court has ruled that nudity is not obscene, total nudity severely limits the number of play dates a picture can have. Although many nudist and art magazines publish photographs revealing the entire figure without being barred from the mails, theater managers fear to take this ultimate step lest they be closed down. Symptomatically, when *The Raw Ones* was produced in 1966—the first nudist-camp picture to reveal male and female genitals—it managed to get only a single booking, in liberal-minded San Francisco.

Like any major studio, the enterprising producers of the skin films sought to prolong their profitable trend by adding novelties. Not surprisingly, 3-D was brought back to enhance such films as



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*The Touchables* and *Paradisio*—but considering the inherent possibilities of protruberances projecting from the screen straight toward each member of the audience, this technical gimmick was utilized with a consummate lack of imagination in both of these pictures. The biggest novelty of all, although ultimately no more successful in attracting the customers, was the inclusion of "name" performers. Whereas most of the girls who appeared in these films were (and are) youthful unknowns, models, dancers and strippers from Hollywood, New York and Miami, who make themselves available for about \$100 a day, comedian Tommy Noonan introduced a calculated escalation in 1963. For his *Promises, Promises!*, which he both produced and starred in, he hired as his co-star the opulent and well-publicized Jayne Mansfield. The premise of this comedy, which has considerably more plot than any of its nudie predecessors, is the classic gambit of the woman who wants a baby but is married to a psychologically impotent male, played by Noonan. "And you know what they call me?" he wails. "Hollywood's most prolific writer!"

On an ocean cruise, Noonan tries to regain his vitality through various pills and plans recommended by his doctor. He is made even more frantic by the presence on shipboard of musclemán Mickey Hargitay (in real life, Mansfield's then-husband), playing a movie star who, Noonan suspects, has been making out with his wife. When she finally becomes pregnant, Noonan is convinced that Hargitay is the father; the rest of the picture is devoted to straightening out that earthshaking problem. Actually, in the entire film, there is only one nude scene—of Jayne taking a bubble bath, then drying herself off—but since this is repeated at various points where interest in the story proper might otherwise bog down, and since there is a good deal of *double-entendre* dialog throughout, *Promises, Promises!* made money despite its \$80,000 budget (high for this type of picture). Noonan has admitted that he was helped considerably by PLAYBOY's exposure of his bosomy star lying naked on a bed—an exposure that received even wider attention when PLAYBOY's Editor-Publisher, Hugh M. Hefner, was hauled into a Chicago court on an obscenity charge for publishing the pictures in the June 1963 issue of the magazine. (The case against Mr. Hefner ended in a hung jury, with the 11 women and one lone urban male voting 7 to 5 for his acquittal. The charge was never reinstated, and Chicago's Censor Board cleared the film itself for showing only a few weeks later—containing nude scenes almost identical to those that appeared in PLAYBOY.) Curiously, Noonan did not use the sequence in the completed film, despite its notoriety. "There

is a distinction," he later explained, "between nudity in films and nudies. Mine was not a nudie." It was perhaps because of this distinction that his second movie, *Three Nuts in Search of a Bolt*, starring Mamie Van Doren, lost money, even though it came in at approximately the same figure and his luscious leading lady was given approximately the same PLAYBOY exposure. In any case, apart from a handful of films featuring the likes of June Wilkinson and Candy Barr (*My Tale Is Hot*), nudie producers have preferred to stick with their unknowns, figuring that the added cost of a star is rarely compensated for in box-office proceeds. Further, the Screen Actors Guild has always made it clear to its membership that it frowns upon their taking clothes off for movies—at least, that is, for cheap exploitation pictures. More recently, however, with Hollywood's biggest-budgeted pictures emerging increasingly laced with nudity, this attitude seems to be relaxing; but those actresses willing to doff their dresses before the camera have now discovered that they can do it far more profitably for the major studios than for the nudies.

As a result, the nudies have moved in two directions since 1964. On the one hand, a number of nudie-house operators, recognizing that their audiences are drawn primarily by the expectation of seeing an abundance of female flesh, have switched away from the nudie formula films, with their pretense of a plot, and have substituted programs of from one and a half to three hours of "strip" films, with no plots whatsoever. These reels, always in 16mm and approximately ten minutes in length, have been available as "party movies" for years, sold by direct mail through mouth-watering ads placed in the various nudist magazines and girlie publications. Mostly, they depict nothing more than girls of assorted sizes and ages (one to a reel, as a rule) wriggling provocatively out of their clothing. The aesthetic effect of three hours of this in a fleabag grind house is not unlike a bullfight in which everything has been eliminated except the kill. Grouped together under such titillating titles as *The Battle of the 48's* and *Gal-A-Rama*, and set to whatever phonograph records the management happens to have on hand, they keep faith with their customers at least to the extent of offering a maximum of nudity in a minimum of time. Probably to reassure the censors and the police that these exhibitions have redeeming social and cultural value, not infrequently a title appears on the screen to the effect that "Through this medium we are attempting to furnish artistic, lifelike models to those artists or students who cannot afford to hire models or attend classes." *Arts gratia artis*.


More recently, and again following the lead of the mail-order houses, the

films for this type of operation have become not only bolder but kinkier. In place of a single girl squirming out of her panties on a divan, now there are apt to be two or even three girls mauling, wrestling and divesting one another of their garments on a large and rumpled bed. In place of the old striptease, which prolonged the stripping and delayed the removal of the bra until the last possible moment, the new breed of strippers starts with a flimsy negligee, bra and panties (and frequently black-net stockings that are seldom removed), and gets down to fundamentals as quickly as possible. Once the panties have been slipped off, they are often retained as a coy cover-up for the pubic area; but even this ultimate exposure is being admitted more often these days, as attested by titles like *Wild and Woolly* and *Beaver Girls*, with their not-unwarranted implication that pubic hair will be on view.

Other films depict sadistic refinements. In one, a blonde girl who is reading a book is quickly overpowered by a big-breasted brunette, manacled, tied to a chair, gagged, then stripped of her bra. The blonde is whipped with a rope, tickled on the breasts and thighs with a back-scratcher, then tossed on a bed and spanked. (All of this, it should be noted, is performed in the most perfunctory, even torpid manner, with both girls self-consciously aware of the camera throughout. Descriptions, like the subject matter, are apt to be somewhat more lurid than the films themselves.) In another, a young Negress is bound and humiliated; and in still another, two girls who have been "tortured" turn the tables on their captor, bind him, then flaunt their nude bodies and beat him with ropes. There are films in which women enjoy pain, others in which they enjoy inflicting it. The number of Lesbian films is also sharply on the rise—with titles like *The Dominant Dyke and Her Lez Slave*—in which leather-clad girls fondle and undress their passive partners.

Even the nudist-camp films are falling in with the new trend. No longer are genitals coyly concealed by the shrubbery, or activities confined to such healthy outdoor sports as volleyball and swimming. Men, at least in the reels run at these skin houses, have virtually disappeared from the picture; and in their place are girls—whole bebies of them—who promptly disrobe to indulge in such healthy indoor sports as craps, pool, ping-pong and push-ups. While one can legitimately doubt the authenticity of their nudist fervor, one cannot deny that the models used in these pictures are far more attractive, bountiful and uninhibited than those who populate the features shot in actual nudist camps. Although such films are now gaining in national





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exposure, at theaters in perhaps a dozen cities from Los Angeles to Miami grinding away at the product, their biggest market remains the private collector with his own 8mm or 16mm projector.

Of far greater significance has been the change in theatrical trends from the straight, voyeuristic nude of the *Immoral Mr. Teas* and *Bachelor Tom Peeping* type to the current taste for sex-cum-violence melodramas. These "roughies" began to appear as early as 1962, when Dave Friedman released his *Scum of the Earth*, followed within the year by *Festival Girls*, a German-made shocker made even spicier by domestically produced inserts. But it was Russ Meyer who actually called the turn when, in 1963, hoping to move beyond the limited nude circuits, he produced the sensation-packed *Lorna*—"Too Much for One Man," according to its teaser campaign. "I realized the nudies had had it," Meyer said recently. "Women had been presented in every conceivable way. There was nothing left to the imagination. Now there was required, in addition to the exposure of flesh, some sort of simple story. So from *Lorna* on, I have concentrated on action melodramas, violence and sex, presenting lovemaking in the most realistic manner and, when the situation required, photographing our actresses pretty much in the nude."

*Lorna* is in every sense a transitional

film—not merely a roughening of the nude concept but a fusing of the sensation-packed, sexually stimulating eroticism of the old exploitation pictures with the hitherto nonerotic, anti-emotional approach of the nudies, in which nudity alone was the attraction. By its very appearance, *Lorna* indicated the new direction that the roughies were to take. Unlike most nudies that preceded it, it was photographed in black and white instead of color—with consummate directorial skill, according to some critics—and with a story line that smacked strongly of ersatz Erskine Caldwell. Set in a Southern backwoods community, the film recounts the tribulations of poor white trashy Lorna, a buxom lass addicted to solitary skinny-dips in sylvan streams. Lorna gives herself freely to her rugged boyfriend, is lectured repeatedly for her sinful ways by a Bible Belt preacher whose interest in her transcends religion, and is raped by a lout who has been maddened by her open blouses and naked legs. Ultimately, Lorna is killed when, during a fight, she intercepts a knife tossed by the villain at her boyfriend.

Featuring Lorna Maitland, a statuesque, melon-breasted dancer from Las Vegas, *Lorna* was made for \$37,000—and has to date grossed close to \$500,000. Like *Mr. Teas*, its success immediately inspired a host of imitators, no few of them by Mr. Meyer himself. In them, women were

changed from passive, posturing, piquant creatures viewed at a distance by the assorted Peeping Toms of the skin films into the role of innocent victims of man's unrestrained lust. John Fowles' *The Collector*, not altogether coincidentally, seems to have provided the archetypical plot for the films of this new genre: the girl kidnaped early in the picture, then held against her will as her abductors force themselves upon her. Among the first of these was *The Defilers* (which its writer-producer, Dave Friedman, admits "came to him" after reading Fowles' novel). The film begins with an irrelevant beach-party sequence in which its two heroes, Carl and Jamie (who refer to themselves as "studs" throughout), pick up four "broad"; while they are busy making out with two of them behind some rocks, the other two run off into the surf for some nude bathing. Carl, it soon develops, is a vicious type. One girl rejects him for biting too hard; another he beats into submission by tearing her clothes off and slapping her on her naked rear.

The story proper gets under way when, under the influence of marijuana, Carl proposes that he and Jamie kidnap a girl and hold her as a slave concubine—"for kicks." Their victim is Jane Collins, an innocent from the Midwest who hopes to get into the movies—and whom they have met because the nice old lady in whose apartment she is staying happens to be their "connection." They spy on Jane in her bubble bath, then lure her to the basement of an abandoned warehouse on the pretext that they are taking her to a party. "Where's the party?" the girl asks when she sees the small, dirty room they take her to, empty except for a bed and a toilet. "You're it!" Carl laughs, ripping off her dress. In the days that follow, Carl repeatedly rapes Jane as Jamie looks on, and feeds her with scraps from his millionaire father's table. But when Jamie finally tries to get into the act, Carl thwarts him. Jamie suddenly recognizes Carl for what he is—a sadistic lunatic—and orders him to release the girl. Carl refuses, and in the course of a vicious, gouging fight, he is killed—impaled through the forehead by a nail sticking out of the wall. Jamie rushes off to get help for the now-unconscious Jane. End of film.

Strikingly similar is a French import, dubbed into English, called *Sexus*. Once again, it opens with a completely irrelevant sequence as a voluptuous, sinewy Negress caresses a sleeping blonde while stripping down to a leopardskin bikini. When the blonde rises from her couch, the Negress divests her of her filmy white nightgown, kisses her tenderly, and the two begin an erotic dance together. (So irrelevant was this sequence that it turned up again, intact, in another sexploitation movie titled *Night of Lust*. Significantly, this was shot by the film's



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original producers in France and added specifically for the American market.) The plot itself follows very closely that of *The Defilers*, differing only in detail. The heroine, Virginia, is picked up on the streets of Paris by a gang and held for ransom in an old château. While the gang, which includes an attractive, revealingly dressed Lesbian, awaits further instructions, Virginia awakens in her room, removes her dress (which had been ripped up the back by the kidnapers) and dons a loose denim jacket and brief skirt. While Frankie, one of the gangsters, amuses his mates by undressing the Lesbian with his switchblade knife, Virginia makes her escape from the château. But does she then run for help? She does not. Unaccountably, no sooner is she out of the house than she shucks all of her clothes and stretches out in the grass for some moon-bathing.

Subsequently, there is an attempted rape, that is thwarted by the gang's handsomest member, Blackie, and a ripening romance between Blackie and the girl that leads to a love scene reminiscent of the opening of *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*—except that sighs and groans replace the stylish dialog of the earlier film. This sequence, incidentally, is interlarded with another totally irrelevant but highly salable bit of eroticism. In a sleazy bar where the Lesbian has gone to report Blackie's defection to the gang's leader, a tall, provocative honey-blond stands in the middle of the room, apparently transfixed. With her is a dark, slender girl with a butch haircut, blue denims and a man's shirt. Indeed, she might almost be taken for an effeminate man, were it not for the fact that, in the course of the ensuing dance, she removes the shirt to reveal small but well-shaped breasts. During the dance, she uses a cat-o'-nine-tails on the blonde, removing bits of her costume with every blow of the lash, until the girl is down to a black, abbreviated G string. They fondle and caress each other to the music, and the dance climaxes as they kiss each other on the lips. Meanwhile, back at the château, learning that the gang is after him, Blackie drives Virginia to a clearing where, as luck would have it, her father is waiting for her, then returns to the château to be cut down by the police who are waiting for him. Obviously, neither logic of motivation nor clarity of continuity is uppermost in the minds of the producers of these films.

*Bad Girls Go to Hell* is the somewhat lurid but otherwise pointless title of a New York-based production that, while avoiding the kidnap theme, nevertheless reveals a strikingly similar attitude toward its heroine. Mary Kelton, a happy housewife who goes about her daily chores in a transparent negligee and bikini panties, is raped one morning while setting out the garbage. (The rape is

filmed quite explicitly, even to the detail of having her panties pulled down over her wriggling toes.) The rapist, a neighbor, threatens (however illogically) to tell Mary's husband what happened unless she comes to his apartment. Mary goes, he tries to rape her again, and she kills him. Now she decides to run away. "I know," she says. "I'll go to New York. I can lose myself in the crowd there." (A few previous establishing shots have revealed that she already is in New York, but such petty details are readily ignored.) Under an assumed name, Ellen Green, the girl is soon befriended in the big city by a shy and kindly man who has only one minor vice: When he gets drunk, he beats up on women unmercifully. Ellen escapes his clutches and shacks up with a Lesbian, but growing alarmed at the woman's advances, she moves to a rented room in a private home. No sooner is the wife of the family out of the house than the husband attempts to rape her. Finally, she answers an ad, "Companion wanted for semi-invalid," and all seems well in her new surroundings until the son, a police detective, recognizes Ellen as the runaway murderess, Mary Kelton. At that point, Mary wakes up in her own little bed with her own little husband by her side. It was all a dream. But as she begins the day's chores in her transparent negligee and brief bikini, she is raped all over again beside the garbage cans. Perhaps this time it's for real, the film implies.

From such pictures as these, in which the women are essentially men's victims, it was but a short step to the next wave of sexploitors, in which women are portrayed as the aggressors—insatiable nymphomaniacs, perverse Lesbians, professional prostitutes. One of the first, one of the best and most typical of these films is *The Dirty Girls*, which seems to have been assembled from two European movies—one French, one German—and tied together by an English narration. Its first episode introduces us to an attractive prostitute on the prowl in Paris. One of her customers is so shy that she has to seduce him after he loses his nerve; another beats her unmercifully the moment she has stripped down to bra and panties; and a third insists on dressing her in a military uniform, complete with cap, boots and riding crop. "Do you love me?" he whimpers as she whips away at him with the quirt.

The second, and main, section of the film carries us to Munich, where we meet a cute, slender blonde prostitute named Monique, who has been highly recommended to Robert Marshall, an American businessman traveling through Germany. Although, wandering into the wrong apartment, Robert begins an affair with the wrong prostitute; he no sooner learns of his error than, with startling single-mindedness, he departs. Mo-

nique proves to be all that his friend had promised. First she captivates him with an uninhibited private performance of the twist; then she seduces him with abandoned sighs and groans. As they embrace on her bed, the scene dissolves to a quiet shot of the city at night. "Whatever ecstasy imagination can evoke will be realized here tonight," the narrator intones. Back in the room after a discreet interval, Robert confirms this. "Paul was right," he tells Monique. "You were great." Earlier in the evening, the girl had told Robert of her new lover, Lawrence. When Robert leaves, she phones Lawrence, but there is no reply.

In the next sequence, Monique is at a party that is straight out of a Fellini movie—the men in formal dinner jackets, the girls in brief bikinis, all jaded high-society sophisticates. A film star calls to Monique across a swimming pool. Without hesitation, the girl takes off her shoes and wades across the pool toward him. The film star, still in his tuxedo, laughs and jumps in, too. As they meet, embrace and start undressing each other in the water, the watching guests become filled with erotic hungers of their own and the girls begin offering themselves to the nearest males. Soon only Monique and her star are left outdoors with a bundle of their clothes floating on the water. The others have disappeared to make love inside. Later, while waiting in her apartment for the elusive Lawrence, Monique kisses and caresses her image in a mirror, then undresses and takes a shower. She is still in the shower when a chic and sophisticated woman enters and makes her way to the bath. "Bathe me, Lawrence," Monique pleads like a love-hungry little girl. Although Monique knows everything about pleasing men, clearly "Lawrence" has the upper hand with her. The picture ends with a tacked-on epilog in which Robert, leaving Munich, meets on the train a young, unsophisticated, "nice" girl, and the two begin to discuss opera. "Who is really the woman of ten thousand pleasures?" the narrator asks rhetorically.

*The Dirty Girls*, despite its prosaic title, is not without its moments of poetry, and the sequence at the swimming pool creates superbly the sense of a mounting erotic tension. No such virtues distract the New York-produced *The Sexperts* from its raunchy, single-minded course. It relates the story of Liz Adams, a dark-haired, curvy model who uses her body to make her way on the Broadway stage. Befriended by a wealthy theater owner, who takes her to his beach house on Fire Island for a weekend of fun and games, Liz permits her attentions to wander to his other guests. "If there was anything Liz liked better than making it with one guy, it was making it with two guys at



the same time," the narrator informs us. Liz, we discover, is not merely promiscuous but a nymphomaniac—and her insatiable appetite for men ultimately destroys her chances for a theatrical career, when her patron discovers her snuggling *en déshabillé* in the arms of another. But the authors of the film cannot agree on an ending. What is to be Liz' fate? As a compromise, two endings are shown. In one, Liz becomes a kept woman in a luxurious Manhattan apartment; in the other, she is seen as a five-dollar-a-night whore operating out of a dingy rooming house. Along the way, the film is studded with nude sequences—models in a photo studio, bare-bosomed sun-bathing aboard the producer's yacht, a Greenwich Village party that degenerates into an orgy, along with such run-of-the-mill moments as a bathtub scene and assorted sexy clinches on beach and bed. In all of them, however, it is made apparent that the woman is the manipulator, man the creature to her whims and desires.

Loose-living Liz and her problems were not only duplicated but intensified in a series of pseudo-scientific movies that made their appearance concurrently, all of them exploiting in one way or another the popular notion that sexual mores are on the decline and sexual aberrations decidedly on the increase. The approach is often anthropological, as in *Sin in the Suburbs*, a gamy treatise on suburban wife swapping that was the

first in this genre; and in the some 20 descendants of Italy's *Mondo Cane*, which made its debut in the art houses, but soon—along with such forthright imitations as *Mondo Freud* and *Mondo Bizarro*—found its proper level in the exploitation circuits. Whether pseudo-scientific or pseudo-documentary, however, the attitude is identical—a clucking disapproval in the commentary of what is shown gleefully, and often in intentionally shocking detail, on the screen. As Lee Frost (who also directed *The Defilers*) said of his *Mondo Freud*, "We showed genuine things that happen in the United States and in the world, dealing with sex and sex taboos. It is authentic, it is truthful and it is very interesting." (In point of fact, despite Frost's claims of "authenticity," the entire film was reportedly fabricated in a studio.) Not too dissimilar is the advertising come-on for *The Twisted Sex*: "Taken from the actual files of a practicing psychiatrist . . . people whose thirst for sex brings them close to madness."

Authenticity, however dubious or distorted, is the rationale for another group of roughies that portrays nymphomania, frigidity, Lesbianism, exhibitionism and homosexuality—although, curiously, there is little of physical sadism or masochism in them. Typical of this genre, if only because its plot embraces most of these aberrations, is Tony Orlando's *Lust and the Flesh*, produced in 1965. A story

of wife swapping and its unfortunate consequences, it introduces us to Mark and Myra, an unhappily married couple who have just arrived at a seaside resort. Myra, like all the characters in the film, muses a great deal in explanatory narration. We learn that she is frigid, because early on her wedding night she lost her virginity to a rapist. "I do love you," she tells her husband in the inner monolog. "I just can't give you the physical love you want." This is fully confirmed in the bed scene that follows. They go to a night club and there they meet another couple, Helen and her husband, who narrates most of the film. Helen, he tells us, is a nymphomaniac who picks up a new man every weekend, using him as a "front." A few moments later, the husband also tells us that he has just fallen in love with Myra.

Helen coyly suggests that Mark and Myra come home with them after the club, then lures Mark away when Myra falls asleep. At dawn, the two go for an impromptu swim in the surf—she in her bra and girdle, he in his boxer shorts—and they make love as the waves lap around them. Later, as the husband and Myra go off together, the two make love all over again, this time naked and in bed. Now all four take a boat trip to a secluded island, where the newly formed couples go their separate ways. The husband readily conquers Myra's frigidity, and Helen and Mark fall to in a sequence that is an unintended parody of lust—close-ups of Helen's mountainous breasts, her coarse tongue licking her lips in erotic anticipation, her tongue pulsating with saliva as she kisses Mark's ear, Mark's flabby stomach and legs, and an eagle incongruously tattooed on his left arm. After this episode, Helen easily convinces Mark that he and Myra should remain with them for the rest of their vacation.

A few days later, Helen stages an orgy (which has become the *scène obligatoire* of exploitation movies), complete with a strip dance, a pair of Lesbians fondling each other, two homosexuals embracing in the bathtub, a muscle boy quietly lifting weights in one corner of the room and a nude girl who is ceremonially tarred, feathered and set to beating on a bongo drum. Finally, all the participants snake-dance out to the various bedrooms, leaving Myra and the husband alone to make love again (graphically depicted in an enormous shadow play)—followed by a sequence in which the two shower together and scrub each other's backs. By now, the husband is certain that Myra is his. Helen, however, has other plans. She takes Myra to visit Corinna, one of the Lesbians who was at the orgy. Myra doesn't return home that evening. As the narration informs us, "Myra, with her throbbing heart, was led by the experienced Corinna



"I'm cramming for my art final!"



into a world of unnatural love." Mark, troubled, walks along the dreary beach, where he suddenly meets Ilsa, a girl who had been seen earlier dancing at the night club and at the orgy. Ilsa invites him to her cottage, and he accepts.

The husband, who has some inkling of what is going on between Myra and Corinna, reproaches Helen for her part in it. In spite, Helen flounces out of the house and allows herself to be picked up by a bunch of teenage hoods, who make out with her on the back seat of their vintage Buick. Also in spite, she later urges Mark to continue his affair with Ilsa—for which her husband beats and slaps her. Hoping to convince Myra that her marriage is over and that she should come away with him, the husband takes her to Ilsa's cottage. There, in the attic, she finds Mark and Ilsa *flagrante delicto*. Shocked, she runs away—not to the husband but to Corinna. Mark and Ilsa hurriedly dress and join the husband in a search for Myra. The story catapults to its climax—a wild thunderstorm, an overturned ashtray, a blazing curtain, then a whole forest on fire. The narration tells us that Corinna's home is burning and that Myra is dead, while flames flicker against the faces of Mark, Ilsa and the husband. But Ilsa and Mark have found true love; the husband has broken with the perfidious Helen, and in the final shot he is left alone by the sea, remembering his departed Myra. Unlike the earlier nudies, where the narrator's voice leers and mocks at sex, in *Lust and the Flesh*—as in most of the pictures of this species—the narration is heavily moralistic, even shocked by the sights we are seeing. Thus, besides saving money on synchronous sound, the narration becomes in a very real sense a sop for the censors. Incidentally, the producers of *Lust and the Flesh* saved even more money by gathering up the outtakes and trims from their movie and stringing them together to make something called *Banned*, which did very well in the sex-ploitation market.

Concurrent with these, but carrying their antifeminist theme a long step further, are the "kinkies," a sick genre of fetishistic, sadomasochistic sexploitation films in which the woman appears not merely as a perverse manipulator but as a wanton, willful destroyer of men. Typical of this genre is Sharon Winters, the heroine of Dave Friedman's *A Smell of Honey*, a *Swallow of Brine*. A girl who gets her kicks from turning men on, then turning them in with cries of "Rape!" Sharon has one of her admirers sent to prison; another loses his job and still another, wild with frustration, attempts to assault a woman and is shot dead by her husband. But when a tough rock-'n'-roll singer laughs at her game and



beats her up, she turns prostitute. Far more sinister is the trio of handsome amazons who populate Russ Meyer's *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* (originally titled *The Leather Girls*, and then, with complete accuracy, *The Mankillers*). The film has barely gotten under way when Varla, the psychopathic ringleader, attacks and kills a young man just for the hell of it, breaking his back with a combination of judo, akido and karate chops. "One of the most salable things," Meyer stated at the time of its release, "is the fact that possibly for the first time on the screen, we will see a woman kill a man with her bare hands. The only way I can compete is to do things that the majors are still not willing to do." In *Pussycat*, he succeeds nicely.

Dave Friedman has contributed to this far-out field an unholy trilogy of films—*Blood Feast*, *Color Me Blood Red* and *Two Thousand Maniacs*—in which nudity is minimized, but violence runs riot; they're aptly called "ghoulies" in the trade. In *Blood Feast*, beautiful young virgins in flimsy white gowns are ritualistically carved up as human sacrifices by a sinister high priest, to be eaten by the members of a black-magic sect. So gruesome was the film that vomit bags were passed out at the theaters where it was shown—and not solely as a box-office gimmick. Although such violence resulted in all three films' being barred in England, there is an irony in the fact that, because of their minimal nudity, they played some 4000 engagements in the United States—ten times the bookings that normally accrue to a movie in which the violent action is confined to a girl

struggling out of her clothes. In the lingering puritanism of American audiences, sadism is still more acceptable than sex; when the weakening hold of the censors was finally broken in the mid-Sixties, the effect was not to encourage a free and healthy approach to sex in cinema. Almost predictably, the sicknesses engendered by decades of puritanical repression boiled to the surface in the form of sadomasochistic screen entertainments.

On the other hand, distasteful or not, the roughies, the kinkies and the ghoulies have already wrought a significant change in American film making. By accentuating erotic realism both in their themes and in their treatment, they have moved notably closer to the Europeans, who accept sexuality as a motivating factor in human behavior. Unfortunately, because of our inherent puritanism, because sex must be either apologized for or moralized about, our film makers are barred from probing and exploring its more natural aspects. Instead of the healthy humor of *Divorce—Italian Style*, we get the sanctimonious "tut, tuts" of the *Lust and the Flesh* narration. Instead of the frank sexuality of *The Lovers*, we get the perverted, sadistic thrill-seekers of *The Defilers* and *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* Instead of delicate dissections of a sick society, as in Antonioni's *La Notte* or in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*, we get the "dirties," the "ghoulies" and the "Mondos" in which sex is associated with sadomasochism, fetishism, flagellation, Lesbianism and orgiastic encounters of the most degrading kind. Like a dog lapping its vomit,



our puritanism seems to feed upon the very thing it has rejected.

It is this same puritanism that accounts for much of the difficulty that the nudies and their descendants today encounter in the courts. Although the Supreme Court ruled, as early as 1957 (*Roth vs. U.S.*), that a work might be termed obscene only if it could be proved that it was "utterly without redeeming social importance," and in 1964 (*Jacobellis vs. Ohio*) the test of "customary limits of candor" was redefined to mean standards acceptable to the nation as a whole; nevertheless, when films such as *Sexus* or *Mondo Freudo* are hauled into court by the police or by a publicity-conscious district attorney, local juries rarely fail to convict. Invariably, on an appeal, in which the merits of the case are re-examined by a judge purely in terms of law, the jury's decision is promptly reversed; but, as many of the producers of these films are quick to point out, they operate on such a narrow margin of profit that the expenses of fighting through to a favorable decision are often prohibitive. As a nudie producer once stated bitterly but factually, "In opposing censorship, you can't fail—if you have enough money to go to court."

It isn't always quite that simple, however. Robert Cresse, the youthful head of Olympic International, one of the largest producers and distributors of sexploitation movies in this country, recently spoke of a not-atypical situation that arose in Philadelphia involving one of his pictures, *The House on Bare Mountain*. "It's a silly little comedy," Cresse said, "totally innocuous. A sexual act never takes place in the film. You couldn't conceivably find anything obscene in it. But we were arrested three weeks before election, along with many of the book-dealers and newsstand dealers in Philadelphia. Now, obviously, they can't win the case, so they don't want to go to trial. They have come to us repeatedly and said they'll drop the case if we will promise not to play the picture in Philadelphia. Legally, they can't do that, but that's their stand at the moment. We just can't get into a courtroom in Philadelphia. It's now been in the court for over two years, but we haven't been up for trial yet and they will not set a date." Nor did they. The case was ultimately dismissed, but with the proviso that the film would never be shown in Philadelphia.

Producers' lives are further complicated by the fact that standards of acceptability vary widely from community to community. What can be shown freely in one community may be banned in another, severely cut in yet another. As Lee Frost, the director of *The Defilers*, explained in 1966, "In New York City, we can say filthy words on the screen; we can't say them in L.A. In L.A. we can show bare bosoms on the screen; we

can't show them in New York. So there is a jagged edge as to what we can and cannot do throughout the United States; and as a national distributor, we must constantly be aware of this." New Yorkers are aware of it in a curious way. While the features are cut, the trailers are not; and following a picture that has discreetly avoided so much as a suggestion of erotic activity, audiences are apt to be treated to tantalizing coming attractions filled with nudity that will be denied them the following week. For example, in the trailer for *One Naked Night*, a Lesbian sequence is shown in considerable detail. Two girls kiss on the lips, then one kisses the naked breasts and stomach of the other. In the film itself, however, the scene ends before even the first kiss—at least in New York. Actually, by 1967, even this has begun to change somewhat. Because of the competition, a number of the New York theaters are now risking police action by showing nudity in their features as well as in their trailers; while in such Upstate New York communities as Buffalo and Syracuse, the wraps had come off completely soon after the Supreme Court declared New York's State Board of Censors illegal. In Chicago, still wrestling with its municipal censor board, such films as *Rent-A-Girl* and *Body of a Female* are under permanent injunction against exhibition in that city (as of this writing), although both have played in New York and Los Angeles without interference. But staid Philadelphia, whose thrill-seeking citizens formerly had to hop across the river to Camden for anything steamier than a Walt Disney movie, is now considered one of the most wide-open towns in the country as far as the sexploitation films are concerned—unless there is an election in the offing.

Another problem that faces the producers and exhibitors of sex films is that of advertising. All are agreed that a lurid title is the best possible come-on for their wares (and some have even admitted that the more lurid the title, the tamer the merchandise). But in some cities, such as Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland, the newspapers have refused to accept ads that either show or imply nudity. Theaters merely insert their telephone numbers and invite prospective patrons to phone in for further information. Lobby displays, those indispensable "point of sales" persuaders, have also come under attack—particularly by irate parents and church groups who fear that the young will be corrupted by the sight of naked breasts or the innuendo of a catch phrase. Thus, *The Dirty Girls*, originally blurbed as "The Movie That Goes Too Far," eventually appeared on New York marquees with the slogan "You've Never Seen Anything Like It Before." And nudie-house managers work overtime painting im-

proved bras and panties on posters of naked girls, or gluing nickel-sized pasties over their nipples. The result, not surprisingly, is that the posters look more lurid and suggestive than ever before. In some areas, the gaudy lobby displays have disappeared altogether, replaced by obviously hand-lettered signs describing, in the piquant argot of old-time burlesque's peripatetic candy butchers, the forbidden goodies to be found on the inside.

But the most pressing problem that faces the sexploitation people is where they can go from here. If Carroll Baker, Jane Fonda and Elizabeth Taylor can be seen in the buff in well-made, glamorously mounted productions, who will pay two dollars to look at some anonymous cuties prancing about in pictures that are wretchedly filmed and even more shoddily written? Nor is the market for sadism and violence wholly cornered by the sexploilers, as the *Bond* and *Flint* pictures remind us. Again, the major studios have the resources and facilities to hopelessly outclass their pinchpenny rivals. None of the nudie producers—a remarkably conservative and knowledgeable group—has the slightest intention of taking the ultimate step and showing intercourse on the screen. Not only would that eliminate their already circumscribed market by inviting instant police action but, as more than one producer has put it, their pictures would soon become as boring as a glut of straight stag reels.

What seems to be happening now is a refinement of quality. Within the past few months, *Galia* arrived here from France—an unabashedly sexy film about a girl with no inhibitions about taking off her clothes or taking over another woman's husband. Well directed, handsomely produced and with an arresting performance by slender Mireille Darc, it went straight to the art houses. At about the same time, a turgid Swedish-Danish co-production, *I, a Woman*, starring dark, attractive and equally uninhibited Essy Persson, also arrived on these shores. This lumbering tale of a girl who much prefers sex to marriage went primarily into the far more limited sexploitation market. Movies, like water, seek their own level. The line between the conventional movie and the nudie, between the art-house film and the exploitation picture, is rapidly disappearing. It is no longer so much a question of content, but of quality. For sheer survival, the makers of sex movies will probably have to get better, not bawdier.

In their next installment of "The History of Sex in Cinema," authors Knight and Alpert report on a film phenomenon that has been more frequently whispered about than written about: stag films.





Do the boogaloo:

Hands in rolling action.

Move hips forward and back.

Look behind, nod three times.

Look left, right elbow in.

Turn, nod head, swing hips three times.

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*"I just hope He doesn't find out about the oranges . . . !"*



Send Them By Wire." Oh, Christ, Kenneth whispered, and knocked again. He put the box behind him and stared at the gray door. In a moment he knocked again.

At last the door opened slowly upon a bright, ruddy, small, grinning man with thin gray hair. He was dressed in dark pants, a white shirt, an unbuttoned vest and muddy brogans. He spoke even before the door was fully open.

"I'm sorry to keep you waitin'," he said, "but my wife is sick and I was just givin' her her medicine." The door was fully open now, and the man stood there blinking in the light, gazing up at Kenneth's face, with a joyful glow shining in his own. "She's got a virus, don't seem to respond to the medicine. The doctor don't know what it is. All doctors know is give pills and send bills. She says it's livin' in the cemetery all the time. It finally got to her. But I never minded. At least our neighbors are quiet. Can I help you?"

"I wish to visit the grave of Laura Webster," Kenneth said. He coughed and repeated, "Laura Webster. Can you tell me the way?"

"Come on in," the caretaker said, stepping back with a small bow and an open-palmed flourish. "I'll look her up."

He led the way into the parlor and went to a filing cabinet in a corner. The room was as transplanted European as the chapel. One was reminded of the houses and people in Flaubert and Balzac. It was small and papered in a design of faded roses; the air was dead, still and hot; and the furniture dark, large, bulky and unused.

"What was that name again?" the keeper asked. Told the name once more, he repeated it in a whisper and began a slow study of cards in an open drawer.

Kenneth was unprepared for the sound that came now from another room. He started and looked about him in dismay.

"George," a woman had called. "George!"

Her voice was almost a bellow. She didn't sound sick. George shrugged. His wife bellowed, almost, again, and he smiled and shouted, flinging his head like a neighing horse. "All right, just a minute, honey . . . I used to know where everything was," he went on, turning one card, then the next. "But there's so many now, and so many new areas. The city's growing and the cemetery has to grow, too." He turned a card. "You don't get one without the other. They added a whole acre just last year. Three acres added in five years." He turned a card. "Need a computer. Punch a button, out hops the card. But the trustees'd never stand for the expense. Hard enough to get em to keep the plumbin

repaired." He turned a card. "Last winter the pipes froze and busted, and in the spring the people visitin' their dead had to carry water from the chapel for the flowers and shrubs. Trustees didn't have em fixed until July. By then the rains had come, and people didn't need to carry water. That's life. Life in the cemetery."

He turned another card.

"But I must say, the tenants never complain about the plumbin' or hold noisy parties on Saturday night."

"George," shouted his wife again. "George, I need you. I can't wait."

"Just a minute, honey," he shouted, and added in a whisper, with a grin of triumph, "So *that's* what she wants. Can't wait. Just *can't* wait. Well, anything can wait. You live in a cemetery long enough, you learn *that*, if you don't learn nothin' else. *They* wait. *They* ain't goin' nowhere. Neither is *she*. But she can't wait. She's gettin' childish. Just like a kid. Wants attention all the time. I remember when she was all laughin', and light as a feather, and pretty and frisky as a kitten. You ought to see her now."

He spoke without sentiment, rather with sour regret, as if he had been robbed. His fingers were short and blunted, the fingernails thick and dark as the shell of a turtle. He moved the cards as if he had never before attempted such a task. Kenneth frowned and shifted upon his feet. "You know our layout?" asked the keeper.

Kenneth shook his head. He watched the cards turn in the old man's fingers with an insane sort of lethargy that was subaqueous, a tranced, unwilling drifting. He frowned and looked away.

"It's so large, can't expect you to know," the caretaker said. "Sometimes I have to guide even the undertakers to the plots. They used to have horses. The horses knew the way."

Kenneth straightened, throwing his head back; his lips parted and his head turned, as if he were listening for a small, remote sound. He looked straight and hard at the old man. His face seemed exposed and nude, it was pale and drawn. "What did you say?" he whispered. "What did you say?"

The keeper stared at him. "What's the matter, man?" he asked. "You feelin' all right?"

Kenneth did not explain. He stood waiting, a little stooped and a little older than before. The keeper shrugged and turned back to the cards. "I remember the horses," he said. "My old father was here before me and raised me in this very house. I saw the horses and the hearses. A matched pair of blacks, pulling a black hearse with big glass windows and black draperies and tassels. The horses could smell the new grave. They could smell that raw earth and go

straight to it. Don't see no Laura Webster here."

"Oh, my God," Kenneth whispered, shaking his head. "I've given you her maiden name. I mean Laura Webster MacLeish. Mrs. Albert MacLeish."

George dropped the cards into the drawer and turned slowly, as if on a pivot. His eyebrows ascended into his forehead and then descended, and his pale-blue eyes narrowed. "Aha," he said, "I see." He turned back to the cabinet and opened another drawer. His hand fell into it. It seemed empty.

"You a relative?" he asked, staring into the drawer. "A friend?"

*I was her lover.*

Kenneth's lips stirred, but he did not speak.

"Friend of the family? You know the husband?—the widower?"

Lover—widower—words with the texture of rotted velvet and the odor of sachet and closed parlors. "I was a friend," Kenneth said at last. "An old friend. I was away when she died. I wish to pay my respects. My name is Kenneth Stuart. If there's any problem of identification . . ." He reached to the inside of his coat.

"Kenneth Stuart," George said, musing. "Kenneth Stuart. No. Never mind the callin' card. You look safe enough."

Out of the drawer, at last, he drew a white card and looked down upon it in profound study. Kenneth frowned and stepped forward. "Why'd you have it in that drawer?" he asked. "Why was it isolated?"

"Oh, that. Well, I had to look it up for some people the other day. I just dropped it back in here and happened to remember where I put it, soon as you said the right name." The keeper was speaking hastily, and now hastily began giving directions, with movements of his hands and head. The driveways were named and the cemetery was laid out in a grid, like a city. It wasn't far. You couldn't miss it. But some of the driveways curved about the hills, and east-west lines sometimes crossed, and so did north-south lines. Sometimes it was tricky, finding your way . . .

"George, George," the woman cried, pleading and despairing, as Kenneth closed the door behind him.

. . .

The driveways were cobblestoned. If you listened, with half-closed eyes and a knowing ear, you could hear the iron horseshoes and the ironbound wheels upon the stones, and the muted cries of the drivers, and smell the leather of the harness and the warm musk of the horses, and see, blurred and misted and then suddenly clear, the black tassels swinging from the furled black draperies beyond the windows. The horses knew the way. He shook his head. He had never known the old funerals.

A black car rose out of the rim of 191



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earth behind him. Kenneth idly watched its idling approach and was reminded of the cars flowing through the cornfield. It was a tremendous glistening car, a limousine, driven by a chauffeur wearing a visored cap. It swayed upon the turns and the cobblestones, almost lugubrious, not quite; really with the dignity and the poise of a very rich, very large dowager walking her poodle. It sank out of sight like a sounding whale and then rose and approached once more, growing, purring and big-eyed. Behind the driver Kenneth saw a white oval beneath a black bowler hat—that, and nothing more. The faces did not turn to look at the man beside the road. The men went past like German generals on parade, or on trial. The car ascended the next hill and sank again from sight beyond it.

Kenneth walked on, looking at the names of streets, which appeared on small iron rectangles at the intersections. The names, he realized, repeated the names on the military tombstones: Heath to Jernigan, Jernigan to Johnson, Johnson to Abernathy. His destination was Abernathy and Ayers: You couldn't miss it.

He himself now crested the next hill. The black car stood a respectful distance down the hill from its master, who had alighted and seated himself upon a tomb. He rested there sidesaddle, so to speak, his left foot upon the ground, his right leg bent at the edge of the stone, his right foot dangling. His hands were at rest in his lap, and his turned face, beneath the black bowler, gazed eastward, away from the approaching stranger.

Kenneth followed Abernathy to Ayers and there found a great shaft of granite bearing the single name MacLeish. He hesitated, and realized that he was humming, and that throat and tongue were shaping unuttered words. *The horse knows the way/To carry the sleigh.* He bit his tongue to shut off the song and entered the realm of the dead MacLeishes. It contained perhaps 18 gravestones, two of the older ones marking the graves of infants in a distant corner. The grass, even now in November, was neat and green; there were no flowers or shrubs. Kenneth read names and dates engraved in stone; and bending over, his lips moving and his eyes darkening, he read the name he was seeking. He straightened and looked about him. The grave lay between an empty space and the tomb on which the man was seated. Kenneth realized now, with shock and embarrassment, that it, too, belonged to the family: an ancient granite box lichen and stained, and the graven letters dim and weathered. The man stared east, without moving.

Now what do I do? Kenneth asked himself, quite helpless. If the man had any sensibility, he would now withdraw

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as quietly and quickly as possible. Yet—yet what if he were a relative? How would Kenneth identify himself, if they should speak? The situation, Kenneth knew, might contain a trace of irony, of graveyard humor. The man sat as still as the stone that supported him. Kenneth turned his back and faced the grave he had come to decorate. How did one place a rose upon a grave? Was there some rite or ritual, in an ancient missal somewhere, intended for his use just now? For a moment he forced his attention upon the mound of grass at his feet; he gazed at single blades, one after the other. They were all blunted by recent cutting, and faintly browned. In an instant he was overwhelmed by cold and darkness. He gripped the white box and bowed his head. This was his terrible, awesome moment of realization. Yet there could be no realization at all. Not by the most fierce effort of will could he acknowledge death. He felt a collapse, a total emptying. Here was nothing. She was nothing. He was nothing. Yet they were immortal. They had to be. He would go now. He stepped back, the white box in his fingers. He had forgotten it. He fumbled with the gold cord. The man spoke.

Kenneth whirled about.

The man was standing, his hands in the pockets of his topcoat. "I didn't know who you would be," he said, "but I knew you'd come, someday, and I'd know you. You kept me waiting a long time, Kenneth Stuart."

He was a stout man, with the stoutness of Scotch whisky and good red meat. He wore splendid shoes and clothing. His chin rested comfortably in a second chin, above a white shirt and a tie of dark blue. His cheeks were rounded and ruddy, his hair black. His eyes, shadowed by the rolled hatbrim, were dark, narrow and cold with loathing. His voice had trembled, wrathful but controlled.

To this man, and to this voice, Kenneth responded stupidly, out of chilled silence. "What did you say?"

"I postponed things, waiting for you. Trips, business deals, parties, everything. First I had to find you. No. First you had to find me."

"What in the devil are you talking about?"

"Now you've found me, and I'm going to kill you."

Kenneth looked down, reflexively, at the bulge of the right hand in the pocket. Did it bulge more than the left? Perhaps it did. He looked about. Nobody was in sight. Even the chauffeur had vanished. He and this man, apparently, were alone in the cemetery, in the universe. Kenneth turned back to him. "For God's sake," he asked, "what're you chattering about?"

"You know what I'm chattering about," the man said, his face growing more flushed, his voice rising. "You



*"Surely, Mrs. Farnsworth, you can do better than 'cock-a-doodle-doo'!"*

know precisely what I'm chattering about."

Kenneth stepped back and realized with panic that he was about to put his foot upon the grave. He leaped forward, holding the box before him. He lowered it, acknowledging what he would have denied, if he could. He had never known her husband; they had never discussed him.

"When I kill you," the man continued, "you'll fall across her grave. Your blood'll spill into her dust. You'll enter her again. Your last act of coition. But she won't know, and you won't know. It'll be a strange sort of fornication, won't it? The fornication of the dead."

Kenneth lowered his head and glared at the man's mockery and rage. "All right, all right, you son of a bitch," he said. "You paid the keeper to call when I came. Did that service come with the price of the funeral?"

The man did not answer. But Kenneth no longer cared. He was tired. The man should get it over with, whatever it was to be. The day had darkened and chilled. The sun shone weak and yellow beyond the limbs of the oaks. "All right," Kenneth said, "what do you want me to do? What are you about?"

"I'm going to be married," the man said, shouting again, the echoes slapping them like hands. "Does that shock you? Perhaps you think I'm being unfaithful.

Is that what you thought? But before I married again, I had to see you. Now open your box. Take out your rose. Place it."

"And you'll shoot me in the back."

"Would it matter how I did it, or when?"

The man lowered the revolver to his side. Kenneth, not altogether in obedience or fear, but with slow, gathering, growing knowledge of fate and destiny, untied the gold string, removed it and dropped it to the green grass. His fingers drew the rose from the white tissue paper. He dropped the paper and the box. The rose trembled and swayed on its stem. Kenneth looked at the revolver again and then into the man's eyes. Nothing moved or changed. He turned his back, stepped to the edge of the grave, bent over and laid the rose upon it. He straightened and waited, feeling himself diminish and bend. If this was to be it, then let it be. There was a sort of terror, but it was cold, remote and abstract. He found himself forgetting it, drifting away from it and remembering the woman Laura Webster. He could no longer remember her face. He bowed his head. This was the fearsome loss. He remembered her thighs and her loins. He suddenly wanted her again, savagely, and he cried aloud.

"Yes," the man said, "a reaction. I'd thought you were one of the cold ones. But nobody is really cold. The others







## PIN MONEY

(continued from page 104)

work on J. L. She was tall and slim and very darkly elegant, and J. L. was a rabbit to her cobra.

"That son of a bitch," he said to himself as they drove home.

During the next weeks, J. L. continued his leisurely pace of work, but Lenore was no longer coming into town. One afternoon in the corridor, Grafton passed Fallstone's open door and saw him chatting with Frank Baker.

"Well worth seeing," Fallstone said. "Marcia and I saw it last night. She's bored up in the country; but this way, when she comes in, we can have a night or two on the town each week."

"That son of a bitch," Grafton said to himself again, knowing that it was still a stalemate. When, a week or so later, J. L. abruptly reverted to his normal lengthy office hours, Grafton was sure of it.

It was still summer, but it was coming to an end, and sometimes the nights were chilly without the heat on. Grafton stared morosely into his fifth martini, not wanting to look at his wife in her backless red dress.

"I'm cold, Howie," she said. "Will you get me that stole—the Italian one. I don't want to catch a cold."

"Don't want to catch a cold," he mimicked her savagely, his voice thick with rage. "Why didn't you take care of yourself a month ago, for Chrissake! You can get pneumonia, for all I care."

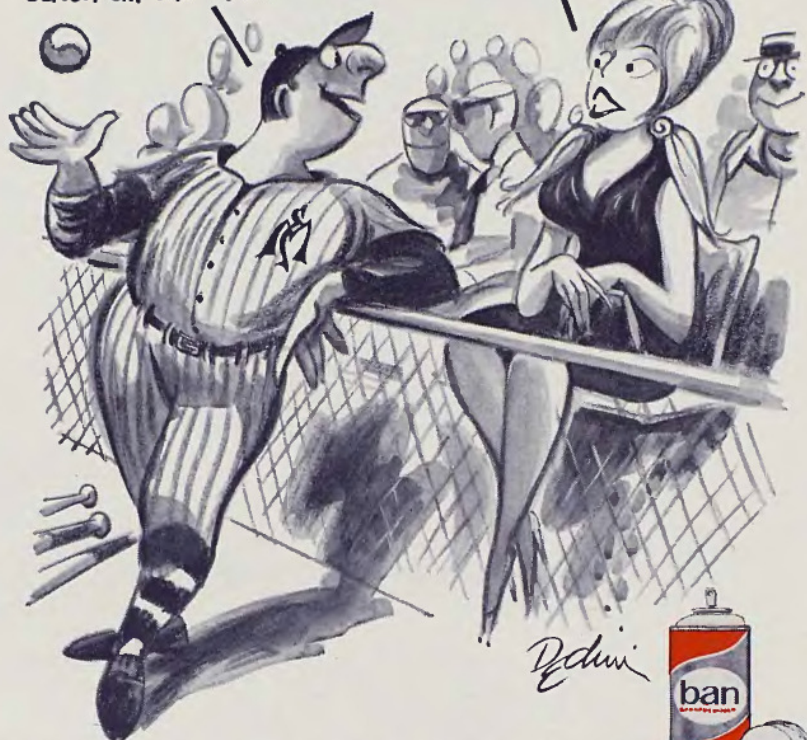
She looked at him coolly and speculatively for a moment, as if she were examining a new form of life, but she said nothing. He could see the slight, almost imperceptible smile as she turned and left the room. And then Howard Grafton knew that the vice-presidency was not just something he wanted very badly, but something he would have to have because there was nothing else left to him.

The next day after work, he stopped off at the Biltmore bar and began drinking seriously. He did not go home that night, but stayed in a hotel. He was late to work the next morning and his head throbbed all day. It was something to him, but not enough, to observe that Weatherby Fallstone had an equally bad hangover.

That night at home, Grafton shut himself up in the library with a fifth of Scotch and tried to think. He would go to Fallstone and put it to him straight: They would toss a coin and the loser would resign from J. L. Gorton and Associates. Like hell, he thought; no deal with that dishonest bastard! He would hire private detectives and get a dossier on Fallstone and give it to J. L. It took him 30 seconds to get rid of that idea—he didn't have the money; J. L. might

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### ...but it's been shut up

react by getting rid of him; Fallstone's detectives, if he in turn hired some, could do just as good a job on Grafton. He toyed with the possibility of feeding the juiciest bits to a Broadway columnist, but who the hell would print them? Nobody had heard of either of them. He could not kill Fallstone himself, he didn't know how, and he was afraid. He didn't know how to hire someone to do it, and he was afraid of that, too. At the end of three quarters of the bottle, he knew that there was nothing he could do but sweat it out.

He was sweating even more after the Friday-morning think meeting. Fallstone had been praised by J. L. no less than three times, while one of Grafton's pet schemes had been dismissed as "not thought out yet." He had also been rebuked by J. L. for talking too long, for interrupting Fallstone and finally for inattention. When J. L.'s secretary buzzed him early in the afternoon, his hands began to shake and there was a gnawing at his stomach. He chewed three antacid tablets quickly and went into J. L.'s office.

"Oh, Howie," J. L. said, "you know that gadget you have, the one that makes soda water in the siphon. Bring it along when you come out tomorrow; the washer on mine is rotted and it takes a couple of days to get a replacement."

"Sure thing, J. L.," he said.

I can't stand much more of this, Grafton thought as he drove toward J. L.'s country place the next evening. Lenore was next to him, infinitely desirable in low-cut green satin that matched her eyes; but the soda-water machine was on the seat between them like a drawn sword. She looked straight ahead. When he spoke, she answered him briefly and politely; but she never spoke first.

I have an ulcer, Grafton thought; I am beginning to drink too much; my wife hates me; and I am going to lose my job, because I am going to have to quit when they choose Fallstone. I can't stand much more of this, I'll have to do something.

It did not help matters that they arrived simultaneously with the Fallstones. He clapped a hand sincerely to Fallstone's shoulder and it was then he saw the nervous tic, as Fallstone's left cheek jumped as if it had its own life. Behind him, the two women, having uttered little shrieks of delight, were depositing kisses a fraction of an inch away from each other's cheeks. Grafton embraced Marcia Fallstone, careful not to crush her dress. When he laid his cheek against hers, he was surprised at the flush of heat. As the Fallstones went on ahead of him, he noticed how polite they were to each other—almost as polite as Lenore and myself, he thought, with a surge of hope.

It was only after the cocktails and the buffet that Grafton, going up to the bar



for his second after-dinner highball, noticed the genial, twinkling little man in the outrageous tartan jacket and the striped shirt and the clashing tie.

"Wonderful party," the little man said. "I should get out more often. Have you known Mr. Grafton long, Mr.—?"

"Grafton. I'm in J. L.'s firm, Mr.—?"

"Dee, Dr. Dee. Doctor of letters, that is, sacred and profane."

The little man emitted a series of high-pitched whinnies.

"Sacred and profane," he repeated. "A little joke of mine—because of my business."

"What's that?" Grafton asked. Somehow, without his being aware of it, Dr. Dee had propelled him out a side door onto the large patio by the swimming pool.

"A little store for religious articles—books, pictures, icons, whatever you want."

"Where does the 'profane' come in?"

Dr. Dee lowered his voice.

"As you know, Mr. Grafton, there are many sorts of religions, and who are we to say which is the right one? If a customer wants a mandrake root, or a little bag to wear around his neck, well, who am I to say him nay? He can get it in the back room. Or perhaps he may believe that I can help him get the girl he wants, with a love potion; or possibly he may desire me to destroy an enemy. I do not tell him it will work—it is against the law for me to say that—but if he wishes to believe it will work, then I will sell it to him in the back room."

"Are they expensive?"

"The religious books? No, they are very reasonably priced."

"I mean the others."

"They are quite expensive. But then, I do not ask for payment at the time of sale. Only later, when the customer is satisfied."

"Don't you have trouble collecting?"

"Very little, Mr. Grafton. If the customer is satisfied, then he will believe in me. He would not want to make me wait for my money."

"Dr. Dee," Grafton said, "as you know, I am in advertising. I'm interested in some of your ideas, campaignwise, that is. Perhaps we could get together next week."

"My card, Mr. Grafton. I am open from nine to nine. But not Monday afternoon in the coming week. I fear. I have an appointment with my bootmaker."

"A nuisance," the little man went on, "but I have a slight pedal malformation, and my shoes must be made to order. Believe me, Mr. Grafton, you have no idea what the man charges. One would do better going barefoot."

Grafton glanced down at Dee's shoes. They were high, black and gleamingly polished, and small, almost tiny. There was something odd about their shape,

and in a second, Grafton realized what was wrong with them: They were almost as wide as they were long; yet despite this, one got an idea that distorted as they were, they were still somehow padded out. Poor devil, he thought; it must be hell walking on those things, and yet he keeps smiling.

"Thank you, Dr. Dee," Grafton said, taking the card. "Perhaps I'll try you later in the week. It's been a pleasure meeting you."

"Servus, Mr. Grafton."

Later, when they went home, Grafton was not very sober. Lenore had to drive. All the way home, Grafton let his head rest on the back of the seat, feeling a faint spinning and dizziness and an odd air of detachment. Despite the amount he had drunk, he slept very badly, too fuzzy to sort out dreams from thoughts. One moment, Dr. Dee was handing him a large golden key, while Lenore and J. L. Grafton applauded; the next moment, he was awake and sweating and running over his anemic checking account. To hell with it, he thought; nobody can do anything like that. But he said there was no charge unless it worked. Maybe he can; I've heard of some screwy things. Nothing to lose, I've tried everything else. If it failed, I wouldn't be out anything; and if it worked, it would be worth whatever he wanted to charge. Then he was asleep again, but in the split second in which he passed from wakefulness to sleep, he had made a decision.

Grafton was tied up with meetings all day Monday, but Tuesday morning he took the Lexington Avenue subway uptown and walked over to Third. Dr. Dee's shop was in the middle of the block, flanked by two large antique stores. The display window was full of Bibles, religious paintings, icons and crucifixes. At one corner was the inscription, in gilt gothic, "Religious articles Dr. John Dee," and below it, the street number.

The store was well patronized, but a clerk who looked like a spoiled priest came forward and greeted him unctuously.

"Is Dr. Dee in? He asked me to call."

"Please follow me, Mr. Grafton."

Grafton looked at him suspiciously.

"The name," the clerk said, "oh, that was quite easy. Very few customers ask to see Dr. Dee personally, and he had told us yesterday that a Mr. Grafton might be dropping in."

Dr. Dee's office was on the second floor, facing the street. Grafton did not quite know what he had been expecting—a stuffed crocodile on the wall, perhaps; skeletons dangling; a cone-shaped black hat with silver stars on it. But the office was actually similar to his own, though rather larger.

Dr. Dee bounced from his chair, with

his eyes twinkling, and shook Grafton's hand vigorously.

"Dee-lighted," he said, giggling. "Dee-lighted, a little joke of mine, you get the play on words. But now, Mr. Grafton, to business. I know you are a busy man. Like an old friend of mine in New England. He used to have a sign over his desk, TIME IS MONEY: STATE YOUR BUSINESS. I, alas, am far too discursive, I fear. But sit down, Mr. Grafton, sit down."

Grafton lowered himself carefully into the Eames chair.

"Dr. Dee," he said, slowly and carefully, "suppose there were two men, each of them with a chance at a big job."

"What a shame," Dr. Dee said. "Heartbreak, jealousy, old friendships broken, insomnia, ulcers, bitter rivalry. What I would give to avoid such conflicts, Mr. Grafton, but I seem to see so many of them in my business."

"Could you fix it, do you have anything that would fix it so that one person wouldn't get the job?"

Dr. Dee reached into a drawer of his executive's desk and pulled out a tiny bottle full of a clear liquid. Instead of a cork, it had a medicine dropper attached.

Grafton stared at it in horror.

"I don't mean that," he said quickly. "It doesn't have to be that. I just want to knock him out of the running. Something that will make him look bad, say crazy things, make a fool of himself at staff meetings. Cut his own throat—figuratively, I mean," he added quickly.

"You wish for something that will guarantee that Weatherby Fallstone will not get the vice-presidency when Eldon Smith retires," Dr. Dee said. "Do not be surprised, Mr. Grafton. I always think it better to lay our cards on the table at once."

"How do you know it's Fallstone?" Grafton asked suspiciously.

"My dear Mr. Grafton. I circulate. I attend parties. If I may quote Scripture," Dr. Dee twinkled genially, "'I go to and fro in the earth and walk up and down in it.' And you would be surprised how many things come to my attention."

Somehow, to Grafton the whole thing was still odd and disturbing, but he asked the inevitable next question, because there was really not much else for him to do now.

"Can you do it?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Grafton. It will be quite easy; I have just the thing."

Dr. Dee reached into the other side of his desk and brought out a small doll. He put it in Grafton's hand. It was made of some remarkably fleshlike plastic, and for a gruesome moment, Grafton thought he felt it move. He turned it over and looked at its face, and then he felt really sick. It was a perfect replica of Weatherby Fallstone, complete to buttondown



white oxford, black string tie and gray flannels.

"Do not be alarmed, Mr. Grafton. I rather thought that this was what you would be wanting, so I took the liberty of making it up in advance. This modern plastic is fascinating stuff."

"What do I do with it?"

"Just take an ordinary pin, the kind you get in a new shirt, and apply it as you think most effective. Stuck in the shoulder, it will produce sudden, agonizing bursitis that will guarantee a howl of pain. In the abdomen, a violent ulcer attack. Open the mouth, Mr. Grafton—it is easy; see, the lower jaw moves. Then tickle the throat and he will vomit suddenly in public—most disgusting. Scratch the tongue—can you see the little red tongue?—and he will babble, literally, ba-ba-ba-ba. It will not help him in making a presentation to a client. Or perhaps you would like to tickle his ribs with the pin. He will go off into uncontrollable giggling, like a teenage girl with

hysterics. That will surely not recommend him for promotion."

"Is there any particular way to do it?"

"Lightly, lightly, Mr. Grafton. Softee, softee, catchee monkey. Continuous light pressure or stroking with the pinhead, and you can keep it up as long as you want. But do not stick the pin in him and leave it, or you will have a dead man. And I remember how sensitive you are on that point."

"I'll take it," Grafton said, wanting only to leave. "How much?"

"A thousand dollars when you are satisfied."

"You guarantee that this will put Fallstone out of the running?"

"I guarantee it, Mr. Grafton, though it is perhaps illegal to say so."

Grafton put the little doll in the velvet-lined wooden box (like a coffin, he thought) that Dr. Dee provided. Then he put it into his attaché case.

"My account will be payable upon satisfaction, Mr. Grafton."

"Don't worry," Grafton said, feeling the queasiness below his wishbone. "Don't worry, I'll pay it."

Friday was the day of the weekly think meeting. That morning, Grafton decided to have a bad cold. He got Lenore, who was still barely speaking to him, to call the office. Then he lay back in his bed and waited for 11 o'clock to come. At 10:30 Lenore came in quietly with some breakfast. For the first time in weeks her eyes were not veiled and hostile and her face was not set. She put the tray on the bedside table, then she leaned over and kissed him.

"Thanks, honey," he said. "Thanks for both."

"It's all right, Howie. Don't worry about it anymore. It's not worth it. Maybe it never was."

"I'm not going to worry anymore. Either I get it or I don't."

She kissed him again.

"I'm going shopping. Will you be all right?"

"Sure. I feel better. I may come down to the library and read."

When he heard her pull out of the driveway, he quickly called the office and asked for Weatherby Fallstone.

"Weatherby," he said, "I've got a bad cold."

"I'm sorry to hear that, old man. Take care of your health."

"Will you be at the think meeting?"

"Of course. Have one or two cracker-jack ideas I want to try out."

"I expect I'll be back Monday. Will you take a few notes and give me a rundown?"

"Glad to, old man."

He hung up, gobbled his breakfast and went down to the study. He sat there with the little doll in one hand and a pin in the other. A few extra pins were on the desk. He called Fallstone again.

"Mr. Fallstone is in a meeting," the secretary told him.

"Never mind. I'll call back later."

He gave the think meeting 15 minutes to get under way. Then he began. He started with just a bad headache—not a screaming migraine, he thought, scratching the pin like a feather across the doll's forehead, just a bad hangover. He gave it about ten minutes before he opened the doll's lower jaw and began playing with the tiny tongue. After that he tickled its ribs for a while, and brought the performance to a crescendo by gently scratching its throat. He had a final idea of his own and put a folded handkerchief over the doll's eyes for five minutes. He put the doll back in its box and the box in his attaché case. When Lenore returned, he was reading *The New York Times*.

On Monday, he went in earlier than the usual executive hour, but his secretary was there to give him the news.

"It was awful, Mr. Grafton. Mr.



*"She must be a brilliant conversationalist. After four years here, she's still a virgin."*



Fallstone had a fit at the think meeting. He put his head in his hands and groaned, then he started babbling and talking nonsense. Then he started laughing and couldn't stop. And then"—she lowered her voice—"he was sick all over Mr. Girton's desk. They started to take him out and he was yelling he was blind, and they took him to the hospital."

"Terrible. How is he?"

"I heard he was OK, but they have him in some sort of a ward."

He was reading the *Times* slowly and with relish when the buzzer rang for him. He detoured for a moment en route to J. L.'s office and looked in on Fallstone's. There was no sign of life. Only piled-up personal belongings—pills, an umbrella, a few textbooks—stacked on the desk where the office boy had put them, gave evidence that anyone had occupied the room.

"I suppose you heard about it," J. L. said, waving him to a seat.

"Terrible."

"I can't understand it. He seemed so rational and calm. Drink, I suppose, poor devil. Well, we can't sit around weeping. Howard, I want you to start working very closely with Eldon. He'll be leaving in two months and there are a lot of loose strings you'll have to tie up."

"I really appreciate this, J. L. You know you can count on me."

He paused for a moment and spoke soberly.

"It's a shame it had to happen this way."

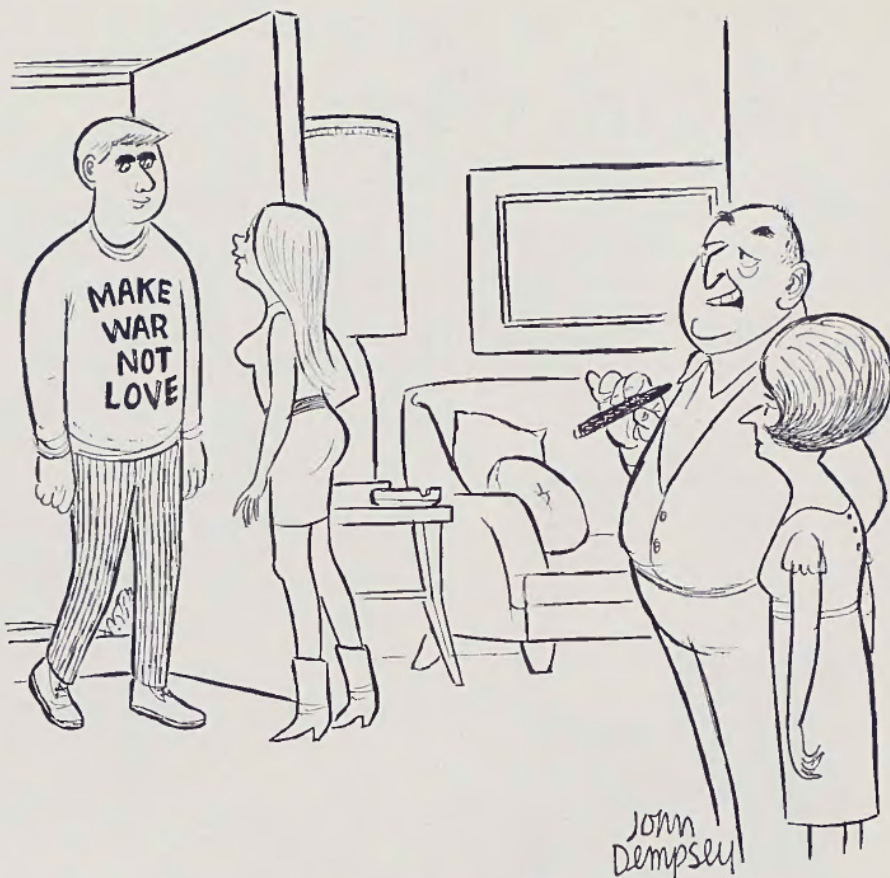
"Nonsense, Howard. Not your fault; now go out and start pitching."

The check he mailed to Dr. Dee that afternoon was more than his checking account held. To cover it, he had to cash a savings bond, quite a large one, and deposit the money. It was just about closing time and the windows were shutting down, but Grafton kept them open long enough to have his check certified. He had had checks bounce before, but somehow he felt that this was not one he would want to have returned marked "Insufficient funds." He sent it registered and special delivery.

• • •

In the next weeks, he learned by bits and pieces that Fallstone had been released from the hospital, that he had been given a generous severance check, that he was cruising the agencies with his scrapbook, that he had been seen very drunk in a bar. After a while, it didn't bother Grafton anymore. He was too busy.

He was alone in his office, working late on a prospectus that old Eldon Smith had completely fouled up, when the pain came. It was like a sword in his belly and he doubled up in agony, sliding from his chair to the floor. There was a moment's respite and it came again. It was then Grafton remembered that all



"Now, there's a young man I like."

the J. L. Girton and Associates executives had been at the party and it was then he knew that Dr. Dee had talked to other people and not just to him. For an instant there was relief, while in a corner of his memory, a picture flashed of Dr. Dee talking with Fallstone. Then the pain came again.

He was groaning, stretched out on the floor, when the night watchman came by an hour later; but he was dead by the time they got him to the hospital.

"I can't understand it," J. L. Girton said to Frank Baker. "He was in perfect health. He had everything to live for. A terrible business. Well, Frank, it's up to you now."

"I'll do my best, sir," Baker said with the boyish modesty that was his particular stock in trade.

"Mr. Girton," he went on.

"J. L."

"J. L., I'd like to take an hour or so to tell Betty. It will mean a lot to her. Just imagine. Vice-president."

"Of course, my boy, on your way! And don't forget to remember me to your pretty wife."

Before he went to the apartment, young Frank Baker stopped off at Dr. Dee's shop.

"I have the payment here," he said.

"They just made me vice-president."

"Capital, my boy; I had a very strong feeling you would make good. I took a liking to you the first time we met."

"Can you tell me—are you allowed to, that is—how you managed it?"

"I did nothing much."

"You just made me vice-president, that's all. And just by mental power—just by wishing it for me."

Dr. Dee reached into the drawer and held up a little doll.

"You remember how these work, don't you?"

"Yes, you told me."

"Well, Grafton and Fallstone each had one—of each other. They eliminated each other."

"Dr. Dee, you mean you told both of them they'd get the job and then let me get it? Isn't that, well, kind of unethical?"

"Nothing of the sort, my boy. I told each of them I would see that the other *didn't* get the job. That's what they asked for, and I kept my word."

Dr. Dee returned the doll to the drawer. "You, on the other hand, asked for the job specifically." He smiled broadly. "And you got it."





## bottoms up!

One for ale, one for coffee...cheers to the good life! Playboy-designed mugs set spirits soaring. With our frolicking Femlin in white kicking up her heels on black ceramic. Code MM319: 22-oz. Playboy Beer Mug, \$5 ppd; Code MM320: 10-oz. Playboy Coffee Mug, \$2.50 ppd.

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## HORSE SENSE

(continued from page 102)

dominates the scene in front of the stands, in full view of all spectators. One set of lights tells us that posttime for the first race is two P.M.; the time of day, at the moment, is 1:36. Under the heading PROBABLE ODDS, the lights give us the "morning line," which we can now match against the names of the horses in the program. In the opinion of the track handicapper who makes the morning line, Enchanter, number one in the program, will go off at odds of 3; Space Control, number two, at 10; Black Rod, number three, at 2. These are the odds to 1 that the horse is expected to pay to win. If you buy a two-dollar ticket (the lowest denomination), you get back the odds times 2, plus your original two dollars. Thus, Enchanter, according to the board, should pay \$8 to win—if he wins. Space Control should pay \$22, Black Rod, \$6. Sometimes the board shows hyphenated odds, such as 7-2 or 6-5. A horse that is 7-2 should pay \$9; a 6-5 shot, \$4.40; a 3-5 shot, \$3.20.

There are other lights that show the exact amount that has been bet up to now on each horse, by program number, to win, to place and to show; also, the total amount bet in the win, place and show pools. Win tickets pay off only on the first horse across the finish line; place tickets, on the first two; show tickets, on the first three. Naturally, you have twice as much chance to collect on a place bet as on a win bet, and three times as much chance to collect on a show bet. Naturally, you will also collect less on a place ticket and still less on a show ticket. There is no way of knowing the exact amount that a place or a show ticket will pay, but you can make a rough guess. A horse whose probable-win odds are shown as 5 will pay \$12 to win and usually around \$6 to place and \$4 to show. Any horse that is on the board at less than 5 is hardly worth playing to place or show.

As we sit watching the board 24 minutes before posttime, the lights change slowly. There is not much action as yet at the betting windows; the figures for total money bet in the win, place and show pools are small. Then, as posttime draws nearer, the pace picks up. The totals double and double again. The morning line, which was just an informed guess, now gives way to the actual odds dictated by the amount of money bet on each choice. Enchanter, the number-one, changes from 3 to 4, then to 7-2, next 4 again, then 3 again, then 5-2. The bettors are lining up at the windows; the tickets are being punched out as fast as the machines can print them; the money is pouring in and the odds are shifting.

The tote board, itself a fascinating thing to watch, is part of a complicated

electronic system whose wires stretch all over the track. When you buy a two-dollar win ticket on the number-one horse, the man at the window pushes the button 1 on his machine; the machine prints your ticket and punches it out; the two-dollar transaction is flashed to a computer and eventually becomes part of the money shown on the tote board as bet on the number-one and in the total win pool. As the amounts change, the computer figures out the new probable odds.

Though the electronic apparatus is new, the method of betting at modern race tracks is old; it was invented in 1869 by a Frenchman who called it the pari-mutuel system. All the money bet to win goes into a pool from which 15 percent (in most states) is skimmed off the top; the state takes part of this money in taxes; the track management takes the rest to pay for the purses that keep the horses running, the expenses of operating the track and the profits. The 85 percent of the pool that is left goes to the people who hold tickets on the winner. The total amount is divided by the total number of winning two-dollar tickets sold; the result is the pay-off price that is posted on the winner. In the place pool, the same system is followed, except that the pool is split down the middle and divided between the two horses that have finished first and second. The show pool is divided three ways.

In addition to the 15 percent skimmed off the top, the track and the state also keep what is called the "breakage"—the odd pennies and nickels. (A winner that would otherwise pay \$6.89 actually pays \$6.80.) This brings the total skim-off to around 16 or 17 percent—a little more in some states, a little less in others. A horse that would pay \$10 to win if there were no taxes and no commission to the track winds up paying \$8.40. Thus, pari-mutuel betting, though the soul of modern racing, is also the reason you cannot win at the races. When I knew less about racing, I used to wonder why so few people leaving the track seemed to be celebrating. The reason is the 16-to-17-percent "take," as it is called. On that day when the crowd bet the record \$6,000,000 at Aqueduct, they had \$960,000 less in their pockets at the end of the day than at the start. Obviously, there were lots of losers, only a few winners.

So you can't expect to win over a season or over the years, although you can have some glorious winning days. Figure it this way: If you go to the track and bet two dollars on each of nine races, plus two dollars on the daily double, this makes a total of \$20, of which 16 percent comes to \$3.20. That's what an average day of betting should cost you, if you have average luck—and I know of no other place where \$3.20 will buy you as much pleasure. If you want to



multiply the thrills by betting more, of course, you must pay more for the privilege. The \$5 bettor loses an average of \$8 a day; the \$10 bettor, \$16.

The daily double, incidentally, is a combination bet on the first two races of the day; if you like the number-eight horse in the first race and the number-three in the second, you pay the man your two dollars and ask for the 8-3. Both of them must win, not just one; so the ticket represents quite a gamble. You won't cash many doubles; but when you do, the return can be worth waiting for. (The record pay-off in the U.S. was \$10,772.40.) Some tracks also have a twin double, usually on the last four races of the day. You buy a ticket picking the winners of the sixth and seventh races; and, if you hit both of them, you trade in the ticket not for money but for another ticket trying to name the winners of the eighth and ninth races. In other words, you have to pick four winners in a row. It's not easy, but it can be done; in fact, somebody wins the twin double every day. The pay-offs are beautiful. It was on the Caliente track's variation of the twin double that I won my \$61,908; the record all-time pay-off on a twin stands at \$124,972.

But let's get back to the grandstand. It's getting closer to that two-P.M. post-time. The lights are flashing. People leave their seats and return with their betting tickets. Ten minutes before post-time, the bugle is blown and the horses come onto the track—a dozen marvelously conditioned four-footed athletes with glistening coats of black, chestnut, bay or gray. On their backs sit the jockeys, little men but athletes, too, in silks and caps all colors of the rainbow. All this is seen against the green of the infield, the tan of the dirt, the white poles of the rail. The parade to the post is the stuff that art is made of, a scene that, once you have drunk it in, never loses its power to intoxicate.

If the starting gate is in front of the stand—or if your binoculars are strong enough—you watch the horses going in. In race-track parlance, they are being loaded into the gate, and loaded is the word for it. The gate has stalls barely big enough to hold horse and rider; some horses hate it and almost have to be lifted in bodily by the crew of starters; once in it, they paw the dirt, toss their heads, rear and lunge. Then there comes the magic moment when they are all in line and standing still; the chief starter presses a switch; the fronts of the stalls fly open. The loud-speaker bellows, "They're off!"—and off they are, plunging forward to top speed within a few powerful strides.

Watch the jockeys now. The path along the rail is the shortest route from start to finish, but there is not enough room on the rail for everybody. Here is where the phrase "jockey for position"

comes from. Seated on one fast-moving 1000-pound animal in the midst of many, the jockey has to look for openings, avoid bumps and blind switches, get whatever racing room and save whatever ground he can. Some horses run best when they are in front; watch the jockeys on these horses fight for the lead. Other horses run best when they come from behind; watch their jockeys try to "rate" them—put enough pull on the reins to make the horse save his best effort for later, but not so much as to discourage him from running at all.

From shortly after the start to about the half-mile pole—the red-and-white pole a half mile from the finish—the race is like a time bomb ticking away. Not much happens. The horses stay in about the same relative positions, one in front, some others close behind, others trailing. Then, between the half-mile pole and the three-eighths pole, watch the race explode. This is where the jockeys go to the whip and make their move. The front-runners are getting tired. The horses that trailed are moving up. The field bunches; sometimes it swings around the last turn with a half dozen

horses abreast, fanned across the track, and still others close behind them, running hard and hoping for a chance to get through. Down the straightaway of the stretch, in the last quarter mile to the finish line, some of them, having already given their all, shorten stride and drop back. Others come doggedly on. Sometimes there are two leaders racing head to head; one gets in front, but the other refuses to give up; the heads bob back and forth stride after stride. The crowd makes a sound that can be heard nowhere else in the world, the sustained roar of thousands of mingled shouts and prayers, like the climax of a symphony sustained beyond endurance. Then at last the field goes across the finish line. One horse, one jockey, one owner has won—and so, perhaps, have you and I.

Let's go down to the winner's circle at the finish line. Watch the winning horse when he comes up, after coasting on sheer momentum for a quarter mile past the finish line while his jockey tries to pull him up. Look at the sweat on his flanks. Watch his ribs heave. He's been in a contest, all right. Look at the jockey. He, too, is panting for breath. Riding a



*"You've simply got to meet Springdale's most eligible bachelor."*



race horse looks easy, but it takes enormous strength and perfect physical condition. The jockey, having guided the horse, rated him, urged him on, pumped his own arms and legs in perfect timing with the horse's stride, is just as tired as the horse.

If winning jockey and horse do not bear the same number as your mutual ticket, be of stout heart. We have eight more races in which to get even.

...

Besides the racing, most tracks have excellent food. At the New England tracks, you can get clam chowder; in Maryland, crab cakes. Everywhere you can have frankfurters, which seem to taste even better at a race track than at a ball game. Drinks are no more expensive than anywhere else and have a strangely benign effect. There is something about the race-track atmosphere that pulls the fangs of alcohol without dulling the pleasure it affords. In all my thousands of afternoons at race tracks, I doubt that I have seen as many as a half dozen people who were drunk.

If you want, you can go to the clubhouse restaurant and, at most tracks, watch the races from your table. Getting into the clubhouse will cost anywhere from an extra dollar to an extra three dollars; drinks and lunch will cost no more than at any other good restaurant. (However, if you spend the entire afternoon at the table and order drinks from time to time after lunch is over, the waiter will expect considerably more than a 15-percent tip.) When I'm at the track

alone, I like to go early, study the *Morning Telegraph* over a couple of drinks, have a shrimp cocktail between the first and second races, soup between the second and third, and the entree for as long after the third race as I can make it last.

Should you take a date? It depends on the girl. The races make for a long afternoon—around four hours or more if you get there a half hour early and stay to the end. If the girl is bored by racing and demands a lot of conversation, you can be in trouble. If she is crazy about the horses and feels the same way you do about studying the program and the *Form* between races, the date can be half the fun. After every race, at every race track every afternoon, you can watch the couples who have just had the winner exchanging the most joyous embraces you ever saw. Is there a better way of celebrating?

I once lost a girl at the track. We had two dollars left between us before the last race, plus bridge tolls home. The question was whether to bet it on the nose of the long shot I liked, and go for broke, or to bet it place and have a more reasonable chance of coming out with dinner money. I left it up to her and she opted for place. The horse won and paid \$83 to win but only \$13 to place. We had dinner money, all right, but I never felt the same about her again. It was our last date.

If you do take a girl along, should you furnish her with betting money? There are different schools of thought. She will have more fun, of course, if she bets;

and for some reason, women are loath to risk their own funds. My feeling is that if she won't put up her own money to buy her own tickets or share in part of your betting, she should be willing to settle for an agreement that your profits will go to buying the best dinner and champagne in town. But perhaps I'm prejudiced by the memory of another afternoon, when I gave a date \$20 in betting money and watched her run it up to over \$200, while I lost every race. She graciously gave me back my \$20, but I still felt that something was wrong with the arrangement.

...

Which brings us to the biggest question of all: How do you know which horse to bet on?

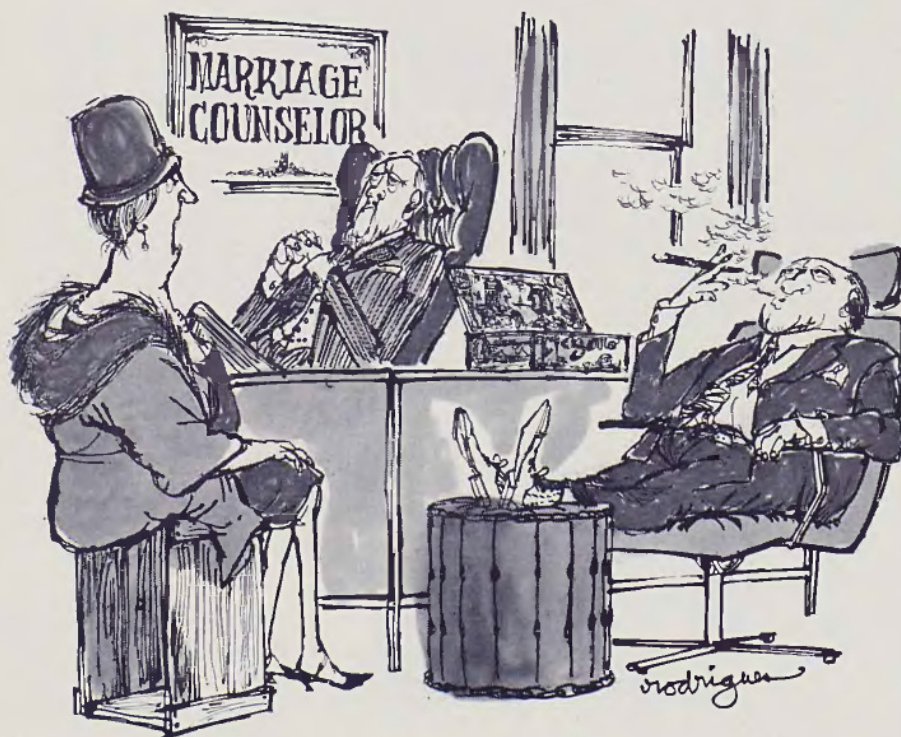
Some people follow the newspaper selections. In most cities that have a race track, there is at least one newspaper that has a pretty good handicapper on the sports staff. You can check up, before you ever go to the track, by comparing his selections in today's paper with the results of the races in tomorrow's paper. You may find that the handicapper has very few winners—as did the handicapper for the old *St. Louis Star-Times* when I worked there. (He was an office boy and the most consistent loser on horses I have ever known; his salary check never lasted from payday to payday.) On the other hand, the handicapper may be a top man like Bob Hebert in the *Los Angeles Times*, who picks about as many winners as anybody.

The trouble with following even the best of the newspaper handicappers is that you abandon all hope of breaking even over the long run. No newspaper handicapper ever shows a profit over a season. The reason is that so many people follow their selections that the horses always go off at lower odds than they should. The better the handicapper, the bigger his following and the worse the odds on the horses he picks.

Some people bet the favorites—a method that results in many winners, though always at low odds. At almost every meet at almost every track, the favorites win about one race in three. If favorites paid an average of 2 to 1, or six dollars, you'd break even. But the average isn't this high—so, again, you abandon all hope of breaking even over the long pull.

Some people bet post positions; I have one friend, for example, who is crazy about number three. Crazy is the word for it. In a 12-horse race, the odds against guessing the right number are 11 to 1. You could break even only if the average price on winners was \$24—and the fact is that only a very small proportion of winners pays that much. Betting on jockeys is equally bad, for the same reason.

The only way to give yourself a real chance of beating the 16-percent "take"



"I might know you'd take the man's side..."



is to pick the horses yourself, by learning to read the *Racing Form* or the *Morning Telegraph*. This is also the way to have the most fun, for there is no greater thrill in racing than to study the past performances, try to figure out which horses will set the pace and which will come from behind, decide which one should logically be the winner—and then watch your prediction come true. If you're going to spend any time at the races, you should send away to the *Form* or *Telegraph* for their pamphlets on how to read their past performances. (They are available, for ten cents in stamps for mailing, from Department PP, *The Morning Telegraph*, 525 West 52nd St., New York, N.Y. 10019; and *Daily Racing Form*, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill. 60605.)

Once you understand anything at all about the *Form* or the *Telegraph*, you are in a position to do better than the average person who merely follows the favorites or the newspaper selections. No matter what method you use for picking winners, you are bound to come up with a few. You can take the horse that shows the fastest recent time for the distance, or has run against the best class of opposition, or has been most consistently in the money in his last three or four starts—almost anything. As long as there is some logical reason to think the horse may win, you're going to pick winners, and often at good odds. To improve

your percentage, you can read a good book on handicapping methods, such as *Bob Hebert's Secrets of Handicapping*.

Becoming a really good handicapper, of course, takes experience. It took me, I would say, about 20 years. Even now, I don't play the horses in hope of profit, but I figure that I have cut down the 16-17-percent "take" against me to about 1 or 2 percent. I can bet \$100,000 a year—a lot of action, a lot of fun—and lose only \$1000-\$2000, which makes racing a good deal cheaper than owning a boat. To do better than this, I would have to go to more trouble than I would care to undertake. The people who try to make a living at the races work at it every day, often in strange and taxing ways. A number of handicappers have stationed paid assistants around the track with anemometers, to measure the speed of the wind. There was one fellow a number of years ago, when track surfaces varied more widely than they do today, who kept samples of dirt taken from every track in the country, so that he could shake them up with water and feel with his own hands what was meant when the track was termed muddy on a rainy day. Even with this kind of gadgetry, the people who try to make a living playing the horses all seem to wind up broke.

. . .

I've known a few people—fortunately, only a few—who got badly hurt playing

the horses. All of them were done in by greed, usually in combination with one of those two evils of racing known as (1) systems or (2) touts.

Most people who get serious about handicapping try sooner or later to work out a "system"—some method of handling their bets to guarantee a profit. The first one I ever heard of was to start by betting two dollars on the favorite and doubling up if he lost, with four dollars on the next race, eight dollars on the next, and so on. Sooner or later, the theory goes, you're bound to hit a winner and get back everything you lost, plus a profit. The trouble is that if ten favorites lose in a row, you're out more than \$2000 and have to bet \$2048 on the next race. There are dozens of times a year when the favorites lose ten in a row, and sometimes they lose 20 in a row. The fellow who told me about this system tapped out within a week. I bought his car, cheap.

All systems are variations on this one, and all are bound to break you if you stick to them. Just as every conceivable mathematical system for beating roulette has been tried and proved a failure, so has every system in racing. College professors have even tried working out new ones on computers. No go.

The tout is something else again—a parasite who makes a living convincing

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other people he can make them rich on the races. At the smaller and less-well-policed tracks, the touts sometimes make their pitch in person. I've been approached by a half dozen of them at various times, on pretexts such as asking me for a match or borrowing my program. Usually touts work in pairs; the one who makes the approach points to a prosperous-looking fellow who seems to be coming from the \$50 window with a thick wad of tickets. (Actually, they are old losing tickets that he has picked up from the floor.) Tout number two chases away tout number one, but decides to confide in you. He claims to be a trainer, or the brother of a jockey; and he's got a sure thing in the race. Sometimes he merely tries to persuade you to bet on the horse, hoping to get part of your winnings, if there are any. Sometimes he tries to talk you into letting him buy the tickets for you, in which case, he simply holds your money, or buys only a few tickets, and disappears if the horse wins.

Other touts advertise in newspapers that still permit this kind of shenanigans, or in the cheaper racing sheets; they promise to slip you a sure winner if you will bet \$10 or \$50 for them. Often they try to find a six-horse race and give each of the horses to a sixth of their clients, thus guaranteeing that some of the suckers will have winnings to share. They depend on a fast turnover for their profits, and apparently they get it.

One reason touts keep prospering is the widespread belief that horse racing is crooked and that there are owners, trainers and especially jockeys who know in advance who is going to win. This legend was once based partially on fact. In bygone days, when purses were smaller and racing was less well supervised, there were a good many people in racing who made a living pulling off betting coups. With the help of a dope needle, a trainer could run a horse "hot" or "cold"—cold, or unable to run a lick, until some day when the competition was poor and the odds were good, then hot with a shot of narcotic that made him run his legs off. Or the jockey was ordered to keep giving the horse what is called an "easy race"—holding him back—until the odds were right.

Some races were won by ringers; there were paintbrush artists who specialized in turning a championship-grayed chestnut horse with two white feet in back into the dead likeness of a hopeless loser who was bay and had two white feet in front. There have been jockey rings that actually fixed races, with one boy riding his head off while the others held back.

Some of the legends are fabulous. There was a horse called Hiram Johnson, so slow that he couldn't even win at the bush tracks in Montana, that was shipped into New Orleans for the Christmas Eve Handicap one year, went off

at tremendous odds and won easily, netting \$100,000 for two mysterious gentlemen who cashed their win tickets after the race. By the time track officials got suspicious and went back to the barns to look for Hiram Johnson, he had disappeared, never to be seen again. Nobody knows to this day what first-class horse it was that pretended to be Hiram Johnson, or who it was that engineered the deception. There was a celebrated ringer expert named Paddy Barrie, an artist at make-up jobs on horses, who once won \$250,000 with a fast three-year-old named Aknahton, which he ran one day in Maryland as a slow two-year-old named Shem.

Alas for lovers of larceny, modern science has put an end to all this. It is impossible to run a ringer today. Every race horse has a distinguishing number indelibly tattooed inside his upper lip; and in addition, photographic records are kept of his chestnuts—horny growths on the inside of the legs near the knees, which are as individual as fingerprints are for human beings. Chemical tests of the horses' saliva and urine have ended doping, except for a few scattered cases a year. The film patrol, recording each race in moving pictures that can be run over and over again and studied at leisure, has made it impossible to fix a race and almost impossible to give a horse an easy race. At any track that has good stewards—the men who supervise racing—the races are truly run. A jockey who even tries to nudge his horse into greater speed with an electric prod, formerly a popular tool, is likely to find himself ruled off at once—as was a jockey named Luis Flores who tried it at Monmouth Park in New Jersey last summer. (A steward figured that something was wrong and ordered Flores searched when he jumped off the horse. At that, no betting coup was involved. Jockey Flores was just giving a little illegal help to a 3-2 favorite.)

Even in the days when racing had its angles, the touts never had any inside information to sell. If an owner, trainer or jockey is trying to win a bet, the last thing in the world he wants is to have somebody else catch on and drive down the odds. Once in a while, an owner and a trainer know something about a horse even today—in perfectly legitimate fashion—that the public cannot know. They may have discovered that the horse ran his last two races, bad ones, on a painfully infected foot, which has since been cured. They may know that he will run better in his first attempt at a distance than he ever was able to run in shorter races. If they have this kind of information and want to bet the horse big, they would never think of telling their mothers, much less some seedy tout who pretends to be a jockey's brother.

As a matter of fact, most owners and trainers are not big bettors—and are notoriously bad judges of what their horses

will do. You have to be an optimist to own or train horses, and you are always inclined to think too highly of the chances of any horse you run. I have had a horse in a race where I knew some of the other owners or trainers and heard a half dozen of them say they were sure of winning. I was sure of winning, too. None of us did. The moral is: Even if you happen to make the acquaintance of an owner or a trainer, view his "inside information" as suspiciously as you would view the most transparently phony tout. If he knows something, he won't tell you. If he doesn't really know anything, his opinion is worthless. The same goes for jockeys, who are among the world's worst handicappers. There have been many cases where a famous jockey, given his choice of two horses to ride in a big and profitable race such as the Kentucky Derby, turned down the eventual winner and put himself on a horse that finished up the track.

Let me tell you from personal experience how smart owners and trainers are about their horses. A couple of years ago, I owned a horse named Dr. Dubious. (I named him, as you may have guessed if you are a collector of old vaudeville and TV skits, after a Smith and Dale act.) I ran him a few times in Ohio, and he couldn't work up a fast gallop. In the desperate hope that he might do better on the harder surfaces of the tracks in Florida, I shipped him to Tropical Park, where he again was a dismal also-ran. The trainer and I decided we would feed him only one more week and give him only one more chance. In the meantime, I made arrangements with a woman writer I know who had just bought a farm in Maryland and wanted a horse or two to ride; I said she could have Dr. Dubious if he ran as badly next time as before, if she would pay the shipping fee from Florida. I was giving the horse away, mind you. I had some friends who were spending the Christmas holidays in Florida, at the races. I warned them that, whatever else they did, they should never risk a cent on the slow-footed Dr. Dubious.

The horse ran next on New Year's Day. I was listening to the race results that evening on the radio, and what do you suppose I heard? The second race at Tropical Park was won by none other than Dr. Dubious, paying \$164.40 to win, \$87.40 to place and \$30.20 to show. I didn't have a nickel bet on him. You think you've felt bad on a New Year's Day?

Dr. Dubious ran that one unexpected good race and then never ran another like it, though he did win quite a few races for years at the cheaper tracks in New England and West Virginia. Why? I don't know, and neither does anybody else—and that's one of the things that make horse racing.







tall  
and  
cool  
or  
on the  
rocks

deliciously  
different



An exciting new taste, subtly sweet White Vermouth



on its own  
(STRAIGHT)



Mixed  
WITH A LITTLE SOMETHING



## SNOB'S GUIDE

(continued from page 117)

little good in the worst of us." (2) "As long as you're up, get me a Dr Pepper."

### HOW TO READ THE NEW YORKER

Dress foppishly in a high white collar and somewhat higher top hat, white gloves, ruffled shirt front, plum-colored morning jacket and robin's-egg-blue vest. Wear your hair in dun curls down the sides of your face. Have a straight nose and a short upper lip and carry an eight-power monocle on a black ribbon pinned to your chemise. Teach your children to be patient with others who are less fortunate than they. Send your son to boarding school when he's six years old and make an effort to see him every Christmas. Get to know a nice Negro who has an M.A. in English lit and coffee-colored skin and invite him to all your parties and treat him like anybody else,

or perhaps a little nicer. Invite a few Indians while you're at it. And maybe a nice Arab. Attend all "Films of More than Routine Interest." Prefer short stories to novels; but if you do read a novel, try not to know who wrote it until you finish. Nibble yeast patties. Play the piano to gramophone records while the party goes on about you, and persist in enjoying Bix' rendition of *I Can't Get Started*, even though it was written four years after he died. OK comment: "Tom Wolfe? Didn't he write *The Web and the Rock*?" OK bumper strip: SCRIBENDI GENUS OMNIA VINCIT.

### HOW TO READ THE ATLANTIC

Unless you have a Jewish name, change your name to Worthington Huntley Barnstable Feathercross and call yourself W. H. B. Feathercross. Wear buttndown

oxford shirts with frayed collars and wool ties with large, loose knots. Drive a 1948 Studebaker and insist it's good for another five years. Build harpsichords. Be on the staff of a small Eastern university and play violoncello to your wife's recorder at musical evenings at which hot spiced wine is served afterward. Be one of the lesser-known judges in a national poetry competition and give all your points to a contestant who gets no points from any of the other judges. Live within your family income, even though your wife has money of her own. Refer to a novelist's first play as a literary success but a theatrical disaster and to a playwright's first novel as a theatrical success but a literary disaster. OK sport: ping-pong (but call it "table tennis"). OK comment: "The ultimate agony of neo-Hellenism was Apollonian, not Dionysian." OK bumper strip: ASHLAND SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.

### HOW TO READ NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

Build a carport in front of the garage, because the garage itself is given over to the accumulated issues of 23 four-color years that it would be a crime to dispose of. Spend your vacations in Mexico and Peru and tell people that the Incas had no written language. Decorate one wall of your study with inexpensive replicas of primitive art and another wall with an enlarged offprint of a 19th Century whaling map. Know what scrimshaw is and the various forms of life that abound in the seemingly desolate Sahara. Question the assumption that the horse came to this continent with the Spaniards. Read no fiction. See no movies but Cinemas, Jacques-Yves Cousteau undersea spectacles and Walt Disney animal pictures. Be able to name all the states and their capitals. OK comment: "The next war will be fought not on the issue of food, or living space, or political ideology—but phosphorus." OK bumper strip: MAMMOTH CAVE.

### HOW TO READ SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

Work at the RCA Space Center at Cape Kennedy and send your laundry home to your mother every week by parcel post. Have a Ph.D. in an arcane subpecialty such as "stoichiometric analysis" and respond evasively to your wife's girlfriends' questions about what it is you do. Buy your son a Wif'n Proof game and be patient about explaining how it works. Suck on a dead pipe while you manipulate your slide rule and then make rapid notations with one of the many needle-sharp mechanical pencils you keep in a plastic pocket shield imprinted with the name of a graphic-



"First, it's independence. Then establishing a strong central government. Then a flood of legislation from the new Parliament . . . and the first thing you know we've got socialized medicine, where the patient can't even pick his own witch doctor!"



supplies firm. Be unable or unwilling—let no one know which—to fix anything around the house. Make a small contribution to filter-paper chromatography of amino sugars. OK comment: "Nuclear power, like political power, is neither inherently bad nor inherently good." OK bumper strip: NO ON ANTIVIVISECTION.

#### HOW TO READ TIME

Be slightly pudgy. Wear black-rimmed glasses and natural-shoulder suits with vests. Have thinning hair. Play bridge every Wednesday with the same couple. Or be a Hollywood starlet and say that because of your 14-hour-a-day shooting schedules, *Time* is the only way you can keep up with what's going on in the world—but read only the "Cinema," "People" and "Show Business" sections. Say that you like the way *Time* says what it says though you don't always agree with what it says—but always agree with what it says. Take the annual current-events quiz and get 74 percent correct. Write two letters to the editor every year, one tersely laudatory and the other expounding your choice for "Man of the Year" (not, repeat, *not* the Under-25 Generation). Tennessee Williams like, but don't who Wolcott Gibbs is know. OK sport:

bumper pool. OK comment: "We didn't go to Europe this year—*Time* gave it a bad review." OK bumper strip: BUICK & FRIEND.

#### HOW TO READ LOOK

Have a station wagon. And a mortgage. And migraine headaches. And Japanese beetles. And a wrenched back from playing football with the kids on the front lawn. Enclose the porch and build a spare room onto it. Buy a power mower. And a snow thrower. Watch *Lassie*. And *Flipper*. And *Mr. Ed*. And *Peyton Place*. And *My Favorite Martian*. And don't mind if they're reruns. Buy everything on time, even your driver's license. OK comment: "Control yourself—*sure* you have a headache, but why take it out on the wife and kids?" OK distaff comment: "Not tonight, dear. I'm too tired."

#### HOW TO READ HOUSE & GARDEN

Buy a player piano. Keep getting new shower curtains. Wallpaper one room in felt. Buy a spray of plastic bamboo shoots. Buy a copper chafing dish, a hand-forged French-chef omelet pan and an antique espresso machine, but don't use them except as "decor" for the kitch-

en. If you're the lady of the house, worry about your begonias and peonies, but try not to think about what your daughter's up to at Radcliffe. Learn origami. Make a lamp out of a samovar. Make a samovar out of a butter churn. Make a butter churn out of a spittoon. Make a spittoon out of an antique chamber pot. Make a chamber pot out of a lamp. OK comment: "Aren't Lyndon and Lady Bird a fun couple?"

#### HOW TO READ FIELD & STREAM

Wear a bow tie and suspenders. When it snows even a little bit, wear thermal underwear and combat boots to the office. Have a collection of six matched briars in a velvet-lined box. Smoke only one of them. Every time two or more couples come to your house for dinner, take the men out to the kitchen, steer them over to the freezer and haul out the six-pound smallmouthed bass you caught last summer up in British Columbia. OK comment: "If the little woman knew I took an occasional snort, she'd pin my ears back!"

#### HOW TO READ ARGOSY

Have four people ahead of you at the barbershop.



The taste is distinctive.  
The man is Sean Connery.  
The Bourbon is JIM BEAM.

SEE SEAN CONNERY IN "YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE."

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## THE SHIP JOHN B. (continued from page 92)

way and Coleman did a slow flip, grabbing a brake ring to stop himself. He fumbled around in the safe, then drifted over to me with a half dozen log tapes. The inscription on one of the small cans read: *Log of the John B. McClellan*. The name jogged my memory and I recalled it in a footnote in a textbook, one of the names in a long listing of lost ships.

I told Coleman to take them back with him, then turned to Jimenez: "We miss anything?"

He dutifully glanced around at the cabin behind him, but I got the feeling that he really wasn't seeing it. "You can't think of anything, I sure as hell can't."

I started for the hatch, then drifted back to the central computer and took the big reel of tape with its listing of read-out requests. Who knew . . .

On the way out, what had been in the back of my mind finally hit me. *I hadn't found anything wrong*. No signs of being boarded, no signs of violence—nothing wrong with the ship itself. Which left—what? The crew?

And then I didn't think of it anymore, because we had left the cave of the John B. behind and I was in the emptiness of space again, frantically trying to locate the Cassiopeia and get a bearing before the illusion reversed itself and I was once more an insignificant speck suspended in a black void without end.

. . .

We committed the unknown crewman to space once more with appropriate ceremony, made the necessary course corrections and resumed the long voyage. The John B. dwindled in the distance behind us and then was nothing more than a memory and a half dozen computer tapes.

I spent the next three or four time periods listening to the contents of the John B.'s log, almost all of which consisted of routine, technical entries. Those entries that weren't—most of these were at the beginning—mentioned winners in the daily chess tournament and what could be classified as mild gossip items about members of the crew. Toward the end, there were stretches of missing entries where the captain had failed to file his daily report.

The last entry was for the last time period. *Am going Outside*.

There was no explanation given, no reason, no mention of any threat. I could imagine the captain putting down his speakalong, suiting up and walking out. But I had no clue as to why.

I stored the log tapes in the computer locker, made a mental note to give them a more thorough run-through in the near future and spent the next few time periods speculating about them while stretched out in my compartment, the shadow screens on, staring quietly out

the port at the sowing of stars in the unfathomable distance. The tapes gradually slipped from my mind and I started thinking about Earth and New Chicago and the green fields of the Midwest and the 500 time periods we had to go before we made planet-fall. And then one period I was lying there thinking of those 500 segments of time and wondering what it would be like to run down a sidewalk again or dive into a pool of water, when I suddenly reflected that there was a certain unreality to my thinking. Planet-fall, another world, blue skies . . . But there was no conviction to my thinking, no real belief that that kind of future was going to happen.

I really came awake then, and it was like waking up in a house in the middle of the night, when you catch yourself listening, and you're sweating and shivering and just lying there waiting. And then I had my finger on it and the thought didn't shift fast enough to get away. I really didn't believe we were going to make planet-fall. What I *did* believe, way down deep, was that one day we were going to suit up and casually walk out of the Cassiopeia.

I sat up on the edge of my hammock and cocked an ear and let my shadow screen fade and just listened to the ship for a moment. The silence was smothering, and yet I could remember laughter and curses and games in the corridor and times when you could see the whole undivided compartment for time period after time period.

My mind started to race and fall all over itself. The John B. hadn't been hulled by a meteorite or boarded by alien life forms. Mechanical failure? But long-voyage freighters had triple safeguards; it was impossible for something to go wrong with the pile or the computer or the electrical setup. The life-systems setup—something *could* go wrong there, but chances were vanishingly slim. Which left . . .

The crew, of course.

But there had been no signs of violence, no signs of mutiny. A saboteur on board? But there had to be an opposing political or military setup and there was none. Mass insanity? Hardly—not in the accepted sense.

I thought about what the Cassiopeia had been like right after blast-off and what it was like now, and shivered. It had been like watching a clock run down. The life had gradually seeped out of the crew while the shadow screens had grown like ivy. When was the last time Coleman had played a chess game? And when was the last time I had filed a log report?

I had to do something about it, I thought, lying back down on the elasto-hammock—the very next time period. And then I realized what I was doing

and turned pale. Not the next time period, *now!* I tumbled off the hammock and shoved over to Jimenez' compartment and pushed through the shadow screen, not waiting to palm for permission.

He was sacked out on his hammock, his eyes closed, his heavy reddish body hair covering him like a soft auburn fuzz. When he had first come on board, he had been alert, alive, almost obnoxiously eager—constantly checking the pile, filling his calculating slate with row after row of figures, delighted that the central computer contained enough information on his specialty to keep him busy for three solid years.

He suddenly sensed I was there and opened his eyes to stare quietly at me, without expression. I said, "Hello, Specs."

"Privacy, Martin."

"I wanted to ask you what you thought about the John B.," I said.

He turned his back, his spine looking like a long, reddish caterpillar. "I don't think about it, Martin."

"Why not?"

"If you're playing twenty questions, I'm not interested."

"It's serious," I said.

"Sure." He was quiet for a moment and I began to think he had actually drifted off to sleep, when he suddenly said, "I don't think about it because there's nothing we can do about it and it's none of our business."

"I think—" I started.

"I don't give a damn *what* you think! I want Privacy—now get the hell out, will you?"

"What would you do," I said slowly, "if I told you that the pile was redlining?"

He sat up on one elbow and glared. "I'd call you a goddamned liar! Nothing's wrong with that pile—nothing ever has been and nothing ever will be! It doesn't need the attention of *men*, Martin! This ship doesn't *need* a physicist or a metalsmith or an astronomer—or a captain, for that matter. Something could happen to any one of us and it wouldn't matter a damn—we're passengers, Martin, passengers!" He sagged back down and stared quietly at the screened overhead. His voice was barely audible. "Get out of here, will you?"

I backed out and drifted over to Hulsman's compartment. The shadow screens were on there, too—all of the ship's screens were on, I noted—and I hesitated a moment before floating through. Hulsman was the youngest on board, our mascot when we had left Earth. He was the likable type—blond hair, freckles, a smile that was catching. You wanted to rub your knuckles on the back of his head and send him to the outfield to shag flies.

I pushed through and found him watching me. It was an older face now—much older—framed by long, dirty





CHANE

*"I knew it was too good to last!"*



blond hair, and the bright-blue eyes were a dull and dirty slate.

"Hello, Martin." The voice was listless.

"I was thinking about the John B.," I said casually. "I was wondering what you thought."

A tired look flooded his face, as if talking and thinking were too much effort. "I guess I haven't thought much about it, Martin. I guess I don't much care."

"Don't you think the same thing could happen to us?"

A flicker of concern wandered uncertainly over his face and then fled. "That was a long time ago, wasn't it?"

"You're not curious?"

"I guess I ought to be, but I'm not." He lay there quietly for a moment, then suddenly closed his eyes and turned his back to me. "Look, Martin, would you— you know—leave me alone? I guess I can't help much."

I stood there and looked at him, helpless. "That's OK, I understand, Hully."

I had started to drift out when he suddenly said in a low voice. "I got this funny feeling, Martin, this feeling that I ought to be doing something—only somehow I can't get started. I *ought* to be able to do something on board, Martin." Then he turned slightly and jammed his face into the hammock. "It scares me," he whimpered in a muffled voice. "It scares the hell out of me."

...

The first real crisis came 20 time periods later, when life on board the Cassiopeia had unwound even further and we were all nonthinking slow-motion ghosts. I was in the life-systems compartment, along with Hulsman, Ball and Coleman, lining up for the "evening meal," though most of the crew now preferred to draw their meals when nobody else was around and they didn't run the risk of having to talk to anybody. I was at one of the food dispensers working the selectors above my tray when Potter pushed in to take a tray from the rack and shove over to the next food slot a few feet away. When he shoved away from the rack, his tray caught in the food slot and he slid on past it.

It happened quickly enough. The thin tray, worn sharp from hundreds of insertions into the metal mouth of the food dispenser, caught in the slot, and when Potter slid past it, the sharp edge of the tray slashed deep into his forearm.

None of us said a word, we just stared. Potter had grabbed a brake ring and now floated in the middle of the compartment, a big frightened kid staring wide-eyed at his left arm where the blood spurted, balled, then flattened slowly toward the deck.

It seemed like a full minute went by and still nobody moved. I stood glued by the side of the food dispenser, my mind split. One part of it—a large part—wasn't reacting at all. It was simply

watching Potter, watching him bleed, watching the blood pool on the deck, wondering curiously what Potter was going to do next. It was like watching a fascinating stereocast. The hologram that was Potter was going to die, right before my eyes, from a slashed main artery. It was something I had never seen before.

And then it made connection. Maybe none of us were vital to the *ship*, but Potter was the life-systems man and he was vital to the *crew*. And Potter was going to *die*!

I dropped my tray and dove over to him. He stood there in semishock, trembling and staring stupidly at his arm. I tore at my loincloth and bound the rag tightly around his arm, then whirled to Hulsman, watching blank-faced.

"Get Reynolds, on the double!"

He didn't move; his eyes were glazed. I tightened the bandage, knotted it, then grabbed a handful of food off my tray that had settled to the deck nearby and threw it at Hulsman. The mess hit along the side of his neck and slid slowly off toward his shoulder.

*"Move, you sonofabitch, or I'll push you face first into the nearest dispenser and let you drown in that slop! Snap it!"*

"Privacy . . ." Hulsman started to chatter.

*"MOVE, DAMNIT!"*

He shot from his bench into the cold light corridor, frantically grabbing at brake rings to guide his progress. I could hear him bawling for Reynolds even as he disappeared from view.

Pain and shock were now washing through Potter. He clutched his arm and started to moan, then looked up at me, his face horror-stricken. "I could have died," he blubbered. "They would have let me die."

...

A dozen time periods after Potter had slashed his arm, the rest of the crew had faded even further into long-voyage apathy, remote to one another, remote even to themselves. The ship was now a jungle of shadow screens preserving Privacy. Crew members went out of their way to avoid one another, and when they did meet, it was with hostile noncuriosity.

I made friends with Potter because he saved my life.

There had come a time period when, psychologically speaking, I caved in and started to avoid the others. I spent more and more of my time floating in my compartment, staring out the port and thinking of home or maybe of absolutely nothing at all. I had been the only one to worry about the ship and the crew—all right, now, to hell with them. And shortly after that, when Potter shoved through my shadow screen without palming for permission, I caught myself saying automatically, "Privacy, Potter."

"You've got trouble, Captain."

I came out of it like a man waking up

in the morning. "Whadd'ya mean?"

"Ball's suiting up to go Outside. You've got maybe three minutes to catch him."

I rolled off my hammock, shoved against a brake ring and shot up the corridor, grabbing rings as I passed to give myself a little additional thrust each time. I clipped through one shadow-screened compartment, taking a chance of colliding with its occupant, then rounded a corner and bore down on the space-suited figure quietly working the controls of the inner air lock. I sailed in between the figure and the lock, grabbing a ring and braking to a halt with a speed that almost tore my arms out of their sockets.

"Going someplace, Ball?"

He stared at me, then reached up and unclamped his helmet and took it off. He shook his head, sending his black beard and long hair flying, and smiled woodenly. He looked like one of the prophets out of the Old Testament, wild eyes and all.

"I'm going Outside, Captain," he said gravely.

"You never checked with me," I said.

"Sorry about that, I really meant to."

"Do your duties take you Outside?" I asked, stalling.

The wooden smile again. "Clear view of the stars. Unimpeded view and all that. Natural observations. It's provided for . . ." His voice changed slightly, losing its formal tone. He took a ragged breath. "Regs state that the captain is not to interfere with technicians in the normal pursuit of their duties."

"Regs also state that no man leaves the ship without a tether line, unless it's ship-to-ship transfer. Where's your line, Ball?"

He stared stupidly down at his equipment belt. "Did I forget that?"

"And what about your tanks? You've got one of those we used to go over to the John B. with. There's no more than twenty minutes in it, if that."

His eyes became shiftily. "I hadn't left yet. I was going to change tanks."

I forced a nervous smile. "Look, Ball, we need you. And you'll be needed at destination planet."

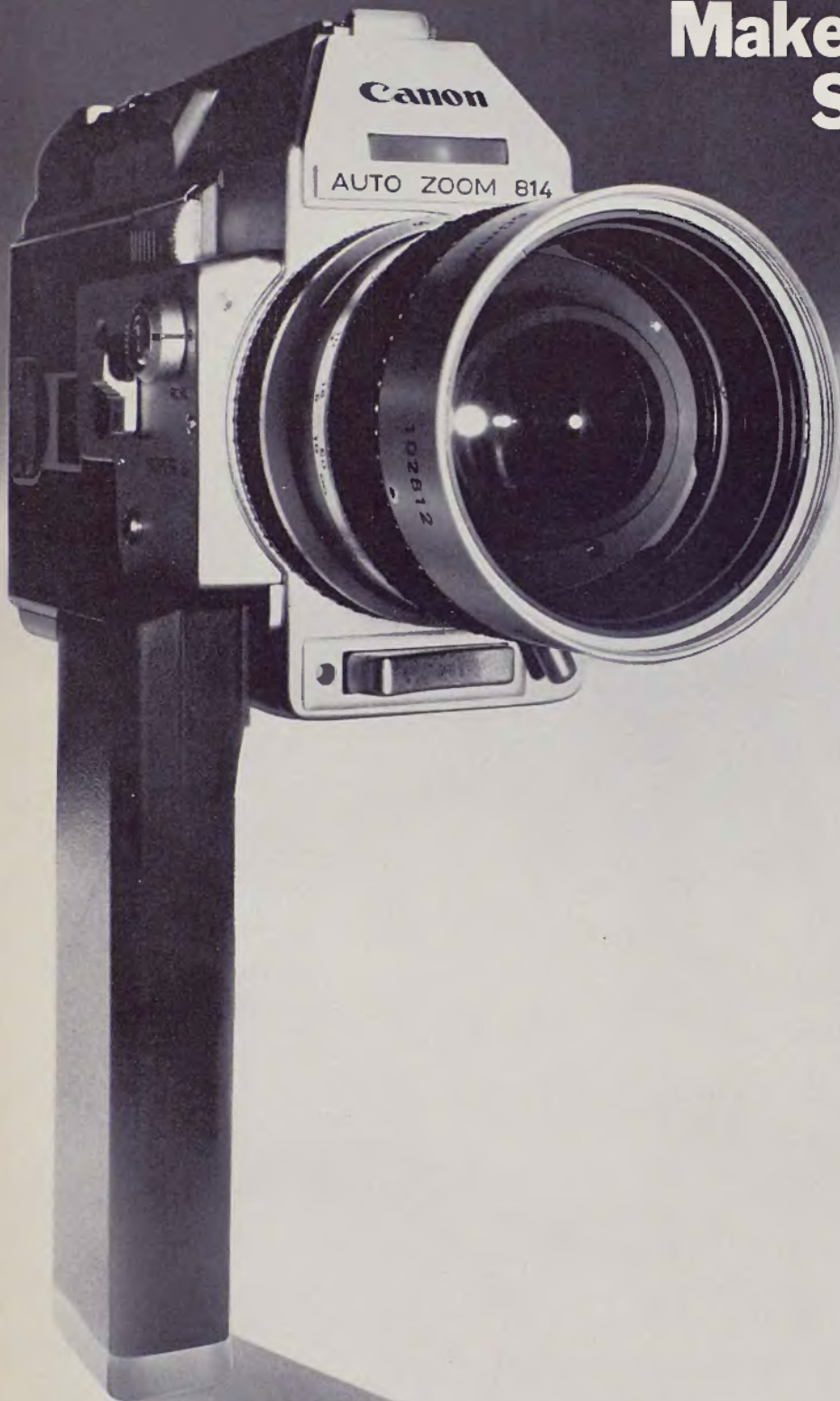
Ball licked his lips. His face had a hunted look. "This ship doesn't need me," he mumbled. "Neither does anybody in it. And planet-fall's . . ." His voice trickled away. He cocked his head to one side and smiled faintly. "You're not going to let me out, are you, Martin?"

I saw it coming that vital fraction of a second before it actually happened. A slight hardening around the eyes, then all expression abruptly vanished, like fingerprints on a freshly baked cake, and Ball hit me like a docking tug, howling, "I'm going Outside, dammit, I'm going . . ."

He was thin but with the deceptive hardness that thin mechanics sometimes have. He yanked me away from the



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air-lock hatch, then shoved me, hard, down the corridor.

I flew backward about 20 feet, the breath momentarily knocked out of me, then scrambled upright and shot back from a brake ring. Ball whirled, his suit small handicap in the near-weightless ship.

*"You can't keep me cooped up with bloody strangers!"*

I tried to brake and hit him all at the same time, but I overshot and Ball grabbed me around the waist as I shot by. I doubled up and tried to get my knees between me and his suit, but his metal-clad right arm shot out and caught my head between his forearm and biceps and he squeezed, gripping his wrist with his other hand. I kicked out with my feet, found no purchase and flailed wildly at the empty air. The pressure abruptly increased and I started to black out.

*"Going Outside, goddamnit, going Outside."*

*"Grab him, Martin, grab him!"*

The pressure suddenly let up and I squirmed free. I shook my head to clear it, then whirled to see what had happened. Potter was clinging to the collar of Ball's space suit with one hand, his slashed arm hanging uselessly at his side.

It couldn't last but a second longer, I thought, dazed. I dug my feet into a brake ring, crouched, then shot up at Ball. The timing was just right. I hit Ball at chest level and wrapped my legs around him as he toppled backward. Then I clasped both hands together and clubbed, once. His eyes dulled and I could feel him go limp.

I let go, brushed the sweat off my face and caught my breath in racking sobs. Then everything caught up with me and I bent double, suddenly afraid I was going to lose my dinner all over the corridor. Potter caught my arm and I mumbled "Thanks" and forced myself to swallow the bile. I felt dizzy and sick, and to cover, I said, "What made you help, Potter?"

"It was the logic of it," he said with an intense seriousness. "If I didn't care what happened to Ball, then I couldn't very well be sore at the guys who hadn't cared what happened to me when I was bleeding, could I? So I figured I had to care."

I didn't answer, still trying to control my stomach.

"Do you think the rest of the crew would have followed him out?"

I nodded. "Yeah—one by one, until this can of worms was empty—and we probably would have been among them." I stared down the empty corridor and shivered. There were people behind the shadow screens, but the Cassiopeia seemed deserted already.

Ball started to moan and I bent over and slapped him lightly in the face. His eyelids fluttered a little and then he was staring up at me, blank-faced.



"Get out of the suit," I growled. "Hang it up and go to your compartment. I'll be by later."

We watched him drift off down the corridor and Potter said, "What are you going to do when he tries to leave again?"

"Stop him, what else?"

"And the time after that?"

I shrugged and started to float back to my compartment, then suddenly turned. "Look, we've got the tapes of read-out requests from the John B. If you want to help, we can take turns running them through the computer and briefing the material requested. Maybe we can come up with something."

Potter gave me a strange look. "You're the captain, Martin—you want me to do something, you just tell me to do something."

...

We fed the punched request tapes from the John B. into the Cassiopeia's own memory tanks and took turns scanning the material requested. We were hardly thorough—you couldn't read five years of read-out requests in ten or twenty time periods—and the requests themselves were something of an enigma, the third derivative of the personalities on board, their likes, their dislikes, their passing fancies. Was it significant, for example, that mathematician Bailey had gradually changed from a diet of light fiction to heavy treatises on mathematics during a thousand time periods? There was no way of knowing.

It was Potter who suggested a solution. "Look, we're not being objective, we're too close to the trees to see the forest."

"How so?"

"I think we ought to be working by analogy. We're assuming that we're the only ones worried about the future of the Cassiopeia and what has gone wrong—and we're right. But why? Why are you concerned, for example? Why did you stay on duty when the rest of the crew were crapping out? And why am I concerned?"

I felt that he had overstated it; myself, I knew that I had gradually been giving up; but I thought about it a long moment, then said, "A matter of responsibility—to the crew. Being designated captain, the mere act of designation, gave me a feeling of responsibility. The same, I guess, for you. Both of us have a responsibility to the crew as a whole; the others don't."

He looked at me quizzically. "Wouldn't somebody on board the John B. have been in a similar position?"

"OK," I said slowly. "I see your point. Obviously, the captain. And they had a psychologist on board. I think that would have been about it."

"I think I ought to take the captain's requests, and you, the psychologist's," he

said thoughtfully. "It'll probably make for greater objectivity."

It was good logical reasoning and it's what I should've done, but I guess if a parent can learn from his child, a captain can learn from his crew—even if it's only a crew of one.

Two time periods later, I had a fairly good picture of Peter Hendrix, the psychologist on board the John B. A young man—maybe 25—and something of an athlete, at least enough of one to be vain about his physique and worry about getting out of shape (requested read-out on *Koptka's Isometric Exercises* the 29th time period out). Probably hadn't actually practiced in his profession (*Five Years of Case Histories*: Horney), was a pipe collector (*Vanderhof's Briars and Meerschams*) and something of a dog fancier (*Reisman: Man's Animal Friend*, Fifth Edition, Rev.). About the 800th time period out, the requests started to fade. It was obvious that Hendrix was reading less and less, that he had gotten to the point where he stayed within his compartment, shadow screens on, floating in the dark and avoiding other crew members. Then, suddenly, the 1020th time period, he had requested Vandercook's *Problems of the Cities* and Walter's *Man by Himself*, two studies of the megapolis of the 20th Century. There was a flurry after that of similar volumes and then these requests, too, began to taper. From the 1045th time period on, Hendrix had made no more requests.

I pondered the list for a moment, then shrugged and started checking to see

which ones were in the Cassiopeia's central computer. Both the Vandercook and the Walter were still available; some of the others had been deleted. I made myself comfortable at the read-out console, set the controls for SLOW SCAN and started to read.

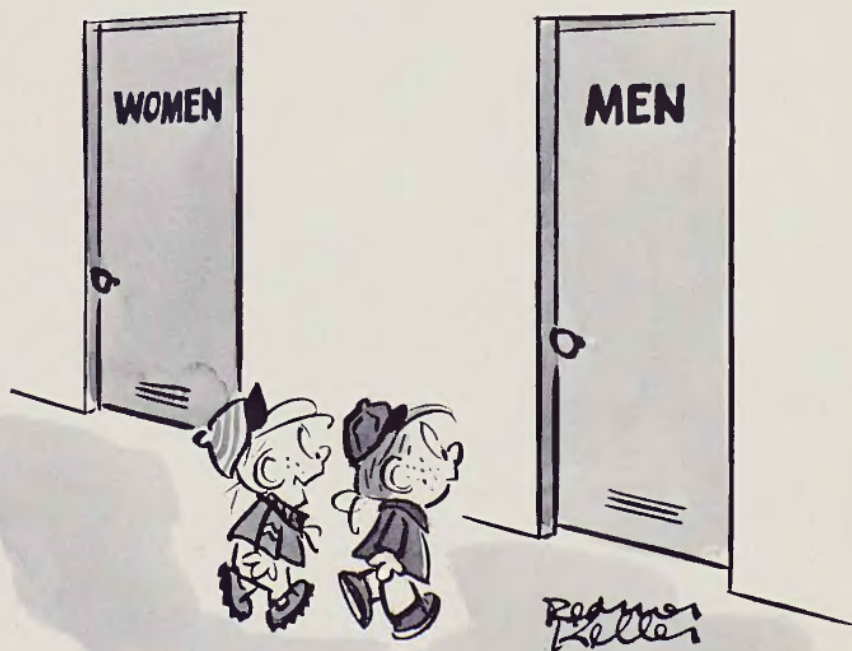
I didn't get it all at once—parts of it didn't fall into place until I thought about it for a while—but after about three hours, I began to see the connections. A few time periods later, I was a sweaty mess, pretty sure of what the problem was but much less sure of a solution. I was surprised that any of the long-voyage freighters had made it at all. Part of the problem was built into the nature of the long voyage, part of it undoubtedly depended on the random selection of crew. All of it gave me the chills. I slept on it for a period, then shoved over to Potter's compartment and violated Privacy with no regrets at all.

He was asleep, curled up in a fetal position on his hammock, yawned and scratched his naked belly. "Wake up, Potter—c'mon, snap it!"

"Wha . . . what . . ."

"What did you find out about the captain?"

He swung his hairless legs over the side of the hammock, yawned and scratched his naked belly. "Is that what you woke me up for? Jesus Aitch Christ. Look, I didn't find out a goddamned thing. He liked Italian cooking and he was fond of horses—I guess they weren't extinct then, he owned one or something." And then he snapped wide



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awake. "What's the story on Hendrix?"

I told him, talking for almost a full hour. When I had finished, he looked round-eyed and whistled. "So what happens now, sir? As a theory, it sounds good to me, but what do we do about it? It's one thing to know, another to—"

"I'm not sure what I'll do," I said slowly. "I guess I'll try talking. If that doesn't work, then I'll just have to think of something else."

• • •

I tried Coleman first. We had been friends once and I thought my chances of reaching him were better than any of the others.

I palmed permission to enter his compartment, got no response and shoved through the screen anyway. Coleman's arms were folded behind his head, his eyes closed.

"Joe."

No response. I drifted closer and slapped him lightly in the face. His eyes slowly opened; there was no sign of anger.

"Privacy, Martin." His eyelids started to sag shut again.

I slapped him once more, a little harder. His eyes stayed open this time. I drifted over to the port and turned my back. I was sweating now, beginning to stink with nervousness.

"You know, Joe, I was thinking about the other time period, when Potter got his arm slashed. I started thinking to myself—what would happen if Potter had died and then the algae tanks went out? And that kind of shook me up for a moment, because it occurred to me that even if we're not important to the ship, Joe, we're important to one another. And I hadn't really thought about that before."

I stole a quick glance at Coleman. Nothing.

"See, without Potter, Joe, we don't eat, we don't breathe. If I hadn't gotten a tourniquet on him, he would've bled to death and all the rest of us would have died if anything happened to the tanks. It was lucky I realized that, wasn't it, Joe?"

No response.

"It's pretty cold Outside, Joe, pretty dead. No life for millions and millions of miles. The only living things are right here inside the Cassiopeia. You and I and Potter and Jimenez and the rest of them. Ten little pulsing blobs of jelly against all that nothingness out there. We need one another, Joe, we can't shut one another out anymore. If we do, then some time period somebody's going to walk Outside and the rest of us are going to pick up our marbles and follow. And none of us will have sense enough to realize it's suicide."

I was both sweating and cold by the time I had finished. So far as I could tell, Coleman didn't even know I was there.

Something snapped inside my head then and I started yelling and swearing at him and calling him every name I could think of. After a few minutes of that, my stream of curses turned to a trickle and then I dried up completely. It was like railing at a corpse. I turned to leave and then I spotted Coleman's chess set against the bulkhead, the little Dresden china figurines standing guard over their tiny land of red and black squares. They were lovely pieces, delicate, with soft, glowing colors.

I picked up a queen, regal and aloof in her glazed, rose-colored dress and little slippers of spidery fired china. Then I took Coleman's big magnetic screwdriver from the bulkhead where it had stuck, hefted it by the blade and whacked the handle down on the queen in my other hand. It was like cracking ice. The figurine shattered and fine china dust powdered out through my fingers. I opened my hand and the crushed pink-and-blue queen started to disperse through space.

"It was against regs to bring these on board," I said icily. I picked up a bishop in fine china miter and cloak and a second later he, too, was powder. I lifted up a rook next and glanced up at Coleman. There was something in his eyes now, something that, on other occasions, would have sent shivers down my spine.

"You shouldn't have violated regs," I said. The rook was dust. I bent to pick up a knight. Whatever was in Coleman's eyes had to be coaxed out, even if it were murder. I casually smashed the knight.

"You bastard!"

And Coleman was on me. He staggered me for a moment, but I had expected it and managed to step partly aside. He grabbed my leg, then twisted and dove for my throat. I dodged and clutched an arm as he shot by and got his head with my other hand. The speed was already there and all it needed was for me to guide him a little. He slammed into the glassteel port and there was a soft *splurt* and the cubicle was shot through with a fine spray of blood. I grimaced—a shade too hard; Coleman had probably broken several teeth. I still had hold of his arm and suddenly whipped it back and wrapped my legs around him and squeezed. He bucked, arched for a second, then all his strength flowed out and he went limp. I hung on for a moment, wary, then let him go except for a hand on his arm to steady him.

He surprised me, then. He turned, buried his head in my shoulder and started to sob.

• • •

We held the council of war in Potter's compartment, with all the shadow screens on and our voices low, though the chances of being interrupted were just about zero.

"We can't go around to each member



of the crew and try to convince him of anything by sweet reasonableness," Potter said thoughtfully.

"I wasn't going to," I said. "The only thing I think will work is shock—we'll have to force them to become involved."

"I don't know . . ." Potter began.

"It worked on me," Coleman said, faintly unfriendly. "But I don't know if it will work on anybody else."

I idly scratched the matted hair under my arm, squashing something that had so far evaded the ultraviolet tubes overhead, then turned to Potter. "Any ideas?"

He shook his head. "I'm no psychologist."

"Fake it," I said bluntly. "I'm no captain, either. So what would you do if you were a psychologist?"

Potter's smile was toothy. "You want me to think like a shrink—OK, I'd play on their strongest emotions, love and hate and fear, try to shake them up. But the catch is, we don't *know* what they love and hate and fear. If this had been a military ship—you know, ankles to elbows all the time—there would have been constant involvement and we'd know one another a lot better." He shrugged. "As it is—"

"What about the personnel tapes in the computer," Coleman interrupted. "Wouldn't they help?"

The personnel tapes were a thought. They contained our psychological profiles, medical histories and short résumés about our home life—our guts and souls reduced to minor alignments of iron oxide on tissue-thin tape to aid the placement service at destination planet.

"Those tapes are under sealed circuits," I said dubiously. "There's no way we can get a read-out on them."

Coleman snorted, the sudden creases in his monkey face cracking open his beard so the hairs stuck out like the bristles on a brush. "Any idiot could break those seals."

"Could you?" I asked.

He shrugged. "I might blow the whole computer, but I doubt it."

"And then we go to work on the crew, that it?" Potter asked.

"That's right," I said. "Frighten them, irritate them, make them angry."

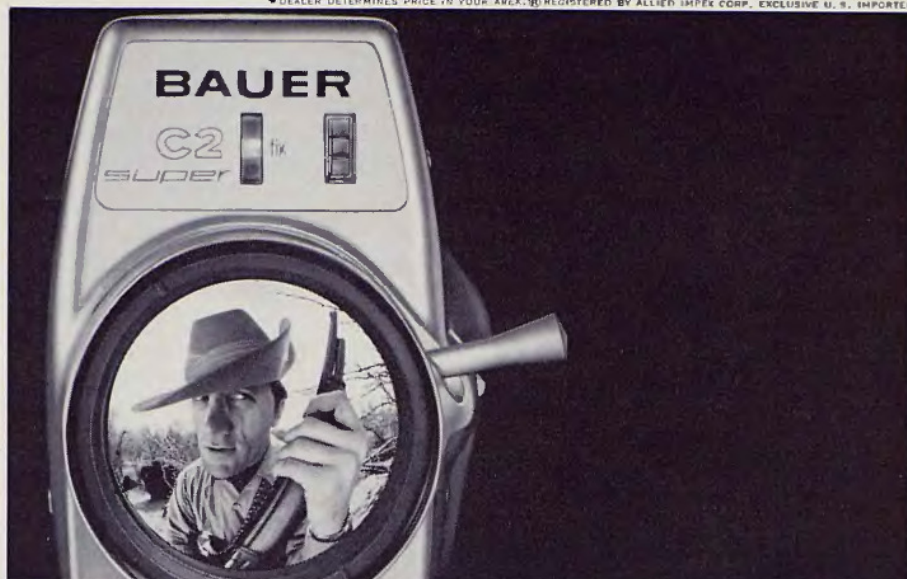
"You can adapt to irritation," Potter said, suddenly doubtful.

"It all depends," I said thoughtfully, "on the irritation."

. . .

We started with Jimenez, because he had an easy weakness we could play on and because we needed his strength, if we could arouse it. He was now a quiet, almost completely passive Jimenez who had given up any pretense whatsoever at routine. He either slept or stared out the ports, padding to the food dispenser at regular intervals, eating silently, not talking, not really aware of anybody else at all, except from time to time he

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seemed apprehensive when somebody else was around. He was a native of Tijuana, Mexico, the festival center of the North American continent, and according to the personnel tapes, he hated the area and not without reason—it was alive with rattlers and Jimenez had a phobia about snakes.

It took skill to turn a twisted piece of cloth into what we wanted. Skill, some coloring and some hardened grease to make ridges and scales. Then we waited until Jimenez was asleep. I was elected to creep cautiously through the shadow screen and drop the "snake" in the reddish fuzz that covered Jimenez' chest. Then I lightly dragged the tips of my fingers through his chest hair and made a rattling sound with my tongue against my teeth, and quickly ducked out of the compartment.

There was a moment's tense wait and then Jimenez bolted through the screen, his red beard flying and his eyes wild. I could imagine the scream he must have let out. He saw me, hung in space for a moment while he figured it out, his eyes rolling, then grabbed a brake ring and plunged feet first at me. Coleman and Potter grabbed his arms and hauled him back.

I said, "I'd like to talk to you, Jimenez."

He spat in my face and turned his back—but I talked to him anyway.

I think I could have figured out Hulsman without reading through his profile. We had to splice some of the medical "techniques and responses" tapes and cut back and forth with a "home movie" tape of Hulsman's family; and when we were through, I was pretty disgusted with myself. I let a time period go by and then dropped by Hulsman's compartment and told him the computer was out of whack and there might be involuntary screenings of some of the memory banks but there was no way of doing anything about it. I don't think he even heard me. I told him again and left and a few hours later we programed his compartment and opened the circuits and waited.

He was part way out five seconds after the circuits were opened, his face ashen and showing signs of extreme shock. Then he hesitated and slipped back in. I followed a few minutes later. He was staring at the screen, fists balled, the muscles in his face little flat areas of concrete. I waited a moment until I was sure he knew I was there, then loudly cleared my throat.

"Your mother, Hulsman," I said acidly, "did she ever work on stage?"

He blacked an eye and almost broke my nose before Potter and Coleman could restrain him.

We kept it up for a dozen time periods. Various indignities broke Reynolds, who had a personal sense of cleanliness that bordered on the pathological. First I

smashed the ultraviolet sanitary tubes in his compartment. He was only vaguely aware of it, a slight irritation that slowly started to feed on him. Then I made sure he kept finding little bits of dried food on his dispenser tray whenever he went to eat. And, of course, I laughed and joked about his tray whenever he was in earshot, and one period in the life-systems compartment I casually let slip that I was the one who kept fouling his food tray and what a great joke it was.

He came within an ace of decapitating me by skimming the sharp-edged tray across the compartment at me. I ducked and it hit the bulkhead with enough force to bend the lip of the tray back about an inch.

Ball's weakness was his physical vanity. He was a big man and his code, of course, included not hitting any man smaller than himself—to have done so would have been to lose face. He didn't know what to do when Coleman kept stumbling into him and snarling that it was all Ball's fault. Coleman managed it cleverly enough—a push off a brake ring with only a slight miscalculation and Ball would be on the receiving end of an unexpected jostle or jab. After a while, Ball became very apprehensive about it—a transit-shuttle passenger not knowing what the abusive drunk across the aisle is going to do next. With growing awareness came a conscious effort to ignore Coleman, except that Coleman wouldn't be ignored. He spared neither Ball's family nor his personal proclivities nor his courage—which he implied was obvious more by its absence than its presence. Ball's frustration was like an itch and one time period he finally scratched it and bloodied Coleman's nose, more to his amazement than Coleman's. He stood there, vaguely upset and angry, and I promptly said the appropriate thing about their relative sizes and something to the effect that Ball should pick on a man his own size.

I had forgotten how much closer I came to being a match for him than Coleman was. "*You bloody bastard!*" he screamed, and almost four years of fear and frustration came pounding at me. This time it took four of us to calm him down—and he was really calm only after I hit him along the side of the head with a half dozen trays. Kentworthy, Adams and Herschel were next.

But all the time I was breaking the crew, I knew it really wasn't going to work. I hadn't changed the basic situation nor the basic surroundings. I could supply more irritation, but Potter was right—eventually I would become the small boy crying wolf and then I would lose them for good. What I had to do was manufacture an emergency, a genuine emergency in which there would be an honest element of chance that we might not make it, an emergency that could be coped with—but just barely.

I wanted to confide in Potter and Coleman but knew I couldn't take the risk, so I researched it myself with the aid of the computer. It was the cargo manifest that finally gave me the idea. There were dangers in it—there had to be—and in the end it would all depend on the ingenuity of the crew. And if I had guessed wrong—well, it would be no worse than bleeding their lives away staring out the ports, to finally get so fed up with themselves that they would walk out forever and spend the rest of eternity cartwheeling through the lonely reaches of space.

I waited until a time period when most of the shadow screens were on, found a crowbar and crept back to the life-systems compartment. Behind the food-dispenser fronts was a small compartment containing the automated algae tanks, the small farms of living organisms that were our life's blood. I wedged the bar into the lip of the dispenser and slowly bent it down, hooking my feet under a brake ring to gain leverage. The front gradually yielded and finally there was an opening wide enough for me to wiggle through. I squeezed past the driers and the formers and the flavorers and then started swinging the crowbar. Tanks erupted and the contents splattered against the bulkheads—streams of green slime geysering through the compartment, filling the air with a thick green mist and coating the bar with a viscous slime. I was so frightened I wanted to vomit, but I kept swinging. I *had* to be right.

I finally squeezed out, heaving and gagging and dripping slime, and made my way to the control console. I located the central bank of shadow-screen controls, opened the panel beneath and rammed the crowbar into the wiring at the same time I pressed the general alarm.

The brassy clangor of the alarm beat through the ship like heavy surf, and simultaneously the control board for the shadow screens arced and sputtered and one by one the screens went off, until I was looking at a single long compartment with nine alarmed and almost nude crew members scrambling off their elasto-hammocks.

A second later somebody hollered, men started to stumble into one another and then somebody spotted me standing by the console, covered with slime and still clutching the crowbar. And all the time the alarm was screaming throughout the ship like a hysterical air-raid siren.

They swarmed up to the console.

"Hey, what gives?"

"What the hell?"

"Hey, Potter, the food dispenser!"

"What happened to the screens?"

"What the bloody hell is going on?"

"*The food dispenser.*"

A shriek. "*THE FOOD DISPENSER!*"

They swept to the other end of the





*"The rest of my costume  
won't be back from  
the cleaners until Thursday,  
but honestly, Mr. Cooper,  
none of my customers  
has complained a bit."*

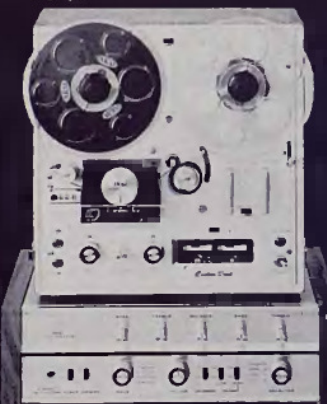
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compartment like a tide, then one by one they fluttered back to form a silent, watchful ring around me.

"You stupid bastard," Jimenez said in a freezing voice, "you've signed a death warrant for everybody here. For yourself, too."

I shook my head. "No, we can get through. There's grain in the cargo compartments and we can build hydroponics tubs. I think we can do it."

Everybody looked at Potter. Jimenez said, "Can we?"

Potter was squatting on the deck, holding his head in his hands and shaking and mumbling, "Holy Mother of Jesus, Martin, you shouldn't have done it, you should've warned me, you should've warned me." Jimenez' toe caught him in the ribs and he looked up, still pasty-faced and trembling. "I don't know, I don't know. It's a big maybe. We'll have to break into the cargo compartment and we'll have to—"

Reynolds squeaked, "We'll have to build a whole new ecology, that's what we'll have to do, a whole new ecology! You just don't make tubs, where'll we get the fertilizer?"

"I didn't think you'd ask anything so obvious," I interrupted. He turned green.

Coleman had turned his back to me when Jimenez asked him about the cargo compartments. "Yeah, maybe we can get through. It'll take a lot of work. We'll have to burn our way through and I don't even know if we have enough oxy-acetylene to do it. One thing for sure, we'll be damned hungry by the time we get there."

It was Ball who said coldly, "Why'd you do it, Martin?"

They all stopped talking then and I could see the almost imperceptible movement to line up behind Ball. This was the big one, I thought, this was the final challenge. And I had no friends among them. "Because I had to, Ball," I said slowly. "Because that was the only way I could guarantee that we would get there at all."

He thought about it a minute, then said logically, "You may have guaranteed just the opposite."

I nodded. "I might have, but I don't think so. Be honest, Ball—would you bet that we would have made it anyway?" I turned to the rest. "Would any of you bet? Did any of you really give a good goddamn before right now? Oh, sure, you care now all right—you have to!"

Ball and I stared at each other, fencing, and after the longest moment in my life, he said quietly, "Maybe you're right. We'll see."

I glanced at the rest of them. Coleman was nodding slightly to himself, Reynolds looked a little uncertain. I even thought I detected a slight glimmer of approval in Jimenez' small myopic eyes.

Well, I had done it, I thought with

absolutely no feeling of elation. They were valuable to one another now, they were involved now—they had to be, their lives depended on it.

Then Hulsman stepped out of the crowd clutching a spanner wrench and shaking his head slightly to clear away the dirty blond hair from in front of his blazing eyes. He was all tiger now. I thought; he would try something foolish if ticked just right. I had the feeling he was still furious about the other.

"I ought to kill you, Martin!"

I sized him up and said contemptuously, "No, you won't, Hulsman. Neither you nor anybody else would dream of it right now."

He showed his teeth and waved the wrench and said, "Why not? What makes you so sure?"

I was pretty tired and I was starting to shake with reaction. I wished to God that I could go to sleep and forget about it all, but I realized I couldn't do that now any more than they could.

"Because you need a captain," I said. "And I'm the only one who's qualified. I'm the only one who really wants it. Everybody else had his chance and nobody took it, nobody wanted the responsibility. So I'm it, Hulsman, don't bother looking any further." I shoved forward slightly and grabbed the wrench away from him. "Now get the torches and get to work—all of you. Snap it!"

...

The tenth day after touchdown, I sat in the portmaster's office going over the manifest receipt. I was uncomfortable—it would be a long time before I got used to shoes and shirts and trousers again, and taking a shower struck me as something that really wasn't necessary more than once or twice a month—but a good part of the discomfort was simply the fact that we were coming to the end of the manifest and there were certain items that were missing and unaccounted for.

Callahan, the portmaster, was a comfortable sort—genial and ruddy, with 20 extra pounds that somehow seemed to translate into an air of authority rather than merely coat his bones with fat. He was an important man on Xerxes—the portmaster on a colony planet always was—and I had no doubt his relaxed attitude would vanish in a hurry when we came to the subject of the missing items.

Much to my astonishment, he really didn't seem to notice and had started to write his name at the bottom when I interrupted him.

"I'm very sorry, sir," I said formally, "but there are some missing items."

He put down his pen, leaned back in his wicker chair and raised an eyebrow. "Oh?"

"The seed grains," I said stiffly. "I think there's something less than one tenth the allotment tonnage present. And certain flat metal items are not present—in the form listed."



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He lit his pipe, puffed for a moment, then looked up at me with alert brown eyes that seemed a little out of place in his fleshy face. "You're referring to the flat metal sheets you converted into hydroponics tubs?"

"I didn't know—" I started, surprised.

He waved a hand. "Of course I know, I'm no idiot, Martin. I've been portmaster here for almost ten years, handling an average of an Earth ship a month. The first thing we do—after unloading, delousing the crew and fumigating the pigpen that the crew's quarters have been turned into—is to check the manifest against what actually arrives here. And then we check the ship's log. You missed a lot of entries, but you were still pretty explicit as to what happened."

I reddened. "I didn't mean—"

"As to missing items," he continued, "it doesn't matter. The virtue of bureaucracy is that it constantly seeks to minimize risk. Three out of the five ships carrying identical cargoes as yours made it on the long voyage. That's not to say the seed grains won't be missed—but they weren't really vital."

"You're trying to tell me that the ship and its cargo weren't very important," I said bitterly.

"I mean nothing of the sort," he said kindly. "Look, Martin, you did what you had to do for the good of the ship and the crew. On a larger scale, Earth does what it has to do for the good of the colony planets. And as important as the cargo is, don't forget that the crew is even more important—we need their technical skills badly. You got them all here safely; for that, you're to be congratulated." He suddenly looked grim. "You ought to see how some ships come in—murders, insanity, crews in mutiny, sometimes half the crew dead. You did pretty well, Martin, better than you realize."

I stared out the window behind him, not listening. Port tugs were hauling the Cassiopeia away, to be smelted down for scrap. There were few exports as yet from Xerxes and the extra incoming ships were melted down for badly needed metals. My mind started to drift, remembering the loneliness on board and the stink of the crew's quarters and Potter's slashed arm and what we had done to Hulsman and—

"I think I was right about what I wrote in the log," I said suddenly.

Callahan gave me a long look, then rolled a cigar at me across his desktop. "If you want to talk about it, I want to hear about it."

It was flattering and I lit the cigar and felt expansive. "You said that the triumph of bureaucracy was that it sought to minimize risk. I'll buy that—but that, and necessity, made the ship what it was. The reason why freighters are spartan is obvious. And since the

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crew is going to be green, a crew that makes only one trip, the ship has to be pretty much automatic. Which means there's nothing for the crew to really do—in one sense, it isn't needed. And it knows it."

"Is that necessarily bad?" Callahan asked, surprised.

"Any environment that doesn't require a man to do something is a hostile environment," I said slowly. "And the less it requires him to do, the more hostile it is."

Callahan looked blank. "I don't get it."

I frowned. "I didn't either. Not until I had read the same material that Hendrix, the psychologist on board the John B., had read about the problems of cities in the 20th Century. Those early cities were a mess—they were overcrowded and they suffered from air pollution and traffic strangulation and crime and all of that, but there was another problem, a more serious one." I concentrated on the cigar for a minute. "Man's gregarious, he tends to clot in groups—first in hamlets, then villages, then towns, and finally in large cities. But nobody ever figured there would be a law of diminishing returns. The larger the city, the larger the population cluster, the less important the individual man within it. He's a smaller and smaller cog in a larger and larger machine and finally he really doesn't matter at all. And those early cities *were* machines, tremendous machines made up of traffic flows and power grids and communication networks and huge water systems and disposal plants. Eventually, a man became aware of his own insignificance, and when he did, he started to withdraw. They had a word for it. They called it alienation—*anomie*."

Callahan didn't say anything, just puffed on his pipe and watched me with those alert brown eyes that could see two inches below the surface of my skin.

"There was something else," I continued. "The closer you *had* to live with your neighbors, the less close you felt to them. You didn't *want* to know the people who lived next door, or down the hall, or across the street. They were just part of the faceless mass. Besides, you *knew* they didn't give a crap about you, so why should you give a crap about them?" I shivered. "A man could be murdered in a transit shuttle and nobody would come to his defense. Nobody wanted to be involved. A woman could scream for help in the streets and people would plug their ears and close their windows. They accepted horror—and weren't even aware of it."

"Apathetic?" Callahan asked.

I nodded. "That's right. Not only toward one another, but toward themselves as well. Once, during a power black-out, people stranded in the transit shuttles didn't panic, didn't riot, didn't

try to get out. They just sat there. The marvelous machine had stopped working and all the little cogs couldn't function on their own. They had forgotten how."

I fell silent, watching the activity of the port outside the window and remembering. "What's the connection?" Callahan prodded gently. "You're talking about a city with millions of people—there were only ten of you aboard the *Cassiopeia*."

I wondered for a moment if the man were stupid, then realized he only wanted me to confirm what he already thought. "It was a spacegoing slum," I said. "There were only ten of us, but on a numbers-per-square-foot basis, it would make the most overpopulated city look like a prairie. And like the people in those early cities, we had no control over our environment. We were helpless. We had routine jobs to perform—make-work—but none of them really mattered. We didn't matter. We had no say-so in what was happening to us. And there was the final factor." I could feel my armpits start to bleed sweat. "We didn't need one another—and the horrible thing was that it had all been planned that way. The Colonization Board was afraid we might kill one another during the long voyage, so they provided shadow screens, taught us to respect Privacy above all, and arranged routine so we could avoid one another. And no weapons, of course, of any kind. Which made us even more helpless in the face of the unknown. And like the city dwellers, the final result was loss of identity. We became remote from one another, from ourselves, from our own feelings. Like the people in the transit shuttles, we could watch Potter bleed to death and feel nothing. We weren't involved."

Callahan said, "Why did the crew of the John B. walk out?"

"The environment," I said slowly. "The horrifying, indifferent environment, and the loneliness. When you're alone in a crowd, you're *really* alone. And then you become afraid. Finally, all you want to do is get away from that crowd."

"But walking Outside was suicide."

I shrugged. "They didn't know it. They had lost touch with reality by then. As for Outside, it's not always world without end—sometimes it's more like a little black room with lights studding the walls. It's as real one way as the other." I sat there quietly for a moment, my cigar slowly turning to ash in the tray, unnoticed. "I can understand why the crew of the John B. walked out. The poor bastards wanted to get away from the ship, away from one another." I could feel myself start to break then. "The opposite of love isn't hate," I said slowly. "It's indifference. Ask any kid."

Callahan stood up and said, "I'll make recommendations and send them back to the Board. Probably urge that they make the ships less foolproof. They may lose

some ships that way; but in the long run, I think it will be better." He stood up and handed me the manifest receipt. "We need leaders here, you know. That's one category we're always short of."

"It's a difficult one to train for and ship," I said.

"We've never asked them to ship us any," Callahan said quietly. "They sort of develop along the way." I had my hand on the doorknob when he suddenly said, "We need a good man at the port here. After you've looked around a bit, come on back."

I saluted and turned and walked out into the bright sunlight. Three blocks from the spaceport, the Rod and Pile nestled beneath some of Xerxes' tall, palmlike trees, set well back from the boulevard.

They had rounded up a dozen girls and everybody cheered when I walked in. Jimenez was the first to buy me a drink; his glasses were clean and his beard was trimmed and he had clothes on and I damn near didn't recognize him. He called me a dirty gringo, smiled when he said it, then bought another drink, downed it and did a magnificent fall off his stool. Hulsman was next, the all-American-boy grin having suffered a sea change into a happy, drunken smile, and then Ball was buying and slapping me on the back and even Reynolds, scrubbed and pink in a spotless uniform, broke down and bought a round. We drank and sang and made passes at the girls and dates for later and roared with laughter at anecdotes that had been anything but funny at the time. We made arrangements to have a reunion every year and I wondered to myself what lies we would be telling one another after we had spread across the continents of Xerxes and had wives and kids and the *Cassiopeia* was almost forgotten and the stars only something to look at at night and feel romantic about.

Then I found myself alone at a table with Coleman. I reached into my pocket and pulled out a small package I had treasured all afternoon and set it gently on the table in front of him. He stared at it, puzzled.

"Go ahead," I said. "Open it."

He fumbled at the wrappings and then spread the contents out on the table. A bishop, a queen, a knight and a rook. They were lovely, delicate figures, almost exact duplicates of the ones I had smashed.

"When it comes to porcelain," I said, "Xerxes has the best craftsmen this side of Earth." I stretched out in the chair and watched Coleman play delightedly with his chess pieces and listened to the overhead fan and stared at the pool of sunlight by the open door. Then I ordered a drink, relaxed and let myself remember just a little bit of what it had been like on board the *Cassiopeia*.



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as usual.



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