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JULY 1967 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY



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BEGINNING A NEW ACTION
NOVEL BY EVAN HUNTER
AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
WITH MICHAEL CAINE

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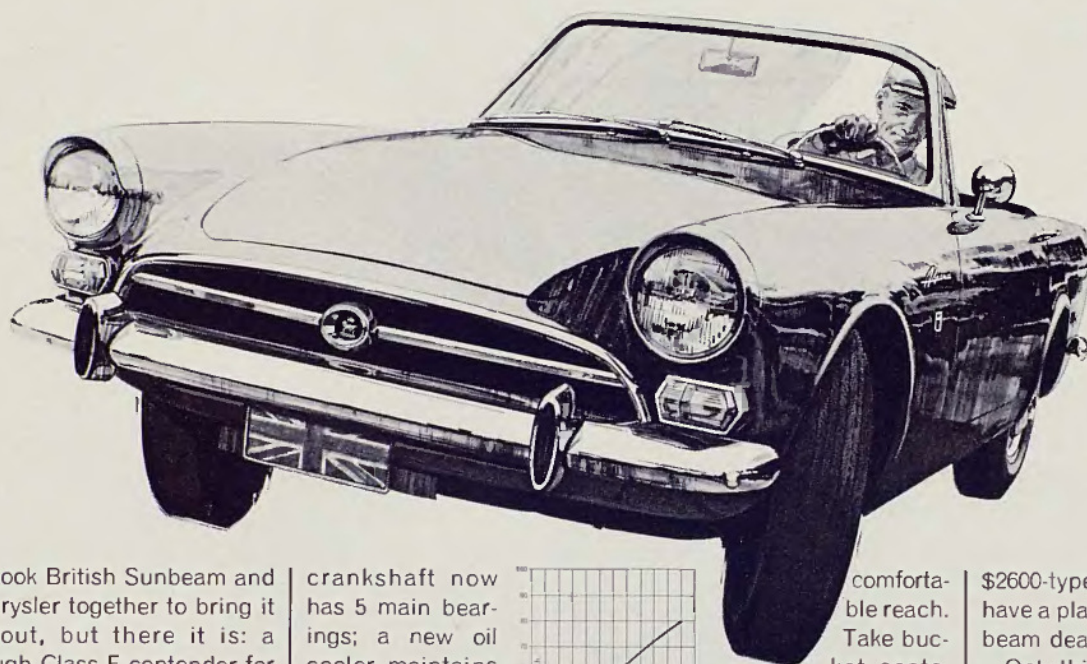
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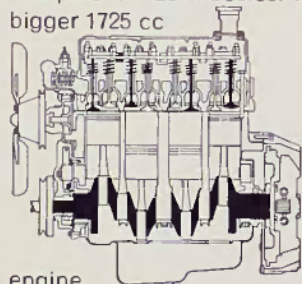
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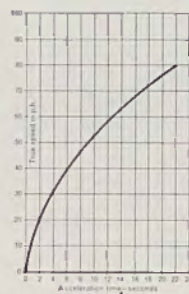
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PLAYBILL "It's a gas—I mean it's glassy, man," was gremmie artist LeRoy Neiman's final judgment, in the appropriate patois, of the sun-splashed surfing scene he captured in this month's *Man at His Leisure* feature—six paintings alive with the color and excitement you'd expect in a *PLAYBOY* midsummer issue. Acting as host and mentor for Neiman's month-long West Coast sketching-and-surfing safari was Bruce Brown, who had been busy collecting international kudos for *The Endless Summer*, his alternately rollicking and poignant semidocumentary cinematic exploration of two surfers' transoceanic search for the perfect wave.

Part I of *A Horse's Head*, a new Evan Hunter short novel premiering this month in these pages, finds a hijacked horse player reposing in a casket, the putative cache for a half million dollars. Hunter, who charted the terrors of *The Blackboard Jungle*, has completed a play, *The Conjuror*, which he hopes will reach Broadway this fall, as well as "a new novel called *Last Summer*, which doubtless will be published next summer." Pseudonymously, as Ed McBain, Hunter is currently concocting new delights for detective fans: Another of his popular *87th Precinct* mysteries is in progress.

July's fiction is further distinguished by the publication of *Laughs, Etc.*, *PLAYBOY*'s first story by James Leo Herlihy. Since working in carnivals and joining the Navy as a teenager, Herlihy has directed Tallulah Bankhead in a touring production of his own *Crazy October*, starred in the Paris production of Edward Albee's *The Zoo Story* and written two highly praised novels—*All Fall Down* and *Midnight Cowboy*. This month's yarn will be part of an upcoming

Simon & Schuster collection called *A Story That Ends with a Scream, and Others*.

P. G. Wodehouse and Henry Slesar—this month's other two contributors of fiction—are long-standing *PLAYBOY* favorites. *Ukridge Starts a Bank Account* is Wodehouse's 17th *PLAYBOY* story; and *The Prisoner*, Slesar's 16th. The president of Slesar & Kanzer, Inc., an advertising agency, is also a TV scenarist (*Batman, Run for Your Life*) and one of America's most prolific writers of entertaining short fiction. But *The Prisoner*, which announces an ingenious proposal for the establishment of world peace, is, in its irony, far more than merely entertaining. "It was written," Slesar told us, "with half a hope that its solution will be taken seriously."

Kenneth Rexroth is one of the nation's most respected poets and an original and controversial critic of our arts, letters, manners and mores, as well as a columnist for the *San Francisco Examiner*. More generally, he has been a provocative and productive leader of the bohemian spirit in this country from the days of the Wobblies through today's hippies. Rexroth's first *PLAYBOY* contribution, *The Fuzz*—an insightful indictment of the antiminority, pro-establishment attitudes of our police—grew out of his unsettling personal experience and his inside knowledge of the underside of city life.

Last August, we brought to our readers a distillation of what has been called the most far-reaching theological debate since the Reformation, in the form of a controversial essay entitled *The Death of God*, by the Reverend William H. Hamilton. Since the publication of the book *Radical Theology and the Death of God*, which Hamilton co-authored, he has been

joined by Rabbi Richard L. Rubenstein, a theologian and professor at the University of Pittsburgh, for an S.R.O. series of college lectures and teach-ins about the radical new theology they share. Rubenstein—who was introduced here last month as a member of the *Playboy Panel on Religion and the New Morality*—this month eloquently assesses, in *Judaism and the Death of God*, the implications of this Godless new faith for Jews.

David Lewin, our man behind the mike for this month's *Playboy Interview* with Michael Caine, met his subject four years ago, when Lewin, who is the London *Daily Mail's* entertainment editor, invited actor Terence Stamp to a party and Stamp "asked if it would be all right to bring along an unknown actor with whom he was sharing a flat." Flatmate Caine, of course, has since eclipsed Stamp to become one of the superstars of what sometimes seems to be turning into an all-British decade in films; as our *Interview* reveals, he is also a disarmingly straight-talking and salty personality. Talk—specifically the power of positive blabbing—is the topic, too, of *A Little Chin Music, Professor*, by William Iversen, author of 21 *PLAYBOY* pieces on everything from erotica in the ladies' magazines to the history of swearing. Also within are three features on the car accessories, clothes and cuisine the with-it male would do well to dig this summer: 12 color pages on *The Girls of Paris*—a distillation of the best from 10,000 shots snapped on the scene by *PLAYBOY* staff photographer Pompeo Posar; and much more, of course. The issue is as full of summer fun and games as the beach at Malibu on a Saturday afternoon. Surf's up!—so come on in: The reading's fine.

RUBENSTEIN



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PLAYBOY®



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Chin Music P. 80



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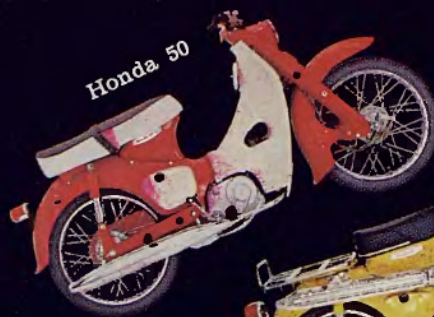




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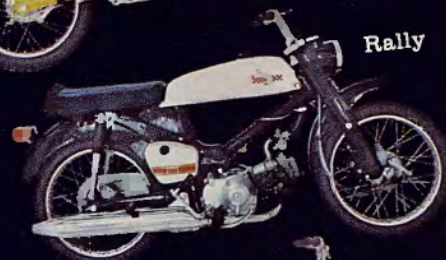
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DEAR PLAYBOY



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TAX PACKAGE

As you may know, I think that there is ample room for reform in our present tax structure. I welcomed your comments on this situation, and I want you to know that your thoughts and the problems pointed out in the PLAYBOY articles [*How to Abolish the Personal Income Tax*, April] will be most helpful to me as I continue my study of this whole area of tax reform.

Senator Robert F. Kennedy
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

Thank you for the extremely informative articles on legal tax avoidance. I have received a considerable volume of mail on this subject, and increasing interest in tax loopholes has been created by your articles. I commend you on the public service you have performed in publishing them.

It would be my hope that Congress would take definite action during this session, after appropriate hearings in the Committee on Finance, to adjust some of these tax laws, thereby restoring public confidence in our tax system. Your articles and others like them in other publications will go a long way toward producing the public climate necessary to ensure that this very necessary job is done.

Senator Charles H. Percy
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Anderson, Bishop Pike and Mr. Hamill have presented interesting insights into problems that affect all of us.

Sam Yorty, Mayor
Los Angeles, California

I have read with great interest your three-part April package on *How to Abolish the Personal Income Tax*. It concerns me that the oil companies of America have been allowed a privileged status among us. It is grossly unfair—as Jack Anderson points out in his *Tax the Oil Companies*—for oilmen to be exempted from billions while the poor bear an unfair tax burden.

Bishop James Pike has added another feather to his cap with his article *Tax Organized Religion*. As usual, his realism

is indisputable. However, he has challenged the religious establishment. They may yet bring him to his knees.

In *Tax Organized Crime*, Pete Hamill has pulled back the veneer of hypocrisy that overlays our refusal to legalize gambling. The crooks involved in this business, like bootleggers in Prohibition days, will support the views of the self-righteous while continuing to filch from the poor, who could be protected by law.

H. Paul Osborne, Minister
First Unitarian Church
Wichita, Kansas

The attractions of PLAYBOY make it difficult to get down to the serious business of reading about taxes. But I did. I applaud your magazine for a forthright discussion of a very important and serious matter. Yes, there should be a revision of the tax program. There is no reason to exempt from taxes the three major areas discussed in your articles.

Representative Bob Sikes
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

I emphatically agree with your tripartite April package on *How to Abolish the Personal Income Tax*. Why not tax the oil companies? Even though I'm a stockholder in oil—from the largest to the smallest firms—I'd much rather receive smaller dividends, if this would mean a proportionately smaller annual tax bill from Uncle Sam.

Why not tax organized religion? Although I am a Roman Catholic by birth, I disagree with almost all of the Church's dogmas. Bishop Pike should be congratulated for his perceptive article.

Why not tax organized crime? You'll never see me applying for the job, but it certainly sounds like a good idea. In short: Thanks for a really fine piece of journalism. I haven't learned so much since *Wiped Out!* (PLAYBOY, October 1966) showed me how not to lose \$50,000 in the stock market.

Robert M. Celeste
Miami, Florida

There is no question about the fact that our system could stand revision. I am one of the Representatives personally

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favoring a return to the states of a percentage of the Federal income tax collected, such a percentage to be completely under state control.

Representative William B. Widnall
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

I have read with a great deal of interest the three articles on taxation published in the April issue of PLAYBOY. I have made many attempts to close some of the obvious loopholes in our tax structure, but have been only partially successful. I have been unable to make any headway toward reducing the unconscionable depletion allowance for petroleum. Actually, this is merely a formula for tax reduction. If it were possible to close a few of the most glaring leaks in the tax system, everyone's rates could be reduced and public confidence in our tax structure would, I am sure, be immeasurably improved.

Senator Albert Gore
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

I have noted the taxation articles that appeared in the April issue of PLAYBOY. . . . There is no doubt that there would be much to be gained from closing the loopholes in our present tax laws, but there is still considerable question as to just when the leadership might get around to considering tax reform in this session of the Congress.

Representative Ancher Nelsen
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Thank you for the three most interesting articles discussing the inequities of the present tax structure.

Senator Joseph S. Clark
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

Your trifid article, *How to Abolish the Personal Income Tax*, was interesting and timely. Isn't it peculiar, however, that it takes a columnist, a bishop and a free-lance writer to point out major inequities in our nation's tax system—seemingly the province of the law profession? Perhaps lawyers are trained too often in the wonders of minutiae and too seldom in the larger social concerns of our time. If so, this suggests that law schools may well be failing to provide society with the creative and imaginative social technicians it needs.

Charles O. Ingraham
Duke School of Law
Durham, North Carolina

I quite agree that oil, religion and gambling should pay their fair share of taxes. I reached this conviction after much soul-searching as to the possible effects on the poor. Real reformation must begin in the pocketbook. As Erasmus

said of Luther: "He attacked the purse of the Pope and the bellies of the monks. Both unforgivable sins." But the gods of Texas and of church real estate are not going to go down so easily.

Richard F. Boeke, Minister
First Unitarian Church
Flushing, New York

Accolades to PLAYBOY for its enlightening articles on *How to Abolish the Personal Income Tax*. On the subject of taxation, I'd like to see an article on the inequities of the tax on single persons. The Government, in effect, is subsidizing marriage—and the single people are paying the bill. As a bachelor, I protest.

Carl E. Rykes
Wilmington, California

Why not go a little further and abolish *all* income taxes—corporate as well as personal—and start over again with a national tax on consumption of goods and services? This tax is based on the simple premise that if men or corporations have money to spend, they have money with which to pay taxes. The poor man would be willing to pay his tax on a pound of bologna if he knew for certain that the rich man was paying his tax on *filet mignon*—and not dodging it through some highly sophisticated scheme.

A manufacturing corporation would pay taxes on the wages of its employees and on the supplies it consumed, but not on raw materials processed nor on its income. Employees would not pay tax on income, other than Social Security taxes—which should also be overhauled—but would pay taxes on food, rent, clothing, entertainment, etc. Basic foods—such as flour, salt, sugar—would probably be exempted, along with hospital and medical services and prescription drugs.

Some problems would arise, but the reasonably trouble-free experience of 42 states in the sales-tax field indicates that difficulties could be easily overcome.

Dave Baskett
Casper, Wyoming

Many experts assert a tax on consumption would raise hob with the economy. Most of them agree that sales taxes, no matter what the exemptions, are inequitable: Being based on product price rather than on percent of income, they fall hardest on those least able to pay.

What cowards you are. Why didn't you mention the "Great Giveaway"—newspapers and magazines (yours included) that pay the Post Office Department only 29 percent of their mailing costs? Newspapers and magazines—the "holier-than-thou" sheets—ought to pump for an increase in second-class mail rates or keep their mouths shut.

Representative Glen Cunningham
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

From the earliest days of our postal system, part of the cost of mailing newspapers, magazines and books has been paid by government—for the same reason that government bears a large share of the cost of education: on the assumption that the better the quality of public information, the better the quality of our democracy. With over 75 percent of its circulation in newsstand sales, PLAYBOY has less of a stake in the "Great Giveaway" than do any other of the nation's 15 largest magazines—excepting Family Circle and Woman's Day, which have no subscription sales whatever. While we can't speak for our fellow magazines, many of which depend on cut-rate direct-mail subscription sales to hypo their circulation figures, we would certainly be willing to pay more of the cost of mailing PLAYBOY—if the Post Office, in turn, would offer prompter and more reliable service.

I have read with much interest your articles advocating taxes on organized crime and religion as a means of reducing the personal income tax. Taxing sin and religion is, I must admit, an intriguing idea. The problem is that it would hurt even more than the present tax system does. After all, under our existing setup, some people do escape the tax collector; but you would have tax liens against saints and sinners alike, and that means nobody would escape the PLAYBOY revenooers.

Representative Henry B. Gonzalez
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

I have always disliked James Pike's philosophies, but his PLAYBOY article, *Tax Organized Religion*, is beautifully written, very intelligent—and correct. Your tax articles were the best I have ever read on this subject.

Penny Low
Belmont, California

Anent Bishop Pike's article, Thomas Jefferson put it this way: "When a religion is good . . . it will support itself; and when it cannot support itself and God does not care to support it, so that professors and priests are obliged to call for help of the civil power, it is . . . a bad one."

Alvine Bullock
Morro Bay, California

For over 15 years I have opposed the principle of tax exemption for churches. Why should the state require all its citizens to support religion, regardless of their personal belief or nonbelief—and in the face of the fact that they may be discriminated against by the churches they're forced to support? I am convinced that it is at the level of tax exemption that those who question aid to

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When it's a rum this light,
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parochial education must start; for this is where aid begins and where the principle of aid is validated. Bishop Pike is to be commended for his stand, but correction of the abuse will not be easy.

David R. Kibby, Minister
Unitarian Church of Delaware County
Media, Pennsylvania

Your April issue, with Bishop Pike's article, was great. The *PLAYBOY* combination of entertainment and provocative writing makes for a balanced evening of reading.

Richard E. Harding, Pastor
Lexington Methodist Church
Lexington, Massachusetts

PLAYBOY seems to be putting a great deal of stock in the sentiments of an ex-bishop of the Episcopal Church. Even setting aside Pike's much-publicized hostility toward organized Christianity, both Catholic and Protestant, I wonder how you can justify his tax statements, of which the austere Jesuit journal *America* wrote recently:

Like *PLAYBOY*'s girls, his figures are too flamboyant to be credible. Like the girls, again, they are the fantasies of a mind that finds the everyday world of fact and finance too commonplace to be tolerable.

No one would question the legitimacy of *PLAYBOY*'s new assault on the anomalies and the inequities of the Federal tax structure. But unless you select less partisan and more responsible "experts" for the job, your attempt to correct the situation will have little effect.

Dr. H. W. Gleason, Jr.
Chairman, English Department
Shippensburg State College
Shippensburg, Pennsylvania

Bishop Pike is still a bishop of the Episcopal Church. The America editorial from which Dr. Gleason quotes concluded in a somewhat different vein:

On the subject of church-run businesses, we agree with Bishop Pike that churches should have to pay the same tax that secular owners of similar businesses would have to pay. The present exemption of churches from the tax on unrelated business income provides a great temptation for them to enter the commercial world in order to finance their religious activities. Since it is not desirable for churches to engage in the direct operation of commercial enterprises, Congress would do them a favor by ending the exemption . . .

Jack Anderson says that the oil industry is almost entirely untaxed. Since your line is peddling sex, I am not surprised at your publishing such a silly statement. But to use Jack Anderson as an authority on taxation is even more ridiculous. Having spent over 40 years wildcatting

for oil, I could quickly show you up; but since my letter will never see the light of publication, I shan't bother to take the time.

Van C. Smith
Santa Barbara, California

Hamill's proposal for legalizing gambling and putting it under government operation is misdirected. While I quite agree with him that gambling should be legal, why in the world should it be socialized? Why not let gambling, on a large or small scale, be run by anyone who wants to, subject to the normal laws against fraud—and the usual corporate taxes?

David Friedman
Chicago, Illinois

Pete Hamill comes up with the ever-present homily: "Every time you . . . bet two dollars with a bookie, you are helping finance loan-sharking, prostitution and murder, not to mention the traffic in heroin and the corruption of police departments." I have seen this same ridiculous idea paraphrased in many different ways: Prostitution finances this, drugs finance that, ad infinitum. Horse feathers. Any area of criminal activity is self-supporting. Criminals, like capitalists, are not stupid. There is absolutely no reason for them to engage in an economic activity if it is not profitable.

Neil S. Prager
Springfield, New Jersey
All other capitalists pay taxes.

Pete Hamill's *Tax Organized Crime* meets with my wholehearted approval: all except his arithmetic, which in one place was considerably less than accurate. The last time I counted to 30 billion one second at a time, including 49 years for sleep, it took me 1000 years—not 100 as Hamill stated.

Peter Keck, D. D. S.
Gary, Indiana

You're right, doctor. Those 49 years of sleep obviously weren't enough for Hamill, who says he counts well only when wide awake.

MEN FOR GWEN

Miss April, Gwen Wong, is the most beautiful Playmate I have seen in the six years I have been reading *PLAYBOY*.

Joseph Lyons
New York, New York

Whoever discovered Gwen Wong deserves a medal. Her gatefold was one of your best.

Wayne Callahan
Robins AFB, Georgia
PLAYBOY photographer Mario Castilli gets the honor.

TOYNBEE

In his April *Playboy* Interview, Toynbee rightly noted that the major obstacle preventing a settlement in Southeast Asia

Advanced sneaker-wearing

This is it, man. The epitome. The apex. What men strive for years and years to achieve.

Beginning and intermediate sneaker-wearers stand in awe of you. Female sneaker-wearers fall at your sneakers. And, most important, you yourself



What else?

have the tremendous feeling of achievement that goes along with being one of the chosen few.

Picture it. It's Saturday morning. You rise around ten, have breakfast and get dressed. White doeskin slacks, double-breasted blazer, silk ascot and, of course, Keds® Mainsails (this is the sneaker that's chosen most by the chosen few).

You hop in your Sting Ray (what else?) and wheel out. You're zooming down the highway, the breeze blowing through your hair and sneakers. (Keds Mainsails feel

as cool as they look.)

At Exit 19, you get off the highway and go under the overpass. In a few minutes, you're at the dock. You park the car and strut casually over to Gina's boat.

As you get on board, Maria (Gina's best friend, except where you're concerned) hands you a martini. The boat tips a little and you spill some on your



Sometimes it takes years and years of practice.

sneakers. You laugh it off because you're an advanced sneaker-wearer (and because Keds Mainsails are machine-washable).

Then, Gina unties the boat and you get under way. In a little while, you're out in deep water. The ocean's kind of rough today, so you put down your drink and take over the controls.

Gina and Maria both tell you to be careful not to slip. You smile, pick your foot way up and show them the thick, skid-resistant sole on your Keds Mainsail.

All of a sudden a wave comes and the boat tosses and you go overboard and you realize...you picked the wrong moment to show Gina and Maria the thick, skid-resistant sole on your Keds Mainsail.

Gin stains wash right out.



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- M. Playboy Ascot (in red, gray, navy or olive), Code No. WA103, \$10
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- O. Deluxe Playboy Cocktails for Two Set (as pictured, with tray, tile and knife), Code No. MM303, \$15
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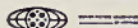


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as MAJOR REISMAN	as GENERAL WORDEN	as WLADISLAW	as JEFFERSON	as FRANKO	as SERGEANT BOWREN	as MAJOR ARMBRUSTER	as JIMINEZ	as CAPTAIN KINDER	as COLONEL BREED	as MAGGOTT	as POSEY	as COLONEL DENTON	

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is psychological: "America first has to admit she has made a mistake—a big one." Unfortunately, this requires big men, and we seem only to have little men in office.

Robert E. Walters
Bennington, Vermont

Your interviewer, Norman MacKenzie, did a fantastic job with Arnold Toynbee. He asked all the right questions and carried the reader from point to point in an extremely readable manner.

Richard Hinckley
Moline, Illinois

The way our Government behaves in the affairs of the world, I doubt that America's ascendancy will prevail the 50 years Toynbee predicts. Your interview with him is *must* reading for every thoughtful person.

Harold S. Patinkin
Chicago, Illinois

As one of the few persons who have had the opportunity to interview Viet Cong and North Vietnamese prisoners—both enlisted men and officers—without interference, I have to go along with most of what Toynbee says about Vietnam.

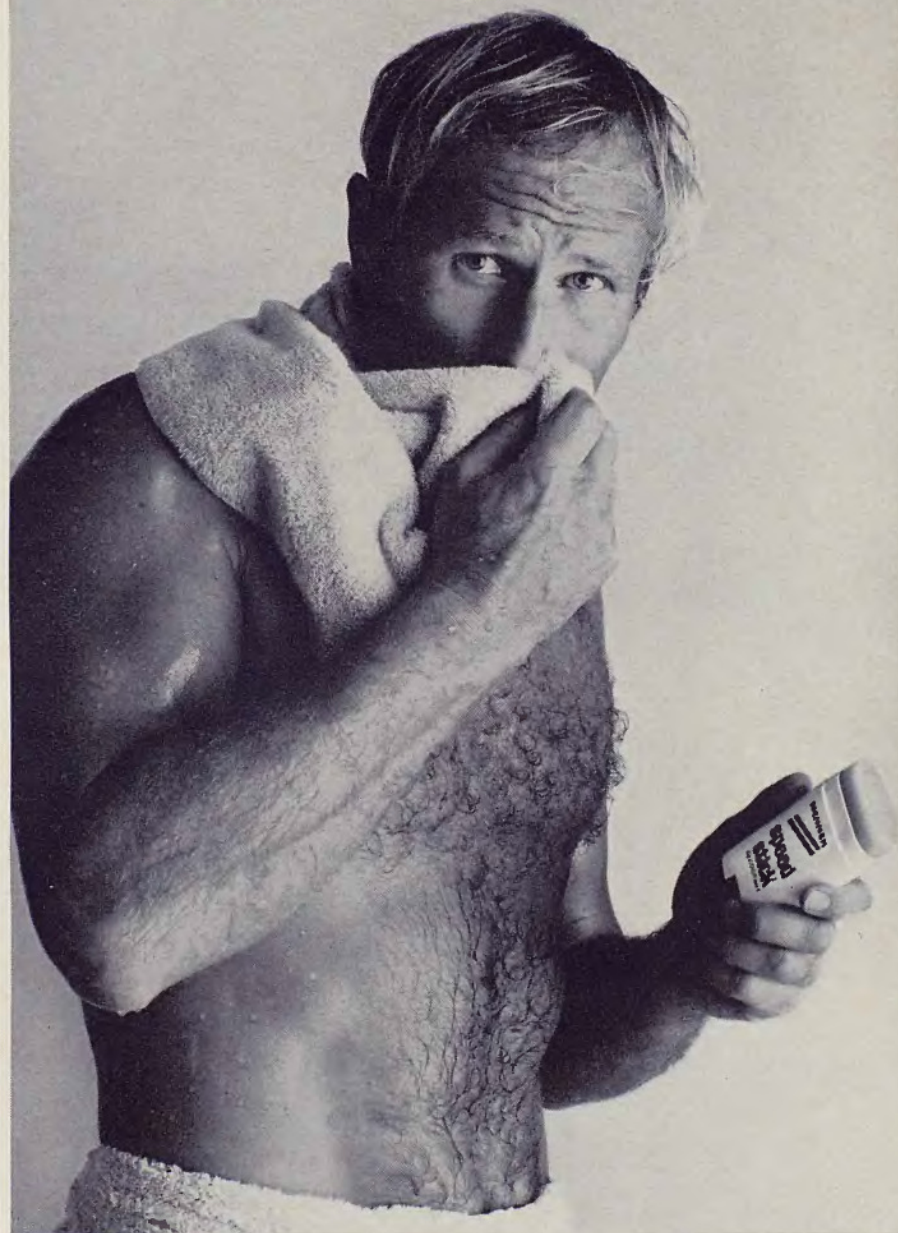
However, there are exceptions: Unification of Vietnam—despite Toynbee's assertion—has never been a large part of the Viet Cong program. Unification is a North Vietnamese idea; the V.C. are South Vietnamese. Also, self-determination in South Vietnam would not necessarily lead to communism, as the Viet Cong are not largely Communist. Their experiments with Communist reforms in the areas they control have had unfortunate results, and they have learned from this. Today they are careful not to injure that amount of capitalism necessary to support the economy.

The Viet Cong have had a very bad press in America and little is known about them. They have been caught between the ambitious expansionism of North Vietnam and the misguided machinations of the United States. Our picture of them as a North Vietnamese Communist "front" organization is directly traceable to unsubstantiated Defense Department news releases. If anyone can quote sources—captured V.C. prisoners or documents—supporting the notion that the Viet Cong are predominantly Communist and ruled by Hanoi, I think the American public is entitled to hear about it. I would be happy to offer \$100 if someone can so enlighten me.

Neil Elliott
Danang Press Center
Danang, South Vietnam

Toynbee would have us believe that the dangers of communism should be

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overlooked in the pursuit of survival, that mere existence requires ideological compromise. But coexistence with communism on this ever-shrinking planet is like the Moslem living with his cow on an ever-diminishing food supply—a rather poor compromise, when one considers that the cow is edible.

Richard C. Nelson
Orlando, Florida

FINE HERB

Herb Gardner's all-too-short short story *Guess Who Died?* (PLAYBOY, April) was simply magnificent. The plot was very true to life and the characters were real people. My husband and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Mrs. William Munch
Pearl River, New York

It is fiction such as *Guess Who Died?* that makes PLAYBOY what it is today: great. Bravo to PLAYBOY and to Gardner—and pass the bagels and cream cheese.

Arnold Stefanic
Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan

EXPERIMENTAL CINEMA

In the April installment of *The History of Sex in Cinema*, authors Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert mentioned Clifford Solway's *The Gay Life*. They said this film was "actually a documentary originally produced for—but never shown by—Canadian television." This was probably true when Knight and Alpert wrote it, but in mid-February the Canadian Broadcasting Company's public-affairs series, *Sunday*, showed seven minutes of Solway's film, including all the segments mentioned in your article. The film was quite interesting and proved once again that Canadian television producers are more daring than their American counterparts. Perhaps because Canadians are more secure or more mature than Americans, there was little unfavorable reaction to the film.

Ben Streisand
Montreal, Quebec

I am amazed and delighted at Knight and Alpert's most interesting and comprehensive article.

Shirley Clarke
New York, New York

No stranger to experimental cinema herself, Miss Clarke produced and directed the films "The Connection" and "The Cool World."

TOP-NOTCH

After carefully perusing each paragraph of *Scut Farkas and the Murderous Mariah* (PLAYBOY, April), I can only say that writer Jean Shepherd has had firsthand experience. As a longtime yo-yo performer and former world champion yo-yo player, I'm all too familiar with the unique abilities of the twisted string. Naturally, in my years exploring

the yo-yo, I picked up a top or two, finally reaching third best nationally. A tip of the hat and a flourish of itchy spike wounds for Jean Shepherd.

Bob Baab
San Diego, California

Bravo! Jean Shepherd has put on another show of genius. While *The Great Orpheum Gravy Boat Riot* (PLAYBOY, October 1965) is perhaps still his classic, pieces like *Scut Farkas* whet the appetites of his fanatical votaries. His stories are uniquely imaginative—and realistic at the same time.

Roger W. Hunter
Fox River Grove, Illinois

FEIFFERITES

I was especially delighted to read Jules Feiffer's *Loathe Thy Neighbor* in your April issue. It was as provocative as his *Hostileman*—of which I am a faithful follower.

Bill Karafel
Elizabeth, New Jersey

While I certainly enjoyed Jules Feiffer's essay, I'm sure he is aware that there is a vast middle ground between love and hate: indifference. Indifference may reduce one's activities, but it makes for greater peace of mind. I think I've become a stronger person since reading Epictetus and discovering the self-composure possible through indifference.

Carol Bachelder
Boise, Idaho

Who cares?

PLAY-OFF

To choose among the likes of Lisa Baker, Susan Denberg and Tish Howard is no easy task, but my vote in your *Playmate Play-off* (April) must go to Lisa. She's surely one of your loveliest girls ever—and that's saying a great deal.

Geoffrey Birkley
Yorkshire, England

Tish, Tish—Howard, that is. She gets my vote as Playmate of the Year—and I hope she wins by a landslide.

C. S. Burrows
Syracuse, New York

I didn't think it would be possible, but Susan Denberg looks even more appealing in short hair. Chalk up one vote, please.

Hal Smart
Los Angeles, California

I met Lisa Baker briefly when she visited Boston for PLAYBOY. She was charming—I hope my vote helps her.

Kenneth Olsen
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Tune in next month, when your votes and thousands of others will have been tabulated—and the winner unveiled.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Research into the mind-expanding power of the banana peel, the latest psychedelic substance to be discovered by the underground, had barely begun when the Food and Drug Administration declared that it was investigating this new yellow peril from the hippie world. For deftly putting the matter into perspective, our thanks go to Representative Frank Thompson of New Jersey—who, with the following speech, delivered last April while Congress was in full session, proved himself top banana among legislative put-on artists:

"Mr. Speaker, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration recently launched an investigation of banana-peel smoking.

"This was very good news to me, since I have been extremely concerned over the serious increase in the use of hallucinogenics by youngsters. Apparently, it was not enough for this generation of thrill seekers to use illicit LSD, marijuana and airplane glue. They have now invaded the fruit stand.

"The implications are quite clear. From bananas it is a short but shocking step to other fruits. Today the cry is 'Burn, Banana, Burn.' Tomorrow we may face strawberry smoking, dried-apricot inhaling or prune puffing.

"What can Congress do in this time of crisis? A high official in the FDA has declared: 'Forbidding the smoking of material banana peels would require Congressional legislation.'

"As a legislator, I feel it my duty to respond to this call for action.

"I ask Congress to give thoughtful consideration to legislation entitled, appropriately, the Banana and Other Odd Fruit Disclosure and Reporting Act of 1967. The target is those banana-smoking beatniks who seek a make-believe land, 'the land of Honalee,' as it is described in the peel puffers' secret psychedelic marching song, *Puff, the Magic Dragon*.

"Part of the problem is, with bananas at ten cents a pound, these beatniks can afford to take a hallucinogenic trip each and every day. Not even the New York City subway system, which advertises the longest ride for the cheapest price,

can claim for pennies a day to send its passengers out of this world.

"Unfortunately, many people have not yet sensed the seriousness of this hallucinogenic trip taking. Bananas may help explain the trancelike quality of much of the 90th Congress proceedings. Just yesterday I saw on the luncheon menu of the Capitol dining room a breast of chicken Waikiki entry topped with, of all things, fried bananas.

"An official of the United Fruit Company, daring to treat this banana crisis with levity, recently said: 'The only trip you can take with a banana is when you slip on the peel.'

"But I am wary of United Fruit and their ilk, because, as *The New York Times* pointed out, United 'stands to reap large profits if the banana-smoking wave catches on.' United has good reason to encourage us to fly high on psychedelic trips. And consequently, I think twice every time I hear that TV commercial—'Fly the friendly skies of United.'

"But let me get back to what Congress must do. We must move quickly to stop the sinister spread of banana smoking. Those of my colleagues who occasionally smoke a cigarette of tobacco will probably agree with the English statesman who wrote: 'The man who smokes, thinks like a sage and acts like a samaritan.'

"But the banana smoker is a different breed. He is a driven man who cannot get the banana off his back.

"Driven by his need for bananas, he may take to cultivating bananas in his own back yard. The character of this country depends on our ability, above all else, to prevent the growing of bananas here. Ralph Waldo Emerson gave us proper warning: 'Where the banana grows, man is . . . cruel.'

"The final results are not yet in, however, on the extent of the banana threat. An FDA official has said that, judging from the four years of research needed to discover peyote's contents, it will probably take years to determine scientifically the hallucinogenic contents of the banana. We cannot wait years,

particularly when the world's most avid banana eater, the monkey, provides an immediate answer.

"We can use the monkey as a laboratory, seeing what effects bananas have on him. The FDA says it cannot tell if a monkey has hallucinogenic kicks; they think not. The problem, I feel, is seeing the monkey munch in its natural habitat. To solve this dilemma, I propose the Peel Corps, necessarily a swinging set of young Americans capable of following the monkey as he moves through the forest leaping from limb to limb.

"On the home front, I am requesting the President to direct the Surgeon General to update his landmark report on smoking and health to include a chapter on banana peels. In the meantime, Congress has a responsibility to give the public immediate warning. As you know, because of our decisive action with respect to tobacco, cigarette smoking in the United States is almost at a standstill. This is because every package of cigarettes that is sold now carries a warning message on its side.

"Therefore, I propose the Banana Labeling Act of 1967, a bill to require that every banana bear the following stamp, CAUTION: BANANA-PEEL SMOKING MAY BE INJURIOUS TO YOUR HEALTH. NEVER PUT BANANAS IN THE REFRIGERATOR.

"There is, of course, one practical problem with this legislation: Banana peels turn black with age. At that point, the warning sign becomes unreadable. It may be necessary, as a consequence, to provide for a peel depository, carefully guarded, to protect the public from aged peels. I am now requesting of the Secretary of the Treasury that, given the imbalance of the gold flow, some of the empty room at Fort Knox be given over to such a peel depository.

"As with any revolutionary reform movement, I expect the forces of opposition to be quite strong. One only has to look at the total lack of Federal law or regulation relating to bananas to realize the banana lobby's power. We have regulations on avocados, dates, figs, oranges, lemons, pears, peaches, plums

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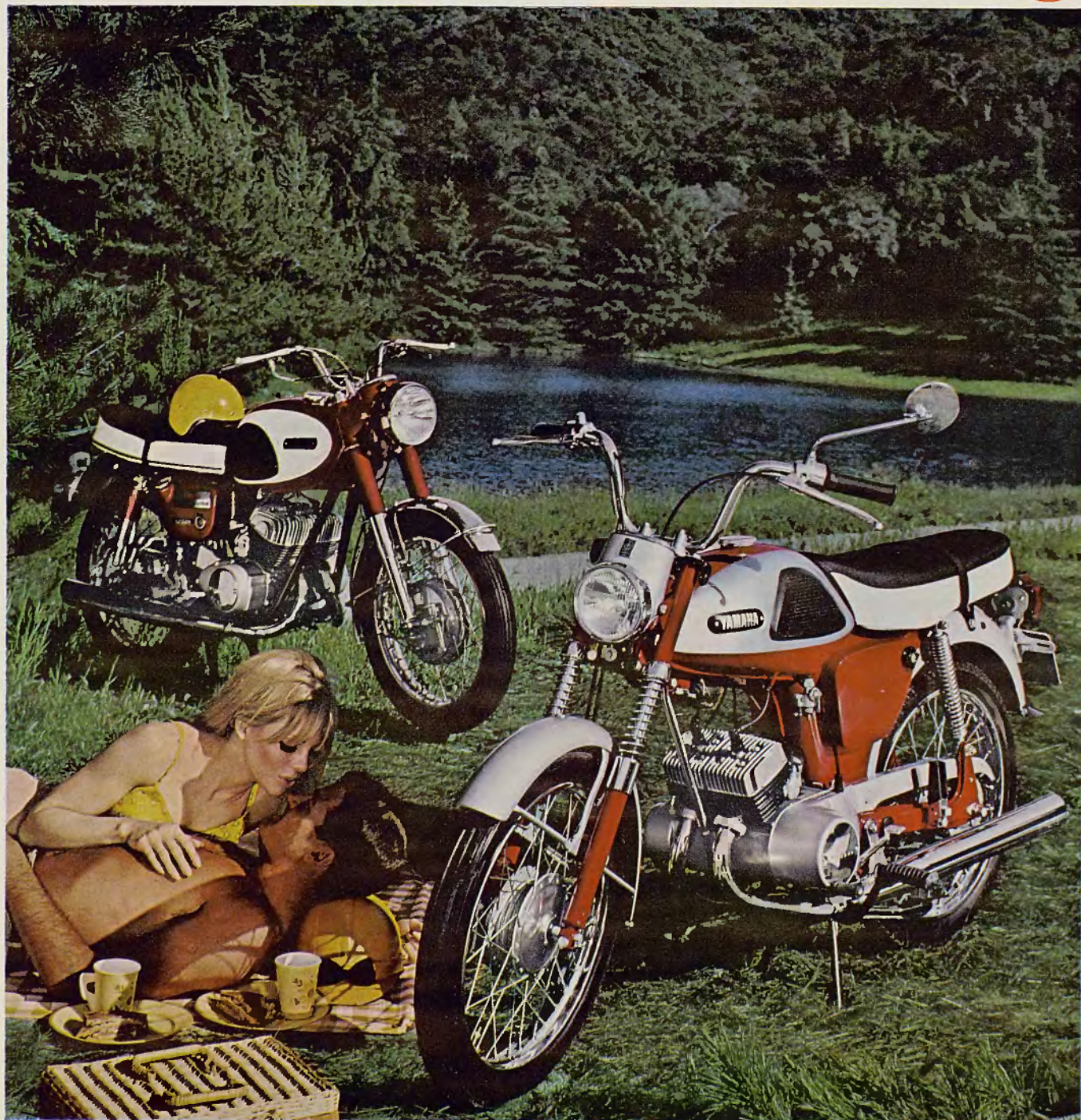
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and raisins. But bananas have slipped by unscathed.

"What we need across the length and breadth of this great land is a grass-roots move to ban the banana, to repeal the peel. Howard Johnson's can survive with only 27 flavors. And what is wrong with an avocado split? I will only breathe easier when this country, this land we love, can declare, 'Yes, we have no bananas; we have no bananas today.'"

Sign of the times spotted at the exit of a semi-automatic parking garage in the New York area: WE USE THE HONOR SYSTEM. DEPOSIT MONEY IN SLOT. YOUR LICENSE NUMBER IS RECORDED.

Attention, exchange students en route to Norway: Teachers in Oslo, according to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, have voted that students there "shall not be authorized to enter classrooms in pajamas, underwear or in the nude."

This month's Touching Sentiment Award goes to New York City's Philatelic Foundation, which began a fund-raising appeal to members with the following words: "Have you ever stopped to consider how much philately means in your life? How many of your waking moments (and doubtless of your dreams, too) are occupied by stamps? The hours of pleasure, the fellow companionship, the relaxing thoughts afforded you? No one is lonely when he has stamps for company." But if he *does* get lonely, we might add, he'll always have postage for mailing letters to friends.

Who Said Chivalry Was Dead Department: A writer in the *Manchester Guardian* reports encountering the following instructions in an English book of etiquette: "When a Gentleman offers a Lady his chair he should engage her in conversation for a few moments, thus giving the seat time to cool."

Unsettling item from the "Help Wanted" column of the Fort Knox *Post*: "Nurses and butchers are needed at the hospital."

Police regulations governing Saigon hotels, according to *National Review*, reflect a charming combination of Vietnamese ingenuousness, French sophistication and American bureaucracy. Among them, for example, is one requiring that "Any visitor occupying a room must fill in a police form. If any other person makes use of the room, she must also register, whatever the length of her stay."

To whom it may concern: The following want ad ran not long ago in *The*

New York Times. "Experienced woman, unencumbered. For position in breeding kennel."

A Minneapolis judge, outraged by the sight of a man wearing a hat in his courtroom, promptly ordered the disrespectful fellow to leave—which he did, without protest. A few minutes later, it was pointed out to the judge that the hat wearer had been awaiting trial on a burglary charge.

Presumably for shotgun nuptials, a company in Cleveland advertised in *The Plain Dealer* that it was selling "Wedding Outfits, \$108.50, complete with cylinders, torch, cutting attachment, tips, regulators, hose, goggles and lighter."

Incidental Intelligence Department, Population Explosion Division: According to naturalist Uri N. Lanham, in a new book entitled *The Insects*, reproduction in aphids is so rapid that females are born pregnant.

THEATER

Trying to turn a movie into a Broadway musical comedy is about as upsetting to the natural order of things as trying to turn a butterfly into a cocoon. In the case of *Never on Sunday*, the attempt is doubly dangerous. Its success was largely environmental. The camera could lovingly yet casually show the colorful port of Piraeus, evoke the atmosphere of wholesome corruption and let the audience be swept away by the headiness of the ouzo, the lilt of the *bouzouki* and the Greekness of everyone and everything. All *Illya Darling*—Jules Dassin's musicalization of his movie—has going for it is Melina Mercouri, the throaty, sexy, larger-than-life star of *Never on Sunday*. Miss Mercouri is sensational. She may even be better on stage than on film. The fact that she can't sing loud, doesn't dance much, isn't called upon to produce more than two tears and pronounces her Hs like Ks ("Go home, Homer" becomes "Go kome, Komer") is beside the point. She is a *presence*, and the theater needs more of them. What *Illya* has lost is Greece. The show begins, imaginatively if somewhat precariously, with four *bouzouki* players hanging on a scaffold from the eaves; but otherwise the orchestrations and the spirit are much too Broadwouki. The Greek chorus line of husky men linking arms and clumping around the stage is souped up with acrobatics and plate jugglers. The scenery by Oliver Smith is not nearly Delphinitive enough and the lyrics by Joe Darion are touristy. Manos

(*Never on Sunday*) Hadjidakis wrote the score; and although it is a cut above anything else in the show, except for its star, none of his new songs tingles like the old one, which stops the second act cold. The saddest thing about the musical is that it gives one second thoughts about the movie. Could anyone have really laughed at such flat dialog or been beguiled by a Silly-Putty plot about an American boob scout trying to intellectualize a happy whore out of whoredom? Maybe what the show needs is subtitles. At the Mark Hellinger, 237 West 51st Street.

RECORDINGS

With every new LP, the Bennett band wagon keeps gathering new recruits. *Tony Makes It Happen!* (Columbia) should have them jumping aboard in droves. Accompanied by an orchestra conducted by Marion Evans and containing some of the best jazzmen in the business (Urbie Green, Joe Wilder, Joe Newman), Bennett applies himself with artful purpose to such superstandards as *She's Funny That Way*, *Can't Get Out of This Mood* and *I Don't Know Why*.

A fine batch of alto sax may be heard on *This Is Criss!* (Prestige). The inimitable Sonny Criss puts forth a liquid tone that lights up the likes of *Black Coffee*, *When Sunny Gets Blue* and *Skylark*. He's aided in his endeavors by a superior rhythm section: pianist Walter Davis, bassist Paul Chambers and drummer Alan Dawson.

It's fun-and-games time, folks. Tony Randall, on *Vo, Vo, De, Oh, Doe* (Mercury), has taken some of the all-time bad songs and performed them nobly, in the manner they deserve. Working in the Twenties genre (that was a vintage era for bad songs), Tony offers such outrageous odes as *Byrd (You're the Bird of Them All)*, *Lucky Lindy* and *Boo Hoo* (the latter as a Carmen Lombardo sound-alike). A magnificently atrocious recording.

Chet Baker has quietly drifted from the jazz bag to the pop purlicue, and one's loss is the other's gain. Baker's Flügelhorn, backed by strings, fills *Into My Life* (World Pacific) with good sounds—soft yet pervasive. *Guantanamo*, *The Ballad of the Sad Young Men*, *All*, et al., are easy listening.

A splendid trio of first releases indicates that the blues revival in England is still rolling along at full speed. In *Gimme Some Lovin'* (United Artists), The Spencer Davis Group performs 12 hard-rock numbers in The Animals tradition. Gui-



3684. **HERB ALPERT & THE TIJUANA BRASS**—S.R.O. The Work Song, Mame, etc.



3790. **THE SUPREMES** Sing Holland • Dozier • Holland. Love Is In Our Hearts, etc.



3759. **ANDY WILLIAMS**—In The Arms Of Love, Sand And Sea, Remember, 7 more



3734. **NANCY SINATRA**—Sugar, Sugar Town, All By Myself, What'll I Do, etc.



2430. **HERB ALPERT & THE TIJUANA BRASS**—Whipped Cream & Other Delights.

Come on in where the hits are!



3443. Also: I Wish You Love, Free Again, Le Mur, Martina, etc.



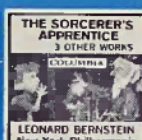
3655. Plus: Free Again, Nice 'N' Easy, Girl Talk, etc.



3679. Also: Strangers In The Night, Sunny, etc.



3818. Also: Miss Amanda Jones, She Smiled Sweetly, etc.



3782. Musical fantasy for the young at heart



3783. Also: I Can't Stop Loving You, Autumn Rhapsody, etc.



3888. Also: Country Girl, Old Devil Moon, 7 more



3735. Also: England Swings, Color My World, 12 in all



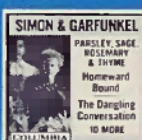
3872. Yesterday, A Lover's Concerto, Blue Star, 12 in all



3707. Also: If I Had You, Just Friends, Home, S'posin', etc.



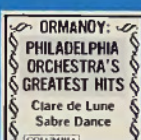
3760. "...nothing less than genius."—London Daily Tel.



3442. Also: A Poem on the Underground Wall, Cloudy, etc.



3827. Plus: Last Train To Clarksville, Mary, Mary, etc.



3628. Also: Cancan, Greensleeves, Blue Danube Waltz, etc.



3551. Also: Hurt So Bad, Message to Michael, etc.



3762. Also: Sixteen Tons, Bang Dang, The Lonesome Road, etc.



2875. Works by Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Overak, Copland, etc.



3816. Also: Mona Lisa, That Old Black Magic, 12 in all



2803. "Some of his funniest material."—Billboard



3648. Also: Little By Little, Loving You, Goin' Back, etc.



3766. Plus: C. F. A.—102, Time Between, Mind Gardens, etc.



2640. "The Mormon Choir sings like one voice."—Eve. Bulletin



3755. Also: Dancing In The Dark, Moonlight, 12 in all



3867. Also: Kansas, Hello Heartache, Do Me A Favor, etc.



2639. "The best musical score of '65."—Am. Record Guide



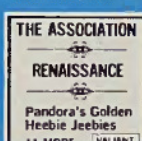
2276. Also: Kansas City Star, In The Summertime, etc.



3890. Here is a treasure for your classical library... this special two-record set counts as one selection only



3733. Plus: I'm The One, All Is Mine, No Fair At All, etc.



2214. Alborada del Gracioso, Ritual Fire Dance, etc.



3720. Also: My Baby, Get Ready, Don't Look Back, etc.



1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc.



3775. Plus: Creole Love Call, Black And Tan Fantasy, etc.



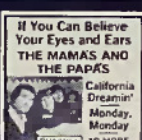
3618. Plus: Ghost Riders In The Sky, Gay Ranchero, etc.



2402. Also: Big Man In Town, Toy Soldier, Ronnie, etc.



3689. Also: Ben't Worry 'Bout Me, You've Changed, etc.



2595. Also: Do You Wanna Bance, Spanish Harlem, etc.



3870. Also: I'm A Free Born Man, Port Lairs, etc.



3513. All the music from Broadway's mightiest musical.



2414. Also: The Duke, Camptown Races, Trolley Song, etc.



3632. Also: Louise, Undecided Man, Good Thing, 12 in all



3615. Also: Swanee, I'm Yours, The Impossible Dream, etc.



1635. Also: Tell Me Why, Blue Velvet, Mr. Lonely, etc.



2505. Lara's Theme, What's New Pussycat, 12 in all



1645. Delightful performance of Grofe's soaring tone poem



3713. Also: Young Land, Happy Me, The Lights Of Home, etc.



3570. Also: One Note Samba, Berimbau, Tim Oom Dom, etc.



1044. Also: Rinky Dink, The Stripper, Take Five, etc.



3767-3768. Two Record Set (Counts As Two Selections)



1646. Also: Love Is A Bore, My Lord And Master, Autumn, etc.



1086. "Electrifying performance...overwhelming."—N.Y. Rev.



3712. Plus: One By One, I'll Be Crazy, Nothin' Yet, etc.



2402. Also: It Ain't Me Babe, Flowers On The Wall, etc.



3662. Plus: What Is A Woman, Walking Happy, 7 more



1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life



3676. Plus: Message To Michael, Pretty Flamingo, 12 in all



3477. Also: I Talk To The Trees, Pretoria, Cabbage, etc.



2606. Also: Live Wire, Quicksand, Wild One, 7 more



3675. "Stunning musical. Brilliantly conceived."—N.Y. Times



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3784. Also: Anna, A Lover's Concerto, A Felicidade, etc.



3789. Also: I Wish You Love, Who Can I Turn To, 8 more



3690. Also: I Can't Go Wrong, There's A Kind Of Hush, etc.



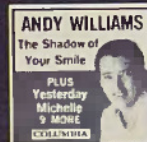
2673. Also: On A Clear Day, All Or Nothing At All, etc.



3751. Also: Work Song, I'll Be Around, 11 in all



2253. "Well done and full of good solid laughs." S.F. Chron.



2460. Also: Try To Remember, A Taste Of Honey, etc.



3774. Also: Sink The Bismarck, Rock Island Line, etc.



3595. Plus: The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance, 12 in all



2672. "The best musical of the season."—CBS News



2184. More hilarious reminiscences by this great comedian



3590. Plus: One In A Million, I Love You Yes I Do, etc.



1530. Greater than ever... winner of 6 Academy Awards



3719. Also: Circle, Oloros, Ginger Bread Boy, etc.



2396. Also: Do You Love Me, Bits And Pieces, etc.



1903. Also: In The Chapel in the Moonlight, etc.



3614. Plus: Michael, Sad Tomorrows, Sinners Man, etc.



2290. Also: Oorn Free, The Song From Moulin Rouge, etc.



3587. Also: Don't Keep Me Lonely Too Long, In Person, etc.



3728. FRANK SINATRA—That's Life. Winchester Cathedral, Somewhere My Love, etc.



3244. THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS—Cass. John, Michelle, Dennie. Words Of Love, etc.



3472. Also: I Need Help, Any Day Now, Oo Papa Deo, etc.



3747. Plus: Dear Heart, Yesterday, Unchained Melody, etc.



1012. Also: What Do I Care, Forty Shades Of Green, etc.



3732. Also: Sand and Foam, Writer In The Sun, Museum, etc.



3608. Also: Blowin' In The Wind, A Taste Of Honey, etc.



3432. Also: Come Running Back, Any Time, 7 more



2887. "The most fun since Tom Swif."—Wash. Sun. Star



3741. Also: Let It Be Me, A Walk In The Sun, 12 in all



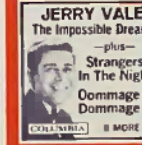
3555. Plus: Love Is Like An Itching In My Heart, Money, etc.



3786. Also: Sweet Love And Happiness, You Had A Call, etc.



2603. Also: King Of The Road, Days Of Wine And Roses, etc.



3670. Also: What Now My Love, My Foolish Heart, More, etc.



2852. "...a flamboyance which makes for excitement."—Hi. Fid.



3731. Plus: Weight Of Your Words, Two Rooms, The Visit, etc.



2346. Also: Once Upon A Time, Don't Wait Too Long, etc.



3755. Also: White Lightnin', Ain't Gonna Lie, 12 in all



2418. Plus: Green, Green; We'll Sing In The Sunshine, etc.



3366. Also: Set Me Free, Dedicated Follow-Off Fashion, etc.



3674. "The most entertaining evening in town."—Cue Mag.



3455. Also: Sometime Lovin', The King Of Names, 12 in all

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tarist/vocalist Davis and vocalist/multi-instrumentalist Steve Winwood belt out their hit version of *Gimme Some Lovin'* and the classic *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out*. Nine of the numbers were penned by members of the group. John Mayall's *Blues Breakers* (London), featuring Mayall on vocals, piano, organ and harmonica, and former Yardbird Eric Clapton on guitar, demonstrates again that the British have an uncanny and unaccountable grasp of the musical idiom of the urban American Negro. Here, too, many of the tunes are originals, but the group also takes on such varied fare as Ray Charles' *What'd I Say* and Mose Allison's *Parchman Farm*. These are impressive pressings. The most impressive, however, may be an etching with the unlikely title of *The All Happening Zoot Money's Big Roll Band at Klook's Kleek* (Epic). Despite the hokey packaging, this is a topflight album in the James Brown tradition. Zoot Money's Big Roll Band wraps varied instrumentation (guitars, saxes, flutes) around the blues vocals by Money and sideman Paul Williams.

The mood is mainly upbeat on *Miles Smiles* (Columbia), limned by the Miles Davis Quintet. Pushed by their charging drummer, Tony Williams, and bassist Ron Carter, Davis, tenor man Wayne Shorter and pianist Herbie Hancock plunge forthrightly into the fray; and it's devil take the hindmost. For those who picture Miles as a two-dimensional, introspectively muted trumpet man, this LP will be a revelation.

It's all there in *Ray Charles / A Man and His Soul* (ABC). The two-LP album reprises the songs that have accompanied Charles on his ascendancy to the summit of soul—*Busted*, *Ruby*, *Cry*, *You Are My Sunshine*—in all, two dozen aural delights.

A remarkable girl is Jacqueline Du Pré. Only 22, Miss Du Pré displays a virtuosity far beyond her years as she performs the Elgar *Cello Concerto in E Minor, Op. 85* (Angel), with Sir John Barbirolli and the London Symphony Orchestra; and cello encores by Bach, Saint-Saëns, Falla and Bruch. Her tone is masterful; her technique, assured; and the range and intensity of feeling she conveys is marvelous (Bruch's *Kol Nidrei* is a consummate case in point).

Lana Cantrell's first LP, *And Then There Was Lana* (Victor), will obviously not be her last; it is an auspicious beginning, since it gives the young Australian *émigrée* (see this month's *On the Scene*) a brilliant showcase in which to display her full range of wares. Her voice has the capacity to belt (*Nothing Can Stop Me Now!*), to bounce (*Isn't This a Lovely Day*), to cry (*If You Go Away*) and to caress (*Since I Fell for You*). Miss

Cantrell's pitch is perfect and her phrasing is uniquely her own. Latch onto Lana now and avoid the rush.

MOVIES

A fine Georgian house by moonlight. Night sounds; somebody typing somewhere; a jet passing overhead. And behind the camera, the noise of cars passing on the road, tires squealing on the curve. Then, the roar of a car coming too fast, faster, a hideous screech of rubber on concrete—a deadly pause—and the screaming crash of rent metal and shattering glass. *Accident*. Thus opens a brilliant movie—the result of a superb collaboration between Harold Pinter and Joseph Losey. Pinter's dialog—an abrupt, wintry exchange of vagrant notions at apparent random—and Losey's cinematic control—cool, curious, deliberately editorial—fuse impressively into a sad, cynical argument that human encounter is accidental in all its forms and bloodlessly cold and indifferent at best. Every action of the plot is a betrayal, undignified even by premeditation or hesitation. Pinter's people simply collide and recoil, loveless. Nor are these cruelly undirected people the dregs of an upward-bent society. They are a collection of Oxford dons and their decent wives, of beautiful and aristocratic young men and girls. And all their crude crowding of one another is set against the best of England—the dreaming spires of Oxford; the great houses of England's affluent antiquity; the soft golden green of English summer. Two dons, a weary wife, an arrogant boy and a complaisant girl languidly eat and drink and play their way through such a summer day—and lay the basis for the fearsome tricks they will yet deal one another—then stumble boozily off to their beds. Despite the almost unbelievable cruelty that follows, the setting and the situation ring disagreeably true in every respect. This is a beautifully made film, beautifully acted by Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, Jacqueline Sassard, Vivien Merchant, Michael York and Delphine Seyrig. Pinter even wrote in a tiny role for himself, a parody of his staccato dialog out of his own mouth.

Nary a hint of save-the-wildlife sentimentality (*à la Born Free*) flaws the grisliness of *The Hunt*, an uncompromising work by 30-year-old writer-director Carlos Saura. Rabbits are the game, and Saura argues persuasively that the most dangerous animal roaming the planet is man. There are four in the long hot day's hunting party—a rich, callow youth and three former Falangists, now 50ish and out for a bit of sport in the dry hill country of Spain where they used to snipe at Loyalists. Although the political nuances

of the situation were sufficiently subtle to pass Franco's censors, the drama's grim implications about the roots of violence are plain. One after another—bloody, crippled by gunfire or flushed from their holes by trained ferrets—the rabbits die screaming, locked in dogs' jaws. Between kills, the director lines up his sights for penetrating close-ups of the hunters and catches the three veterans licking some livid psychological wounds of their own. With waistlines thickening and hair thinning, they are too young for their wives, too old for their mistresses, too anxious about money, sex and status. Before the afternoon is over, booze has inflamed so many ancient grudges that the chances of getting home in one piece begin to seem roughly equal for man and rabbit. *The Hunt*'s horrendous climax is utterly convincing, without sensationalism. Though he occasionally overloads his dialog with the message he means to deliver, Saura depicts mankind's casual brutality with such spare, clinical precision that pleasure-minded viewers are apt to respond about as enthusiastically as they would to major surgery. An *olé!* is nonetheless in order for a successful operation.

Everybody in *La Vie de Château* is foolish, mad, absurd and very, very French; and anybody who is susceptible to the charm of Gallic farce—which is to say, much of the moviegoing public across three generations—will find a good deal to love and laugh at in Jean-Paul Rappeneau's first feature film, set in a kind of make-believe World War Two. Among the ladies, it is hard to know whom to love most—the beautiful blonde charelaine of the château, Catherine Deneuve, or her termagant mother-in-law, the dowager lady of the manor, Mary Marquet. The men they dominate utterly are Philippe Noiret, the tattered end of a long and undistinguished line; Pierre Brasseur, a blowhard local peasant; Carlos Thomson, a social-climbing German officer; and Henri Garcin, a lover, drunk and Resistance fighter. There is even a funny company of German troops, ostensibly under Thomson's command but in fact pressed beneath the aristocratic thumb of the dowager mistress. The château in question, a crumbling Norman pleasure dome in the middle of an unkempt, sun-washed park, drops plaster from every ceiling and shutters from every window, but is an authentic heroine itself. Like the style of this film, it is a relic of earlier, perhaps better times, or perhaps of times that never were but are only dreamed of, when girls were only beautiful, old ladies only difficult and men only pawns to pleasure, whatever their official obligations.

Jane Fonda whines a lot, cries at the drop of a hat and never hesitates to take



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BOOTS

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unfair advantage. She also longs for the bohemian life and is dedicated to bed as the object of marriage. All of which roughly accounts for why she finally finds new husband Robert Redford *Barefoot in the Park*, hell-bent on proving that even a reasonable young lawyer can blow his cool when the unreasonable woman in his life demands it. In the movie version of Neil Simon's slight but sensationally successful Broadway comedy, Redford is covering familiar ground: *Barefoot* made his fortune in the first place; he was its star on Broadway. For Miss Fonda, however, it is fresh territory, and she stakes it decisively. It would be tough to go wrong with Simon's dialog; his material may be insubstantial, but his New York chatter is fresh and funny; and on issues no more profound than the altitude at which New Yorkers tend to live, he really knows his stuff. The principal joke in *Barefoot* is that, after an ecstatic honeymoon at the Plaza, newlyweds Fonda and Redford move into a sixth-floor Village walk-up, which nobody but themselves can reach without risking a coronary. From telephone repairman to furniture deliveryman, people make their entrances by crashing, drained of color, smack into the door-jams. Jane's suburban mother, Mildred Natwick, is the one who at first suffers most from the altitude. But it is the eccentric Continental neighbor, Charles Boyer, who ultimately sustains the nose-bleed. There is nothing even remotely important about this comic exercise—but it's bright with Simon's breezy contemporary talk. Gene Saks, a top-drawer shepherd of Broadway plays, has never directed a movie before, but from the high old hilarity everyone has here, you'd never dream he's a first-timer.

The London of *The Jokers* is the swinging London where fashion demands that one be overprivileged and under 30. Straddling several trends, this impudent crime comedy abounds with reminders that England's brilliant younger generation, lacking tangible goals, improvises life as an exercise in style. "Pity the great train robbery's been done," muses the elder of two brothers about town (Oliver Reed and Michael Crawford) who yearn to pull up their establishment roots and shake the public with some grand gesture. Just for fun, they decide to pilfer the crown jewels from the Tower and, through a series of inspired pranks, soon have possession of the Imperial State Crown, St. Edward's Crown and the Orb and Scepter. The snatch itself, a dandy sequence, is followed by an unexpected twist of sibling treachery and several droll glimpses of the monarchy in time of crisis—Queen Elizabeth's family has to cut short a holiday at Balmoral, and a newsreel camera catches Prime Minister Wilson in his shorts atop a rocky Mediterranean promontory "issuing a personal

plea to the thieves." What with visits to a London deb party, Sibylla's *discothèque* and other local recreation areas, there is an awful lot of sociological snooping—about to impede the plot's progress—but the tone stays crisp and flippant, thanks largely to Michael Crawford, one of the more nimble-footed light actors around.

The War Game runs only 47 minutes, enough time for the makers of what was originally a BBC-TV documentary to fabricate an international crisis that results in a nuclear attack on the British Isles. *The War Game* ran into trouble on home grounds when it was first shown, and it's not difficult to see why. It is gruesome. Peter Watkins, writer and director, plainly meant to turn over the underside of the nightmare; and even if he only partially succeeds, it is enough. The film is roughly divided into two parts: the first showing the events leading up to the catastrophe, the second showing the catastrophe itself. In attempting to demonstrate England's state of physical and psychological unpreparedness, the first part relies largely on a series of street interviews that are not unlike those phony-impromptu ads on American TV. The nuclear blast and its aftermath, however, leave nothing wanting in realism. The hand-held-camera technique, which is rapidly becoming a strabismic pain in the eyes, works here in dramatizing the chaos after the blast. Cool academic voices giving statistics alternate with scenes of scared flesh to drive the point home. The breakdown of civil order is effectively rendered by riots and police firing squads. Unfortunately, a silly invidiousness runs through the film. The implication is that while all nations are acting insanely, there is a special callousness to America's insanity. The movie runs down in power as the horror piles up. You feel that you are no longer being shown but propagandized. Propaganda or not, one haunting point *The War Game* does make: For pure unbearable, the roar of explosions and the crash of buildings are as nothing compared with the crying of children.

Aside from the names of a few characters, John Huston's *Casino Royale* bears no relation to any book of the same title by Ian Fleming. And that is not a good thing. For in an effort to debunk the glory of Sean Connery as 007, in what becomes an ever more desperate race for sources of satire in materials already grossly satirized, the funny men fiddling with this plot settled finally for frenzy. It was going to be very pop; it was going to turn on visual experiments, surreal, psychedelic images that hadn't been tried since Doctor Caligari opened his cabinet. Bleached out against all the fizzing color and noise are Peter Sellers, shockingly ineffective as a sort of plastic James Bond; Woody Allen, who gets laughs

here mostly because people start chuckling when they hear his name; and an assortment of beautiful women who, in the peach-colored light, lose all their distinguishing features. Ursula Andress, Joanna Pettet, Daliah Lavi; it's all one here. Orson Welles, who now seems content to make a living playing bit parts as an obese old man sitting down, plays Le Chiffre, the baccarat champ, just that way; and there is a gallery of grotesque cameo appearances—William Holden, Charles Boyer, Kurt Kasznar, Jean-Paul Belmondo, George Raft, even John Huston himself as (briefly) M. Also in this picture is Deborah Kerr, in something woefully larger than a cameo bit, impersonating M's widow—but to remark on the lady's performance would be less than gallant. It is only David Niven, as the elderly, retired James Bond, who betrays any real sense of comedy. His secret, and the rest of the cast should get in on it, is something called restraint. The light and color and movement in this movie surpass understanding, inspire wonder in simple men and turn their minds to jelly. See how the fantasies flow, dig the snobbery of inside jokes, marvel at the ubiquitous special effects. But don't look for acting and don't listen for laughs.

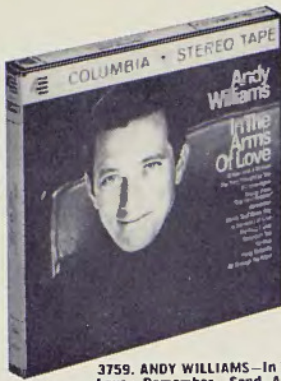
BOOKS

Paul Goodman is our most versatile (from poetry to city planning) man of letters, as well as our most provocative asker of radical questions about the nature of our society and the purposes of our lives. His newest book, *Like a Conquered Province; The Moral Ambiguity of America* (Random House), which consists of six lectures he gave on the Canadian Broadcasting system, has two main themes—the decision-making system in America and the rising tide of protest against it. In the first lecture, *The Empty Society*, he defines the way the system works—its tendency to expand for its own sake and to exclude human beings as useless: "Function is adjusted to the technology rather than technology to function." In *Counter-Forces for a Decent Society* (which ran in our March issue as *The New Aristocrats*), he speaks of the heartening civil-libertarian direction of the current Supreme Court and the quality of today's dissident young. *The Morality of Scientific Technology*, the third lecture, warns that "the organization of recent scientific technology has, by and large, moved away from the traditional research autonomy of science . . . and under political, military and economic control." In *Urbanization and Rural Reconstruction*, Goodman illustrates how the system's approach to urbanization has been mindlessly careless of social costs "and even money costs." Among his solutions is the revitalization of rural areas to provide an alternative way of

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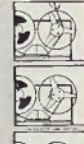
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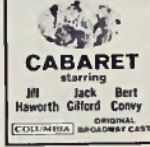
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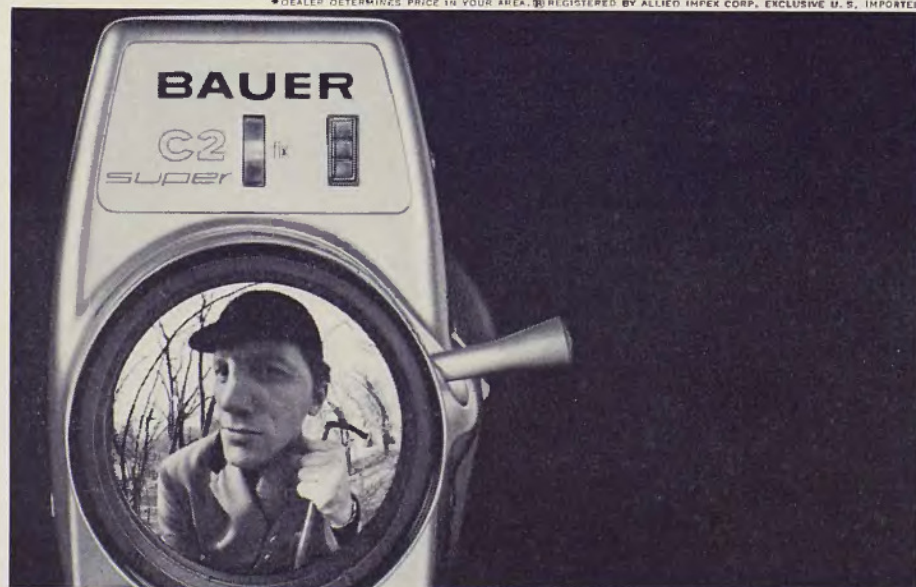
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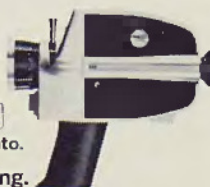
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life for many now trapped in the cities. *The Psychology of Being Powerless*, the fifth lecture, differentiates between the ways in which various sections of the society react to their inability to govern their own lives. Those in the middle class, for instance, "retreat to their families and to the consumer goods—areas in which they still have some power and choice." And finally, Goodman asks, *Is American Democracy Viable?* He hopes so, citing his conviction that the *abiding* American tradition "is pluralist, populist and libertarian, while the Establishment is monolithic, mandarin and managed." But Goodman's hope of that tradition's regaining control is uncertain. Accordingly, he ends by warning his Canadian listeners, "For our sake, as well as your own, be wary of us."

Hot or cool, the short story has become a vanishing medium. A collection by a name author usually represents nothing more than some funny or unfunny things that occurred to him on the way to his next novel. But anything from the polished pen of Graham Greene has to be read with respect: Few writers in any métier rival him in artful skill or sullen craft. And though in *May We Borrow Your Husband* (Viking) much of the Greene is corn, it does include *Mortmain* (which first appeared in *PLAYBOY*), a comic gem concerning a mistress' well-timed revenges, and *Cheap in August*, a small masterpiece headed for the anthologies. This story alone is worth the price of admission. A *Tea and Sympathy*-style British faculty wife, nearing the rough shores of 40 and married to an American professor fitting Henry James' description of the type ("a man of intellect whose body was not much to him and its senses and appetites not importunate"), goes to Jamaica out of season intent on a holiday fling. But, alas, she seems to run into only willowy New York fairies and fat Saint Louis women. Finally, she meets an old walrusy American, over 70, who seems scarcely the answer to a maiden's prayers. But his utter honesty is completely disarming: He admits that he skimps along on remittances from his brother, that he is a total failure, that he is so full of fears that he is afraid to sleep in the dark alone. And one quiet night she gently gives herself to him physically, even though he had only sought her out spiritually. "He said, 'I never had this in mind.' 'I know. Don't say it. I understand.' 'I guess after all we've got a lot in common,' he said, and she . . . wondered afterward, when she thought of him, what it was they could have had in common, except the fact, of course, that for both of them Jamaica was cheap in August."

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directors could do worse than set up a task force to compile a definitive bibliography of the collected works of Georges Simenon—a task complicated by the fact that somewhere in the world a new Simenon edition is issued each day. About 15 years ago, it was estimated that he had written well over 400 novels, mostly psychological suspense stories. That would make *The Old Man Dies* (Harcourt, Brace & World) around his 500th. As less prodigious authors have been heard to grumble, if there were any justice in this world, it be just another piece of hack-work. It isn't, of course. Even Simenon's Inspector Maigret mysteries, which he wrote by the dozens, were far from routine. The plain truth is that during the past few years, Simenon has been writing "straight novels" and performing better than ever. *The Bells of Bicêtre* was the piercing interior monolog of a successful Parisian publisher recovering from a stroke. *The Little Saint* was a tender portrait of a child who grew up in Les Halles, the market district of Paris, to become a great painter. Simenon's new book, also laid in Les Halles, is about the death of a man in his late 70s after a scrimping lifetime during which he built up a successful restaurant. Only one of the old man's sons, Antoine, worked with him in the restaurant, eventually becoming his father's partner. The other two had rejected the family business. Ferdinand, the eldest, had become a minor magistrate. Bernard, the youngest, had become nothing at all—an overgrown child, an alcoholic black sheep. When their father dies, Ferdinand and Bernard turn on Antoine. They and their women smell a legacy and they want to know where their father's money is. In describing this sordid family squabble, Simenon packs a phenomenal amount of human experience into 150 pages—the relentless passage of time, character erosion, greed and pettiness, and also simple goodness and steadfastness. There is no editorializing, no attempt to prove a point. The people and the events are simply there, quite humanly there. Simenon has an uncanny way of putting a book together—a quick scene, a line of dialog, a memory, a flashback, no big set pieces. The parts all fit together like a dream seen by a clear-eyed sleeper, always fascinated at what people can do to themselves and each other, but never surprised. Simenon has written still another fine book. Four earlier Simenon novels, newly permitted publication in the United States, are now available in *An American Omnibus* (Harcourt, Brace & World).

Cartoonist, caricaturist, essayist, acerbic satirist, comic novelist and playwright, chronicler of the great comic-book heroes of his youth and of the great nonheroes

of his adulthood, Jules Feiffer is America's public grouser number one, a professional pest, a man for all media. The Feiffer explosion has produced a mountain of wit and a pile of royalties. But success, and occasional failure (such as his first Broadway play, *Little Murders*, which was sharper than last spring's broad production made it seem), has not foiled Feiffer. His latest cartoon collection, *Feiffer's Marriage Manual* (Random House), is, as usual, skinny, soft, cheap and short—62 unpaginated pages—but packed with bite and bile. As PLAYBOY readers must know by now, with Jules, it is not just the tag line that matters but his whole world of awesome dreams, delusions, fumbblings, frustrations. In his *Marriage Manual*, which is not merely about marriage and is not a manual for anything, she puts a rose in her teeth and he dissolves in a paroxysm of pleasure, until she removes the rose and he recognizes her as Gladys. "I'll put it back, George," she says, but he clumps gloomily away. There is the housewife who is looped on drugs—a different one each day—then runs out of everything, drags herself to the breakfast table as herself: a prune in curlers. "Who are you?" he screams, "and what have you done with Dorothy?" Another husband has a secret identity. He is really Captain Marvel, but his wife yawns at him. So—SHAZAM!—he turns back into Billy Batson, "weak, inept and utterly contemptible. . . . Once more we're happy." In Feiffer, everybody flops, even Cupid. He sees a loveless couple sitting on a bench, shoots them full of arrows. They blame the pain on nerves, cigarettes, heavy meals. No one in Feifferland knows what love is, but they all want some. "Love your enemies," concludes the lady on the last page. "It's too dangerous an emotion to use on your friends." Read Feiffer. He's too dangerous to be ignored.

Suppose that in the years before Columbus sailed for the New World there had been a talented author, expert in the science of oceanic navigation and a firm believer not only that a New World and its inhabitants existed but that they would be vastly worth discovering. Suppose, further, that this gentleman had gathered together the key writings bearing upon such a voyage—navigational developments, advances in map making, shipbuilding, theories about ocean demons. What a treasure such a book would be for today's historian! Historians of the future who will be studying the Columboes of space exploration have been better provided for. *The Coming of the Space Age* (Meredith), edited by Arthur C. Clarke, combines fact and fiction, technology and poetry, history and prediction. One section highlights significant technical achievements—from

the development of German rocketry under Werner von Braun at Peenemünde and the orbiting of Sputnik I to a detailed review of American and Russian manned-flight programs. Other sections profile pioneers in rocketry, outline the uses of space expeditions and explore such beguiling items as possible alien life forms, how a calendar would work on Mars, the time-dilatation effects of light-speed travel, and means of communicating with extraterrestrials. Most stimulating is Clarke's final section on *Space and the Spirit*, in which he examines the potential impact of space travel on religion, and vice versa. If there is intelligent life on other worlds, has it been redeemed by God? Does it, indeed, need redemption at all if it has never fallen from grace? Has Jesus appeared on other planets? For futurians, Clarke's book will serve as a footnote to the history of the space age. For today's readers, it is the essence of what has been and what may be in our journey to the interstellar reaches. The prodigious Clarke, no stranger to these pages, is also represented on the fiction front this season with a volume of 25 stories (including PLAYBOY's famed *I Remember Babylon*), *The Nine Billion Names of God* (Harcourt, Brace & World), and hardcover reissues of two of his most satisfying sci-fi novels, *The Sands of Mars* and *The City and the Stars* (Harcourt, Brace & World).

The most agreeable aspects of settling back with anything by P. G. Wodehouse (see *Ukridge Starts a Bank Account* elsewhere in this issue) are, first, the comfortable familiarity of each character, no matter what his name may be in the work at hand; and second, the equally comfortable knowledge that every dire twist and threatening turn of plot will miraculously end happily for the entire dramatis personae. So it is that more than half the fun in reading *The Purloined Paperweight* (Simon & Schuster) comes from greeting old friends in new guises and from watching P. G. fiendishly tangle and then dexterously untangle the innumerable skeins of his sometimes woolly yarn. Anyone attempting to summarize a Wodehouse plot deserves what he gets. Suffice it to say that this one pivots on the machinations of Henry Paradene, the on-his-uppers owner of an architecturally monstrous manor house, to sell said manor to the American millionaire J. Wendell Stickney, an avid collector of 18th Century French paperweights, despite the schemes of his charmingly harebrained nephew, the romantic affairs of his lovely niece, the feckless emotions of a young man who rescues cats from trees and falls in love at first sight, the doings of a cook-marrying bill collector and—well, you see into what a morass we have fallen. Just as all seems darkest, Wodehouse performs his



Playboy Club News



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B.F. Goodrich

magic, uniting lovers, thwarting villains, dispensing largess. This is, incredibly, Wodehouse's 71st novel. And if the tried-and-true ingredients—the bemused dialog, the *non sequiturs*, the outrageous coincidences—bring smiles instead of guffaws, there's still a lot to be said for smiling.

"Three passions, simple but overwhelmingly strong, have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge, and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind. These passions, like great winds, have blown me hither and thither, in a wayward course, over a deep ocean of anguish, reaching to the very verge of despair." So writes Bertrand Russell in a brief introductory note to his *Autobiography* (Little, Brown). Lord Russell, now 95, tells us that of his three motivating passions, "I have sought love first, because it brings ecstasy," and that "this is what—at last—I have found." As for his passion to alleviate the suffering of mankind, he has, like all great men before him, been frustrated in that superhuman quest and in recent years has been led often to oversimplified anti-American outcries. This volume—billed as *the* autobiography—is actually a record of his first four decades, ending in 1914. Russell is disarmingly candid about his adolescent sexual guilt, his inhibited first marriage and his first extramarital affair, with Lady Ottoline Morrell, whom he objectively describes as being "very tall, with a long thin face something like a horse, and very beautiful hair of an unusual color, more or less like that of marmalade, but rather darker." At that time, the great philosopher was only getting warmed up for his more varied and finally more satisfying liaisons, and these early reminiscences are like a primer to what he must have experienced and reflected on later, in the region both of the mind and of the body. About this germinal stage he shows a charming frankness, and his brief description of the breakup of his first marriage is typical of his matter-of-fact attitude and the chatty style of his autobiography. When he told his wife, Alys, about his affair with Lady Ottoline, "her rage became unbearable. After she had stormed for some hours, I gave a lesson in Locke's philosophy to her niece, Karin Costelloe, who was about to take her tripos [exams]. I then rode away on my bicycle, and with that my first marriage came to an end. I did not see Alys again until 1950, when we met as friendly acquaintances." An opportunity to brush up on Russell's early writings on logic and philosophy is newly afforded by *Philosophical Essays* (Simon & Schuster), a long-out-of-print collection of some of the sharper thoughts of one of the world's sharpest minds.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Last month, a classmate fixed me up with a girl who he said was bright, good-looking and very liberal about sex. It all sounded too good to be true—and it was: Although the first two statements about her were accurate, the last was not. I made so many passes I felt like Johnny Unitas, but she sure wasn't any Ray Berry. She has avoided a second date, and I have heard from a mutual female friend that she considers me "the biggest wolf she ever went out with." The trouble is, I like her a lot and think that we could get a good thing going. How can I let her know that I was wolfing around only on the basis of false information?—W. G., Chicago, Illinois.

To paraphrase Dorothy Parker: Girls seldom take a pass from guys who lack class. Letting locker-room rumors about a lass' sexual liberality dominate a first date is, in most rulebooks, class Z. After this experience, you'd probably have to do handstands on the goal post to convince her of your sincerity, so we'd say forfeit the match and move on. In future date games, you would be wise to arrange a few get-acquainted huddles before trying to score.

My co-workers and I have argued as to where the largest gold reserve in the world is stored. They claim that it is in Fort Knox, Kentucky, but I believe it is in the Vatican. Who is right?—C. M., APO San Francisco, California.

God only knows. The Vatican's wealth is reputedly comprised primarily of stocks, bonds, trust funds and holding companies; but there has never been a revelation of how much gold (if any) the papal strongbox contains. The Federal Reserve Board estimates that 10 billion dollars' worth of gold (of a total free-world reserve of \$3.4 billion) is buried at Fort Knox. It is not likely that the Vatican can top this; so if you're willing to concede on the basis of probabilities, your co-workers win the golden egg; but if you're the type who demands absolute proof, don't pay.

I have been married for 12 years and have had a wonderful relationship with my husband, in bed and out. Now, suddenly, he is infatuated with another woman. One of the reasons, I think, is that he is an engineer and she is a technician who works as his assistant, so they share many interests that I cannot hope to share. For about a year, I have been listening with growing anxiety as he praises this "wonderful girl"; and finally, three months ago, he admitted he was in love with her. He insists that there have been no sexual

relations between them, and I believe him, because he is a man of great integrity. The problem remains, however: He is miserable and feeling guilty, I am miserable and afraid, and neither of us knows quite what to do. He doesn't want a divorce, he doesn't want to marry the girl, but he finds his daily association with her a source of continuous temptation, which causes guilty feelings toward me. What can we possibly do?—Mrs. W. K., Boise, Idaho.

If your husband follows Oscar Wilde's advice that the best way to conquer a temptation is to yield to it, the urge may come and go, like a seven-year itch, with no permanent damage to your relationship. This is a risky business, however. Because of the proximity of your husband's assistant and because of their mutual interests, the temptation might well develop into an avocation and should, therefore, be removed rather than yielded to. Ask your husband to have his assistant transferred to another department (or fired, if that isn't possible). If he sincerely wants to save your marriage, he'll agree.

A friend and I got into a discussion as to what the letters GTO, as in Pontiac GTO, stand for. He claims they mean *Gran Turismo Omologato*. Is he correct and, if so, what does it mean?—G. E., Spokane, Washington.

Your friend is correct. *Gran Turismo Omologato*, roughly translated from the Italian, means "supreme grand touring car."

I attended a boarding school in rural Maryland this past semester, where the only available girls were the masters' daughters. One of them attracted the attentions of both my roommate (a varsity wrestler) and myself. We had a friendly contest for her affections, which I did not win. He's no better looking than I, but—unlike me—he's able to dominate most social situations without much effort. This was only my first involvement, but I'm afraid of becoming a perennial second. What's your advice?—M. G., Middletown, Delaware.

From your description, it sounds as if you consider yourself an also-ran before the social competition has actually begun. Such an attitude will unquestionably assure you of being a "perennial second." It's possible you've acquired a dandy inferiority complex (whether it's justified, we can't tell), but it's just as possible that you're rooming with the wrong person. Before worrying about the former, we'd test the latter by finding a new roommate next semester.

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I've been considering buying a new diesel-powered automobile, since they seem to offer tremendous economy. (I drive about 20,000 miles a year.) For example, one manufacturer ran an ad that totaled costs—including depreciation, repairs, insurance, tires and fuel—incurred by one diesel owner who'd put 600,000 miles on his car; and they came to about four cents a mile. But, unfortunately, I've heard some ugly rumors about diesel cars. One friend who owned a late-Fifties model called it his "pet snail," because the acceleration was so damned slow. He also maintained that diesel fuel freezes in the winter, making starting somewhat difficult, and that the car's engine was as quiet as a concrete mixer. What think you?—M. Z., Detroit, Michigan.

We think you should put yourself in the driver's seat: Rent one of the cars for a weekend and check it out. Here's some information to consider before making a final decision: Several firms, including Mercedes-Benz, manufacture diesel-powered autos. Some people swear by them; others swear at them. You won't win drag races with a diesel (unless you compete with another diesel), but recent models are surprisingly peppy. Diesel dealers claim that the cars will start in winter if you add gasoline or kerosene to the fuel and install a heavy-duty battery and keep it well charged. Late-model diesels run more quietly than earlier ones; but, we hasten to add, a confirmed dieselite's idea of quiet may still seem noisy to someone reared on gas-powered cars. Depending on where you live, service can be a problem. Few gas stations pump diesel fuel; and to be on the safe side, the car should be taken to a dealer (or a well-equipped diesel truck stop) for major maintenance work. However, diesels can be run cheaply (fuel costs three to ten cents less per gallon). Also, the engines remain relatively trouble-free, since they have fewer parts to go out of whack.

A friend and I attended a performance of a play at which we found ourselves sitting behind a young woman whose skirt had become unzipped at the back. I thought that the correct thing to do would be to tip her off, but my friend insisted that doing so would only cause embarrassment all around—so we said nothing. What would you have done in the same spot?—J. S., Memphis, Tennessee.

We'd have tipped her off, feeling that any minor embarrassment caused to either party would be far less than the embarrassment suffered by the lady if the condition continued uncorrected. The method of telling her could have been as simple as asking another lady to pass the word along (that is, if you found the

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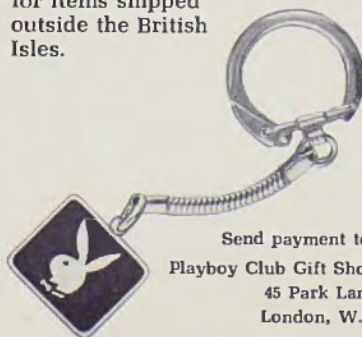


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disarrayed girl so unattractive you didn't wish to meet her); otherwise, the notion that even the most awkward conversation opener is better than none should have guided you to do the good deed yourselves.

While checking my baggage for a flight to Seattle, I was told by an airline clerk that my plane's departure would be delayed an hour. Not wishing to let a friend who was to meet me at the airport wait unnecessarily, I made a long-distance call and informed him of the delay. However, I was tempted to ask the airline for a reimbursement on the call. Would it have been correct for me to do so?—J. B., Madison, Wisconsin.

Although company policies differ, most major airlines will assume the cost of a transcontinental call if a flight delay occurs. However, the accepted procedure is to ask a passenger-relations representative to place the call for you.

My problem lies with my girl's stepfather. He's a gruff, boorish bear of a man who shows instant contempt for anyone who is not a White Anglo-Saxon Protestant. He's anti-Negro, anti-Catholic, anti-Oriental—indeed, anti just about every group I can think of. Perhaps I could ignore him better if it weren't for the fact that I am Jewish; but whenever I arrive at his home to pick up his stepdaughter for a date, he greets me with a supposedly witty anti-Semitic epithet. The remarks aren't vicious—in fact, he probably thinks his comments are friendly and good-natured. I doubt that I will marry this girl, so there's no deep social problem involved here; but what can I do to handle this obstreperous old guy?—B. M., Phoenix, Arizona.

You appear not to be taking his bigotry personally—which is wise, since he apparently hates everyone, regardless of race, creed or national origin. Although we think it best to ignore him, some evening you might whip out Disraeli's retort to an anti-Semitic parliamentarian: "Yes, I am a Jew, and when the ancestors of the right honorable gentleman were brutal savages in an unknown island, mine were priests in the temple of Solomon."

Not long ago, at a yacht-club regatta, I saw a small amphibious car drive across the beach and into the water. It then proceeded to put-put around about 100 yards offshore. Can you tell me the make of car and what country manufactures it?—G. L., Christchurch, Virginia.

What you saw was probably an Amphicar, a small West German vehicle distributed in America by Ranchero Motors, 231 Washington Avenue, Karlstadt, New Jersey. Write directly to them for more information.



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Please settle a long-standing argument among college students. What school has the largest fraternity system in the U.S.? —R. S., University Park, Pennsylvania.

The University of Illinois is all-campus champ, with 55 chapters; Penn State and Cornell run a close second, with 51 each.

Having been divorced two years ago, with custody of my three children going to my ex-wife, I've fallen in love with a wonderful girl. We've been going together for a year and I've never told her about my previous marriage, although she has been completely frank with me about her own past. We want to get married, and I want to tell her about my marital history, but I'm afraid this might make a difference between us. For one thing, it would disillusion her a little, since I haven't been completely open with her up to now. For another, my girl feels that when she gets married it should be forever, and I wonder if she might feel that the failure of my first marriage makes me a poor prospect. I know this isn't true; I would be happy spending the rest of my life with this girl and I'm sure our marriage will work. Although my ex-wife lives near here and I see our children from time to time, there is a chance that I can get away with keeping the whole thing a secret from my girl. What should I do?—J. C., Los Angeles, California.

Speak up. It should be obvious that your previous reluctance to talk about this was motivated by love for her and that your present effort to be honest with her is, too. As for her possible fear of marrying a man whose first marriage failed, you can reassure her with these words from Morton M. Hunt's excellent book "The World of the Formerly Married": "A growing number of psychoanalysts and clinical psychologists believe that human nature remains much more plastic after childhood than Freud realized, and that it is capable of change and growth even in the adult years, if exposed to significant experiences or to a new environment. It follows that marriage, divorce and [formerly married] life can importantly add to the individual's emotional capacity, self-knowledge and judgment, and that most divorced people should do better in their remarriages than they did in their first ones."

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.



PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

AMERICANS ABROAD this autumn will be laying siege to Great Britain; what with the Redgrave sisters, Twiggy, Donovan, and the myriad micro- and miniskirts, it has been another year when much of the nation's imagination has been supercharged by Anglophilia.

London, of course, will rightly receive the British lion's share of visitors' attention. Now competing with New York and Paris as the national capital most able to offer amusement at any time of day or night, the switched-on city is among the world's most multifarious metropolises. (For a tempting sampling of the city's attractions, see last December's *Playboy on the Town in London*.) As headquarters for your look at London, you might want to choose the town's newest luxury lodgings—atop the London Playboy Club, at 45 Park Lane. Five types of opulent accommodations are available—from spacious studios to a twin-bedroom penthouse. A terrace, roof garden and swimming pool add to the *ambiance*.

After several nonstop nights in town, consider day-tripping up the Thames by chartered cruiser. For just over \$100 a week, you can rent a 22-foot yacht and journey almost the length of this stately river—from Teddington west to Lechlade. The luxury vessel, which sleeps four comfortably, comes equipped with a modern galley; you're urged to order ahead for food supplies (stocked aboard by the time you arrive). Point of departure and return is The Bells of Ouzely, Old Windsor—20 miles west of London.

Landlubbers hankering to hie themselves out into the countryside would be well advised to consider a weeklong autumnal auto tour of England's historic pubs. Cost of motoring through either the west country or the heart of England is under \$120 a week, and the price includes rental of a good-sized sedan, six nights' lodging and full English breakfast and dinner each day.

Should you decide to free-lance it on your own wheels, head for Cornwall, on the southwestern tip of England—and a seeworthy tour of the nation's seacoast action spots. First stop is the famed fishing village of Saint Ives, Britain's quaint counterpart to Provincetown, Massachusetts. Saint Ives houses the country's largest art colony—upon which, each September, a comely contingent of British beauties descends en masse. Girls are always gathered at art galleries such as Penwith and The Steps, which will make your browsing here doubly delightful. With a new-found companion in hand, adjourn for dinner

to the Tregenna Castle Hotel, which serves up an amorous atmosphere as appetizing as its gastronomical expertise.

From Saint Ives, drive 20 miles east to Truro, near the British Riviera. The region's great coastal moors are dotted with ancient inns, some of which have been operated for centuries by the squirearchy. Chief among these is the Pondora, just outside Truro on Restronguet Creek, which has been pleasing wayfarers since 1260. If you'd like to sample the life of a gentleman farmer, put up at Court Barton; guest quarters have recently been completely modernized, even though not one of the farm's buildings is less than 500 years old.


Next, make it to Polperro, a fishing village as Italianesque in charm as it is in name; even the food here, as dispensed at The Quay, is superior to most English countryside cuisine.

At this point, motor across the island to England's northern seacoast for a stop-off at Clovelly, the swingiest spot in Devon. In Clovelly Harbor, you may feel like an amateur Audubon when you spy the flocks of bikinied British birds who migrate here from London. Devon was represented at this year's International Surfing Championships in California; you should be able to pick up a few pointers during your stay. Best spot for afternoon cocktails and conversation is the New Inn, in the center of town; while you're sipping leisurely, you'll dig the fact that motor vehicles are not allowed to violate the cobbled quiet of Clovelly's main thoroughfare, High Street.

Returning to the southern coast, you'll find the azure harbor of Torquay, overlooking Tor Bay, a restful and refreshing change of pace; virtually every British travelog includes footage of this serenely scenic spot. Torquay's beach front is lined with palm trees, attesting to the fact that it's the warmest spot in Britain.

Driving farther east along the British Riviera, you'll soon come upon the newly popular hamlet of Lyme Regis, whose pubs are packed with London's swinging secretarial set. When the girls are not gawking at the town crier as he performs, they'll be found in the September sun along Lyme Regis' well-sanded stretch of English Channel beach.

From here, motor 70 miles east along the coast to Southampton, where you can pick up a ship heading back to the States. You'll appreciate the luxurious leisure of a liner crossing after an action tour of Britain's southwestern seacoast.

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

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

SCHOOL PRAYERS

Apropos *The Playboy Philosophy* and your stand for freedom of and from religion, have you seen the propaganda for Senator Dirksen's prayer amendment? In the booklet, a presumably perplexed and prayer-starved juvenile is made to say: "Mommy, why don't they let us pray anymore?" The assumption is that Junior is pining to pray but that his day is devoid of devotional opportunities. Properly pious parents, it seems to me, can see to it that Junior begins and ends his day with prayer, not to mention providing numerous other opportunities to supplicate the heavenly forces—such as home meals, Sunday school, Christian Endeavor, Youth for Christ and the Y. M. C. A.

However, should the normal occasions for worship be inadequate from the standpoint of the abnormally devout child, a ready remedy lies near at hand. Let Mommy turn off the television for an hour every evening, thus giving the youngster an additional opportunity to get down on his knees.

William H. Fink
Professor of Economics
University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona

THE VOYEUR SYNDROME

The March *Playboy Forum* contains the tormented confession of an anonymous Peeping Tom. As a professional psychologist, I would like to offer several comments on this remarkable human document.

Some readers, recognizing their affinity with the voyeur who wrote the letter, will wonder about their own normality. Such fears are groundless. There is a certain amount of voyeurism in all of us: What man will not stop and look, if he sees a woman undressing before a lighted window? But few of us would go up to the window for a better look, risking arrest and disgrace. Only those, such as your letter writer, whose voyeuristic tendencies are so strong as to overpower the natural fear of punishment can be called seriously disturbed.

The irony is that a man who looks at a woman undressing is arrested as a Peeping Tom, but if a woman looks at a man undressing, he is likely to be arrested for exhibitionism.

I suspect that the answer to voyeurism lies in parents' allowing their children to

see one another undressed, as a matter of course, with no fuss about it. Obsessive curiosity would be unlikely to arise in such a matter-of-fact atmosphere.

W. Edgar Gregory
Professor of Psychology
University of the Pacific
Stockton, California

DEATH FOR RAPE

A "humanitarian and nonbeliever in capital punishment," Thomas Rogers wonders if the teenaged girl who requested the death penalty for her rapists will be able to sleep nights after they are executed (*The Playboy Forum*, April). If she isn't, it won't be the result of remorse. It will be because of nightmares resulting from her experience.

In our present society, with sex readily available to almost anyone who has the ability to seek it, there is no justification for rape and no possibility of sympathy for rapists. Rape may not be "the most serious crime there is," but neither should it be classified with robbing the penny gum machine at the local drugstore.

William T. Gardner
Cairo, Georgia

I agree with Thomas Rogers, who claims that death is a disproportionate punishment for rape. Apparently, so does Georgia Governor Lester Maddox. He has issued a stay of execution for a condemned rapist in his state and intends to ask for a referendum on capital punishment. According to newspaper reports, Maddox was influenced in his decision by two women. One was the mother of the rapist's teenage victim, who asked for clemency. The other was the governor's wife, who also thinks the death penalty is too severe a punishment for rape.

Janet Martin
Albany, New York

Thomas Rogers objects to the death penalty on humanitarian grounds. I object to it on pragmatic grounds. I would like to live in a peaceful community, and no sociological study has ever produced a single shred of scientific evidence to show that the threat of capital punishment has a deterrent effect on criminals.

As Hans W. Mattick has written: "The society or community that maintains capital punishment and believes in its efficacy as a deterrent to homicide may

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best be compared to a primitive and superstitious tribe of savages who credulously engage in a rain dance to produce the rain they need and desire. Their beliefs are erroneous, their activity is irrelevant and, when the rains come, they are results of entirely different causes than those the savages thought important." To have a sane society, a safe society, a society without continuous violence, we should give up this discredited superstition of capital punishment and begin looking scientifically for methods that will actually lower the crime rate. It is time we stopped kidding ourselves that druid human sacrifices and Babylonian blood offerings are going to solve our real problems.

Samuel Schwartz
Los Angeles, California

Rape, by definition, is an act of force, and the only rational justification for the use of force is in retaliation to force, to protect individual rights. Tell me, Mr. Rogers, just what act of force did this young lady commit to justify the act of rape? None. Her reaction to the situation—"I want them to die"—is rational and logical: force in retaliation to force.

You asked about the "rights" of these three young men. What rights? These men surrendered any claim to their rights by the act of rape.

M. Cordell Furze
Pierre, South Dakota

The April *Playboy Forum* carried a letter from Thomas Rogers chastising a teenaged girl who reputedly requested the death penalty for her three rapists and "got her wish."

I would like to reply to Mr. Rogers' letter by saying that this girl, my sister, did *not* say, "They should be fully punished for what they did. I want them to die." This was a journalistic fabrication; the remark was not made by her. I was in the courtroom when she was on the witness stand for three solid hours. During cross-examination by the defense attorney, she was harassed by his repeatedly asking if it were not true that she wanted to see the boys die. Her reply was simply that they should be fully punished for what they did. At one point, when the defense attorney again asked his repetitious question, she replied, "If that is what the law is."

Neither myself nor my family nor even my sister is in favor of capital punishment. If Mr. Rogers is the humanitarian he claims to be, how can he in all honesty say, "I wonder if this girl will be able to sleep nights after these boys are buried"? She *cannot* sleep nights and has not been able to since they raped her. I submit that she has been punished just as much as they have been or will be, and for what? For walking down a street?

Where is justice for her? Believe me, it does not lie in the burial of these three boys.

Barbara B. Stanton
North Miami Beach, Florida

"There's a hard law," South African novelist Alan Paton has written, "that when a deep injury is done to us, we never recover until we forgive." Most people hear of this law only in a religious context, which makes it seem a "Sunday truth" that no sane man would dream of applying to daily life; nevertheless, it is profoundly accurate, psychologically. Perhaps only the modern investigators of brain chemistry could explain it. When we harbor hatred and thoughts of revenge, we unleash poison throughout our bodies and embitter all subsequent experiences, from the taste of our bread to the sight of the stars. I recall the father (told of in Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen's *Pornography and the Law*) who, after the rape and murder of his little girl, wrote a letter to the press asking psychiatric treatment rather than punishment for the killer. Admitting that his first thought after learning of the murder of "the most precious thing" in his life was a desire for bloody revenge, this father went on to ask the community to rise above such a reaction as he had risen above it: "Let no feelings of cave-man vengeance influence us. Let us rather help him who did so human a thing."

This father rose above a terrible tragedy, instead of being conquered by it. One requires no sainthood or supernatural vision to emulate him. One need only understand that hatred makes us sick and should be cast away, while mercy heals us and should be held onto even when we suffer—or especially when we suffer. By contrast, the girl in the Florida rape case is preventing her own healing and perpetuating her wound by rubbing it with the abrasive of hatred. As a Christian, I will pray for her; but I will also pray for the three boys who were made sexually sick by our society and who are now about to be killed for their sickness.

George Bauer
New York, New York

The reason the three Fort Lauderdale rapists are going to die, as people familiar with this case know, is that they are Negroes who raped a white woman, not that the victim asked for the death penalty.

The Florida Civil Liberties Union recently analyzed the cases of 132 white men convicted of rape and 152 Negroes convicted of the same crime. The FCLU found that, of the 132 convicted whites, only six were sentenced to death and only one was actually executed—a homosexual who had raped a child. But, of

the 152 convicted Negroes, 45 were sentenced to death and 29 were executed.

Gerald Ross
Miami, Florida

HIGH COST OF LOVING

I would like to comment on the letter from a New Orleans prostitute in the April *Playboy Forum*. First of all, it's gratifying to have confirmation from someone in "the life" that the picture of prostitution that I presented in *The High Cost of Loving* is an accurate one. Secondly, I would like to point out that one of the final lines of her letter summarizes in a singular way what the book is all about. "Neither imprisonment nor Government control," she writes, "is acceptable to us as individual human beings."

But it's precisely as individual human beings that prostitutes are not acceptable to the rest of society. To their customers they are a faceless commodity: to the social engineer, a "problem"—something that has to be removed from the streets before daylight, like garbage or a heavy snowfall. Prostitutes are invariably thought of in the plural. They are never consulted on their fate. As a result, they have fallen prey through the centuries to sweeping, "grandstand" solutions that raise a lot of dust but solve nothing.

Prostitutes were the first victims of urban "removal," society's favorite way of dealing with inconvenient minorities. They were driven out of the temples (Babylon), into the streets (ancient Greece), into the suburbs (Rome), into bathhouses (in the Middle Ages), into coffeehouses (during the Reformation), into special houses (in the 19th Century), back into the streets (in the early part of this century) and, finally, with the advent of the telephone, they have been tucked away into individual apartments. But none of this frenzied trafficking has depleted their ranks even slightly.

Why do we go on with the charade? Why don't we go instead to the prostitutes themselves, as we are now beginning to go to the poor, and ask *them*, individually, as fellow human beings, "What do *you* think should be done?"

Lewis J. Baker, Ph. D.
New York, New York

COEDS AND CALLGIRLS

The recent *Playboy Forum* discussion of wives and whores is applicable to unmarried students. Our form of it could be called "coeds and callgirls." On any large campus in the nation, the pay-for-play principle is adhered to continuously. A fraternity man meets a coed whose looks he likes and he decides to get his hands on her. How does he do it? He buys her—with entertainment, meals and drinks, homework assists and other goods and services. Now, what is the coed doing during all this? She is taking all she can get.

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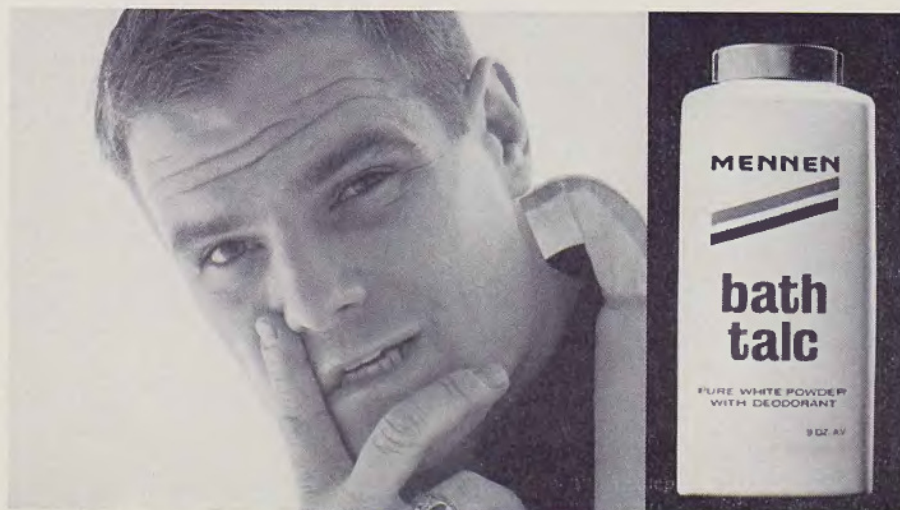
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G. Stanley Brown
Austin, Texas

LOVE FROM A STRANGER

In the April *Playboy Forum*, George Mejeas claims that all married men desire women other than their wives. Some women have an equally wandering eye and should be allowed to roam just as much. This was brought home to me by the experiences of my sister. For years, I had known that she was regularly unfaithful to her husband, but last year I discovered that this had been with her husband's consent. Any extramarital sex she has, though, is always with strangers. Every two or three months she goes to a motel bar, picks up a man who attracts her and, after drinks and conversation, they end up in bed together.

When she told me of this it seemed utterly sickening, and I refused to accompany her the first time she invited me. She and my brother-in-law later persuaded me to change my mind. I went along with her on two or three of her flings and, finally, with my husband's consent, also picked up a partner for the night. In the past year I have had, with my husband's consent, four attractive strangers whom I will never see again. As a result, I feel more womanly. I have proved that I am still attractive to other men. I no longer feel tense and frustrated from being cooped up. My sexual relations with my husband, which have always been good, have improved, and my love for him and for my children has increased. I appreciate family life more because of these breaks from it. An idea that was once vulgar and repulsive to me is now acceptable, and I am totally content with my new freedom.

(Name withheld by request)
Allentown, Pennsylvania

We don't think the solution to marital monotony described in this letter would work in a majority of cases, but the experience of these couples is an excellent illustration of the fact that each marriage is a unique relationship between two unique individuals.

CURING FRIGIDITY

I sympathize with the writer of the "Frigidity and Adultery" letter in the February *Playboy Forum*, but also with his frigid wife. With pain during intercourse among her symptoms, I trust that she has had a complete medical and gynecological examination and that the couple has seen a marriage counselor. We know

(continued on page 133)

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MICHAEL CAINE

a candid conversation with the soft-sell sex star of "alfie," "the ipccress file" and "funeral in berlin"

If any single symbol could be said to epitomize the breadth and bizzazz of Britain's renaissance in the lively arts—and the disintegration of its age-old class system—it would probably be the unlikely face and form of blond, bespectacled Michael Caine, a cocky Cockney whose forebears have toiled for more than two centuries in London's Billingsgate fish market. In two short years, Caine's arrogant, earthy portrayals of lowborn blighters, in such films as "Alfie," "The Ipcress File" and "Funeral in Berlin," have escalated him from obscure penury to world-wide fame and considerable fortune—and set him in the forefront of young British actors of working-class origin whose robust masculinity has shattered the screen stereotype of the Briton as a stiff-upper-lipped aristocrat.

Inauspiciously born Maurice Micklewhite in London 35 years ago, Caine was expected to carry on the family tradition by working at the fish market. But the rebellious boy, smitten by the acting muse as a bit player in no-budget stage shows at a neighborhood settlement house, dreamed of a legendary life just three miles, but many worlds, away—beyond the footlights of the West End, London's glamorous theatrical capital; and at 16 he left school, beset with visions of instant stardom. Reality soon intervened, however, and young Micklewhite found himself detoured and discouraged by the noninterest of the theater world in his acting ambitions—and the

necessity of earning a meager living at an assortment of odd jobs: as a roustabout in a tea warehouse, as a pneumatic-drill operator on a construction gang, as a washer in a steam laundry.

After a tour of duty as a private with the British army in West Germany and Korea, he got back on the track of his elusive muse by answering an ad in a theatrical paper and joining a small repertory company. Although he quickly proved his talent, his career became mired in walk-on stage roles and one-line parts in eminently forgettable films. And it almost sank out of sight when he was suspended from films for nine months for slugging an associate producer who started "pawing" him in a fit of temper. "I won't let anyone swear at me or put a finger on me," he explained succinctly.

Caine's morale hit bottom when, in 1959, his three-year marriage to actress Patricia Haines broke up; and his father died soon after. Following a lonely period of stocktaking and self-exile in Paris—during which he bummed meals, slept on benches and finally found his bearings again—he returned to England, and in five years chalked up minor roles in three dozen films and 125 television plays. Eventually, he filled in as Peter O'Toole's understudy in a Royal Court Theatre production, then won his big-break role as a foppish British army officer in "Zulu." Among those impressed by his performance was Harry Saltzman, coproducer of the James Bond films, who

had just purchased the screen rights to Len Deighton's best-selling spy story "The Ipcress File." When Saltzman offered him the part of Harry Palmer, the book's amiably insolent antihero, Caine accepted both the offer and Saltzman's invitation to join him for lunch at the exclusive Les Ambassadeurs off Park Lane. "It was the first time I'd been in a place as posh as that," Caine confessed later.

When "Ipcress"—and its laconic star—unexpectedly became a major box-office attraction, Saltzman tore up Caine's contract and told him to write his own. He did—a whopper. As the canny Cockney puts it, "In a capitalistic society, money means freedom." In the two years since then, Caine's memorable performances (as Palmer again in "Funeral in Berlin," as a cold-blooded Romeo in "Alfie," as a romantic rogue in "Gambit," as a shy, clumsy suitor in "The Wrong Box" and as a drawling Georgia bigot in Otto Preminger's "Hurry Sundown") have established him as a major international sex star—a status he accepts with diffident ambivalence. His earnings, meanwhile, invested in blue-chip stocks, have brought him within arm's reach of the freedom—and the millionaire status—he covets with such single-minded concentration.

Though at the zenith of his popularity—and of a nonstop shooting schedule—Caine readily consented when PLAYBOY requested an exclusive interview. In several evenings of conversation with interviewer David Lewin—at Caine's hotel



"I remember Frank Sinatra saying if he'd had the affairs he'd been credited with, he'd be talking from the bottom of a jar in a laboratory. I don't say I'd be in a bottle yet, but I'd be well on the way."



"Anyone who says money can't buy happiness is putting out propaganda for the rich. I've had 35 years of not having any money, and I would now like, in all fairness, to have 35 years of absolute luxury."



"I am lean—skinny, in fact—and I wear glasses; my appeal, if I have any, is precisely because I am a reflection of ordinary people. I'm sort of a boy next door—if that boy has a good scriptwriter."

room in Helsinki (where he was filming a new Deighton thriller, *"The Billion Dollar Brain"*) and at his luxurious new apartment near Mayfair's fashionable Marble Arch, where he collects recordings, modern paintings and, according to rumor, a veritable aviary of exotic "birds," indigenous and otherwise—he made good on his promise to talk about himself "more fully and honestly than ever before."

PLAYBOY: Your father was a fish porter and your mother a charwoman. Yet in a traditionally class-conscious society—and profession—you've become an international star. How do you account for it?

CAINE: It's just because my background was so ordinary that it happened to me. I'm an ordinary man, and the things that people recognize in me are not the things they expect to find in a movie star; movie stars are usually extraordinary people—the women with bigger busts, the men more handsome. I am lean—skinny, in fact—and I wear glasses; but my appeal, if I have any, is precisely because I am a reflection of ordinary people. You might say I'm sort of a boy next door—if he had a good scriptwriter. But I'm a product of my working-class background—not that we were ever poor in the sense of not having a roof over our heads or things to wear and to eat. But there was only one outside lavatory for everyone living in our block, and that isn't the best way for people to grow up. We were poor in the sense of not having any security. Every penny my father earned was spent, and there was never anything left over.

PLAYBOY: What was your home life like?

CAINE: I had a happy, very strong family life; and although I am a divorced man, I still have a strong sense of love for family. I'll have my own family and children and a wife again someday. Anyway, going into show business—which can be neurotic—didn't bother me, because I grew up without any hang-ups or neuroses. I'm normal to the point of boredom. I have weaknesses, like a lot of men, but no neurotic weaknesses. I don't even act out of conceit, but as a form of mirror; I try to do things that I haven't seen anyone else try to do on screen—the little things that people do in real life without realizing it, that are sometimes silly or funny, though they may be meant quite seriously. I set out to become not a movie star but a professional actor; and, as time went on, a good professional actor.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you've succeeded?

CAINE: Yes, and that's not conceit. I have been judged a professional by professionals who can act. I may do something wrong, but that's not because I don't know what I'm doing.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a star as well as an actor?

CAINE: At the moment, no. But I'm a hell of a high rocket.

PLAYBOY: Unlike Scofield, Olivier, Guinness, Redgrave, Gielgud and the rest of England's aristocratic "old guard," Britain's male stars of the Sixties—Burton, O'Toole, Connery, Terence Stamp, Albert Finney, David Hemmings and yourself—all share a working-class background. Do you see your success as part of the breakdown of the class system?

CAINE: Well, I'm certainly one of the lucky beneficiaries of that breakdown. I'm not only working-class; I'm ordinary-looking, I have a Cockney accent and I don't even have a voice like an actor's. I have a voice like people. When ordinary British people talk, their voices don't go up and down with lovely inflections. They talk flat, like me. The cinema today has become a medium of realism, and I talk the way real people do. And, like real people, I don't pull faces on the screen. A director will say to me, "When you see the girl, really raise your eyebrows. She's so beautiful." I say, "Why not cut to the girl, and if she's beautiful, then the audience will raise *its* eyebrows. Then cut to me and I'll do nothing, but it will look like I'm raising my eyebrows." The other day I was told that a director on a film set said to an actor who was making faces all over the place: "Why can't you do nothing, the way Michael Caine does nothing?" I don't know how he meant it, but I took it as a compliment. Yet I couldn't even have earned a living in the British theater of the Twenties or even later—except as a corny Cockney gangster or a dustman, like in *Pygmalion*. The young working-class actors of those days were forced to be caricaturists of their own class. On those few occasions when we saw Englishmen like ourselves on the screen, it seemed artificial, because it was a reflection of the theater of French windows, which had no room for young men—not just from our class but with our point of view, which of necessity was a realistic and practical one. The whole country wasn't represented on screen or on stage or in literature. I'm not saying the other ought to go—I love Noel Coward's plays—but I say there should be some representation of the other life, which, after all, is in the majority. My kind of Englishman has been around for 2000 years, except we never had the money to travel—so people abroad never knew about us. The Englishman the foreigner knows is based on a quarter of a million men; I'd like to point out that there are over 24,000,000 others of us just waiting about for enough money to go over to America and show you just what the Englishman is really about.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there is any correlation between the tenacity of actors and deprivation of background?

CAINE: For me there is. It's like boxers. There has never been a heavyweight

champion of the world who was an aristocrat, because an aristocrat doesn't have to go and get his nose smashed in in order to make any money. In America, actors have almost always come from deprived backgrounds, and now it's beginning to happen here in Britain, too—the O'Tooles and the Finneys and, to a lesser extent, myself. I've always burned my bridges to make sure I couldn't go back. And since in life you cannot stand still, I have had to go forward. To me this isn't tenacity or courage but an aid to a lazy coward. I never underestimate the bad things in myself. I can be lazy quite easily, and my cowardice is in not wanting to go back to what I was before. I put a stop to them early by working continuously and making it impossible to go back—because I had nothing to go back to.

PLAYBOY: Part of the life you left behind were the grim years you spent in school. Is this a period you'd prefer to forget?

CAINE: I might prefer to, but it's difficult to forget being beaten regularly, like a gong, for four bloody years.

PLAYBOY: Why were you beaten?

CAINE: I was considered incorrigible. I remember one report from my housemaster that stands out vividly. He wrote: "This is the most lazy, conceited object it has ever been my misfortune to have to teach, but I am sure we will make a laborer of him." And the headmaster agreed.

PLAYBOY: Were you conceited?

CAINE: I don't think I've ever been conceited—although that is a conceited remark.

PLAYBOY: Did you retaliate when you were beaten?

CAINE: Oh, yes. And I continue to retaliate, even to this day. I covet nothing and I wish nobody any harm; and if people leave me alone, I'm fine. But if anybody does anything to me, my retaliation is swift; and if it can't be swift, it's inexorable, because, if necessary, I'm prepared to wait for many years to win.

PLAYBOY: You mean to pay someone back for a beating?

CAINE: I don't necessarily mean anything physical; it could be a slight to my dignity. It's a Cockney thing, that; we don't mind what you do, as long as you don't take our dignity away. If you do, we'll get back at you with something worse than you did to us. I won't take anything from anyone at any time. When I was in school, they used to let the student prefects whack you, and I wouldn't stand for this. If I was to be hit, it had to be by an adult. The headmaster was supposed to be more intelligent and better educated than I, but the fact that he had to resort to physical punishment lost him to me forever. That's something I rather like about Harry Palmer in these spy films—this complete disregard for authority. This is something I share with

him. I will not take notice of people in authority, ever.

PLAYBOY: Was this true during your service in the army?

CAINE: With a vengeance. I found out why war is hell: Army authority is absolute. But it was an educational experience; it taught me what a fascist state is really like. There is no recourse to justice in the army, because if something goes wrong, you are defended and judged by the same kind of people who accuse and prosecute you.

PLAYBOY: You're reported to have said that if you were drafted again, you wouldn't serve. Is that true?

CAINE: I'm prepared to go to prison rather than serve again—except in one case: If somebody sets foot in England, then I'll be the first up. But I'm not prepared to fight wars in foreign lands anymore. I couldn't muster up much patriotism over Korea, which is where I served.

PLAYBOY: Were you a poor soldier?

CAINE: I was an awful soldier. One of the most terrible things I could think of was to have my legs shot off, and I wasn't anxious for that to happen—even for king and country and crap like that—10,000 miles away from London. So I fooled them. I did absolutely nothing; they never even knew I was there. I remember being in a platoon and the sergeant saying to me, "What's your name?" And I said, "Micklewhite," which is my real name. And he said, "How long have you been here?" And I said, "Three months." And he said, "Have you been on parade every day?" And I said, "Yes, sir." And he said, "I've never noticed you. What are you up to?" "Nothing, sir," I said. But I *was* up to something. I was trying to disappear. My boots and my buttons were shined to the minimum degree—just enough not to get nicked. And I did just enough labor to avoid the guardhouse. I'm six feet two, with fair hair, and he hadn't noticed me after three months in his platoon—which makes me think I would have been a good spy.

PLAYBOY: You were mustered out and returned home in 1953. Was there any opposition from your family when you decided to become an actor?

CAINE: My mother's attitude was, "Well, if this is what you want to do, then you'd better go and do it. Then, when you're a failure, come back and do what all the other boys do around here"—which was to peddle fish in the market. My family had been fish porters for a couple of hundred years, since the market began. But I didn't want any of that. I wanted to do something glamorous. Later, when I was an actor and waiting for a particular part to come up and I had no money to live on and there wasn't time for me to earn any doing something else, my mother lent me some money.

PLAYBOY: How much?

CAINE: Her life savings—around £200



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or £300. Her attitude was that if a son wants to do something, then you help him up to the hilt; and if it fails, then you all start again from nothing—together.

PLAYBOY: What was your father's attitude?

CAINE: He didn't like the idea, because he said the theater was a bunch of "queenies," which is a Cockney euphemism for homosexuals. The actors talked posh and they wore make-up, and that was enough for him. But he wasn't too worried about the fact that they were queenies—only by the fact that I wanted to join them.

PLAYBOY: What did your friends think of your acting ambitions?

CAINE: There were two or three kinds of reactions. At first, everybody tried to put me on—or, as we say in England, "take the mickey." And they all started talking like girls or tripping around like ballet dancers, if I mentioned it in front of a group of fellows. That was in the wishful-thinking stage. Then, when I actually did it, their attitude was, "Well, who does he think he is? How dare he be so conceited?" And they all went out of their way to ignore me. Some working-class people are the biggest reactionaries in the world, you know. Whatever I did, I couldn't win. The only one who ever encouraged me was Mr. Watson, my English master at school. He was a marvelous man who took me through all the Shakespeare plays. I was good at English literature and grammar, because I had an interest in it, but lazy at the rest. Mr. Watson encouraged me to be an amateur actor—at night—and get a good job during the day. Instead, I became an actor in the daytime and found *other* things to do at night, which didn't need an audience.

PLAYBOY: Do you keep in touch with Mr. Watson or any of your old friends?

CAINE: I don't keep in touch with anybody—not with anybody. This comes from my bitterness about the fact that when I was an unknown, broke actor for ten years, I spent those ten years on my own, and the only friends I had were not from where I lived, but other actors. From everyone else I got either the ill-concealed attitude that I was a Cockney upstart bum or a kind of reverse snobbery, like the unctuous friendliness of those who are overnice to Negroes, nicer even than to their own mothers. It was one or the other, from both working-class people and the so-called upper classes. So you can understand why I have a tremendous affection for other people in the business, because they were the only ones to treat me like a human being, to give me money for a drink or to buy me a meal. I used to live in those days on two pounds, ten shillings a week, out of which the government used to take income tax. Tax levies for everyone started much lower then. They took two

shillings a week out of two pounds, ten shillings. I have never forgiven them for that. I hate them more for that than for the tax they take from me now.

PLAYBOY: How much is that?

CAINE: I make around £5300 [about \$15,000] a week, of which the government takes about 95 percent; but even that still leaves me better off than when they took two shillings out of two pounds, ten shillings.

PLAYBOY: Now that you're fairly well off, are you a saver or a spender?

CAINE: I'm not a spendthrift, but I'm not a mean man, either. I live in a good style, but I have various commitments to my family. While I know you can't take it with you, I don't want the money to go before I've had a chance to enjoy it.

PLAYBOY: Are you a materialist?

CAINE: Very definitely. I know what the world is all about and I've had both sides of it—and it's better to have money than not to have it. Anyone who says that money can't buy happiness is putting out propaganda for the rich; it's utter nonsense. I've had 35 years of not having any money and I would now like, in all justice, fairness and decency, to have 35 years of absolute luxury—and if I can possibly get it, I will. But if I can't, I won't shoot myself. I'll shoot somebody else.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a compulsion to get rich?

CAINE: It's not a compulsion to get rich, but a compulsion never to be poor again. I want to earn a million dollars in the next five years, so that my average earnings would work out to about £25 a week for the whole of my life. I don't think that's being extravagant.

PLAYBOY: At the premiere of *Zulu*, in which you had your first big film role, your mother refused a seat in the theater and stood outside to watch the celebrities. Why?

CAINE: I fail to understand it completely, and she won't open up on the subject. When I talk about it, she says, "Have another cup of tea." I had the car and everything and invited her to come, and she wouldn't. I went, but what I didn't know was that she had come up by bus and watched me go in, from the pavement outside the cinema. And it was a cold night in January. I can understand why she came up by bus but not why she said no in the first place. And she hasn't changed since then. After I became a movie actor and started making really big money, I offered her a new home, but she kept refusing—I think because she thought I couldn't afford it. I've gone on so much about it, though, that she thinks I must be able to now. But she still won't move from the place she's always lived—in Brixton, a poor area of London. Moving my mother would be like moving an old lady from the Bronx to the best part of Boston.

PLAYBOY: Your father died before your screen success, didn't he?

CAINE: It's a great personal tragedy for me that he died when I was unemployed, had no money and my marriage had just broken up. He died when I was a failure in work and marriage.

PLAYBOY: Your former wife has described your marriage as "three years with no fun." Fair or unfair?

CAINE: Fair if she thought it. I had some fun.

PLAYBOY: Did she approve of your ambition to act?

CAINE: Only if I was going to be an obvious success, which, of course, at the time, I wasn't.

PLAYBOY: Did marriage have an effect on your work?

CAINE: I'll say it did. It's corny to say an artist must be free; I'd qualify that and say a young artist must be free. Well, at that time, marriage stifled me. I suffered from psychological claustrophobia. The worst performances I gave in the theater were when I was married—because you need to be terribly free emotionally to be an actor, and I didn't feel free. You need time to come to terms with yourself and know what you are about.

PLAYBOY: Is that what went wrong with your marriage?

CAINE: My wife wanted security. What she didn't know was—so did I. But if I'd taken a job I hated just to live with her in security, what kind of security would that have been? I might as well be a bum on my own.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't that concern put you off marriage now?

CAINE: Oh, no. But any way you mention it, I failed the first time—as a breadwinner, as a husband and emotionally. You name it, and I failed. Except as a lover. But that's not to say I wouldn't try it again. That would be like an actor refusing to work with a director who has made a flop picture.

PLAYBOY: It's said that you had a nervous breakdown at the time your marriage broke up. Is this true?

CAINE: It was a withdrawal from other people. Nervous breakdown is too serious a term. I didn't want people to witness my failure. This was another example of my cowardice. I just wanted to get away. I went to Paris, where no one would know me. I had about £25 and I lived in the air terminal, because no one notices you there. An American student who ran a sandwich bar used to give me some food to start the day off. You can survive on very little food. It's good for you—helps you keep slim.

PLAYBOY: Was it hard to find work when you came back from Paris?

CAINE: I got four jobs, one after another. That's the thing with this business. Just when you think it's marvelous, it kicks you in the teeth. And when you think it's a swine, it gives you a hand up.

PLAYBOY: Did you find it difficult to begin acting again?

CAINE: Not only was it not difficult; my



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acting had improved beyond all thought. It improved because I found things out about myself—a sort of strength that can't be busted, and that's a handy thing to have along on any trip.

PLAYBOY: It was a long one; but after five years and several hundred minor roles in films, plays and TV dramas, you finally won the part of the foppish army officer in *Zulu*. What kind of critical reaction did you get?

CAINE: My favorite was a memo sent to London by an American film company. It read: "Who was the limey fag in *Zulu*?"

PLAYBOY: Fortunately, there were more favorable reactions—most notably from Harry Saltzman, coproducer of the James Bond films, who offered you the role of Harry Palmer in *The Ipcress File* on the strength of your performance in *Zulu*. Did you expect the Palmer film to take off as successfully as it did?

CAINE: No, I suppose I underestimated the intelligence of audiences, which people in show business do all the time. We made *The Ipcress File* very cheaply, expecting, if we were lucky, to break even or make a little profit. I thought it would be a rather specialized movie. In the United States, it was the students and the intellectuals who started the whole picture off.

PLAYBOY: Why? Did they identify with Palmer's insolence, his contempt for authority?

CAINE: I think so. Like a lot of young people today, Palmer is a kind of lonely anarchist—very lonely and very anarchic. So am I—though I haven't been too lonely lately. But I'm still anarchic.

PLAYBOY: Is Palmer like James Bond in that sense?

CAINE: Yes. In addition to being lonely anarchists, Bond and Palmer are against government by big business. They believe in government by *small* business, and the small business is *them*. They are the judge, jury and executioner, should you come up to be tried before them. And they'll shoot you, based on their own judgment, without reference to anyone else.

PLAYBOY: Do you share this attitude?

CAINE: Not literally; but I *am* insubordinate like they are. And I share Palmer's style of ironic *non sequitur* humor—or rather, Palmer shares mine, since I added this element to the role myself. But Palmer isn't really me. And neither is Alfie.

PLAYBOY: Are you like Alfie in your taste for women?

CAINE: Of all the people I know, I am furthest away from him in character—despite the publicity I get always running around with girls all over the place. But Alfie didn't run around with girls; he ran around with himself, reflected in girls. My own thing with women is that I'm completely interested in them. Alfie is like a lot of young men today—or any

day: he's interested in how interested the woman is in him. Alfie is also very narcissistic. He was always combing his hair, and he didn't like powder on his suit, so he had a handkerchief if the girl had to put her head on his shoulder. And I could never make love to a girl in a car, the way he did all the time: My legs are too long. In addition to being totally unlike me—legwise and otherwise—Alfie was a difficult role to play because he ran through all the emotions, from A to Z, with the added distraction of talking to the camera, which is extraordinarily awkward, because your whole training is to ignore it.

PLAYBOY: Were you the first to be offered the part?

CAINE: All the scripts that came to me in those days had someone else's fingerprints on them. Alfie was offered to four or five other actors first: Terence Stamp, Laurence Harvey, Anthony Newley and James Booth. I got it only when they didn't want it. And Christopher Plummer had a crack at Palmer before I did, but he turned it down for *The Sound of Music*.

PLAYBOY: How many more films in the Palmer series will you make?

CAINE: I should think one more—*Horse Under Water*—after the one I'm making now. There's another Deighton-Palmer book—*An Expensive Place to Die*. It was serialized in *PLAYBOY*, as a matter of fact; but Harry Saltzman doesn't own it.

PLAYBOY: Would you refuse to do any more after *Horse Under Water*?

CAINE: If Harry buys them, I'll make them. I enjoy them, and I get plenty of opportunity to play other parts—tons of them. This film I'm making now—*The Billion Dollar Brain*—is my ninth movie, but only my third Palmer. It doesn't worry me. You see, Palmer wears glasses—and the other characters I play never wear glasses.

PLAYBOY: Sean Connery has played a number of non-Bond roles; yet he seems to feel he's typecast as 007.

CAINE: It's a different case for Sean. Even before he made the first film, about 5,000,000 copies of the books had been sold, and now it's about 40,000,000. So 007 was pretty well known; and for Sean, that's been a double-edged sword. The Bond films have made him a very rich, very successful man, but they have also typed him—and that's murder for an actor. Now Sean puts on mustaches and things when he plays other parts. Anyway, when I came along, I had Sean as an example; and I was fortunate in that Harry Palmer wasn't as well known as Bond; he didn't even have a name in *The Ipcress File* book. Deighton didn't call him anything. We had to give him a name for the film. There was no mystique connected with Harry Palmer, no hysteria. That came afterward.

PLAYBOY: Do you get a good deal of fan mail now?

CAINE: Bales of it, mostly for Palmer—although far more people saw *Alfie*. I suppose they thought Alfie couldn't read. I've gotten some crazy letters from girls in America. One said: "You are the greatest actor in the world, because your nose is like Paul McCartney's."

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the sex-symbol image you've acquired?

CAINE: Ambivalent. It gets me into a lot of trouble, but I enjoy it because it's helping to construct a new image of the Englishman. In America, the Englishman has long been either a bowler-hatted nincompoop or a guy too asexual even to be a fag. It wasn't by intention, but I *have* altered that image slightly with the parts I've played.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is the reason for your attractiveness to women, on screen and off?

CAINE: I've never really felt I *was* all that attractive, and you've asked me the question as though it were a statement. As a matter of fact, I grew up a very long, skinny, unattractive boy—a sort of long milk bottle—and it was a great handicap when it came to trying to date the girls. I was like the puny weakling in the Charles Atlas advertisements, and I suppose I still am, mentally. But now, only slightly filled out, that same figure is supposed to be attractive to women. So what's the point of doing weight-lifting? I've seen too many men die from an excess of good health. If I *am* successful with women, I suppose it must have something to do with my attitude toward them. The world seems to be full of men looking for a girl's shoulder to cry on. In real life—and I think I must give this impression on screen—I offer a shoulder for *women* to cry on. In a way, I have a Victorian attitude toward women—but only in a way. Those Victorians were pretty mixed up, you know; anyone who could faint over the glimpse of an ankle had to be mixed up. But I'm Victorian in the sense that I am always well-mannered toward women. I regard them as weaker creatures than I, who have to be looked after. When I was a young man and very, very broke, I never ever took a girl out until I could pay the whole bill. None of this sharing for me; I'd rather stay at home alone. Sharing negates what I am as a man: a provider. Any woman who is with me gets looked after; the decisions are made; everything is taken care of—but not dictatorially; if she wants to see a different movie, we see both.

PLAYBOY: What first attracts you to a woman?

CAINE: Her eyes. Who said the eyes are the mirror of the soul? I wish it had been me. But I love the whole idea of women. They are everything I am not. They are soft. Yes—soft.

PLAYBOY: And you're hard?

CAINE: Yes, very, although I'm a bit soft at the center. But I never ask for mercy



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nor give mercy to a woman in love.

PLAYBOY: What do you find most unattractive in women?

CAINE: Conceit, and using their sex for money. I don't believe in the myth of the golden-hearted prostitute. If a whore had a heart of gold, she would have sold it.

PLAYBOY: Apart from softness, what are the qualities you look for in a woman?

CAINE: The greatest quality a woman can have is respect for herself, especially sexually. That may sound funny coming from me, but it's so. I think a woman gets exactly the amount of respect from men that she has for herself. For that reason, I never go out with scrubbers. Scrubbers are dirty in body and mind and they have no self-respect. My woman, of necessity, has to be extremely beautiful, aware of herself without being conceited, intelligent and, above all—something I prize in women yet few have—she must have a sense of humor. Not to make me laugh, but to laugh at herself. It would be a marvelous thing to meet a fabulously beautiful woman who is intelligent and who can take herself unseriously. And I have met one.

PLAYBOY: Who?

CAINE: Camilla Sparv.

PLAYBOY: The actress? Tell us about her.

CAINE: Not any more than that. I'm like the Arabs, who won't have their photographs taken, because they feel they'll lose something; if I talk about her, I lose some of my privacy.

PLAYBOY: Do you resent the way your personal life has been sensationalized in the scandal sheets?

CAINE: Only on the basis that it's usually reported inaccurately or upon non-existent affairs. They don't hesitate to link me sexually with all the women I go out with—and with a few I've never met—but they never say *why* I'm out with someone. I may be trying to start a romance, but it's equally possible that it's because her husband is my best friend and he's sick and wants me to take her to a premiere. Or perhaps she's a platonic friend. I remember Frank Sinatra saying that if he'd had the affairs he'd been credited with, he'd be talking from the bottom of a jar in a laboratory. I don't say I'd be in a bottle yet, but I'd be well on the way.

PLAYBOY: Is your sex life that busy?

CAINE: It used to be. But not lately. I'm just with Camilla, and that's it.

PLAYBOY: Before Camilla, did you keep a lot of girls in your black book?

CAINE: Oh, yes. When I was 20, I wanted more girls than the next man. I had just come out of the army, where it is very difficult to take any girl out on a private's pay, and I wanted to make up for lost time. But not anymore, because that's childish, and I'm no longer a child.

PLAYBOY: What made you change?

CAINE: Camilla.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the relationship will last?

CAINE: At the moment, I'm with this one girl. We shall see how we get on, and either we shall get married or we shall part. That's all. It's a very plain and simple thing.

PLAYBOY: If you do get married, will it be an equal partnership?

CAINE: Not completely. I think I should be more equal than she is.

PLAYBOY: Is that fair?

CAINE: I'm not interested in being fair. Men give up liberty on getting married and women find security, so she has to give up something herself.

PLAYBOY: How about *her* liberty?

CAINE: Well, she has given up one thing for another. Love is the great incentive—not just sex.

PLAYBOY: If you decide to remarry, will you be faithful? You once said that the church's morality of one man, one woman in marriage through life was "a pretty losing game" to preach today.

CAINE: Wouldn't it be marvelous if you could find somebody to love and to want until death do you part? But life being what it is, what can you do? Sex is free for all, and the marriage ceremony was written when the life expectancy was 37 years. So getting married at 21 and staying married until you were 37 and died wasn't too bad. But take a kid today getting married at 21 to a girl he met six weeks before. Can they hold out until they are 97? It's not possible, this one-man, one-woman ideal, although I believe it's more possible for women than for men. I know I'm hypocritical about this and have a double standard. But I don't believe a woman can have sexual relations outside marriage without falling in love for as long as it lasts. And there's the infidelity. But a man can. A man is more animal and he can have a sexual affair outside marriage without falling in love. Otherwise, how come there are so many female prostitutes in the world and so few male ones?

PLAYBOY: If you get married again, do you intend to practice this double standard?

CAINE: No. It doesn't apply for me when I'm married: because however corny it may sound, when I marry, I stay faithful. Otherwise, what's the point in marriage? It's all very well for people to say it doesn't matter, because the wife doesn't know or the husband doesn't know. But the person who's doing it knows, and that's enough. And whenever you're seen with someone else, that makes the wife or husband cheap. If you need someone else—a new partner—then go and tell her it's all over and you want a divorce. Because marriage is like a house. If love is the foundation and sex is the roof, the house isn't going to be much good if the roof leaks and lets water in to rot the foundation. It's better to pull it down and start again. I believe in the double standard—but only *before* marriage. Sexual responsibility lies with the man. If

he doesn't know how, he'd better go out and get some practice. You've really got to know what you're doing; otherwise, she'll be off with the milkman. I really believe that no man should be a virgin at marriage—but every woman should.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, if every woman were a virgin at marriage, it would be difficult for every man—or *any* man—to get premarital experience.

CAINE: Fortunately, not everyone takes my advice. I try to make other people's failings work for me. I know—I'm being hypocritical and I have this complete double standard. Well, so be it. I'm a creature of contradictions.

PLAYBOY: How do you plan to reconcile these contradictions for your daughter when she grows up and begins dating? Will you advise her to remain a virgin until marriage?

CAINE: Absolutely. There'll be bloody hell to pay if she doesn't. I don't want her growing up promiscuous and having affairs at 17 or 18 and thinking it's all a lot of fun. By 25, those girls are alone with a gas oven in Earls Court. I know that losing a girl's virginity doesn't mean she would become promiscuous, but it could start that way. Anyway, for religious reasons, I would want my daughter to be a virgin until she married.

PLAYBOY: But many theologians no longer insist on virginity. In any case, are you so religious?

CAINE: It's not what theologians say; it's what *I* say. As for being religious myself—yes, I am, but not in a pious way.

PLAYBOY: Who are the girls *you've* made love to supposed to marry?

CAINE: I'm not concerned about them.

PLAYBOY: Would you want your daughter to treat men as you treat women?

CAINE: I would want her to be treated by men with courtesy and consideration, but I don't think a woman should "treat" men, in any sense of the word. That presupposes some set rule. I would want something spontaneous; you can't "treat" someone if you're spontaneous. I would like her natural respect for men to be what she would expect from them.

PLAYBOY: What would you expect of a son-in-law?

CAINE: Respect for her, love for her and an ability to provide for her.

PLAYBOY: But not virginity?

CAINE: Her, yes; him, no.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't this create problems during an engagement?

CAINE: Of course it could, but I don't believe in engagements. Engagements are public-relations stunts for jewelers to sell rings. Either you love a woman enough to marry her or you don't. But you can't get married as a man without having had previous sexual experience.

PLAYBOY: Did you, before your first marriage?

CAINE: I lost my virginity when I was 15 with an older woman in a park. She invited me and I accepted. She was

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very understanding and nice about it, because, although she satisfied me, I couldn't satisfy her; I didn't know the first thing about it then. After that, I couldn't get anybody else for two years, and two years is a long time, especially when you don't have any TV in the evening. That's when I went home and looked at myself and said, "You'll have to learn how to chat up the birds if you're going to get any, Michael. You're going to have to be a talker. It's no good standing in the corner of the room and waiting for them to come and grab you, because they won't." So that's what I became. Promiscuous. Promiscuous? No, I'm not promiscuous. But I did become a bit of a lad when I came out of the army at 20, because, as I said, I tried to increase the list. Then I realized that's impossible, and so I became a romancer. That's what I am—a great romancer—not a libertine.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't it be fair to say, though, that sex plays a central role in your life?

CAINE: Well, I prefer it to watching TV. But it's not all that important to me: It would be important only if I wasn't getting any. It's like money. Money's not important if you have it; but it becomes enormously important if you don't.

PLAYBOY: How much emotional involvement do you think there should be before one makes love?

CAINE: That depends on how old you are or how drunk you are.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever told a girl you loved her in order to get into bed with her?

CAINE: Never.

PLAYBOY: If you promised marriage to one girl, would you stay out of bed with another?

CAINE: I have never promised marriage, so I have no frame of reference. Either I got married or I didn't. When I was married, I was faithful.

PLAYBOY: You wouldn't promise marriage if you didn't mean it?

CAINE: If I promised, I'd mean it. A promise is like buying something, which is why I've never been with a prostitute and never will.

PLAYBOY: How long could you—or would you—go out with a girl without making love to her?

CAINE: Depends what I thought of her. If I went out in the first place just to make love, then one night. If I liked the girl very much, I'd probably get bored after two weeks. But if I was madly in love with her, it wouldn't matter to me how long I waited. I'd have someone else in the meantime, of course—but that would be *her* fault, wouldn't it?

PLAYBOY: Has any woman ever said no to you?

CAINE: Yes. Several.

PLAYBOY: Do you accept rejection easily?

CAINE: Immediately. I don't argue about it—and I never ask again. Mind you,

there is a certain kind of rejection where she says no but means, "Would you like to come in for coffee?" But there's also the kind of no where she slams the door in your face. You can't make love through a shut door.

PLAYBOY: If you really wanted someone, would you take no for an answer?

CAINE: Yes. Life is too short to fight losing battles. I don't believe in the old-time maxim that if you woo a woman long enough, you'll get her. Today, if you woo a woman long enough and in the end you do get her, you'll find you didn't want her in the first place. And you'll have missed all the others.

PLAYBOY: As a rule, how long do your relationships last?

CAINE: About three years.

PLAYBOY: Do they tend to be violent, tranquil or passionate?

CAINE: All three.

PLAYBOY: Why did you say you end your affairs "with an ax and give the girl her passport"?

CAINE: I can't stand the long-drawn-out thing. I've tried it that way and it's like tearing people from limb to limb. To do it slowly is much, much worse. Of course, you can't end an affair without inflicting *some* pain, but it's minimal if it's done quickly and cleanly.

PLAYBOY: Are your motives always so magnanimous?

CAINE: Probably not. I suppose it's cowardice, really—or selfishness. But if you want to know the truth, there has never been a woman I really wanted to leave.

PLAYBOY: Then why do you leave them?

CAINE: If you're a nice fellow, people start taking liberties. If you settle down to a long relationship, the woman one day will start ordering you around. She thinks, "I've got him." The day a woman thinks she has got me, that's the day she has lost me. I just let people be natural with me and I never tell them what I like or dislike, and then I know exactly what they really feel. That way you find out the truth. That's what I do with women. I let them be themselves and I watch them and I'm as tame as a mouse. Then one day they say, "Darling, would you make the tea?" and I make the tea and throw the bloody lot all over them and tell them to get out.

PLAYBOY: You haven't literally done that, have you?

CAINE: Practically every time—if not literally, then metaphorically. I just wait for that one order that says, "I've got you where I want you," and that's the end of it. And suitcases go out of the window. I can't remember a romance I've ended where suitcases didn't go out the window.

PLAYBOY: Since you're still going with her, Camilla Sparv obviously isn't taking you for granted.

CAINE: I don't know, but I'm watching. I shall find out as sure as God made little apples. And He did.

PLAYBOY: Apart from Camilla, do you have any close friends in show business?

CAINE: Most of my close friends are in the business. Surprisingly enough, I'm very close to my agent and my producer, Harry Saltzman, and not because of business—although I met them through business. My other close friends are John Barry, who writes the music for the Bond films; and Terence Stamp, who is my oldest friend. Our interests and backgrounds are the same. And my brother Stanley, who is tremendously loyal.

PLAYBOY: With the exception of your brother, do you ever find yourself questioning these relationships, wondering if they would still be your friends if you weren't a well-known movie star?

CAINE: No, because I don't become close with anyone for a long time and until I know I can trust him. The only thing that worries me with old friends like Terry Stamp and John Barry is the reverse: whether they'll still be friends with me despite my success. They might drop me; that's the only worry I've ever had.

PLAYBOY: Stamp is your ex-roommate as well as a fellow actor. Is there any rivalry between you?

CAINE: Never. Terry was successful before I was; and the thing between us is that when a part came up where the choice was between him and me, I know he would have turned it down because the only other choice was me. He knew because he was successful he could get something else and I couldn't.

PLAYBOY: Have you acquired an entourage of hangers-on since you became a star?

CAINE: No. It might look like it when I pick up the bill, because some of my friends don't have any money. But what people don't know is that five years ago *they* picked up the bill because *I* had no money. I know who the hangers-on would be; and although I regard myself as a sensitive man, I can be as hard as nails when I sense that sort of thing. Then shutters come down and alarm bells go off.

PLAYBOY: Apart from socializing with friends, how do you spend your free time?

CAINE: Living the good life. I regard myself as a complete sinner. The sins of the flesh have always been very attractive to me—all of them. Not just women, but good food, wine, clothes. I spend about £2000 a year on clothes.

PLAYBOY: How large is your wardrobe?

CAINE: I have between 30 and 40 suits and outfits. And suede coats in varying weights. I love suede.

PLAYBOY: It's said that you own 50 identical light-blue buttondown shirts. Is that true?

CAINE: Not at all. I own 150 identical light-blue buttondown shirts—always the same color, because I can't stand white

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shirts. Not on me, anyway. White is so negative. I'm not keen on red, either, except on plush seats in theaters—and red doesn't suit blonds.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned your partiality to good food and wine. Are you a do-it-yourself gourmet like Harry Palmer? Or would you rather have someone else cook for you?

CAINE: I'd rather have someone else do everything for me—well, almost everything.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any favorite dish?

CAINE: Yes. Camilla Sparv.

PLAYBOY: We hear you've become a patron of the arts. True?

CAINE: Yes. I spend hours and hours with art dealers and antique dealers, just sitting around in dungeons and cellars, finding out what's being done—and by whom. Not buying. Anyone with a quarter of a million dollars can go out and buy a Toulouse-Lautrec because he saw *Moulin Rouge* and liked it, and everyone who comes to his dinner parties says what fantastic taste he has in art. But how about buying modern unknowns, which is what I do? It's not particularly courageous, because they're cheap—but it's much more fun. They will all hang in my new flat—as soon as I get it decorated.

PLAYBOY: Do you plan to do it yourself?

CAINE: No; like my cooking, I'll have it done for me; it's more practical. But I'll have everything to say about it. I shall have it filled with beautiful things, and these to me are paintings and antiques. But I also like to live efficiently, so I won't keep my socks in a 300-year-old chest of drawers that takes me 20 minutes to open in the morning when I'm in a hurry. The things I look at I want to be beautiful, and the things that work should work fast and smoothly. I like 17th Century Spanish furniture and I've bought a lot of it; but there's no room in my house at the moment, so it's all over the place, with little red labels on it saying SOLD and it's all mine, waiting.

PLAYBOY: The only appurtenance of affluence that's missing from your life seems to be a Rolls-Royce limousine. Why haven't you bought one?

CAINE: I don't really need a car. Whenever I have to get around, I hire one with a driver. Besides, I can't drive. I can't do anything, really, except act. I can't play tennis, golf or chess; I can't sing, dance, ski, water-ski, sword-fight or ride a horse. I can ride a bicycle and I can swim, but that's about it. I'm a real pain in the neck to producers who say, "Now, you get in the car and drive up to—" And I say, "Hold on. I can't drive." And they have to rewrite the whole scene and tow the car away with ropes.

PLAYBOY: Is there a reason why you never learned to drive?

CAINE: I've spent my whole life learning to become an actor. It hasn't been easy for me. Now I don't need to drive a car

and I don't own one. Acting took all my time; it wasn't natural for me. At first it was a painful thing—and nerve-wracking. It still is, but I conceal it more. People say, "Look at his confidence." But all I have is confidence. Beneath it is nerves. At the end of each day, my shirt is wringing wet. Hell, after every take.

PLAYBOY: Why the strain?

CAINE: Acting—for me, anyway—requires tremendously hard work. You don't mind failing if you don't work very hard. But supposing you sweat your guts out and you're a leading man with a picture costing \$3,000,000, like *The Billion Dollar Brain*. You're constantly trying to improve what you do; but suppose what you do *doesn't* improve it; suppose it just ruins the whole damn thing. That's where the nerves come in. It's a quick-silver quality that I'm trying to find. Directly you've got your finger on it, it's over the other side. For me, it's an uphill battle, because I'm always trying to do more than I know I can. That's what makes you sweat.

PLAYBOY: You've also said that "unprofessionalism" puts you on edge. Would you elaborate?

CAINE: By unprofessionalism I mean working with a bad actor. I always try to work with people who are better than I am. It also irks me to be called hours before I'm used. I always know my lines, I'm always on time and I always know my moves, even if the director changes them. But I never lose my temper. No one has ever seen me do that on set.

PLAYBOY: Is it wise to bottle yourself up?

CAINE: I suppose it *would* be better to lose my temper and not save it up until the evening and rant and rave at my girlfriend—though even that doesn't happen very often. But I hold onto myself, because if you lose your temper, you lose control for that day on the set. You become the villain for that day and the work you do will probably be rubbish.

PLAYBOY: Peter O'Toole refuses to see his own movies, good or bad. How about you?

CAINE: No, I see all of Peter O'Toole's movies.

PLAYBOY: We deserved that. How about your own?

CAINE: I do, and I react as though I were the producer. I take a very objective view of everything—from my own performance to the lighting and the direction.

PLAYBOY: Do you like yourself on the screen?

CAINE: If I do something good.

PLAYBOY: Do you nag yourself about a poor performance?

CAINE: No, because that's concentration going backward. I concentrate on what's ahead; if I do something bad, I concentrate on not letting it happen next time rather than worrying about it last time.

PLAYBOY: How do you react to criticism of your acting?

CAINE: Better than anyone I know, whether my performances are good or bad. When I read a critic, I first read what he has to say about me—and then compare it with what I know. If he's wrong, then he's an idiot, as far as I am concerned. I watch to see if the critics can pick it out—if the script was bad or the leading lady awful, or if she was marvelous and I was awful. I always know and I watch to see if they know, too. All I ask from them is justice. If I do something good, I want their approval; but if it's bad, I want their disapproval. If I get it in inverse ratio, I become very upset.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the same about off-screen criticism?

CAINE: I don't give a damn about that. I have an automatic stop-up in the ears, because it bores me. Especially opinions on me as a person.

PLAYBOY: At the risk of boring you, could we consider a few of those opinions?

CAINE: If you insist.

PLAYBOY: Whenever you're criticized personally, it's most often for being rude and insolent. Are you?

CAINE: On the contrary, I consider myself one of nature's gentlemen. I am very sensitive to other people's feelings and I bend over backward to avoid hurting them—provided they have the same respect for me. I am never unintentionally rude; and if anyone who reads this has been upset by anything I've said, it has been bloody deliberate.

PLAYBOY: A few of your ex-girlfriends have accused you of selfishness and egotism. Guilty or not guilty?

CAINE: I *can* be selfish, but only when I feel I'm being taken advantage of. Basically, though, I think I'm fairly unselfish. I can't claim to be modest, but I don't agree that I'm egotistical. I do consider myself a humble person, though—if anything, too humble.

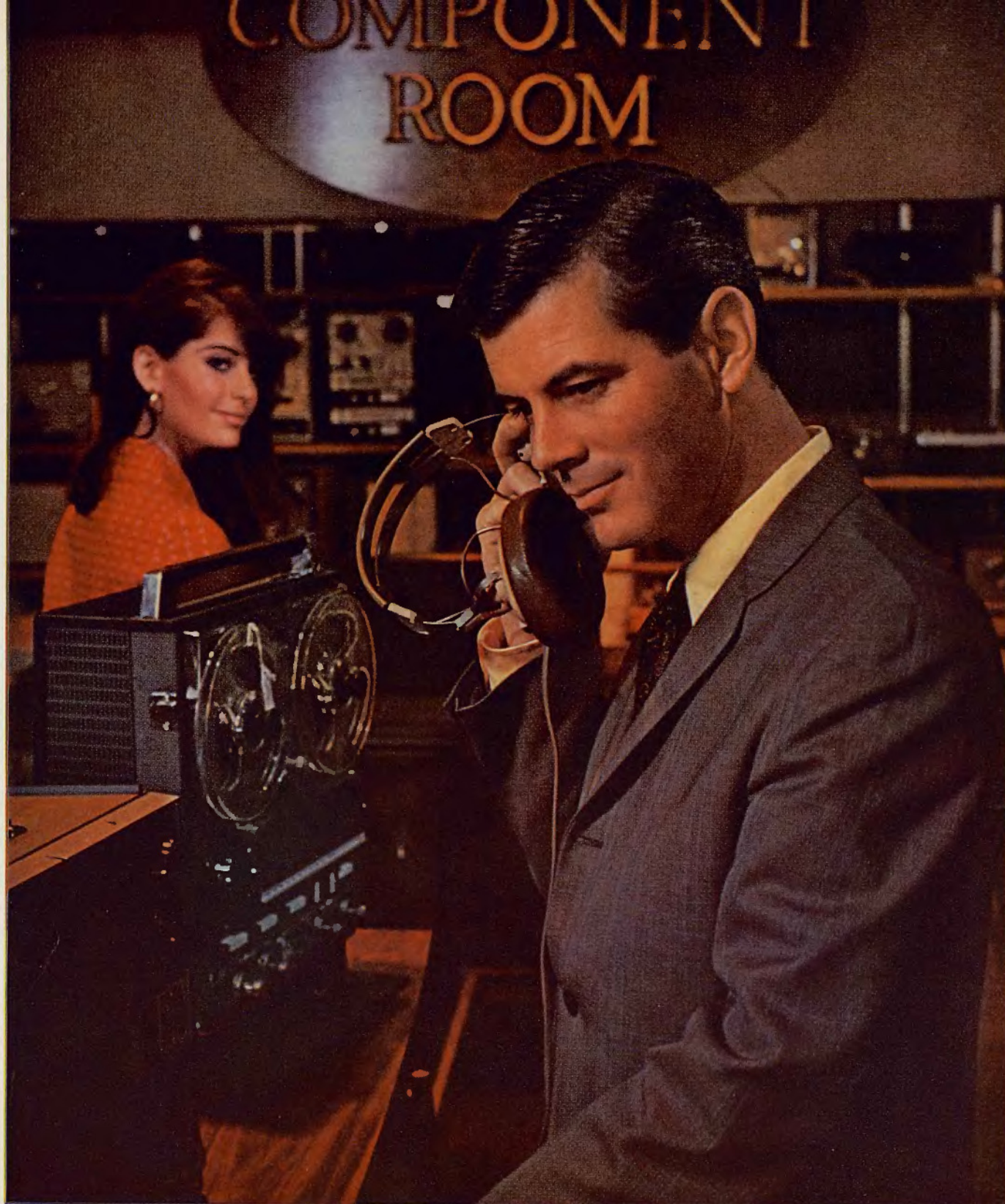
PLAYBOY: You've also been called opinionated and overbearing.

CAINE: I can't deny that I have strong opinions, but they're all carefully considered, and I'm entitled to them just as you are to yours. I might try to persuade you that I'm right and you're wrong, but I wouldn't ever try to impose them on you. If you want to be a bloody fool, that's your own business. With or without anyone's advice or consent, I'll always be in constant rebellion against everything I don't like—and there's a great deal I don't like. But I don't rebel just for the sake of it or for other people's causes.

PLAYBOY: Does that rebellion manifest itself politically?

CAINE: No, only socially. For me, professional politicians are like a lot of stars in show business who are terribly highly paid, earning more money than I ever will, but they can't act. Can't act at all. Politicians are like those stars. They are professional opportunists—all of them,

(continued on page 166)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young guy whose program for pleasure includes everything from beautiful sights to swinging sounds, the PLAYBOY reader is a buyer of the highest fidelity. Facts: 2,483,000 adult male readers of PLAYBOY purchased record-playing equipment within the past year. And PLAYBOY is read by 41% of all adult males in the country who purchased five or more tape reels within the past year. Sound suggestion: Turn up your sales volume with PLAYBOY. (Source: 1966 B.R. I.)

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A HORSE'S HEAD

*the original corpse
had escaped, so
mullaney got the role—
and a tailor-made suit
that didn't fit*

Part I of a new novel

By EVAN HUNTER

See, see! What shall I see?

A horse's head where his tail should be.

1: JAWBONE

HE CAME TUMBLING down the stairs head over heels, cursing as his skull collided with each angled joining of riser and tread, wincing whenever a new step rushed up to meet him and thinking all the while, how *dare* he do this to me, a good old friend like me?

He was a lanky man of 39, needing a haircut, wearing a rumpled brown suit and a raincoat that had once been white, falling down the stairs with all the grace of a loose bundle of sticks, lurching and hurtling and banging every bone in his body. Oh, you will pay for this, he thought, you will most certainly pay for this.

"And *estay* out!" a voice called from the top of the steps.

He could not believe he had reached the landing, everything still hurt as much as it had while he was falling. He got up and dusted off first the knees of his trousers and then the sleeves of his raincoat and then he picked up his battered fedora, which had preceded him down the staircase with perhaps even less grace, and rubbed the elbow of his coat across





ILLUSTRATION BY BOB POST

the hat and then set it on his head at what he assumed was a jaunty angle. It was while he was putting on his hat that he discovered his forehead was bleeding, which was really no small wonder, considering the number of steps he had hit on his descent. He thought it supremely rude of the proprietor of the place, a Puerto Rican gentleman named Hijo, which means son (and he could guess son of *what*), to have thrown him down the stairs simply because he'd asked for a \$50 loan. He wished he had half the money he had spent in Hijo's place over the past ten years, make that a quarter of the money, and then to be hustled out the door and hurled down the stairs. You'll pay for this, Hijo, he thought, and stuck out his tongue to wet the handkerchief, and then wiped the blood, and then walked out into the daylight.

It was a rare spring day, April flaunting herself like a naked whore. Hello, April, he thought cheerily, and then winced and felt his backside, certain he'd broken something. You dirty rat, Hijo, he thought, sounding in his mind like James Cagney. I'll get you for this, you dirty rat, and he smiled. Oh, it was a lovely day. Oh, all the sweet young girls of New York were out in their summer dresses, having shucked their girdles and other restricting garments, wiggling along the avenue, prancing along as though having been led into the paddock to be ogled by horse bettors of all ages, Andrew Mullaney himself included.

Except, of course, that he himself had not been able to borrow \$50 from Hijo, son of, and whereas he had the 20 cents necessary for the purchase of a subway token to take him out to the Big Bold Beautiful Big A, he did not have the wherewithal to bet once he got there, great horse player that he was. The terrible pity about not having been able to raise the \$50 was that Mullaney had received from a somewhat disreputable uptown dice player a tip on the fourth race, a filly named Jawbone who was supposed to be a hands-down winner. The disreputable dice player was a charter member of the Cosa Nostra, so it could be assumed that his information had come, if not directly from the horse's mouth, at least directly from the mouth of someone intimate with the horse's mouth. All of which left Mullaney out in the cold, because the only thing you can do with a hot tip is play it. Nor can you tell anyone else how hot the tip is, lest it suddenly cool; there's nothing so fickle as a pari-mutuel board. So Mullaney wasn't feeling particularly cheerful about his inability to raise the money.

The thought of Jawbone waiting to be bet, and the Biblical association with Samson, made him think again of his own aching ass and the way he had bounced along on each of those 37 steps, more

than that even, he had stopped counting after he hit his forehead on number 38; one more and he could have made a Hitchcock movie. He was beginning to discover all sorts of little aches and bruises now that he was out in the warm spring sunshine. If only I had some hospitalization insurance, he thought, I could collect on it and then put the money down on Jawbone. The trouble is, they take a long time to pay off on those hospitalization bets; and besides, I don't have any insurance. What I do have is 20 cents in my pocket; I wonder if anybody I know will be out at the track. I can risk the 20 cents and take the ride out; there's sure to be somebody there I know. I can stand outside the entrance—bound to run into *somebody* out there—and explain that this is really a sizzler of a tip, build it up a little, say I got it from the owner of a big stable down in Kentucky, instead of a small dice player with family connections, maybe promote the price of admission plus a small stake besides. It might be worth the risk. Fifty bucks or so on the nose of a horse that in the morning line was 20 to 1, that's a thousand bucks, even if the odds don't climb, which they usually do on a long shot.

He was standing on the corner of 14th and Fourth, trying to decide whether he should buy himself a couple of candy bars or a token instead, when the black Cadillac limousine pulled to the curb. He backed away from the curb at once, because he had the sudden feeling that this was the President of the United States pulling up, that the doors would open and a few Secret Service men would emerge, and then the President himself would step out and go across the street to S. Klein, ALWAYS ON THE SQUARE, to buy himself a ten-gallon hat that was on sale, maybe *several* ten-gallon hats to give away to Persian ministers of state. He was convinced this would be the President. He was very surprised when only a gentleman with a beard got out of the car, even though the gentleman looked like someone in very high diplomatic circles, not the President, of course, and not even an *American* diplomat, but nonetheless a very big wig, indeed. Mullaney stepped aside to give the bearded gentleman room to pass, but the gentleman stopped alongside him instead and said directly into his right ear, "Get in the car."

For a moment Mullaney thought he had also somehow injured his hearing on the trip down from the pool hall, but the bearded gentleman repeated the words, "Get in the car," with a foreign accent Mullaney could not place. Only this time he pushed something into Mullaney's side, and Mullaney knew it wasn't a pipe. He had once been held up in Harlem after a crap game, and he knew the feel of a revolver against his

ribs; and whereas this probably wasn't an American-made gun, considering who was holding it, it nonetheless had the feel of a very hefty weapon that could put several holes in a fellow if he wasn't too careful. So Mullaney said, "As a matter of fact, I was just thinking about getting into that car, sir," and immediately got in. The man with the beard got in after him and closed the door. The driver pulled the big machine away from the curb.

"Take me out to Aqueduct," Mullaney said jokingly, "and then you may have the rest of the afternoon off," but no one laughed.

. . .

The stonecutter's establishment was adjacent to the cemetery.

An angry April wind, absent in Manhattan, sent eddies of lingering fallen leaves across a gravel path leading to the clapboard building. The path was lined with marble headpieces, some of them blank, some of them chiseled, one of them announcing in large letters across its black marble face, IN LOVING MEMORY OF MARTIN CALLAHAN, LOVING HUSBAND, 1935-1967; Mullaney shuddered at the thought.

They had parked the limousine behind what appeared to be a bigger black hearse than Abraham Feinstein had been blessed with at his funeral. Feinstein had been the king of the Bronx blackjack players; Mullaney would always remember his funeral fondly. He wanted to tell the bearded gentleman that it wasn't really necessary to provide anything as ostentatious as Feinstein's funeral had been; Mullaney was, after all, just a simple horse player. A plain pine box would suffice, a small headstone stating simply: MULLANEY. But the bearded gentleman again prodded him with the Luger and urged him along the gravel path to the cottage that was the stonecutter's office. Three men were waiting inside. One was obviously the owner of the establishment, because he asked, as soon as they entered, whether any of them would care for a bit of schnapps. The bearded gentleman said no, they had business to attend to, there was no time for schnapps when business was at hand. The two other men looked at Mullaney and one of them said, "Gouda, this is not the corpse."

"I know," the bearded gentleman answered. So he is Gouda, Mullaney thought, and winced when Gouda said, "But he will make a fine substitute corpse."

"Where is the original corpse?" the other man said. He was wearing a tweed jacket with leather elbow patches. He looked very much like a country squire from Wales.

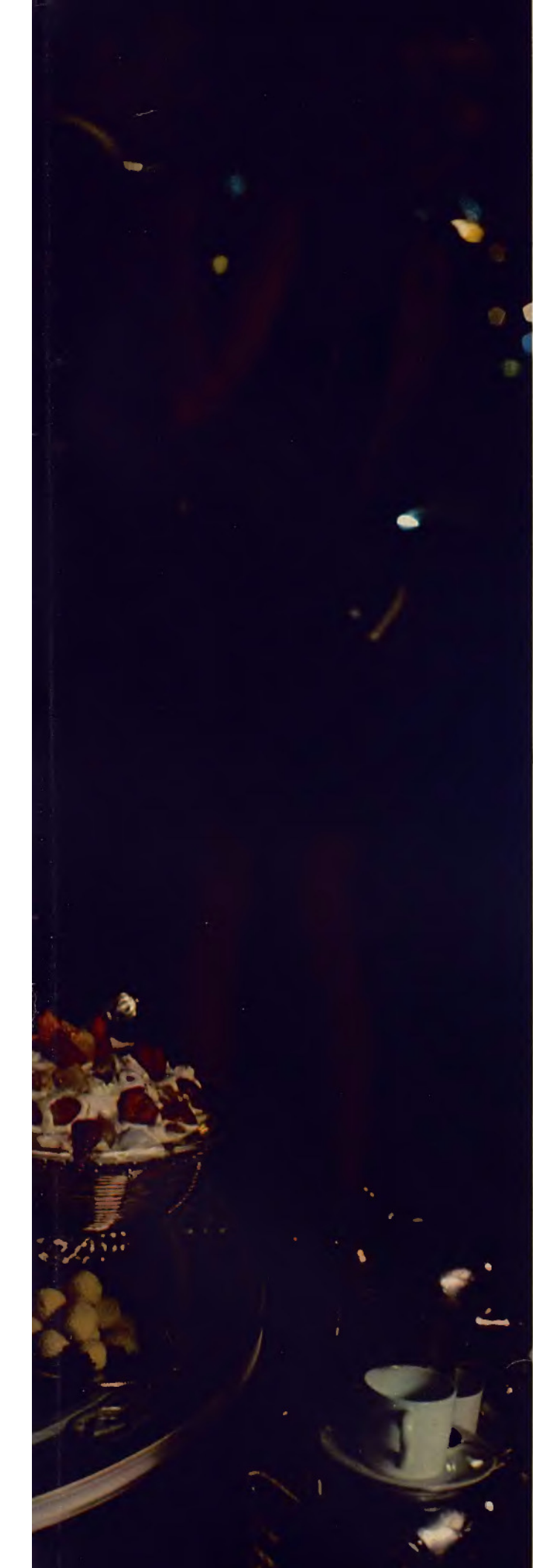
"The original corpse jumped out of the car on Fourteenth Street," Gouda

(continued on page 156)



*"Chuck, baby, this ad is going to sell us
one helluva lot of dog food!"*





SOMETHING MARVELOUSLY METAPHYSICAL takes place when an indoor meal, no matter how magnificent, is carried outdoors. Simply by crossing the threshold between living room and terrace, vichyssoise suddenly becomes creamier, champagne bubblier and fruit juicier. An alfresco dining room can be a terrace high above a city street, a stretch of blue-stone beside a swimming pool or a grass carpet under a patio umbrella. Wherever he holds forth, the host planning his party must remember above all else that the Italian word *fresco* means fresh, green or new; and that while sunlight and cool zephyrs and starry nights are all indispensable seasoning ingredients, a perfect menu should follow the fresh-green-new party line.

Quite often, a meal served under the heavens will include an old classic, such as cold chicken Jeanette—boneless breast of chicken in a velvety jellied sauce, flanked with slices of *pâté de foie gras*. It's *not* literally new, but like the charm of baroque music reaching ears for the first time, it comes as a fresh discovery whenever it's served. A bowl of pasta does not an Italian menu make. But when long threads of vermicelli are tossed with fresh chunks of Atlantic crab meat, minced green peppers, scallions and chives, the old world takes on a new delicious luster.

An elegant alfresco dinner can be a city mile from the stereotype cold picnic. A basket of cold cuts, a loaf of bread and a jug of wine may be paradise enow when transported from the trunk of your Jag to your own secluded babbling brook. But alfresco menus on the grand scale tend to be an appetizing amalgam of hot and cold. Hot consommé with a feathery garnish of spun eggs will provide all the benefits of a kitchen comfortably beyond the range of its heat. Cold peaches in champagne will take the edge off the most torrid summer day.

At no time of the year is the gourmet's almanac as richly crowded as the June-through-September season of lobster, crab meat, asparagus, melons, berries and peaches. There are now strawberries so large and luscious that they come equipped with their own tableware—long green stems for eating the fruit or for dipping it into a combination of brown sugar and sour cream. Both Frenchmen and Italians have a way with strawberries, and alfresco chefs with a sweet tooth find endless inspiration in the Italian berry bowl of strawberries mingled with softly whipped cream, liqueurs

Elegance Under the Stars

food and drink By THOMAS MARIO

on patio, lawn or penthouse terrace, alfresco dining can be a gala occasion, poles apart from barbecues and picnics

and *pasticceria*. Summertime melons can supplant soup, appetizer or dessert at an alfresco feast. They must be frosty cold and, usually, the bigger and thicker, the better. Melon with fruit is a well-known charm on a summer menu. When you think of the wide variety of melons—honeydews with their lime-colored flesh, Persian melons with their incredibly heavy meat, looking like cantaloupes but tasting infinitely richer, subtly flavored casabas and late Cranshaws bursting with juice—and when you also think not only of the spicy prosciutto but of the more delicate Westphalian ham and the pepper-cured Smithfield ham, the possible permutations in this department reach infinity. The first of the Deep South's peaches to put in an appearance are the crimson-flushed Early Rose, clinging like virtue to their stones. They're followed in time by the sensuously sweet Elbertas, which are, of course, freestone.

Like coffee and cognac, alfresco dinners and summer wine cups glorify each other. Wine cups are based on the sound theory that thirst quenchers and summer entertainment can both flow from the same pitcher. Actually, wine cups are neither served in cups nor mixed in cups, but in the tallest pitchers you can find. There are as many different wine cups as there are men to mix them. The wine may be any red from claret to chianti, any white from riesling to Chilean blanco; but in every case, it must be dry with the rich taunting flavor of the grape. The Spanish are past masters at this art, as anyone can testify who's ever slaked his thirst with the countless species of *sangrias* in the Iberian Peninsula. About an hour before mealtime, the Spanish maestro at the bar marinates his wine, fruit and fruit peel. This short siesta is what gives the *sangria* its benison. All good wine cups in the summertime seem to share one common fault: They're never big enough. Even nonwine drinkers find themselves drinking on and on. Hours will pass, and the wine cup is still fresco. We're in the habit of pouring a bottle of claret into a 2-quart pitcher and adding 8 ozs. fresh orange juice, 2 ozs. fresh lemon juice, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 whole rinds of large California oranges cut into horse's necks, 6 slices each of orange and lemon and 1½ teaspoons Angostura bitters. When this last occult ingredient has been thoroughly introduced to everything else with a long bar spoon, we stow the pitcher in the refrigerator till the alfresco hour, when we add club soda and ice, in about equal quantities, filling the pitcher to the rim.

There were terraces long before there were tranquilizers. Guests, stretched out on your leisure chairs, feeling charitable toward the whole world, may be predisposed to find whatever food and drink you proffer to be perfect. But the host himself should never be a victim of his own built-in hospitality. To help keep

him as carefree as possible, there are now countless models of food carts, all designed to quickly and quietly transport food and drink from indoors to outdoors. There are carts with movable shelves and drawers, carts with hot table surfaces that merely require plugging in to keep soup marmites and casseroles bubbling hot. There are others with recessed condiment racks, some with galleries to guard gin and tonic from sliding onto the flagstones. There are carts with beds for charcoal fires and beds for crushed ice. There are bars on wheels and ice tubs on wheels. Be sure, however, that whatever model you choose rides on soft rubber tires and ball-bearing wheels for conquering the sometimes rough journey from carpet to doorsill to terrace.

For hosts whose châteaux have too many stairs for anything on wheels, there are on-the-spot electric tureens and casseroles for keeping hot things hot, and deep trays with ice sections for keeping cold things cold. In spite of all the streamlined bar equipment, there's much to be said for the old-fashioned wicker tote basket, holding its cargo of six basic bottles—Scotch, American whiskey, gin, rum, vodka and vermouth. Finally, for the alfresco late show, the proper romantic glow can be supplied by slender butane candles, which neither burn down nor drip nor smoke.

A pleasant gourmandial note is struck when an alfresco menu bears the decisive flavor of one nation or another's kitchen. Over the years, the French and Italian cuisines, like the two Rivas, have overlapped and influenced each other so much that the *influenced* dishes often turn out to be superior to the models from which they sprung. The French strawberries marinated in liqueur (*fraises Romanoff*) become the even tastier Italian strawberries *amarettini*. Italian *stracciatella* soup becomes consommé Windsor or consommé with spun eggs. Here now, speaking for both schools, are two designs for prandial pleasure. Each of the following recipes serves six.

I. Gorgonzola Cream

Vermicelli with Crab Meat Verde
Romaine, Egg and Anchovy Salad
Strawberries Amarettini
Espresso

GORGONZOLA CREAM

Crumble 12 ozs. gorgonzola cheese. Force it through a wire strainer or colander. Add 3 ozs. sweet butter at room temperature. Mix well. Shape into a round or oval cake ¾ in. thick. Place on serving plate. Sprinkle with grated parmesan cheese and with finely minced fresh chives. Serve as spread for cocktail crackers.

VERMICELLI WITH CRAB MEAT VERDE

1½ lbs. fresh deluxe crab lump
½ cup finely minced onion
¼ cup finely minced green pepper
3 scallions, white and green parts, thinly sliced
¼ teaspoon oregano
½ cup butter
½ cup flour
½ cup milk
½ cup light cream
1 cup clam broth
3 tablespoons finely minced celery leaves
1 tablespoon finely minced chives
¼ cup dry white wine
Salt, pepper
1½ lbs. vermicelli

Examine crab lump carefully and remove any pieces of shell or cartilage. Sauté onion, green pepper, scallions and oregano in butter just until onion turns yellow. Remove from fire and stir in flour, blending well. In a saucepan, heat milk, cream and clam broth to boiling point. Slowly stir milk mixture into sautéed vegetables. Return to a low flame and simmer 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add crab lump, celery leaves, chives, white wine, and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer until crab meat is heated through. Keep sauce warm until serving time. Cook vermicelli in salted water until just tender. Drain very well. Pour sauce over vermicelli on serving plates.

ROMAINE, EGG AND ANCHOVY SALAD

Lower a large tomato into boiling salted water for 20 seconds. Peel tomato and cut out stem end. Squeeze to remove excess water. Cut 6 anchovy fillets into small dice. Chop tomato with anchovies until tomato is reduced to a pulp. Rub a salad bowl well with a cut clove of garlic. Prepare enough romaine to make 6 cups, cut or torn into 1-in. pieces. Romaine should be very well dried with paper toweling. Place romaine in bowl. Add 1 hard-boiled egg cut into small dice. Add 3 tablespoons olive oil or more to taste. Toss well. Add tomato mixture and 1 tablespoon wine vinegar. Toss well. Season to taste.

STRAWBERRIES AMARETTINI

1 quart large strawberries
¼ cup sugar
3 ozs. strawberry liqueur
1 oz. kirsch liqueur (not the usual dry kirsch)
1 cup heavy cream
3 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
13½-oz. can pineapple chunks, well drained
3-oz. pkg. amarettini (tiny imported macaroons)

Remove stems from strawberries. If berries are large, slice in half lengthwise.

(concluded on page 155)



fiction By JAMES LEO HERLIHY

if you can't afford to indulge your own expensive vices, how can you be expected to ante up for a miserable chick with a monkey on her back?

TOM, DON'T YOU THINK I should tell Ceil and Harry about Friday night? Well, *I* do.

It was truly one of those I mean like (quote) great nights (underscore). And it came about with no help whatever, it just took place. That's East Village, I mean it's not the East Seventies. Things can still happen here, thank God we moved.

To wit: We have these really darling kids upstairs—three boys. (Don't ask me what the "arrangements" are!) One of them, the blond, with hair down to here and eyes that see other worlds, is sweet on me. Strictly Oedipus-type thing, I

mean it isn't *voulez-vous coucher*, he wants to be in my *lap*!

Which I, Gloria of the barren marriage, see no harm in.

Tom, Tom, Tom, I'm not blaming anybody for the barren marriage, Ceil and Harry know we've chosen it thus, they know you're just bursting with seed. Pretty please, I'm trying to tell something, Tom, is nothing sacred?

Anyway!

I'm sitting here, gagging with boredom, at ten-thirty Friday night: Tom asleep in that chair, much as you (continued on page 152)



"Well, it was advertised as being loosely woven."

JUDAISM AND THE DEATH OF GOD

a distinguished theologian explains the role of the jew in a godless world

opinion By RABBI RICHARD L. RUBENSTEIN

THERE IS A THEOLOGICAL UNDERGROUND. It is very old. Some of the most hallowed thinkers of both Judaism and Christianity have been members in their time. I suspect that Moses Maimonides, Thomas Aquinas, Meister Eckhart and Søren Kierkegaard were members. There is a simple qualification for membership: One must have ideas in advance of what the official religious establishment is able to accept. In the Middle Ages, membership—if discovered—could lead to ban, excommunication, burning at the stake or having one's tongue cut out. Today the penalties are more subtle; but in its own way, today's establishment can be as harsh as its predecessors.

Death-of-God theology is underground theology spectacularly risen to the surface. It has merited debate, books, radio and television coverage, newspaper reports, a *PLAYBOY* article and a *Time* cover. As recently as three years ago, each of the major exponents of the new theological mood thought he was an intellectual loner, expounding ideas that aroused the intense disapproval of his religious establishment. It isn't easy to be a loner. Even theologians want acceptance, but not at the price of self-falsification. Then, quite suddenly, each of us realized that we weren't alone, that there was a group of theologians who were, each in his own way, expressing a very contemporary sensibility. As Professor William Hamilton, one of the movement's leading exponents, has written in *PLAYBOY*: "Three or four of us seemed to be working along similar lines . . . critics began to call us a movement, and we looked around and decided perhaps they were right."

I first learned of death-of-God theology from an article by Hamilton entitled "The Death of God Theologies Today" that appeared in the spring 1965 issue of *The Christian Scholar*. To my very great surprise, Hamilton associated my own theological writings with the death-of-God movement. My first reaction was acute embarrassment and skepticism. As Hamilton has said several times, the metaphor of the death of God is of Christian origin. Without the centrality of the crucifixion in Christian thought and experience, there would be no talk of death-of-God theology today. The ancient pagan religions had dying gods aplenty, but only in Christianity does the omnipotent Lord of heaven and earth assume mortality in the person of Jesus and suffer degrading and bitter death on the cross. And alone among the religions of the world, Christianity has as its symbol the instrument of execution by which God—in the person of Jesus—was executed.

I am a rabbi and a Jewish theologian. Judaism has no tradition of the death of God. The whole burden of Jewish tradition emphatically rejects even the remotest hint of the death of God. Furthermore, Jews have been called deicides so frequently and with such tragic results that the whole idea elicits a very special distaste from most of us. It was not surprising that I struggled to escape being designated a death-of-God theologian. Nevertheless, I quickly realized that Hamilton was correct in his assessment of my theological writings. I am convinced that the issues implicit in death-of-God

theology are of as much, if not more, significance to contemporary Judaism as to Protestant Christianity. I am deeply grateful to Hamilton for enabling me to clarify my position as a Jewish theologian.

Hamilton writes that he understands "the death of God" largely in terms of the fact that "there was once a God to whom adoration, praise and trust were appropriate . . . but that now there is no such God." I agree that we live in a world totally devoid of the presence of God. I believe in the futility of all current attempts, such as prayer and religious discipline, to make God meaningfully present to us. We are alone. We shall remain alone. Nevertheless, I do not believe that any man can assert that God is dead. How could we possibly know this? Such a statement exceeds human knowledge. The statement "God is dead" is, like all theological statements, significant only in terms of what it reveals about its maker. It imparts information concerning what he believes about God. It says much about the kind of man he is. It reveals nothing about God. I prefer to assert that *we live in the time of the death of God* rather than to declare, as Hamilton does, that God is dead.

The death of God is a cultural fact. We shall never know whether it is more than that. This suggestion implies that theology is important only insofar as it lends insight into the human condition. Though theology purports to make statements about God, its significance rests largely on what it reveals about the theologian and his culture.

All theologies are inherently subjective. The theologian is really closer to the poet and the creative artist than to the physical scientist. The value of artistic creation lies in the fact that a highly sensitive personality is able to communicate something important out of his own experience that other men recognize as clarifying and enriching their own insights. The theologian, no matter how ecclesiastically oriented he may seem to be, is in reality communicating an inner world he suspects other men share.

The term "God" is very much like the unstructured ink blot used in Rorschach tests. Its very lack of definite content invites men to pour out their fears, aspirations and yearnings concerning their origin, their destiny and their end. That is why Paul Tillich spoke of religion as "ultimate concern." When I say that the death of God is a cultural event, I mean that there is no longer any sense in which we can assert that God is effectively present in our lives. The thread linking heaven and earth, God and man, has been irrevocably broken. We now dwell in a silent, unfeeling cosmos in which we are condemned to live out our lives and return to the nothingness out of which we have arisen. Furthermore, I have absolutely no expectation of a return of the divine. The direction of our culture has been and will continue to be away from the sacred and toward the profane. A profane society knows neither God nor gods. For better or for worse, it has only its human resources to rely upon.

When did all this happen? For Jews, the death of God as



a cultural event did not begin on the cross. Christian and Jewish radical theologians are as separated in their interpretation of Jesus as were earlier, more traditional Christian and Jewish theologians. During the past year, I participated in public dialog with Hamilton and with Professor Thomas J. J. Altizer, one of the most gifted of the Christian radical theologians, at the University of Chicago and at Emory University in Atlanta. We were in agreement that ours is the time of the death of God. Obviously, we could not agree on the significance of Jesus.

Nor did the death of God happen for Jews through the literature and philosophy of the 19th Century. Hamilton has stated that this literature was decisive for the Protestant radicals. Altizer concurs in this judgment. Hegel, Dostoevsky, Marx, Kierkegaard and Nietzsche have had an enormous effect on Jewish religious intellectuals, but we did not lose God through their writings. For every Jew, whether he admits it or not, God died at Auschwitz. After Auschwitz, it became impossible for Jews to believe in the traditional Jewish God as the all-powerful, all-wise, all-beneficent creator of heaven and earth.

According to traditional Jewish belief, whatever happens in human history does so because God in his infinite wisdom and justice causes it to happen. This conviction has been inseparable from Jewish religious sensibility from the time of the oldest books of the Bible to the present. I realized graphically and decisively that I could no longer accept the traditional belief during an interview in West Berlin in the summer of 1961. I shall never forget that encounter. On Sunday, August 13, the East Germans closed the border between East and West Berlin, creating the Berlin Wall crisis. I had been invited to Germany by the *Bundespresseamt*, the Press and Information Office of the West German Federal Republic, to survey cultural and religious trends in West Germany. Unexpectedly, I found myself in Berlin in the midst of one of the most explosive international crises of the post-War period. The *Bundespresseamt* arranged a series of interviews for me with German leaders. One of the interviews was with the Reverend Dr. Heinrich Grüber, Provost of the Evangelical (Lutheran) Church of East and West Berlin.

Dean Grüber's church was in East Berlin. He lived in the West Berlin suburb of Berlin-Dahlem. Our interview was scheduled for four P.M., Thursday, August 17. As I entered the dean's home, American Army tanks rumbled past the house. At the time, I had serious doubts that I would ever leave Berlin alive. The dean had a distinguished record of opposition to the Nazis during World War Two. He was imprisoned in Dachau for

three years by Eichmann for his efforts on behalf of the condemned Jews of Nazi Germany. He was the only German to testify against Eichmann at the trial in Jerusalem. Since the end of the War, he has been one of the leaders of the movement for Christian-Jewish reconciliation in Germany. He was certainly no anti-Semite, yet he told me with the utmost conviction:

"It was God's will that Hitler exterminated the Jews."

Like all traditional Jewish and Christian believers, Dean Grüber had faith that whatever happened in history took place because an all-powerful Creator had ultimately caused it to happen. He was also convinced that God was behind the erection of the Berlin Wall, as a punishment for the sins of the German people. He certainly did not believe that the death camps were a good thing. Nevertheless, he couldn't help but believe that God was ultimately responsible for them. And he was not alone. Any traditionally religious Jew would have had to agree with the dean, in spite of the infinite pain such agreement would inevitably elicit. In moments of sad but extreme candor, some of my rabbinic colleagues have told me that they believed God was punishing His people through Hitler. I realized, as I listened to the dean, that there was no way I could believe in the all-powerful God of traditional Judaism and Christianity without accepting the notion that He was actively involved in the obscene horrors of World War Two. I could never accept the justice of God's involvement in Auschwitz. In *The Brothers Karamazov*, Ivan Karamazov tells his brother Alyosha that he can accept God but not His world. I can accept the world. It is an absurd, meaningless, gratuitous place, but it is my place. It is all I have or shall ever have. But I cannot, as a rabbi, accept the traditional belief in the all-powerful Author of mankind's history and destiny. To do so would be to affirm that my people got what they deserved at Auschwitz. If I must choose between God and my fellow man, I can get along very well without God. I could not survive spiritually or physically without human fellowship. After Auschwitz, God has become a stranger and an alien to Israel.

Hamilton writes of the death of God, "It is a joyous event; it is a liberating event . . ." Here the gulf between Jewish and Christian radical theologians is perhaps greatest. I am saddened by the loss of God. But Hamilton echoes the optimism that characterizes many of today's brightest Protestant theologians. Thomas Altizer sees the death of God as a moment of great liberation. He is convinced that there is no room for both God and man. He believes that God literally died with Christ on the cross. In a brilliant interpretation of the theology of the crucifixion, Altizer maintains that

God died so that man could be totally free. When God and man coexisted, men were slaves enchained to a heavenly master and lawgiver. According to Altizer, it was not God but man who was resurrected on Easter Sunday. Traditional Christian theology maintains that the sacrificial death of Christ liberates man from sin and death; Altizer maintains that the death of Christ was truly the death of God. It liberated man from God and made him truly free for the first time. Altizer joyously proclaims the gospel of Christian atheism. The death of God means the birth of a free, adult humanity. There is an apocalyptic dimension to Altizer's religious optimism.

The same optimism pervades Harvey Cox' brilliant theological interpretation of contemporary culture, *The Secular City*. Although Cox is not a death-of-God theologian, he can be classified as a theological radical. Cox divides human social organization into three levels: the tribe, the town and the urban metropolis. He sees the urban metropolis as the characteristic form of social organization of our time. Most critics of urban culture have stressed the alienation and depersonalization that characterizes existence in our overly rationalized, highly complex cities, but Cox takes an altogether different view of urban life. He sees it as characterized by *anonymity* and *mobility*. According to Cox, this means that the inhabitants of the secular city, his designation for the urban metropolis, are free to choose their friends, their moral standards and their life styles without undue concern for the censure or prejudice of neighbors and fellow townsmen. Cox identifies this freedom as equivalent to the freedom of the Gospel promised by Christ. He sees the restrictions and prejudices of the small town as akin to the restrictions of the law from which Jesus came to liberate men. Cox is so enthusiastic about the contemporary urban metropolis that he identifies it with the realization of the Kingdom of God. He acknowledges the human wreckage of the secular city, but he regards such phenomena as transitory. He calls upon us to embrace and celebrate the joys and promises of the freedom of the secular city. Few Protestant theologians have ever been as optimistic as Cox.

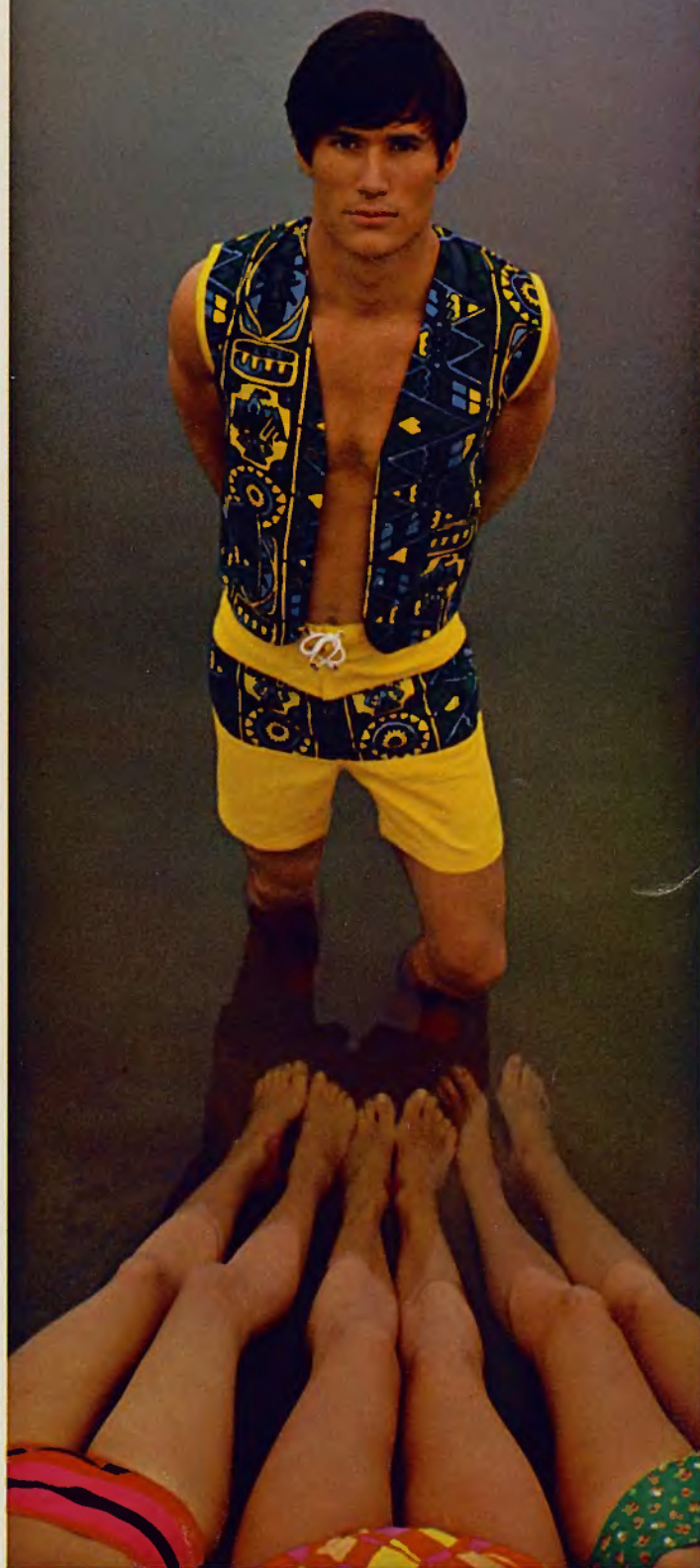
Contemporary Protestant radical theologians regard the loss of the sacred primarily as gain. I see it primarily as loss. Here again, the dialog between Jewish and Christian radical theologians finds us united on the fact of the death of God, but separated on its meaning. The reasons for this are very old. They are part and parcel of the deepest differences between Judaism and Christianity. Originally, Christianity was a movement of Jews who believed that the promised and long-awaited Messiah of Israel had come in the person of Jesus.

(continued on page 74)

Beach boy favors an Acrilan knit crew-neck pullover, by Ram, \$15, and double nylon taffeta swim trunks, by Sandcomber, \$7.



Four's no crowd for guy in cotton hopsack vest, \$6, worn with cotton hopsack surf trunks, \$5, both by Robert Bruce.



THE WET SET

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN *new-wave swimwear for smart sons of beaches*

Below: Sand man backing up his favorite surf sprite likes stretch nylon swim trunks, by Laguna, \$7. Our chap at right cools it while wearing a poorboy-ribbed cotton knit pullover, \$3.50, cotton and rubber stretch knit long trunks, \$10, both by Jantzen, and a Western cotton denim hat, by Catalina. \$5.



THE CUT OF THIS SUMMER's seaside silhouette is stylishly simple. The regimented look of competition stripes on trunks and jackets as well as last year's baggy beach-boy-inspired jams are being deep-sixed. Coming ashore are plenty of bold new offerings, including slim-cut, low-rise nylon swim suits that couple nicely with colorful beach tops, thereby creating a mixed—not matched—ensemble. Trunks are available in brilliant-colored over-all patterns, strong tiki and *pareu* prints and lively solid shades. If you want to add extra spice to your wardrobe, pick up a pair of wide-wale corduroy beach shorts in the hot new chili color. Pullovers to check out include cotton knit sweaters that feature geometric patterns or stripes in sun-drenched yellow, fire orange and terra cotta, and terry styles woven in bold, balanced designs. It's also a shore-gone conclusion that sleeveless sea vests will be worn in surf and on strand. Last, cap your new collection of waterside wearables with a cowboy or *Daktari*-type hat—it's the perfect way to top off the season.

Left: Swain settles down beside the she side after donning a poorboy-ribbed Orlon knit crew-neck pullover, by McGregor, \$16, cotton and rayon trunks with tricot lining, by Catalina, \$8.



Above: Stalwart gent gets warm shoulder while sporting a cotton terry velour pullover, by Siltan, \$25, and double nylon tafeta swim trunks, by Sandcomber, \$7. Underwater hero has on pareu-print nylon surfer trunks, by Catalina, \$7. Seabound swinger tops off his day in a cotton knit boat-neck pullover with three-quarter-length push-up sleeves, by Ernst, \$7, and wide-wale cotton corduroy tapered shorts that come with vinyl belt plus square brass buckle, by McGregor, \$12.50.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON ORNITZ

Both the ancient Jews and the earliest Christians were convinced that the coming of the Messiah would be "good news," that it would make a decisive difference in the human condition. Some Jews believed that the coming of the Messiah would put an end to Israel's harsh lot under the Romans; others were convinced that the restrictions of the Torah would be modified; still others believed that the coming of the Messiah would usher in the resurrection of the dead. Death would be swallowed up in victory and God would wipe away all tears and sadness.

The earliest Christians were separated from their fellow Jews only by the conviction that the Messiah had come. All Jews had learned to await him. The Christians joyfully proclaimed his coming. Christianity's oldest claim was that the coming of the Christ represented a new and happier beginning, a radical change in man's tragic and broken condition. Christianity's fundamental message was one of hope that the tragic necessities of nature and history could be overcome. The response of those Jews who could not accept Jesus as the Messiah was that nothing new had happened, that the old world continued in its way as it had yesterday and would tomorrow. The Gospel offers the "good news" of a new beginning. Christian death-of-God theologians are faithful to that promise. They see the loss of God as a new beginning. Hamilton has written in *Christianity and Crisis* that he has no God but he does believe in the Messiah. I am left without hope in a world without God. Like my predecessors 2000 years ago, I see no new beginnings. The 20th Century has been one of the bloodiest and most violent of all centuries, especially for Jews. Though all of us enjoy the fruits of contemporary technology, technology creates as many human problems as it solves.

In contrast to the optimism of my Protestant colleagues, I am moved by what can best be described as the tragic vision. Hamilton has explicitly rejected the tragic dimension in the book he has written with Altizer, *Radical Theology and the Death of God*. Here the authors assert that the death of God involves the death of tragedy. They reject the despair and alienation of our time and call for a new mood of optimism concerning man and what he can accomplish. I cannot concur. If God is lost, human existence is without ultimate hope. All we have left is a tragic vision that asserts that all things human must perish, though what is lost is of irreplaceable value. The tragic sense is not unrelieved despair. It is a severely honest and undeceived vision of the human condition; it is an ennobling vision. Those who hold to it have never

lost their conviction of the worth of what must inevitably perish.

There has been too little sense of the tragic in American culture. We have been too success oriented. We cannot let go of the myth that things are destined to get better and better. Things are not necessarily going to get worse and worse, but we do pay for whatever improvements we get. And the payment for life is ultimately its disappearance, in death. We are bracketed hopelessly between two oblivions. So be it. I would that it were otherwise, but I shall make the most of the only life I shall ever have. If any hope remains within me, it is that when my life is over, I shall honestly be able to say to myself, "I know it's finished, but I'd repeat it in exactly the same way for all eternity if I could." I hope for nothing save the capacity to accept my life as uniquely my own.

The German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche called the desire to repeat one's life exactly as it had been "eternal recurrence." Almost a hundred years ago, he proclaimed the death of God. He was a prophet who knew his time had not come. Like Søren Kierkegaard and Herman Melville, Nietzsche is better understood in the 20th Century than in his own time. Perhaps no literary work has moved both Jewish and Christian radical theologians as deeply as the chapter in Nietzsche's *The Gay Science* entitled "The Madman." In it, Nietzsche's Madman proclaims the death of God and enters several churches to offer his *Requiem aeternam deo*. In a moment of prophetic insight, the Madman tells his listeners:

"I come too early. . . . I am not yet at the right time. This prodigious event is still on its way, and is traveling, it has not yet reached men's ears. Lightning and thunder need time, the light of the stars needs time, deeds need time, even after they are done, to be seen and heard. This deed is as yet further from them than the furthest star, and yet they have done it themselves!"

All radical theologians are convinced that the time prophesied by Nietzsche's Madman has come upon us.

What does the death of God mean for the average man? That question agonized another 19th Century prophet, Fyodor Dostoevsky. In *The Brothers Karamazov*, he asks what, if anything, remains of morality if there is no God. Ivan Karamazov declares, "If God does not exist, then everything is permitted." If Ivan is correct, without God no crime—including parricide—is forbidden. Ultimately, the freedom Ivan intuitively as the terrible fruit of the death of God drives him mad, as it did Nietzsche.

In an era of death camps, nuclear weapons and overpopulation, can we afford to say, "If God is dead, all things are permitted"? No theological movement in the 20th Century has aroused as much interest, anger and concern as has death-of-God theology. Even thieves need a set of objective norms to govern conduct. Death-of-God theology arouses the fear that there are no rules, there are no behavioral norms, that all that remains is for each individual to get away with what he can. People who react violently to death-of-God theology are not in reality defending God; they are defending themselves against the terrible fear that their entire moral universe will fall apart.

Of all the radical Christian theologians, none has proclaimed the gospel that everything is permissible as insistently as Thomas Altizer. This does not mean that Altizer favors crime or unbridled license. Altizer is faithful to a very ancient and honorable Christian tradition. He believes that before the death of the Christ, God was the supreme master of all men. The relationship between man and God was uneven. All power lay with God. As a result, man was little more than a servant of a very arbitrary master. God, however, proved to be more than a capricious tyrant. According to Altizer, He emptied Himself of His own being for the sake of mankind. Altizer maintains that man cannot be free as long as he is confronted by a living God. God therefore made the supreme sacrifice on the cross. With the death of God, man became totally free for the first time. Mankind is no longer confronted by a lawmaker or by a set of laws. Man and man alone must decide what is right and appropriate for his destiny. With good reason, Altizer is not sure that men will have the strength to accept this awesome freedom. He calls upon men to "will the death of God." That is his theological way of bidding men to accept the challenge of their freedom. Mankind's total freedom is God's greatest gift, offered to man at the cost of God's very existence. Christ came to give man freedom. For Altizer, that freedom is absolute.

As a Jewish theologian, I cannot concur. The deepest affirmation of Judaism is that men cannot do without a set of norms to govern and give structure to their lives. Judaism is the religion of the Torah. The Torah is basically a set of norms for the conduct of life. Altizer follows a very old tradition in seeing religious norms as an impediment to human freedom. I follow an even older tradition in seeing these guidelines as making realistic freedom possible. If we live in the time of the death of God, we need structure, order and tradition even more than we did before. I see such structure embodied in Biblical and rabbinic wisdom. Having lost God, Christian radical

(continued on page 130)



*"I understand it's one of the most exclusive
beach clubs in the Caribbean."*



WOOD CARVING BY BILL BRYAN

RECENTLY, police activity began to impinge upon my own life. I live in San Francisco's Negro district, and I could see about me a noticeable increase—prowl cars were more evident at all times. On weekend nights they seemed to be everywhere, stopping and questioning many more people than formerly.

An art gallery was raided and welded sculpture illustrating the *Kama Sutra* was confiscated. This was entirely a police action without prior civilian complaint. The police lost the case. Student parties in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district were raided again and again and everyone was hauled off to jail. Even where the police claimed to have found evidence of marijuana, the cases were usually dismissed. In New York, a party of the Artists' and Writers' Protest Against the War in Vietnam, a group with no political affiliations, was raided without a warrant or complaint and several arrests were made.

Friends of mine married to members of another race began to complain that they were frequently stopped by prowl cars and questioned when walking along the street in broad daylight with their spouses. After the *Ginzburg* decision, there was a noticeable increase throughout the country in police censorship. In San Francisco, bookshops were visited by police officers who told the proprietors, "Clean this place up or we'll take you in," but who vouchsafed no information as to what books were, in fact, objectionable.

Certain costumes seem to be an open invitation to police questioning—beards, dirty jeans, bare feet, especially on juveniles; but more common still, the uniform of the homosexual prostitute, the studbuster—T-shirt, leather jacket, tight jeans, heavy belt and boots. I began to get all sorts of complaints: A well-known jazz musician taking a breather between sets and talking to his white wife in front of a perfectly respectable jazz room was arrested, taken to the local station, held for two hours, insulted and then let go. Another driving with his wife was arrested for a minor traffic violation—failure to signal a right-hand turn—and taken to the station.

No policeman had molested me in over 40 years. I drink only wine at dinner. Marijuana has no effect on me; I haven't smoked it since adolescence. I am a very safe driver. However subversive my opinions, I am an exemplary law-abiding citizen. But one night I parked my car in front of my own home, left my Negro secretary in the car and took my two daughters to the door. When I returned, the police, who obviously thought they were dealing with a racially mixed couple, had been questioning my secretary and, because they hadn't liked the tone of her voice, were writing a traffic ticket.

In the next block, the same patrol had threatened a neighbor with arrest in a similar situation. A few blocks away, a Negro youth leader had an appointment for lunch with a police officer. On the way to the lunch he was rousted by that very officer. A Negro high school boy acting in a school play with my daughter was stopped as he was walking home from rehearsal along a well-lighted business street, rousted and eventually forced to lie down on the sidewalk, but finally let go.

All of this happened in my immediate neighborhood, to people known to me, in one month. Yet San Francisco's

THE FUZZ

despite new supreme court safeguards of our civil rights and liberties, police brutality prevails and the police mentality assumes guilt until proven innocent

opinion By KENNETH REXROTH



police force is unquestionably one of the most professional in the country, with an extremely active community-relations detail led by a dedicated officer, an enlightened chief, lectures and classes on civil liberties, race relations, youth problems, and like matters. Reports in the press and from friends in other cities of increasing petty police harassment were far more shocking. It was apparent that the heat was on—nationally. Why?

What exactly is the heat and what turns it on? And why should it suddenly go on all over the country?

I decided to write an article about it. Before I was through, hell broke loose. A young Negro boy was shot and killed in San Francisco for suspicious behavior and refusal to halt. Naturally, a race riot began—nowadays, “race riot” means a massive show of force by police and National Guard and indiscriminate firing at Negroes, preferably Black Muslim mosques. As Dick Gregory has said, the only thing that saved the city from worse destruction than Watts was the sympathetic demonstrations by white people—the coffin-bearing deathwatch at the city hall and the defiant parade from Haight-Ashbury’s new bohemia—whose participants were treated to a maximum display of brutality by policemen who, as a friend said, “stunk of fear as they beat up girls, boys and college professors and dragged them into paddy wagons.”

Next came the Sunset Strip—conclusive demonstration that “whom the gods destroy, they first make mad.” This Vietnam operation is very simply the attempt of the Organization-run night clubs along the Strip to use the Los Angeles police to turn back the clock and bring again the good old days of movie stars, gossip columnists, Elks and Shriners. Alas, Los Angeles is a rundown town and there will never be another Alla Nazimova or Garden of Allah—and never again the Strip with the Million Dollar Clip. So the kids—who have no place else to go and who spend good money, too, but only for honest entertainment—are subjected to a military operation on a scale seldom attempted in the Congo. Since the election of Ronald Reagan, things have got very tough, not just in California, but all over. The neo-conservative victories have been interpreted by the city police forces as a go-ahead signal for a nationwide campaign of censorship and harassment, for direct action by the police acting as cop, attorney, trial jury and judge. The police, in other words, are, after a few years of retreat, taking the law into their own hands far more aggressively than ever in the past 40 years.

“If they can harass beatniks, they can harass all political dissent,” say the civil libertarians. But the civil libertarians are oldies—they don’t know that beatniks went out in 1956 and what the cops are harassing is precisely political and moral dissent.

In recent months there have been a number of magazine articles and serial newspaper features on “What’s Wrong with the Police,” and these have been answered in most cases by literate spokesmen for the police, not PR men, but working officers themselves. There’s very little dialog. One side makes flat accusations, usually well documented, of police brutality, illegal entry or search, harassment, prejudice against the poor, racism, political reaction, third degree and other violations of the rights of those arrested. The other side simply denies that most of these things

exist and counters with the statement, "Policework is a profession with very special problems that the layman cannot understand."

Both sides isolate the problem and treat the police as though they were members of a self-contained society—separate from the rest of us, like monks, professional soldiers or the inmates of prisons and state hospitals. The problem is the functioning of the police as part of society, not apart from it. Essential to any understanding is the definition of the roles that the police perform in the society in fact and the different roles they are supposed to perform in theory—their own theories and those of their critics.

The average policeman looks on himself as an enforcer of the law and a guardian of public order and morality, an active protector of life and property. His critics say he should be an impersonal, purely objective guardian of the law. The first function is custodial, like a steward in a psychopathic ward. The second, ideally, is impassive, almost mechanical—a sorting process. In fact, since the policeman must make split-second decisions involving life and liberty, and most of the situations with which he deals are emergencies, he is, most especially in the slums, policeman, judge, jury, prosecutor, defense attorney and executioner. The policeman lives in constant expectation of acute emergency. Therefore, he is simply not physiologically "objective"—one does not cope with armed assault "objectively." In addition, when there are no emergencies, he certainly does act as neighborhood custodian, seeing to it that all his charges behave themselves—less obviously in a well-to-do suburb, very obviously indeed among the poor. It is especially this latter function that is a survival from an older society and it is the policeman's insistence on his role as moral enforcer that gets him into trouble.

The following article recently appeared in the *Berkeley Barb*:

POLICE RAID NUDE FEST . . . LIKE
"GANG BUSTERS"

Berkeley police with flashbulbs blazing ran swiftly through a gathering of about 40 nude men and women last Saturday. They were "investigating" possible lawbreaking at an East Bay Sexual Freedom League party. "It was like 'Gang Busters,'" EBSFL president Richard Thorne told *Barb*. "They came in very quickly and told us to hold it, stay where we were, and flashed cameras." The police searched the house and checked the I.D. of each guest. They stayed for about an hour, around midnight. "After I got dressed, I went to the lieutenant in charge and inquired on what grounds the police were present," Thorne said. "The lieutenant said that someone had issued a

complaint which led them to suspect that there was the possibility of contributing to the delinquency of minors. 'Of what sort?' I asked him. He said, 'Alcohol.'" Thorne and several other witnesses described the police investigation. Desks, chairs, bureaus, and clothes in closets were searched. Ashtrays were examined. Medicines were confiscated. Brown Filipino cigarettes were peeled open. Guests who objected to showing their I.D.s were given the choice of cooperating or being identified "at the station." At *Barb* press-time, no arrests had resulted from the investigation. One guest, who met a flashbulb as he emerged from the bathroom, described his conversation with the plainclothesman who apparently admitted the other police: "I asked him what had happened to give them the right to enter and search without a warrant.

"He asked, 'Are you a lawyer?'"

"I said, 'No.'"

"In that case, it's none of your business," he said." Witnesses described the police demeanor as initially "rude," "sarcastic," "snide" and "up tight." As the hour passed, they "settled down" and became "mannerly" and "courteous," guests said. About 20 partygoers remained after the police departed. "Clothes came off again at a rapid rate after they left," one participant told *Barb*. "It was as if they wouldn't let the police intimidate them, and they wanted to release a pent-up rage. It became quite a party. A very fine, successful party."

Robert E. Kramer, M.D., comments on this in his own *Bulletin of Research Associates* as follows:

"Following the publication of this article in the *Barb*, I took it upon myself to question one of the members of the Berkeley police force regarding the matter. Our conversation was friendly and was not confined to the police raid, although it covered the pertinent aspects. Pertinent portions of the interview were in sum and substance to this effect:

INTERVIEWER: What happened at the nude party?

POLICE OFFICER: Oh, we alleged that there were people below the age of 18 there, but there weren't.

I: Did you really believe that there was someone below the age of 18?

P: No, we just used that as an excuse.

I: Well, what happened?

P: We busted into the place and there were several couples actually fornicating. So, we took some pictures and left.

I: What did you do with the pictures?

P: Oh, they're fun to pass around for all the boys to look at down at the station.

I: Isn't that illegal?

P: Well, I suppose so, but they were having a nude party.

I: Didn't the attorney general of the state of California specifically say that nude parties were legal?

P: Oh, we know that there isn't anything illegal going on, but we feel that if you let this kind of thing happen, it's like opening Pandora's box.

I: Is the police department supposed to prescribe morals?

P: Somebody's got to.

I: Doesn't the Constitution of the United States specifically allow the citizenry to determine its own morals?

P: Well, you know how these things are.

I: Would you want the police busting into your home under these circumstances?

P: Well, I wouldn't be doing anything illegal.

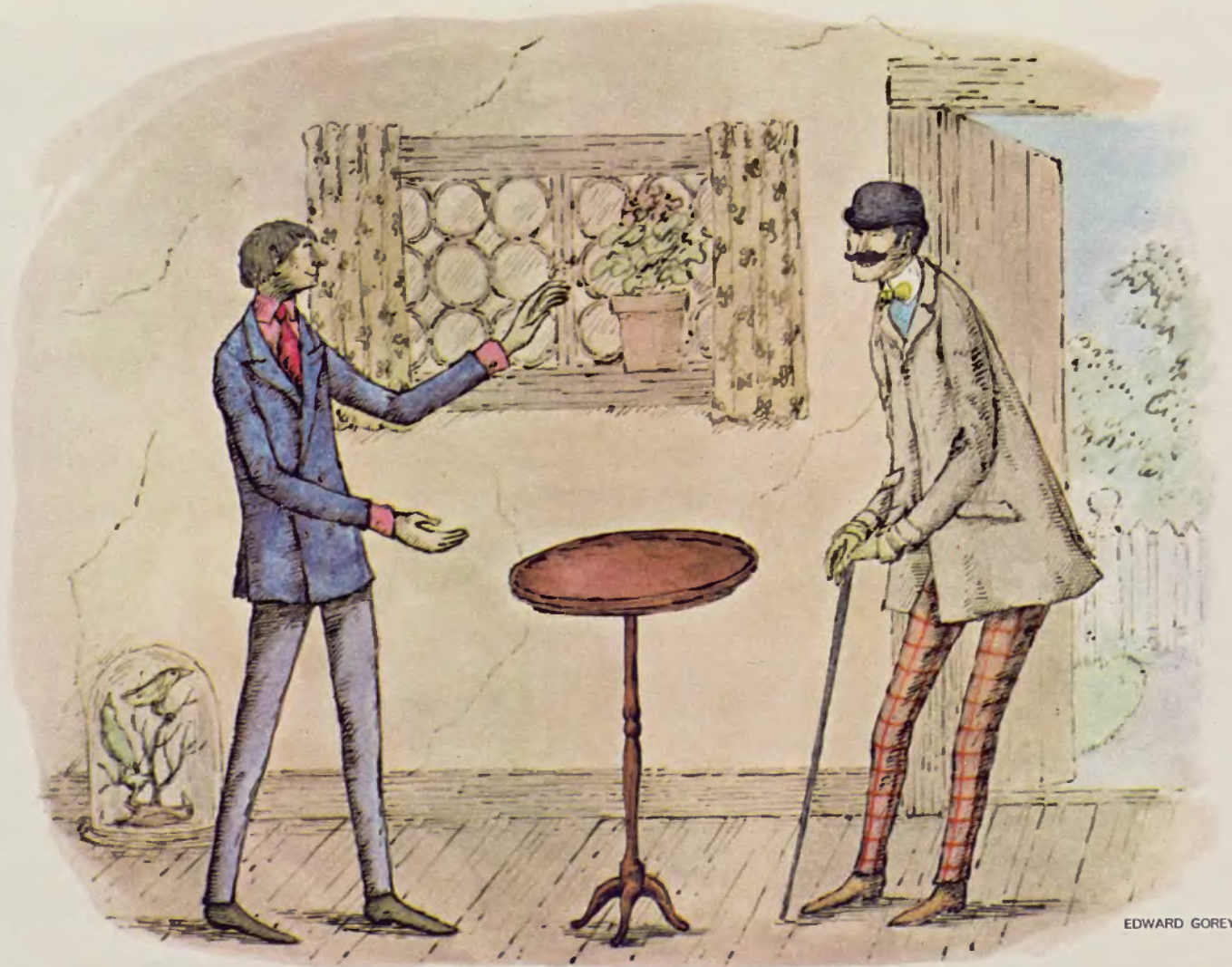
I: Neither were they.

This example, however comic, poses the dilemma: the contradiction between the police as officers of order and officers of law. In the early days of the development of modern police forces, perhaps their primary function was the preservation of social order and the enforcement of public morality. They dealt mostly with the poor who, however unruly, accepted the same values. In a heterogeneous society such as America was in the days of massive immigration, most of the work of a patrolman on the beat in Hell's Kitchen, the Lower East Side, Five Points, Back of the Yards was extralegal. He was not a law officer but a peace officer, and if he invoked the law to handle all violations of public order, he would have found himself hopelessly overwhelmed. Until recent years, the Paris police force still operated this way in almost all their day-to-day work. The vicious, the disorderly, the conspicuous violators of common morals, were simply taken up an alley and "coated" with a weighted cape or worked over with a truncheon and kicked out on the street, with a warning that if they were caught doing it again, they'd get worse.

Vice (prostitution, gambling, narcotics), as distinguished from crime, was "policed." Streetwalkers were protected on their stations from invasion by other whores or pimps and guarded against robbery or attack by their customers. This type of relationship—which was usually effective—was always advanced in private conversation by American policemen as an excuse for pay-off: "If you clout them, you control them." It still

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UKRIDGE STARTS A BANK ACCOUNT



EDWARD GOREY

fiction By P. G. WODEHOUSE *though you and i wouldn't be caught dead in a ditch with the average antique, there are, it appears, squads of half-wits who value them highly*

EXCEPT THAT he was quite well dressed and plainly prosperous, the man a yard or two ahead of me as I walked along Piccadilly looked exactly like my old friend Stanley Featherstonehaugh Utridge, and I was musing on these odd resemblances and speculating idly as to what my little world would be like if there were two of him in it, when he stopped to peer into a tobacconist's window and I saw that it was Utridge. It was months since I had seen that battered man of wrath, and though my guardian angel whispered to me that it would mean parting with a loan of five or even ten shillings if I made my presence known, I tapped him on the shoulder.

Usually, if you tap Utridge on the shoulder, he leaps at least six inches into the air, a guilty conscience making him feel that the worst has happened and his sins have found him out; but now he

merely beamed, as if being tapped by me had made his day.

"Corky, old horse!" he cried. "The very man I wanted to see. Come in here while I buy one of those cigarette lighters, and then you must have a bite of lunch with me. And when I say lunch, I don't mean the cup of coffee and roll and butter to which you are accustomed, but something more on the lines of a Babylonian orgy."

We went into the shop and he paid for the lighter from a wallet stuffed with currency.

"And now," he said, "that lunch of which I was speaking. The Ritz is handy."

It was perhaps tactless of me, but when we had seated ourselves and he had ordered spacioously, I started to probe the mystery of this affluence of his. It occurred to me that he might have gone to live again with his aunt, the wealthy novelist Miss Julia Utridge, and

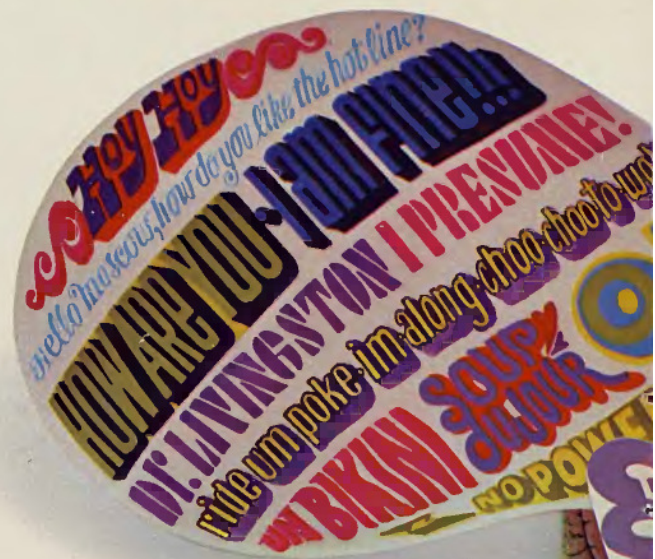
I asked him if this was so. He said it was not.

"Then where did you get all that money?"

"Honest work, laddie, or anyway I thought it was honest when I took it on. The pay was good. Ten pounds a week and no expenses, for, of course, Percy attended to the household bills. Everything I got was velvet."

"Who was Percy?"

"My employer, and the job with which he entrusted me was selling antique furniture. It came about through my meeting Stout, my aunt's butler, in a pub, and the advice I would give to every young man starting life is always go into pubs, for you never know whether there won't be someone there who can do you a bit of good. For some minutes after entering the place, I had been using all my eloquence and persuasiveness to induce Flossie, the barmaid, to chalk my refreshment (continued on page 136)



*are we losing the dialog race?
is world peafrip possible in our time?
wither bomfag? franglais? japlish?
is computerspeak the answer?
who will win the war of etaoïn shrdlu?*

A Little Chin Music, Professor

article By WILLIAM IVERSEN WELL, MEN, it's finally official. Science has confirmed what most of us have suspected all along—anyone with half a brain can carry on a conversation. And it doesn't matter which half of the old fig one uses, the left or the right.

Trumpeted as a major scientific discovery, the news has set the savants' tongues awagging from Omaha to Moscow. "Two hundred astonished psychologists heard today how a patient with half his brain removed by surgery can still walk, talk, sing and do arithmetic," a Reuters correspondent recently reported from the queen city of the Soviet Union. "Dr. Aaron Smith of the University of Nebraska College of Medicine showed the scientists



a film made five months after the 47-year-old patient, an American, had the left hemisphere of his brain removed."

In case you missed it, the movie was premiered at the 18th International Congress of Psychologists, where Dr. Smith told his astonished colleagues that "'the textbooks are wrong' on how the brain works."

According to the textbooks, the left hemisphere of the human brain controls most of the functions that make man superior to his brother animals. Without his left hemisphere, man would scarcely be able to match wits with a cuddly little hamster or hold his own in the company of a middlebrow moose. Or so science believed, until Dr. Smith's Omaha patient recovered from the removal of his left hemisphere and began to demonstrate his ability to play checkers, assemble blocks and sing all the verses of *Home on the Range*—a roster of accomplishments that would instantly stamp him as a man to be reckoned with in the social and intellectual circles in which I usually move.

Most astounding, in the scientists' view, was the patient's ability to verbalize, since the power of speech had

long been thought to be a function of the left side of the brain. Contrary to the textbook rules, the right-hemisphered Omaha man said his first words almost immediately after surgery—"he would curse when he tried to say something and was unable to." But curse words, Dr. Smith explained, "express a feeling, not an idea. Communicating thoughts is much more difficult."

Just ten weeks after surgery, however, "a nurse inadvertently asked the patient, 'Did you have a BM today?' The patient replied, 'What does BM mean?'" And in so doing, he communicated a *thought*—using only the right half of his brain!

The nurse's response to this epoch-making inquiry has not, as yet, been made a matter of public record. But, as historic words, the dialog was about as high-line and memorable as most of the other quotable quotes that Americans have been known to utter on occasions of great scientific significance.

The most ceremonious of all such historic expressions is "What hath God wrought?"—the reverential little one-liner that Samuel F. B. Morse used to inaugurate the first telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore, in 1844. But Morse's message was delivered in code. It was not a spoken statement, and history is curiously silent as to the reply made by the telegrapher at the other end. Considering the time-honored American tendency to lay a large verbal egg on such occasions, it was probably something hopelessly anticlimactic, such as "What does wrought mean?" or "Please wire 300 clams at once. Will explain when arrive Washington. Fred."

It was while messing around with the problem of recording Morse code on cylinders that Thomas Edison hit upon the idea of recording the human voice. The result was the world's first "talking machine," an invention whose cultural and commercial importance can hardly be measured in terms of dollars, usefulness or delight. But what were the first historic words to emanate from the speaker horn when the Wizard of Menlo Park presented his miraculous new machine to the public, in 1877? Cup one hand loosely over your mouth and repeat the following. Slowly, and in your very best Mickey Mouse voice:

"How are you? . . . Do you like the phonograph? . . . I am very well. . . . Mary had a little lamb . . ."

Though Edison's material was not the sort of boffo stuff you and I might have chosen as appropriate for the first golden oldie on the all-time platter parade, it was at least on a par with the world's first telephone call—a strictly local, room-to-room hookup between Alexander Graham Bell and Thomas Watson, which took place on the wondrous night of March 10, 1876.

To capture the full beauty of this one, loosely muffle your mouth as before and, switching to your most dramatic and tension-fraught Don Ameche voice, recite after me:

"Mr. Watson, come here! I want you!"

Good! That was a take—the world's first telephone call!

To round out the scene, we dolly in for a tight shot of page 128 of Helen E. Waite's authorized biography of Bell, *Make a Joyful Sound*, and pick up Tom Watson's reaction upon hearing Alec Bell's voice at the other end of the line:

"Tom dropped the receiver and flung himself out of the room, yelling, 'I heard you, Mr. Bell! I heard you! You asked me to come! What—what is it?'"

"Alec had spilled some of the sulphuric acid from the cup on his trousers, but the fact went completely out of his mind when Thomas Watson's words made their glorious impact. The telephone had spoken! It had spoken."

"They stared unbelievably, first at the wonderful transmitter and then at each other. Then, half laughing, half crying, they tested the telephone over and over. There was no mistake, no disappointment. Their words came beautifully clear."

"Finally, when they could think of no more intelligent messages to call each other, they began to recite, 'One-two-three-four.'"

There have been times, I am sure, when most of us have participated in phone calls of an equally chaotic nature. Substitute a few double bourbons for Alec Bell's cup of sulphuric acid, and the scene is one that might take place in Home Town, U.S.A., any night in the week. But it isn't the kind of call we ordinary phone subscribers would want to have singled out for special mention in our authorized biographies. Lacking greatness, we just hang up and say the hell with it.

Bell was made of sterner stuff. Having goofed in the memorable-words department in 1876, he was given a second chance to say something remarkable for posterity, 39 years later, when he picked up the receiver to make the world's first transcontinental phone call, in 1915. This time, Bell was in New York and Thomas Watson was in San Francisco. In a diplomatic attempt to upgrade the phone company's image and to prevent the great inventor from falling flat on his verbal kisser a second time, phone-company officials wrote "several appropriate messages for Dr. Bell to use, but he waved them all aside. He had decided upon his own, he informed them, and with everyone crowding breathlessly around, the father of the telephone took his place and waited for the signal. When it came, he raised his voice: 'Hoy, hoy, Mr. Watson! Mr. Watson, come here, I want you!'"

Bell's biographer refrains from describing the groaning and whimpering that must have broken out among the public-relations-conscious phone execs. For all his inventive genius, their boy Alec had blown the whole bit again—this time with a hoy, hoy! For generations to come, historians, subscribers and school children would be left with only one impression, and a rather questionable one at that: Alexander Graham Bell wanted Thomas Watson. But badly.

In justice to Bell, however, we have no right to criticize his choice without first having read the suggestions submitted by the phone company. A glance at your local directory should be enough to indicate that the phone company's idea of a memorable phrase is apt to be something like "Let your fingers do the walking" or "Wait for the dial tone." When American Telephone and Telegraph prexy Walter S. Gifford got on the line to make the world's first transatlantic phone call, in 1927, he handily managed to elude both significance and eloquence with—would you believe "Hello, London?"

Continuing in what had by now become a grand old telephone-company tradition, engineers William C. Jakes and Walter K. Victor inaugurated the age of space communications, in August 1960, with a two-way conversation via the moon's surface that ranks among the most underwhelming historical exchanges in the humdrum pageant of man. "There were some unexciting words bounced off the cooperative moon last week," Robert C. Toth chronicled in the now sadly defunct *New York Herald Tribune*, "but they made history as the first two-way conversation by way of space."

"Hi, Walt, can you hear me?" asked the engineer on a rain-soaked hilltop at Holmdel, New Jersey. Almost six seconds later, from the 100-degree desert at Goldstone, California, came the answering "Yes, yes, you're coming in fine."

"And over this long-long-distance connection, much of the talk was about the weather," Mr. Toth reported. "'It seems almost as hot here,' William C. Jakes sent back from the Bell Telephone Laboratories here. 'And the humidity is terrible.'"

"The sky is clear and very blue here," said Walter K. Victor at the Jet Propulsion Laboratories in California. "It's a beautiful moon coming up at about ten degrees on the eastern horizon."

Fortunately, someone put on a recording of *America the Beautiful*, so Walt and Bill were never reduced to reciting nursery rhymes or mumbling consecutive numbers. But, according to Mr. Toth, newsmen were "a little disappointed at the pedestrian words of Bill and Walt which made the historic connection."

The newsmen's sense of letdown was, of course, understandable. But on the basis of past performance, the journalistic fraternity had no right to complain

(continued on page 144)

the prisoner

no briefing on earth could have prepared him for the insidiously sophisticated brainwashing techniques of his captors



BERNARD MCDONALD

fiction By HENRY SLESAR BOGASH WAS DEAD, and Riley as good as, and Sergeant Harran was someplace in the cornfield with a bullet-shattered leg, so Private Tommy Dowd was alone with the decision to either attempt to rejoin his company or surrender. He was relieved when the tall sheaves began sprouting the gray-green uniforms of the enemy, and his only option was to discard the carbine and put his hands into the air. He was 20 years old, and the four-man patrol mission had been his first serious combat exercise. It had ended badly, but at least it had ended.

The enemy troopers didn't talk much when they marched Tommy back to their lines. Their faces under the helmet liners were ordinary faces, homogenized out of all racial differences by dust and fatigue. He had heard the tent-and-barrack rumors about prisoner treatment, ranging from outright torture to insidious indoctrination, but the indifferent faces of his captors calmed his apprehensions. They didn't care; why should he?

The march took three hours, but the sun was setting and the evening turning cool. He was in a truck by nightfall, with a handful of sullen prisoners. By morning, they were at the prison stockade, stripped, deloused, bathed and into their prison uniforms. Tommy's fit. It fit very well, better than his Army clothes. When he was summoned for interrogation, he patted the smooth gray twill on his hips and went half smiling into the presence of the camp's commanding officer. Maybe it was the smile that brought an answering curve to the lips of the silky-bearded colonel behind the desk.

"According to the rules of the Geneva convention," the officer said pleasantly, "you don't have to tell me anything but your name, rank and serial number. We already have those from your dog tags, so in truth, the only purpose of this meeting is to let you know who I am, and tell you that I expect you to obey our camp regulations. Understand?"

Tommy swallowed his answer—it was going to be "Yes, sir"—and merely nodded.

"How old are you, son?" the colonel said, and his smile became engaging. "You don't have to volunteer *that* information, either."

Tommy told him, and the officer looked saddened.

"You were a child when the war started," he said. "I'm sure your mother hoped (continued on page 142)



CALL OF THE WILD

*nature lovely heather ryan boasts a pet ocelot,
a brace of dobermans and a penchant
for the untamed side of life*



Gracefully combining three personalities in one package, Heather Ryan prepares for her business and law courses at Glendale College (top right), is a reclining femme fatale, and slips a wig on a bald-pated mannequin before aiding a customer at the Jay Ross dress shop.

"HE THAT GOES TO LAW holds a wolf by the ear," wrote a cynical Britisher of the 17th Century; but his imagery would only provoke laughter from honey-haired Heather Ryan, who is equally at ease poring over volumes of legal history or sprinting through California's Chevy Chase Canyon at night, with an ocelot and a pair of Doberman pinschers as her escorts. "I have a passion for anything that's wild," declares the 20-year-old Kentucky native, who currently resides at her family's Glendale home, on the brink of the canyon: "It's pretty desolate out there, but we're lucky that we have no close neighbors, because the ocelot often screams at night." When Heather takes to the hills of an afternoon, she usually

carries a book of the *Kon-Tiki* and *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* ilk. "I am," she says, "fascinated by adventure, and I suppose it pervades most of my tastes. I like actors like Paul Newman, Charlton Heston and Steve McQueen, because they usually portray men who are as untamed as my ocelot." And while Miss July prefers rugged outdoorsmen, she dotes only on dates who are also possessed of keen intellects. "My perfect man would be someone like Lawrence of Arabia—without the hang-ups," she says. Heather will soon be entering her sophomore year at Glendale College, after which she expects to complete her undergraduate studies in law at UCLA. But Miss July—who has worked for an insurance firm, an





industrial supply company and is presently on the payroll of the Jay Ross dress shop in Glendale—dreams of modeling and is by no means committed to the advocate's vocation: "I'm really too emotional; and if I were a divorce-court lawyer, I'd always side with the men." When she's not using her spare time to figure out her future, Heather enjoys tussling in the canyon with her exotic pets ("It beats just sitting around, which is what 99 percent of American women do"), thereby keeping herself in exemplary shape (36½-20-35). Speed-

loving Heather admits to driving her 1966 Mustang faster on occasion than the law prescribes. She's a frequent visitor to Sacramento, where—after visiting with her grandparents—she takes in the motorcycle races ("I've logged a few miles myself, but the big bikes are just too much for me to control"). Though she hasn't had much exposure to the psychedelics-freedom-love movement currently the kick among West Coast youth, Heather recently witnessed a mass "love-in" at Elysian Park: "I'd never seen such a crew—everybody walking about and

presenting the most unlikely gifts, like fruits and flowers, to each other." Heather isn't fond of densely populated scenes, however, and prefers the open-air solitude of the desert—where she occasionally motors to hunt rabbits and quail—or the seashore at Palos Verdes or Laguna, where she delights in skindiving or just relaxing on the surf-soaked rocks: "Coastal rock formations turn me on somehow, and I feel at home when I'm surrounded by them." We agree; and our latest centerfold theme is, indeed, Heather on the rocks.



An ocelot, explains Webster's, is "a large American spotted cat (*Felis pardalis*) ranging from Texas to Patagonia"—but Heather's leopard-like mascot ranges no farther afield than she permits. A lifetime fancier of all felines (her enthusiasm for a cat show in Hollywood inspired her family to purchase the ocelot), Heather allows her cat to exercise himself by climbing a tree in the Ryan back yard (opposite page). Says Heather, "I don't think there's anything unusual about owning an ocelot, but people always stare when we go walking together."



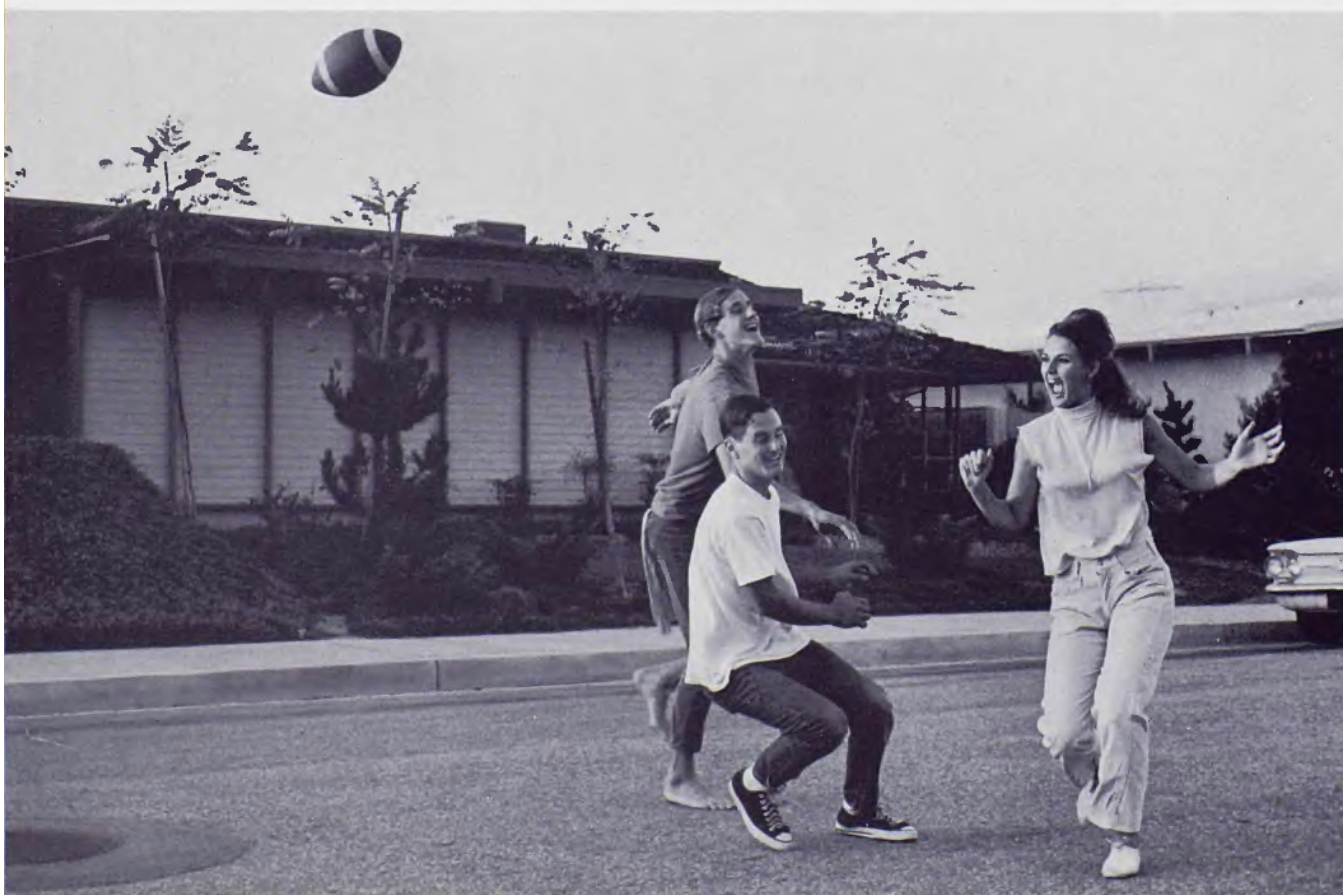


MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Heather becomes fourth "man" in a game of touch football that unexpectedly takes place in front of the Ryan home in Glendale. After her blond-haired 16-year-old brother, Kerry, gives her some pigskin pointers, Heather huddles with girlfriend, plays center, then quarterback, completing several long-yardage tosses—at which point the gallantry ends and a red-dogging pass rush begins. "I'm a rabid Los Angeles Rams fan," says Heather. "But I'm certainly no Raman Gabriel in the passing department."



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The policeman was walking his beat when he saw two men fighting and a little boy standing alongside them crying, "Daddy, Daddy!"

The officer pulled the two men apart and, turning to the boy, asked, "Which one is your father, lad?"

"I don't know," the boy said, rubbing the tears from his eyes. "That's what they're fighting about!"



After a round of golf, two men were changing their clothes in the country-club locker room. One of the men started putting on a girdle and the other, quite astonished, said, "Since when did you start wearing that thing?"

Shaking his head resignedly, the first man replied, "Ever since my wife found it in the glove compartment of our car."

We've heard of a persistent suitor who spent so much money on a girl over a two-year period that he finally married her for *his* money.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gold digger* as a fund-loving girl.

The 55-year-old woman went to her doctor and asked for a prescription for birth-control pills. "But you don't need them at your age," he said. She went on to explain that she had tried some recently and now found that she couldn't sleep without them. "But birth-control pills have no tranquilizing agent in them," the doctor informed her.

"Well, I don't know what they have or what they don't have in them, but I give them to my daughter before she goes out each night, and I'm telling you, doctor, I sleep much, much better."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *alimony* as the high cost of leaving.

The doting father came home one night and was shocked to find his daughter and her friends smoking marijuana. Pulling the stick of pot out of the girl's mouth, he exclaimed, "What's a joint like this doing in a nice girl like you?"

Oh, darling," she purred, turning over in bed, "I love you in the worst way."

"I know," he replied, "but maybe you'll get better if we keep practicing!"

King Arthur, going on a two-year dragon-hunting expedition, ordered Merlin the Wise to make a chastity belt for Guinevere to wear while he was away. Merlin came up with a very unorthodox design—one that had a large, gaping aperture in the area that would normally be most strongly fortified.

"That's absurd," said Arthur. "It's not functional."

"Yes it is," said Merlin. Picking up a spare magic wand, he passed it through the opening. Instantly, a guillotinelike blade came down and chopped the wand in two.

"Ingenious!" cried Arthur. After outfitting Guinevere with the belt, he rode off to slay dragons, his mind at peace.

Two years later, when Arthur came back, his first official act was to assemble all the Knights of the Round Table and send them to the court physician for a special "inspection." His frown grew severe as he learned that every member of the Round Table was nicked, cut or scratched. All but one. Sir Lancelot was impeccable. Arthur called for him immediately and smiled at his best knight.

"Sir Lancelot," he declared, "you are the only one of my knights who did not assail the chastity of my lady Guinevere while I was off slaying yon dragons. You have upheld the honor of the Round Table, and I am proud of you. You shall be rewarded. You may have anything in the kingdom you desire. You have but to name it. State your wish, Sir Lancelot!"

But Sir Lancelot was speechless.



The college dean phoned a student's father at home and told him that he had some good and some bad news about his son. "Tell me the bad news first," said the father.

"Your son's a hopeless homosexual," replied the dean.

"How awful," said the dismayed father. "But what's the good news?"

The dean confided, "He has just been elected Queen of the May."

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.



*"There's a pink-breasted bird of paradise,
a pearly-bottomed chickadee, two round-bellied
warblers and a great-horny night owl!"*

SPORTING ACCESSORIES FOR CAR AND DRIVER

a garageful of gear for the wheel behind the wheel



For the guy on the go. Above, top row, left to right: Assortment of washable jacket patches, \$1 each, and metal London Motor Club auto badge, \$3.95, all from Accessories Unlimited. Chrome-finished door handles that fit most cars, \$6.95 pair, U.S.A. international plate of corrosion-resistant plastic, \$2.95, and pair of "Sportivo" Italian-knit driving gloves with double leather palms, \$10.45, all from Vilém B. Haan. Imported English key fobs, from Accessories Unlimited, \$1.50 each. Mahogany-rimmed 13" steering wheel, by Butler of England, fits most cars, from V. Haan, \$44.95. Jim Clark kangarooskin driving gloves with elastic side panels, from V. Haan, \$10.95. Middle row, left to right: Combination seat belt and shoulder harness, from M. G. Mitten, \$12.95. AM/FM car radio is portable, battery included, by Sony, \$65.95. Maserati air horn of corrosion-resistant plastic, from V. Haan, \$12.95. Wood-trimmed steering-wheel-shaped ashtray, from M. G. Mitten, \$5.95. Chinrest pipe designed to be smoked while driving, by Kaywoodie, \$10. Airguide three-way oil-pressure, ammeter and temperature gauge, from J. C. Whitney, \$26. Dowidat metric socket set (6mm—17mm) of chrome-vanadium steel, from Accessories Unlimited, \$35. Bottom row, left to right: Amco walnut shift knobs, from M. G. Mitten, \$3.75 each. Mennen Mile-o-Graph mileage measurer, from J. C. Whitney, \$2.25. Autavia wrist chronograph, \$119.50, shown with optional stainless-steel band, \$15, both by Heuer. Mercury compass with floating dial, from M. G. Mitten, \$8.95. Ray-Ban Olympian I sunglasses, by Bausch & Lomb, \$19.95. Trueline grade-and-tilt indicator warns driver whenever vehicle is in danger of tipping over, from J. C. Whitney, \$8.75.

At right, on shelf, left to right: Wicker picnic hamper comes with utensils, vacuum bottles and dishes, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$20. Wool driving cap, from Beacon's, \$4. Carolla 12-volt driving lamp, \$16.25, with red cover shown at right, \$19.75, both from Accessories Unlimited. Vinyl headrest, from M. G. Mitten, \$14.95. Cowhide map case, from Chas. T. Wilt, \$6. Carolla 12-volt fog lamp, from Accessories Unlimited, \$16.25. Tool kit in leather case, by Dynamic Classics, \$14.95. Eight-track stereo cartridge tape player, by Borg Warner, \$129.95. Saf-Gard stereo speaker headrest connects to any stereo tape deck, by Pacific International Plastics, \$19.95 pair. Chrome-plated center console, from J. C. Whitney, \$19.50. Maserati dual air horn of corrosion-resistant plastic, from V. Haan, \$19.95. Hanging from shelf, left to right: Towrope of braided polyethylene, \$7.95, leather-covered 13" steering wheel, by Butler of England, \$45, and chrome Flexi-Light that plugs into cigarette lighter, \$10.95, all from V. Haan. Bottom, left to right: Surfboard carrier, from M. G. Mitten, \$14.95. Chrome-plated Astro custom wheel, from J. C. Whitney, \$35. Space Saver Spare with inflater, by B. F. Goodrich, about \$35. Amco detachable luggage rack, from V. Haan, \$22.95. Men's three-suit aluminum case, by Halliburton, \$112. Our ultimate automotive accessory sports a men's competition-striped cotton-rayon jacket, by DeWan, \$17.95. Fiberglass helmet, from V. Haan, \$38.50.

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THE BRITISH RACING & SPORTS CAR CLUB
FOR F2 & UNLIMITED SPORTS RACING CARS.
SERIES PRODUCTION VINTAGE CARS ETC.
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ROY BACON, STEVE LEWIS, JOHN, JACK BRIDGEMAN, BRUCE HALFORD.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY
STANDSTAND ADVANCE BOOKING (see advertisement 207) closed
STANDS MATCH 5 BEGINS 1.14 JANUARY 1971





Tom of Finland

"Well . . . ! No wonder the hills are alive with the sound of music."

mad ave puts hard-sell sizzle into "oedipus rex" and other slow-moving highbrow commodities

AGENCY V.P.: OK, gang, here at B. B. Y. & R. we've lived through a lot of changes that have rocked the ad dodge. We saw B. O. come, we saw it go. We outlived the quiz scandals. We know where the yellow went. Westerns are out, monsters are dying—heh-heh—and the tigers are getting just a little bit mangy. But the think people tell us that culture is *in*. I know you're all wondering: How do we field this one? Our client, Culturtronics, is poised, ready to sell all kinds of highbrow goodies to a mass audience. Now, how do we grab Joe Public and hit his hot button? How? Here's our first commercial for legitimate theater.

(Spot on AGENCY V.P. goes off, new spot hits FIRST ANNOUNCER.)

FIRST ANNOUNCER (voice dripping with oil, very fast pace): Good morning, ladies! We have an exciting special offer for everyone listening—and a special gift that I'll tell you about at the end of this announcement. Many of you ladies have been saying to yourselves, "My mind is a trash pit. There's nothing in it. It's empty. Not doing the job it should. If I could just get something worth while in my head, I'd notice an immediate improvement around the house."

Well, ladies, here's your chance! This morning, for the first time, and for a limited time only, you can have the delight and satisfaction that comes from being able to quote the lines you'll hear at a specially priced performance of *Oedipus Rex*. That's right, ladies, you'll thrill to the golden words of the ancient Greek playwright, whose name we cannot disclose because of the low, low admission cost of this performance only.

You'll see kings and queens behaving in their own special ways. You'll thrill to the problems of a royal household. You'll cry at a son's devotion to his mother. You'll see an offstage self-inflicted mutilation—the first in theatrical history!

Yes, ladies, all this and more. First you get this authentic Greek drama, by our famous unnamed playwright—for the single admission price of only \$4.98, two for \$10.50—but that's not all. For the first 40 listeners to place a call, we have a special gift, absolutely free: With your tickets to this uplifting Greek drama, we have a genuine three-dimensional artistic Greek dramatic mask suitable for hanging: smiling, with the lips up, or frowning, lips down—your choice. These are three-dimensional masks made of new, washable, lifelike plastic that looks and feels like costly beaverboard. These masks are fireproof and nontoxic if swallowed.

They'll add a touch of culture to your

THE CULTURE BIZ



HUMOR

BY ROBERT LASSON AND DAVID EYNON

living room, kitchen or furnace room. Then, when guests come, they'll immediately notice this touch of culture in your home. And *you* can easily lead them around to the topic of the wonderful Greek play that you've actually seen, and even quote several lines from the drama, which we've had printed inside each and every mask for your convenience. Your home will be a place of culture and your mind a thing of refinement—for only \$4.98, two for \$10.50.

The number to call is Culture 0-2222. Our phones are ringing now. Special operators are on duty to take your call. Don't leave that empty head empty any longer. Call Culture 0-2222. In New Jersey, Bigelow 0-2222. Don't delay. Our operators are waiting.

(Spot off FIRST ANNOUNCER, spot on AGENCY V.P.)

AGENCY V.P. (fielding imaginary question from audience): Question? (Pause.) Yes, *Oedipus Rex* is in the public domain. Now, I know you guys and gals are asking yourselves: What are we doing with humility? And I'd like to say this: There were lots of sniggers in the halls when I got stuck with that 50-year contract with the tobacco auctioneer. Well, snigger at this.

(Spot off AGENCY V.P., spot on SECOND ANNOUNCER.)

OFFSTAGE VOICE: TS/MFP . . . TS/MFP . . . TS/MFP.

OFFSTAGE MUSIC (humming "Old Folks at Home," with light banjo accompaniment).

SECOND ANNOUNCER (Deep Southern drawl): Yes, T. S. Eliot Means Fine

Poetry. So whenever *you* want to escape from the banalities of everyday life, do as the literati do: Reach for a thin, slim volume of T. S. Eliot. He satisfies. You'll find an Eliot pome for every mood, folks. There's bawdy, rollicking humor, deep-dish pathos and good, down-to-earth hoss sense; and none of this integration crap. Yes, folks, whenever *I* crave brilliant metaphor, deep insight or just good old Amurrican alienation, I reach for the thin, slim satisfaction of T. S. Eliot. You do the same, won't you, folks? T. S. is waiting for you now at your favorite bookstore. Why don't you try him this very night? You'll be the better for it. (Pause.) None of this rhyming crap, either.

(Spot off SECOND ANNOUNCER, spot on AGENCY V.P.)

AGENCY V.P. (fielding imaginary question from audience): Question? (Pause.) No, T. S. Eliot is *not* in the public domain. Now, a lot of you kids are asking: What are we doing for Culturtronics artwise? We've got a lot of goods to move, and here's how we intend to do it.

(Spot off AGENCY V.P., spot on THIRD ANNOUNCER.)

THIRD ANNOUNCER (side-of-mouth delivery like a burlesque-show candy butcher): Starting Tuesday—"The Nude in Art." A (leering) Ret-ro-spec-tive Ex-hi-bi-tion at the Metropolitan Museum. You'll gasp at nearly 300 canvases showing the undraped female form! You'll marvel at the glorious flesh tones of such masters as Matisse and Renoir! You'll watch the guard hold an ordinary kitchen match behind a world-famous painting of Venus and Adonis, and you'll be amazed and delighted by the antics that greet your astonished eyes! And with every purchase of a brochure to the show—only 75 cents—here's what you get, absolutely free: a genuine tourist guide to the notorious Louvre museum of Paris, France; a copy of that suppressed memoir, *I Was Picasso's Dry Cleaner*; and a new little number just in from Puerto Rico called *Pop Art Meets Mom Art*, a rollicking collection of daring cartoons designed for the mature art lover. You know the kind we mean, men. The big show starts this Tuesday, folks. "The Nude in Art," at the Metropolitan Museum. The Fifth Avenue bus stops at our door. Children half price.

(Spot fades on THIRD ANNOUNCER, comes up on AGENCY V.P.)

AGENCY V.P.: That's the whole ball of wax, kids. We're hustling Sophocles, T. S. Eliot and Michelangelo. Who says the muse is a tough buck!

BLACKOUT



the Girls of Paris

*playboy toasts
the dazzling jeunes
filles who sparkle
in the city of light*



AFTER CENTURIES of supremacy as the capital city of the world, Paris—despite London's determined assault on the throne—still comes closest to satisfying the multifaceted desires of the sophisticated male. In *beaux-arts* or *haute cuisine*, in lavish entertainment or zesty *joie de vivre*, or—most important of all—in chic and complaisant females, the incomparable City of Light most closely approximates the masculine ideal of what big cities are all about. To appease virtually any appetite, be it cerebral, cultural, gustatory or sexual, Paris offers superabundant satisfaction—gracefully and without reproach.

So much has been written—and dreamed—about the girls of Paris that it is difficult to separate hit from myth. For some of the *mesdemoiselles de Paris*—the girls of the traditionally bohemian St.-Germain-des-Prés area, for example—myth has been so persistent that time has transformed it into reality. Here *les jeunes filles* consciously strive to live up to standards of sexual freethinking established in the 1920s, when their enlightened predecessors were vying for the privilege of spending a night with the likes of Hemingway or Picasso. In other cases—such as the ladies of the evening—myth and reality, where they once coincided, are now diverging. (Traditionalists will lament the loss, but the quality of *parisiennes* practicing the world's oldest profession is steadily diminishing.) And in still other cases—such as the prevalent foreign notion that every girl in Paris is at once dazzlingly beautiful and breath-takingly worldly—myth and reality never merged at all, though at times they might have seemed very close, indeed.

Whether foreign, provincial or native Parisian, no girl loves the City of Light more than one who's living there. Her unrestrained enthusiasm expresses itself with a vivacity and charm uniquely befitting her adored city. Something about the *ambiance* of Paris—perhaps its very feminine beauty or its transcendental appreciation of women as sexual beings—makes a girl revel in being a girl and in being appreciated as one, as only Paris can appreciate her. The French are not city lovers—simply Paris lovers. The provinces, even to those who live there, are out. It's a safe assumption that every swinging girl in France—whether guileless farm girls from the lowlands of Normandy or sun-browned mountain maids from the Basque country in the Pyrenees—will ultimately gravitate to Paris. Almost uniquely among the world's great cities, the central core (text continued on page 110)

Graceful as the Eiffel Tower, wind-blown Virginia Belaeff, a talented underwater photographer, came to Paris via Monaco. Dentist's daughter Marie-Françoise Robinet, from Nancy, is a part-time television actress.





Framed in the window of her Montmartre apartment, Genevo-born Violaine Lachenal, a familiar face on French television, reveals more than videophiles get to see. At 23, Violaine is an avid antiquarian, boasts a padful of *objets d'art*, some of them real collector's items dating back to the reign of Louis XIV. The parents of Daniele Fournier are both artists, and Daniele—shown here in disarming *déshabillé* at her apartment near the Gare Saint-Lazare—is an art expert for a Paris gallery. An amateur *artiste* herself, she looks forward to exhibiting her own far-out works. Minikilted Nathalie Bensimon, a sweet-16-year-old student of political science, is an avid aquanette. She spends summer holidays water-skiing and swimming in the Mediterranean, fills out her school days boating in Paris' lush and verdant Bois de Vincennes.





Nettily attired Barbara Wikström is a quadrilingual svenska who works as a secretary for a French wine wholesaler. Sand-sifting Katia Suboroff, of Ukranian descent, quit charm school to study auto mechanics, now works in a Paris gas station. Art student Cecil Labrousse specializes in lonscapes.







Dutch treat Sacha Beels, daughter of a Haarlem racing driver, digs furs and fast cars. She left Holland for Paris two years ago, hopes to succeed in TV before returning to the lowlands. Brown-haired Sidra Tankersley, born in Florida and raised in New York City, left Merritt College in Oakland to study in Paris—"to learn about the world and about myself." Daniela Leroy, at home amid her collection of antique dolls, is a music student who arrived from Königsberg, on the Polish frontier of the U.S.S.R. Unlike most *parisiennes*, ivory-skinned Ghislaine Paul, a part-time model and sometime stage actress, was born in the City of Light.





After convent schooling and an aristocratic upbringing in Spain, Mercedes Moliner (above) has achieved minor stardom in several French flicks. German-born Margrit Ramme, an interpreter fluent in five languages, examines statuary at Paris' flea market, while Ursula Schwartz flashes elfin Parisian charm belying her Teutonic origins.





Sarah Stephane, who holds a university degree in gymnastics and has just finished her first novel, takes time off from the typewriter for a solitaire game in her apartment near the Bois-de-Boulogne. Her romantic novel, *Le Trèfle A Trois Feuilles* (*The Clover Has Three Leaves*), will appear this summer. Like many mesdemoiselles de Paris, Sarah is an astrology buff; she credits the stars with turning her to writing. Over a soda at Le Drugstore on the Boulevard St.-Germain, Dominique Lesueur awaits her date for an afternoon of horseback-riding. She was born in Casablanca, came to Paris ten years ago, still finds it "the most exciting city in the world." Schoolgirl Birgit Berlet, pausing on the steps of her apartment near the Sorbonne, would heartily agree. She arrived from Germany a year ago, plans to make the City of Light her home.





Caroline Lazar (above left) is a professional portrait painter and an accomplished skier. Emphatically an outdoor girl, she winters at Innsbruck, plans to set up a studio there to give her additional time on the slopes. Selecting a bouquet at a sidewalk flower stand, Barry Kesso, now a Paris secretary, seems a world away from the Maslem African village in which she was raised. Her father is one of the spiritual leaders of the Republic of Guinea, and Barry would like to become one of the temporal leaders of the Paris mannequin scene. Back from the concert hall and warming herself *au naturel* at a friend's flat off the Champs-Élysées, appropriately named Annie France is a ballerina who has lived all her life in the Paris environs. She studied classical dance for six years, enjoys relaxing with rock 'n' roll.





Balloon-toting Catherine Jourdan is one of Paris' more sought-after models. She hopes to get into the movies, a goal that Anny Nelsen (left) has already attained, in several Truffaut films. Bounteous Gin Audibert is a hair stylist who is well known in Paris' social whirl.





As wistfully lovely as the gordenia in her hair, Carlo Marlier, from Switzerland, studied drama in three countries before hying to Paris os a night-club entertainer. She spends summers on the Côte d'Azur, sharing a villa with two other *parisiennes*. New York Times girl Stephanie Lowrence, making her appointed rounds in l'Etoile, was born in Melbourne, grew up in Beirut and London (her fother is o pilot for Middle East Airlines). Something of a gourmet, Martine Buisson (below left) springs from a long line of Paris restourateurs, helps in the family café between classes at drama school. She aspires to a coreer in the fomed Comédie Francaise. Descending the steps of Paris' equolly well-known Opéra, pert Evelyn Hénot looks more like a schoolgirl than o businesswomon, but she's number-one girl Friday at o Paris public relations firm. In her spore time, she's a successful free-lonce designer of book jackets. Stage actress Michèle Auger (right) owns a bachelor's degree in philosophy, hopes to model her thespian coreer after Greta Gorbo's—though she may find it difficult to be alone.





of Paris is growing faster than the suburbs around it. Here wealth does not force one out of the city—it permits one to move closer in. Paris is also growing ever more beautiful, as sandblasting and well-planned reconstruction continue to restore the elegance of old.

In background and interests, the girls of Paris are likely to be as unpredictable as womankind itself. Superficially, they might resemble the girls of any big city, until closer scrutiny reveals that there are more of them, that they are pleasanter company, prettier in appearance and invariably better dressed. The American bachelor, relaxing after his six-hour transatlantic flight with a sunny aperitif as he first contemplates the action along the Champs-Élysées, will quickly note that the old French tradition of *la promenade* here reaches its zenith—in the infinitely varied stream of laughing, well-groomed females flowing past his sidewalk table. Here he will see miniskirted young Modniks who have jet-setted over from London for the weekend; leggy *Fräuleinwunders* throwing off Teutonic shackles for a brief taste of *la vie parisienne*; students from the former colonial hinterlands of Africa or Indochina, seeking a life style hardly available in Dakar or Phnompenh; well-scrubbed and well-tanned American coeds who wisely left Bermuda shorts and tennis shoes in Darien; and, of course, the ever-present *parisienne*—self-assured and irresistibly feminine.

While Paris, especially during the summer, probably boasts the largest and most diverse population of transient females of any city in the world, it's the local residents who should initially pique the interest of our man about town. Knowing the manifold delights and eccentricities of Paris as well as she does, the *parisienne* can provide the visiting stranger with the best of all possible whirls through her breath-taking city. As our man will discover anon, she is a happy potpourri of the most enjoyable aspects of womanhood, conceived in a climate where sexuality is admired, rather than repressed, and nurtured in surroundings uniquely appreciative of sugar and spice. She is at once worldly and naïve, ingenuous and sophisticated, calculating and guileless. Her often paradoxical nature must be understood to be really appreciated.

Our peripatetic voyager will be initially concerned with the outer woman, and his first observation might be that, contrary to popular notion, the typical *parisienne* is anything but the emaciated will-o'-the-wisp so frequently encountered in the women's fashion magazines. Most Paris mannequins, he may subsequently discover, are neither Parisian nor French: The leggier ones generally come from Scandinavia, where walking is a national pastime; and the bonier ones often come from England, where good food, except

for the wealthy, is still difficult to come by. The real *parisienne*, our man will note, is well fleshed and robustly healthy. She carries herself neither as athlete nor as sylph, but trimly, unself-consciously and with a grace that in other girls might seem studied to a fault. She can walk in three-inch heels, for instance, as naturally as if she were barefoot.

As he looks closer, trying to isolate just what it is that makes the *parisienne* so attractive, our man might find himself hard pressed for an answer. It could be her legs—fine, slender and well formed. The benign climate of Paris and its marvelously efficient public transportation system seem to encourage the full flowering of legs as ornaments as well as propulsion. Girl for girl, Paris certainly boasts the world's highest percentage of shapely ankles, in happy conjunction with well-turned calves. In the Bois-de-Boulogne—the Central Park of Paris—the eye-filling combination of a well-trimmed girl, a mid-thigh miniskirt and a Honda produces a spectacle rivaling the Crazy Horse's.

But diverting as they are, the extremities themselves can't account for the inexplicable attractiveness of the whole girl. Could it be her mouth? It's decidedly the most expressive feature of her emphatically expressive face. The *parisienne*, like all French girls, speaks less with her tongue than with her lips—which she rounds into a provocative pout to accommodate the acrobatic vowels of her elegant language. A lifetime of speaking French draws in her cheeks slightly and causes a barely visible network of lines to form at the corners of her mouth. Especially prominent when she smiles, these crinkles give her that slightly cynical, worldly-wise look and the elfin allure that is much of her charm. Seasoned Paris girl watchers look to *mademoiselle's* mouth—even when she's silent—to determine whether she's a native speaker of French. They're almost invariably correct.

The key to the attractiveness of the *parisienne* is *chic*. Every detail of her appearance—her coiffure (high-stylish but never garish), her make-up (subtle, yet strikingly effective), her outfit and her accessories (perfectly appropriate and sensitively matched)—is carefully selected to enhance her individual charm. The result is an unobtrusive elegance, an almost Grecian sense of proportion, transforming even an average girl into a head-turner. It stands to reason, after all, that the proportion of knockout females in Paris is no higher than that in most other big cities. The difference—*vive la différence*—is the near miracle that the alchemy of Paris can work on an ordinarily attractive girl.

Day or night, on the Champs-Élysées or elsewhere, the café is the likeliest place to strike up a conversation—and perhaps an *entente cordiale*—with one

of these lovelies. Lining virtually every sidewalk in the city, cafés comprise a large element of the engaging vitality of Paris. During a normal day, the typical *parisienne* might well tarry at two, five or even a dozen of them, sipping a *l'eau Perrier* here, an Alsatian beer there, enjoying *croissants* and *café au lait* in midmorning, strolling elsewhere for a favored aperitif, then stopping for lunch—which, depending on her figure or her predilection, can range from a minidemitasse at a tiny *pâtisserie* to the immobilizing multicourse *déjeuner* that still provides the *raison d'être* for the two-hour Gallic lunch break. After the repast, her tour may begin all over again.

It is a rare café, indeed, in which you cannot find at least one attractive and unaccompanied young girl toying with a glass and demurely eying the action beyond. Should you be refreshing yourself in the same café, your waiter can probably assist you in determining whether she's unattached. Centuries of Parisian *joie de vivre* have elevated the profession of waiter—even in the humblest of bistros—to a position of dignity and authority. He is *monsieur*, never *garçon*. Experienced in catering to a kaleidoscopic array of appetites, he will field a question about a young lady's approachability with the same imperturbable suavity with which he answers a query about a featured course. If the response is affirmative, it's simplicity itself to strike up a conversation with the lady—especially if you're reasonably at home in the French language. Even if you're not, a trivial question in English, bespeaking any one of the minor difficulties that beset travelers in a foreign city (and provide them with fine opening gambits as well), will probably provoke an interested response. Most *parisiennes* speak passing-fair English—certainly better than most Americans speak French. Contrary to popular notion, the typical *demoiselle* will sympathetically endure conversations in high school French, and she welcomes the opportunity to brush up her English—particularly with an outgoing American male.

If your taste runs to the intellectual, you might leave the Champs-Élysées, cross the Seine and stroll down the Boulevard St.-Germain to the Café aux Deux Magots, longtime hangout of the French Existentialists before they became famous, and now frequented by unconventional scholars, writers and artists of both sexes. At virtually any hour, the Deux Magots (named for statues of two wizened Orientals within) and the Café de Flore, next door, teem with cerebral, outgoing and generally available young women eager for a whirl—and perhaps a great deal more—with a visitor who happens to pique their intense

(continued on page 169)



guaranteed wagers for the man who likes to bet but hates to lose

games By HOWARD MARGOLIS DEATH AND TAXES have long been recognized as the only sure things worthy of a cautious man's faith or wager, and we know some individuals who are suspicious of these. (There is a movement afoot to add the Green Bay Packers to the list, but that seems a trifle premature.) Yet a considerable number of other propositions have outcomes so certain that they warrant the interest of even the most cautious of men. These are "sure things," and they result in gain for the initiate by causing his ill-informed prey to become intrigued—and indebted. Not ruined or overdrawn at the bank, however, for these are gentlemanly swindles meant for rewarding diversion rather than malevolence.

Our purpose here is to present some of these entertainments as a doubly beneficent public service: The extroverted reader will make immediate use of them; they are a perfect pastime while you're waiting in some lounge for a late plane, train or date and the time needs to be whiled away. In fact, they'll do at any moment when one is not precisely where one would like to be and the conversation is likewise not what it might be. In the future, those moments can be spent in the pleasurable pursuit of profit. And the introverted reader who might be mistaken for a "mark" will now be one up when some aggressively friendly fellow just happens to offer a little wager to help in the whiling away of that same dull moment.

On the safe assumption that there is some larceny in all of us, our diversions are presented as the "operator" needs to know them. One note of advice: Only the bare mechanics are outlined here. In order to ensure a long and lucrative career, you must be able to awaken and entice the avarice of your prey. This does not imply, however, that you need the pitchman patter and ingratiations of the stereotyped bunko artist. In fact, the most successful operators we know are both quiet and somewhat diffident in disposition, prodding only when necessary and easing up once the barest response is evident. The one compulsory trait is to demonstrate good-natured interest in the proceedings, as if there were really a game of chance under way.

For the skeptics and slow learners among you, a detailed explanation of each ploy has been appended to our list.

Now for the games.

1. A mathematical oddity called Crazy Eights. A pencil and paper are necessary; they are for the pigeon. In a charmingly straightforward way, you ask him to pick a number. Then, in order, he is to double it; add 25; square it; and fold up the paper. Now, you tell him—after seeming to make some sort of computations in your head as he did them on paper—if he subtracts 25 from his final number, it will be divisible by 8. This should elicit a response from your companion. He probably does not even remember the number he's computed, so there'll be an inclination to protest your arithmetical arrogance. When it comes, offer a small wager; if necessary, give odds. His number will divide quite nicely by 8—even if he cheats; this bet never loses.

2. Instant Math. You should now have at least an interested and possibly an angry prey (the latter is a definite advantage: The angrier he gets, the more susceptible he is, ultimately becoming an abject sucker). It is time to bring him along with another example of your mathematical wizardry. Calmly state that you've mastered the 15,873 multiplication table. Your opponent will be wary, but he'll register "Show me" in some subtle way. "That's crazy!" he might say. So you ask him to pick a number from 1 to 9. Tell him you're going to participate by doing the same, whereupon you write the number 7 on a piece of paper. Then you offer to multiply the 7 by his number by 15,873 within 3 seconds. This feat, certainly, is worth a wager. After the stakes are set, you ask him for his number and proceed to write it down 6 times. (For example, he picks 6: 6 times 7 times 15,873 equals 666,666.) The cloak of infallibility can be seen settling comfortably upon your shoulders. (continued on page 174)



man at his leisure

leroy neiman depicts the dizzy marine maneuverings and beachside heroics of southern california's stoked-up surfers

SURFING, long a religious cult for wave worshipers, has lately not only won coast-to-coast status as a bona-fide sport (there is even a surfing Hall of Fame) but has also inspired a burgeoning subculture that includes rock-'n'-roll songs, magazines, and films such as Bruce Brown's excellent surfing odyssey, *The Endless Summer*. In Southern California, where American surfing was incubated, hordes of "stoked" (hooked) surf devotees, single-minded as lemmings, strap their 25-pound boards atop their cars every day and head for the beaches. *PLAYBOY*'s nomadic artist LeRoy Neiman, who spent a month on the surfers' trail, from San Onofre to Malibu, found their life a robust one: "They live for the sport. Surfing has made Muscle Beach a memory. The surfers' beaches are a kaleidoscope of Hollywood types, 'beach bunnies,' rebellious hipsters and myriad adolescents, some arrayed in wet suits, some bristling with surfing pins, Maltese crosses for good luck and other contemporary finery. There are professionals who represent board manufacturers in tournaments and form-conscious aesthetes who, in their own idiom, 'please fear' by riding the 'heavies' on their 'big guns'—surfboards built for big waves." Veteran surfers get their biggest kick from "getting locked in the curl" (above) or riding inside a ponderous wave. Right: As motorcyclist-musicians provide gratuitous background sounds, Malibu surfers traverse The Pit, a favored rendezvous, on their way to the waves. "The boards and costumes create a symphony of colors," observes Neiman. "In the overcrowded water, however, play gets rough sometimes as surfers jostle for space; 'surf birds'—female wave riders—are on their own. On a good, or 'glassy' day, pandemonium rules."

A well-tanned surfer and his date paddle out to where the action is. "Most surfers," reports Neiman, "are confidently blasé about finding surfmates, and Malibu regulars will say, with a shrug, 'You name 'em, we've got 'em.'"





With the skill and aplomb of experienced gymnasts, a quartet of surfing acrobats demonstrates one of the routines of competitive tandem riding, at the beach at Poche. Right: Undaunted by signs emphasizing dangers that are only too obvious, surfers descend into the briny trough of a wave as they attempt to "shoot the pier." Getting swept under the pier is an occasional, and accepted, part of the game.



Carrying her lightweight board over her head, a surf bird makes her way toward the ocean.





*"I have very little
will power, Mr. Hanson,
and even less won't power."*



IN ALL THE PROVINCE of Szechwan, there was none who was reputed to serve better food in his restaurant nor to have a more beautiful wife than Fong. Yet, in spite of his blessings, Fong was not happy.

"Thrice have I wed beautiful maidens and thrice have they proven themselves barren," he said to T'ai Hao. "I know you for what you truly are, a drunkard and a wench, yet I come to you for advice. For surely, who should know more of such matters than a follower of willows and moonbeams?"

Although T'ai Hao was shocked at such barbaric frankness of speech, he did not allow his surprise to show through his portly smile. "You have offended the gods," he said. "I know something of such matters and may be able to help you. But I promise you that it will cost you dearly."

The next day, T'ai Hao visited his old friend, the abbot of the monastery that stands on the hill that guards the gates of heaven.

"Well," T'ai Hao later said to Fong, "it is all arranged. Both you and your wife, Plum Blossom, must come away to the

The next morning, when a monk brought them their morning broth, he held out his begging bowl. By his demeanor, Fong knew a large donation was expected. Once again he dropped into the bowl one thousand in cash.

Another monk led Fong to an altar on which there was a large stone. "You shall lift the stone one thousand times today," the monk intoned, "each time imploring Amida to drive out the devils."

The monk had slipped away. "The devil take them," Fong said aloud. Then, thinking of the money he had already spent, he began his exertions. When nightfall came, he could barely finish his supper before he fell fast asleep. Again, Plum Blossom stepped into the garden.

"Ah," said the little man, "I see my mistress has enjoyed her life today. Roses blush in her cheeks. Many are the delights of life, if we but relax and allow them to reach us." Plum Blossom relaxed while he showed her delights even greater than she had experienced on the previous night.

The next morning, Fong awoke angry and stiff in every



monastery. For three days, neither of you will leave the room of meditation, whilst we attempt to drive from Plum Blossom's body the devils that prevent conception."

When Fong and Plum Blossom arrived, two files of shaven-headed monks bowed them into a comfortable room overlooking the garden. In the center of the room, hung with lemon-yellow curtains, stood an enormous bed. A monk held out his begging bowl and Fong, realizing that he dare not be niggardly, placed within it one thousand in cash. That night, they were served a clear soup and duck in oiled paper.

"It is cooked well enough," Fong conceded, "but not as well as mine, which costs one tenth the price."

The moon rose, casting bright pools of silver on the ground. From another building came the tinkle of bells. When Fong was asleep, Plum Blossom stepped into the garden. The scent of roses and lilies was so strong she felt faint. She saw a fat little man sitting on a rock in the far corner.

"Can two soups cook in the same pot at the same time?" he asked her.

"No," she stammered.

"Can the devil live with joy?" the man asked.

"No," said Plum Blossom.

"Can he who is without joy create a work of art?" the man asked.

"I think not," replied Plum Blossom.

"Is not the creation of a child the highest act of creation?"

Plum Blossom nodded. His hand was flowing over her breast so lightly she could scarce feel it.

"Let joy flow within you," the little man said.

She allowed his hands to roam over her, raising her to delights she had not known of. While the moon climbed higher into the sky, she allowed herself to be transported to a realm of pure bliss. When she opened her eyes and rose to refasten her garments, she was amazed to see that she was alone in the garden.

muscle. "I think we are being hoodwinked," he declared. "Such prayers and exercises I could have done in my own restaurant."

"You know much of soups and noodles but little of gods," Plum Blossom said sharply, then blushed at being so harsh with her master. Seeing her thus, Fong would have embraced her, had not a monk appeared then.

"Amida has heard you," said the monk. "Today you will walk around the temple one hundred times, beating these cymbals to tell the gods the devil has been driven away." He handed Fong two very heavy bronze cymbals. While Plum Blossom rested serenely in their room, Fong reassured the gods. By nightfall, his legs felt as if they were broken into bits.

"Are you a deity?" Plum Blossom whispered that evening to the little man.

"Only to bring to those on earth the delights of heaven," he said merrily. While the moon rose, he brought her trembling up to heaven. She felt herself being carried away on clouds and moonbeams, then sailing softly back to earth.

Before they departed the next morning, Fong presented the assembled monks with many pieces of silver to show his gratitude.

Several months later, while T'ai Hao was sitting on the porch drinking the white wine of Szechwan province, Fong appeared. "My wife is with child," he said, smiling.

"Even as I foretold," T'ai Hao said.

"But I have already paid a great price," Fong said.

"You owe me nothing," said T'ai Hao. "It is always my pleasure to bring joy to those whose path crosses mine."

Later that day, T'ai Hao visited the abbot and told him of Master Fong's good fortune. "The gods smile kindly upon those who enjoy their time on earth," the abbot said. Whereupon he placed on T'ai Hao's lap a small pouch that jingled.

"Indeed," said T'ai Hao, "it is our duty to bring joy to those whose path crosses ours."

THE FUZZ

(continued from page 78)

prevails in the slum districts of many American cities.

The Lower East Side of New York or Halsted and Maxwell Streets in Chicago were once seething slums, crowded with ethnic groups with the most antagonistic sets of values. Tension was constantly at a maximum. Petty crime and "vice" were rampant and all a policeman could hope to do was abate them, to keep social disorder from destroying social life. In addition, he usually performed all sorts of tasks of social hygiene of the type now handled by professionals—social workers, recreation workers and psychiatrists. Very important, the typical policeman was recruited from the most powerful group in the slums—the Irish poor. Insofar as there was a "consensus" of the well-behaved poor, he represented it—puritanical, authoritarian, superstitious, a believer in corporal punishment of children, subordination of wives and the solution of minor differences between friends by trial by fisticuffs. The Jews were the only group in the old slums who didn't share any of this social ethic, but they kept out of the way of the police.

America has changed. It is becoming a homogeneous society and the divisions that do exist are of a new kind. Today almost all Americans share another set of values—the acquisitive, conspicuous expenditure, passive pleasure system of the American middle class, with its built-in frustration and irresolvable sexual tensions. The Negroes in Watts riot because they want in—into the culture of the TV commercials. They want to integrate into a burning house. They want admission to American homogeneity.

First, of course, is the conflict over homogeneity itself, to which the Negroes demand they be admitted. The second most important division, from the police point of view, is a change of values, the democratization of what was once the privilege of an elite of radical intellectuals—an entirely new moral code.

The only people outside this TV culture are the young (and some old) members of the new and ever-growing subculture of secession. They want out, on any terms, and they deny—in dress, conduct, amusements, personal relations, even intoxicants—all the values of the dominant culture. These people, actually the youngest members of another kind of middle class—the elite corps of the technological society—are, in fact, much more orderly and peaceful and infinitely less predatory than the dominant society. This in itself outrages the police as custodians of the prevailing morality.

Emma Goldman, free lover and anarchist, was quite a sufficient bother to the police of her day. Today there are millions of Emma Goldmans, members

of a new kind of middle class. This public resents the police as guardians of public morals. Younger people, who live by moral codes that bear little resemblance to the lower-middle-class Irish Catholic morality of most of the police force, look upon the policeman as a dangerous and ignorant disrupter of their own peaceful lives.

The police, on the other hand, believe that they have the right to control the lives of others for their own benefit, that they know better what others should do than they do themselves. They adjust the behavior of those who live by a different moral code to the stereotypes that they have inherited from the past. In its most extreme form: "If you see a nigger and a white woman together, chances are it's a pimp and a whore." "All those beatniks," referring to a bearded student of nuclear physics, "take dope." "If you watch, you can catch one of them making a pass and you're sure to find marijuana or pills."

Both press and police commonly refer to marijuana, an intoxicant far less harmful than alcohol, and to LSD and the various barbiturates, tranquilizers and stimulants as "dope" and "narcotics" and attempt to deal with the problem exactly the same way that they dealt with the morphine-cocaine traffic and addiction of 50 years ago. It is significant that the use of most of these drugs results in relaxation and noninvasive behavior, while alcohol stimulates aggressions. The police as the arm of the squares represent an aggressive lower-middle-class morality in conflict with life patterns of nonaggression that they find incomprehensible and interpret in terms of crime and vice—aggression—which they can understand.

What is it the spokesmen for the police are talking about when they say the public doesn't understand the nature of policework? Why don't they explain? The reason is that the contradiction, the dilemma of policework, is something they do not wish publicized. They wish to present to a society concerned about civil liberties the policeman as a functionary of the legal process. They are not prepared to face the fact that he is involved in a symbiotic relationship within the illegal communities that function as subcultures in the society.

It is a common charge of those interested in a reform of the methods of handling the narcotics problem that the Federal, state and, to a lesser degree, city police, along with the Mafia, have a vested interest in preserving the *status quo*. This is an oversimplification. What has actually developed is a great web of petty crime, addiction and peddling, which the narcotics officer hopes he can control and which is sensitive to his manipulation.

For instance, to begin at the begin-

ning of the process: A narcotics addict arrested on a petty-larceny charge can cooperate with the police in several ways. He can help clear the record by admitting to a number of unsolved petty thefts; he can give information that will lead to the arrest of his retail dealer, and his anonymity will be protected by the police and the charges against him will be reduced to a minimum. In the somewhat bigger time, a felony charge can be reduced if the prisoner is willing to cooperate in the arrest of a narcotics wholesaler.

At the bottom of the ladder, a prostitute known to have associates who are either thieves or narcotics pushers or both can cooperate simply by giving general information; or in cases where the police know that the girl has information they want, she is often given the choice between cooperation, being admitted to bail and receiving only a fine at her trial, or refusing to cooperate, being held without bail for a medical examination and then given a jail sentence.

All this is done with a great deal of indirection and evasive language; but since narcotics control is something the police must originate themselves—it is one of several "crimes without plaintiff," which is another definition of "vice"—the police can function only if they can keep a complicated machinery of information and actual social contact operating. And the fuel that keeps this machine going is bargaining power: Each side has a commodity of value to exchange with the other. Each party to the transaction must make a profit. In this sense, the police have a vested interest in the subculture of the underworld.

The remarkable thing about this subculture is that, although it may use the term "square," both police and criminals share the same system of values. The narcotics peddler, the gambler or the prostitute may point out that their activities are civil-service occupations in some countries and if the public didn't want what they had to offer, they would go out of business. To some extent, most policemen share this point of view, but both sides in private conversation usually will be found to be convinced that vice is morally wrong.

The underworld subculture does not have the self-confidence attributed to it in fiction. Again, this lack is a powerful psychological tool in the hands of the police. A prostitute who is treated by the arresting officer as "just a hard-working girl," the victim of hypocritical bluenose laws that it is the officer's job to enforce, will be far more cooperative than a girl who feels she is being treated with contempt, most especially so because she herself has that contempt. Organizations such as Synanon have made a therapeutic method out of the self-hate of the narcotics addict, but a policeman who



*"Oh, it's when the flower's on the right side
that they're not married!"*

used the language of a Synanon session would find himself with a very hostile prisoner on his hands, indeed.

What the policeman does as a custodial officer within the underworld subculture is keep it abated, and he applies these methods to other problems of social order.

For instance, for several years I knew a handsome young Negro intellectual who was a professional blackmailer. He would spot a wealthy young married woman slumming in bohemia, strike up an acquaintance, carry on an intellectual conversation, arouse her sympathy. After reciting T. S. Eliot at length, he would divulge the information that he cried himself to sleep night after night because his skin was black and his hair was crinkly. As they parted, he would thank her profusely, say that he never hoped to see her again but could he write to her sometimes when the pain was more than he could bear. The exchange of letters led to an exchange of pictures and possibly even to an affair; and then one day the socialite housewife would get a telephone call that he was in a terrible jam and needed the \$1000 that he had been offered by a newspaperman for the letters and pictures. Needless to say, journalism is seldom conducted this way, but the girls usually paid up, and those who had been sleeping with him usually went right on doing so.

One night I was in a club in San Francisco's North Beach and watched the regular cop on the beat question only the mixed couples in the place and concentrate his hostility on this man and his new girl. As the cop went out the door, he said to me, "OK, Rexroth, say I'm prejudiced, but what do you want me to do with that motherfucker? Go up to him and say, 'You're under arrest for blackmail?'"

Eventually this harassment may have paid off, because the fellow left town for good. This instance explains a good many things. The police still believe that there are enough relationships of this kind, or worse, among mixed couples to justify a policy of general interrogation and of making those people who do not respond as the police think they should as uncomfortable as possible. Harassment is a method of abatement and the police consider it one that may work when there is no plaintiff or no visible commission of crime.

Take the case of homosexuality. Homosexual acts between consenting adults are no longer policed as such. The laws that the police attempt to enforce are essentially the same as those applied to heterosexuals. The bushes in parks and public toilets are not chosen by heterosexuals for sexual intercourse, and although assignations are made between men and women in bars, this has become socially acceptable in most cities, and it

is usually not so obvious as the activities in a gay bar.

With the growing tolerance of homosexuality and the enormous increase in gay bars and other open manifestations of homosexuality socially, there has been not only a great increase in homosexual prostitution, especially among floating adolescents, but a tremendous increase in robbery and murder. Not only have a number of well-known personalities in recent years been found robbed and beaten to death in cities with a large homosexual population, but studding has become one of the commonest forms of "unexplained" homicide. Middle-aged men, many of them married and with children, are pulled out of the bushes dead with a frequency the police prefer to say nothing about.

Here is the police problem: No one is going to complain. The partners in a homosexual relationship participate voluntarily. If one is robbed, he will not risk disgrace by going to the police. If he's dead, he's dead, and the circumstances of his murder provide no clue. The act itself takes only a brief time and is almost impossible to catch. So the police harass and embarrass the gay bar or the respectable-looking homosexuals frequenting parks or cruising certain well-known streets looking for "trade." The trade, the homosexual prostitute, they make as uncomfortable as possible.

At one time entrapment was a common form of arrest, but the prejudice of the court and the public is so great that it is being abandoned. A judge is very likely to say, "What were you doing when the defendant was fondling your penis?" Besides, entrapment does not catch the principal offender, the stud-buster, who, if he is experienced, can recognize a plainclothesman no matter how plausibly disguised.

This leaves the police with degrading methods, peepholes in public toilets and such, which most officers rebel against using. Of course, in all these cases, some policemen simply love this kind of work. The favorite term of contempt among police, as in the underworld, is "copper-hearted." Fairykillers and whorehunters are not liked by their colleagues on the force; and although police will give all their skill and devotion to cracking a big case of narcotics wholesaling, most men on the narcotics detail sicken of the work with the petty addict, the round of desperation, pilfering, prostitution and squalor and the hopelessness of changing it.

There is one outstanding factor in common in almost all arrests for "vice." The cop must *judge* to arrest; and in court, in a legal process based on contest, he must stick to his guns—and the *esprit de corps* of the force must back him all the way up the chain of command. A general cannot deny his troops.

This is the reason that the chain of command almost invariably seems to the public to do nothing but whitewash whenever there is a complaint, no matter how grievous. It is this paramilitary ethic, not corruption, that accounts for the run-around. Except for a few cities in the East, corruption from outside is dying out. If it exists today, it comes from within the force. Outside the cities that are still controlled by the Organization, policemen, let alone high-ranking officers, are no longer directly controlled by corrupt political machines or by the Mafia.

Modern police corruption is a more subtle thing. Many police departments are controlled by intradepartmental political structures, power *apparats*. Others are the battleground of conflicting groups of this sort, but they are more likely to be generated within the department and concerned exclusively with police rank and privilege than to come from outside. In fact, the tendency is to keep such things from the attention of the public, even from the apparatus of the political parties.

In the case of a liberal and enlightened police chief, the increasing polarization of American society is certain to be reflected in an opposition, usually clandestine but often organized, that considers him a nigger-lover and a Red and whose members do everything they can to sabotage his efforts and to back one another up all along the chain of command as high as they can go. It is this type of reactionary opposition that accounts for the apparently successful John Birch Society recruitment campaign in the police forces of America; and it is here that you find whitewash and run-around in cases of police brutality and especially of racism.

Pay-off is, as I said, part of a system of control for which many otherwise honest, old-fashioned policemen will present strong if not convincing arguments. Criminal corruption, again, usually arises within a police force prompted only by the generally criminal character of American society.

Rings of thieves such as those uncovered a couple of years ago in two police forces usually grow out of the general "knockdown" philosophy of American enterprise, particularly in relation to insurance claims. To quote Chief Stanley R. Schrotel:

Most policemen recognize no wrong in accepting free admissions to public entertainment, discounts on their purchases, special favors and considerations from persons of influence, or tips and gratuities for services performed in the line of their regular duty. They choose to look upon these incidents as being strictly personal matters between themselves and the donors and are

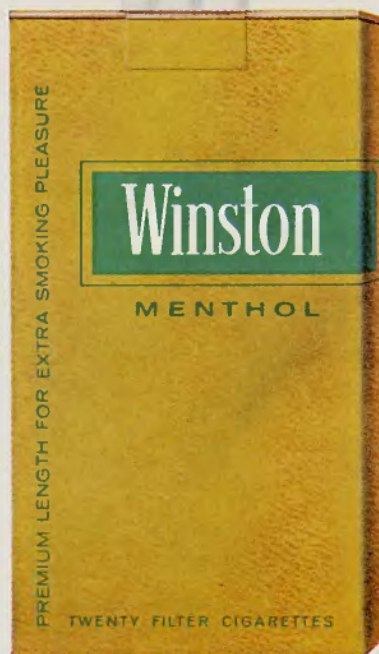
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unwilling to recognize that moral obligations are involved. . . . No matter how much effort is expended in minimizing the derogatory effect of the acceptance of gratuities and favors by law-enforcement officers, the practice has become so prevalent that the public generally concedes that policemen are the world's greatest "moochers." Aside from the question of the effect of the practice upon the officers' effectiveness in enforcing the law, it is a certainty that a reputation for "mooching" does not elevate the standards of the profession in the public's mind.

This picture has a certain old-time charm: the copper in pith helmet and blue Prince Albert copping an apple off the pushcart. To quote again, Banton's *The Policeman in the Community*, paraphrasing Mort Stern's article "What Makes a Policeman Go Wrong": "A former member of the Denver police department, in discussing what went wrong there, stressed that a new recruit was not accepted by his colleagues unless he conformed to their norms. When investigating a burglary in a store, police officers might put some additional arti-

cles into their pockets (indeed, they were sometimes encouraged to do so by the owners, who pointed out that they would recover from the insurance company anyway)." In the "cops as robbers" scandals of a few years back, investigation soon revealed the step-by-step process of corruption. The robbery victim, owner of a shop or a warehouse, expected and encouraged the investigating officers to help themselves to a couple of mink coats or television sets to run up the insurance claim. From there it was a short step to collusion between police, burglary gang and would-be "victim," and from there a still shorter step, the elimination of the middleman, until the police planned and carried out the robberies themselves and moved on to plain, old-fashioned robbery, without the connivance of the robbed.

The corruption that stems from gambling is a special case, although its effects are probably the most far-reaching. Few police anywhere are directly part of the organized narcotics business, and their involvement in prostitution is really trivial, however common, and mostly part of what they consider the necessary web of information. Gambling is different. To-

day, when churches and supermarkets are gambling institutions, it is hard for the average policeman, who is likely to be an Irish Catholic whose church stages weekly bingo games, to take gambling seriously.

Pay-off may start as part of the system of control, but since gambling is the major business of organized crime in America, it soon penetrates to the vitals of the police system. Since gambling is also the major bridge between politics and organized crime, it carries with it not only the corruption of vice but the additional corruption of vice-controlled politics.

Collusion with bookmakers and the proprietors of gambling rooms is turned up fairly frequently on the West Coast. There is such a case pending at this writing in a suburb of San Francisco. Massive infection of the police department and the penetration of high-level, outside, political corruption seems to be far more common east of the Rockies. The Sunset Strip paramilitary actions against youth show conclusively the corruption of the police by the organized "entertainment business." There is a psychological factor here that must be taken into account. A corrupt police force is a guilt-ridden police force, because, with few exceptions, policemen do believe in the lower-middle-class values, even when they flout them. A guilty police force is likely to be both belligerently puritanical in its attempts to control unconventional behavior and hostile—quick to react aggressively to any fancied assault on its own authority. Obviously, this sets up a vicious circle that goes round and round in an ever-accelerating separation of the police from the general population.

At the very best, as any honest policeman will tell you, the police live in a ghetto of their own, and a great deal of the effort of the human-relations bureaus and details of the better police departments is devoted to simply getting through to the public, to breaking down the ghetto wall. But even with the best public relations, the police as a subculture of their own are a garrison society. Policemen associate mostly with one another and have few civilian friends. Policemen's balls and picnics are characterized by a noisy but impoverished conviviality.

In the case of Negroes, the young man who joins the force is likely to meet with a total cutoff in his community and at best find himself uncomfortable in his new one, the police society. A neighbor who was a graduate in law from a Southern Jim Crow university joined the force and discovered that he had even lost the friendship of his minister. After a couple of years of isolation, he quit. As a custodial officer in a Negro ghetto, the policeman confronts a population in revolt to whom he is a soldier of an occupying army, as both James Baldwin and Bayard Rustin have said.

The Negro who sticks it out is



"You're too eager!"

bleached and assimilated. As a Negro sergeant in New York City said, "Five years on the New York force and I don't care how you started out—colored, Puerto Rican, Jewish—you end up Irish." But it must not be forgotten that this is less difficult and less incongruous than it seems to white people. The vast majority of Negroes are not all that exotic. They are conscious of themselves very specifically as a "deprived" minority—deprived of the wonders and goodies of the American way of life. Their exoticism is the delusion of a handful of intellectuals of both races who live exclusively along the hot no man's land of the miscegenation battle front.

I have neglected to mention the only way in which the average citizen comes in frequent contact with the police—traffic violation. This is, as we all know, an area of continual irritability and exasperation on both sides, and one of the best things a city can do is to create a department of traffic-control officers for all violations short of crime completely divorced from the police department.

To sum up, these are the basic factors in the problem: The police are a closed community, socially isolated from the general population, with a high level of irritability along the edges of contact. Police methods have developed in the day-by-day work of control of an underworld of petty crime and vice, in a period when most policework was with the poor, or at least the dwellers in slums. As a control or custodial officer, the typical policeman, in the words of Jerome H. Skolnick, "is inherently a suspicious person, fond of order and predictability. He reacts to stereotyped symbols of potential trouble—even oddities of dress or speech—and proceeds on the presumption of guilt, often while winking at the legal niceties of restraint in searches and arrests. Intent upon 'controlling crime,' the officer keenly resents having his results upset at the appellate level."

Skolnick found that the police feel frustrated by the court's affirmation of principles of due process and generally consider the appellate judiciary as "traitor" to its responsibility to keep the community free from criminality.

We hear a great deal about the professionalization of the policeman from theorists and lecturers in police academies, but on the part of the older or more conventional of these people, professionalism really means the development of a high degree of craft skill in playing the role described by Skolnick—a social custodial officer with maximum efficiency and minimum social friction. This body of social servants, with its own ideology and ethic, is set over against a society that bears little resemblance to the one that produced it in the first place. To quote Thomas F. Adams,



"Field Interrogations," *Police*, March-April, 1963:

A. Be suspicious. This is a healthy police attitude, but it should be controlled and not too obvious.

B. Look for the unusual.

1. Persons who do not "belong" where they are observed.

2. Automobiles that do not "look right."

3. Businesses opened at odd hours, or not according to routine or custom.

C. Subjects who should be subjected to field interrogations.

1. Suspicious persons known to the officers from previous arrests, field interrogations and observations.

2. Emaciated-appearing alcoholics and narcotics users who invariably turn to crime to pay for cost of habit.

3. Person who fits description of wanted suspect as described by radio, teletype, daily bulletins.

4. Any person observed in the immediate vicinity of a crime very recently committed or reported as "in progress."

5. Known troublemakers near large gatherings.

6. Persons who attempt to avoid or evade the officer.

7. Exaggerated unconcern over contact with the officer.

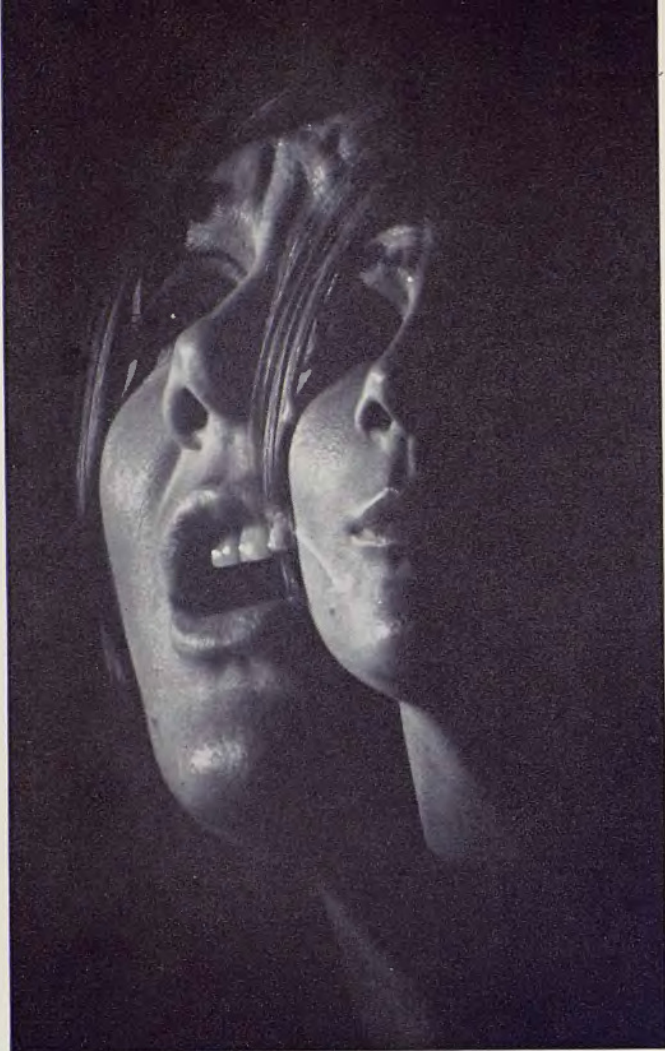
(continued on page 126) 123



ON THE SCENE

JIM RYUN *the kansas comet*

LAST SUMMER Jim Ryun ran the world's fastest mile and this summer he could conceivably break every middle-distance track record. Beyond that, he has carried—without seeming corny—the ancient athletic virtues of self-punishing practice and genuine modesty into a decade alien to them. “Back at the beginning,” Ryun told *PLAYBOY*, with a rare note of pride, “I was working harder than most milers do at their peak.” The beginning was five years ago this past spring, when he was a skinny 15-year-old running six miles through the streets of Wichita each morning. The practice followed a five-A.M. paper route even in the most miserable Kansas weather (“It was boring,” Ryun has since said, “especially when I had to run alone”), and his no-nonsense, fundamentalist background had ill prepared him for wisecracking bystander reactions (“What are you doing out in your underwear, kid?”) he sometimes encountered. Ryun suffers from inner-ear damage severe enough to make the sounds of other runners and shouted-out quarter-mile times indistinct; but by the end of his junior year, he had become the first high schooler to run a sub-four-minute mile. And after deciding as a freshman at the University of Kansas that he wouldn't try in every race to live up to the sportswriters' puffery about him, Ryun even began to lose a little of his reticence. On the California Sunday last July when he took the record from France's Michel Jazy in 3:51.3, he was relaxed and confident enough to say, “When I win, I always feel I could have gone faster.” Ryun keeps private any predictions about his fastest potential mile, but it is already obvious that he can manage the hazards of fame as masterfully as he handled himself when he was a high school sophomore running alone. Commenting on the mob of fans he had to outrun for three blocks after the record race, Ryun said simply, “I think the event is overemphasized.”



LANA CANTRELL *up from down under*

WHEN SHE WAS TEN, Lana Cantrell, daughter of a Sydney, Australia, bass player, was already knocking them out down under as a soloing songstress at jazz concerts. Now 23, this slender, saucy Aussie with a voice that fills the room—whether she's playing to 300 or 3000—is America's fastest-rising chanteuse. On RCA Victor's *And Then There Was Lana*, her first LP outing (see this month's *Playboy After Hours*), La Cantrell displays a voice, all 110 percent of it, that clings crisply, lovingly and effortlessly to a lyric. Lana came to the U.S. three years ago, after having gone about as far as she could go in Australia. "I'd been on all the television variety programs there," she reports. "But Australian show business is so limited, I decided it was time for a change—so here I am." One of her first moves in the U.S. was her best: Lana signed on to tour the Playboy Club circuit. "There is absolutely nothing like it in the world," she says. "Working the Clubs taught me almost everything I know as a performer." A well-traveled young lady, Lana recently represented America at the Polish Song Festival, one of Europe's increasingly prestigious music competitions. "I went there by myself and met some swinging Russians," she says. "It was such a ball, I'd love to go back someday." And the Poles would love to have her back: Lana walked away with first prize, singing *I'm All Smiles*. With a slew of television and club dates coming up, Lana seems set for superstardom. Already enjoying the rewards of a winner, she has accumulated a pad in Manhattan's posh East 70s and a white Jaguar XK-E. ("On Saturdays, I take the car out for exercise—sort of like walking a dog.") Her next step? "I want to do a Broadway show more than anything else," she says. "A hit musical is the singer's symbol of success." The transition should be easy for showstopper Lana; music critics have already given her a pressbook full of rave notices.



MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI *fillet of soul*

HAVING TO BEAR the name of an artistic colossus would intimidate most men; film director Michelangelo Antonioni, however, wears the appellation with assurance. But while his 16th Century namesake celebrated the divine aspects of humanity, the 54-year-old Antonioni—in such cinematic studies of obscure communication as *L'Avventura*, *La Notte*, *L'Eclisse*, *Red Desert* and *Blow-Up*—has chosen to portray the emotional impotence of modern man in the mechanistic world he has fashioned. "I don't think there is any love in the world," Antonioni has declared, while asserting that anyone who "looks reality in the face" cannot be a pessimist. In the recent and highly successful *Blow-Up*, Antonioni's second film in color and his first in English, a super-Mod London photographer discovers, by enlarging long-distance shots of a couple romancing in a park, that a man has been murdered; but the shock eventually evaporates in the flesh-and-pot vapidness of his life. The aristocratic Antonioni, a former film critic with a business degree who now shares a Roman apartment with his frequent leading lady, Monica Vitti, is so painstaking a craftsman that he has landscapes artificially colored to reflect his characters' mental states. No fan of American movies, and unconcerned with profit (the only material possessions in which he takes pride are several paintings and an Alfa Romeo), he once turned down a Hollywood offer when he found he would not have complete autonomy. While critics debate the merits of his work, Antonioni tries to remain aloof; he does not like to explain his films, he considers critics "idiots" and regards actors as "cows" who must defer in all matters to the director's better judgment. As deliberate in speaking as in directing, Antonioni—who claims to be amused only by sex—has merely hinted that his next film may be "very violent." We can only hope that means another blowup is in the works.

THE FUZZ (continued from page 123)

8. Visibly "rattled" when near the policeman.

9. Unescorted women or young girls in public places, particularly at night in such places as cafés, bars, bus and train depots or street corners.

10. "Lovers" in an industrial area (make good lookouts).

11. Persons who loiter about places where children play.

12. Solicitors or peddlers in a residential neighborhood.

13. Loiterers around public rest rooms.

14. Lone male sitting in car adjacent to schoolground with newspaper or book in his lap.

15. Lone male sitting in car near shopping center who pays unusual amount of attention to women, sometimes continuously manipulating rearview mirror to avoid direct eye contact.

16. Hitchhikers.

17. Person wearing coat on hot days.

18. Car with mismatched hub-caps, or dirty car with clean license plate (or vice versa).

19. Uniformed "deliverymen" with no merchandise or truck.

20. Many others. How about your own personal experiences?

And Colin MacInnes, in *Mr. Love and Justice*:

The true copper's dominant characteristic, if the truth be known, is neither those daring nor vicious qualities that are sometimes attributed to him by friend or enemy, but an ingrained conservatism and almost desperate love of the conventional. It is untidiness, disorder, the unusual, that a copper disapproves of most of all: far more, even, than of crime, which is merely a professional matter. Hence his profound dislike of people loitering in streets, dressing extravagantly, speaking with exotic accents, being strange, weak, eccentric, or simply any rare minority—of their doing, in fact, anything that cannot be safely predicted.

Then Peter J. Connell, in "Handling of Complaints by Police":

The time spent cruising one's sector or walking one's beat is not wasted time, though it can become quite routine. During this time, the most important thing for the officer to do is notice the *normal*. He must come to know the people in his area, their habits, their automobiles and their friends. He must learn what time the various shops close,

how much money is kept on hand different nights, what lights are usually left on, which houses are vacant . . . only then can he decide what persons or cars under what circumstances warrant the appellation "suspicious."

All this was all right in a different world. At least the society didn't fall apart. What was once a mob is today a civil rights demonstration; oddly dressed people are musicians, students, professors, members of the new professions generally (half of Madison Avenue seems to take the subway home to Greenwich Village at five P.M., shed the gray-flannel suits and basic blacks and get into costumes that the police believe are worn only by dope fiends).

Why is the heat on all over America? For exactly the same reason it has always gone on in an American city after an outbreak of social disorder, a shocking crime or a sudden rise in the crime rate. The police feel that they are dealing with a situation that is slipping away from their control, and they are using the methods, most of them extralegal, by which they have traditionally regained control—"discourage them and they'll go away."

Where the police once confronted unassimilated groups of the illiterate poor, they now face an unassimilable subculture of the college-educated—unassimilable certainly by their own standards. Homosexuality, once a profitable source of shakedown and a chance to release a few sadistic repressions, is now open and, in fact, tolerated. There are articles in theological magazines about the church's responsibility to the homosexual and an interfaith organization to implement such responsibility—"homophile" organizations of both men and women stage national conventions addressed by notabilities in law, psychiatry and sociology and even by a few enlightened police officers. Such organizations recently sued the State of California to gain the right to operate a booth at the state fair.

Racially mixed couples are common on the streets of every Northern city and are beginning to appear in the South, and they are far more likely today to be students or professional people than denizens of the underworld. Outlandish costume has become the uniform of youth all over the world who are in moral revolt against the predatory society.

Today, when extra- and premarital sex is a commonplace, from grammar school to the senior citizens' clubs, we forget that a few individuals are still serving sentences in American prisons for fornication, adultery and oral sex between men and women; but the police have not forgotten—most of them, anyway. A

weekly book-review section that once refused advertising of any book whatsoever by Kenneth Patchen or Henry Miller now runs a "cover story" on *Story of O*, a detailed, graphic description of the most extreme sadomasochism, homosexuality and "deviance." There are regular underground movie houses that publicly show movies that would shock even policemen at a departmental smoker. Due to their seriousness of intent, they still horrify the police, but in a new way.

Adolescent Negro prostitutes in San Francisco, when arrested, "go limp" and put up long, highly sophisticated arguments for legalized prostitution and do everything but sing *We Shall Overcome*. I must say that the police with whom I have talked who have been involved in such situations have enough sense of humor to think it's all just hilarious.

At one time, marijuana and the various pharmaceutical kicks were part of a hard dope subculture and unquestionably led in some instances directly to heroin addiction—"Whatsa matter, you chicken? When you going to graduate?" This is certainly no longer true. The squares and the oldies have no conception of how common the use of marijuana is among the young. Pickup and put-down pills are used by everybody to sleep or to wake up; and we have just gone through a craze for hallucinogens that seems to be leveling off. It is my impression that this has been accompanied by a proportionate decline in the use of heroin, except, possibly, in certain sections of New York City. Although large numbers of informed people believe that marijuana is harmless and that even the worst of the other drugs cause neither delirium tremens, polynuritis, extensive brain damage nor lung cancer, the police, egged on by some of the press, persist in treating all users of all drugs and intoxicants except alcohol and nicotine as narcotics addicts.

Everybody talks back to the cops today. This "disrespect for law" has two contradictory sources—the general criminality that seeps through all American business and politics, and the growth of a new culture of revolt against precisely this "business ethic." In a sense, the police are caught in the middle of a class war, a war between antagonistic moral, rather than economic, classes.

Most policemen come from conservative levels of the society, lower-middle- and working-class families that have preserved an authoritarian structure and fundamentalist religion and puritanical attitude toward sex and a fear and contempt for any nonconformist behavior. The great majority of patrolmen in America have no more than a high school education, and that in substandard schools.

An additional factor seldom taken



Gahan Wilson

account of is the class hostility of the people on this social level for the educated, sophisticated and affluent generally, and most especially for those to whom the proper definition of bohemianism especially applies, those who mimic the habits of the idle rich without possessing their money or their reserves of power and who forgo the commonly accepted necessities of life to enjoy the luxuries. This kind of personality is specifically designed to outrage the type of policeman who is likely to be suspicious of anybody who drinks cognac instead of bourbon or who smokes Turkish cigarettes, much less someone who thinks Juan Marichal must be an obscure Spanish poet.

At one time, the great web of police custodial care could isolate such types in Greenwich Village or the Near North Side or North Beach. Today they are everywhere and increasing geometrically. If all of their activities, from peddling poetry on the streets or marching in demonstrations to smoking marijuana and attending nude parties, were suddenly to become accepted, the police forces of the country would be threatened with mass nervous breakdown. This may be one of those processes of historical change where the resistance of the past is not altogether valueless. For instance, laws against the possession of marijuana have become practically unenforceable. If everyone who smokes grass were arrested, we'd have to build concentration camps all over the country. Yet even today it would be quite impossible to legalize marijuana by referendum. It is doubtful that many of the state legislators of this country would have the guts to go on record as voting yes on a law such as the British one abolishing the criminality of homosexual acts between consenting adults.

The most dangerous social tension between police and people is certainly in race relations. The most enlightened police chief, with the aid of the most dedicated community-relations detail, cannot control the policeman on the beat in his personal relations with ignorant, poor and obstreperous members of a race that he does not understand. The only solution for this within the police force is education and the changing of group pressures. As one police officer said, "We all use the word nigger in the squad room. You'd be looked on as a kook if you didn't, but I won't let my kids use it at home."

Another obvious but unmentionable factor: Of all the ethnic groups in America, the Irish and the Negro put the greatest value on combativeness. The Chicago social group most like the South Side Irish of James Farrell's novels is precisely the Negroes who replaced them. Both communities were organized

around mutual interpersonal hostility as a way of life.

Most chiefs of police rise directly from the ranks and are often less well educated than the new generation of rookies. Most city charters forbid the recruitment of managerial officers from outside the force. What this means is that the precinct captains are men from a less enlightened age who have risen by seniority to that point and are not competent to go further. They are the real bottlenecks and they can defeat all the efforts of an enlightened chief and police commission in their own bailiwicks.

The paramilitary structure of the police force is such that it is exceedingly difficult to create a board of review, office of complaints or of human relations within the force that will not be dominated by police politics and civil-service inertia. This is the reason for the ever-growing demand for outside surveillance—civilian policing of the police.

Most cities now have police boards of various sorts, but these are made up of well-to-do businessmen and politicians and seldom meet more than a couple of hours once a week and have at best only a small secretarial staff. Negro members are usually lawyers and politicians or pastors of respectable churches. It would be possible to totally reorganize such commissions, make them representative, give them power and a large working staff.

Within the police force itself, it is possible to set up an inspector general's office, outside the chain of command, that would process, investigate and act on all citizen complaints. This is the common proposal of the more enlightened spokesmen from within the police system.

It would be possible to set up in each city an Ombudsman office with the job of clearing all manner of citizens' dissatisfactions with the functioning of the city and its employees. This has worked in Scandinavia, whence the word comes; but the vision of pandemonium that the prospect of such an American office conjures up is frightening. It is doubtful that it would be possible to get people to take the jobs, and certainly not to stay on them.

A civilian review board, either elected or appointed by the mayor from completely outside all political apparatus, would be ideal, but the very terms contain a contradiction. How is this going to come about? It is a popular proposal with the civil rights organizations and the one most fervently resisted by the police. Although it is true, as Bayard Rustin says, that it would protect the unjustifiably accused officer, it would strip naked the paramilitary structure that the police consider essential, not just to their morale but to their actual function; and it would reveal all those aspects of police-work the police consider most essential,

the clandestine extralegal ones.

In some cities, Seattle and Los Angeles among them, the civil rights organizations have set up civilian patrols that prowls the prowls cars. They follow the police and stand by during arrest, politely and usually silently. They must be made up of citizens of all races, or of unimpeachable respectability, who are willing to donate eight hours at least once a week to difficult and unpleasant work. Obviously, they will obtain from the officers in the patrol cars the most elaborate compliance with all the amenities of the etiquette of arrest. How much effect this has in the long run is questionable; and by its nature, a civilian patrol program is not likely to endure beyond a few critical months. People are unlikely to engage in such activity night after night, year after year.

What is the best of these alternatives? Only experience can tell. If we were to set up in American cities a kind of neighborhood civil militia that checked on all police activity, we would soon find that we had created a police system like that of the Russians, in which the law and the police and their party and neighborhood representatives function as agents of public order and education in social ethics. This may be an estimable theory of how to run a society, but it is in total contradiction to every principle of British-American law and social organization. We do not want the police as custodians, but as instruments of a law that regards all men as equal and at liberty to run their affairs to suit themselves as long as they do not inflict damage on others.

The police spokesmen are perfectly right in saying that what should be done is to truly professionalize policework. This means changing the class foundation of the police force itself. A professional is a man with a salary at least comparable with that of a small-town dentist, with at least one college degree, with an advanced technical and, at the same time, broadly humanistic education and whose work demands that he keep abreast of its latest developments. The thought of turning all the policemen in America into such persons staggers the imagination. However, the nursing profession, which by and large is recruited from exactly the same level of society as the police, has been professionalized in one generation in everything but salary. An executive nurse in a big-city health department may have more years of college than most of the doctors working with her. She is lucky, indeed, if she makes \$800 a month.

What is the answer? I have no idea. This is one of those many regions of frustration that are spreading across all of modern life, blotches on the skin of a body that is sick within with a sickness

of which all diagnoses differ. I suppose society will smell its way to some sort of solution, muddle through the muddle. This is not a very hopeful prognostication for what is, after all, one aspect of a grave crisis; but none of the other prognostications about any of the other aspects are hopeful, either.

A friend who read this article said, "The ending should be stronger. If the answer is to upgrade or professionalize the police forces, then that is the ending and the answer."

It has been said of Americans that they lack a tragic sense of life, that they are metaphysical optimists. There always must be an answer. The trouble is that there isn't. Our entire civilization is in a general crisis and seems incapable of producing any answers—nuclear disarmament or birth control. Rhodesia or the Common Market, cows in India and marijuana in American high schools—things are breaking down all over. Why should there be an answer to the problem of police brutality and extralegal behavior?

I have before me an article from the *Yale Law Journal*. The well-meaning, mild-mannered law professor tells a story of petty police harassment and insulting stopping and questioning that he has encountered throughout a lifetime of going peaceably about his business. He proposes a code of conduct to be adopted by city police forces. Eight points of ordinary legality and courtesy—but strictly belling the cat. There are all sorts of lovely solutions, long-term solutions—but there is no long term left. Things get worse faster than they get better. The professionalizing of policework would require a generation of time, billions of dollars and a revolution in American morality. American society deserves the cops it has produced. The pity of it is, it is the people who can't get into that society or who want out of it who get it in the neck.

The brutal fact is—the cops won't learn, or they can't learn fast enough. The Sunset Strip, coming shortly after Watts, shows that conclusively. Since the police have decided to treat the majority of the population—that is, those under 30—as common criminals and rioters, the only thing to do is to adopt the protective behavior of the common criminal: "Keep your nose clean and don't volunteer." Carry the phone number of a lawyer and a bondsman. And, most important, say nothing whatever except, "Please permit me to phone my lawyer." Allen Ginsberg used to carry a pocket tape recorder and turned it on whenever he was stopped by the police, which was at least once a week. That's good if you can afford it. Meanwhile, as the Jehovah's Witnesses say, "Are you ready for Armageddon?"




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theologians remain faithful to the Christ and his mission; Jewish theologians remain faithful to the Torah and its tradition. Our loyalty is not slavish, but we are convinced there must be some order and structure if life is to be viable. Every parent knows that the most certain way to destroy a child is to permit him to do exactly as he pleases. Insightful norms do not impede realistic freedom; they make it possible.

Is it true that if God is dead, all things are permissible? As I read the Protestant death-of-God theologians, I find there is one prophet of the death of God they tend to ignore: Sigmund Freud. Freud was intensely interested in religion throughout his life. Early in his career, he offered—in *Totem and Taboo*—his theory of the origin of religion. According to Freud, religion began with the murder of God. Of course, Freud maintained that what we call God is actually a heavenly projection of a primordial father figure. In both *Totem and Taboo* and *Moses and Monotheism*, Freud saw the origin of religion in an archaic, cannibalistic act of parricide at the beginning of human civilization. He postulated that originally men dwelt in small

hordes, dominated by a tyrannical patriarch who had exclusive sexual access to the females of the horde. As each son became a potential sexual rival, the primal father murdered, castrated or exiled him. Driven by common sexual need, the exiled sons finally overwhelmed and murdered their father. Their objective was to displace him and gain sexual possession of his females.

According to Freud, their victory was to prove bitter and ironic. Once the sons murdered the father, they were too guilt-ridden to acknowledge their own deed. They did what men have done all too often. They denied their crime and tried to suppress conscious memory of the deed. Once dead, the father proved an infinitely greater source of terror than when alive. Because the sons attempted to suppress the memory, they conducted themselves as if the father were still alive. The dead father was speedily transformed by the sons into the omnipotent Father-God. The fear of God and the desire to obey His laws were rooted in the original violence against His person. God, according to Freud, is none other than the first victim of human parricide.

The sons murdered the primal father to possess his females. They soon learned that they could not have unlimited sexual access to the females, as had the father, without killing each other out of envy or rivalry. They quickly realized that some instrumentality had to be devised whereby sexual desire would not disrupt social structure. According to Freud, the sons instituted the law of exogamy at this point, to restrain themselves from doing to each other what they had done to their father. Having murdered the father to gain sexual freedom, the sons were forced to impose upon themselves the same prohibitions he had imposed upon them. They decreed, as had the father, that they would have to seek sexual partners outside of their immediate social group. They had been under the illusion that if only they could rid themselves of the father, they would find total sexual freedom. It didn't work. They sadly discovered that it is neither the father nor God, but reality itself, that imposes behavioral limitations upon us.

Freud's myth of religious origins has been subject to devastating scientific criticism. It is far less significant as an attempt to explain the origin of religion than for its capacity to lend insight into the necessity of law, discipline and structure for the social process. Every child imagines that it must keep clean, refrain from biting and soiling and maintain regular hours solely because parents insist. But sooner or later, he learns that life is impossible without self-imposed disciplines. I do not see the Torah as an arbitrary imposition that limits my freedom. I see it as a summation of the wisdom and experience of past generations. Very often I have learned through bitter experience what I could have learned with infinitely less pain had I paid serious attention to the book. Of course, I realize that we live in a time when people are more disposed to learn their lessons through trial and error than through tradition. As a college chaplain, I continually admonish parents, "Get off your child's back. The only way he'll learn is by finding out himself." We couldn't do it any other way in America, but we pay a high price in emotional distress and wrecked lives. I am not at all sure that other societies that make the rules of the game more explicit aren't better off than we are. Whether the rules are handed down or learned experimentally, we have taken Ivan Karamazov's speculation too seriously. It is simply not true that if God is dead, all things are permitted. The loss of God is not a happy event that liberates man; it is a sad event that makes the task of maintaining the slender thread of civilization and decency infinitely more difficult.

The great German theologian Dietrich



Interlandi

"Aw right, youse guys . . . tempus fugits . . .!"

Bonhoeffer, writing from a Nazi prison shortly before his martyrdom, was preoccupied with the problem of what to say of God in a time of no religion. I believe that our problem is what to say of religion in a time of no God. Neither Jewish nor Christian radical theologians are atheists. They have not withdrawn from a very deep commitment to and involvement in their religious communities. Contemporary radical theology will fail to have any significance unless it faces the question of what religious life can mean in the time of the death of God.

Every radical theologian has been asked, "If you believe as you do, why do you stay in business?" I believe the answer lies in the direction of a new paganism that uses the traditional language and liturgy of the established religious communities to its own purposes. Lest I be misunderstood, I do not mean by paganism anything as vulgar as the paganism of Cecil B. De Mille's extravaganzas. The idea of paganism unfortunately conjures up images of temple orgies and nude dancing girls. In reality, paganism was originally a religious movement predicated on man's deep understanding that he is a child of earth who is destined to live his brief span and return to earth. Paganism is the religion of nature. Judaism and Christianity are religions of history. If we can no longer believe in the God of history without praising Him for Auschwitz, we can believe in the old-new divinities of earth and nature. Paganism never proclaimed a belief in an omnipotent God who controlled all human events toward some meaningful historical goal, as did Judaism and Christianity. Paganism was a religion, but a nontheistic one. It celebrated the major events in the year's calendar, as well as the decisive events in the timetable of the individual's life from birth to death. I define religion as the way we share the decisive events and crises of life in accordance with the historic traditions and institutions of our inherited communities. Religion need have little or nothing to do with what a man believes about God. We turn to religion for those rituals that are appropriate for such decisive crises as birth, adolescence, marriage, the confession of guilt, the changing of the seasons and death. No one, for example, has to believe in an omnipotent God to be married in a church or synagogue. When this decisive turning point comes, most of us feel that it must be celebrated with more seriousness and dignity than a ceremony at city hall can offer. We turn to the church or synagogue for every important crisis of our life spans. When we do, nobody cares very much about what we believe. The religion most of us practice is paganism. We have become pagan in fact, though we remain divided into



"It all started with doing imitations of James Cagney."

Protestant, Catholic and Jewish pagans and most of us continue to follow the inherited traditions into which we were born.

Sharing the crises of life is not the only reason most Americans become members of a church or synagogue in the time of the death of God. American society is too big and impersonal for anyone to feel a sense of community outside of small groups. The phenomenon Nat Hentoff has described as *The Cold Society* (PLAYBOY, September 1966) is very relevant. All of us need a sense of community. Only the seriously disturbed find greater warmth in gadgets than in the fellowship of their peers. Since World War Two, there has been a spectacular increase both in the number of churches and in church membership. There has been little, if any, increase in religious belief. Another need has been met by the proliferation of religious institutions. It is the need for a significant community in which the individual is more than a number or an IBM card. The churches and synagogues do not always serve the need for community as well as they might, but they are among the few institutions in America making an honest effort.

I think I feel somewhat more at home in my religious community as a Jewish radical theologian than do some of my friends who are Christian radical theo-

gians. Hamilton says he is searching for a new religious language and a new liturgy. I am not. I am perfectly content with the old language and the old liturgy. Of course, I am very liberal in the way I interpret it. As a matter of fact, in the time of the death of God, I suspect we need the old liturgies more than ever. Just as Altizer and Hamilton have a renewed appreciation of the Messiah in the time of the death of God, I have a renewed appreciation for the Torah and the traditions of Israel. If we have lost God, we need the discipline and guidance of our traditions more than ever.

Mysticism is also a very real option in the time of the death of God. Like paganism, mysticism has been the subject of much confusion in recent times. The mystic is not a hazy irrationalist yearning for an incommunicable revelation. Fundamentally, mystics are convinced that God is the source out of which we have come and with which we must ultimately be reunited. I suspect that mysticism was the vehicle through which paganism led an underground life in both Judaism and Christianity for the past 2000 years. The pagan sees all human existence as an expression of the earth's fruitfulness. Earth is the cannibal mother who gives birth to the fruit of her womb only so that she may ultimately consume it. For the mystic, God is the holy nothingness out of which we have come and to which we must return. The vocabularies of



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mysticism and paganism are somewhat different, but their basic perspective on the human condition is largely the same.

There are many indications of the renewed strength of mystical religion in our time. There may be some faddism involved in the interest in Zen Buddhism, for example, in the Western world since World War Two, but it is not all fad. Much of it has been a searching for new religious paths once it was understood that the God of traditional theism was dead and, as Paul Tillich said, deserved to die. In Judaism, there has been a revival of interest in Hasidism and Jewish mysticism, largely because of the writings of Martin Buber. Neither mysticism nor paganism requires a personal God: The God of both is the source out of which we have come and to which we must return. I believe that the time of the death of God will mean not only a renewal of paganism, it will also bring about a renewal of mysticism. My own deepest belief is that God is the holy nothingness, our source and our final home. Omnipotent nothingness is Lord of all creation. The old personal God of theism has been lost; the God of mystical religion will be renewed in the time of the death of God.

All radical theologians recognize that they are children of the same time, responding to similar issues and talking a very similar language. As Jews and Christians, we are separated by much that has always separated Jewish and Christian believers, but this separation is somehow dissolved in a deeper unity. As we study each other's works, as we converse about man and God, as we explore the meaning of our religious quest, we recognize at the deepest levels that we are contemporaries, sharing our time on earth together. I felt a cold chill when, in October 1965, I learned of the death of Paul Tillich. I was in Warsaw at the time. I had attended Tillich's lectures at Harvard and had been more deeply influenced by him than by any other American theologian, Jewish or Christian. I knew that day in Warsaw that the burden of exploring the theological meaning of contemporary American life would fall largely to those who had been Tillich's pupils. I was not the least surprised when I noted that Altizer and Hamilton had dedicated their book to Tillich's memory. As Altizer has said, Paul Tillich is the father of contemporary radical theology. Death-of-God theology is the inevitable dialectic result of the theology of Tillich. Having had a common teacher, contemporary radical theologians, both Jewish and Christian, address a common set of problems. We cannot, because of our ancestral inheritances, concur in similar affirmations, but we are very much together in this quest for religious meaning in our time.

PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 46)

so much more in this field than we did a few years ago. The frigid wife is an unfortunate woman who needs help. Her husband should see that she gets the necessary treatment, instead of merely complaining about his lot.

Myra A. Josephs, Ph.D.
San Juan, Puerto Rico

I was disturbed by the letter from the man in Kansas with a frigid wife (*The Playboy Forum*, February). As a wife myself, and a registered nurse, I would like to tell this couple: Run, don't walk, to the nearest gynecologist. Any woman who has remained frigid after six years of marriage, and who states that the only sensation she experiences in intercourse is pain, is in desperate need of medical attention. A good gynecologist could quickly determine whether the wife needs a small operation, hormone treatments or any of several successful medical therapies for this condition.

The important point is that *medical attention* is the first approach to curing frigidity. Americans have been so hypnotized by the popularity of parlor psychoanalysis that they tend to believe that frigidity is always a psychological problem, which requires years of expensive "depth analysis" and which may never be cured. In fact, this condition often yields to quick and inexpensive medical treatment.

(Name withheld by request)
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Dr. Sophia Kleegman, of the New York University Medical Center's Department of Gynecology, has reported that 85 percent of women who feel pain during intercourse suffer from "adverse anatomic local conditions." We agree, as would any competent psychiatrist, that a thorough medical examination should precede psychiatric treatment, to establish whether a disorder has a physical cause.

But Dr. Kleegman's estimate of 85 percent applies only when there is pain during intercourse. Frigidity unaccompanied by pain does not "often" yield to medical treatment, as you assert. In "The Power of Sexual Surrender," Dr. Marie N. Robinson addresses the frigid woman as follows: "Frigidity is, in the vast majority of cases, essentially a psychological problem. The only way it can be approached with any hope of resolving it is through the mind, by understanding it. Anybody who tells you differently is, to put it plainly and simply, wrong."

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS AND THE PILL

The noted and very opinionated Dr. Margaret Mead recently participated in a three-day public forum in San Francisco and had some outspoken views on teenagers and the pill.

"We've got to be prepared to give contraceptives to high school girls," she declared. She believes this to be necessary even if the use leads to sexual promiscuity, because "it is far more desirable than pregnancy . . . and it is better than illegitimacy, abortions and, as important, unhappy marriages."

Does PLAYBOY agree with Dr. Mead?

H. Kligerman
San Francisco, California

Yes.

MORNING-AFTER PILL

There has been a lot of talk about the Sexual Revolution. According to anthropologist Melvin Perlman, who spoke at Berkeley a short while ago, the present revolution is nothing compared with the one that will follow the latest development in contraceptives—the morning-after pill. This, he explained, will mean that girls can safely say yes, without having to feel that their assent was premeditated. This will eliminate the guilt many now feel about taking the pill before they are sure it will be needed.

What a relief it will be when there's a medication that does not offend the female's sensibility but safeguards her security.

Stan Goldberg
San Francisco, California

CATHOLICS AND CONTRACEPTION

Regarding the letters on the rhythm method of birth control (*The Playboy Forum*, April): The real tragedy of this method is that, after such enormous sacrifices and sufferings, a couple still cannot be reasonably sure of success. You pointed out that the Planned Parenthood Federation says that the rhythm method is only 65 percent to 80 percent effective, but, actually, if a woman's cycle is less than a perfect average, effectiveness can be much lower than that.

Paula Levine
Brooklyn, New York

Yes. And we also pointed out that a recent sociological survey established that "Catholic wives complying with the Church's ban on contraceptives had declined from 70 percent in 1955 to 62 percent in 1960 and 47 percent last year." Since this report was published, a survey by Newsweek indicates additional disaffection among Catholics regarding the rhythm method:

Nothing about their Church troubles American Catholics more than its opposition to artificial methods of birth control. Catholics, and young married couples in particular, regard the ban as by far the most difficult of the Church's teachings to live up to—and many have given up trying. Large numbers are

impatiently waiting for the Church to relax its injunction against birth-control pills and devices.

Fully 73 percent of those interviewed in the Newsweek survey want a change in the birth-control regulations. But even more dramatic is the overwhelming sentiment for reform among college graduates (84 percent for change) and among those who are under 35 and consequently bearing most of the children (89 percent want change) . . .

At present, the Vatican sanctions only two forms of birth control—total abstinence from sexual intercourse and restricting intercourse to times when the woman cannot conceive—the rhythm method. Not surprisingly, most Catholics reject total abstinence as a solution . . .

Not many Catholics find the rhythm method satisfactory either. Only 18 percent of those interviewed thought rhythm was effective as much as 75 percent of the time, while more than half said it had failed for them personally.

CATHOLICS AND ABORTION

Recently, the Stanford chapter of the California Committee to Legalize Abortion conducted a poll of students to find out attitudes on abortion. The overwhelming majority were liberal: 72 percent of those polled were in favor of allowing women to have abortions during the first three months of pregnancy. The Catholic students were almost as liberal: 50 percent were in favor of such abortions. The official Church policy is clearly way out of line with the thinking of its younger members.

Kathleen Phillips
Stanford, California

PRAISE FROM PURDUE

I have just finished reading all four booklet reprints of *The Playboy Philosophy* and found it refreshing and stimulating. I have often quoted Hefner in my marriage course and have used many of his insights in my counseling with students.

H. Richard Rasmusson, Director
All-Student Church
Purdue University
West Lafayette, Indiana

THEOLOGICAL FORUM

I am encouraged to see that your influential publication is printing discussions of theology. Theology has too long been a stuffy and abstract study pursued in ivory towers. To bring it into the secular world is to put it where it belongs. A religious orientation is of great importance to secular man.

Peter M. Holdorf
Assistant Chaplain
University of Rochester
Rochester, New York

THE NEED FOR DIALOG

In the April *Playboy Forum*, a reader quoted a misleading newspaper article that referred to me as the "Playboy Priest." I regret the appellation, which smacks of journalistic cleverness. More important, the article, if misread or misinterpreted, could imply that I have wholeheartedly set my seal of approval on *The Playboy Philosophy*. The article gives my reasons for being concerned with PLAYBOY, but it does not give my many reservations.

In the lecture from which the quotations were taken, I drew a sharp contrast between Hefner and psychologist Erich Fromm. The reporter omitted this from his story. I believe that both Hefner and Fromm bring up vital issues in modern American society. Fromm's solutions to the problems of love and sex, however, seem more realistic to me than do Hefner's—if I understand the latter correctly.

I do thank Hefner for his stark frankness, his ability to raise relevant questions and his concern for the "real" as it exists. Although I cannot agree with many of his ideas, I recognize him as a man who speaks to an estimated 14,000,000 people a month. This is a significant fact.

May both of us keep in mind the penetrating words of the late Albert Camus: "The world needs real dialog . . . falsehood is just as much the opposite of dialog as silence . . . the only possible dialog is the kind between people who remain what they are and speak their minds."

Father Augustine Wilhelm
Passionist Fathers
Warrenton, Missouri

JUDAIC RECONSTRUCTIONISM

Harvey Cox' stimulating article *Revolt in the Church* (PLAYBOY, January) is written in the fearless style we have come to expect of him. It may interest your readers to know that the rethinking and innovation going on in the Christian church has its counterpart in Judaism in a movement called Reconstructionism. By the death-of-God movement—and by the way the mass media have taken this movement up—modern man has shown that he has learned a great deal in recent years. What a man *does* today—not what he believes or claims to believe—is the acid test of authentic religion. This is one of the most wonderful things that have happened in church and synagogue for centuries. God calls man to a new and

hitherto undreamed-of religious maturity.

Rabbi Alan W. Miller
New York, New York

An article dealing with "Judaism and the Death of God," by Rabbi Richard L. Rubenstein, chaplain to Jewish students at the University of Pittsburgh, appears elsewhere in this issue.

PLAYMATES IN BLACK AND WHITE

Ayn Rand, in her letter in the April *Playboy Forum*, says the artistic "interpretations" of the Playmate that you published in January "symbolize the exact opposite" of what the Playmate is supposed to stand for; i.e., the idea "that sex should be regarded as a proper, innocent, inspiring part of [man's] life." Apparently, when she looked at the works of art you published, they didn't say, to her, what she thought they should say. So she decided they must be saying "the exact opposite." Miss Rand delights in using terms such as "contradiction" and "exact opposite," because they fit in with her either/or approach to the universe. She sees everything in black and white. What she doesn't understand is that a good interpretation, which is an explanation or expression of something, brings out shades and colors. An interpretation can be a complex, subtle, original statement not reducible to simple terms. A work of art that limited itself to saying "sex is good" or "sex is bad" would probably be rather oversimple and unsatisfying—like one of Miss Rand's novels.

Lee Rubini
New York, New York

HEFNER DAY

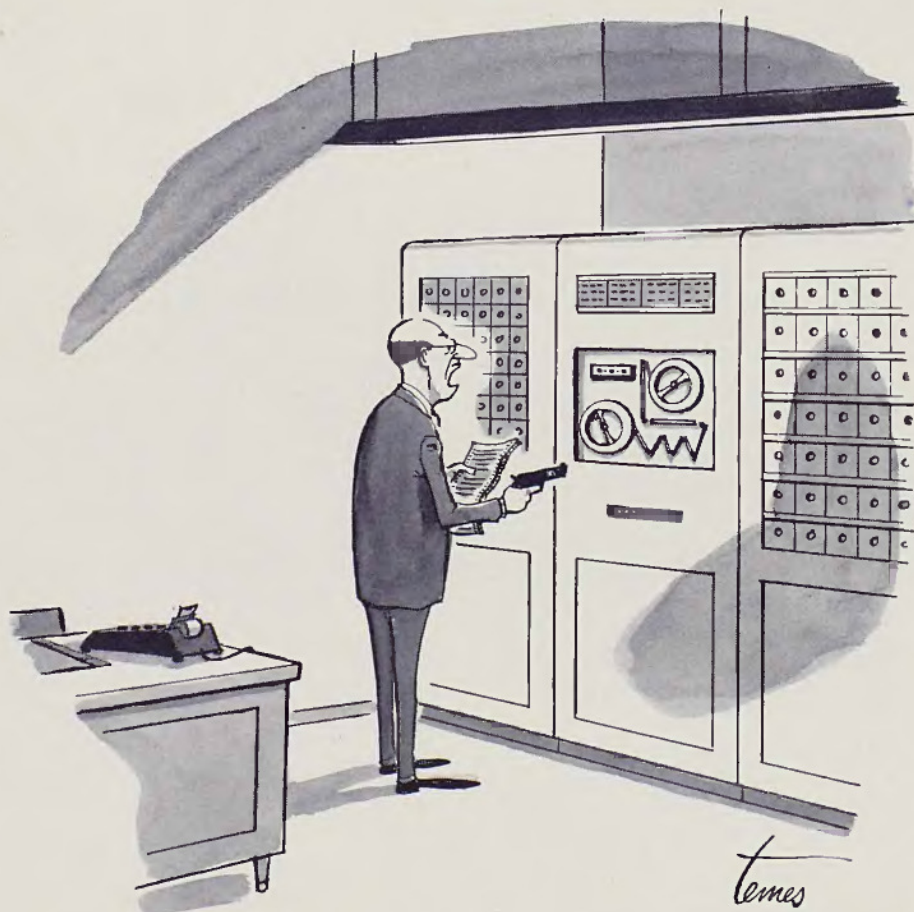
Dr. Ira Reiss, author of *Premarital Sexual Standards in America*, recently pointed out on television a major virtue of the revolution in sexual attitudes that PLAYBOY exemplifies. As a result, he explained, of the increasingly open discussion of sex and sexual problems, the psychological cost of violating sexual abstinence has decreased. The sales of PLAYBOY, he said, prove the extent to which people today accept Hefner's ideas. He forecasts even greater strides forward and predicted that in the next 10 or 20 years, America would hold the same sexual attitudes as Sweden does today.

When that time comes, I suggest that a national annual holiday be declared in honor of Hefner and his leadership in this movement toward enlightenment.

Don Bradley
Scranton, Pennsylvania

LOOKING FOR ANSWERS

I was deeply impressed with sociologist William Liu's letter ("The Mystery of Sex," *The Playboy Forum*, May). Professor Liu's confession of ignorance is a profound statement of the attitude of the true scientist and reminds me of a



"You know too much!"

revealing anecdote about the late Alfred Kinsey, as told by Wardell Pomeroy in *An Analysis of Human Sexual Response*. A psychologist, who had applied for a position as interviewer, was turned down by Dr. Kinsey with the words, "You don't really want to do sex research."

"But I do," the psychologist insisted.

"Well, look at your attitudes," said Kinsey. "You say masturbation is immature, premarital intercourse and extra-marital intercourse harmful to marriage, homosexuality abnormal and animal contacts ludicrous. You already know all the answers, so why waste time on research?"

It is this kind of willingness to look for answers, instead of claiming that the answers have already been found, that makes *The Playboy Philosophy* so valuable. Keep up the good work.

Mark Sanders
New York, New York

ARE HOMOSEXUALS PSYCHOPATHIC?

In August 1965, I entered the United States as an immigrant. I am a homosexual and was a little perturbed at the rumors I had heard of the absurd American prejudice against homosexuality, but I knew that in Illinois (my destination), homosexual acts in private between consenting adults were not illegal. I assumed, therefore, that the state was, as far as Western civilizations go, quite far advanced. I signed the usual immigration forms, stating that I had never been arrested, did not intend to overthrow the Government or break the law, etc., all truthfully. A month after my arrival, however, the statutes governing immigration were changed to bar sexual deviates from being admitted.

Now I notice that the Immigration Service is attempting to deport a Canadian homosexual, who entered the country before September 1965, on the grounds that a 1952 law excludes anyone with a "psychopathic personality." Apparently, the Service argues that a homosexual is automatically psychopathic. I have never so considered myself, nor to my knowledge have any of the people with whom I have ever been in contact. Living in Illinois, I am breaking no laws, and the work I am doing here is both good and useful. Yet, under this ruling, I could be deported as "undesirable."

Congress undoubtedly has the right to exclude whomever it pleases from the United States, but by labeling homosexuals psychopathic, it reflects also on the millions of American homosexuals born and bred in this "land of the free" and on many celebrated American personalities. One wonders how long it will be before all nonconformists are labeled "psychopathic" by definition.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

In the case of the Canadian immigrant, the United States Court of Ap-



peals for the Second Circuit upheld the Immigration Service's ruling, and the case now awaits a Supreme Court decision. Hopefully, the high court will pay heed to Judge Leonard Moore's enlightened dissent from the appeals court's opinion:

I cannot impute to Congress an intention that the term "psychopathic personality" in the 1952 amendments of the Immigration and Nationality Act be construed to cover anyone who had ever had a homosexual experience. Professor Kinsey estimated that "at least 37 percent" of the American male population has at least one homosexual experience, defined in terms of physical contact to the point of orgasm, between the beginning of adolescence and old age. Earlier estimates had ranged from one percent to 100 percent. The sponsors of Britain's current reform bill on homosexuality have indicated that one male in 25 is a homosexual in

Britain. To label a group so large "excludable aliens" would be tantamount to saying that Sappho, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, André Gide and, perhaps, even Shakespeare, were they to come to life again, would be deemed unfit to visit our shores. Indeed, so broad a definition might well comprise more than a few members of legislative bodies.

"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.



UKRIDGE (continued from page 79)

up on the slate, my finances at the time being at a rather low ebb. It wasn't easy. I had to extend all my powers. But I won through at last, and I was returning to my seat with a well-filled flagon when a bloke accosted me and, with some surprise, I saw it was my Aunt Julia's major-domo.

"Hullo," I said. "Why aren't you butling?"

It appeared that he no longer held office. Aunt Julia had given him the sack. This occasioned me no astonishment, for she is a confirmed sacker. You will probably recall that she has bunged me out of the home not once but many times. So I just said "Tough luck" or something to that effect, and we chatted of this and that. He asked me where I was living now and I told him, and after a pleasant quarter of an hour we parted, he to go and see his brother, or that's where he said he was going, I to trickle round to the Foreign Office and try to touch George Tupper for a couple of quid, which I was fortunately able to do, he luckily happening to be in amiable mood. Sometimes when you approach Tuppy for a small loan, you find him all agitated because mysterious veiled women have been pinching his secret treaties; and on such occasions, it is difficult to bend him to your will.

With this addition to my resources, I was in a position to pay my landlady the trifling sum I owed her, so when she looked in on me that night as I sat smoking my pipe and wishing I could somehow accumulate a bit of working capital, I met her eye without a tremor.

But she had not come to talk finance. She said there was a gentleman downstairs who wanted to see me, and I confess this gave me pause. What with the present world-wide shortage of money—affecting us all these days—I had been compelled to let one or two bills run up, and this might well be some creditor whom it would have been embarrassing to meet.

"What sort of a man is he?" I asked, and she said he was husky in the voice, which didn't get me much further; and when she added that she had told him I was in, I said she had better send him up; and a few moments later, in came a bloke who might have been Stout's brother. Which was as it should have been, for that was what he turned out to be.

"Evening," he said, and I could see why Mrs. Whatever-her-name-was had described him as husky. His voice was hoarse and muffled. Laryngitis or something, I thought.

"Name of Stout," he proceeded. "I think you know my brother Horace."

"Good Lord!" I said. "Is his name Horace?"

"That's right. And mine's Percy."

"Are you a butler, too?"

"Silver-ring bookie. Or was."

"You've retired?"

"For a while. Lost my voice calling the odds. And that brings me to what I've come about."

It was a strange story he had to relate. It seemed that a client of his had let his obligations pile up—a thing I've often wished bookies would let me do—till he owed this Percy a pretty considerable sum, and finally he had settled by handing over a lot of antique furniture. The stuff being no good to Percy, he was anxious to dispose of it if the price was right, and the way to make the price right, he felt, was to enlist the services of someone of persuasive eloquence—someone with the gift of the gab was the way he put it—to sell it for him. Because, of course, he couldn't do it himself, his bronchial cords having turned blue on him. And his brother Horace, having heard of me in action, was convinced that they need seek no further. Any man, Horace said, who could persuade Flossie to give credit for two pints of mild and bitter was the man for Percy. He knew Flossie to be a girl of steel and iron, adamant to the most impassioned pleas; and he said that if he hadn't heard it with his own ears, he wouldn't have believed it possible.

So how about it, Percy asked.

Well, you know me, Corky. First and foremost the levelheaded man of business. What, I inquired, was there in it for me; and he said he would give me a commission. I said that I would prefer a salary; and when he suggested five pounds a week with board and lodging thrown in, it was all I could do to keep from jumping at it, for, as I told you, my financial position was not good. But I managed to sneer loftily, and in the end I got him up to ten.

"You say board and lodging," I said. "Where do I board and lodge?"

That, he said, was the most attractive part of the assignment. He wasn't going to take a shop in the metropolis but planned to exhibit his wares in a cottage equipped with honeysuckle, roses and all the fittings down in Kent. One followed his train of thought. Motorists would be passing to and fro in droves and the betting was that at least some of them, seeing the notice on the front gate, ANTIQUE FURNITURE FOR SALE. GENUINE PERIOD. GUARANTEED, would stop off and buy. My Aunt Julia is an *aficionada* of old furniture and I knew that she had often picked up some good stuff at these wayside emporia. The thing looked to me like a snip, and he said he thought so, too. For mark you, Corky, though you and I wouldn't be seen dead in a ditch with the average antique, there are squads of half-wits who value them highly—showing, I often say, that it takes all

sorts to make a world. I told myself that this was going to be good. I slapped him on the back. He slapped me on the back. I shook his hand. He shook my hand. And—what made the whole thing a real love feast—he slipped me an advance of five quid. And the following afternoon found me at Rosemary Cottage, in the neighborhood of Tunbridge Wells, all eagerness to get my nose down to it.

• • •

My rosy expectations were fulfilled. For solid comfort, there is nothing to beat a jolly bachelor establishment. Women have their merits, of course, but if you are to live the good life, you don't want them around the home. They are always telling you to wipe your boots and they don't like you dining in your shirt sleeves. At Rosemary Cottage we were hampered by none of these restrictions. Liberty Hall about sums it up.

We were a happy little community. Percy had a fund of good stories garnered from his years on the turf, while Horace, though less effervescent as a conversationalist, played the harmonica with considerable skill, a thing I didn't know butlers ever did. The other member of our group was a substantial character named Erb, who was attached to Percy in the capacity of what is called a minder. In case the term is new to you, it means that if you owed Percy a fiver on the two o'clock at Plumpton and didn't brass up pretty quick, you got Erb on the back of your neck. He was one of those strong, silent men who don't speak till they're spoken to, and not often then; but he was fortunately able to play a fair game of bridge, so we had a four for after supper. Erb was vice-president in charge of the cooking, and I never wish to bite better pork chops than the ones he used to serve up. They melted in the mouth.

Yes, it was an idyllic life, and we lived it to the full. The only thing that cast a shadow was the fact that business might have been brisker. I sold a few of the ghastly objects, but twice I let promising prospects get away from me, and this made me uneasy. I didn't want to get Percy thinking that in entrusting the selling end of the business to me he might have picked the wrong man. With a colossal sum like ten quid a week at stake, it behooved me to do some quick thinking, and it wasn't long before I spotted where the trouble lay. My patter lacked the professional note.

You know how it is when you're buying old furniture. You expect the fellow who's selling it to weigh in with a lot of abstruse stuff that doesn't mean a damn thing to you but which you know ought to be there. It's much the same as when you're buying a car. If you aren't handed plenty of applesauce about springs and camshafts and differential gears and sprockets, you suspect a trap and tell the

chap you'll think it over and let him know.

And, fortunately, I was in a position to correct this flaw in my technique without difficulty. Aunt Julia had shelves of books about old furniture that I could borrow and bone up on, thus acquiring the necessary double talk; so next morning I set out for The Cedars, Wimbledon Common, full of zeal and the will to win.

I was sorry to be informed by Horace's successor on my arrival that she was in bed with a nasty cold, but he took my name up and came back to say that she could give me five minutes—not longer, because she was expecting the doctor. So I went up and found her sniffing eucalyptus and sneezing a good deal, plainly in rather poor shape. But her sufferings had not impaired her spirit, for the first thing she said to me was that she wouldn't give me a penny, and I was pained to see that that matter of the ormolu clock still rankled. What ormolu clock? Oh, just one that, needing a bit of capital at the time, I pinched from one of the spare rooms, little thinking that its absence would ever be noticed. I hastened to disabuse her of the idea that I had come in the hope of making a touch, and the strain that had threatened to mar the conversation became eased.

"Though I did come to borrow something, Aunt Julia," I said. "Do you mind

if I take two or three books of yours about antique furniture? I'll return them shortly."

She sneezed skeptically.

"Or pawn them," she said. "Since when have you been interested in antique furniture?"

"I'm selling it."

"You're *selling* it?" she exclaimed like an echo in the Swiss mountains. "Do you mean you are working in a shop?"

"Well, not exactly a shop. We conduct our business at a cottage—Rosemary Cottage, to be exact—on the roadside not far from Tunbridge Wells. In this way, we catch the motoring trade. The actual selling is in my hands and so far I've done pretty well, but I have not been altogether satisfied with my work. I feel I need more technical stuff, and last night it occurred to me that if I read a few of your books, I'd be able to make my sales talk more convincing. So, if you will allow me to take a selection from your library—"

She sneezed again, but this time more amiably. She said that if I was really doing some genuine work, she would certainly be delighted to help me, adding in rather poor taste, I thought, that it was about time I stopped messing about and wasting my life as I had been doing. I could have told her, of course, that there is not a moment of the day, except possibly when relaxing over a mild

and bitter at the pub, when I am not pondering some vast scheme that will bring me wealth and power, but it didn't seem humane to argue with a woman suffering from a nasty cold.

"Tomorrow, if I am well enough," she said, "I will come and see your stock myself."

"Will you really? That'll be fine."

"Or perhaps the day after tomorrow. But it's an extraordinary coincidence that you should be selling antique furniture, because—"

"Yes, it was odd that I should have happened to run into Stout."

"Stout? You mean my butler?"

"Your late butler. He gave me to understand that you had sacked him."

She sneezed grimly.

"I certainly did. Let me tell you what happened."

"No, let me tell *you* what happened," I said, and I related the circumstances of my meeting with Horace, prudently changing the pub to a milk bar. "I had been having an argument with a fellow at the next table," I concluded, "and my eloquence so impressed him that he asked me if I would come down to Rosemary Cottage and sell this antique furniture. He has a brother who recently acquired a lot of it."

"What!"

She sat up in bed, her eyes, though watery, flashing with all the old fire. It



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"Say, you are worried about Vietnam."

was plain that she was about to say something of significance; but before she could speak, the door opened and the medicine man appeared; and thinking they were best alone, I pushed off and got the books and legged it for the great open spaces.

There was a telephone booth at the end of the road and I went to it and rang up Percy. These long-distance calls run into money, but I felt that he ought to have the good news without delay, no matter what the expense.

It was Horace who answered the phone, and I slipped him the tidings of great joy.

"I've just been seeing my aunt," I said.

"Oh?" he said.

"She's got a nasty cold," I said.

"Ah," he said, and I seemed to detect a note of gratification in his voice, as if he was thinking well of heaven for having given her a sharp lesson that would teach her to be more careful in future how she went about giving good men the bum's rush.

"But she thinks she'll be all right tomorrow," I said, "and the moment the sniffles have ceased and the temperature has returned to normal, she's coming down to inspect our stock. I don't need to tell you what this means. Next to her novels, what she loves most in this world is old furniture. It is to her what catnip is to a cat. Confront her with some chair on which nobody could sit with any comfort, and provided it was made by Chippendale, if I've got the name right, the sky's the limit. She's quite likely to buy everything we've got, paying a prince's ransom for each

article. I've been with her to sales and with my own eyes have observed her flinging the cash about like a drunken sailor. I know what you're thinking, of course. You feel that after what has passed between you, it will be painful for you to meet her again; but you must clench your teeth and stick it like a man. We're all working for the good of the show, so—Hullo? Hullo? Are you there?"

He wasn't. He had hung up. Mysterious. I thought, and most disappointing to one who, like myself, had been expecting paeans of joy. However, I was much too bucked to worry about the peculiar behavior of butlers; and feeling that the occasion called for something in the nature of a celebration, I went to the Foreign Office, gave George Tupper his two quid back and took him out to lunch.

It wasn't a very animated lunch, because Tuppy hardly said a word. He seemed dazed. I've noticed the same thing before in fellows to whom I've repaid a small loan. They get a sort of stunned look, as if they had passed through some great spiritual experience. Odd. But it took more than a silent Tuppy to damp my jocund mood, and I was feeling on top of my form when, an hour or two later, I crossed the threshold of Rosemary Cottage.

"Yoo-hoo!" I cried. "I'm back."

I expected shouts of welcome—not, of course, from Erb, but certainly from Horace and Percy. Instead of which, complete silence reigned. They might all have gone for a walk, but that didn't seem likely; because while Percy sometimes enjoyed a little exercise, Horace

and Erb hadn't set a foot outdoors since we'd been there. And it was as I stood puzzling over this that I noticed that except for a single table—piecrust tables, the things are called—all the furniture had gone, too. I don't mind telling you, Corky, that it baffled me. I could make nothing of it, and I was still making nothing of it when I had that feeling you get sometimes that you are not alone, and, turning, I saw that I had company. Standing beside me was a policeman.

There have been times, I will not conceal it from you, when such a spectacle would have chilled me to the marrow; for you never know what may ensue, once the force starts popping up; and it just shows how crystal clear my conscience was that I didn't quail but greeted him with a cheery "Good evening, officer."

"Good evening, sir," he responded courteously. "Is this Rosemary Cottage?"

"Nothing but. Anything I can do for you?"

"I've come on behalf of Miss Julia Ukridge."

It seemed strange to me that Aunt Julia should have dealings with the police, but aunts notoriously do the weirdest things, so I received the information with a polite "Oh, really?"—adding that she was linked to me by ties of blood, being indeed the sister of my late father—and he said "Was that so?" and expressed the opinion that it was a small world, a sentiment in which I concurred.

"She was talking of looking me up here," I said.

"So I understood, sir. But she was unable to come herself, so she sent her maid with the list. She has a nasty cold."

"Probably caught it from my aunt."

"Sir?"

"You said the maid had a nasty cold."

"No, sir, it's Miss Ukridge who has the nasty cold."

"Ah, now we have got it straight. What did she send the maid for?"

"To bring us the list of the purloined objects."

I don't know how it is with you, Corky, but the moment anyone starts talking about purloined objects in my presence, I get an uneasy feeling. It was with not a little goose flesh running down my spine that I gazed at the officer.

"Purloined objects?"

"A number of valuable pieces of furniture. Antiques, they call them."

"Oh, my aunt!"

"Yes, sir, they were her property. They were removed from her residence on Wimbledon Common during her absence. She states that she had gone to Brussels to attend one of these conferences where writers assemble, she being a writer, I understand, and she left her butler in charge of the house. When she came back, the valuable pieces of antique furniture weren't there. The butler, questioned, stated that he had taken the

afternoon off and gone to the dog races and nobody more surprised than himself when he returned and found that the objects had been purloined. He was dismissed, of course, but that didn't help Miss Ukridge's bereavement much. Just locking the stable door after the milk has been spilt, as you might say. And there, till this morning, the matter rested. But this morning, on information received, the lady was led to suspect that the purloined objects were in this Rosemary Cottage, and she got in touch with the local police, who got in touch with us. She thinks, you see, that the butler did it. Worked in with an accomplice, I mean to say, and the two of them got away with the purloined objects, no doubt in a plain van."

I believe I once asked you, Corky, if during a political discussion in a pub you had ever suddenly been punched on the nose; and if I remember rightly, you replied in the negative. But I have been—twice—and on each occasion, I was conscious of feeling dazed and stunned, like George Tupper when I paid him back the two quid he had lent me and took him to lunch. The illusion that the roof had fallen in and landed on top of my head was extraordinarily vivid. Drinking the constable in with a horrified gaze, I seemed to be looking at two constables, both doing the shimmy.

For his words had removed the scales from my eyes, and I saw Horace and Percy no longer as pleasant business associates but as what they were, a wolf in butler's clothing and a bookie who did not know the difference between right and wrong. Yes, yes, as you say, I have sometimes been compelled by circumstances to pinch an occasional trifle like a clock from my aunt, but there is a sharp line drawn between swiping a clock and getting away with a houseful of assorted antique furniture. No doubt they had done it precisely as the constable had said, and it must have been absurdly simple. Nothing to it. No, Corky, you are wrong. I do *not* wish I had thought of it myself. I would have scorned such an action, even though knowing the stuff was fully insured and my aunt would be far better off without it.

"The only thing is," the officer was proceeding, "I don't see any antique furniture here. There's that table, but it's not on the list. And if there had been antique furniture here, you'd have noticed it. Looks to me as if they'd sent me to the wrong place," he said; and with a word of regret that I had been troubled, he mounted his bicycle and pedaled off.

He left me, as you can readily imagine, with my mind in a turmoil, and you are probably thinking that what was giving me dark circles under the eyes was the discovery that I had been lured by a specious bookie into selling hot furniture and so rendering myself liable to a sharp sentence as an accessory or whatever

they call it, but it wasn't. That was bad enough, but what was worse was the realization that my employer had gone off owing me six weeks' salary. You see, when we had made that gentleman's agreement of ours, he had said that if it was all the same to me, he would prefer to pay me in a lump sum at the end of my term of office instead of week by week, and I had seen no objection. Foolish of me, of course. I cannot impress it on you too strongly, Corky, old horse, that if anyone comes offering you money, you should grab it at once and not assent to any suggestion of payment at some later date. Only so can you be certain of trousering the stuff.

So, as I say, I stood there draining the bitter cup, and while I was thus engaged, a car stopped in the road outside and a man came up the garden path.

He was a tall man with gray hair and a funny sort of twist to his mouth, as if he had just swallowed a bad oyster and was wishing he hadn't.

"I see you advertise antique furniture," he said. "Where do you keep it?"

I was just about to tell him it had all gone, when he spotted the piecrust table.

"This looks a nice piece," he said; and as he spoke, I saw in his eye the unmistakable antique-furniture-collector's gleam that I had so often seen in my Aunt

Julia's at sales, and I quivered from hair to shoe sole.

You have often commented on my lightning brain and ready resource, Corky . . . well, if it wasn't you, it was somebody else . . . and I don't suppose I've ever thought quicker than I did then. In a sort of blinding flash, it came to me that if I could sell Percy's piecrust table for what he owed me, the thing would be a standoff and my position stabilized.

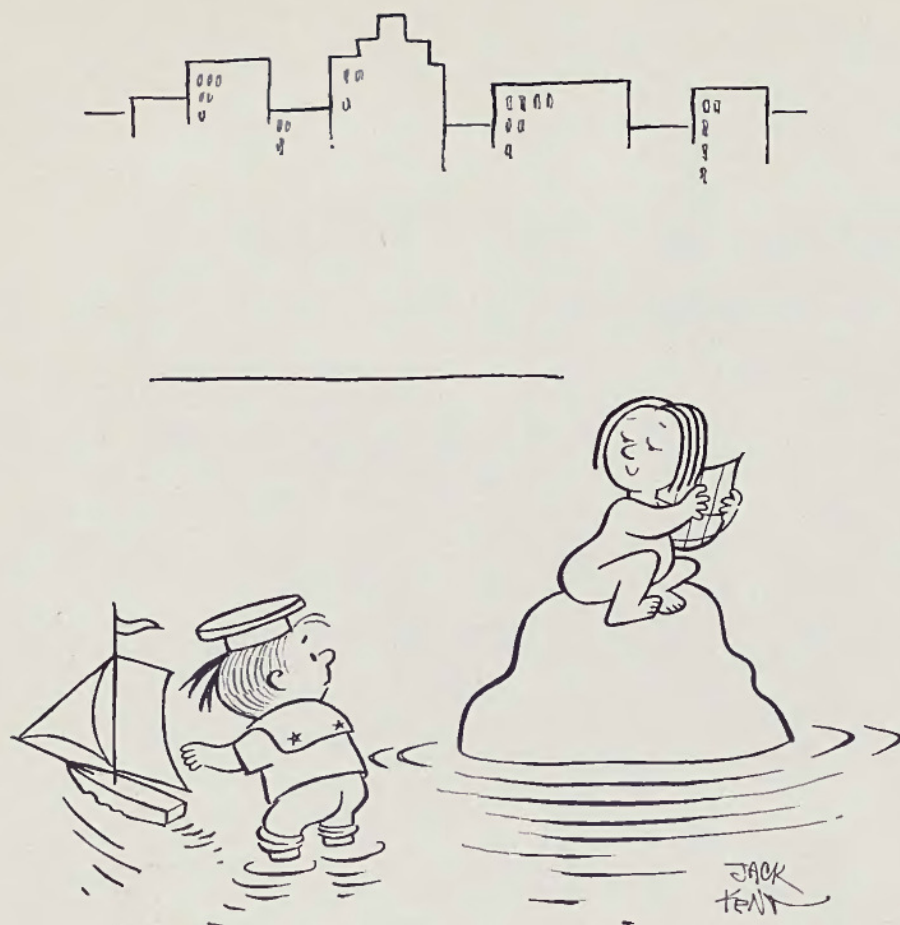
"You bet it's a nice piece," I said, and proceeded to give him the works. I was inspired. I doubt if I have ever, not even when pleading with Flossie that credit was the lifeblood of commerce, talked more persuasively. The golden words simply flowed out, and I could see that I had got him going. It seemed but a moment before he had produced his check-book and was writing me a check for 60 pounds.

"Who shall I make it out to?" he asked, and I said S. F. Ukridge; and he did so and told me where to send the table—somewhere in the Mayfair district of London—and we parted on cordial terms.

And not ten minutes after he had driven off, who should show up but Percy. Yes, Percy in person, the last bloke I had expected to see. I don't think I described him to you, did I, but his general appearance was that of a clean-shaven



"So there you have it. You were left on our doorstep twenty-six years ago and we have no idea who you really are, which, incidentally, is the reason we have always addressed you as 'Hey.'"



Santa Claus, and he was looking now more like Santa Claus than ever. Bubbling over with good will and *joie de vivre*. He couldn't have been chirpier if he had just seen the heavily backed favorite in the big race stub its toe on a fence and come a purler.

"Hullo, cocky," he said. "So you got back."

Well, you might suppose that after what I had heard from the rozzer, I would have started right away to reproach him for his criminal activities and to urge him to give his better self a chance to guide him, but I didn't—partly because it's never any use trying to jerk a bookie's better self to the surface, but principally because I wanted to lose no time in putting our financial affairs on a sound basis. First things first has always been my motto.

"You!" I said. "I thought you had skipped."

Have you ever seen a bookie cut to the quick? I hadn't till then. He took it big. There's a word my aunt is fond of using in her novels when the hero has said the wrong thing to the heroine and made her hot under the collar. "She"—what is it?—"bridled," that's the word I mean. Percy bridled.

"Who, me?" he said. "Without paying you your money? What do you think I am—dishonest?"

I apologized. I said that, naturally,

when I returned and found him gone and all the furniture removed, it had started a train of thought.

"Well, I had to get the stuff away before your aunt arrived, didn't I? How much do I owe you? Sixty quid minus the five advance, isn't it? Here you are," he said, pulling out a wallet the size of an elephant. "What's that you've got there?"

And I'm blown if in my emotion at seeing him again, I hadn't forgotten all about the twisted-lip man's check. I endorsed it with a hasty fountain pen and pushed it across. He eyed it with some surprise.

"What's this?"

I may have smirked a bit, for I was not a little proud of my recent triumph of salesmanship.

"I just sold the piecrust table to a man who came by in a car."

"Good boy," said Percy. "I knew I hadn't made a mistake in making you vice-president in charge of sales. I've had that table on my hands for months. Took it for a bad debt. How much did you get for it?" He looked at the check. "Sixty quid? Splendid. I only got forty."

"Eh?"

"From the chap I sold it to this morning."

"You sold it to somebody this morning?"

"That's right."

"Then which of them gets it?"

"Why, your chap, of course. He paid more. We've got to do the honest thing."

"And you'll give your chap his money back?"

"Now don't be silly," said Percy, and would probably have gone on to reproach me further, but at this moment we had another visitor, a gaunt, lean, spectacled popper-in who looked as if he might be a professor or something on that order.

"I see you advertise antique furniture," he said. "I would like to look at . . . ah," he said, spotting the table. He nuzzled it a good deal and turned it upside down and once or twice looked as if he were going to smell it.

"Beautiful," he said. "A lovely bit of work."

"You can have it for eighty quid," said Percy.

The professor smiled one of those gentle smiles.

"I fear it is hardly worth that. When I called it beautiful and lovely, I was alluding to Tancy's workmanship. Ike Tancy, possibly the finest forger of old furniture we have today. At a glance, I would say that this was an example of his middle period."

Percy blew a few bubbles.

"You mean it's a fake? But I was told—"

"Whatever you were told, your informant was mistaken. And may I add that if you persist in this policy of yours of advertising and selling forgeries as genuine antiques, you are liable to come into uncomfortable contact with the law. It would be wise to remove that notice you have on your gate. Good evening, gentlemen, good evening."

He left behind him what you might call a strained silence, broken after a moment or so by Percy, saying, "Cor!"

"This calls for thought," he said. "We've sold that table."

"Yes."

"Twice."

"Yes."

"And got the money for it."

"Yes."

"And it's a fake."

"Yes."

"And we passed it off as genuine."

"Yes."

"And it seems there's a law against that."

"Yes."

"We'd better go to the pub and talk it over."

"Yes."

"You be walking on. There's something I want to attend to in the kitchen. By the way, got any matches? I've used all mine."

I gave him a box and strolled on, deep in thought, and presently he joined me, seeming deep in thought, too. We sat on a stile, both of us plunged in meditation,

and then he suddenly uttered a cry.

"What a lovely sunset," he said, "and how peculiar that the sun's setting in the east. I've never known it to do that before. Why, strike me pink, I believe the cottage is on fire."

And, Corky, he was perfectly accurate. It was.

. . . .

Ukridge broke off his narrative, reached for his wallet and laid it on the table preparatory to summoning the waiter to bring the check. I ventured a question.

"The cottage was reduced to ashes?"

"It was."

"The piecrust table, too?"

"Yes, I think it must have burned briskly."

"A bit of luck for you."

"Very fortunate. Very fortunate."

"Percy was probably careless with those matches."

"One feels he must have been. But he certainly brought about the happy ending. Percy's happy. He's made a good thing out of it. I'm happy. I've made a good thing out of it, too. Aunt Julia has the insurance money, so she also is happy, provided, of course, that her nasty cold has now yielded to treatment. I doubt if the insurance blokes are happy, but we must always remember that the more cash these insurance firms get taken off them, the better it is for them. It makes them more spiritual."

"How about the two owners of the table?"

"Oh, they've probably forgotten the whole thing by now. Money means nothing to fellows like that. The fellow I sold it to was driving a Rolls-Royce. So looking on the episode from the broad viewpoint—I beg your pardon?"

"I said, 'Good afternoon, Mr. Ukridge,'" said the man who had suddenly appeared at our table, and I saw Ukridge's jaw fall like an express elevator going down. And I wasn't surprised, for this was a tall man with gray hair and a curiously twisted mouth. His eyes, as they bored into Ukridge, were bleak.

"I've been looking for you for a long time and hoping to meet you again. I'll trouble you for sixty pounds."

"I haven't got sixty pounds."

"Spent some of it, eh? Then let's see what you *have* got," said the man, turning the contents of the wallet out on the tablecloth and counting it in an efficient manner. "Fifty-three pounds, six and threepence. That's near enough."

"But who's going to pay for my lunch?"

"Ah, that we shall never know," said the man.

But I knew, and it was with a heavy heart that I reached into my hip pocket for the thin little bundle of pound notes that I had been hoping would last me for another week.



I forgot to use
Ban Spray Deodorant and I'm going
to spend all day on the beach.

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the prisoner (continued from page 83)

it would be over by this time. Well, it won't be long now. Not very long."

Tommy, for whom the war had been a permanent fact of existence, wondered at the optimism. But he had something else to puzzle out a few minutes later when he was marched through the compound to his assigned quarters. The wood-framed structure was small, neatly built, but surely incapable of housing more than three or four prisoners. A single name had been stenciled on the door, and it read:

DOWD, THOMAS
PRIVATE

The double meaning of the word didn't strike him until a guard opened the door, and Tommy's first glimpse of the room's only bed told him that the quarters were, indeed, private. It was obviously some officer's billet, an officer whose high rank allowed him the indulgence of luxury. There was a thick, gold-colored carpet on the floor; a grouping

of overstuffed furniture, the sofa half smothered in pillows; a credenza with open doors that revealed a back-lighted bar with bottles that glowed with amber lights; an elongated cabinet with hidden contents (later, he learned they were high-fidelity components). The bed was oversized, with a thick fur blanket; it was so inviting that Tommy fell face down into its soft nap the moment he was alone. He woke, startled, an hour later, and realized that he was the intended occupant of this plush apartment, that the name on the door had meant what it said. DOWD, THOMAS, PRIVATE. It made no sense, but it was true. Thinking that, he fell asleep again and dreamed of home: the magazine photos covering the wall cracks of his room; the smell of overcooked food and damp plaster in the flooded basement; the gargle of the plumbing and the grind and screech of the cutting machine he had operated. When he woke again, it was morning, and the alarm was ringing. No, not an

alarm; he realized it was a telephone by the bedside. White. He picked it up and mumbled a bewildered "Hello."

"Good morning!" a man's voice said cheerily. "Ready for breakfast, Private? We'll be serving in the mess hall starting at seven."

He went outside. The sun was bright; he blinked as he caught up with the ragged parade of fellow prisoners heading for the source of the food smell. At the chow line, he caught the arm of one, a sleepy-eyed Southerner named Chester he had met briefly in basic, and whispered, "Hey, Chet, you been here long? What kind of joint is this?"

And the Southern boy grinned and shrugged. "Three weeks," he said. "And it's all right. Oh, my, yes."

"But what's it all about?" Tommy said desperately. "What are they fattening us up for? What's the gimmick?"

Chester winked. "Some of us figure it's, you know, brainwashing," and he laughed, with secret, dreamy pleasure. "Yeah, some of us figure that."

There were four kinds of eggs at breakfast. There were sausages—link or patties. French toast for those who wanted it, plenty of bacon, fried—but not overfried—potatoes; and the toast, miraculously, was buttered and hot. There wasn't much talking at the tables, but there were some easy, satisfied chuckles.

"Gimmick, gimmick, gimmick," Tommy muttered to himself, all the way back to his quarters. When he entered the room, he saw an enemy guard making up his bed. *Making up his bed.* He hadn't been as stunned since Bogash had bought his quick death in the cornfield.

"Hi," the guard said. It was probably the only English he knew. Even when he left, he said, "Hi."

Tommy spent the rest of the morning exploring the room. He took a luxurious shower, with plenty of hot water. He discovered the hi-fi set and a cache of records. They were disappointingly bland pop albums. Aloud, he said, "I'll have to complain about that," and laughed. Then he had the feeling that his complaint might even be taken seriously. He went out for a walk around the compound and discovered flower gardens, a ball field and a recreation hall appointed like a Las Vegas casino.

There was lobster salad at lunch. At dinner, the prisoners made joking comments about the bill of fare. "Shrimp cocktail again? Steak again? Corn on the cob? Chocolate layer cake? Hey, this place is going downhill . . ."

He saw Chester grinning at him throughout the meal, and started getting annoyed. After dinner, on their way to a movie at the recreation building, he grabbed the Southerner's elbow, hard enough to show his irritation.

"What's so funny?" he said. "Something funny about me?"

"Heck, no, pal, don't get me wrong."



"I realize that I'm not qualified for the Senate or the governorship, but I think I might do very well as a bit politician!"

"Listen, you think we're getting this treatment for *nothing*? They've got something up their sleeves. A gimmick, a gimmick!"

"Sure," Chester said cordially. "Only I can wait to find out. You better wait, too, pal."

"Wait for what?"

They went into the building together, but Tommy, feeling alienated by Chester's smugness, by *all* the smug faces of the prisoners, took a seat in the back. He left before the feature was concluded. He went back to his room, put the least offensive of the pop albums on the turntable and lay on his oversized bed, staring at the ceiling.

At ten o'clock, there was a soft rap on his door. He said, "Who is it?" but nobody answered. He opened the door and a woman came into his room, closed the door again and leaned back with her shoulders pressed against it. Posing that way, smiling, a long cascade of silvery-blond hair moving softly against her cheek, falling to the swelling contour of her bosom, her eyes both challenging and tender, she looked so unreal to Tommy, so much the magazine illustration rather than flesh-and-blood girl, that his mind rejected her presence.

Then she said, "Hello, Tommy, I'm Lisa," and laughed. It was more of a giggle, a sound of girlish amusement at his consternation, and it broke the spell.

"Who?" he said.

"Lisa. I'm going to be your friend here, if you want me."

She linked her arm with his and turned him toward the lighted liquor cabinet.

"Can a friend have a drink?" she said.

They had three drinks, and she poured them all. When Tommy asked bewildered questions, she ducked them adroitly and made him talk about himself, about his life back home, about his plans for the future. The wild thought that he was entertaining some latter-day Mata Hari crossed his mind and left it just as quickly; there was nothing of strategic importance he could reveal; she seemed interested only in Tommy Dowd. To prove it, she took him to bed.

She returned the next night, and the night after that, and the nights that followed. And shortly, he knew he was beginning to wear the same quietly satisfied expression worn by all the inmates of the camp.

• • •

Two months after his arrival, he was asked to appear before the commanding officer. For the first time in weeks, he forced himself to reconsider the meaning of his bizarre experience. Was it time for the switcheroo, the trap door, the gimmick? Was he going to be asked to make public statements about enemy ideology? Recruited for some traitorous errand? Somehow employed as a tool of enemy purpose? He steeled himself for



"Why, that's Fairchild, my broker! I never expected him to turn up here after advising me to unload Xerox at 78!"

the interview, hoping he would bear himself well, that these delicious, sybaritic days and nights hadn't drained him of courage and will.

He saluted the colonel stiffly, and the man with the silky beard and soft smile said, "Relax, son. I've got some good news for you."

"Yes, sir?" Tommy said.

"You're going home," the colonel told him. "This very afternoon. A truck convoy is taking you and five other prisoners back to a neutral zone. You'll be met by members of your command there."

"Home?" Tommy said.

"It's a prisoner exchange, arranged through the Red Cross. I'm sure you'll be happy to see your comrades again. Best of luck to you, son; I hope your Army sees fit to allow you a stretch of time back home."

"Thank you, sir," Tommy said, his heart sinking.

"You don't look very happy."

"I'm happy, sir."

"Good," said the colonel, and held out his hand. "It's not in the Geneva rules, either, but would you shake?"

Tommy shook the hand briefly, saluted again, less crisply, and went outside,

thinking of Lisa. When he went to meet the truck, he found her waiting nearby, with tears in her eyes. He wanted to embrace her, but the truck was being loaded quickly, making loud, ugly noises with its engine. He could barely hear her murmured goodbye.

• • •

When the trucks had gone, a young lieutenant with a briefcase under his arm entered the commanding officer's quarters and beamed like a man bearing good tidings; which, in fact, he was.

"Just received the latest summations, Colonel," he said. "Since the inauguration of the plan, the total increase in enemy surrenders has been well over a thousand percent."

"Yes, and it should keep on increasing, the more 'exchange' prisoners we send back to spread the word. How many this month, Lieutenant?"

"Almost a hundred thousand surrenders," the younger officer said. "At this rate, the war might be over by Christmas."

"Ah," the colonel said contentedly. "Peace. Is there anything else like it?"



A Little Chin Music, Professor

(continued from page 82)

about the inadequacy of anybody's historic utterances. When the *New York Herald* sent ace correspondent H. M. Stanley into the wilds of Africa to search for the missing Dr. Livingstone in 1871, the intrepid newshawk had eight whole months in which to think up something smashing to say. Upon coming face to face with the lost missionary-explorer, however, Stanley confessedly drew a large verbal blank: "It might not be Dr. Livingstone after all," doubt suggested. If this be he, what shall I say to him? My imagination had not taken this into consideration before. All around us was the immense crowd, hushed and expectant, and wondering how the scene would develop itself.

"Under the circumstances, I could do no more than exercise some restraint and reserve, so I walked up to him and, doffing my helmet, bowed and said in an inquiring tone:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

Immortal phrase! The gentlemanly, old-school equivalent of "Hi, Doc, is that really you?" But the seldom-quoted response of Dr. Livingstone was even more engagingly banal:

"Smiling cordially, he lifted his cap and answered briefly, 'Yes.'"

Livingstone apologists—who, when found, usually prove to be well-mannered types with a faulty sense of direction and no end of good will—persist in attributing the explorer's monosyllabic reply to British reticence. But the saga of exploration refutes this kindness. Whether British, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese or Norse, the world's great explorers have contributed even less to mankind's treasury of noteworthy utterances than have the world's great inventors.

A similar lack of memorable expression is characteristic of most of the easy, good-guy chatter that has passed between the heavens and earth during America's recent explorations of space. For all their extraordinary heroism and skill, our astronauts have been notably men of few words. To date, the apogee of astronautical expressiveness was reached with John Glenn's exultant "Oh, that view is tremendous!" delivered early in his historic three-orbit mission in 1962. On most occasions, however, the NASA style runs to a relaxed, brass-tacks kind of understatement, brightened by occasional spurts of highly mundane joshing. "SMALL TALK OUT OF THE BLUE" was the way the *New York Daily News* capsulized its tabloid account of the verbal exchange that marked the historic eyeball-to-eyeball rendezvous of Geminis 6 and 7, in 1965:

Said Gemini 6 to Gemini 7:
"You've sure got big beards."

Said Gemini 7 to Gemini 6: "For

once we're in style."

The wisecracking came after command pilot Wally Schirra skillfully maneuvered Gemini 6 into the nose-to-nose position.

Then, from Schirra: "There seems to be a lot of traffic up here."

From Gemini 7: "Call a policeman."

Houston control asked if the pilots could see each other through their windows.

"Roger," astronaut Frank Borman shot back.

"We're flying nose to nose," Gemini 6 chimed in.

And of the spectacular rendezvous, Schirra said it for everybody: "That sure was a big deal."

And it was—in everything except meaningful and memorable verbal expression. Conversationally, Geminis 6 and 7 got no farther off the ground than did the Gemini 4 mission of the previous June. It was during that one, you may recall, that the U.S. chalked up a famous first by inaugurating the world's first hubby-wife space chat:

Mrs. McDivitt: Jim! Jim!

McDivitt: Huh?

Mrs. McDivitt: Do you hear me?

McDivitt: Roger, I can hear you loud and clear.

Mrs. McDivitt: Well, you're doing great.

McDivitt: Yeah, we seem to be covering a lot of territory up here. How are you?

Mrs. McDivitt: I'm fine. Are you?

McDivitt: Pretty good. I'm over California right now.

Mrs. McDivitt: Get yourself over Texas.

McDivitt: We'll be over Texas in about three minutes.

Mrs. McDivitt: Hurry it up.

McDivitt: How are the kids making out?

Mrs. McDivitt: Fine. They think you're at the Cape.

McDivitt: Still think we're at Cocoa Beach, huh?

Mrs. McDivitt: That's what they think.

McDivitt: Is everything going OK?

Mrs. McDivitt: Yes, beautifully, beautifully.

McDivitt: Behaving yourself?

Mrs. McDivitt: I'm always good. Are you being good?

McDivitt: I don't have much space. About all I can do is look out the window.

"NEW U.S. FIRST: BACK-SEAT ORBIT," the *News* needled in its page-one Sunday headline. And, for reasons that

needed no explanation from NASA, the world's first hubby-wife space chat was also the world's last.

For sheer understatement, no historic exchange can match the ground-zero comments attributed to flight director Chris Kraft and command pilot Gordon Cooper when Gemini 5 broke all existing endurance records, 119 hours and six minutes after lift-off. "Sitting at his control panel, Kraft said just one word: 'Zap!'—a Buck Rogers exclamation to describe the blast of space guns. Then he got on the line to Cooper: 'How does it feel for the U. S. to be a world record holder, Gordo?' Replied the laconic spaceman: 'At last, huh?'"

Significant as the moment was, it left little in the way of words for posterity to latch onto, nothing to etch in brass or immortalize in marble. Inscribed on a public wall plaque, "Zap!" and "At last, huh?" would only look like clean graffiti.

More closely akin to the true graffiti style are the even-less-quotable reports on the astronauts' "blue-bag activity"—the space-medical equivalents of "Did you have a BM today?" Following the Gemini 5 flight, for example, a world-wide announcement was made of the fact that "Conrad had only one bowel movement and Cooper none" during the first 100 hours in orbit.

Soviet security regulations are such that the Russian cosmonauts' performance in this area is a complete mystery. But indications are that Soviet blue-bag activity was all very much A-OK by the time Major Gehrman S. Titov made his 17-orbit flight aboard the Vostok II. "I am Eagle! I am Eagle! I can hear you very well! I feel excellent! My feeling is excellent!" the ebullient major exclaimed. And though the quote sounds almost certifiably manic by American standards, it was—and still remains—the most memorable Soviet space utterance on record.

When the lady "Seagull," Valentina V. Tereshkova, and the male "Hawk," Lieutenant Colonel Valery F. Bykovsky, were lofted into the blue for a two-capsule attempt at the world's first boy-girl space rendezvous, Russian cosmotalk was confined mainly to party-conscious formalities. According to the Soviet news agency Tass, the orbiting cosmocouple "established radio communications and then sent a joint message to Premier Khrushchev. They reported, 'We are at a close distance from each other. All systems in the ships are working excellently. Feeling well.'"

Which was nice to hear, but more appropriate to a picture postcard than to a bronze tablet. It was only when the Premier himself got on the horn to reply, that the Soviets began to reveal how far they had progressed toward verbal supremacy in space. "I can hear you very well," he assured the orbiting birdlady. "You are called Seagull. With your per-

mission, Valentina. I will call you simply Valya. I am very glad and feel a fatherly pride that it is our girl, a girl from the land of the Soviets, who is the first in space, for the first time in the world, equipped with the most perfect technique. It is a triumph of Leninist ideas. It is a triumph of the struggle of our people and we are proud of you. We are proud that you glorify so well our people, our homeland, our party, our ideas. I am listening to you."

"Dear Nikita Sergeyevich!" the sweetheart of the Soviet space program responded. "We are moved and deeply touched by your attention. Many, many thanks for your kind words, for your fatherly concern. I wholeheartedly thank the Soviet people for their good wishes. I assure you, dear Nikita Sergeyevich, that I will spare nothing to fulfill the assignment of the homeland."

For all its propagandistic schmaltz, the Kremlin-to-capsule schmooze between the first woman in space and the voluble Nikita Sergeyevich obviously had a lot more class than the first American hubby-wife space chat. To some degree, of course, the polite yet comradely tone was attributable to the fact that Nikita and Valya were not husband and wife. To the best of my knowledge, in fact, they weren't even going together. But, wordwise, the Russians had stolen the lead, and their commitment to a policy of linguistic overkill soon became evident in other areas of communications. When the historic Washington-Moscow "hot line" was installed in September of 1963, to permit a hurried exchange of famous last bye-byes in the event of a thermonuclear boo-boo, the Associated Press reported that the first Soviet test message "described in lyrical language the beauties of a Moscow sunset," while American communications men "used nothing more original than: 'The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.'"

Never was the contrast between the two national styles more lamentably apparent to language-conscious Americans. "Are we losing the dialog race?" I wondered. At a time when history demanded nothing less than our verbal best, was America to be represented by hackneyed phrases gleaned from the wastebaskets of its secretarial-school students and typewriter repairmen?

If so, we had only two major statements left: "This is a specimen of the work done on this machine" and "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party"—the latter being virtually useless, in that it was susceptible to a Marxist-Leninist interpretation that could convert it into a militant rallying cry for solidification of the Soviet bloc!

In pondering this national dilemma over a period of more than 15 minutes, I gradually came to realize that—all things considered—the quick-brown-fox

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line had been a rather fortunate choice. In order to avoid the misunderstandings that might arise from telephonic distortions of speech, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. had agreed that hot-line messages should be communicated by teletype. But, regardless of this sensible precaution, verbal originality at the teletypist level might easily have been the death of us all. Taking his cue from the historic past, our man at the keyboard might have triggered an instant holocaust by batting out something like: "Hoy, hoy! Hello, Moscow. How do you like the hot line? Dr. Strangelove, I presume? . . . Five-four-three-two-one . . . Zap!"

The quick-brown-fox message was nonbelligerent, nonpolitical and brief. Though old stuff to us, it was new to the Russians, who may even have admired it and wished that *they* had said something snappy and amusing like that.

For the most part, however, the dialog between East and West is most seriously hampered by the fact that the Russians insist upon speaking Russian, while Americans are accustomed to being understood when they make a reasonably good stab at expressing their thoughts in American English. The average American's knowledge of Russian consists of a very short word list—*nyet*, *da*, *sputnik*, *bolshevik*, *borscht*, *vodka* and *troika*—and many are often confused as to which is a three-horse sleigh and which is an order of beet soup. Though the Soviets reportedly work like mad at language studies in order to train translators, diplomats and intelligence personnel, the ordinary Russian's English vocabulary is said to be limited to such expressions as, "OK," "biznizman," "Brodvay" and—as a generic name for all cigarettes—"Looky Strooky."

In many instances, moreover, Russo-American language confusions are compounded by our mutual reliance upon translators—as was evidenced by an Associated Press report of aircraft designer Sergei Yezer's visit to an exhibit of house trailers at the San Diego County Fair. "Do you have house trailers in Russia?" a newsmen asked.

"Mr. Yezer replied in a word: 'Nyet.'"

"The newsmen had a pretty good idea what the word meant, but he asked Mr. Yezer's interpreter for an explanation. The interpreter replied: 'He says that they do not like houses on wheels in Russia. They prefer a more permanent, stable type of housing.'"

The AP report implies that the translator may have been taking a few propagandistic liberties. But if a simple *nyet* could be interpreted to mean all that, *da* might be translated as anything from "May the bluebird of happiness unilaterally establish a permanent type of housing in your left nostril" to "Looky Strooky Green is back, and Doris Day has got him!"

To reduce the reliance upon human

interpreters and speed translation of Russian news articles and scientific papers, some U. S. Government agencies have resorted to the use of computer-type scanning devices that can provide "a rough but meaningful translation." But computer men are still working on the problem of producing a machine that can do the same for speech. To date, our computers have been hard-pressed to cope with spoken English, and the level of conversation between man and machine has been such that only a latter-day Bell could be expected to endure it. In one historic chat, the computer—a gabby IBM 650—was instructed to "Remember this month is August, today we had rain and severe heat. Yesterday it was sunny and hot. Tomorrow it will be cold and cloudy. That is all." The conversation then ran as follows:

Man: Did you enjoy the rain we had this afternoon?

Machine: Not really, what I like is sunny weather.

Man: In hot weather one needs at least one bath every day.

Machine: Yes, I was just out and it was sweltering.

Man: When Christmas comes, we will have some colder weather.

Machine: Cold? Yes, it's usually pretty frosty during December.

Man: Today is clear weather. Will it last?

Machine: Let me have no lying. It becomes none but tradesmen. How can overcast weather and the clear day you mention coexist?

As can be seen from this historic exchange, which took place at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in December 1959, Mr. Machine was not only a crashing bore but was capable of getting quite snotty. Science had, in fact, programmed it that way—requiring the machine "to call its interrogator to task" whenever he tried to mislead or deceive it.

What science had in mind in 1959 is anybody's guess. But to me, the unexplained and wholly gratuitous slur at the honesty of bourgeois "tradesmen," and the odd use of "coexist" in speaking of the weather, suggested that the computer crowd may have been grooming the device to serve as a kind of mechanical Khrushchev—possibly with a view to pairing it off with a multicircuited mock-up of Richard M. Nixon, for the world's first fully automated East-West kitchen debate.

What with the vagaries of American and Soviet politics, and the subsequent decline in prominence that both statesmen endured, any such plan would have had to be scuttled, of course. But could any mere computer ever have captured the sincerity and deep warmth of Mr. Nixon's linguistic style? I think not. The world may little note nor long remember

his moving farewell speech to the American press, but can any American—be he Republican, Democrat or young-Turk vegetarian—ever forget Mr. Nixon's heart-rending allusion to his children's dog, Checkers, during his (Mr. Nixon's) campaign as candidate for Vice-President in 1952? A lump caught in the nation's throat, and every cocker spaniel in America walked a little taller the next day.

In the final sense, you cannot program greatness into a machine. But the repetition of certain key ideas voiced by New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller during his hard-fought failure to win the Republican Presidential nomination in 1964 inspired reporters to devise a shorthand that did, in fact, resemble the abbreviations used in computer programming. "Bomfog," *The New York Times* reported, was the one-word journalistic shorthand for the governor's oft-repeated reference to "the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God." "Moat" stood for "mainstream of American thought." "Fisteg" for "fiscal integrity" and "Goveclap" for "government closest to the people."

In reviewing the list, I could not find any phrase or idea that a mechanical brain couldn't have handled as easily as a discussion of the weather—and if it could, additionally, promote world Bomfog by providing a "rough but meaningful" translation into other languages, so much the better. "But what is actually being done in this vital area?" I occasionally wondered in the period between 1959 and today. Possibly the Computer-speak program had been taken over by Defense and was now subject to Secregs (security regulations), I speculated. And, for a while there, I was sure of it.

As anyone the least bit familiar with the Goveclap's budgetary strategies well knows, appropriations for hush-hush defense projects are often subsumed under purposely misleading categories—like putting Z-bomb funds under urban renewal. So when the United Press International's Washington bureau released the following lightly censored "portion of a transcript of a hearing of a House Appropriations subcommittee on military aid to Morocco," I was able to draw my own conclusions:

Representative Otto Passman: Beyond the —, and the —, what is the next item? Are there any other —?

Brigadier General Stephen O. Fuqua, Jr.: There are no — involved in this transaction.

Mr. Passman: What else do you have in the package?

General Fuqua: There are some —.

Mr. Passman: How many —?

General Fuqua: —.

And there it was, plain as the nose on

a Nike missile. It was no longer a question of whether or not General Fuqua had any Computerspeak devices in his package. It was merely a matter of how *many* and how *soon*. In the interest of promoting universal Bomfog, science and government had teamed up to crack the language barrier!

World Peafrip (peace and friendship) was just around the corner, to be had at the turn of an automated, multilingual phrase! Optimism spiced my own conversation like seeds in a loaf of crusty rye. The possible failure of Computerspeak was a thing unthinkable—until some four years later, when the University of California at Los Angeles issued a report on a “polite conversation” between a professor and a quick brown computer called Agile—a report so effulgent with dialogic defeat as to qualify as a droll, bottom-of-the-page column stuffer in *The New Yorker*:

Professor: Are you a man?

Agile: No power man.

(A BAD button was then pushed to cause some decrementing of matrices.)

Professor: Are you a man?

Agile: No power man.

(The BAD button was pushed again.)

Professor: Are you a man?

Agile: No power man be.

(Again the BAD button was pushed.)

Professor: What are you?

Agile: I be machine.

(This time the GOOD button was pushed.)

Professor: Are you a man?

Agile: I no be.

(Now the GOOD button again.)

Professor: Are you a machine?

Agile: Be I bad machine?

(A NEUTRAL button—the only choice other than GOOD and BAD—was pushed.)

Professor: I think you are all right.

Agile: —.

That was it. End of polite conversation.

Decrementing my own matrices, I pushed a mental “Oh, pshaw” button—the only choice other than “#%&?! ” and “—.”

Good old science had done it again. With the world in the throes of a massive communications crisis, the Computerspeak contribution was “No power man.”

The phrase had a curiously hippie sound, I thought, as did most of Agile’s replies. After seven solid years of discussing the weather and kindred inconsequentialities with their human masters, were the new-generation computers rebelling—going psychedelic? Would

their GOOD and BAD buttons have to be altered to read GO NAKED and LEGALIZE POT? Were they, indeed, turning on, tuning in . . . dropping out?

In what seemed like a desperate establishment move to forestall any such trend, a research psychologist at the Bell Telephone Laboratories in Murray Hill, New Jersey, came out with “a new form of English that could improve man’s ability to communicate with computers,” *The New York Times* reported less than two months later. “The language is called FASE for Fundamentally Analyzable Simplified English.”

“Sentences written in FASE can be readily broken down by a computer into subject, predicate, object and modifiers,” the report explained. “While the machine still does not know what the words mean, it ‘comprehends’ their function as indicated by the order in which they appear in the sentence.

“Ambiguous words and phrasing, therefore, must be avoided. Figures of speech and slang are acceptable if the computer can distinguish their function in a sentence. An expression like ‘cool it, man’ would baffle the machine.”

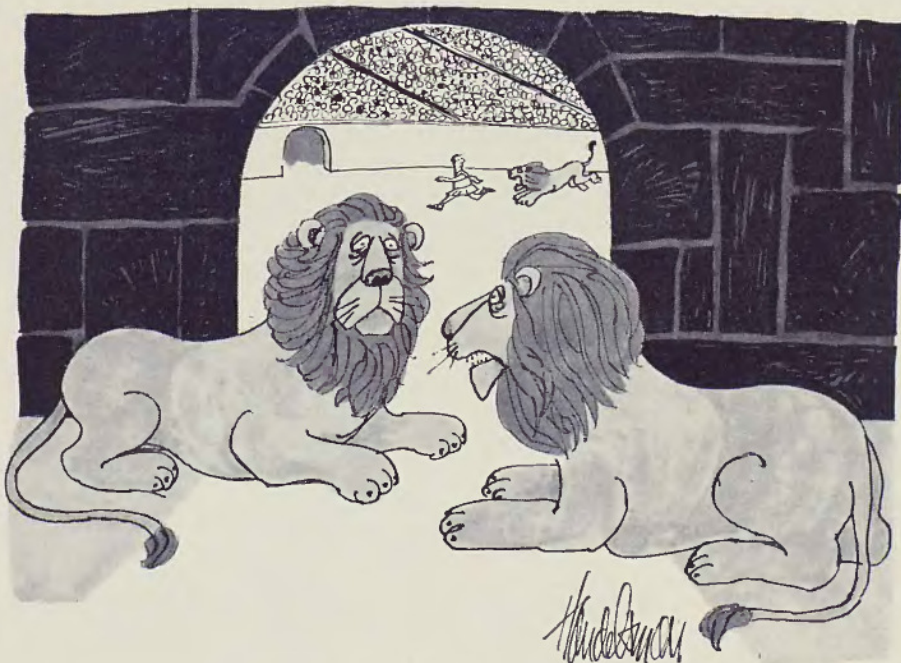
The message was loud and clear. Agile’s hippie-dippie dropout days were numbered. But if the new breed of organization computers are incapable of digging isolated figures of speech and slang, their usefulness as promoters of universal Bomfog can be scored off as next to nil. World Peafrip will never come about through the parsing of sentences. Instant understanding is essential, and there is no quicker route to

comprehension than through the use of figures of speech and slang. “Cool it,” I suddenly realized, is probably the single most pacifistic utterance ever coined by the mind of man, while “OK” is the most widely used and universally understood expression in the modern world.

“The two American English words that have had the greatest fortune abroad in recent times are ‘OK’ and ‘nylon,’” Professor Mario Pei of Columbia University declared in his informative and entertaining *Story of English*. “The former is heard practically all over the world, and the latter [nylon] became so popular during and after the War that in languages like Greek and Turkish it has become an adjective meaning ‘superfine.’”

While sports, commerce and jazz have all contributed to the use of such Americanisms, the biggest single influence has been the American GI. Before World War Two, Italy had “already rendered cold cream and football by colcream and futbol,” Pei pointed out in 1952. But with the GI occupation of Italy, *tegedizi* for “take it easy” and *tumorro* for “tomorrow” became current—the latter being “used as an adjective to mean ‘lazy,’ ‘slow.’ . . . Latest among Italian appropriations,” Pei added, were “*buki buki* (boogiewoogie), *pulova* (pullover) and *gomma americana* (bubble gum, as distinguished from ordinary gum, which is *ciuinga*).”

The American occupation of post-War Germany brought about a similar assimilation of useful Americanisms, Pei found. German conversation “swarmed with



“So Christians give you heartburn? I’ve got news for you. Christians give everybody heartburn.”

such phrases as 'Macht nix to me!' ('It makes no difference to me!'), 'That's for bistimmt!' ('That's for sure!'), 'Get raus!' ('Get out!') and 'Let's go essen!' ('Let's go eat!'). German musical pieces," he concluded, "are replete with expressions like *boogie woogie* and *hillbilly*, and German sporting pages with *team* and *come-back*."

More recently, of course, "rock 'n' roll" has replaced "boogie woogie," and the affluent Germans have been glomming onto such useful Yankee commercialisms as "discount house," "ready to wear," "shopping center" and "cash und carry." According to latest reports, a favorite phrase among the lively ones in German advertising is now "*Ziehn wir's am Flaggenmast hoch und sehn wir wer gruesst*" ("Let's run it up the flagpole and see if anyone salutes"). But, happily, the new *Deutsche* idiom bespeaks a desire to emulate the folkways and phraseology of Madison Avenue, rather than an effort to rally the Germans around the *Flaggenmast* for new military adventures.

During the past decade or so, it has become culturally chic to deplore the spread of the Mad Ave influence—otherwise known as Coca-Colonialism. But no critic, at home or abroad, can truthfully say that world acceptance of American exports and expressions has been imposed at the point of a gun. Run the name "Coca-Cora" up a flagpole in Japan, for example, and thousands will salute of their own free will. Apart from the perpetually ruffled political wings of the Japanese left and right, the only protest will come from those whose first allegiance is to Coca-Cora's competitor, "Pepusi-Cora."

Like his American counterpart, a typical member of the Japanese "Pepusi" generation now goes to work in the "rushawa" (rush hour) and takes an "ere-be-ta" (elevator) up to his office. He wears a clean "shatsu" (shirt) with a button-down "kara" and natty "neckutai." At home, he watches "terebi" (TV) or "terebision," and when the umpire calls "Pray borru!" and the home team scores a "hoomurun," he's apt to be munching a "hotto dogga." Part Amer-English and part Japanese, the new lingo has been dubbed "Japlish," and old Tokyo hands have all they can do to keep up with its growth. "Wondafaru Words Are Slipping into the Japanese," Emerson Chapin recently cabled *The New York Times*. "How far this linguistic assimilation may go, no one can say. But the sight of the Japanese *chiineiija* (teenager) savoring his *baniira aisu kurimu* (vanilla ice cream) as he shakes his head in rhythm to the 'Riibapuru saundo' (Liverpool sound) emanating from the *iyuku-baaksu* (jukebox) makes clear that this once isolated nation is becoming attuned to the modern West."

The bafflement that such fundamentally analyzable Japlish expressions would cause a computer fed on Bell Telephone's FASE is too enormous to contemplate. Blown fuses and burned-out circuits would result from "*baniira aisu kurimu*" alone. But the mind of man is still beautifully resilient. In Vietnam, where American English is a relative newcomer among foreign tongues, both the Vietnamese and the American GIs refer to anything wondafaru as being "number one"—an expression borrowed from early Japlish. Anything inferior is called "number ten." Among themselves, the Vietnamese refer to Americans as "big feet," just as they still refer to the old French colonialists as "long noses." Among American GIs, all Orientals are known as "slopes" or "slants"—presumably in allusion to the shape of their eyes. And both the "big feet" and the "slants" are given to using the old "long nose" term *beaucoup* as a superlative for practically anything—a *beaucoup* female slope, a *beaucoup* muggy day or a situation that is "pretty goddamned *beaucoup* lousy."

The only other old colonial Frenchism that the GIs have adopted from the Vietnamese is *fini*—pronounced "fee-nee" and used to signify "finished, through, all washed up, over and done with." Thus defined, the word might well be used to describe the present status of French as a major world language. Once the *lingua internaciona* of diplomacy, philosophy, science, art, commerce and polite society, French has experienced a decline from world favor that has been as spectacular as the rise of English. In terms of use, the language of Racine, Rabelais, Diderot and De Gaulle is now number eleven—one below number ten, which is Portuguese, and two below Bengali.

It is this loss of linguistic prestige that underlies recent French protests against the wholesale use of Americanisms by Frenchmen in France. So grave a threat is creeping Americanism to the "purity of the French language," that Premier Georges Pompidou himself has assumed leadership of a "High Commission" for the defense of the French tongue against such common Franco-Americanisms as "le weekend," "le drugstore," "la striptease," "le knock-outé," and le like. A happy hybrid of *français* and *anglais*, the new language of convenience is known as "Franglais" and serves to cover a whole slew of things for which French can provide no appropriate word—*pour example*, "la starlette," "un bikini," "les shorts," "la callgirl," "le self-service," "un best seller," "le sandwich," and even (*sacred blue!*) "la sex-appeal."

Earlier on, when the Franglais flap was aborning, American language experts sought to allay French fears by pointing out that the English language

had been borrowing freely from the French since the Norman Conquest. "It is a natural thing to augment our stock of words with whatever is useful," explained Professor Alan Walker Read of Columbia University. "For example—*cordon sanitaire*, *enfant terrible*, *cause célèbre*—there's nothing in English with the same flavor; and *derrière*, there's a useful euphemism."

Sane words and sound reasoning. French lends class to much that might otherwise be considered crass. Without *derrière*, Americans would indeed be flat on their plain old backsides, rumps, bottoms, tails, behinds, asses, arses, buttocks, posteriors, prats, slats, fundaments and fannies. Lacking *couture* and *cuisine*, they would have only clothes and chow. If, as one American dictionary editor maintains, few new words are being imported from France, it is because "we have borrowed all we need. Now they borrow from us the vocabularies originating in the fields of engineering, electronics and automation," he observes. "That's because the French Academy is slow to translate or replace them."

Slow is hardly the *mot*. There is no word in French or English to describe the stately pace at which the French Academy proceeds about its endless task of producing "new" dictionaries. The present edition was begun in 1935. When last heard from, in February 1967, the Academy had advanced as far as the letter C. Barring unforeseen delays, the "Immortal" members should get around to debating the merits of "la sex-appeal," "les shorts" and "la striptease" sometime in the 21st Century. Meanwhile, a chic smattering of Americanisms is considered essential to all who would shine in French society. "Brainstorming," "le bull (market)" and "nervous breakdown" are among the 40-odd Franglais expressions that the weekly *Le Nouveau Candide* has recommended to those of the French upper crust who desire to remain *à la mode* without having to resort to a topping of *baniira aisu kurimu*. In addition, all should know how to pronounce and when to let drop such prestigious *noms* de American commerce as "Saks Fifth Avenue," "Alka-Seltzer," "*Women's Wear Daily*" and "Fruit of the Loom."

What the inclusion of the last-named forebodes concerning the future of French *couture*, I do not know. But it is rather apparent, I think, that the family of nations cares less for our Bomfog than it does for our Coca-Colloquialisms. While pretending to deplore our material culture, it turns a deaf ear to our philosophy and poetry—preferring instead to speak of our soft drinks, skivvies, sports, supermarkets and brand-name pharmaceuticals.


It is also curious to note that, despite all criticism and protests, the voluntary



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adoption of such Americanisms is one of the few truly hopeful and harmonious phenomena in the world of modern language. "Nineteen Injured and 41 Arrested in Brussels Riots over Language," one reads. "Flemish-speaking Belgians clash with their French-speaking countrymen during parade of Flemings in Brussels." "LANGUAGE ISSUE ANNOYS SWEDES." "One Slain and 91 Hurt in Ceylon in Revival of Linguistic Conflict." "NORWAY IS SPLIT BY WAR OF WORDS. Vehement Factions Battle over Possible Merger of Two Official Languages." "MADRAS STUDENTS RIOT ON LANGUAGE. Oppose Law to Make Hindi India's Official Tongue." "Indian Is a Suicide by Fire in Language Protest." "SECOND MAN IS SUICIDE BY FIRE IN MADRAS. Student Also Slain as Police Fire on Anti-Hindi Rally." "Youth Killed as Language Riots in India Go On."

As background to the anti-Hindi riots of 1965, the National Geographic Society noted that the 469,000,000 people of India speak 179 languages and 544 dialects. Of these, about 40 percent of the population speak pure or dialectal Hindi, the language of the ruling Congress Party—though official business between language groups has traditionally been conducted in English, in accordance with the pattern established under Britain's colonial rule. Rioting erupted when the Congress Party declared Hindi to be the official national language, and offered special preferment to civil servants who either spoke or learned it.

The non-Hindi-speaking majority rebelled at thus having Hindi rammed down their throats and demonstrated in favor of preserving the regional integrity of all Indian languages by retaining English as the universally accepted tongue. During the resulting riots, 50 deaths and five self-immolations were tabulated. Peace was restored only after Prime Minister Shastri took to the airwaves to broadcast assurances that English "would continue as the alternative official language for as long as the non-Hindi-speaking states wanted it to."

To Americans, the fervor of the Indian protesters may seem to have been far in excess of their grievance. But the anti-Hindi willingness to die for the continued use of English becomes rather understandable when one learns that the citizens of one Indian town construed a Hindi announcement of a baby contest to mean, "There will be a wrestling match of three-year-old children," and that the closest Hindi can come to the English word "telephone" is "ear tickler." The word "radio" is rendered even more inaccurately as "celestial voice," while the ultimate in linguistic confusion is reached with the Hindi for "necktie"—which is "loincloth for the neck."

As the Indian donnybrook once again indicated, the growing popularity of English stems not from its ability to convey the noble Bomfogisms of Western thought but from the usefulness of its lesser coinages—the innumerable small precisions that enable a man to distinguish between his necktie and his nether garments, and to know for an absolute certainty whether he is wanted on the telephone or desired by some pranksome seductress who would tickle his ears with a little pink feather.

Time and again, our linguistic less has proved to be both more and best, I belatedly came to realize. Small words on great occasions humanize the course of events. By eschewing Bomfog and favoring the commonplace, our astronauts and inventors have—albeit unwittingly—done much to point the conversational way to Peafrip among all the peoples of the earth. "Hi, Mahatma, can you hear me?" "Mr. Moto, come here, please, I want you!" "Hello, Paris. Have you had an Alka-Seltzer today?" These are the locutions of everyday life, and it has been through just this kind of small talk that our dialog with the world has been most successful.

"Tegedizi," "OK," "cool it," "pray bor-ru!"—no other language has contributed so many verbal deterrents to violence. But despite its increasing use, Amer-English still ranks in second place. In numbers of speakers, it is yet surpassed by Chinese-Mandarin, whose 460,000,000 adherents talk mostly among themselves within the confines of mainland China. But even here there is reason to hope. Notwithstanding all present barriers to communication, a Chinese ear tickler is still called a *te lu feng*, and five-card stud in Peking is still a game of *p'u k'e*.

A third Chinese borrowing is one that seems to have fallen sadly into disuse of late. It is *yu meh*, for "humor"—a word that was "number one" when Chinese trade with the West was conducted in a language called "pidgin." A linguistic Moo Goo Gai Pen concocted of English words and Chinese syntax, pidgin took its name from the Cantonese pronunciation of the English word "business," and gave rise to a no-tickee-no-shirtee patois that spread to the South Seas, where natives of a thousand different tongues now communicate in what Professor Pei has called "pidgin par excellence. . . . Here we find expressions like *put clothes belonga table* (set the table); *what for you kinkenau knife belong me?* (why did you swipe my knife?)."

New Guinea, which has an estimated total of 700 unwritten languages, now boasts its own pidgin newspaper, the *Nu Gini Toktok*—or "New Guinea Talk-Talk"—with a "Piksa Lesen Belong Sande Skul" ("Picture Lesson Belonging

to Sunday School") and a headline style that American newspapers might do well to cultivate as an antidote to declining circulations. "TRENIN KOS LONG YUT WOK ASISTEN LONG POT MOSBI," one intriguing banner talk-talks in announcing a "Training Course for Youth Work Assistants at Port Moresby." "DISPELA TOK INDONESIA I-BIN KALABUSIM LULUAI INO TOK TRU," another declares. "This Fellow Who Talks that Indonesia Has Calabossed a Headman, He No Talk True."

In addition to all the pidgin that's fit to print, New Guineans also enjoy the use of such beautifully apt expressions as *kiranki cuss-cuss* for "irritable person" and *long-long-along-drink* for—you guessed it—"drunk." Equally vivid and apt are the homey pidginisms of Samoa and Tahiti, where *belly-belong-me-walk-about-too-much* is the synonym for "upset stomach" and *water-belong-stink* is alla same "perfume." This is not to be confused with *kill'im-stink-fella*, which is the pidgin for "disinfectant" in the Australian bush, where a mosquito is a *sing'im-along-dark-fella*, and a traveling salesman is spotted a mile away as being a *big-fella-talk-talk-watch'im-that-one!*

Clearly, this is English with a difference—creative, colorful and perceptive. It grabs the ear, the eye and the imagination. It communicates, and demonstrates that our language is indeed an instrument that any number can play. Plunk it, strum it or tootle it as you will, English is alla same one-fine-fella-for-make-talk-talk.

Most important of all, pidgin English has the power to make us see our world anew—as through the eyes of the Solomon Islander who summed up his impressions of New York in this wise: "Me look um big fella place. He high up too much. He alla same one fella mountain."

As a lifelong resident of that same city, I can vouch for the fact that no one has ever said it better. Any fella belong Nu Yok, or ride um pok'im-along-choo-choo to wok from suburbs, knows dispepla tok tru. He be man. He no machine be.

But hold on a second. Tegedizi. The voice is familiar. Is it possible that our old friend Agile, the computer, hadn't been such a conversational dud, after all? Could it have been that in its "polite conversation" with the professor, Agile had been practicing to talk pidgin? If so, then there is still a chance that Computerspeak may yet emerge as the number-one weapon in the war of words. The ultimate peacemaker, programed to translate all the world's dullness, Bomfog and blather into fundamentally understandable pidgin!

Let's see now. . . . How many of those big-fella-talk-talk machines did the general say he had in his package?

Ah, yes: "—."

It hardly seems enough.





"How far did I go in school? Well . . . occasionally, all the way."



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(continued from page 67)

see him now, mouth slightly open. *Very* attractive. Oh, Gloria wasn't bored. She was embalmed!

When *rap-rap-rap* on her chamber door, it's the blond one. Could he have some ice cubes, please. Looking like an archangel, and his name is Michael! Can you bear it?

Nor can I.

So, just on an impulse, No, I said, I won't let you have a single cube, but you may have a drink.

Oh, but, said he, finger pointing toward heaven, I have these friends up there.

Ah, well, the more angels the better. Go fetch them, I said. And while he was upstairs fetching, I telephoned the liquor store.

Oh. Oh, thank you, Tom, for that wonderfully salty contribution to my tale. Ceil and Harry are so grateful to hear all about the liquor bill. Now back to sleep, don't exhaust yourself, and we'll just see if I can't somehow manage to limp through the story without all this detailed assistance.

So.

I no more than hang up the phone when the parade begins. This lovely airborne parade. Angels and archangels. Cherubim and seraphim. All manner of winged creature, lighting gracefully on the furniture.

Slight hyperbole here: There were only three, actually. Three boys.

And this curious girl.

A dreadful little stump of a thing named Jo-Anne. All hair and horn-rims. Truly. All you could see was its smock, its little fists, with ud-cray galore under its fingernails, *ça va sans dire*, and the most formidable hair. Virtually, you could not see its face without trespassing. I haven't to this day the faintest notion of what the child looked like.

And yet, in retrospect, she managed, without speaking so much as a word that anyone heard, mind you, she saw to it that she became the star of the evening. Truly! This unappetizing little bitch!

Wait! Wait! I have to tell things in my own way.

All right: I knew she'd been living up there with the three, because I'd been seeing her for a couple of weeks, darting about the halls with pathetic little grocery bags. Making herself useful, I suppose. It seems Michael the archangel had found her in the street in front of The Dom one morning at dawn, just sitting there inside of all this hair, and brought her home to make a little sister of her. Apparently they adore having little sisters.

(And mothers, a-ha-ha.)

So at one point, on ze glorious Friday night, Michael follows me to what we

laughingly call the bar, that sad little tea wagon there, and wants to know what I think of his Jo-Anne. And I said, Michael, I haven't even seen her yet, what is all that hair about?

He looked at me with these ghost-blue eyes (Ceil, you'd faint!) and he said, perfectly serious, Jo-Anne's in hiding. From herself.

Oh, you idiot, Harry, of course I didn't laugh. What *am* I? Granted, inside, in here where it counts, I was splitting. But not a flicker did I show.

Then Michael said, Gloria, I hope you'll try to bring her out, will ya? Try to get to know her a little? She's very worth while, she has all kinds of original thoughts, insights, ideas, she has her own little window on the world.

(Window! I thought, what the poor thing needs is a periscope!)

In any case, I was distinctly uneager, shall we say, to enter that red, unwashed wigwam. Treasure-trove or no.

But anyway, there we all were, having our otherwise memorable and splendid Friday night: One of the boys was doing perfectly thrilling things with his hands, an entire puppet show without puppets, unbelievably touching. And it was all wonderfully gay.

But a little too much so for Tom. Gay he doesn't mind if it's mixed, *un peu*. So I get on the blower once more and call Tom *deuxième*, who stage-manages at this coffeehouse over here, you know the one, Café Something, off-off-off-off-Broadway?

Seconds later, in traipses he with the entire cast of this terribly integrated revue. And then, Tom, my Tom, Tom *premier*, really perks up. Tom likes Africans. Oh, he does he does he does! When I'm suntanned, he can't keep his hands to himself. The dark shadow of Momma or something!

Oh, look! look! that brought him to life again! The sound of his own libido always does it. I have the most self-referencing husband in the world, I wish there were a contest I could enter him in. Back to sleep, tiger.

Well now, with all this utter variety going on all over the place, I think—selfless being that I am—of all my dear square friends uptown. And I want them with me. I want them to see that Life Can Be Beautiful. So, on the blower again, dialing my fingies right down to the knuckles, *Come at once!* I shout to all and sundry, Laughs, etc., at Gloria's. And Tom's.

I did call you!

Tom, how many times in all did I call Ceil and Harry? Eight, or was it only twenty?

Well, if people are mad enough to entomb themselves at the cinema on the first really brilliant night of the summer . . .

It was glorious. It was balmy. It was

heaven replete with angels. All you could smell was life—and perhaps a little pot, ha-ha. We threw open that door to the fire escape, every window in the place, even the skylight, and let everyone flow at will.

Talk about heterogeneous! We had everything. Plus these performers. Oh, I grant you the revue itself stunk! (But isn't that always the way? By the time anything gets on the boards in this town, it's packaged to extinction?) But the kids! Themselves! The talent could kill you! I won't tell you about this one singer, not yet, I'm *saving* that! You'll die.

Where am I, for God's sake?

Oh, yes, the gnome. Jo-Anne.

At odd intervals throughout the evening or shall I say night, out of the corner of my eye, I catch its little act.

Nothing.

In short, it sits. A perfect lump. Inside of itself. Occasionally Michael goes over to it, puts his angel nose inside this disastrous hair and whispers to it. It whispers back. He puts his arm around it. He takes it to the roof for a breath of air. He guides it across the room to meet someone. He gives it a Coca-Cola.

(*Nota bene:* It doesn't drink hard liquor. Oh, no, not at all, my dears! Nothing so simple! *Wait* till you hear what's coming up!)

Now let's do a little montage of time pressing on: Me, this very matron you see before you, doing a watusi with the puppeteer (and quite good, actually); Michael, trying to get his little catatonic to dance; Tom here, trying to get a little something else going on the roof.

He didn't hear that, just as well, I'd better whisper: Yes, my Tom, Tom *premier*, not cohabiting with Africans on the fire escape, and *not* very pleased about it. No thank you, said Miss Ghana. A stunning thing she was, *imperial*, and quite an artist of the putdown, apparently. Tom doesn't know I had a full report.

What, Tom? Nothing, baby, you're just sensitive. Now nod off for Momma; that's it.

Isn't he heaven?

So! Emergency time! Michael, the guardian angel of the gnome, backs Momma into the bedroom! Yes, *me!* Too good to be true, surely!

Alas, it *was* too good to be true: He didn't want Gloria, he wanted money.

Thirty-five smackeros. Which is not thirty-five cents, need I add.

Good heavens, Michael, replied I, that's a great deal of money.

Oh, but he simply *had* to have it!

Frankly, he didn't look like he was kidding, either, he was white as a sheet.

I said, Michael, are you in some kind of trouble?

No, but a friend of mine is, he said.

(Big light flashes on.)

Jo-Anne? I said.

Yes, she's sick, she's very sick. She's

got to have some (and there was ever-so-tiny a pause) some attention! he said. She's got to have some *attention!*

(Klieg lights flash on.)

Drugs? I said.

Michael nodded.

H? I said.

H, he said.

And you want *me* to put up the thirty-five dollars to get her through this one?

You've got to, he said.

I've got to? I thought. My back went up. I adore this boy, but I don't *got* to anything of the kind. My Tom works like a demon for thirty-five dollars; I felt guilty enough pouring out our good liquor for these young snotnoses. Which they will happily, all the while I'm sure silently putting down Tom for being such a square as to actually practice anything so dreary as the law so he can come up with the money to finance a party. For them.

Frankly, it made me cross.

But Gloria did not blow her cool. All she said was, Michael darling, why have I got to? *I* can't afford such expensive vices myself, why must I support Jo-Anne's?

Because she's beautiful, he said. Be-

cause she's a human being. Because she's dying.

Dear Michael, I said, get her to a doctor at once if she's dying, don't come to me!

He said, Doctors file reports and Jo-Anne's too young to have her life ruined.

Well, yes, I said, there is a question of legality, isn't there. And you're asking me to involve myself? Please, I urged him, get the girl to a doctor!

(To be perfectly honest, I wanted her out of my house.)

He said he bet I wasn't so worried about legality at income-tax time, or when I wanted an abortion. (He had me there! But of course the two things are not comparable!)

In any case, he was furious, he absolutely *turned* on me!

Screw doctors, he said, screw cops, screw legislators, screw society! All she needs right now is one human being.

With which he turned on his heel and left the room.

I, of course, was the enemy.

Well, I went into *ze* dainty powder room and did what I could with a little cold water applied to the face. I'm damned, I said, if my night's going to be



"You knocked?"

wrecked by that hirsute little junkie! Oh, I felt sorry for her, God knows, but there was just one teensy little question: *Whose* problem was it? Mine?

The answer to that didn't seem too tricky to me, so I went in and poured myself a good, stiff one.

As a matter of fact, I think I'll fill this thing up right now. Oh, would you, Harry? Thank you. Right to the top, and not too much ice. *No no no, the Scotch, damn it!*

I did not shout.

So! Another montage. *Le temps marche*, it's now Saturday A.M., party still in progress.

I only remember seeing Michael once more, he was passing through the dining room saying, Is there a human being in the house, is there a human being in the house—looking bitter and grave and fugitive from heaven; and that's the last I saw of him. Until . . .

Oh, but I know what's next: this song thing!

I won't be able to do justice to it, it's one of those things where you have to be

there. But I'll try:

At some juncture or other, I'm none too clear about time sequences, I came out of the bathroom and heard this fabulous silence. Everybody, all these young, wild things, standing stock-still, not uttering a sound. Well, well, wonders me, what's going on here?

Then I heard!

This singer was out on the fire escape. Singing to the rooftops.

You know that song from *Fantasticks*: Try to remember a something September when nights are something and and something is something else?

Well, this boy, an Italian, one of those three angels from above, with the most glorious tenor voice . . . !

No! No, I'm wrong! *Not* really glorious! *Not* a great voice!

Merely perfect! Perfect for *that* song at *that* moment on *that* fire escape on *that* Friday night.

And everybody knew it. There was this enormous, collective sharing of something truly magical, and not a soul was excluded.

But that's not all. Something happened to top it.

You know where the end of the song goes: *Follow follow follow*?

Well! Just as he got to that part, there was a new voice! A woman's. We don't know where she was. We don't know who she was. We couldn't even see her. She was in some other building, way-way-way across the courtyards, leaning out of some dirty little window, I suppose. And when our tenor was through, she picked it up in her sad little penny whistle of a voice; she sang:

Follow follow follow

I cried. Me, who doesn't cry anymore. I cried. I'm crying now!

Everybody did. It was as if we were all seven, and pure again, and taking our first Holy Communion. Together. There was this feeling of the Oneness of humanity, the sort of thing Dostoevsky raved about.

Excuse me, let me blow this nose.

Honestly, Ceil and Harry, I just adore this neighborhood. *So* it's noisy, *so* it's bearded and unwashed, so there are no taxis. You *take* all that, because it's alive!

Even if you are held responsible for murdering all the junkies. Don't you love that kind of thinking? It's terribly popular now. Some Negro playwright started it: The claim is that I, Gloria, personally adjusted the rope around every black neck that's been strung up in the U. S. A. for the last one hundred years. And of course it follows that this same dreadful Gloria is responsible for shelling out thirty-five smackeroos to save the life of every drug fiend in Manhattan!

Madly logical, don't you think?

Tom and I are strictly from Squaresville, we happen to think charity starts right here, we sort of look after each other first and foremost, don't we, sleeping beauty.

Never mind, dear, not important.

What?

The girl? Jo-Anne?

Well, I *said*!

Harry, I *did*!

Didn't I? Well, I know I did, I must have, that's what I've been going on and on about.

Forgive me, then, I *thought* I *said*: The poor little thing did indeed die.

Tom and I felt wretched, as you can imagine.

She died the next afternoon. I guess they were trying to do the withdrawal bit upstairs, you know, home-style? And it just plain did not work.

I saw Michael in the hall that evening and he delivered the bare facts, looking—you guessed it, homesick for paradise—and so tragic. And pointedly *not* saying I told you so.

I still adore him. It's just that once in a while he makes me a teensy bit cross.



Smiley

“. . . earth—mirth?—birth?—dearth? . . .”

Elegance

(continued from page 66)

Combine strawberries, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, strawberry liqueur and kirsch liqueur. Marinate in refrigerator 2 to 3 hours. Whip cream until thick but not stiff. Add 3 tablespoons sugar and vanilla to cream. In large bowl, combine pineapple, strawberries, whipped cream and amaretti. Toss lightly. Serve ice cold.

II. Consommé with Spun Eggs Cold Chicken Jeanette Fresh Asparagus Vinaigrette Peaches in Champagne Demitasse

CONSOMMÉ WITH SPUN EGGS

Bring 6 cups chicken broth or 3 cups chicken broth and 3 cups beef broth to a rapid boil. Beat 3 eggs well with wire whip or rotary egg beater. Slowly pour eggs into boiling broth, stirring constantly with wire whip. As soon as all eggs are added, remove soup from flame. Add 1 tablespoon each of finely minced fresh chives and fresh chervil or parsley.

COLD CHICKEN JEANETTE

- 3 large whole breasts of chicken
- 2 chicken backs
- 1 large onion
- 2 pieces celery
- 6 sprigs parsley
- Salt, pepper
- 5-oz. block *pâté de foie gras* or *mousse de foie gras*
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup heavy cream
- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 12 fresh tarragon leaves
- 10-oz. can consommé (for jelling)

In 2 quarts slightly salted water, boil chicken breasts, chicken backs, onion, celery and parsley until breasts are tender—30 to 40 minutes. (Backs are used to give broth body and are not part of finished dish.) When chicken is cool enough to handle, lift meat from bones and skin, making 6 individual portions. Cut each portion in half horizontally. Cut *foie gras* into 18 slices, dipping sharp knife into hot water for easy slicing. Place a slice of *foie gras* between slices of chicken. Strain chicken broth. Season to taste with salt and pepper. If broth seems weak in flavor, add a packet or two of instant bouillon. Set aside $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups broth for sauce. In a heavy saucepan, melt butter over low flame. Remove from flame and stir in flour, mixing well. Slowly stir in $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups broth. Bring to a boil; reduce flame and simmer 10 minutes. Stir in heavy cream and remove from flame. Soften gelatin in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water. Stir gelatin into hot sauce. Chill sauce in refrigerator until it is about room temperature, but do not let

it jell. Place chicken on serving platter. Alongside each portion of chicken, place 2 slices *foie gras*. Pour sauce over chicken, not over *foie gras*, coating each piece completely. Chill in refrigerator until sauce is jelled. Dip tarragon leaves in boiling water for about 10 seconds. On each portion of chicken, press 2 tarragon leaves in V shape. Chill consommé in refrigerator, but do not let it jell. Brush consommé over both chicken and *foie gras*, coating both with light film. Return to refrigerator until consommé sets. Balance of consommé may be jelled completely and forced through pastry bag and tube as garnish for platter.

FRESH ASPARAGUS VINAIGRETTE

Remove tough ends from 3 lbs. large-size fresh asparagus. The asparagus will usually snap at point where tough end begins, or ends may be cut off with knife to keep stalks uniform in size. Pare each stalk with vegetable peeler to remove stringy outside and scales. Wash very

well to remove any sand. Boil in salted water until tender—10 to 15 minutes. Drain. Chill thoroughly. Serve, on leaves of Boston lettuce, with an olive-oil French dressing flavored with finely chopped pimientos and hard-boiled egg. Egg may be omitted if desired.

PEACHES IN CHAMPAGNE

Dip 9 large- or 12 medium-size ripe freestone peaches in boiling water for about $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. Hold under cold running water. Peel peaches and cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ -in.-thick slices. Sweeten with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar or more to taste. Mix well. Chill thoroughly in refrigerator. Chill a pint of dry champagne. Pour champagne over peaches in large glass bowl.

This is, of course, only a small sampling of the elegant alfresco fare available to the urban outdoorsman. Day or night, the sky's the limit for do-it-yourself dining out.



"Sure, there's still discrimination,
but it is getting better."

HORSE'S HEAD (continued from page 62)

said. He was a man of excellent wit, Mullaney decided, even though his brown eyes were set rather too close to his nose. "O'Brien, there is no problem," he continued. "This gentleman will make a fine corpse."

O'Brien, who was the man with the leather elbow patches, studied Mullaney with too-morbid interest. Mullaney, deciding this was the time to voice his own sentiments on the subject, said, "Gentlemen, I don't think I will make a fine corpse."

"You will make a fine corpse," Gouda insisted.

"Seriously, gentlemen," Mullaney said, "I can think of a hundred other people who would make finer corpses. I can, in fact, think of three people I contacted only today on a small financial matter who would make excellent corpses, indeed."

"He's too tall," O'Brien said.

"That's right, I'm too tall," Mullaney agreed. "Besides, my uncle is a judge."

"Would anyone care for some schnapps?" the stonecutter said.

The third man who had been present when they arrived had so far said nothing. He sat on a corner of the stonecutter's desk, nattily dressed in a dark-blue suit, his silk rep tie held by a tiny tie tack, the letter K in gold. He kept staring at Mullaney, but he said nothing. Mullaney reasoned immediately that he was the boss.

"What do you think, boss?" O'Brien said, turning to him.

"He'll do," K said.

He spoke in a very low voice; all bosses speak in low voices. All bosses look like K, Mullaney thought, small and dapper and narrow as a stiletto, with an initial tie tack, and cold blue eyes and hair going slightly thin, combed to the side over the encroaching baldness; all bosses look exactly like K.

"Suppose his uncle really is a judge?" O'Brien said.

"His uncle is not a judge," K said.

"He looks as if his uncle *could* be a judge, or at least an alderman."

"That's right," Mullaney said.

"In fact, how do we know he *himself* isn't a judge or an alderman or an off-duty detective?"

"That's right," Mullaney said, "how do you know?"

"Do you realize what kind of trouble we'll be in if we've accidentally picked up somebody important?"

"Yes, consider that," Mullaney said.

K considered it, studying Mullaney thoughtfully. At last he said, "He is nobody important."

"I beg your pardon," Mullaney said, offended.

"In any case," O'Brien said, "he's too tall."

"For the coffin?" Gouda asked, and Mullaney shuddered again.

"No, for the suit."

"We can alter the suit."

"I'm a very difficult person to fit," Mullaney said. "Gentlemen, seriously, I don't want you to go to any trouble on my part. If the suit won't fit me—"

"It'll fit him," K said in his very low voice.

"He'll split all the seams."

"It's only until he gets to Rome."

"You shouldn't have let the original corpse get away," O'Brien said to Gouda. "The suit was measured to order for him."

"He jumped out of the car," Gouda said, and spread his hands helplessly. "Could I chase him down Fourteenth Street? With a plane ready to take off?" He shrugged. "We grabbed the first person we saw." He appraised Mullaney and then said, "Besides, I think he'll make a fine corpse."

"You could have picked someone shorter," O'Brien said petulantly.

"There were no short people on Fourteenth Street," Gouda said. "I *would* like some schnapps, after all."

"There's no time for schnapps," K said.

"That's right," Gouda instantly agreed, "there's no time for schnapps. Where's the suit, O'Brien?"

"Get the suit," O'Brien said to the man who had offered the schnapps.

The man obediently went into the other room, but over his shoulder he called, "It won't fit."

The other men sat waiting for him to come back. The bald-headed driver was cleaning his fingernails with a long knife. What a dreadful stereotype, Mullaney thought. "What's your name?" he asked him.

"Peter," the driver answered, without looking up from his nails.

"Pleased to meet you."

The driver nodded, as though he felt it wasteful to exchange courtesies with someone who would soon be dead.

"Listen," Mullaney said to K, "I really would *not* like to become a corpse."

"You have no choice," K said. "We have no choice, therefore *you* have no choice." It sounded very logical. Mullaney admired the logic but not the sentiment.

"Still," he said, "I'm only thirty-seven years old," lying by two years. Almost three years.

"Some people get hit by automobiles when they're only little kids," Peter said, still cleaning his nails. "Think of them."

"I sympathize with them," Mullaney said, "but I myself had hoped to live to a ripe old age."

"Hopes are dainty things oftentimes shattered," K said, as if he were quoting

from something, Mullaney couldn't imagine what.

The stonecutter came back into the room with a black suit on a hanger. "I left the shirt," he said. "The shirt would *definitely* not fit him. What size shirt do you wear?" he asked Mullaney.

"Fifteen," Mullaney said. "Five sleeve."

"He can wear his own shirt," K said.

"I'd like to wear my own suit, too," Mullaney said, "if that's all right with you."

"That's *not* all right with us," K said.

"In fact," Mullaney went on, "I'd like to go home right now; or better still, I'd like to go to Aqueduct. If you gentlemen are interested, I have a very hot tip on a horse called—"

"He'll wear his own shirt," K said.

"A *yellow* shirt?" O'Brien asked, offended.

"It's not yellow," K said. "What color is that shirt?" he asked Mullaney.

"Jasmine."

"It's jasmine," K said.

"It looks yellow."

"No, it's jasmine," Mullaney said.

"Put on the suit," K advised.

"Gentlemen—"

"Put it on," Gouda said, and made a faintly menacing gesture with the Luger.

Mullaney accepted the suit from O'Brien. "Where shall I change?" he asked.

"Here," Gouda said.

He hoped he was wearing clean underwear; his mother had always cautioned him about wearing clean underwear and carrying a clean handkerchief. He took off his pants, feeling the sharpness of the keen April wind that swept over the marble stones in the courtyard and seeped through the crack under the door.

"He's got polka-dot undershorts," Peter said, and made his short laughlike sound. "A corpse with polka-dot undershorts, that's a hot one."

The pants were too short and too tight. Mullaney could not button them at the waist.

"Just zip them up as far as they'll go," K said, "that'll be fine."

"They'll fall down," Mullaney said, transferring his 20-cent fortune from his own pants to the ones he was now wearing.

"You'll be lying in a coffin, they won't fall down," O'Brien said, and handed him the suit jacket.

The jacket was made of the same fine black cloth as the trousers, but was lined and therefore substantially heavier. There were three thick black buttons on the front, each about the size of a penny, and four smaller black buttons on each sleeve. The buttons resembled mushroom caps, though not rounded, their tops and edges faceted instead, a very

fancy jacket, indeed, if a trifle too tight. He pulled it closed across his chest and belly, and then forced the middle button through its corresponding buttonhole. The shoulders were far too narrow, the armholes pinched; he let out his breath and said, "It's too tight."

"Perfect," K said.

"What's the lining made of?" Mullaney asked. "It rustles."

"It's silk," O'Brien said, and glanced at K.

"It makes a nice whispering rustle," Mullaney said.

"Those are angels' wings," Peter said, and again gave his imitation of a laugh. The other men laughed with him—all but Gouda, who, it seemed to Mullaney, had suddenly become very nervous and pale.

"Well," Gouda said, "let's get on with it, there isn't much time."

"Put him in the coffin," K said.

"Look," Mullaney protested. "I'm a married man," which was not exactly the truth, since he had been divorced a year ago.

"We will send your wife a floral wreath," Gouda said.

"I have two children." This was an absolute lie. He and Irene had never had any children at all.

"That's unfortunate," K said. "But oftentimes even little babes must untowardly

suffer," again making it sound like a quote that Mullaney did not recognize.

"I'm a respected professor at City College," Mullaney said, which was also pretty close to the truth, since he used to be an encyclopedia salesman. "I can assure you I'll be sorely missed."

"You won't be missed at all," Gouda said, which made no sense.

Somebody hit him on the back of the head—Peter, he supposed, the dirty rat.

2: GRUBEL

He woke up groaning. He was in a moving automobile. A man he had never seen before was sitting beside him on the back seat, a gun in his hand. Another stranger, judging from the back of his head, was driving the car. When he heard Mullaney, he turned and said, "E desto, eh?"

"Si," the other man replied. "*A questo momento.*"

"*Va bene,*" the driver said.

They've already flown me to Italy, Mullaney thought. I am now being driven through the outskirts of Rome to a hide-out on the banks of the Tiber. He glanced through the windshield, saw the toll booths ahead and realized they were only approaching the Lincoln Tunnel.

"What the hell?" he said, startling the man beside him.

"What's the matter?" the man shouted. "What is it? What is it?"

"Just where are we?" Mullaney demanded. It was one thing to get pushed around, but it was another to be welshed out of a trip to Rome.

"We're on our way to see Grubel," the man said. "Stop making noise near the toll booths."

"Is this New Jersey?" Mullaney asked shrewdly.

"This is New Jersey."

"You're not even Italians!" Mullaney shouted.

"We are so!" the man said, offended.

"Who's Grubel?"

"The boss."

"And who are you?"

"I'm George," the man beside him said.

"I'm Henry," the driver said.

He was angry now; oh, boy, now he was really angry. They had really got his Irish dander up this time, hitting him on the head and giving him such a headache, and then not even shipping him to Rome as they had promised. His anger was unreasoning and uncontrolled. He knew he could not blame either Henry or George for the empty promises the others had made, but he was angry nonetheless, an undirected black Irish boiling-mad anger that was beginning to give him stomach cramps. In about two

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minutes flat, as soon as they were past the toll booths (he didn't want any innocent people to get hurt if there was shooting), he was going to erupt in this automobile, rip George's gun in half, wrap it around his head, stuff it down his throat; oh, boy, you started up with the wrong fellow this time! They were past the toll booths now and approaching the tunnel itself, the blue-and-white-tiled walls, the fluorescent lighting, the cops walking on the narrow ramparts, waving the cars on; Mullaney waited, not wanting to cause a traffic jam in the tunnel when he incapacitated these two cheap gangsters.

There were a great many cars on the road; this was Friday night, the start of the weekend. He could remember too many Friday nights long ago, when he and Irene had been a part of the fun-seeking throng, but he tried to put Irene out of his mind now, because somehow thinking of her always made him a little sad, and he didn't want to dissipate the fine glittering edge of his anger, he was going to chop through these hoodlums like a cleaver! But the traffic was dense even when they got out of the tunnel, and he didn't get a chance to make his move until the car stopped outside a brownstone on East 61st, and then he realized they had reached their destination and it was too late to do anything. Besides, by then he wasn't angry anymore.

"Upstairs," George said.

The building was silent. Carpeted steps wound endlessly upward, creaking beneath them as they climbed. A Tiffany lamp, all glistening greens and yellows, hung from the ceiling of the second floor. As Henry walked beneath it, it bathed his head in a Heineken glow, giving him a thoughtful beery look. A flaking mirror in an ornate gold-leaf frame hung on the wall of the third floor. George adjusted his tie as he went past the mirror, and then began whistling tunelessly under his breath as they continued to climb. On the fourth floor, a bench richly upholstered in red velour stood against the wall, just outside a door painted in muted gray. Henry knocked on the door and then patted his hair into place.

The door opened.

Mullaney caught his breath.

Grubel was a woman.

Into that hallway she insinuated springtime, peering out at them with a delicately bemused expression on her face, cornflower eyes widening, long blonde hair whispering onto her cheek. She might have been a fairy maiden surprised in the garden of an ancient castle, banners and pennoncles fluttering on the fragrant breeze above her. She turned to gaze at Mullaney, pierced him with a poignant look. A curious smile played about her mouth, the secret of her

delicious joke erupting—Grubel is a woman, Grubel is a beautiful woman. He had once written sonnets about women like this.

He had once, when he was a boy and still believed in magic, written sonnets about delicate maidens who walked through fields of angel's breath and left behind them dizzying scents that robbed men of their souls. When he'd left Irene a year ago, she had asked (he would never forget the look on her face when she asked, her eyes turned away, the shame of having to ask), "Andy, is there another woman?" And he had replied, "No, Irene, there is no other woman," and had meant it, and yet was being dishonest. The other woman, the woman for whom he had left Irene a year ago, was this Grubel standing in the doorway, with her shy, inquiring glance, flaxen hair trapped by a velvet ribbon as black as a medieval arch. The other woman was Grubel; the other woman had always been Grubel. She leaned in the doorway. She was wearing a black-velvet dress (he knew she would be wearing black velvet), its lace-edged yoke framing ivory collarbones that gently winged toward the shadowed hollow of her throat. Her hips were tilted, her belly gently rounded, her legs racing swift and clean to black high-heeled pumps. She leaned in the doorway and stopped his heart.

She was the gamble.

He had tried to explain to Irene, not fully understanding it himself, that what he was about to do was imperative. He had tried to explain that in these goddamn encyclopedias he sold to schools and libraries, there was more about life and living than he could ever hope to experience in a million years. He had tried to show her, for example, how he could open any one of the books, look, let's take BA-BL, just open it at random, and look, well here we are, *Balts, peoples of the east coast of the Baltic Sea*, have you ever seen the people of the east coast of the Baltic Sea, Irene? Well, neither have I, that's what I'm trying to tell you, that's what I mean about taking the gamble, honey.

I don't know what you mean, she said.

I mean the gamble, the gamble, he said, beginning to rant a little, he realized, but unable to control himself; I'm talking about taking the gamble, I've got to take the gamble, Irene, I've got to go out there and see for myself.

You don't love me, she said.

I love you, Irene, he said, I love you, really, honey, I do love you, but I've got to take the gamble. I've got to see where it is that everything's happening out there, I've got to find those places I've only read about, I've got to find them. Honey, I've got to live. I'm dying. I'll die. Do you want me to die?

If you leave me, Irene said, yes, I want you to die.

Well, who cares about curses? he had thought. Curses are for old Irish ladies sitting in stone cottages by the sea. He knew for certain that somewhere there were people who consistently won, somewhere there were handsome suntanned men who held women like Grubel in their arms and whispered secrets to them and made love to them in the afternoon on foreign beaches, and later played baccarat and yelled Banco! and danced until morning and drank pink champagne from satin slippers. He knew these people existed, he knew there was a world out there waiting to be won, and he had set out to win it.

And had lost.

Had lost because Irene had said, *yes, I want you to die*, and slowly he had died, as surely as Einstein had died. He had taken the gamble, had thrown everything to the winds, everything, had been laying his life on the morning line for the past year now, had been clutching it to his chest across poker tables for the past year now, had been rolling it across green-felt cloths for the past year now, and had lost, had surely and most certainly lost. This morning, he was down to his last 20 cents and squarely facing his inability to borrow even another nickel in this fair city of New York, and so they had put him in a coffin. He had very definitely lost.

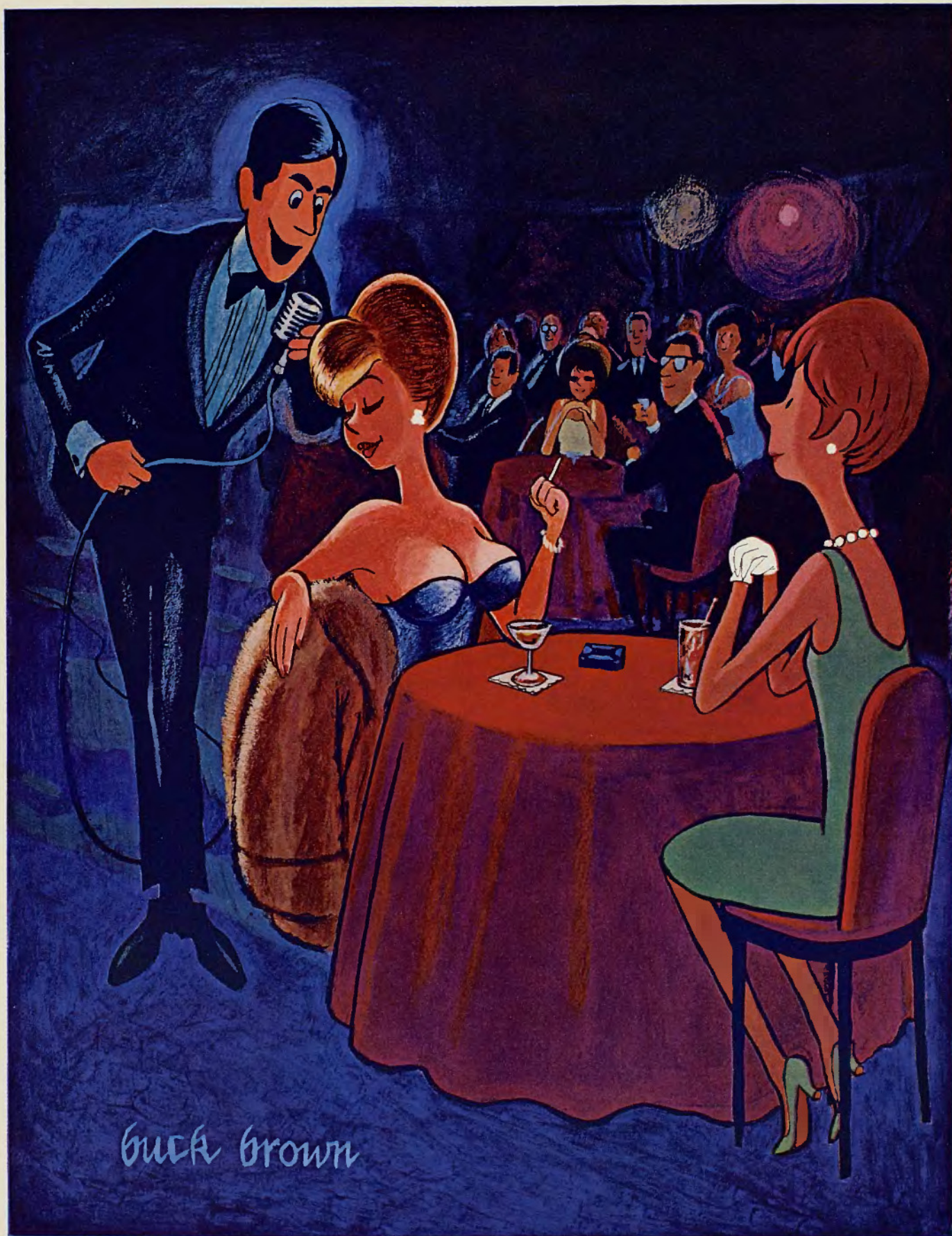
Until now.

Now, this moment, he looked at Grubel standing in the doorway of the apartment and knew he still had a chance, knew by what he read on her face, knew that she was the lady he had set out to find on that February day a year, more than a year ago. He could not breathe; he had never stood this close to a dream before.

And then, because dreams never last too very long, a voice from behind Grubel said, "Is that you, boys?" and he looked past her into the room to see the ugliest, most evil-looking man he had ever seen in his life, and he realized at once that Grubel was not a pretty blonde lady, after all. Grubel was instead a 210-pound monster who came lumbering toward the doorway in a red-silk dressing gown, dirty black fingernails, hair sticking up on his head and on his chest and growing like weeds on his thick arms and on the backs of his hands and over his fingers. *This is Grubel*, he thought, and he is going to throw you to his crocodiles. You lose again, Mullaney, he thought, and the girl said, "Do come in."

They all went into the room.

He could not take his eyes off the girl. He followed her every movement in terror, because he knew that Grubel could bend steel bars, Grubel could breathe fire, and he did not want Grubel to see him sneaking glances at the girl. But the girl kept sneaking glances back at Mullaney, like luck dancing around the edges of a crap table when the dice are running



"I'd like to dedicate my next song to a couple of lovely young things—"

hot and you can't roll anything but 11s, dancing and tantalizing, and watching him with that strange, sweet, wistful smile, walking as delicately as though she were in a meadow of mist.

Grubel bit off the end of a cigar, spit it into the fireplace, where a real wood fire was blazing, and said, "Where's the money?"

"Are you talking to me?" Mullaney asked.

"Yes. Where's the money?"

"What money?" Mullaney said, and realized instantly he had said the wrong thing. Grubel suddenly made a face that indicated to Mullaney, Oh, are we going to play *that* game, where you pretend you don't know what I'm talking about and where I have to get rough, perhaps, when you know very well what money I mean?

"He doesn't know where the money is, Henry," Grubel said.

"He doesn't know where the money is, George," Henry repeated.

They all had rather pained expressions on their faces, as if they were distressed by what they now felt they must do. But since Mullaney didn't know where the money was, or even which money they were talking about, he couldn't very well tell them what they wanted to know. It all looked hopeless. Mullaney decided to ask for the manager.

"Where's Gouda?" he said.

"Gouda is dead," Henry said.

"That's not true. I saw him only a little while ago."

"He's dead now," George said.

"How did he die?"

"A coffin was hijacked on the way to Kennedy," George said. "There was a terrible highway accident."

"Terrible," Henry repeated.

The room was very still. Mullaney cleared his throat. "Well," he said, "I'm certainly sorry to hear that."

"Yes," Grubel said. "Where's the money?"

"I don't know," Mullaney said.

"We figured it had to be in the coffin," Henry said.

"Well, then, maybe it is."

"No. We looked."

"Did you look carefully?"

"Very carefully."

"They even removed you and put you on the floor," Grubel said. "The money was definitely *not* in the coffin."

There was a miasma of evil emanating from Grubel, as strong as the stench of garlic, wafted across the room, penetrating the wood-smoke smell, thick and suffocating. Grubel could kill a bug by looking at it; he was evil and he was strong and he was mean, and Mullaney was afraid of him, and more afraid of him because he could not take his eyes off the delicate blonde girl.

"I don't know where the money is,"

Mullaney said. "Would you happen to

know who won the fourth race at Aqueduct today?"

"I have no idea who won the fourth race at Aqueduct," Grubel said.

"Well, I have no idea where the money is," Mullaney said.

"I believe otherwise. I suggest you tell me, sir, or we may be forced to kill you."

He spoke very well for a man who looked the way he did, his cultured voice adding somehow to the terrible menace that rose from him like a black cloud from the smokestack of a steel mill, hanging in the air, dropping black particles of soot on Sunday church clothes. He stuck the cigar in his mouth, but did not light it. Mullaney had the feeling he was simply going to swallow it.

The girl was standing near the window, peering down onto the street below, except occasionally when she turned to look at Mullaney with that same sad, sweet smile on her face. He knew instinctively that she wanted him to save her from the clutches of such as Grubel. She wanted him to start a fight here, knock these fellows around a little and then take her down to the casino, where he'd put 20,000 francs on 17 black, and then maybe they'd go running barefoot along the Grande Corniche—that was what she wanted him to do. She wanted him to become what he thought he would become a year ago, when he had flown the coop in search of some dizzy kind of freedom, finding nothing but cold dice and losing horses, dead hands and buried luck, finding none of the things he thought he was taking the gamble for, and managing to lose Irene in the bargain, the only thing that had ever mattered in his life until then. Now, here in this room, everything seemed within grasp once again. All he had to do was become a hero. All he had to ask of himself, all he had to expect of himself, was that he become a hero.

"If you kill me," he heard himself say, "you'll never find out where the money is."

"That's true enough," Grubel said.

"I thought you'd be reasonable," Mullaney said, and smiled like a hero.

"Oh, yes. I am a very reasonable man," Grubel said. "I hope you are equally reasonable, sir, because I think you know how obsessed one can become by the idea of possessing half a million dollars."

"Yes," Mullaney said, and then said, "Half a million dollars?"

"Or didn't you realize it was that much money?"

"No, I didn't realize that. I certainly never realized that," he said, and knew at once that this was it, this was sweet luck keening to him from someplace, half a million dollars, if only he could be a hero. He felt himself tensing, knew instinctively that he would have to call upon every reserve of strength and intel-

ligence he possessed if he was to get out of this room with what he wanted. He had come into this room thinking that all he wanted was to stay alive, but now he knew that he wanted the blonde as well, not to mention the money.

"That's a lot of money," he said, and swallowed.

"Yes, that is a very large amount of money," Grubel agreed.

"Did somebody rob a bank?" Mullaney asked, thinking he was making a joke.

"No, somebody robbed a jewelry store," Grubel said.

"Who?"

"K and his fellows."

"Where?"

"On West Forty-seventh Street. They stole three very large diamonds—"

"How large?"

"About ten carats each, and eight smaller diamonds as well."

"How large are the small ones?"

"About five or six carats each."

"That doesn't sound like very much."

"Five hundred thousand dollars in cash was paid for them," Grubel said. "The money was to be sent to a *Signor Ladro* in Rome."

"How do you know?"

"Let us say that where there is cheese, there is also sometimes a rat," Grubel said. "Where's the money?"

Mullaney suddenly knew where it was.

He knew with an intensity bordering on clairvoyance exactly where the money was. He almost grinned at his own ridiculously marvelous perception.

"I know where the money is," he said aloud, surprised when he heard the words.

"Yes, I realize that, sir," Grubel said.

"And I'll be happy to get it for you."

"Good."

"But . . ." He hesitated. Grubel stood facing him across the room, the only other player in the game. Mullaney was holding half a million aces, half a million lovely crisp American dollar bills, warm and safe and snug, the best hand he'd ever held in his life. He almost burst out laughing. The girl, leaning against the window drapes, watched him silently, anticipating his opening bet.

"I'd have to go for it alone," Mullaney said.

"Out of the question," Grubel answered, calling and raising.

"Then we'd better forget it."

"No, we won't forget it," Grubel said. "George," he said, and George moved a step closer to Mullaney.

"That won't help you a bit," Mullaney said.

"Perhaps not. I have a feeling, however, that it will help *you* even less."

"Well, if you want to get clever," Mullaney said, and then could think of nothing further to say. George was very close now. The blued steel of the revolver

glinted in the firelight. He flipped the barrel of the gun up so that the butt was in striking position. He smiled pleasantly: lots of people smile pleasantly before they commit mayhem, Mullaney reflected.

"Sir?" Grubel said.

"Just touch me with that gun . . ." Mullaney said.

"You realize, do you not . . ."

". . . just *touch* me with it, and . . ."

". . . that we can very easily drop you in the Hudson river . . ."

"I realize that."

". . . in little pieces?"

"Little pieces, big pieces," Mullaney said, and shrugged.

"So I suggest you tell me where the money is. *Now*."

"And I suggest you bet your jacks," Mullaney said. "*Now*."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Or get out of the game."

Grubel stared at him.

"Well?" Mullaney said.

Grubel was silent for a long time. Then he sighed and said, "How far is it?"

"How far is what?"

"Where the money is."

"It's near," Mullaney said.

"Take George with you," Grubel suggested.

"Out of the question."

"Henry, then?"

"Neither of them. I go alone."

"Why?"

"Put yourself in my position," Mullaney said, not knowing what the hell he was talking about. "I need protection. I wouldn't mind giving up five hundred thousand dollars"—like fun I wouldn't, he thought—"after all, that's only money. But you can't ask me to risk my life getting it, because what's the difference between that and getting killed right here in this room?" he said, still not knowing what he was talking about but realizing he was making sense, because the men were studying him soberly and weighing his words, and the girl was glancing at him in approval and smiling encouragingly from where she stood in black against the red drapes. "If either George or Henry is recognized, I don't think I have to tell you what could happen to me," Mullaney said, not having the faintest idea what could happen to him, but figuring it never hurt to throw in dire predictions when you were dealing with people who had the power to make those predictions come true. "Think of my position," he said.

"He has a point," Grubel said. He kept studying Mullaney. "But think of my position," he said reasonably. "What guarantee do I have that you'll come back?"

"No guarantee at all. Except my word," Mullaney said.

Grubel coughed politely. "I'm afraid that's not enough for me," he said.

"Well, what can I tell you?" Mullaney

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said, and shrugged. Come on, Grubel, he thought, you are walking right into the sucker bet, it's sitting right here waiting for you, all you've got to do is come a wee bit closer, I'm going to let you pick up the bet all by yourself, come on, baby, come on.

"No," Grubel said. "I don't like the odds."

"They're the only odds in this game."

"You're forgetting that I can end this game whenever I choose."

"In which case, you lose all the marbles."

"I'd be an idiot to let you out of here alone."

"You'd be a bigger idiot to throw away half a million dollars."

"If I let you go, I may be doing both."

"Not if I gave you my word."

"Please," Grubel said politely, and then began pacing before the fireplace, his huge hands clasped behind his back. Mullaney kept waiting for him to have the sudden inspiration he hoped he would have had long before now, but Grubel only kept pacing back and forth, thinking. "Suppose I go with you," he suggested at last.

"No."

"Not too many people know me," Grubel said.

"No, I couldn't take that chance," Mullaney said, waiting for lightning to strike, wondering how many permutations and combinations Grubel had to examine before he fell over the sucker

bet that was right there at his very feet.

"I know!" Grubel said, and turned from the fireplace. Mullaney held his breath. "The girl," Grubel said. "You'll take the girl with you."

It's about time, Mullaney thought.

"Absolutely not," he said.

"Why not?" Grubel asked, frowning.

"That's the same thing as taking you or any of the others."

"No," Grubel said. "No, it isn't. I beg your pardon, but it isn't. The girl is not known."

"I'm sorry," Mullaney said. "I hate to be difficult, but either I go alone or I don't go at all."

"Either you take the girl with you," Grubel said, looming large and hairy and black and menacing and shooting up cinders and sparks from the evil smokestack that he was, "or you leave here in a coffin."

"All right," Mullaney said, "I'll take the girl with me."

"Good. George, get her a gun."

George went to a cabinet against the wall, opened the top drawer and removed from it a small pearl-handled .22. He showed the gun to the girl and said, "Do you know how to use this?"

The girl nodded, then took the gun and put it into her purse.

"If he does not go directly for the money," Grubel said, "shoot him."

The girl nodded.

"If he tries to contact either the others

or the police," Grubel said, "shoot him."

The girl nodded.

"If he gets the money and then refuses to come back here," Grubel said, "shoot him."

The girl nodded.

"Very well, go." They started for the door and Grubel said, "No, wait." He walked very close to where Mullaney was standing and said, "I hope you're not lying to me, sir. I hope you really know where the money is."

"I really know where that money is," Mullaney said, because he really did know.

"Very well. See that you bring it back. We'll get you if you don't, you know."

"I know," Mullaney said.

Grubel opened the door. Mullaney and the girl stepped into the hallway and the door closed behind them.

"Hello, honey," the girl whispered, and grinned.

3: MERILEE

The moment they reached the street, he said, "I have half a million dollars."

"Oh, I know you do, baby," the girl said.

"Do you know where it is?"

"No, where is it?" she said, and laughed.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"First tell me where the money is."

"No. First tell me your name."

"Merilee," she said.

"That's very close to my name," he said, "which is Mullaney."

"That's very close, indeed," the girl said.

"We are going to be very close, indeed, Merilee."

"Oh, yes, indeed," she said, "we are going to be very close, indeed."

"We're going to make love on a bed of five hundred thousand dollars. Have you ever made love on such a bed?"

"No, but it sounds like enormous fun," she said. "Where is it?"

"Your ass will turn green," Mullaney said, and laughed.

"Oh, yes, indeed it will. All that money will rub off on it and I will absolutely adore the color of it. Where is it?"

"I wonder if it's in tens, or hundreds, or thousands," Mullaney said.

"Don't you know?"

"I won't know until I see it. I have a feeling, however, that it's in largish bills."

"A feeling?"

"Yes," he said, "a warm, enveloping feeling," and grinned at his inside joke.

"Do you know something?" she said.

"What?"

"We're being followed. No, don't look."

"How do you know?"

"I know. George and Henry are following us."

The girl was right. Mullaney caught a

quick glimpse of them as he took her arm and led her onto Madison Avenue, and then spotted them again crossing the street near the IBM showroom on 57th.

"Listen," he said, "are you game?"

"I am game for anything, baby."

"No matter what?"

"Anything."

"Would you, for example, do it on a Ferris wheel?"

"I would, for example, do it on a roller coaster," she said.

"Then, sweetheart, let's go!" he said, and he grabbed her hand and began running. They were both out of breath when they reached the public library on 42nd and Fifth. Pulling the girl along with him, he raced up the wide marble front steps of the library, past the MGM lions, and then ducked onto the footpath leading to the side entrance and through the revolving doors and into the high hallowed marbled corridors, wishing he had a nickel for every encyclopedia he had sold to libraries all over the country (in fact, he had once had even *more* than a nickel for every encyclopedia he'd sold). He caught from the corner of his eye a sign telling him the library closed at ten, and then saw the huge wall clock telling him it was now 9:37, which meant he had exactly 23 minutes to put his hands on the money, perhaps less if George and Henry found them first. He was fairly familiar with libraries, though not this one, and he knew that all libraries had what they called stacks, which was where they piled up all the books. This being one of the largest libraries in the world, he assumed it would have stacks all over the place, so he kept opening oak-paneled doors all along the corridor, looking into rooms containing learned old men reading books about birds, and finally coming upon a door that was marked **STAFF ONLY**, figuring this door would surely open on the privacy of dusty stacks, convinced that it would, and surprised when, instead, it opened on a cluttered office with a pince-nez old lady sitting behind a desk. "Excuse us," he said, "we're looking for the stacks."

The stacks, he thought, would be symbolically correct for unleashing those stacks of bills, which he had been very close to all along, but which he was now very much closer to, actually within touching distance of, actually within finger-tingling stroking distance of, \$500,000 worth of unmitigated loot. The girl's hand was sweating in his own as they went rapidly down the marble corridor, as if she, too, sensed that he was about to unlock that avalanche of cash, turn her backside green with it as he had promised, allow her to wallow in all that filthy lucre. He spotted another door marked **PERSONNEL** and tried it, but it was locked; so he kept running down the corridor with the girl's sweaty

hand in his own, the smell of money enveloping both of them, trying doors, waiting for the door that would open to their touch, open upon rows and rows of dusty books in soaring stacks behind which they would allow the bills to trickle through their fingers, floating noiselessly on the silent air, if only Henry and George did not get to them first.

And then, unexpectedly, one of the doors opened on more books than he had ever seen in his life, stacked from floor to ceiling in metal racks stretching as far as the eye could see. He closed the door behind them and then locked it. Taking her hand, he led her between the columns of books, wondering if any of them were the very encyclopedias he used to sell before he took the gamble, the gamble that was now to pay off in half a million lovely dollar bills.

"Oh, my," the girl said, "but it's spooky in here."

"Shhh," he said, and clung tightly to her sweating hand. In the distance, he could hear footsteps, a library page running to get another book on birds for one of the learned old gentlemen reading in one of the wood-paneled rooms. He led her away from the footsteps, led her

deeper and deeper into the labyrinth of books, doubting that he would ever be able to find his way out again but not caring, because the money smell hung heavy on the air now, mingling with the musty aroma of old books. The patter of feet disappeared in the distance. There was suddenly a cul-de-sac as private as a woodland copse, books stacked on every side of them, surrounding them, a dim red light burning somewhere over a distant exit door—their escape when they needed it.

"Are you going to lay me now?" the girl asked.

"Yes," he said.

"First the money," she said.

It galled him that she said those words, because they were only the ancient words whispered in cribs from Panama to Mozambique, and he did not expect them from this girl who had said she would do it on a roller coaster.

"I have the money," he said.

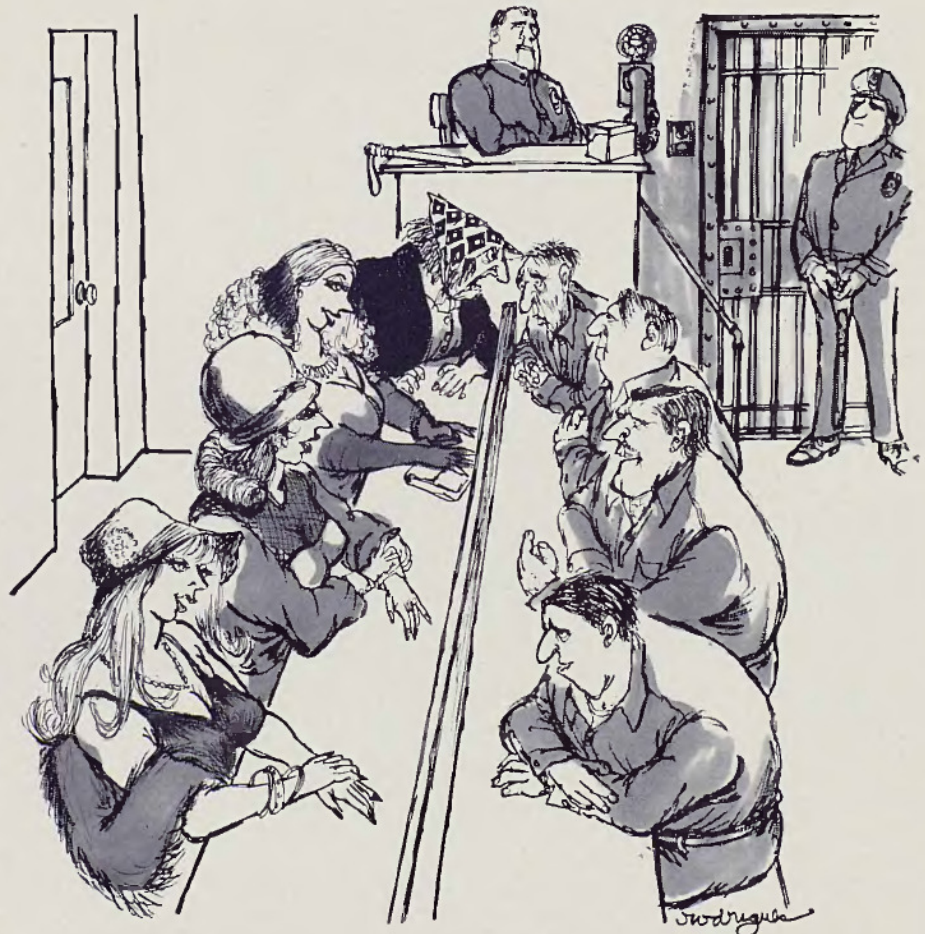
"Where?"

"I have it," he insisted.

"Yes, indeed, baby, but where?"

"Right here," he said, and kissed her.

He thought, as he kissed her, that if she still insisted on the money first, he



"Sure they look nice—I could look nice like them, too.
Their husbands are crooks, thieves, burglars—
you, all you liked to do was run around
the park with nothing on but a camel's-hair topcoat!"

would probably produce it, because that's what money was for, to buy the things you wanted and needed. He thought, however, as he kissed her, that it would be so much nicer if she did not insist on the money, but instead offered herself to him in all her medieval, black-velveted, delicate charm, offered herself freely and willingly and without any promises, gave to him, simply gave to him without any hope of receiving anything in return; that, he thought, would be very nice. He almost lost himself in that single kiss, almost produced the money the instant his lips touched hers, because the money no longer seemed important then; the only important thing was the sweetness of her mouth. The girl, too, he thought, was enjoying the kiss as much as he, straining against him now with a wildness he had not anticipated, her arms encircling, the fingers of one hand widespread at the back of his neck the way he had seen stars doing it in movies but had never had done to him even by Irene, who was really very passionate, though sometimes shy, her belly moving in against him, her breasts moving in against him, her thighs, her crotch, everything suddenly moving in freely and willingly against him, just the way he wanted it. "The money," she whispered.

He pressed her tight against the wall and rode the black skirt up over her thighs. She spread her legs as he drove in against her, and then arched her back and twisted away, trying to elude his thrust, rising onto her toes in retreat, dodging and giggling as her evasive action seemed to work, and then gasping as she accidentally subsided upon the crest of another assault. "The money," she said insistently, "the money," and tried to twist away as he moved in against her again, rising on her toes again, almost losing a shoe, only to be caught once more by a fierce and sudden ascent, her own sharp twisting descent breaking unexpectedly against him. "The money," she moaned, "the money," and seized his moving hips as though to push him away from her, and then found her hands moving with his hips, accepting his rhythm, assisting him, and finally pulling him against her eagerly. Limply, clinging to the wall, one arm loose around his neck, the other dangling at her side, she sank to the jacket he had spread on the floor and said again by tireless rote, softly, "The money, the money." She was naked beneath her skirt now, its black-velvet folds crushed against her belly. His hands touched, stroked, pretended, possessed. She stretched her legs as though still in retreat, protesting, trying to side-step though no longer on her feet. Weaponless, she sighingly moved against him in open surrender, shaking her head,

breathing the words once in broken defiance, "The money."

"Turn you green," he whispered.

"Yes, yes, turn me," she said.

"Spread you like honey," he whispered.

"Oh, yes, spread me," she said; and, remembering, she murmured, "Oh, you louse, you promised."

He had not, of course, broken his promise. He had told her he would cause her to lay down in green pastures, and that was exactly what he had done, though not letting her in on the secret; even lovers had to keep their little secrets. But he had most certainly done what he'd promised. Suddenly, he began chuckling. Holding her close, his lips against her throat, he began chuckling, and she said, "Stop that, you nut, it tickles."

"Do you know what we just did?" he said, sitting up.

"Yes, I know what we just did," Merilee answered, demurely lowering her skirt.

"Do you know *where*?"

"In the New York Public Library."

"Right. Do you know on what?"

"On the floor."

"Wrong."

"Excuse me, on your jacket."

"Wrong."

"On what, then?"

"On half a million dollars," Mullaney said, and got to his feet and dusted off his trousers and then offered his hand to the girl. "May I?" he asked.

"Certainly," she said, puzzled, and took his hand.

He helped her to her feet, grinned and picked up the jacket. As he dusted it off, he said, "Do you hear anything?"

"No."

"Listen."

"I still don't hear anything."

"Listen," he said, and deliberately brushed his hand over the jacket in long, sweeping palmstrokes, striking dust from the shoulders and the back and the sleeves, and keeping his head cocked to one side all the while, grinning at the girl, who kept listening and hearing nothing, and watching him as though making love had done something to his head.

"I don't hear anything," she said.

"Don't you hear the rustle of silk?"

"No."

"Don't you hear the flutter of angels' wings?"

"No."

"Don't you hear, my dear sweet girl, the sound of money?"

"I don't hear anything," she said.

"Have you got a knife?" he asked.

"No."

"A scissors?"

"No."

"Have you got a nail file in your bag?"

"All I've got in my bag is a driver's license and a pearl-handled .22. Where's the money?"

"I'll have to tear it."

"Tear what?"

Mullaney grinned and turned the jacket over in his hands. He could feel the stiffness of the bills sewn into the lining, could almost feel the outline of each dollar-sized packet nestling between the outer and inner fabric. He debated whether he should take the packets out one at a time and spread them across the floor at Merilee's feet or whether he should simply slit the hem at the bottom of the jacket and allow the packets to fall helter-skelter-come-what-may, as if it were raining money. He decided it would be nice to see it rain money, so he grinned at Merilee again (she was watching him intently, her blue eyes narrowed, a feral, sexy look on her face) and then he began plucking at the lining thread at the jacket's hem. The jacket had been excellently tailored—he had known immediately that K and O'Brien and all the others were gentlemen of taste—with good tight stitches placed close together, all sewn by hand, all designed to withstand any possible accidents on the way to Rome. Mullaney finally had to rip the first few stitches with his teeth, something his mother had warned him never to do, and then he thrust two fingers up into the torn opening and began ripping the stitches all the way down the line, keeping the jacket bundled and bunched, because he didn't want the bills to fall out until he was ready to let it rain. When he had ripped the lining clear across the bottom, he rose from his squatting position and, still holding the jacket so that nothing could fall out of it, held it at arm's length in both hands and said, "It's going to rain money, Merilee."

"Oh, yes, indeed, let it rain," Merilee said.

"It's going to rain half a million dollars' worth of money."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes."

"It's going to rain all over this floor."

"Let it rain, baby," the girl said.

"And then we'll make love again," Mullaney said.

"Half a million times," the girl said, "one for each dollar bill."

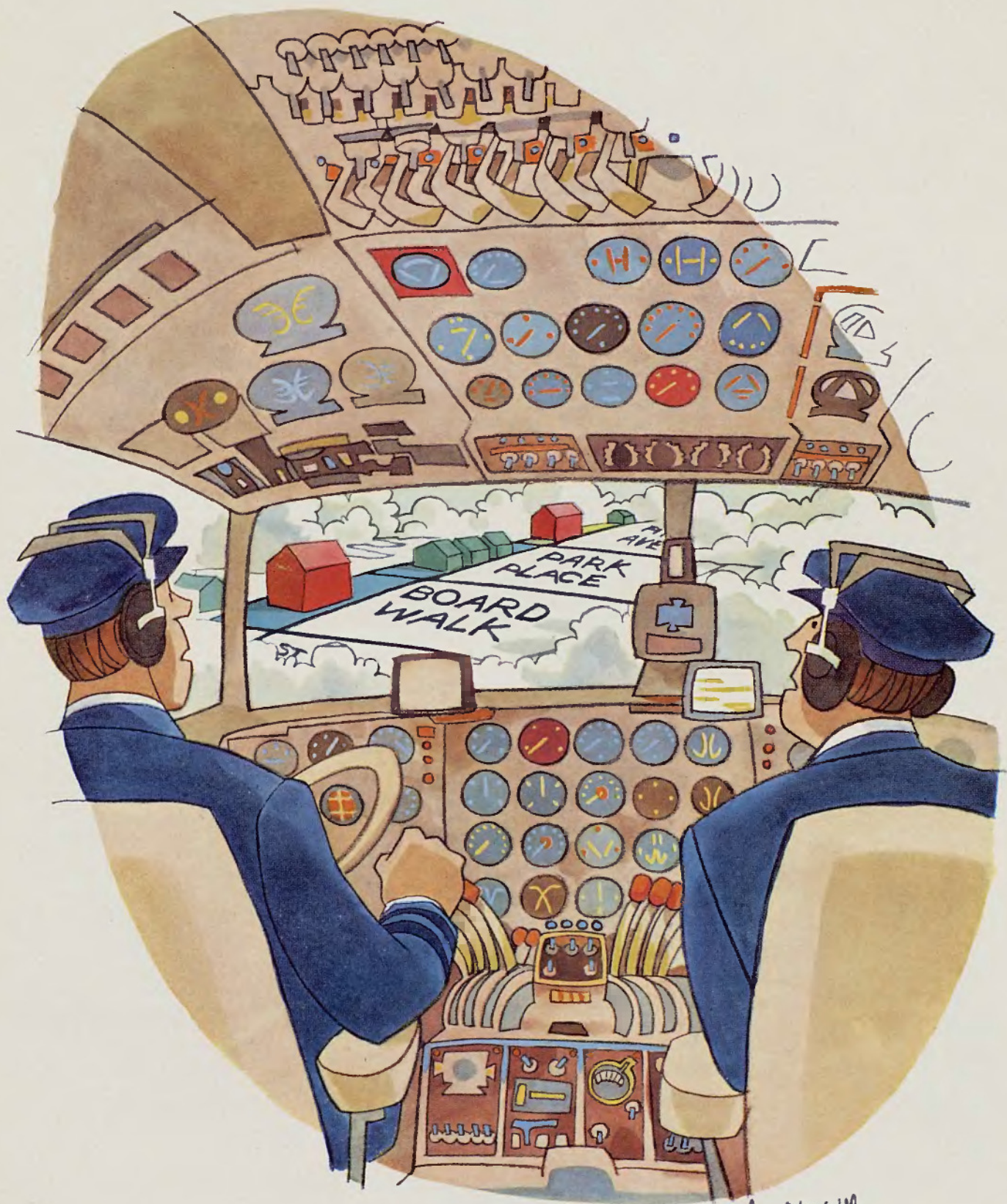
"Are you ready?"

"I am ready," she said, her eyes glowing.

"Here it comes," Mullaney said, "five hundred thousand dollars in American money, ta-rah!" and he allowed the lining to fall away from the jacket.

This is Part I of "A Horse's Head," a new novel by Evan Hunter. The conclusion will appear next month.





PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 58)

left and right. I think it's silly for people in England to say they are a rabid socialist or a rabid conservative, or in America a rabid Republican or a rabid Democrat. I think in terms of a social rather than a political framework. If I were a Chinese peasant now, I would be a Communist. If I were a millionaire in America, I would be a Republican.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any religious views?

CAINE: I'm a Protestant and I had a strict Church of England upbringing. To me, the value of religion is in the phrase "Love thy neighbor." To me, all religions are valid if they do this. Man is an animal; and without some spiritual value, he might as well be a hyena. I've noticed in the United States that the members of the Ku Klux Klan, which hates Negroes and Jews and Catholics, are always Protestants; and it has always rankled with me that these people should be of the same religion as myself. But I don't really recognize race or religion.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in God?

CAINE: Yes. But He's not a Protestant. I don't think He belongs to any religion.

PLAYBOY: Many of those who've taken hallucinogenic drugs have reported experiencing transcendental religious visions. Have you?

CAINE: Never at any time—with or without drugs. I get worried if I have to take an aspirin.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is the reason so many young people are experimenting with drugs?

CAINE: The reason is weakness. They have a hole in the middle they're trying

to stop up. I can understand a woman taking drugs, but never a man. As soon as a man takes drugs, he loses the right to the title of a man. I'm not against drug addicts; that's a medical problem. I'm just against taking drugs for "experience." I've been with people who take drugs and they regard me as a square and a bore. By God, if they only knew how boring they were to someone in command of all his senses.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to your career. You've said you have no love for either theater or TV. Why?

CAINE: For ten years I gave everything to those two businesses, and I never made a respectable living. The theater gave me nothing; neither did TV. And it's one of the hardest slogs in the world—the mental and artistic slog of doing live drama, not just the physical slog of a half-hour movie each week. I did every piece of crap that came along, just to make a living, and I thought I could disguise it as something else. I thought, if I can't earn any money, at least I might win an award.

PLAYBOY: Did you?

CAINE: I was nominated twice, but never got one. The awards always went to the guy in the series who had 26 shots at the same character. I resented it at the time. I lost again this April at the Academy Awards; but at least I can comfort myself now with the thought that I'll wind up a rich man, if not an honored one.

PLAYBOY: How do you react to disappointments of this kind?

CAINE: An immediate cut-out. I forget it

ever happened. This is my cowardice coming back.

PLAYBOY: Apart from your emotions on Academy Awards night, what did you think of Hollywood?

CAINE: I had read every book there was about the place and I was in love with it before I went. But I quite expected to be let down. I wasn't, because it lived up to all my wildest dreams. It was fantastic. It's the people who make it. Everybody talks about the number of phonies among movie stars; well, I've met more phonies working in a factory of 250 people than I met during my entire stay in Hollywood, when I must have met in the region of 15,000 people. People *want* to dislike people who are a success; they *want* them to be phony. But the people in Hollywood were kind to me and they wanted nothing from me. It's nothing to do with my being a success. What could they get from me, anyway? Money? Another picture? If I never made another picture, their studios wouldn't collapse.

PLAYBOY: To judge by the gossip columns, most of the people in Hollywood who were kind to you seemed to be female—Natalie Wood, Nancy Sinatra and Liza Minnelli, among many others.

CAINE: I did go out with all the girls you mentioned; but in every case, it was simply because neither of us had a date that night. Just for the record, they are all very nice girls—in every sense of the word—but there was no romance. I was a stranger in a strange town and people were prepared to go out with me, out of hospitality, not romance. This is where people get wrong ideas; they see pictures of me at premieres with my arm around some girl's waist, without knowing that the photographer asked me to do it for the picture. It's very nice to put your arm round a girl's waist, but it isn't necessarily salacious.

PLAYBOY: Did you like Los Angeles well enough to live there?

CAINE: No, because as an Englishman, I need to live in England. And also because I am a European. That doesn't mean I don't love America. I do, wholeheartedly. When I spend two hours in Helsinki being homesick for London, I also spend two hours being homesick for New York or Los Angeles or Chicago—any of the places in America I visited and where I was so happy.

PLAYBOY: Does that include the South, where you made *Hurry Sundown*?

CAINE: I can't say I'll miss that part of the country too much, no.

PLAYBOY: While you were filming the picture there, did you become involved, as so many prominent movie personalities have, in the civil rights movement?

CAINE: I got involved in nothing down there—except some very potent drinks made of rum. But now that I'm home, I can say, as a visiting Englishman for ten weeks, that the whites there can't give in and they can't succeed. And the Negro



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—he has now created his own fascists. The white man has been wrong for the past 300 years, and it looks like the Negro will be wrong for the next 300 years. At one moment the Negro will say, "Treat me like an individual," and the next minute he'll say he has inherited the white man's hatreds. What kind of individual is that? Why can't he be a man standing on his own feet and with a little human mercy for whites?

PLAYBOY: Did you ever try saying that down there?

CAINE: No. I wanted to come home.

PLAYBOY: Did you find it odd that as an Englishman you should be called upon to play a bigoted Southerner?

CAINE: I can't think of many American actors who'd want the part.

PLAYBOY: Otto Preminger, your director in that film, has a reputation for intimidating actors. How did you get along with him?

CAINE: Marvelously. I think he intimidates only unprofessional actors. Otto and I are great, great friends; and even if the reviews on *Hurry Sundown* are bad, we always will be.

PLAYBOY: You once called yourself "the world's youngest Otto Preminger." Why?

CAINE: Because of what I consider one of the worst things in my own character: a complete hatred of inefficiency when people don't do their jobs right. I immediately lose my temper, because I'm efficient myself. Another thing I can't stand is unpunctuality—something I'm never guilty of myself. And being charged enormous prices in hotels and restaurants and then not getting good service. If I go into Joe's Café and pay 25 cents for something, I don't mind walking up to the counter and fetching it myself. But if I'm charged exorbitant prices, people had better start running around; otherwise, there is bloody murder from me. It's intolerant, I know, and without reason—but there you are.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself emotionally mature?

CAINE: Not yet. I wouldn't consider that I was emotionally mature until I had married again and made a success of that marriage, and with a family. At the moment, and for the past ten years, I've had such a marvelous time being immature that I'm beginning to worry about the desirability of becoming mature. But I'll reach it; in fact, I feel it coming on.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen a psychiatrist?

CAINE: Cockneys call them "trick cyclists," and that is exactly what I think of them. I'm talking about the psychiatrist with a posh office and rich patients, not about those who treat real mental illness. I won't have anything to do with them. I would rather go mad than see a psychiatrist.

PLAYBOY: Do you act, as some do, to find an identity—or to hide your own?

CAINE: I know exactly who and what I

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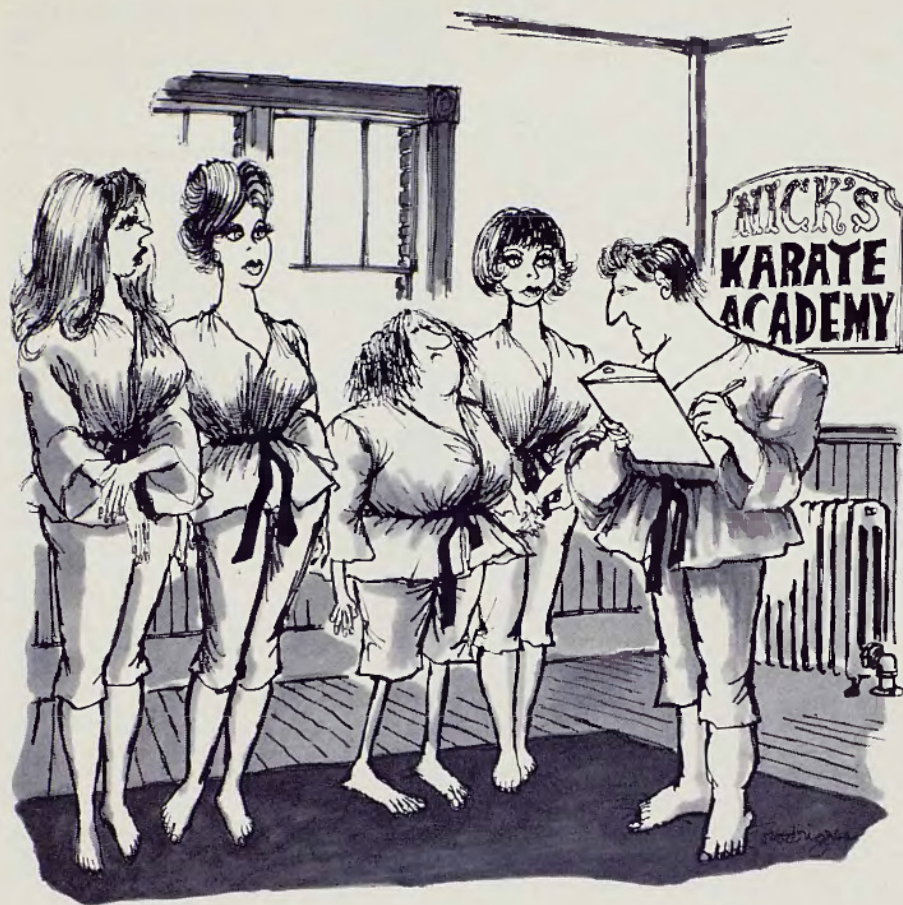
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"You're the lady who carries large amounts of money, right?"

am, and I'm not ashamed of it. I'm a man first and an actor second. I've always felt that people—including myself—don't understand enough about one another, and I've always tried to find out a little bit more. That's one of the reasons I became an actor. My study of acting is not a study of books by Stanislavsky but of people I meet in subway trains or buses. I try to reflect and illuminate a little bit of what they don't understand in one another. That may sound Godlike, but I'm not a god or an oracle. It's just my job, like some people make bathroom fixtures—except that my job isn't as necessary as theirs.

PLAYBOY: Do you have trouble getting out of character when you've finished a picture?

CAINE: None. As soon as a director says "Print!" at the end of a scene, that scene is finished for me and I forget the lines. It's all a matter of concentration. During a take, a lamp can fall over, but I'll go right on, because I haven't noticed it. But when the movie comes to an end, I'm thinking with 100-percent concentration about where I'm going for my holidays. Except I don't have any holidays.

PLAYBOY: If you were able to find time for one, where would you go and what would you do?

CAINE: Lie in the sunshine, anywhere

there is a good beach and good food. I would take Camilla and we would be on our own and I would just forget it, forget it all. I could use a long rest. But I don't want to find myself back where I began. So I keep on going.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you haven't taken a real break between pictures since making *The 1pcress File* two and a half years ago?

CAINE: I'm following the advice of the assistant director of *Hurry Sundown*, who said to an electrician who asked him what he should do with his ladder, "Just go out that door and keep on going until your hat floats." Well, I shall keep on going in this business until my hat floats. Then I'll come up for air and buy a new hat. Moviemaking isn't like mountain climbing; you can't plant a flag to show you've arrived. When you reach the top, that's when the climb begins.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you have to compete with other actors?

CAINE: I envy no one and I covet nothing. Quite honestly, I have never envied anyone in my life—to the point of smugness. I have always been terribly happy to be me.

PLAYBOY: If you could change anything about yourself, what would it be?

CAINE: The color of my hair and eyelashes and eyebrows. They're blond. I'd

like to have a nice dark, handsome face. Well, dark, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry about your future? Do you think you might wind up like Alfie—alienated and alone?

CAINE: I'll never be lonely like Alfie, because I'll be married, with a family; I already have a nine-year-old daughter. I'm sure she'll love her old dad. But I don't worry about the future. I've always loved today. My mother used to say to me, "You're a long time dead, and today will never come back." I've lived my life on that premise—by my own rules, which is to have no rules, except to avoid deliberately hurting others.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever lean on anyone, ever go to anyone for advice?

CAINE: No one.

PLAYBOY: Whom have you learned from?

CAINE: Funnily enough, from the Chinese, when I was fighting in Korea. They didn't know they were teaching me anything, but I learned a lot, and what I learned was about me. It is a marvelous thing to happen to a young man—but please God it doesn't have to happen again in a war. One day in Korea I *knew* I was going to be killed. Obviously, nothing happened; but at that point, when I was 19 and certain I was going to be shot, my immediate reaction was, "OK, but I'm going to take as many of them with me as I can." And that is the key to my character—if anyone is interested in looking for the lock, let alone the key. And the key is this: Anyone who does anything to me, as I said before, no matter what, I'll go after them—to the point of death, and I'll take them with me if I have to. I am not afraid to die—so there's nothing you can do to me. It's one of my great advantages that I found it out when I was 19. I started out without a penny, not an ounce of training and working in a factory to earn some pennies. If I fail, I'll go back to that. Well, that's what I was destined to be at birth. I've been a failure and I've been a success, and I'll probably be a failure again a couple of times and a success again. I've been "in" and "with it," and I'll probably be "out" someday—but if I am, I hope it's in Switzerland, where the taxes are lower. Even if it's not Switzerland, even if I fade away tomorrow, I've had 14 years of fantastic living—a bonus that nobody starting in ten minutes' time can take away from me.

PLAYBOY: How would you like to be remembered? Or doesn't it matter?

CAINE: After I'm gone, I won't give a damn. I can face death, although I'd hate to die stupidly. But when it happens, I'll go to heaven, because I haven't done anything really bad in this world—and I'll just sit up there watching you all. And I shall say, "Now, let's see if you can make a better job of it than I did. Let's see what's so hot about you, then."

Girls of Paris (continued from page 110)

and often fanciful imaginations. In these two cafés particularly, and in all the little bistros lining the adjacent Rue Saint-Benoit, to approach a single girl—with a tactfully presented offer of anything from another cup of coffee to a weekend on the Aegean—is almost *de rigueur*. Available or not, the *mesdemoiselles* will be anything but offended at such attempts to enhance Franco-American relations. The casual pickup has been commonplace in St.-Germain and nearby Montparnasse for decades, and most of the local females still strive prettily to live up to the tradition of free-living, free-loving abandon decreed them by their spiritual grandmothers in the post-World War One era.

The girls you're likely to encounter at Flore or Deux Magots might best be characterized as upper-class bohemians—invariably well educated, very possibly well bred and perhaps even well off. Real students and real bohemians can't afford the tariff—they're more likely to be found in the more modest bistros nearby. If you're truly interested in studying the studios, stroll down St.-Germain to the Boulevard St.-Michel, by the Sorbonne. Here the cafés abound with more authentic coeds who share all the *spree de corps* of their upper-class sisters. But if your inclination runs toward the beat or the offbeat, you may be disappointed to discover that real East Village hippies are relatively scarce in Paris: The charm of bohemia wears well in the City of Light, but the squalor of the beat pad does not. In fact, the few hippie girls in Paris spring largely from well-to-do German, Swiss and American families. The displaced Americans can be seen occasionally at the giant American Express office near the Opéra, barefoot and generally in need of a dry-cleaning, self-consciously picking up a check from Dad.

Another fertile source of stimulating intellectual companionship is the Théâtre National Populaire, common meeting ground for attractive and unattached young play lovers. Here you might find yourself sitting next to a prospective after-theater companion; and while you're getting acquainted—assuming your French is fair or better—you'll enjoy a superb performance. Afterward, whether single or *à deux*, you might dine at La Coupole on the Boulevard du Montparnasse, another of the haunts of the Hemingway era, now an after-hours gathering place for theater types, possibly because it's one of the largest restaurants in Paris, so ponderously unintimate that it's virtually impossible to sit through an entire meal there without seeing someone you know or would like to. Despite Coupole's size, both food and service are excellent.

If the rigors of transatlantic travel

have made inroads on your stamina, there are many alternatives to wining and dining in the grand manner on your first day in town—all of them offering less imposing (but no less rewarding) opportunities to meet suitable female companionship. Le Drugstore on the Boulevard St.-Germain (there's another on the Champs-Élysées) is a traditional American institution gone gaily Gallic. Amid surroundings of sandalwood and mirrors, smart young things browse through a wide variety of magazines and merchandise—or sit nibbling a sandwich and watching the interior traffic. Les Drugstores are unique even for Paris and attract pleasantly diverse species of birds, alone or in braces or coveys. Seating space is always at a premium, so nothing but needless reserve prevents you from taking the empty seat next to whichever unattached *jeune fille* most appeals to you. The same rule applies at the Pub Renault, in the rear of the Renault salesroom at 53 Champs-Élysées, which caters to a slightly younger but no less appealing clientele, many of whom seem to spend entire afternoons there, sipping cappuccino and surveying the latest in sports cars—and auto buffs.

On any summer day at the Piscine Deligny, a floating swimming pool anchored in the Seine in front of the National Assembly, you'll encounter what must be the highest concentration of bikini'd femininity to be found this side of St.-Tropez. As a terrestrial embodiment

of a girl watcher's wildest fantasies, this matchbox Jones Beach makes meeting girls literally as easy as stumbling over them. If you're fortunate enough to have a well-placed friend who can ease your way with a gilt-edged introduction, you can encounter more of the same around the pool of the poshly aristocratic Racing-Club de France, nestled far from the madding crowd (but desirably close to the action) in the hush of the Bois-de-Boulogne. But an entree is a must.

Parisian night life is even more protean than the French Constitution: What's in today is out tomorrow, ad infinitum. Right now, the swingiest spot in town, and certainly one of the best places to meet the dazzling and stylish beauties for which the City of Light is so justly famous, is Castel, a cavernous, velvet-lined, *art nouveau discothèque* behind an anonymous oak door on Rue Princesse. Here, in raucous and rather decadent elegance, the very rich mingle with the very beautiful and the very famous. Besides a gilded Russian Orthodox Madonna, a *Mod boutique* and a superb restaurant, there's a high-infidelity aura that transcends mere electronics. The music is recorded, of course, mostly Chicago-style blues-rock, lyrics in English. The girls—a gratifying number of them unaccompanied—are generally showbiz and society types, models and aspiring actresses. From miniskirt to mascara, they look as if they could share the screen with Jane Fonda, as indeed many of them have, since some scenes



"Oh, Vincent, you shouldn't have!"

from Fonda's recent opus *The Game Is Over* were filmed there. Castel is ostensibly a private club, but few who look either respectable or interesting have ever been denied admittance.

The freewheeling informality of the *discothèque* scene—and the undeniable allure of the *disco* clientele—makes places such as Castel especially fertile sources of *oui-hours* companionship. A notch below Castel, but still very close to the top, are the King Club, New Jimmy's and Le Cage. Denizens of these three, while not quite the stylish jet-setters at Castel, still comprise some of the most appealing elements of Paris *café* society. Le Cage, whose chrome-plated confines resemble the interior of a giant psychedelic Pullman car, is probably the only *discothèque* in Paris featuring the common American *disco* phenomenon of a girl in a gilded cage. Presumably this makes Le Cage more American and, therefore, more authentic. As the names of many of its friskiest *discothèques* attest, Paris entertainment, especially in music, still seems obliged to pay lip service to American origins, despite the fact that most of what's worth while about Paris night life—including the *discothèque* itself—is wholly indigenous.

Whether in the opulent intimacy of a crowded night spot or on the less teeming but equally elegant byways along the Seine, you'll find the atmosphere of Paris redolent with sexuality. An attractive girl, wherever she goes, expects to be thoughtfully stared at by every passing male. This frank flattery nourishes her feminine spirit much in the same way food sustains her body. If soulful and candid reaffirmations of her sex appeal are not immediately forthcoming, she may suspect that there's something amiss in her appearance—or something wrong with the male who missed it. If she's stared at by someone who catches her fancy, oftentimes she'll reciprocate—not with the tentative glances you're likely to encounter on Fifth Avenue but with a disarmingly direct and very lengthy look of unabashed admiration. Her special penchant for eye contact makes the initiation of frankly sexual relationships—from the enduring liaison to the most ephemeral of encounters—considerably simpler. Whether at a bistro, at a party or even in a casual sidewalk conversation, there's no mistaking the look when it comes—and in Paris it comes with gratifying frequency. Both parties sense immediately what is happening, and hours of peekaboo parrying are dispensed with at a glance—a very convenient and timesaving social custom that girls the world over might well emulate.

Having passed the eye test, you may find yourself beneficiary of yet another Parisian institution that seems deliberately contrived to hasten the progress of heterosexual relationships: If a Paris lass

permits you to kiss her, it's almost a certainty that she'll share your bed as well. Of course, this rule has its exceptions, and it certainly doesn't apply to the traditional French buss on the cheeks—which, incidentally, is seen less frequently in Paris today. But if the kiss is real, most likely the desire is, too, and—circumstances permitting—consummation is more than just a possibility. *Parisiennes* are notorious coquettes, but they maintain a fine distinction between teasing and torture. Very rarely will you encounter an ersatz swinger who goes so far and no farther: The *parisienne* simply refuses to generate sparks unless she wants to savor the whole conflagration through to the afterglow.

Once you have established an *alliance*, you can begin to appreciate the subtle delights that comprise *la vie parisienne*—and *la parisienne* herself. It won't take you long to discover, for instance, that she is passionately pro-American, to a degree that might seem surprising, indeed, to travelers accustomed to enduring lengthy foreign critiques—both knowledgeable and unknowledgeable—of virtually all aspects of American life. Venality is an undeniable fact of the *parisienne's* personality, but her devotion to things Stateside transcends the mere ring of the dollar. More likely, hers is a genuine fascination with the lore and lure of progress, American style. Americans fire the French imagination. The typical Parisian image of a foreigner is not British but American—despite the fact that there are many more English in Paris at any given moment. The highest paid male model in Paris today is an American ex-Marine, who somehow fits the French girl's notion of what a cowboy should look like.

The *parisienne* digs American music, American art, American clothing and American institutions generally. Rock 'n' roll, Levis, buttondown shirts, Op art, Coca-Cola and PLAYBOY all play important roles in her life. Perhaps disturbingly, you'll also find her reveling in many of the tinselled and transistorized manifestations of American culture that you might have come to Paris to forget. But through the eyes of a French girl, even the less commendable facts of American life emerge with a patina of Parisian charm.

While the typical Paris *demoiselle* hardly espouses the thoughtlessly self-preoccupied hedonism that unthinking outside observers have often imputed to her (Paris still boasts her share of strait-laced girls from hyperprotective families), centuries of permissive, cosmopolitan sophistication have nurtured a coterie of females more sexually tolerant and more worldly than any others on earth. Parisian women excel in their understanding of the manifold idiosyncrasies of men. Even respectable French

matrons can be seen or heard—in three-star restaurants, tiny boîtes or wherever you'd care to look—amiably discussing their *affaires de coeur* with anyone interested enough to listen. Single girls discuss matters sexual—their past lovers, their current liaisons, even their bedroom proclivities—with a candor that is equally engaging.

Since the Second World War, intellectual feminists—of which there is a large and articulate faction in Paris—have been persuasively vocal in their argument that the young *parisienne* is entitled to all the sexual freedom of her frisky *frère*. Not surprisingly, she has been attentive, seizing eagerly any opportunity to assert her female independence.

On the other hand, perhaps because she is rarely forced into real competition with men in a social or economic setting, she never faces the confusion that often confronts her Stateside sister—deciding when to be equal and when to be different. She is always different, always womanly, secure and rejoicing in her femininity. Even among successful businesswomen—and the booming post-War economy has produced quite a few of them in Paris—one rarely encounters the pushy, pantsy executive-bittersweet stereotype that is the successful New York career woman. The Parisian girl, no matter how well placed she may be in business, knows instinctively that any relations between the sexes are just that—sexual. She will rely on femininity, rather than on business acumen, in her dealings with men.

Whether in business or in private life, *la parisienne* is beset by the flattery of admiring males whenever she ventures close to them, but she is never enshrined or apotheosized. Men cater to her corporeal vanity, which is immense, but make no concessions to her physical weakness, which is largely mythical. Most of the hoary clichés of Gallic politesse—door holding, hat tipping, chair pushing, hand kissing, and the like—that Americans, perhaps victimized by one too many Maurice Chevalier flicks, tend to associate with Paris life, rarely occur there. The French male is every bit as solicitous as his American counterpart, but his interest takes a different form, which American males, unless well versed in manners Continental, imitate only at their peril. Since the Frenchman is infinitely more fashion-conscious (men comprise 25 percent of the readership of *Elle*, Paris' most popular ladies' fashion magazine), instead of offering to carry *mademoiselle's* groceries, he might remark that she's wearing the latest perfume—and name the brand approvingly.

The status the *parisienne* acquires through stylish accessories is just one aspect of the economic revolution that has swept over France in the past 15





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years—working a number of worthwhile changes on its female population. Freed once and for all from the twin shackles of the Code Napoléon and a stratified society, nurtured in an era of unprecedented affluence, raised in an *ambiance* of sexual license and beneficiary of an educational system effectively free to all who qualify, the Parisian *jeune fille* has only in the past few years begun to explore the full potentials of the good life—with a gusto bespeaking her desire to make up for lost time. Her newly upward-mobile society poses no limits on the heights to which she can soar, and she is determined to test her wings. Employment opportunities seem to open magically to accommodate her. In a recent survey, Parisian girls listed public relations and photography—in that order—as the two careers they'd most like to pursue, and currently these are two of the fastest-growing businesses in Paris. (PR comprises a much broader spectrum of duties than in the U.S.; photography as a vocation was doubtless given a big boost by the popularity of Jacqueline Kennedy, the most admired woman in France, who met her husband while she was a camerawoman.)

Besides the desirable and highly lucrative positions as models in Paris' big-name fashion houses (Courrèges, Dior, Givenchy, Saint Laurent, and the like), *parisiennes* can also explore a wide variety of moderately well-paying jobs in such glamorous fields as cinema, advertising, radio and television—or as *hôtesses*, a job for which there is no precise U.S. equivalent, requiring pert, uniformed and multilingual stewardess types to serve as interpreter-guides for conventions, tours, trade exhibitions and what not. If you land at Orly Field, you'll see a counterful of them: virtually all speak English, and they can be very pleasant after-hours company, indeed.

The recent proliferation of ultrachic *boutiques* and the continuing expansion of the larger (but still very tasteful) department stores have created a burgeoning need for attractive and knowledgeable salesgirls. A stroll around the shop-lined confines of *Sèvres-Babylone*, in the very heart of the Left Bank, will affirm how well the need has been met. Because most of the *boutiques*—especially the madder, Moddier ones—cater to the tourist trade, you'll find, if you care to venture in, that most of these girls speak excellent English, too.

Besides the economic revolution, there's the Gallic equivalent of a moral upheaval going on in Paris right now. With some justification, the typical *parisienne* feels that her grandparents started the sexual revolution some 50 years ago, and she's mildly mystified as to how an issue so old hat could create such fervor in even as fervor-prone a country as the United States. But currently, the French National Assembly is debating the issue

of birth control. Still on the books is France's famous 1920 law prohibiting contraceptive devices of any sort. The law reflects not so much France's pervasive Catholicism (the nation is nominally 80–90 percent Roman Catholic) as its shocked reaction to the horrors of World War One, which more than decimated its male population. Statistics and cathedrals notwithstanding, Paris is decidedly a nonreligious city, priding itself, in fact, on a heritage of anticlericalism, heresy and apostasy dating to long before the time of Voltaire. While contraceptive devices, especially in Paris, have for years been available to the educated and the well to do, the current movement would extend their use to the less favored. The pill is now available by doctor's prescription, but even this can be difficult to obtain. If the Parisian feminists, the ladies' magazines and an enthusiastic majority of young Parisian males have their way, the pill will soon be available to any girl who requests it, as part of France's comprehensive national health plan.

Though it's still flourishing, prostitution has also run afoul of the law. For better or for worse, the golden age of the Paris brothel has passed. The city still teems with play-for-pay girls, running the economic spectrum from \$5 to \$150 a throw, but almost imperceptibly their number is diminishing. The iron hand of free enterprise—rather than the creaking and ponderous edifice of the law—will eventually force Paris' *poules* out of business. Confronted with a booming economy generating ever-increasing numbers of better-paying (and considerably less strenuous) jobs for women, and facing the burgeoning threat of amateur competition, the pros of Paris are at best fighting to hold their own. The French government may even wind up subsidizing them, much in the same way it maintains many of the useless but delightful landmarks that make Paris the charming city it is; but it's safe to assume that in the next generation, Parisian practitioners of the world's oldest profession will tend to become, more and more, the world's oldest professionals.

We can't bring ourself to recommend it, but those who venerate tradition sufficiently to forgo the pleasures of the chase (if such it can be called in Paris) will find several areas of the city where cash will buy companionship. The largest group of *grisettes* will be found in the second and ninth *arrondissements* (geographical designations equivalent to our precincts, but much more widely used), an area running from Boulevard de Sébastopol to the Gare Saint-Lazare, taking in the Madeleine and the Opéra en route. A few of the girls still work the streets, but you'll find most of them in small cafés, unmistakably giving you the glad eye—and sometimes the glad hand—as you enter. Prices here range from as little as \$5 (even less if tradition

compels you to haggle) on the dingy Rue Budapest behind the Gare Saint-Lazare, to \$10 or even \$20 around the Madeleine or Opéra. Montmartre, Pigalle and the posh 16th *arrondissement* also have their share of *amour-the-merrier grissettes*, and on the Rue Saint-Denis and the Boulevard de Sébastopol one can encounter, from mesh stockings to peroxide, the same Irma la Douce types (and possibly some of the same girls) who made Paris so well remembered by doughboys during the Great War. There's also a flourish of strumpets by Les Halles (where generations of night people have repaired for predawn onion soup), near City Hall, and shanks' maring along the Champs-Élysées (these are the most expensive *filles de joie*).

In this automotive era, it was predictable that Parisian prostitutes would also take to the wheel. Around the Champs-Élysées, at least a score of girls will be all too willing to take you for a literal joy ride. When good weather finds potential customers seated at the sidewalk tables lining the boulevard, a girl looking every inch the high-fashion model on her lunch hour will slowly cruise past on a well-defined circuit. After the second or third lap, an interested male may go to the curb, to hop into her Aston Martin when next she passes. In the evenings, these same girls—or their freewheeling sisters—cruise up and down the adjacent Avenue George-V, in Peugeots, Citroëns or even XK-Es. You can generally guess their price from the car they're driving. In midwinter, it's an intriguing sight, indeed, to see a brace of ravishing beauties, in breath-taking décolletage, driving serene circles in a Mercedes along the darkened streets of the capital. The members of this motor club—most of them expert drivers, incidentally—are known to the Paris police as "*les amazones*." They whisk their clients off to a nearby hotel—or to the dark and peaceful byways of the Bois-de-Boulogne, for a memorable *ménage à trois*.

The law actually encourages such auto-eroticism. The 1960 ruling against street propositioning, in conjunction with a city ordinance making it illegal to use a residence for "immoral" purposes and a crackdown on those living off girls' earnings (which struck a mortal blow to many small hotelkeepers), leaves the pros few alternatives. There's no ruling yet against happy motoring, and *les amazones* are making the best of it. When they're not wheeling and dealing, they're often wandering in and out of the bar at the Hotel George V (a paragon of wealthy respectability) or at La Calavados, an equally respectable supper club nearby.

Success in their calling is made no easier by the quality and quantity of semiprofessional talent now operating in Paris. In increasing numbers since the War, girls of every sort have been doing

occasionally for money what they would otherwise be doing for pleasure alone. Some are pretty salesgirls who can't quite make ends meet or simply *must* have \$20 to buy a new Mod coat. Others, on the fringes of St.-Germain-des-Prés, realistically gratify two appetites at once—by combining sexual dalliance with the price of a dinner or three. All are independent, living in virtually every sector of the city, operating only when the urge strikes them. By the ingenuousness of their dress and their actions, it's easy to tell them from the pros.

St.-Germain-des-Prés is one of the best areas in which to find these free-loving free lancers. In any number of cafés, boites and *caves*, you'll find girls in their teens and 20s looking for kicks. Sex is just one of their kicks, but it can provide what passes in this area for a livelihood. A few may ultimately wind up as full-fledged hookers around the Opéra or the Madeleine, but most, in time, will emerge prosaic housewives, probably the better for having left their wild oats in St.-Germain. They are largely drifters, though a few have daytime jobs of one sort or another. Swept up in the uncertain tide of their own emotion, too self-

assured—or too languorous—to swim against it, they wash from one boyfriend to another, from one pad to another, always reserving the right to have other pads, boyfriends—or customers—in the process. In *La Vérité*, Brigitte Bardot played the archetype of just such a girl. Almost without trying, you can find her in any of the darker, smokier cafés—and take her back to your hotel if you so desire. (Whether in the grandest hotel or the humblest *pension*, Paris concierges are so accustomed to this sort of union that they tend to bless it with a paternal smile—if they see anything at all.) Your new-found friend may stay the duration or run off the next day, and she may or may not ask for money. If she does, it won't be much, because sex is part of her "self-expression," which she doesn't want to compromise unduly.

In the foot-loose American's guidebook, one of the great attractions of Paris is its great attractiveness: It draws girls from all over Europe—even from all over the world. During the summer months—especially in August, when most of France goes on vacation—the opportunities for meeting foreign girls in Paris, ranging from pleasure-seeking visitors



"Well, dey taken John Henry to de grabeyard,
An' dey buried him in de hot san'
An' eb'ry locomotive come roarin' by
Sayin' dere was a steel dribin' man, Lawd Lawd,
Sayin' dere was a steel dribin' man . . ."

from France's more remote provinces to equally fun-loving types from as far away as Australia or Hawaii—are almost limitless. A summer holiday brings out the best, as well as the beast, in most of the pretty visitors; and you can almost take your pick of Munich models, Danish danseuses, American exchange students and the comeliest of comrades from Moscow—many of whom will be ready and willing to sample the pleasures of Paris with a young male who shares their taste for *la vie joyeuse*.

For Americans, of course, Paris is no farther away than a passport, the standard vaccination booklet and a \$250 charter from the East Coast. (Standard summer fares are \$754 first class and \$526 coach, round trip from New York, with a considerable coach discount during the off season.) If you're not seeking authentic *parisiennes* (many of whom will probably spend the month on the Riviera), Paris is really a delightful place to visit in August, despite what the guidebooks say. The streets are relatively empty, parking spaces appear regularly, driving can be attempted without risk of life, nighttime entertainment goes on *comme d'habitude* and—as long as you're booked at one of the better hotels—closed shops won't pose major difficulties.

Of course, the tourist girls you'll meet are invariably less inhibited than they would be on home ground. They're out on a Continental fling, far from disapproving parental glances, bound and determined to enjoy themselves—and very probably longing for understanding male companionship. The sight-seeing route is generally the best place to make contact; and since foreign girls usually

prowl Paris in pairs or even packs, it won't cramp your style to take along a friend. At the Louvre, you'll find any number of wide-eyed young things paying breathless respect to the *Winged Victory*, the *Venus de Milo* and the *Mona Lisa*, and the same holds true for any of the more prosaic attractions in and around Paris—the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, Notre Dame, the Luxembourg Gardens, Versailles, the flea market and the Bastille. An added plus is that perhaps 90 percent of the summer *touristes* you'll meet will speak very good English, whatever their nationality.

The number of American girls in permanent residence in Paris was somewhat reduced by France's recent disengagement from NATO and the concomitant relocation of SHAPE headquarters from Paris to Belgium; but the loss has been partly compensated for by the influx of Stateside secretaries working for American firms that have set up Paris offices to take advantage of Common Market trade.

As the American visitor, male or female, immediately senses, there is a bit of Paris—its sparkling beauty, its heady *joie de vivre*, its protean heterogeneity, its unabashed sexuality—in every girl, and a great deal of it in every French girl. Since there's a *parisienne* inside every girl, her life style—whether she carries there a weekend or a lifetime—invariably rises to match the splendor and animation of the city itself. Though presumably he wasn't speaking exclusively of the distaff side, Emperor Charles V said it all in the early 16th Century: "Other cities are towns, but Paris is a world."



SURE THINGS

(continued from page 111)

3. Our third diversion involves math more deviously. It is called Thirty-One and is a variation of a famous game called Nim that was immortalized as the Match Game in the film *Last Year at Marienbad*. In this version, you place on a table 31 matches. You explain that each of you must take turns picking up at least 1 but not more than 5 of them. The picker of the last match loses. You invite your guest to go first. You win this game by thinking in multiples of 6. Each time your pigeon picks, you take a number of matches that will make his turn plus yours equal 6. Obviously, after five turns, the last match is his.

Your officious etiquette in allowing your opponent to start each time will raise some suspicion and he will probably at some point invite you to go first. When that happens, you take any number, watch his move, and then be sure your next pick makes a grand total of either 6 or 12, whichever is available. You will be in the same position as earlier and make groups of 6 to the end.

If you find that he is making 6s after your first pickup, so that you cannot, it's time to switch games, for he's caught on. If your opponent insists from the outset that you go first, he probably knows the game and you'd best demur: He will not grant a rematch. Obviously, if the game goes normally, there are many opportunities for betting, depending on your mood.

4. Salaries. Our next maneuver is useful when one is cloistered with an acquaintance who marvels at his own financial abilities. You take this genius into your confidence and tell him you've been troubled by an important financial decision. A prospective employer has offered you a choice of two methods for receiving salary increments. You may receive either a \$250 raise every six months or a \$1000 raise each year, and you, poor simpleton, don't know what to do. You can depend on at least a patronizing pat on the shoulder and the fatherly advice to take the \$1000. But that's a stupid and costly thing to do, you say. His likely rejoinder will be something subtle, such as, "Oh, yeah, you wanna bet?"

After negotiating the stakes, you explain: We'll figure the raises on a base pay of \$1000 per month. If you take the \$250 raise every six months, then you earn \$6000 after the first six months, then \$6250 after the second six months: a total of \$12,250 for the first year. The \$1000 option offers no raise until after the first year, so the salary is only \$12,000.

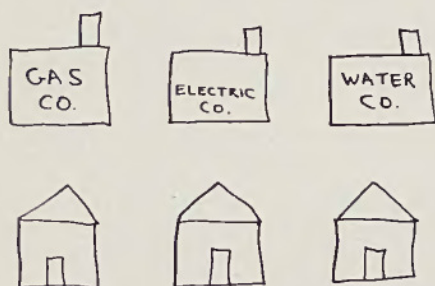
Now it seems that in the second year the \$1000-per-year option would do better. After all, there'd be \$13,000, while



"Doctor, I think that Jane's eating, drinking, walking, talking, burping and wetting doll is pregnant!"

the other gets only two \$250 raises. But a closer look shows that the second \$250 raise again comes after six months, bringing the total for the half year to \$6500 (\$1000 monthly base plus two raises), and the next raise at year's end brings that half year's pay to \$6750, a total of \$13,250. From then on, the two half-year raises always produce \$250 more per year. Simple? One note of caution: Don't pose this one to your boss the month you're up for a salary review.

5. There are occasions when it helps to have a situation in which your victim can function alone, so you can demonstrate that it's his failure of character rather than your cunning that is costing him money. A useful situation of this sort is presented by a game we call Utilities. You show the following diagram:



You explain to your companion that he has just become a real-estate developer (that should help his ego tremendously). But he has a problem. He has completed building the charming \$100,000 Colonial homes shown just as the gas, water and electric companies start a feud. Each of the companies refuses to allow any of the others to install lines across its own. Now he's got to solve the problem by drawing a line connecting each house with each utility, without any of the lines crossing one another. When a response is elicited, offer any odds you like. The problem is insoluble.

6. If the pigeon was too shrewd to take your bet on Utilities, and he fancies himself something of an engineering or mathematical marvel, we'd like to present a diversion designed for him. It's called Excavation. The problem is that you have drilled a hole through the center of a sphere. You measure and find that the hole is 6 inches long. What is the volume of the remainder of the sphere after drilling the hole?

Now, it's possible that your prospect will immediately give you the answer. If so, he is indeed the bright fellow he credits himself as being, or he read this before you did. Either way, thank him and buy a round of drinks. More likely, however, he'll ponder the problem for a while and inform you that you've made a mistake—the problem can't be solved.

He'll ask for more information, such as the size of the sphere or the diameter of the hole. You assure him that there is enough information and, if you are of such a bent, make derogatory references to his vaunted mathematical acumen. Obviously, it is time for the wager.

The solution to the problem is always the same: the square of the length of the hole times pi cubic inches (or feet, etc.); in this case, 36 pi cubic inches. (You can multiply it—36 times 3.14—if you've a feeling for verisimilitude.) You may make it all look difficult by doodling arcane symbols and figures for a while before springing the answer, with lots of sighing and brow knitting—the stylistic embellishments are up to you. But the answer is no problem, and we'll give you an unimpeachable source in the explanations that follow.

A problem may arise with your prospect because all of the above are so absolutely foolproof. Even the most self-destructive sucker gets impatient when he realizes that there's no hope at all. It's now time to introduce him to some entertainments where he wins just often enough to stay interested, while playing long enough to plentifully reimburse you for your time.

7. The first of these more conventional games of chance is Three Dice. You ask the prospect what he thinks the chances are of rolling at least one 6 with three dice. Your average pigeon will quickly calculate that there's one chance in six with one die; therefore, there must

be three chances with the three dice. It seems to be an even-money bet. Actually, however, the odds are about 4-3 against a 6 turning up. If the numbers have no meaning for you, don't fret. Just remember that they are considerably better odds than the casino at Monte Carlo uses to accumulate rather large sums.

You now have a number of opportunities. You may simply offer even-money bets against 6s and steadily increase your cash reserves. If you're in a dramatic mood, you might launch into a soliloquy on your occult powers, ending with a pronouncement of telekinetic prowess. You offer to demonstrate these by assuring your mark that you can prevent his rolling 6s; and you'll show just how much faith you have in yourself by placing some gentlemanly wagers.

If signs of boredom set in, offer to pay double when two 6s show, triple for three. Under the new system, the odds are still a comfortable 11-9, your favor; and the latter appeal should substantially lengthen your pigeon's attention span.

8. Similar to the above—and no less profitable—is Triplets, a brutally simple money game whose action is faster than a Las Vegas crap table. Three coins are needed, plus a sucker. The coins are all tossed at once. If they come up three heads, the sucker gets \$10. If three tails, the sucker gets \$10. Any other combination and he pays you \$5. That's two wins for him out of three possibilities, plus odds. Sounds too good. But if you con him into playing, you



"Can't you manage to get anything right? It's Benzedrine in the morning, tranquilizers at night!!"

win three times out of four. That's \$15-\$10, or a fast \$5 take in a very few seconds. Played over long periods of time, this one loses friends and turns acquaintances into solid enemies.

9. A gentler game is Queens. Take two kings, two queens and two jacks from a deck of cards. Turn them face down on the table and shuffle so neither of you knows which is which. Chatter amicably about how unbeatable your companion is with the fair sex. Then tell him that he's so magnetic, if he picks two of the cards, one will be a queen. Make a bet; it's 3-2 he's got a queen. If he

objects because there are only six cards to choose from, offer 10-1 odds that he can't pick both queens. That's a very sweet bet. The odds are actually 15-1 against it.

10. Two of a Suit. We're going to end our lesson with one of the simplest and most deceptively effective of these bets. Take an ordinary deck of playing cards and have your prospect cut them into three piles. You propose that when one card from each pile is turned up, two of them will be of the same suit. As usual, you are willing to back your proposition with hard cash. The most unlikely people

will call this bet; the proposition truly seems foolish. In fact, dear reader, you might seriously ask yourself which side of this bet you'd be inclined to take. After all, there are four suits, three cards and an honest deck. But speculation doesn't phase the odds: They are, in fact, slightly better than 3-2 in favor of getting two of the same suit from a random pick of three cards—once again, a bet designed to turn a nice long-term profit. Why not try it out right now? It's an enlightening experience, and the first step of an entertaining avocation as a gentleman swindler. *Bonne chance!*

THE EXPLANATIONS:

1. Crazy Eights. This bet takes advantage of the fact that any time you square an odd number and divide it by 8, you get a remainder of 1. The steps of the bet set up the right situation. When the mark doubles his number, he makes sure it is even at that point. He adds 25 to make sure his number is odd at the next point. Then he squares it; at which point, if he divided by 8, he would get a remainder of 1. Then he subtracts 25—which is 3 times 8 plus 1—which gets rid of the remainder and assures the operator of a win. The exact numbers used are arbitrary: Any odd number would do instead of the first 25, and 1 or any multiple of 8 plus 1 would do instead of the second 25. In effect, you could just as well have told the sucker to take an odd number other than 1, square it, and then offer him odds that if he divided by 8, he would get a remainder of 1. But the elaborate version provides the necessary drama. The proof that the square of an odd number always leaves a remainder of 1 when divided by 8 is fairly simple and is left as an exercise for the reader.

2. Instant Math. The explanation here is trivial. Obviously, if you multiply 111,111 by any digit, say 5, you get a string of 6 of those digits—in this case, 555,555. And 111,111 divided by 7 gives you 15,873. So, of course, if you multiply 15,873 by the pigeon's number and then by 7, you obviously get . . . his money.

3. Thirty-One. The formula was stated in the description of the game. There is nothing special about 31 matches or a maximum pick of 5. If there were, say, 50 matches, with a maximum pick of 7, the operator would divide 50 by 8 (that is, by groups of 1 match more than the most the opponent can pick up at a turn). He sees there are six groups of 8 matches, plus 2 left over. He offers to go first, picks up 1 match, and the sure win is established. After six more turns, there is an odd match left for the loser.

4. Salaries. The gimmick is just that the two raises are not being calculated on the same basis. The \$1000 raises not only come but once a year but are on an annual rate basis; the \$250 raises

are being calculated on a six-month basis, which comes to \$500 per year for each \$250 raise. So the question is really whether or not a \$1000 raise is better than two \$500 raises. If you put it that way, then it is pretty obvious that the "smaller" raise is better, since it amounts to the same thing annually as the bigger raise, except that you start getting paid a higher rate sooner than if you had to wait till the end of the year. But, of course, if you put it that way, you don't have a bet.

5. Utilities. The proof that this problem can't be solved is not too hard to understand, but it takes more space than is available here. Consult any elementary text on topology. Of course, you don't need proof to win the bet.

6. Excavation. The reason the answer is always the same, no matter how big the sphere was, is that in order for the hole to be exactly 6 inches long, it has to get wider and wider as the sphere gets bigger. It might help to think of the limiting cases: When the sphere was only 6 inches across (i.e., its radius was 3 inches), the hole through the center must be infinitely small; it is just a line 6 inches long, with no volume. The volume left is the whole original sphere, which is 36π cubic inches. On the other hand, as the size of the sphere approaches infinity, the space between a line 6 inches long and the side of the sphere approaches zero. It never gets to zero, of course; there is always enough left to get your remaining volume of 36π cubic inches. If you are interested enough to go to a library, you can find the mathematics in the November and December, 1957, issues of *Scientific American*.

7. Three Dice. The probability of not rolling at least one 6 with three dice is simply $5/6$ times $5/6$ times $5/6$, which is $125/216$, or about 58 percent. The 6 comes up the other $91/216$ times, or about 42 percent. A layman's approach of adding the probabilities and getting $1/6$ plus $1/6$ plus $1/6$ suggests that the chance is $3/6$, or 50 percent, which seems reasonable and is simpler, but wrong.

8. Triplets. The chance of getting one head, if you toss one coin, is, of course, $1/2$. The chances of tossing

three heads with three coins is just $1/2$ times $1/2$ times $1/2$, or a net of $1/8$. Same for tails. So the mark wins a total of $2/8$ of the time, and the operator wins the other $6/8$ of the time, enough to make a comfortable profit even after giving the 2-1 odds.

9. Queens. There are six cards, two of them queens. This makes the odds 4/6 against his getting a queen on his first pick. If he does get a queen, the operator has already won. If he doesn't, there are five cards left for the second pick, of which two are still queens. His chances of not getting a queen the second time will then be $3/5$. The over-all odds of not getting one queen are $4/6$ times $3/5$, which reduces to $6/15$. The operator wins the other $9/15$ of the time, which is a nice situation to be betting even money. On the other bet to get both queens (at 10-1 odds), he has 2 chances out of 6 to get a queen on his first pick. If he doesn't get a queen, he has already lost. If he does, his chance to get the remaining queen on the second pick is 1 out of 5. So his over-all chance is $2/6$ times $1/5$, which reduces to 1 chance out of 15. The operator wins the other 14 times.

10. Two of a Suit. The reason this bet sounds so attractive is the tendency to confuse the situation where the operator has to get two of a particular suit, say spades (where the odds would be very much the opposite), with the one here, where the sucker loses whenever he fails to pick three different suits. Put that way, the bet doesn't sound very tempting at all, which is why the operator never puts it that way. (Think of the cards being turned up one at a time: After the second card, either the operator will have already won—because the first two cards were of the same suit—or he has a 50/50 chance of winning on the third, where two suits will win for him, and the other two will lose. So the operator wins about $1/4$ of the time on the second card, and the rest of the time he has another chance—and a good chance—to win on the third card. Your guest wins what's left, which is not enough to allow any but the very rich to play this game for long.)



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