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er fallen for the cliché that the grass is always greener away this month's lead story. The author of The Wapshot Chronicle from home—as the five girls from our own offices and eleven and The Wapshot Scandal told us that both this story and last Bunnies who have graduated to Playmate status over the years January's The Yellow Room, his previous PLAYBOY contribution, attest. Among our most recent-and delightful-interoffice dis- will be part of his next novel. Damon Knight, who wrote our coveries are the swinger on this month's cover, PLAYBOY recep- quietly terrifying science-fiction tale Masks, lives in "a large, tionist Lynn Hahn, and Miss July, Playmate Melodye Prentiss, cranky Victorian house" in Milford, Pennsylvania, where he who currently brightens our Copy Department. Whether he finds writes, translates from the French (Doubleday's Ashes, Ashes, his subjects down the hall or a couple of thousand miles away, by René Barjavel) and edits the fantasies of other sci-fiers for Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar, who shot both Lynn and the semi-annual Orbit. Melodye-this issue marks his 23rd cover and 20th Playmateranks among the few lensmen we know with an unerring eye evocation for PLAYBOY of his storied boyhood in Hammond, for the unique qualities that make a girl PLAYBOY perfect.

and Abroad, by Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, July's humor also includes Ralph Schoenstein's My Country, eloquently opts for a 180-degree shift in our national pur- Far Right or Wrong and Silverstein Among the Hippies. Schoenpose: from the prosecution of interventionist wars abroad to stein chronicles a jingoistic Constitutional Convention designed the eradication of poverty and racial injustice at home. A to Right all the rat-fink Commie wrongs in fortress America, Rhodes scholar who taught law before assuming the presiden- and the first installment of Silverstein's two-part portrait of the cy of the University of Arkansas at 34, Fulbright has been a hippies finds the Hashbury crowd doing its loving best to turn Senator since 1945 and became in 1966 the most outspoken Con- on and tune in our bearded, beaded bard. gressional opponent of the U.S. involvement in Vietnam. His which is 1966's The Arrogance of Power) and in hearings before the Foreign Relations Committee, which he chairs.

In Must the Tedium Be the Message?, former FCC Chairbehind the article.



PLAYBILL THOUGH PLAYBOY SCOUTS the country in closer to manhood after a disastrous encounter with an up-tight search of girl-next-door beauty, we've nev-teacher is the central figure in John Cheever's Playing Fields,

Ollie Hopnoodle's Haven of Bliss, Jean Shepherd's 14th Indiana, captures in heart-rending detail the long day's journey This issue's timely For a New Order of Priorities at Home into night that launched his family's annual summer vacation.

More greenery in our own back yard: Len Deighton travels prospectus for a rational foreign and domestic policy has been de- to California for his first guide (It Happens in Monterey) to a veloped in a series of brilliant speeches, in five books (the latest of vacation spot in the continental United States since assuming our Travel Editorship in May. In this month's Playboy Interview, Paul Newman displays both a refreshing diffidence about his cinematic sex appeal and a passionate involvement in the world of politics. Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert assay man Newton Minow outlines the sort of imaginatively in the world of politics. Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert assay informative programing public television should adopt to the extraordinarily high erotic content of this decade's foreign fulfill its promise of making his renowned "vast wasteland" films in Part XIX of The History of Sex in Cinema. And pronouncement obsolete. Minow, a director of National Edu- Finnish-born high-fashion model Kecia, in Cover Girl Uncational Television and the author of the 1964 book Equal covered, demonstrates that at least one member of her profes-Time: The Private Broadcaster and the Public Interest, credits sion is neither habitually expressionless nor structurally communications expert Stanley Frankel with being the catalyst deficient. All of which-along with a cornucopia of summerslanted food, fashion and fun-adds up to a rousing declara-A would-be high school football star who moves one step tion of independence from the doldrums of the dog days.





SILVERSTEIN



SHEPHERD



SCHOENSTEIN



KNIGHT



PLAYBOY



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Next time you feel like a couple of beers, have a Country Club.



What's it like to ride







DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE - PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

TAXING PROBLEM

I have just finished reading Philip Stern's April article, Tax and the Single Man, and find myself nodding vigorously in agreement. Stern's points are well stated. I only hope PLAYBOY's readers take them to heart.

Bruce A. Conder Grosse Pointe, Michigan

A short but necessary postscript should be added to Philip Stern's very well written article: Until Congress is made aware of the size and potential effect of the bloc of single voters, it is unlikely that tax reform will be enacted into law. If people would take the time to make their views known to their elected officials, rather than simply complain to their neighbors, the pressure often exerted by well-financed lobbyists might be negated.

Richard A. Weston Washington, D. C.

Your description of the taxpaying bachelor as a "fiscal pigeon" is a gross understatement. Four audits and two ulcers ago, the IRS became a stark reality to me. I was informed by tax experts that I could take my plight through 18 ascending levels of IRS bureaucracy. During this trek, I became quite familiar with one word—"disallowed."

M. D. Phillips Downey, California

Stern's article was well written and informative; but everything he says also applies to single women. The tax plight of single people-of both sexes-needs to be approached with a new attitude. As it is, it seems that we're being punished for our refusal to wed and to reproduce. In an age when most people are concerned about overpopulation, this is especially anachronistic.

Pauline Pajoilie Oakland, California splitting system used in the United States. Soon after the introduction of this system in the Bonn Republic in 1964, tax experts and economists began a fierce discussion to extinguish or at least to mollify its discriminatory aspects.

One possible solution, a most ingenious one, has not been mentioned in the U.S.

This solution accepts the fact that it is certainly not necessary to employ an income-splitting divisor of exactly 2. For example, the discriminatory would be considerably diminished by changing the income-splitting divisor, in the case of a childless couple, to 1.8. Dividing taxable income not by 2 but by 1.8 would result, in most cases, in a higher tax rate.

> Klaus Fischer University of Colorado Boulder, Colorado

No matter how much extra money the Internal Revenue Service taxes the single man, it's still worth it.

Clifford A. Levy Indianola, Iowa

Stern's article is a lopsided view of a serious issue. Obviously, Stern has never been married, because he does not take into account the added burdens of matrimony. Besides the many responsibilities that the bridegroom assumes upon marriage, he also has another mouth to feed, another body to clothe and a larger bed to buy. Sure, the married man gets more tax benefits than the bachelor. But the husband has a hell of a lot more additional expenses to pay.

Michael C. Moody Johnson City, Tennessee

Stern has been married for ten years and is the father of five children.

CAVE MANNERS

In January 1966, PLAYBOY published an article of mine, Sex in the Stone Age. I was therefore especially interested in Phil Interlandi's Stone Age Sex in your April issue. As an authority on the sub-

Your writer's statement that only the ject (I claim to know as much about sex United States and the Netherlands place in the Stone Age as anyone now living), a tax penalty on single persons is wrong. Unfortunately, the Federal Republic of I would say that Interlandi's drawings Germany now discriminates between single of men, women, caves and clubs are accurate in every detail. It would appear persons and married couples in exactly the that Interlandi has done almost as much same way, by employing the same income-PLAYBOY, JULY, 1968, VOL. 15, NO. 7. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO. INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919
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C LANVIN PARFUMS 1968

research as I have. Nonetheless, I must correct this talented artist on one misconception that he is helping perpetuate. This has to do with the use of the club in the Stone Age. Let me quote from my article: "It should be apparent to anyone who has read Freud that the club was not used to hit the Stone Age woman over the head. It was employed as a phallic symbol. The woman was not hit over the head with it; she was simply shown it. What struck her was the enormity of the situation. She was overcome. She swooned. Some cartoonists have been honest enough to show the woman with a pleased smile on her face, even as she was being dragged away, and this could hardly come from a blow on the head," Though Interlandi's Stone Age women are erroneously depicted as having been hit on the head, they do look surprised-and pleased. This, after all, is what really matters.

> Richard Armour Claremont, California

Author-professor Armour has repeatedly set the past on its ear with zany historical volumes ("It All Started with Columbus," "American Lit Relit") and numerous Playboy humor pieces, the latest of which—"Science Marches On"—appeared last August.

WILL POWER

Few writers today combine intelligence, stylistic restraint and the ability to tell a real story—but John Knowles is definitely one of them. His *The Reading of the Will*, in the April Playboy, is a tale of painfully emerging emotional maturity rivaled only by one other piece of fiction—Knowles' first novel. *A Separate Peace*. My thanks to Knowles for proving that fiction isn't dead, after all, and to Playboy for publishing him.

Mary Munsen Little Rock, Arkansas

SCIENCE FRICTION

Ted Gordon's article in the April PLAYBOY on Bucking the Scientific Establishment was well put, well chosen and well documented. As one who has published about 100 professional papers—in and out of establishment journals—I, too, have been buffeted. Gordon only omitted reference to the mental anguish that can result from conflicts with establishment ideology.

R. C. Vickery Northport, New York

Drama has a tradition of informed criticism; science should develop one. As Bernard Shaw pointed out in *The Doctor's Dilemma*: "Science becomes dangerous only when it imagines that it has reached its goals. What is wrong with priests and popes is that instead of being apostles and saints, they are nothing but empirics who say 'I know' instead of 'I am learning,' and pray for credulity and inertia

as wise men pray for skepticism and activity." One of the great problems with science today is that it has few critics. By publishing Gordon's article, PLAYBOY has assumed an important function as a platform for such criticism.

Robert Luke Bolin University of Texas Austin, Texas

Much as I appreciate Ted Gordon's mention of my flatworms. I must point out that I'm really not fit company for scientific martyrs like Bruno and Semmelweis. In 1964, many noted scientists still questioned whether simple beasts like flatworms could be trained in the laboratory, so worms were highly controversial. Nowadays, with more than 100 positive reports in print (even the Russians have had striking success). that part of the battle seems won. Indeed, the worms have become so respectable that they're mentioned favorably in most new high school biology texts, a sure mark of establishment acceptance.

But now rats are bothering my colleagues. As Gordon points out, my students and I showed some eight years ago that memories apparently could be transferred chemically from one flatworm to another. Building on our findings, several other laboratories in 1965 began attempting similar "memorytransfer" experiments with rats and mice. History repeats itself in science, as elsewhere. The first rat experiments yielded positive results, gathered considerable publicity and were greeted with enormous skepticism by most scientists. In 1966, a wave of negative reports washed into the journals and the conservative scientists relaxed a little-probably the whole thing was an artifact. But the studies vielding negative results were often poorly designed and failed for what now appear to be obvious reasons.

Since 1966, the tide has turned again. At the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in New York City last December, more than a dozen laboratories reported success with rats and mice. There still is a great deal we don't know about the phenomenon itself-what chemicals are involved, what types of memories can or cannot be transferred and whether the effect will work with humans. One can safely predict that it will take the establishment several years to catch up to the data and that it will be some time before Government grants are available in quantity to support this fascinating field of research.

In spite of all the controversy, I really haven't suffered too much personally. The University of Michigan has always given me strong psychological and financial support, even when the going got pretty rough; so I can hardly claim martyrdom this early in life. The real

problem is quite different. Controversy often causes scientists to adopt extreme and usually undefensible positions, no matter which side of a question they're arguing. Rather than debate furiously whether worms can learn, or whether memories can be transferred chemically from one animal to another, we should be discussing rationally the conditions under which these effects appear to occur. Adopting this nonemotional viewpoint would lead to much more productive scientific research. The same admonition holds for arguments over sexual behavior or the use of drugs-something PLAYBOY has been pointing out to its readers for years.

Incidentally, I'm pleased that Gordon mentioned our odd little publishing effort, The Worm Runner's Digest/The Journal of Biological Psychology. Since our cartoons are often as sexually oriented (and hopefully as funny) as yours, we're often referred to as "the Playboy of the scientific world."

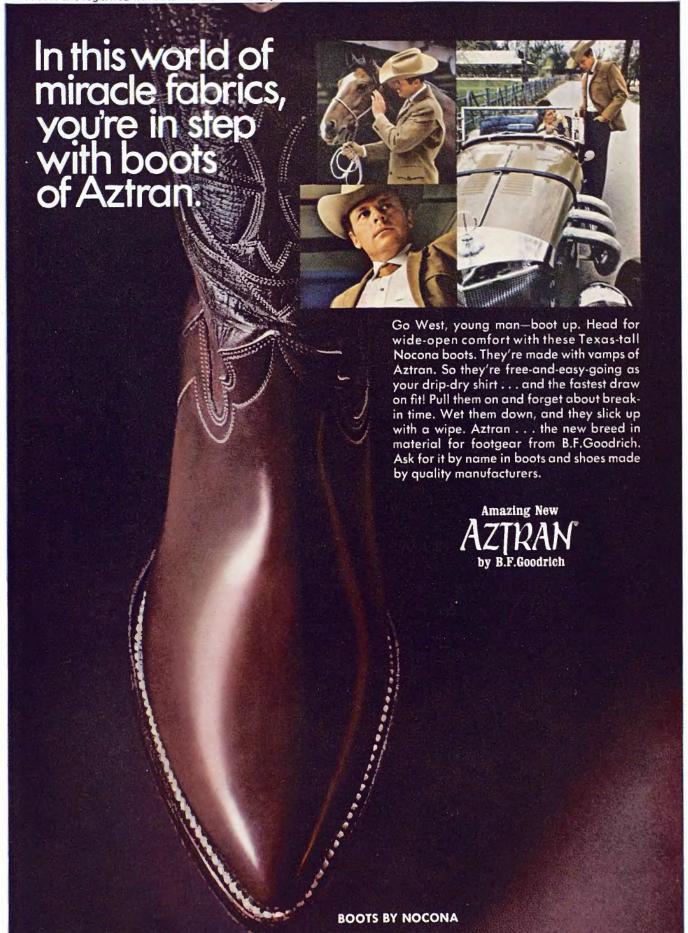
James V. McConnell, Ph. D. Professor of Psychology University of Michigan Ann Arbor, Michigan

As a former college teacher and consultant to several Government agencies, I can testify from years of personal experience to the stultifying and arrogant close-mindedness that affects much of today's supposedly open-minded scientific effort. The system of Government contracts and grants that supports the bulk of basic research in the United States virtually assures that no research will be undertaken if the results cannot be reasonably assured in advance. The reviewing committees just won't stick their necks out in an area where Congressional inquiry might subsequently prove embarrassing. For all practical purposes, any evidence that does not conform with science as it is already believed is automatically rejected.

I don't know whether "miracle cures," "ghosts" or "flying saucers" exist. I do know that the scientific establishment has no significant capacity to study the available data. It is more convenient to ignore reality when it isn't understood.

Gordon's suggestion that some responsible activity should be allocated to reporting and investigating phenomena that do not appear to be in accordance with what is already known is an extremely desirable goal. It wouldn't take many "kook theories"-such as those espoused by Copernicus and Columbus-to yield a fairly high costeffectiveness ratio. Any substantive results in "oddball" areas-such as telekinesis, clairvoyance and astral projection -would prove the existence of whole new dimensions of knowledge, with profound implications for both science and philosophy.

> Robert J. Jeffries Westport, Connecticut





I am grateful to Gordon and to PLAYBOY for publishing Bucking the Scientific Establishment. I hope you will keep on this general theme with a treatment of it every couple of years. There is ample material. A good piece could be written on how best to break through with an unconventional discovery. Everyone who has tried could contribute a lot from his experience—especially from his own mistakes. Yet another treatment could be devoted to those special channels and avenues that are open to radical new breakthroughs-and how vital these are to a society that is increasingly dependent upon scientific advancement, Gordon certainly made a good beginning.

J. B. Rhine Institute for Parapsychology Durham, North Carolina

Dr. Rhine is well known for his ground-breaking work in the field of extrasensory perception.

THEY'LL REMEMBER APRIL

Your monthly Playmates usually leave me cold, but April's Gaye Rennie wow! Seldom does one see such deep, luscious, bountiful sexuality topped by a virginal countenance.

The Reverend Fred Luchs Athens, Obio

Until his retirement, Reverend Luchs was a friend and counselor of Ohio University students.

Gaye Rennie is outstanding. I became a regular PLAYBOY reader many years ago; and ever since, I've noticed quite a few gatefold girls from Glendale, California, Could it be that Glendale is the Playmate capital of the U. S.? I hope so.

John C. Hammell, Jr. Glendale, California

If there is a Playmate capital of the U.S., it has to be Los Angeles. In the 14-plus years of PlayBoy's existence, the City of Angels has produced no fewer than 45 Playmates. Chicago is number two, with 27, and Manhattan ranks third, with 13. Your town comes in fourth, with 6—not bad for a community of 133,000.

CHUCK WAGON

I was most impressed by the candor and depth of your April interview with Senator Charles Percy. Although the structure of such a wide-ranging interview, fairly confined by the limitations of space, poses the danger of leaving ideas undeveloped and views unclarified, I nevertheless feel it will serve a useful purpose in further developing national dialog on many critical issues. Playboy is to be commended for this contribution to the American political scene; and Senator Percy must be admired for the courageous forthrightness

of his convictions-many of which concur with my own.

Congressman Seymour Halpern U. S. House of Representatives Washington, D. C.

After reading your interview with Chuck Percy, I thought I should compliment you on another job well done. For years, you have been the number-one magazine in the field of sophisticated entertainment. Now you're becoming required reading for the responsible individual who wants honest information on the perplexing issues of the day—and candid views of the thinking of our nation's most prominent personalities.

John R. Flippin Princeton University Princeton, New Jersey

Percy for President! The man has the youth, the brains and the leadership abilities to guide this country back to sanity. I see no other candidates—Democrat or Republican—who could qualify for this distinguished office as well as Percy.

M. David Allen Detroit, Michigan

Little has been known about Senator Percy other than that he was an extremely successful business executive, a vote getter and a Christian Scientist. Your April interview convinced me that I could vote for him—if he gets rid of those damn garters that he said he tripped over in Vietnam. I hope Robert L. Green has a word with him before he hikes his trouser leg up on a TV program.

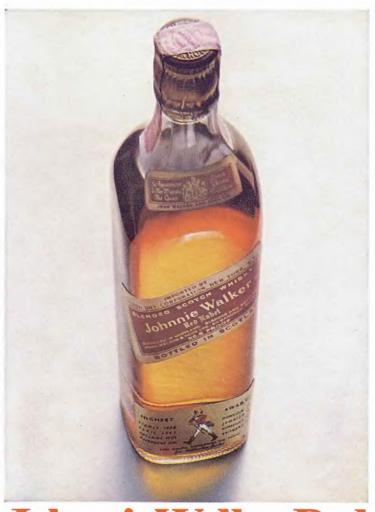
Jim Henderson Sparta, New Jersey

I thought your interview was a very candid and open one and the responses typical of this outstanding young Senator. Although Senator Charles Percy is considered a liberal and Governor Ronald Reagan a conservative, I find an intriguing similarity between these men. Both are dynamic, energetic, capable and very personable public figures. Each has a splendid capacity to provide succinct, well-thought-out solutions to very complex problems, always striking right at the heart of the issue. Actually, I really doubt that Percy and Reagan differ substantially on most issues. Both men give meaning to the Republican philosophy of providing workable, constructive alternatives while the Democrats are in power.

I think your excellent interview will serve to introduce an outstanding young man to the American public—that is, for those who do not already know him. Percy would be an excellent candidate for the office of Vice-President and for the Presidency in the future. I personally think he could do as well as any man on the horizon at this juncture; however,

All Scotches are good.

One Scotch is so good it's the world's best seller.



Johnnie Walker Red

(THE SMOOTH SCOTCH)

I am aware that it will take time to let Americans get acquainted with this very capable, dedicated Senator from Illinois.

Congressman Howard W. Pollock U. S. House of Representatives Washington, D. C.

Senator Percy responded to an interview question by stating that conservatives such as the Young Americans for Freedom "oppose East-West trade because they want to draw the Iron Curtain shut between us and the Communist world and engage in a holy war."

The Young Americans for Freedom oppose East-West trade as against American national interest. Such trade increases the ability of Communist nations to divert scarce resources to armament spending. By helping Communist nations overcome their economic deficiencies, we not only perpetuate their system but, in so doing, provide no incentive for the Communists to provide more consumer goods for their own people. To open the Iron Curtain will require more than East-West trade. It will require that the Communists recognize human rights. It will require political and economic freedom. Finally, it will require a rejection of international communism's announced and practiced imperialistic aims. In holy wars, dogma tends to replace reason. Our opposition to East-West trade is founded on logical and compelling reasons.

> Arnold Steinberg, Editor The New Guard Washington, D. C.

I was reading your marvelous interview with that sexy politician, Charles Percy, in whom I was very interested as a possible Presidential candidate, when I came to his statement supporting Government wire tapping to solve "major" cases. My mind has changed. I don't think our world is ready for Senator Percy's ideas. He would fit in much better in 1984.

Marlene Fane, Editor Movie Life New York, New York

FOR THE BIRDS

Shoemaker's April cartoon showing a man in a phone booth calling the Audubon Society while being besieged by two fine specimens of *Gymnogyps californianus* (the rare California condor on whose behalf the National Audubon Society has worked so hard) prompts me to remind your readers that we are not only a society of bird watchers but active in all sorts of conservation causes. Bunny watchers who would like to broaden their appreciation of natural endowments are welcome to join us.

Robert C. Boardman National Audubon Society New York, New York

ICY IMMORTALITY

We were delighted by Len Kholos' gentle gibes at the cryogenic-interment movement—in Frozen Stiffs, in your April issue. The test of deft satire is closeness to the truth. Incredibly, many of the situations developed by Kholos parallel real considerations in our movement. The test of the durability of a movement is its capacity to absorb a lampoon or two. PLAYBOV itself is an outstanding example of this kind of durability. And your centerfolds are themselves a most eloquent argument for the preservation of bodies.

Robert F. Nelson, President Cryonics Society of California West Los Angeles, California

Mr. Nelson has just authored a serious paperback on the subject of cryogenics, "We Froze the First Man."

WEATHER REPORT

By Jove, I must say that Bobby Norton's ill-fated encounter with lightning (Ruth, the Sun Is Shining, PLAYBOY, April) was interesting reading. Author John McPhee deserves praise. Benjamin Franklin once remarked: "Some people are weather-wise, but most are otherwise." Perhaps it would have been better for Bobby if he had been otherwise.

Dave Ludlum, Editor Weatherwise American Meteorological Society Princeton, New Jersey

PICK A WINNER

J. Paul Getty's April article, How to Pick the Right Man, gave me real insight into the qualities that are desirable for an upper-echelon managerial position. As an engineering student who hopes to one day assume management responsibility, I am happy to know that the basic virtues of hard work and honesty still play an important role. It's especially gratifying to hear, from someone as authoritative as Mr. Getty, that we who are entering the business world can expect diligent work to be appreciated and rewarded.

Rich Heine Long Beach, California

Getty's articles—especially his most recent one—always manage to breathe life into the corpse of business. If even a small portion of today's young men listen to Getty's advice, business can't help but profit. Thanks very much—to both PLAYBOY and Getty.

Kenneth Spaziano Lincoln, Rhode Island

Many Americans may read and accept Getty's ideas as gospel, but his article is a horrible commentary on how industry buys and sells human beings like cordwood.

Alan H. Schwartz Oak Park, Michigan

PLAYMATE CHARM

I'm writing to request a picture of Connie Mason, your Playmate of the Month for June 1963. I'm a Marine correspondent assigned to the First Marine Air Wing in Vietnam. I had been carrying a photo of Miss Mason for several years and considered it my lucky charm. Yesterday I lost it.

I was sitting in a sand dune typing a report when a gust of wind blew the photo from my typewriter case, where I always kept it. I jumped up to chase it. Seconds later—and I do mean seconds—the spot where I had been sitting blew up. I had been sitting on a booby trap. The blast destroyed my typewriter, my cameras and the rest of my equipment. I never recovered Miss Mason's photo, either, but thanks to it—and the gust of wind that blew it away—I'm still here to ask you for another. If there's any cost, I'll pay it. I just want a picture to see me through the rest of my time here.

Sgt. Richard L. Tudor FPO San Francisco, California An autographed photo is on its way, Sergeant, with our compliments.

SEX IN THE SIXTIES

The inclusion of two films that I produced-The Pawnbroker and The Swimmer-in PLAYBOY'S April installment of The History of Sex in Cinema prompts me to comment on the excellence of the series in general and of the recent chapter in particular. I personally look forward to the day when popular films will deal freely with every aspect of human relationships, including sexual intercourse. Films should be as specific as the conscience and concept of the creators dictate. Although such freedom-which should be with us within the next five yearswill be abused by a segment of the film industry (as it already is), this is a minor price to pay for the virtues that will accompany it.

Authors Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert have struck a mighty blow toward that end. By detailing the broad history of cinematic sex and censorship, in such a fascinating and informed manner, they have reduced film censorship to a well-deserved absurdity. I've been tussling with censors for most of my working life, and they have inevitably proved to be among the most frustrated of individuals. I am proud that *The Pawnbroker* forced the issue with the Motion Picture Industry Code—it was intended to. I hope that *The Swimmer* pushes the door open a little wider.

Roger H. Lewis New York, New York

Knight and Alpert have produced a particularly well-written and wellresearched presentation. American International Pictures, which, gratifyingly, was well represented in their most recent installment (*The Pawnbroker, The*





Suggested For Mature Audiences PANAYISION and METROCOLOR

Directed by JACK CARDIFF Produced by GEORGE ENGLUND

Trip, The Wild Angels, for instance), has always endeavored to keep a sensitive cinematic finger on the public pulse. Since launching AIP with the highly successful beach-party films mentioned in their article, we have been keen students of today's social mores. We have been particularly impressed by the new generation's specific avoidance of hypocritical attitudes and its realistic trend toward moral permissiveness. We believe that our society has morally come of age—and so has the cinema.

James H. Nicholson, President American International Pictures Hollywood, California

As a student of American culture, I find its films a fascinating index to the country's values. As Knight and Alpert show in detail, movies of this decade clearly demonstrate the vast moral changes taking place in our society—and they point to a time when many of our ancestral neurotic notions will be as outdated as silent films. My thanks to playboy for publishing this important document.

Jon Frederick Baltimore, Maryland

SMART MONEY

The March article by Michael Laurence, Beating Inflation: A Playboy Primer, certainly gets this reader's emphatic applause. Laurence's style is both concise and lucid, and more than that, he is objective. Arcane facts of the financial world were so well explained that I found myself for the first time able to understand them. For instance, his clear and relatively brief explanation of convertible bonds gave this reader his first accurate idea of what they are and how they work.

Norman S. Meese Kensington, Maryland

I have just read Michael Laurence's piece on beating inflation. This is much more than a primer; it's a really very good comment on the whole inflation process. I'm not sure how much richer anybody will be as the result of following his advice, but certainly his suggestions are much more sensible than the normal guidance to avarice and enrichment.

John Kenneth Galbraith Harvard University Cambridge, Massachusetts

Inflation is one of the several spooks now haunting the American citizen. Meanwhile, the everyday forces of home and school, glowing advertisement and Government propaganda have continued to indoctrinate us with assurances that prudence, frugality and money in the piggy bank are the watchwords for a successful career—and a secure and happy retirement. Under present circumstances, this philosophy can turn out to be a cruel deception to those who swallow it. For this reason, Beating Inflation,

by Michael Laurence, was very much to the point and long overdue. It did not disclose any easy ways of coping with inflation, since there are no easy solutions. But it pointed out various tactics by which a man might hope to hold the line against erosion of his life savings, The main contribution of this article is that it brings the whole problem out into the light, illuminating a great deal that has been swept under the rug by wellintentioned businessmen and bureaucrats. It will help readers, especially younger readers, to plan their futures with a more realistic understanding of what they are actually up against.

John Magee

Springfield, Massachusetts
Mr. Magee runs a stock-market advisory service, and is co-author of "Technical Analysis of Stock Trends," the
definitive text on predicting stock prices
by chart reading.

Inflation is a favorite subject of mine and I wish to congratulate PLAYBOV on this magnificent article. It is by far the best I have ever read. I have checked out a number of Laurence's comments with people who were in Germany during the inflation, with people in the real-estate business, with brokers, etc., and they all agree heartily with what he said. Is it possible to buy reprints of this piece?

Walter H. Brent New York, New York

Reprints are available at 20 cents each, postpaid, from PLAYBOY's Reader Service Department.

Every year, PLAYBOY publishes four or five issues that are truly extraordinary. With no intention to demean the other issues, these four or five seem, to me, marked by the touch of excellence. Your August issue was one, and your March issue, another. Both contained articles by PLAYBOY Senior Editor Michael Laurence. I found the latest of these-on inflationto be particularly good reading. Its scope was impressive, its depth was adequate to cover most of the thorny problems involved in hedging against inflation and its presentation, lightened by a fine wit, transformed a somewhat morose theme into truly enjoyable reading.

James V. Facciolo Brookline, Massachusetts

Laurence's August 1967 article, "Playboy Plays the Commodities Market," recently won the prestigious G. M. Loeb Award, a \$1000 prize given annually by the University of Connecticut for a magazine article "of special significance in reporting and interpreting the interplay of economic forces in the United States and in the world."

Considering how technical the subject is, Laurence's article was very well presented. But I disagree with him on at least one point. Inflation not only deflates bond yields but also makes inroads on cash in the bank, stocks, dividends, salaries, real-estate values and everything else expressed in dollars. Of course, it's desirable for the investor to find something, anything at all, that will reliably appreciate in value, but this is equally true in periods of noninflation. And I'm doubtful that inflation by itself. over the medium term, creates profit opportunities automatically. In a study I made a year or so ago, the statistics indicated that the stock market did best in times of no inflation and rather shakily in times of both pronounced inflation and pronounced deflation. All of this, of course, is highly debatable. However, we know that in the past three years, that is, the latest period of inflation, the stock market has averaged out much more poorly than in the earlier years of stability.

Sidney Homer Salomon Brothers & Hutzler New York, New York

One of the country's leading authorities on bonds, Mr. Homer is author of "A History of Interest Rates," a weighty and witty discussion of interest rates the world over, from 2000 B.C. to the present.

HOROSCORING

I certainly enjoyed Sol Weinstein's tongue-in-cheek guide to making it with astrology-minded chicks (*The Playboy Horoscope*, April). I wonder if Weinstein would care to predict the possible fate of a household I've been trying to set up—a *ménage à trois* involving an Aquarius (myseif), a succulent Pisces and a luscious Scorpio.

Tom Beam

New York, New York Seer Sol says: "A household you won't make. But a seafood gumbo—mazel tov."

Sol Weinstein's proposal that astrology be used to plot the seduction and ruination of sweet innocent girls is surely the ultimate in caddishness. If that bounder's path ever crosses mine, I personally will make certain he gets the horsewhipping he deserves.

Dick West United Press International Washington, D. C.

Reporter West's by-line on humor stories emanating from the capital is well known; Sol hopes he's writing facetiously here as well.

Now that Weinstein has given us the wherewithal to seduce any girl, as long as we know when she was born, I think PLAYBOY owes it to its readers to provide the birth signs of all future Playmates.

Bill Mitchell

Little Rock, Arkansas

All right, Bill: Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricorn, Aquarius and Pisces.

New Oriental Lime



Use too much and you can find yourself in a tight squeeze.

Limes are for squeezing. So you can imagine what can happen to you now that Hai Karate® After Shave and Cologne come in a potent lime scent. Your girl can get carried away. And do squeezy things to you.

That's why we have to put instructions on self defense in every

package. Just like we do in regular Hai Karate.

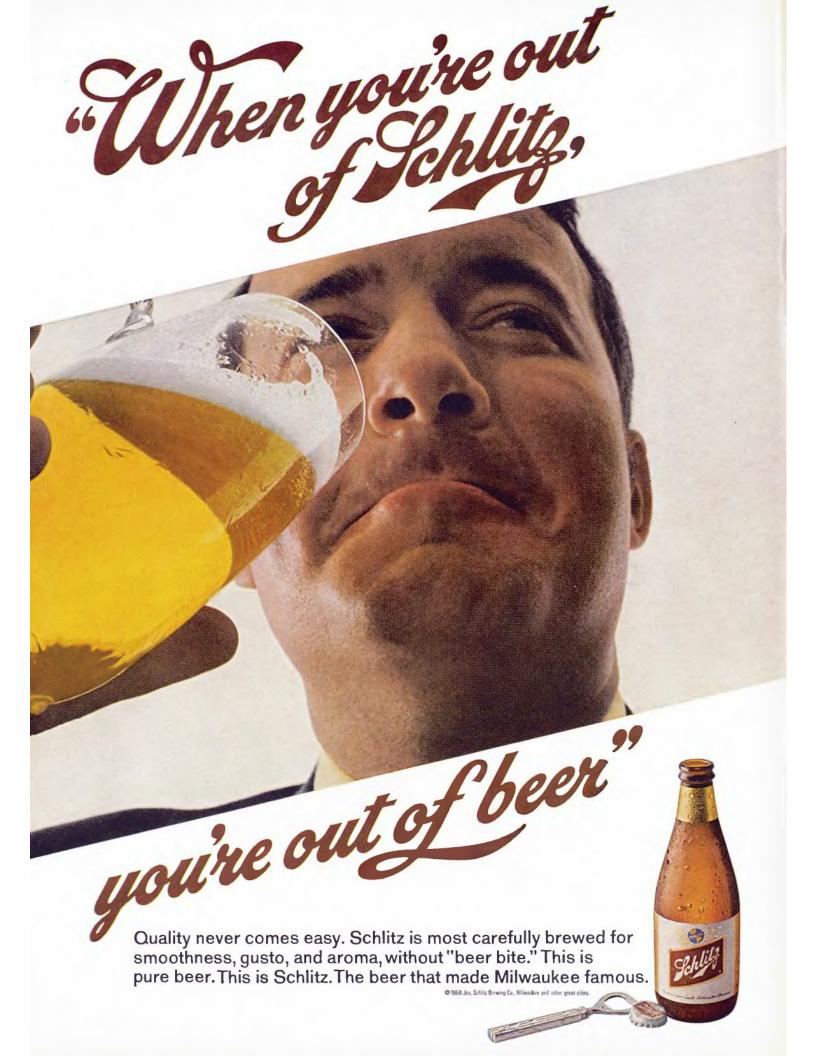
And, best of all, limes are also for cooling. So Hai Karate Oriental Lime's breezy feeling will help you stay cool through practically anything. Even strenuous acts of self defense.

HAI KARATE ORIENTAL LIME—be careful how you use it.

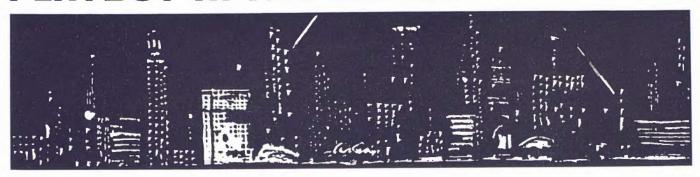
Indispensable instructions on

self defense in

every package.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Last holiday season, we jokingly presented a new interpretation of The Night Before Christmas as it might appear to a dedicated disciple of Timothy Leary. Well, as the saying says, it's impossible for satire to keep up with reality these days. The following is from a dead-serious article, "A Psychiatrist Looks at Jach and the Beanstalk," by Phillip Epstein, M. D., in The Book of Grass, edited by George Andrews and Simon Vinkenoog:

"The predominant image is one of a miraculous and powerful plant which provides the means to experience the truths, insights and perspectives attendant to a new level of reality or altered state of consciousness. Jack and the Beanstalk is thus a narrative of a psychedelic experience. The correspondence between the beanstalk and a plant such as marijuana is too close to be strictly fortuitous. One may argue that the magical seeds which Jack receives from the mysterious old woman are not hemp seeds but, for example, morning-glory seeds; however, this point is academic. What is of importance is the fact that the plant takes Jack to new heights of awareness and reality which enable him to live a richer and fuller life. . . .

"As he climbs 'higher and higher,' he experiences aching limbs and fatigue; indications of the physical—somatic—aspects of the psychedelic-drug experience. Having reached the heights, he again meets the gurulike old woman who is of both worlds. Jack makes his way through the new reality-fantasy world and sees the extremes of horror and evil and truth and beauty with remarkable clarity.

"Jack visits this world three times, each time advancing to a greater level of awareness. At each successive level, the horrors and encounters with the evil ogre are more dangerous, but the rewards and treasures which he brings back are increasingly more beautiful. He is really not content until his third 'trip' when, returning with the most treasured singing harp, he has his ultimate confrontation with the ogre. In slaying the pursuing ogre by chopping down the beanstalk,

Jack also destroys his means to the other world and thus accomplishes his final reentry. In the context of the obvious conventional materialistic and capitalistic images of good and evil, he is able to function on a higher plane of reality by virtue of the experiences afforded by the magical plant."

Unflagging reader interest in our search for terms to describe a man's loss of job in a manner pertinent to his profession (the first list appeared in May of 1967, the sequel in October) has prompted us to add a few more. We've realized, for instance, that gas-station attendants who allowed themselves to become imMobilized would inevitably be enGulfed. Footsore podiatrists, it has also occurred to us, should be summarily defeated, moth-eaten mink farmers deferred and down-tripping travel agents detoured. In the political world, undiplomatic ambassadors could be disLodged, leaving them disconsolate; and civil rights workers who failed in their duties might well be disintegrated. Intellectual pursuits, too. present unique hazards: Puerile poets could be unDonne, deFrosted or im-Pounded-but should the quality of their work improve, their downward journey could be reversed. Illogical philosophers would doubtless be exHumed or deKanted; orchestra conductors with no sense of rhythm could (like their audience) be disconcerted, and writers who overindulged in blasphemy would certainly be discussed. In baseball, a fumbling infielder could be debased-but should he win back his manager's favor, he could then be remitted. Poetry and the national pastime, of course, are not the only trades that suggest appropriate means of reinstatement as well as of dismissal: Depleated tailors might someday be repressed; delivered butchers could be revealed, and extolled bell ringers could be repealed. Discharged electricians could be totally revolted-if they're not refused instead. But while debunked prosties might be revamped, we don't see much hope for gardeners' daughters once they've been deflowered.

Poster spotted in a roadside shopwindow on U.S. Highway 26 in Wyoming: NEW AND USED ANTIQUES.

An ad for the film Love Is My Profession in the Sarnia, Ontario, Observer straightforwardly announced: NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY BRIGITTE BARDOT IN HER MOST FAMOUS ROLL.

Spearheading its current drive to beef up the English economy by encouraging people to buy British, the Labor government is exporting T-shirts emblazoned with the Union Jack and the slogan 1'M BACKING BRITAIN. The shirts are, gorblimy, made in Portugal.

Our vote for sloganeer of the year goes to the inventive campaign manager who dreamed up the following ad for his client in the Vermont Bennington Banner: "Shaftsbury Voters—Vote for Kevin O'Brien for Cemetery Commissioner. Local, young and aggressive man. Will bring new life to this important position."

Truth in Advertising Department, Sexual Revolution Division: Bonwit Teller has sent its customers a flier showing the latest in luggage. Included is a garment bag big enough only for overnight trips tagged by the ad as the "One Night Stand."

A usually reliable informant from down under writes that not long ago, a fellow Aussie returned to his parked car and found the fender badly crumpled. Thoroughly piqued, he looked about and spotted a note on the window, requesting that he call the number listed for appropriate compensation. Rushing to a phone, he called and listened as a recorded voice answered: "Welcome to your Dial-A-Prayer service."

Advertising in the student paper of Willamette University, a motel in Seaside, Oregon, offers students 20 percent off posted rates and promises them "peace and quiet" in a decor described as "passionate red." The inn's name: The No-Tel Motel.

Achtung! SportShip, a German manufacturer of yachts, uses as its symbol the identical double-letter symbol employed by Hitler's infamous SS troops.

The southern Ohio edition of *TV* Guide tuned in regional viewers on Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* with the following synopsis: "A boy runs a small motel while taking care of his mother."

An eye-popping sign, spotted in a New York optometrist's window, promises that your orbs can be EXAMINED WHILE YOU WAIT.

Wartime Intelligence, Fleshpots of the Orient Division: In a South Vietnamese government move to clean up Saigon, a bill aimed at legalizing bawdyhouses was proposed by the minister of social welfare, who's appropriately named Nguyen Phuc Que.

Caveat Emptor Department: The "Lifelong Proctor-Silex Iron" is guaranteed by the manufacturers for one year.

Let those who believe corporations are cold and impersonal take note that someone at the Illinois Bell Telephone Company provided the Chicago Sanitary District's Calumet Pumping Station with the phone prefix PU.

"The decline in the birth rate," declares a peerlessly logical weekly newsletter from Boston's David L. Babson & Co., "has caused a substantial drop in the number of babies born each year."

According to *Insider's Newsletter*, a Georgia rabbi attempted to quell an incoming flood of junk mail by inscribing DECEASED on the envelopes and sending them back. He had second thoughts about the scheme, though, when his wife received a letter offering to sell her a tombstone.

Our New York correspondent sent us this latest hippie slogan spotted on a piece of outdoor sculpture in New York's East Village: GIVE ME LIBRIUM OR GIVE ME METH.

With commendable modesty, the editorial prolog to one issue of the travel magazine *Venture* stated that "Once in every century a moment occurs to change forever the lives of everyone living. . . .

The current issue of *Venture* is not that moment. But while you wait. . . ."

For the man who's been everywhere: Among the 21 points of tourist interest listed in a Chamber of Commerce brochure from Wabeno, Wisconsin, is the Wabeno Town Dump.

We bestow our Candor Beyond the Call of Duty Medal upon the Wellesley College housemother who informed the girls in her charge that henceforth a bell would be rung ten minutes prior to the end of visiting hours "to allow the young men sufficient time to withdraw."

BOOKS

When Ian Fleming died, his superagent James Bond was riding the longest wave of success the book and movie industries had witnessed in many a year. Pitting vim and wile against smersh and spectre, tangling with the dislikes of Goldfinger and Dr. No, 007 captured the best-seller lists time and again. It is not astonishing, therefore, that James Bond should have been granted a new lease on life. The reincarnation is accomplished in Colonel Sun, a James Bond Adventure (Harper & Row), by Robert Markham, better known as Kingsley Amis-perhaps this publishing season's least pseudonymous pseudonym and thus hardly in keeping with international intrigue. Since the story line-involving Colonel Sun of the Chinese People's Army-is standard Bond, it's more interesting to note where Fleming's genes leave off and Amis' plastic surgery begins. Two discernible departures: First, while the original Bond never seemed to wonder whether his ends were worth his devastating means, the reincarnation takes time out to philosophize. Comparing the acquisitive life of the West with the sterile conformity of the East, he concludes: "There were still two sides: a doubtfully, conditionally right and an unconditionally, unchangeably wrong." Thus, the birth of the thinking man's Bond. Second. he not only seduces a luscious hot-pants before, during and after his adventure but develops what could almost be called a decent relationship with her-and she's a Russian agent. In the course of this intermittently thoughtful new life, Bond also finds a second or two to wonder about the sorry fate of pawns in the great East-West spy game. All of which poses the question: Does the infusion of a soul into James Bond's body take some of the pizzazz out of what had become high-camp yet suspenseful put-on? For some, no doubt; but others will find 007 marginally believable-though perhaps less dazzling. In short, the rumors of Bond's death are greatly exaggerated. Yet for those who remember their Bondage with pleasure, it may seem that-like Sherlock Holmes after his plunge over a waterfall with Moriarty, and like Lazarus after his brush with death-their hero doesn't quite radiate his prereincarnation charisma. Amis does provide Bond with a new switcheroo, however. In this book, he's involved in a British-Russian fictional entente: it's the Chincoms who are the villains. Should the thought of a tough British agent playing footsie with the Soviet apparat seem improbably original to you, remember that this was a standard Eric Ambler ploy in those innocent pre-Bomb, pre-Bond days before the Iron Curtain fell on the British lion's forepaws. But don't accuse Amis of borrowing from Ambler; even in his heyday, there was nothing really new under the Sun Yat-sen: History reminds us that the lion and the bear were able to line up and bear each other when George V and the czar were allies in World War One.

The pattern of the classic hierarchy, Antony Jay writes in Management and Mochiovelli (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), is "one man at the top, with three below him, each of whom has three below him, and so on . . . unto the seventh generation, by which stage there is a row of 729 junior managers and an urgent need for a very large triangular piece of paper." Unlike most students of management, Jay doesn't go on paper-tiger chases: he's not interested in what should happen in the corporate structure but in what actually does happen. He sees the new science of management as "a continuation of the old art of government"; his Machiavellianism is a pragmatic common-sensical analysis of the corporate organism. Since leadership, diplomacy and the ability to guide change are the essential ingredients of business success, says Jay, management studies should focus on the relationship between kings and barons, reformation and counterreformation, courtiers and schisms and empires. In this view, a study of Tudor England is more relevant to an understanding of General Motors than systems-analysis would be; the executives of Standard Oil would do better to scrutinize the conflict between Luther and Lovola than to bone up on cost accounting. Recent polls indicate that fewer and fewer college graduates are interested in business careers-perhaps because, as Jay points out in this shrewd and witty work, corporations too often offer sterile security thinly disguised as "exciting challenge," or because "organization man" implies that the white collar is a kind of tourniquet applied to the neck. The most encouraging aspect of Jay's book is his convincing argument that not conformity and efficiency but "originality and creativeness" are the keys to good Expect action with Yamaha's virile new "twin," the 180 Street Scrambler. This one was built to separate the men from the toys—at a price that won't bruise the tenderest budget. The doll you're dallying with may not understand talk such as 5-port power, constant mesh 5-speed gearbox and automatic oil injection. Then again she may. But after you've got her there on your 180—who wants to talk?

Your local Yamaha dealer can introduce you to the means. The method is up to you.



While you're there, ask him for your free copy of Yamaha's brochure featuring all 20 Exciters for '68. Or write: P.O. Box 54540, Los Angeles, California 90054, Dept. PB-7-8. Canadian distributor: Yamaha Division of Fred Deeley Ltd., British Columbia.





management, and that the increasingly corporate nature of our society, far from narrowing the opportunities for the exercise of personal initiative, has actually opened up business to the expression of individuality and broadened the possibilities for leadership.

In a time of troubles, what could be more appropriate than for the artist to commit his art to those troubles? Nat Hentoff does just that in his third, slim, funny, up-tight novel, Onwards! (Simon & Schuster). Aaron Phillips is the conscience and consciousness of the author's story, a middle-aging professor, a liberal base toucher who is no longer sure where the bases are or if he is even in the ball game. Voices pelt him with doubt. There's Levine, his bête noire student, who wants no less than 100-percent involvement from the prof on this anti-Vietnam thing. There's Gus and Carberry, nonviolence crusaders who preach love to black militants like Blue Carter, who answers, "We're going to take some cities for ourselves, and the blood that's spilled while we're taking them, that's going to be the glue that makes us a nation." And there's Kate. Aaron's wife, a kind of modern Lysistrata, whose sexuality responds inversely to male madness. There are others, too, each representing an attitude or an idea on the fragmenting mess in which we live. Hentoff has caught the mood and language and irony of his selected problems so that they fairly breathe with immediacy-but one breath more and the whole thing may slip into the past. Can the passion present about Vietnam when this book was written be relevant when the reader picks it up six months or a year from now? Richard Wright's Native Son still tells more about the inner condition of the Negro than all the present furies. Aaron himself, rather than the issues he espouses and embodies, is the subject fit for fiction, with his problem of being human and staving committed. It is no coincidence that Onwards! attains excellence when it transforms ideology into flesh and blood. There might have been more such alchemy.

Stephen Birmingham's last book was Our Crowd, a cultural history of New York's Jewish elite. Perhaps to prove his impartiality, Birmingham's new work, The Right People (Atlantic-Little, Brown), analyzes the gentile social establishment in this country. In laying bare the manners and mores of "those who count," the author is seeking to make clear the lines that demarcate real society from nouveau society, the "older, better people" from the moneyed arrivistes. In the course of this endeavor. Birmingham touches on such aspects of high society as its prep schools, debutante balls, sports, romances, clubs, houses, communities, playgrounds and pleasures. He treats us to a trove of fascinating facts and anec-

dotes about the right people in. for the most part, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco. We learn, for example, of the woman who ordered her swimming pool to be built like a long circular canal through her garden, because she did not like to have to turn around in the water. We are told of the 400 canaries, scheduled to be let loose at a coming-out party, that were fed a special seed mixture beforehand to induce constipation. Much of the book indicates that society is still snobbish, out of touch with reality and living a highly circumscribed and prejudiced life. Yet, in the end, Birmingham seems to subscribe to the theory that generations of wealth and breeding do make some people better than others. "People in Real Society know that their world is very much alive," he observes. "But they don't think it is quite polite to say so."

Some books that might prove boring if read from cover to cover turn out to have considerable appeal when they are simply used for browsing. Such is the case with The Oldest Profession (Stein & Day), written by a European journalist who uses the pseudonym Lujo Bassermann. This history of hookers, from ancient Greece to the Soviet Union today. contains a wealth of fascinating detail about the business of pleasure as it has been practiced over the centuries. In the Middle Ages, for example, among the whores roaming the countryside there were the "crazies" and the "strippers." The "crazies," by pretending to be lunatics, could throw fake fits and so expose themselves to potential customers. The "strippers" were young enough to pass as waifs and thus could wander around virtually naked, as an inducement to any man interested in giving them a little private charity. Bassermann neither sensationalizes his material nor moralizes about it. He tells of the profiteering of the Church, which rented property to the prostitutes; the recruiting of Semitic and Oriental girls as exotic additions to the white-slave trade; and the curious customs that enabled lower-class English girls to master social skills as paid mistresses and then marry into the nobility. On the subject of French whores, Bassermann notes that their contribution to the French Revolution included dancing naked before the troops, offering themselves to any soldiers willing to desert the king. The Oldest Profession may not be textbook historybut it offers a number of choice footnotes.

Donald Barthelme's previous works— Snow White, a novel, and Come Back, Dr. Caligari, a collection of short stories—demonstrated conclusively the wealth and intricacy of the author's imagination. He swelled with new forms of noncommunication, gathered to himself a cult of couvadeers and, in giving birth to nothing, proved the validity of his

creative condition. In his latest collection of short stories, Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Barthelme increases his nonbrood by 15 stories, each a lusty sibling showing a marked resemblance one to the other and to all that have gone before. The distinguishing characteristic of the clan is the tendency to scurry like quicksilver between the spaces of rationality, leaving the reader with the frustrated sense of having just missed what a little more nimbleness of mind would have permitted him to see. Sometimes, as in The Balloon. one imagines that one has come breathlessly close to understanding, that perhaps the symbol of a gigantic balloon floating all over Manhattan has meaning; but one can always depend on the author to wind up the tale in favor of incomprehensibility. There is one story that might prove prophetic between now and next November: Robert Kennedy Saved from Drowning is its title and it draws a shimmering line between fantasy and the reality that is page-one news all over the country. In fact, all of Barthelme's stories draw shimmering lines between fantasy and the evidence of one's senses. They are the author's fantasies, to be sure; yet in some surreal way, they have to do with everybody's evidence: the evidence of advertising, the evidence of the Pentagon, the evidence of "peace offensives" and the evidence of scientists explaining in accents suitable to Schubert lieder how the world will end. Perhaps it is necessary to run mad for a while, the author seems to be saying, before attempting anything serious. No one runs mad better than Barthelme.

For nearly half a century, Lewis Mumford has been telling us that we are building cities unfit for human habitation. Like all prophets who bring bad news, he has been either ignored or misread, with the result that our cities are fast becoming, well, unfit for human habitation. In The Urban Prospect (Harcourt, Brace & World), he brings forth some of his old essays in which he predicted the present mess and a few new ones in which he prophesies that things will get even worse before they get better-if they ever do. Mumford's humane obsession is that in building both cities and suburbs, we have blindly followed the dictates of money and machines while ignoring the needs of people. In consequence, we have succeeded in poisoning our air, polluting our waters and cluttering our open spaces with acres of cars and concrete. Mumford prefers urban life, with its attendant disorder, to the neat facade of suburbia, with all the life squeezed out of it. A friend to nature lovers and to lovers in general, he deplores the new cities of glass because they ban privacy and blot out the sun. "What lovers need," Mumford reminds us, "are accessible places where they



can easily lose themselves and get away from the presence of others." What we need to do, he insists, is build new towns and rebuild old towns on a human scale, full of variety but free of congestion. He doubts we will do this. The billions of dollars we are now thinking about pouring into the cities will be billions down the drain, says Mumford, "supporting and inflating with public funds an assemblage of private corporate megamachines." He accuses these megamachines of superintending "an anti-life economy, every part of which is elaborately oriented . . . toward death. Witness a regime that spends 57 percent of its budget every year for military purposes, and has only six percent available for education, health and other social services." Lewis Mumford continues to tell it like it is.

Over a decade ago, Brian Moore's first novel, The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne, was all but acclaimed an instant classic. Since then, Moore's novels have hewed close to the unusually high standard he set for himself. I Am Mary Dunne (Viking) is no exception; although not Moore at the very top of his form, it is still far better than no Moore at all. Mary Dunne is a thrice-married Canadian lass from Nova Scotia who, in the course of one particular 24-hour period of premenstrual tension, suffers through an identity crisis of major proportions, during which the flotsam and jetsam of her life flow by: her first marriage to a boy too inexperienced to satisfy her in bed; her involvement with a Lesbian librarian; her second marriage to an alcoholic war correspondent also incapable of reaching her sexually; and her affair and marriage with a worldly British playwright in New York with whom she finally makes it. But still suffering the pangs of guilt left over from a Catholic girlhood, she blanks out now and then on just who she is and what she has become. But this time, at least, it seems she will hold onto her elusive sanity until her month's blood begins to flow-her payment, in a sense, for her sexual happiness. What keeps this tale from degenerating into soap suds is author Moore's clean treatment and impeccable style. And the theme, too, is important: the high price one must pay for reconstituting one's self in order to achieve ultimate success as a person.

The Money Game (Random House), by Adam Smith, is not recommended for anyone interested in making a million dollars in the stock market between now and next Friday afternoon. But for those who would like a sharper focus on Wall Street and who don't want it delivered in the sleazy style of the horse tout, this book is a sound long-term investment. Adam Smith is the pseudonym of an irreverent insider who can write. He looks into the stock exchanges and

brokerage houses and sees Gargantuan gambling dens catering to millions of speculators who are trying slyly to skin a buck out of one another's hides. Many of these traders are so addicted to stock playing that they can't even cut out during market slides. But Smith is no scold. The Street is his game, and his zest for it comes through as he describes the adrenaline adventures of the highrisk fund managers, each of whom must demonstrate with each quarterly financial statement that he has outguessed the other managers. He also explains, without mysticism, what chartists and analysts do, how accountants can jimmy corporation balance sheets to make a drab performance shine and how some clever heads are tuning computers in on ticker tapes to try to spot large-block trades instantaneously, so they can pump big money in for quick kills. Odd-lot theories, short selling, bear traps, gold speculation, the manipulative power of the multimillion-dollar funds-it's all here in speculators' language. And it's all directed toward Smith's thesis: "The object of the game is to make money, hopefully a lot of it." But he warns that the first rule of successful game playing demands close-blinkered interest and attention. "If it is not totally absorbing, you are not likely to be among the most successful, because you are competing with those who do find it so absorbing." For the truly dedicated, The Money Game is blue chip. For a less lively but highly informative view of the market, oriented to the serious investor, get The Anatomy of Wall Street (Lippincott), edited by Charles J. Rolo and George J. Nelson,

It is a little sad to learn that simba is not really the king of beasts, that the rhino's charge is the result of cowardice and myopia rather than bravery and that the hyena is a fine fellow, indeed, with a respectable mission in life; but it is fortunate that the man who does this debunking replaces fancies with realities much more fascinating. Jean-Pierre Hallet is an old African hand: He is a blood brother to several tribes, has speared his own lion singlehandedly (literally, for his right hand had been blown off by a dynamite explosion) and lived alone for 18 months with the Ituri Forest Pygmies. With collaborator Alex Pelle, Hallet told much of his own story in Congo Kitabu (see Playboy After Hours, February 1966). Now in Animal Kitabu (Random House)kitabu being Swahili for "book"—Hallet vividly profiles the major animals that dominate Africa's vast savannas and jungles. His main characters are the hunters' "big five"—the leopard, the lion, the Cape buffalo, the elephant and the rhino; in featured roles are the hippo, the crocodile, baboons, chimpanzees and gorillas. But lesser creatures are not overlooked: Hyenas, our author informs us, are sexually ambidextrous and may be hermaphroditic, whereas giraffes are openly homosexual. Hallet is not satisfied merely to pass on such piquant observations. He is viciously accurate in his attacks on safari "sportsmen" who will kill from safety with the help of a helicopter, simply to take home a wastebasket made of an elephant's foot or a fly whisk fashioned from the tail of a giraffe. He slashes scornfully at human beings who consider animals (other animals, that is) as mere meat. He is at once the Boswell of beasts and the champion of primates whose "intelligence might be recognized as human if they composed singing commercials, counted calories . . . falsified their tax returns, built the Bomb . . . sobbed out their troubles on a psychiatrist's couch and tried to escape from it all with LSD."

Shoot It (Atlantic-Little, Brown), a tough first novel by Paul Tyner, takes a hard and frequently funny look at America's subbourgeois city dwellers. Herby Rucker, a good-looking young cop whose aimless life consists mainly of hanging out in poolrooms and neighborhood bars, corners a Negro purse snatcher in an alley, forces him to say, "It's not whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game," and then-for no apparent reasonshoots him in the head. When the murdered man's widow sues Herby for \$3,000,000 (on the strength of a surprise teenage witness), the book superficially takes on the aspect of an odd thriller; but Herby doesn't behave like an accused killer. Neither vicious nor cruel, he has simply been caught in a life game without knowing all the rules. Feeling no real guilt about the act, and not even considering it important, he tries to carry on the haphazard business of life as usualdrinking, shooting pool, falling slightly in love with a way-out member of the weekend hippie fringe. Herby is at once pawn and conscious clown and he moves through a world that offers as much genuine comedy as emptiness. Tyner ultimately blames not Herby but a system that forced him toward alienation and spiritual impotence for the murder. Shoot It is a hip morality play about what happens to concepts such as justice and virtue in an environment ruled by gut pragmatism. Tyner writes like James T. Farrell looking through the eyes of Nathanael West, and the result is an unflinching account of eclectic ethics-street style.

To paraphrase James Thurber, Georges Simenon has novels the way some people have mice. Two more have recently arrived on the scene—Maigret and the Headless Corpse and The Confessional (Harcourt, Brace & World). The first is an Inspector Maigret novel; the second, a straight psychological novel sans Maigret. Like all of Simenon's work, these two small books proceed inexorably to their psychological conclusions, and on the way, we learn a little more about the particular psyches



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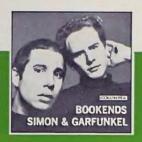
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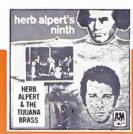














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and milieus on which Simenon has trained his penetrating powers; in each, we learn a little more about the twistings of the mind and the heart beset. The Maigret is a grim tale of a headless corpse found in the Seine and of the strange yet touching characters whose destiny led them to put it there. The Confessional is the story of a young man, just beginning to delight in the company of une jeune fille en fleur, who learns to his shock that his mother has embarked on a similar adventure, albeit with a member of the opposite sex. While in fairness to the reader, and perhaps to Simenon himself, it must be noted that neither of these novels represents the prolific author at his superlative best, it must be added that Simenon, even at his second best, is still first-rate.

In The Magic Animal (Doubleday), Philip Wylie goes into his familiar and by-now-tiresome act of playing the last angry man, and it's nothing but nag, nag, nag all the way. He is furious with mankind for being venal, superstitious and stupid. To every reader he says, in effect, "Why can't you be wise-like me?" Wylie is a rhetorician rather than a theoretician. In The Magic Animal, he restates the views of experts who hardly need popularizing, such as Konrad Lorenz and Robert Ardrey, best-selling authors themselves. In drawing on their research, as well as on that of another naturalist, Sally Carrighar, Wylie nowhere indicates that he is aware of the extent to which their theories have been criticized by the academic community. He believes what he wants to believe and uses hypotheses as proven facts when it suits his purposes; on occasion, he even uses nonfacts. (In trying to make out a case for the existence of instincts, for example, he states that animals do not have to be taught to mate. It seems hard to believe that Wylie is unaware of the well-known experiments of Dr. Harry Harlow, in which macaque monkeys that were raised in total isolation later proved unable to copulate.) At times, his indictments of modern man verge on the ludicrous. "Even to cure disease, we slay germs," he writes. "So as to live longer, we destroy more." His attacks on religious dogmatism and on society's sexual puritanism leave him slashing away at ghosts; the battle he is fighting is long since over, but Wylie doesn't seem to know it.

"Is it possible to accept being raped by a 12-foot lizard?" This philosophical teaser, posed for a nude and manacled heroine as she awaits the physical attentions of a Komodo dragon loosed upon her by a fiendish Chinese Communist, raises another question, which the reader must ask himself as he contemplates two "adult comic books." The Adventures of Phoebe Zeit-Geist and The Adventures of Jodelle (Grove Press): Is it possible to accept these oversized, hardcover, pop/

camp cartoon strips as books? Since oversized Brillo boxes have been accepted as art, and even lizards have their existentialist needs, presumably the answer must be yes. Phoebe and Jodelle are successors to Barbarella, the adult comic heroine created in France and now a far-out film starring Jane Fonda (see PLAYBOY, March 1968). Like their predecessor, the two new girls are statuesque things who undergo their ordeals chiefly in the nude or near nude. Jodelle depicts the picaresque adventures of a girl spy in an ancient Rome that resembles Las Vegas. In her search for proof of a plot against the decadent Augustus Caesar, she runs a gamut of psychedelia. Phoebe Zeit-Geist (Zeitgeist: the spirit of the age, the trend of thought and feeling in a given period) moves bare-assed and jut-breastedly through an updated Perils of Pauline, surviving not only that giant lizard but flesh-eating fungi, Lesbian torture, necrophilic rituals and other horrors too fascinating to mention. But though they are superficially similar, the books are remarkably different in quality. Jodelle is puerile in both context and artwork. Phoebe, written by Michael O'Donoghue and illustrated by Frank Springer, is a rousing take-off every sadomasochistic inch of the way.

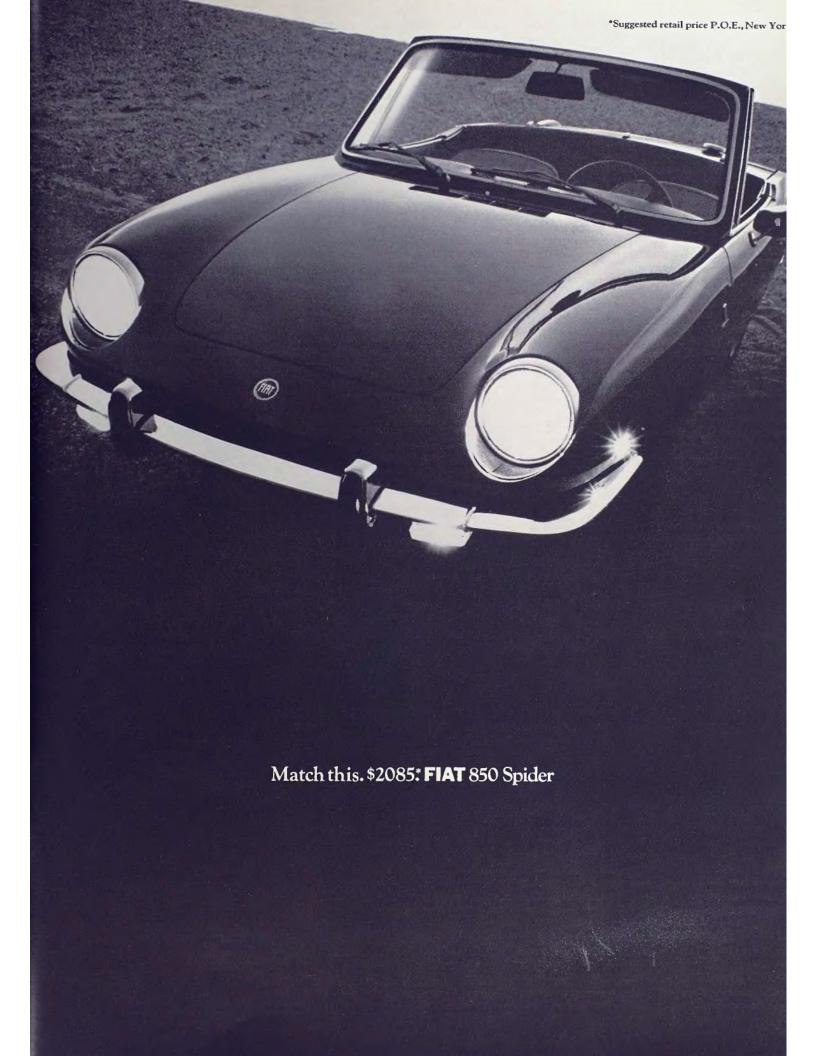
DINING-DRINKING

There is no restaurant in all of New York City that serves the new mood of the metropolis as well as The Fountain Cofe, located lakeside at 72nd Street in Central Park. In the very brief time it has been open-a brain child of the astonishing Thomas Hoving-it has become a delightful "in" spot for lunch or for dinner during the spring, summer and early fall. Not only is its location ideal for an outdoor café but its warm, impeccable service and first-rate food are better than one has a right to expect of a restaurant with a superior atmosphere compounded of greenery, century-old architecture and summer breezes off the lake. Nestled at the foot of the great baroque staircase at The Bethesda Fountain in the Park's 72nd Street transverse, the Cafe is under the direction of maître de Arthur Decuir this season. The one menu for lunch and dinner is ingeniously compatible with the atmosphere. The Stuffed Artichoke with Shrimp Rémoulade or the Guacamole and Tostados are typical appetizers. Emphasis, of course, is on cold soup, such as the Vichyssoise or Gazpacho. The selection of Continental sandwich platters, all of which are brightly and originally done, ranges from Beefsteak Tartar to Danish Ham and Curried Egg with Peach Chutney. For more substantial dining, there is the Cold Salmon Steak with Green Sauce or the Brittany Crêpe Filled with Chicken and Mushrooms. The French Omelet with either herbs or Swiss gruyère is a case in point of a difficult dish done exceptionally well. Desserts are Continental—a Viennese Chocolate Cake or Kirsch Torte, for example. While a wide range of wines and liquors is available, sangria is seen on many tables. If that drink becomes a new national favorite, it will be because so many prominent people have learned to enjoy it at The Fountain Cafe. The Cafe is open from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. for lunch and dinner, from the middle of May to the last warm day in September. Reservations are not accepted—not even from Mr. Hoving or from Mayor Lindsay, both of whom are regulars.

MOVIES

Putting Broadway hits on film sometimes does to comedy what slow freezing does to fresh vegetables; but all's well with The Odd Couple, Neil Simon's rowdy essay on the psychological warfare known as marriage. Simon's subjects are a mismatched pair of estranged husbands who try to pool their idiosyncrasies in a vast Manhattan apartment infested with poker players and potato chips. Because the playwright did his own adaptation, and because director Gene (Barefoot in the Park) Saks helps in the job of Simon-izing, there is minimal fuss about "opening up" the stage version-and the trim carpentry of the original seems intact. Odd Couple's chief cinematic coup is to let Walter Matthau repeat-perhaps a bit slavishly in the matter of hewing to Mike Nichols' original directing-his stage role as Oscar, the slob sportswriter who feels that a man's surroundings ought to reflect the squalor of his inner self. And there isn't an actor in Hollywood better suited than Jack Lemmon to play vis-à-vis Matthau as the tortured Felix, "a walking soap opera" who cries a lot, sends suicide telegrams and has a compulsion to cook and clean. When the two settle down for an evening of fun, frolic and burned meat loaf with a pair of twittery English sparrows from upstairs, the question of who's funnier becomes wildly irrelevant.

Superlatives are essential to any discussion of the monumental Russian film carved from the bedrock of Tolstoy's War and Peace. One of the longest movies ever made (six and a half hours, with separate showings of parts one and two), it is also the most expensive (approximately \$100,000,000), the most densely populated (the cast of tens of thousands seems to include every able-bodied man, woman and child in central Russia) and undoubtedly the most protracted in preparation; scenarist-director Sergei Bondarchuk, who cast himself in the important role of Pierre, spent four years shooting it. Bondarchuk's literal rendering of Tolstov is, among other things, sprawling, flashy, inspiring, melodramatic, primitive, intimate, gigantic. This is Tolstoy's timeless portrait of Russia during the



Napoleonic Wars-a vivid, intricately woven tapestry in which peasants, soldiers and czarist aristocrats pursue their private happiness under the pressures of history before and after 1812. Though the kith and kin of three separate families are swept up in the action along with Bonaparte himself, the plot is principally a triangle involving the lovely Natasha (ballerina Ludmila Savelyeva), who loves but betrays Andrei (Vyacheslav Tihonov), a man of action beset by intellectual hang-ups, and who ultimately finds contentment with Pierre, a thoughtful bumbler at long last awakened to his own feelings. These three dominate a huge cast whose powerful performances are only occasionally blurred by dubbing into English. The patience of some moviegoers is apt to be strained here and there by the adapters' meticulous fidelity to the original. There are so many poetic death scenes in slow motion, so many long patches of narration and monolog, so many studied shots of soldiers' wounds and scudding clouds that the style sometimes seems drenched in Socialist realism rather than Tolstovan truth. Yet every one of the film's failings is offset by a triumph. The vast battle scenes at Austerlitz and Borodino-the latter nearly an hour long in itself-are epic cinema of staggering dimension, reminiscent of the great Eisenstein. As contrast, there are unforgettable glimpses of a giddy high society enjoying its pastoral pleasures and cavernous palaces. The best, a sequence in which the young Natasha attends her first royal ball at the Winter Palace in Moscow, is breath-takingly romantic, typical of Bondarchuk's ability to reveal a vanished world and the spirit of a people with intelligence, tenderness and old-fashioned bravura. These characters-and this filmstay with you long after the smoke of battle has cleared.

Les Corobiniers is Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary antiwar film, kept on the shelf for several years because it was loathed by the French public as well as by Parisian critics, one of whom dismissed it as "vile, insignificant and worthless." As a tract without a saving touch of warmth or humanity to win an audience over, the movie rates low in the popularity polls, but it gives Godard fans a cause worth defending. A pair of loutish protagonists named Ulysses and Michelangelo (Albert Juross and Marino Mase) demonstrate the film's thesis that war is a hoax intended to brutalize man. In the beginning, uniformed recruiters arrive by jeep to advise the two heroes of a general mobilization. Assured that "every soldier can do what he likes in the king's name," they galumph off, intending to have their pick of "nosegays. triumphal arches, tobacco factories and society women." Between subsequent acts of pillage, they write jolly postcards to the two greedy slatterns waiting at home, and

the messages are flashed upon the screen: "We leave traces of blood and corpses behind . . . we kiss you tenderly." Though the ironies are sometimes obvious, the filming is a revelation. Godard uses few characters and simple settings to mount an utterly convincing microcosm of war. In one horrific example of economy, all he shows is a soldier's hand on a rifle pumping five extra shots into a pretty blonde Marxist who has been gunned down while reciting a revolutionary poem. This cruel comedy combines the directness of an old Hollywood two-reeler with the irrationality of a nightmare; the experience is a little like watching a pair of slapstick comedians who suddenly start shooting to kill.

Based on a European comic strip, Donger: Diabolik appears to be producer Dino de Laurentiis' idea of swell satire for a limited audience-namely, sexually precocious public enemies under the age of ten. John Phillip Law and Marisa Mell, as the master thief Diabolik and his scantily clothed accomplice, are a pair of beautiful sticks who are rubbed together every ten minutes or so, possibly to keep moss from forming. At one point, they make love under a heap of 10,000,000 greenbacks in Diabolik's underground lair, a hideaway just big enough for him, her and the entire Strategic Air Command. Terry-Thomas, Adolfo Celi and Michel Piccoli proffer rather amusing opposition from time to time: but how are they to stop a grand larcenist so ingenious that he conceals a priceless collection of emeralds by shooting them into a corpse? If you get a thrill from morbid sadism and high-priced gadgetry, stick around awhile and see Diabolik himself sealed up in a blob of molten

Composer Manos (Never on Sunday) Hadjidakis wrote the copious background music for Blue, an overprivileged Western filled with 1001 ideas on how to squander money and talent. Hadjidakis' score billows with Mediterranean warmth. and director Silvio (Georgy Girl) Narizzano uses lots of deep-blue cloud filters and silhouettes his actors against flaming sunsets as often as possible. Stringent economy is observed only in the dialog. Terence Stamp, in the title role, says nothing whatever until the movie is about 45 minutes along, then speaks reluctantly-perhaps showing intelligent reticence about the fact that his first American film casts him, complete with Mod-Cockney twang, as a blond gringo who has allegedly grown up among Mexican bandits. Plain Azul to his amigos, Blue is wounded during a foray, nursed back to health by Yankee settlers whose kindness provokes an identity crisis, which, in turn, provokes war between the Yanks and Blue's oncebeloved chieftain (Ricardo Montalban). Despite formidable handicaps, Stamp remains a real screen presence and is

stoutly supported by Karl Malden, Joanna Pettet (*The Lady in "Blue,"* PLAYBOY, February 1968), who puts spunk into a standard girl-of-the-West assignment, and an elite corps of stunt men doing their bloody best.

Accustone!, made in 1961, is a noteworthy first film by Italian director Pier Paolo Pasolini (The Gospel According to St. Matthew), equal in every way to Pasolini's later work and superior to much of it. The title is Italian slang for "sponger," as well as the nickname for a pimp-hero (Franco Citti) living by his women and his wits in the slums of Rome. Whores, loafers, thugs and petty thieves comprise the rogues' gallery whose disdain for the dullness of an honest day's manual labor Pasolini observes with unswerving sympathy and vibrant humor. Whether or not these people can beat the system, they instinctively discover ways to survive it, and Accattone's sole weakness is the love he conceives for the lumpish blonde (Franca Pasut) he tries to recruit as a source of income when his regular doxy goes to jail. The new girl's cowlike innocence wrecks his amoral but viable code and the reformed pimp tries a job as a trucker's helper. "It's like Buchenwald," he declares, before stumbling along to an ironic fate that obviously has meaning only for the idlers in a corner café where he was once a respected leader. Pasolini, an avowed Communist, manages to speak for the underdog without adopting the naturalistic tone of a documentarian. Eloquent as a shrug, his lyric ode to Accattone! sadly celebrates a world in which very few men can afford the luxury of feeling.

Three psychotic sisters try their luck with a lonesome traveler (TV's Jack Lord) in The Name of the Game Is Kill!, a minor A.C.-D.C. shocker that puts a spark of humor in every tingle. The camerawork alone (by William Zsigmond) is a sure stimulant-all eve-grabbing angles and spooky wide-open spaces in Eastman Color. Lord, as a Hungarian drifter, happens onto a desolate filling station somewhere in America's great Southwest and starts hankering for a tune-up with some of the help-luscious Tisha Sterling, who has to dance a lot to drown out the rattle of skeletons in the family closets; Collin Wilcox, as the sister who plans surprises with a pet tarantula; and Susan Strasberg, as the boy-crazy swinger whose would-be lovers rarely last the night. The girls are chaperoned after a fashion by an imposing mother figure-though, in fact. Mom, played by female impersonator T. C. Jones, is really the man of the house in more ways than one. (Try to imagine ex-President Sukarno doing Bette Davis impressions.) By the time the ladies start letting out seams at a family Halloween party, it's clear that Name of the

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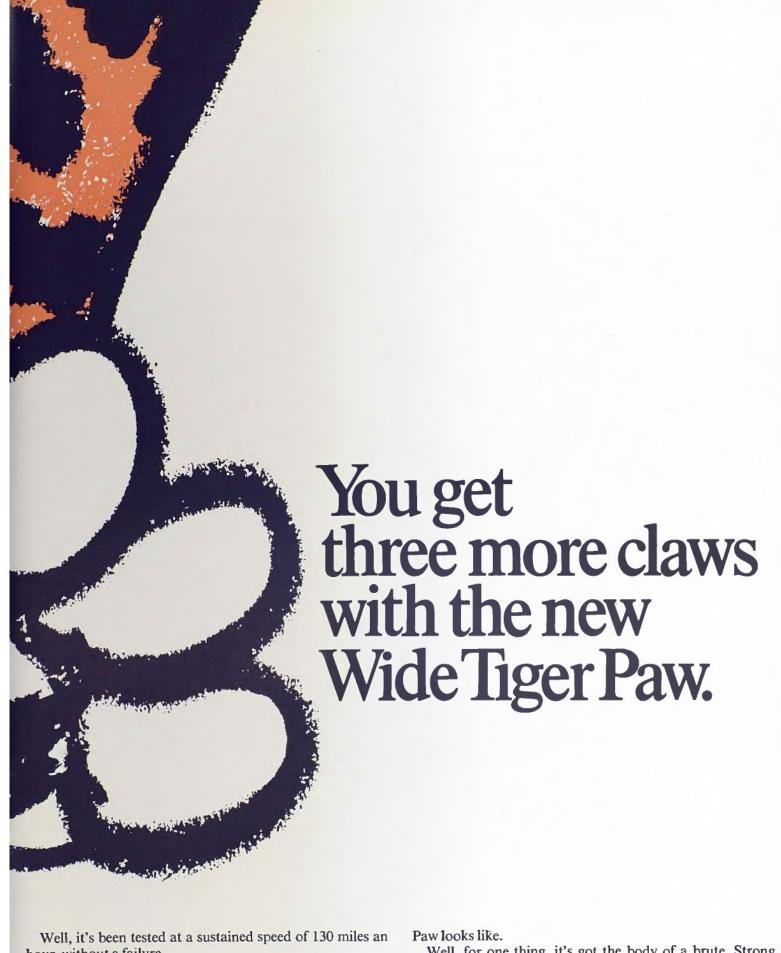
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Game's wily pranksters have thumbs to their noses and nothing in mind but mischief.

The title role of La Chinoise, another Jean-Luc Godard-directed film, is recited (it would be misleading to say "acted") by Anne Wiazemsky, Godard's wife, as a Parisian student revolutionary who spends her long, hot summer drilling Maoist slogans into four other members of a loosely organized Communist cell. Full of Red Guard ideology, Anne's recipe for upsetting the social order includes dynamiting the Sorbonne and the Louvre and blasting the homosexuals out of the Comédie Française. She does, in fact, attempt to assassinate a visiting Soviet minister, but probably bungles the job. Yes. probably. Minor details remain vague, because Godard is a wayward genius with a maddening indifference to such matters as plot, characterization and simple coherence. His irritating qualities are ever present in this talky tone poem that won't lift a finger to entertain you yet succeeds on its own exacting terms as a perceptive evocation of the new radicalism among European youth. The film's most effective scene is a stubbornly uncinematic one in which Anne sits on a train naïvely praising the benefits of Chinese Communist terrorism to an experienced real-life radical, Francis Jeanson. Mao and Brecht are the idols of these Marxist-Leninist babes in the wood, whose futile dreams, Godard knows, will finally come to nought. As photographed by Raoul Coutard, the settings are an explosion of primary color interrupted by slides, cartoon strips, film titles and other sympathetic concessions to pop taste. Miraculously, Godard's view of the "now" generation offers no sexual excitements whatever, but it does have striking timeliness, depth and resonance.

Lifted to stardom by a handful of made-in-Italy Westerns in which it was often impossible to see the man for the mozzarella. Clint Eastwood stands tall in his first all-American saddle opera, Hang 'Em High, Cool and distinctive, Clint underplays, in the top-drawl tradition of James Stewart and Gregory Peck -but without any aw-shucks sentimentality-as a former lawman who puts on a marshal's badge again to legalize his vengeance against nine lynch-mad vigilantes he figures he owes a death after they mistakenly (and unsuccessfully) string him up as a cattle thief. A movie that begins with the hero's hanging gains momentum as it goes-under director Ted Post, who had the good luck to draw for his first Hollywood feature a script (by Leonard Freeman and Mel Goldberg) with an above-average I.Q. Wind and weather blow some grit into every scene; there's raw, blistering beauty in an encounter with three rustlers on a desert white as snow, and again in a mass hanging sequence so high on cruel carnival whoop-'n'-holler that the sickened hero grabs himself a harlot to help pass the time. Hang 'Em High also rings in somber thoughts about frontier morality, mercy and justice, when at least half of the marshal's wanted men turn out to be respected community leaders. Ed Begley is eminent among the evildoers; Pat Hingle is roughly brilliant as Fort Grant's hanging judge with a lot of rope on his conscience; and Inger Stevens is decorative as a violated lady. But it's Eastwood's up-tight authority that makes it all

Fired with understandable enthusiasm for the work of Alfred Hitchcock (see our review of the book Hitchcock in the November 1967 Playboy After Hours), Francois Truffaut has put Jeanne Moreau into a Hitchcockian quasi thriller titled The Bride Wore Black. Moreau, looking more and more like the veteran of a thousand mornings after she'll never regret, plays a murderess whose chosen victims are five men responsible for the accidental shooting of her bridegroom years before. She pushes one rogue off a balcony, poisons the next, leaves the third to suffocate in a closet and nearly falls in love with the fourth-an artist (Charles Denner) who imprudently invites her to pose as the huntress Diana, with a bow and arrow aimed at his head. Several loose threads in the plot are compensated for by that familiar and pleasurable agony of knowing that dreadful deeds are about to be done-but who knows just when or how? -by a killer who forces us to participate. Though Moreau exudes a lethal matter-of-factness that Hitchcock himself would relish, it is Truffaut's own rhythmic and inventive film sense that keeps all eyes front long after The Bride's tale of retributive justice has left logic behind.

Oskar Werner as a world-famous musical conductor and Barbara Ferris as a girl reporter who disrupts his marriage perform Interlude with so much charm, intelligence and ardent conviction that this formula romance-which bears more than a coincidental resemblance to another Interlude (1957), with Rossano Brazzi and June Allyson as the starcrossed lovers-always seems on the verge of becoming something better. The movie cuddles up to the subject of infidelity with unblinking honesty-which simply means that illicit lovers nowadays peel their clothes off and pile right into bed, Otherwise, the style often recalls the days when girls like Claudette Colbert or Ingrid Bergman fell hopelessly in love with college presidents, concert violinists or gubernatorial candidates who, in the final analysis, couldn't let their women interfere with their work. "My life is arranged," says Werner, while Barbara (the fetching Mod morsel who adds spice to There's a Girl in My Soup on Broadway) is the very image of a businesslike miss who knows that impossible dreams must be kept in their place. For two people so obviously equal to any crisis, Interlude's elegiac mood is rather inappropriate. So is the daydreaming photography. Shot after shot of hand-in-hand strolls through dappled-green landscapes around Londontown may warm a moviemaker's heart, but they express next to nothing about the deepening relationship between a complex man of the world and his mistress.

Aboard a train bound from Paris to Antwerp, a movie producer, a writerdirector and a secretary armed with a tape recorder decide that this might be just the setting for a thriller "with lots of action, brawls . . . and rape." An actor (Jean-Louis Trintignant) enters the compartment. "It's Trintignant!" chirps the secretary. So Trintignant it will be, playing a dope smuggler en route to Antwerp to bring back a suitcase full of cocaine. And so goes Trans-Europ-Express, in which writer-director-novelist Alain Robbe-Grillet (who wrote Last Year at Marienbad) plays himself as the moviemaker making movies, flashing scenes upon the screen, then flashing back to the compartment, where his secretary occasionally remarks that none of this makes sense. Ofttimes a man ought to listen to his secretary. "Dope is wrong for Antwerp," the young lady keeps in-sisting; yet Robbe-Grillet plods along, perfectly confident that loyal cinemaniacs will take this dope seriously. If he improvises an inept little thriller sprinkled with dull genre jokes, they will see each philosophical pinprick as a porthole enlarging our vision of myth and reality. If Trintignant becomes a fetishist who must wearily chain a sportive jeune fille (Marie-France Pisier) to the bedpost to satisfy his rape fantasies, naturellement the discerning will relish Robbe-Grillet's mockery of the public's appetite for morbid sex and violence. Trans-Europ-Express has enormous conceit but precious little genuine humor and no suspense whatever. Credit Robbe-Grillet with a small "oh" for originality.

I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname explores the sensibility of a young London advertising whiz (Oliver Reed) who quits his job, his two mistresses and other acconterments of success in order to rediscover the man he meant to be before he began to enjoy having money. Playing rough when it pleases him, producerdirector Michael Winner mocks the smooth hypocrisies of an affluent society (apparently buying all the sackcloth cliches of anti-cliché conformity) in which, you're asked to believe, everyone else believes that a chap holes up in an ivory tower only if he can't afford a penthouse. Reed is a standard, fairly opaque hero who



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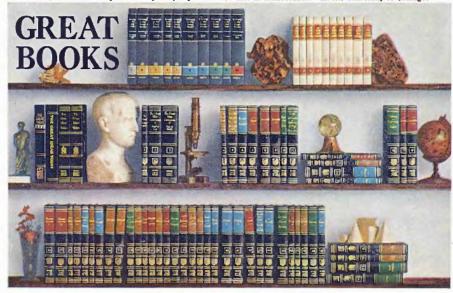
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becomes interesting mainly when he begins revisiting some old acquaintances -the frustrated editor of a highbrow "little" magazine, who would gladly chuck it all for ready cash; a vicious coterie of former Cambridge classmates; and a Cambridge tutor (Harry Andrews) who litters the groves of academe with his collection of pornography. The pragmatic female point of view is roundly embodied by Carol (Poor Cow) White as a down-to-earth bird who can't see any sellout in directing a good advertising film. Inevitably, scenarist Peter Draper's wittiest asides are thrown away with most prodigal skill by Orson Welles, who doesn't bother to get inside his role as a big mogul in media but, rather, looms in front of it, conducting his own matchless one-man

RECORDINGS

Welcome to My Love (Capitol), Nancy Wilson's new LP, offers no surprises—which means that it's consistently first-rate. The charts are by conductor Oliver Nelson and they're very good. The marvelous Miss Wilson applies herself enthusiastically and engagingly to such items as In the Heat of the Night, Angel Eyes, I'm Always Drunk in San Francisco and Why Try to Change Me Now—all fine and mellow.

Blues on Top of Blues (BluesWay) finds B. B. King in the company of a big band, a circumstance that always seems to bring out the best in him; all 12 of the songs are about womenfolk, good and bad; and whatever the lyrics might say, there's no credibility gap when B. B. delivers them. Chicago's Buddy Guy is a blues man whose style is less powerful but more flexible than King's; his debut LP, A Man and the Blues (Vanguard), is memorable for the intricate dialog between Buddy's guitar and Otis Spann's piano, especially on such unhurried selections as Sweet Little Angel and Worry, Worry.

The Complete Yusef Lateef (Atlantic) is a pyrotechnic display of the jazz artist's myriad talents. With pianist Hugh Lawson, bassist Cecil McBee and drummer Roy Brooks as accompanists, Lateef—ranging from flute to finger flute to oboe to tenor sax to alto sax, sometimes overdubbing one on the other—finds so many ways to tell it like it is.

We're Only in It for the Money (Verve) is another subterranean odyssey conducted by Frank Zappa and his Mothers of Invention. Like the group's previous LPs, this one is a chaotic mélange of sardonic diatribes, grating music and extraneous noise. There are some funny bits and some good musical moments, if

you can find them; but the Mothers' perversity is getting to be a drag—and since they put down *everything*, we suspect they are only doing it for the money.

The Great Society, no longer extant, is the group that reputedly did most to create the San Francisco sound, Conspicuous Only in Its Absence (Columbia), despite the roughness of the sound, goes a long way toward proving that claim. Grace Slick, now with the Jefferson Airplane, handles the singing as the group runs through Somebody to Love, White Rabbit and seven other psychedelic numbers; her brother Darby, a guitarist with a limited technique but a vivid imagination, nearly steals the show.

Johnny Smith's Kaleidoscope (Verve) beautifully showcases guitardom's quiet man. With impeccable backing by bassist George Duvivier, pianist Hank Jones and drummer Don Lamond—all hardy perennials on the jazz scene—Smith uses the soft-sell approach to excellent advantage, wending his way through the likes of Old Folks, The Girl with the Flaxen Hair and I'm Old Fashioned.

Opera composers have always been concerned with romantic love, but unadorned sex as a subject for operatic treatment had to wait until Alban Berg broke with hoary tradition in his whorishly untraditional Lulu. In the 31 years since its first performance, Berg's bizarre and erotic opera has been given in all the world's great opera houses (though not by the hidebound Metropolitan). Now it's available in a new stereo version recorded by Deutsche Grammophon at an actual performance in Berlin early this year. The onstage sound is not quite up to the carefully controlled perfection of a studio recording, but this is more than counterbalanced by the dramatic punch of hearing a live performance. Evelyn Lear, an American soprano who has built a career singing Lulu, heads up an accomplished cast, and the knowledgeable Karl Böhm presides on the podium. Together, they present a convincing case for an opera that is as unconventional in its music as in its morals.

Steve & Eydie / Bonfá & Brazil (Columbia) proves a profitable merger for all concerned. A dozen Luiz Bonfá-penned bossa novas are on the agenda as the voices of Lawrence and Gormé, supported by Bonfá's guitar, go it alone on some of the tunes, duet on others. A delightful session.

On **Doin'** Our **Thing** (Stax), Booker T. and the MG's leave no doubt that they're the toughest instrumental combo in pop. They're always together, they

swing and they can tap the emotional content of a song as few singers can. Here they're at their best, with material such as Ode to Billie Joe, The Exodus Song, The Beat Goes On and Expressway (To Your Heart)—and their version of You Keep Me Hanging On is a rock masterpiece.

Maharishi Mahesh Yogi (Liberty) presents two rambling but mesmeric sermons by the Indian guru who has been turning Westerners on to transcendental meditation. On one side, backed by a sitar, he offers a paean to love, the text of which might have come from the Upanishads; the flip side, an unaccompanied monolog that sounds like an advertisement for the Rosicrucians, urges the individual to utilize "the untapped source of power that lies within" by tuning his soul to cosmic pitch. Good, sincere advice—if one has lots of free time on his hands.

Lou Rawls continues his winning ways on Feelin' Good (Capitol). The toprank soul singer, given firm support by arranger-conductor H. B. Barnum, gets to the roots of *The Letter, Evil Woman, My Son, Gotta Find a Way* and others. Rawls is obviously in complete command of his material and the material is splendid.

Reed man Jerome Richardson, long a superlative sideman, comes into his own on Groove Merchant (Verve). Richardson on flute, bass flute, tenor sax and soprano sax climbs into the rock bag as he fronts a driving group. The tunes are familiar, for the most part—Ode to Billie Joe, Sunny, Up, Up and Away—but Richardson supplies the jazzman's creative touch that rejuvenates them.

The Beat Goes On (Atco) is a survey of musical and political history through the eyes and ears of Vanilla Fudge. Example: a reconstruction of high and low points in popular music styles from Mozart through Lennon-McCartney. Holding it all together is the title tune, played in a variety of styles. Surprisingly enough, the venture seems to work; and one passage, in which the Fudge play Beethoven with apparent respect and suitable gusto, is worth the price of the LP.

Two superlative African songstresses—one well known, the other a recent arrival in this country—have much to offer the listener this month. Miriam Makeba's LP, Pata Pata (Reprise), affirms her soaring talent. From the title tune on through Click Song Number One to the Piece of Ground sign-off, Miss Makeba is never at a loss for or with words. Letta Mbulu Sings (Capitol) hopefully presages important things to come for this young

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For free recipe booklet, write General Wine & Spirits Co., Dept. 428, 375 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022 Myers's—the true Jamaican Rum. 84 Proof. lady. If her debut LP is any criterion, Miss Mbulu, in addition to possessing a fine voice, is a songwriter of compelling merit. The African rhythms and melodies that form her repertoire are fascinating.

Pierre Boulez has recently been rerouting his considerable talents from the composer's study to the conductor's podium. As a conductor, he shows the same structured strength and originality of expression that he does as a composer. His latest recording, Boulez Conducts Debussy (CBS), offers persuasive evidence of his powers. Boulez' interpretation of La Mer rivals Toscanini's for its masterful mingling of guts and gossamer, and, of course, it's far better engineered. The disc's chief attraction, however, is Jeux, Debussy's last and rarely played orchestral work. Most conductors give the piece a wide berth because of its rhythmic and harmonic complexities and its seemingly chaotic organization, but Boulez sees it as one homogeneous statement. In this coherent reading, Jeux is revealed as a major masterpiece of modern music.

The California Dreamers, a mellifluous vocal group, join hands with a whole slew of estimable jazzmen on a pair of Impulse! recordings-Wind, Sky and Diamonds, featuring guitarist Gabor Szabo, and The Honeysuckle Breeze, starring reed man Tom Scott. The instrumental combos backing both men contain such stalwarts as Dennis Budimir, Mike Melvoin, Emil Richards and Bill Plummer, who plays what has almost become de rigueur for the contemporary sound-the sitar. The tunes on hand are an amalgam of folk, rock, jazz, current pops and assorted evergreens, and the results are a now sound that really works.

Jack Jones spends a fair amount of time mining a contemporary vein on #
You Ever Leave Me (Victor). It's all play and no work for Jack, who's never a dull boy as he vocalizes Goin' Out of My Head, By the Time I Get to Phoenix and Baby, Don't You Quit Now. They indicate the talented Mr. Jones' growing awareness of what's happening.

A Long Time Comin' by the Electric Flag and Child Is Father to the Man by Blood, Sweat and Tears (both Columbia) are ambitious debut LPs, since both groups try to give their rock material a big-band jazz sound. The Flag, with guitarist Michael Bloomfield, have the better product: Their execution is cleaner and their blues-based style is better defined. They really wail on Killing Floor, She Should Have Just and Another Country. Blood, etc., featuring organist-pianist-singer Al Kooper, come across well on r&b numbers such as My Days Are Numbered and I Can't Quit Her; but when they attempt a jazzier or more classical sound, they don't quite make it.

Steve Marcus is a tenor and soprano saxophonist who uses pop material and elaborates on it in a Coltranesque manner; on Tomorrow Never Knows (Vortex), the results are chaotic but sometimes compelling, as he tears into the Byrds' Eight Miles High, Donovan's Mellow Yellow and the Lennon-McCartney title tune. Odell Brown and the Organ-Izers is another jazz group (organ-tenor) that utilizes pop material; but on Ducky (Cadet). the pop material is from Motown (No More Water in the Well, Ain't No Mountain High Enough) and the style is pure funk-which is thoroughly enjoyable, although the Latin rhythms, employed on every track, grow a bit tiresome.

One side of Simon and Garfunkel's **Bookends** (Columbia) is an impressionistic life cycle of songs augmented by a track of senior citizens reminiscing via tape; on the reverse are five songs in S. & G.'s folk-rock style, including *A Hazy Shade of Winter* and *At the Zoo*. Performed by others, the sensitive lyrics might seem maudlin, the smooth music saccharine; but Simon and Garfunkel's good taste keeps them on the right track, and *Bookends* would grace anyone's shelf.

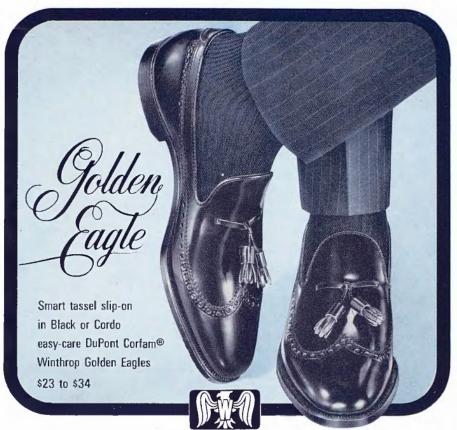
THEATER

Hoofer, hustler, composer, playwright, outrageous egotist and perpetual charmer, George M. Cohan would seem to be a perfect larger-than-life subject for a Broadway musical. Indeed, it's hard to see how his musical biography. George M!, could have gone wrong. With song-and-dance man Joel Grey (who lighted up Cabaret) playing the title role, 32 Cohan numbers, including Give My Regards to Broadway, Mary and You're a Grand Old Flag, and the best new score on Broadway, how much more insurance do you need? But no amount of bright lights, jazzy costumes, American flags, campy scenery, thumping player pianos, clattering tap dancers, fire twirlers and performing dogs can obscure the meagerness of this show's conception. Authors Michael Stewart and John and Fran Pascal have seemingly sifted through the grand old man's clippings and songbooks, picked out some highlights and plunked them on stage with no sense of rhythm or dramatic pace. As produced, directed and choreographed by Joe Layton, everything is a production number. George's father dies. George pauses-sob-then swings into Over There, and the chorus follows. Suddenly, the actors go on strike, ask Cohan to join them. He warns, "Change Broadway and you'll kill it, Hank." Who's Hank and what change? There's always a Hank or a Fred to wander on stage and catch a

line or a song cue. Confronted with a crowded stage, an inept book, a shallow characterization, a loud orchestra and a pile-driver production, Joel Grey has his hang-ups. He has to make you forget not only Cagney but also that raucous, frenetic musical called *George M!* He can't quite bring it off. At the Palace, 1564 Broadway.

Until The Boys in the Band came along. homosexuals generally were stage clichéslike falling-down drunks and heart-of-gold whores. But this play by Mart Crowley is uncowed by convention. It is an honest, informed, exceedingly funny and sometimes moving study of the homosexual world, with no obeisance paid to the expectations of the heterosexual world. The boys in the band are, by their own description, "old-fashioned fairies" and "screaming queens"—with all their biting bitchery, mocking banter and camp comedy. Says one preen, "One thing has to be said for masturbation-you don't have to look your best"; but this is also a very sad play. The lonely, self-defeating, desperate "boys" are gathered for a birthday party. Michael (Kenneth Nelson), who is tempted by heterosexuality but won't admit it, is the host. Harold (Leonard Frey), a self-abusive Jewish queer, is the guest of honor. The other guests include a screeching sissy, a buttoned-down schoolteacher, a Negro and a hustler (a birthday present for Harold). There is also an uninvited guest, Michael's old and straight college roommate. The boy/girls briefly put on masculine airs, then come out swinging. The games these people play (including one in which each phones the one person he really loves) and the ironic outcome (the roommate may not be so straight) are predictable, but the acting and the direction by Robert Moore are precise, and the playwriting is shrewdly observant. During an intermission, one wispy young member of the audience said to another, "I hate to be quoted." He is, and he will be for many months to come. At Theatre Four, 424 West 55th Street.

For their first combined appearance in a musical comedy, Steve Lawrence and Evdie Gormé have surrounded themselves with all of Las Vegas and half of Reno: a stageful of neon lights, a mountain of scenery, including (live! in person!) the Tower of Babel, a gaggle of gamblers, a horde of houris, a chorus of cuties, a dreadful book and a terrible score. The show is called Golden Rainbow and at the end of it is a pot of glue. The story is about a Sammy Glickish Vegas promoter (Steve) trying to bring up his motherless son in an atmosphere of sin. Enter rich auntie Evdie to entice the two of them to change. Sample lyrics: "I've gotta be me/Daring to try/Do it or die." It's a doggerel of a show. At the Shubert, 225 West 44th Street.



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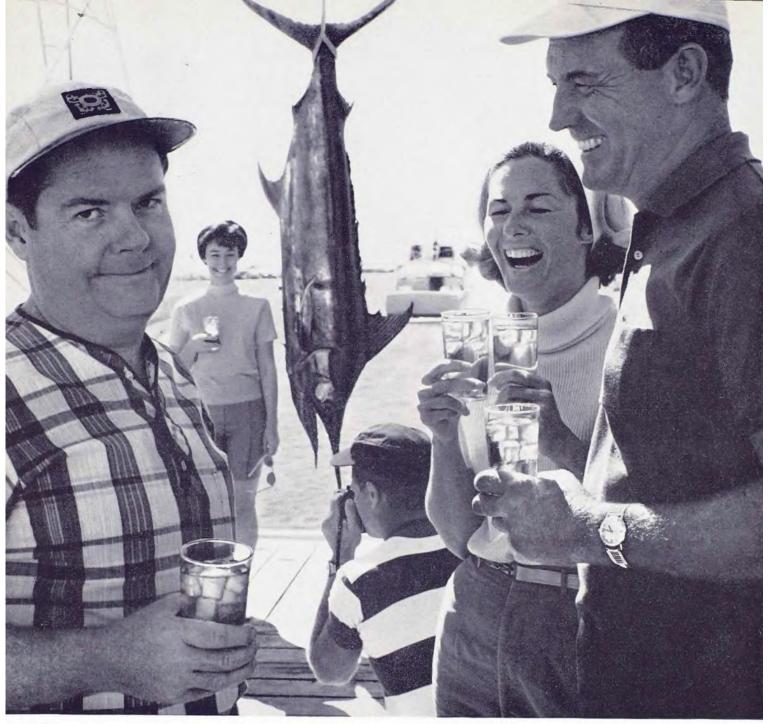
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

There is a very attractive young lady with a delightful personality whom I would like to date. The only problem is that she is a couple of inches taller than I am. I would appreciate your views on physical scale in a human relationship.—P. C., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Holy Toledo! The only views on scale that matter are those of the two people involved. Stop measuring matters and ask the young lady for a date.

Business is taking me to Italy for a week next month and I'd like to have a couple of suits made while I'm there. Can you give me the name of a good tailor in Rome? Should I make an appointment before I arrive? Will I be saving money?—T. C., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Angelo Vittucci (Via Bissolati, 20, Rome) and Brioni of Rome (Via Barberini, 67-81) are two of the most highly regarded Italian tailors. Do, indeed, write ahead for an appointment, specifying how long you'll be there and as much as possible about the type of suit you want. If you've only a week, make your appointment up front, because you'll need additional time for fittings. The savings, over a comparable American suit, can be as much as 40 percent.

Does circumcision affect the sensitivity of the head of a man's penis? I've heard that uncircumcised men are more sensitive to tactile stimulation, because the heads of their penises are normally protected by foreskins. I've also heard the opposite—that the head of the circumcised penis is the more sensitive, because during intercourse there is nothing to protect it from direct stimulation. Is there any truth in either of these beliefs?

—G. G., Suitland, Maryland.

They're both false, according to experiments conducted by Masters and Johnson ("Human Sexual Response") with equal numbers of circumcised and uncircumcised men: "Routine neurologic testing for both exteroceptive and light tactile discrimination were conducted on the ventral and dorsal surfaces of the penile body, with particular attention directed toward the glans. No clinically significant difference could be established between the circumcised and the uncircumcised glans during these examinations."

heard a new rock-'n'-roll group that really turned me on: H. P. Lovecraft. Here's my question: Even among the most far-out acid-rock groups, this title is unusual. Can you find out how they picked that name for themselves?—R. B., Evanston, Illinois.

They took the name of the late H. P. Lovecrast (1890–1937), a prolific writer for the old horror magazine Weird Tales. Lovecrast's stories—such as "The Color Out of Space," "The Shadow Out of Time," "At the Mountains of Madness" and "The Thing on the Doorstep"—are popular with the psychedelic generation.

Last January, my girl and I had a big misunderstanding and parted company. She is enrolled in a college 1000 miles from mine, and we will be separated by this distance for the next two years, until we both graduate. The trouble is, I still love the girl and would marry her today if she agreed. How can I tell her I love her and get her to wait those two years for me?—J. S., Peoria, Illinois.

The question is not "how" but "why." For most men and women, commitments to marriage while still in college are premature. By the time you've graduated, established yourself in a career and crystallized your personal values, you may be a completely different person, needing a different kind of girl from the one you now love. When you add to that the fact that you want to tie yourself to a person you'll hardly see during the next two years, the whole project becomes virtually impossible. Love requires real contact with the loved person; your romance would have to feed on fantasy-an unhealthy prospect. We suggest you date a variety of girls attending your own college, then take up with your ex-girlfriend after graduation, if you still want to.

Can you tell me why Pernod changes color when water or ice is added? Also, what is the proper way to serve it?— J. C., Hartford, Connecticut.

The chameleon change that occurs when water or ice is added to Pernod, outo and similar drinks takes place because the natural oils used as flavoring agents are in a delicate balance. When this balance is disturbed by the addition of ice or water, they go from, as the chemists say, solution to suspension, thus causing the elixir to change from clear light green to cloudy, opalescent white.

Although Pernod is usually considered an aperitif and served on the rocks, straight or diluted with a little water, other anise-flavored drinks, such as ouzo and the Italian Sambuca, are considered liqueurs and are generally served straight in small quantities after dinner.

Some of my friends have fallen into the habit, in conversation and letter

If you're about to buy a watch, why not make sure it's a

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- 2 time out stop watch
- 3 doctor's watch
- 4 yachting timer
- 5 tachometer
- 6 aviator's watch
- 7 time zone watch
- 8 skin diver's watch
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Why not make sure it's the Chronomaster by Croton, \$100. Write for free fact book: Dept. P-13, Croton Watch Co., Croton-On-Hudson, N.Y.



CROTON CHRONOMASTER GOES STEADY GOES STEADY GOES STEADY GOES STEADY writing, of referring to girls and women as "females." They claim it's more sophisticated. What do you think?—T. J.,

Battle Creek, Michigan.

It's more confusing than sophisticated. The term "female" can be applied to that sex in any creature having sexual differentiation, from the amoeba (in certain moods) to Homo sapiens—even including some plants. Next time one of your "sophisticated" friends says he was out with "an attractive female" the night before, ask him: "Of what species?"

I'm an unmechanically minded male who's just bought his first sports car—a new MGB-GT. With my purchase, the salesman solemnly admonished me not to let the engine "lug." Trying to make an impression, I foolishly didn't ask what lug is. Can you tell me?—F. B. N., Farm-

ington, New Mexico.

Lug is simply automotive jargon for engine labor, which is caused by driving in too high a gear for a particular speed. Automobile engines are generally most effective when run in their middle rpm range (this range is between 3000 and 5000 rpm for most sports cars). A good driver will fully utilize his transmission, shifting down when cornering, going into a curve, climbing a hill, passing, etc. Constant lugging will eventually lead to carbonized or burned-out valves, worn bearings and engine fatigue, requiring an early engine overhaul. Your tachometer is marked with a red line to show the maximum recommended rpm, but this is a limit for intermittent use; under ordinary driving conditions, the engine speed in each gear should be kept below that red

n pursuing my favorite lunch-hour pastime—sidewalk engineering at new construction sites—I've noticed that the builders of more and more high-rise structures are using cranes that operate from the top of the building, rising with it as new floors are added. What's puzzling is how these units are lowered once the structure is completed. If there are more than two, obviously the last one can lower the next-to-last. But how do they get the last one down?—J. K., Chicago, Illinois.

On some jobs, there will be both the sort of "climbing" crane you mention and a conventional ground crane, which can lower the climbing one, if the building is not too tall. In the absence of a ground crane, or on very tall structures, the climber is dismantled at the top and its pieces lowered by a winch small enough to be taken down inside the building.

On the morning of my birthday, I got a card from my girl with two tickets for a show that night. When I called to thank her, she refused to go with me because

I asked her at the last minute. So I phoned another gal I knew and made the date with her. Later, my girl called back, saying she'd changed her mind. Inasmuch as she'd provided the tickets, I felt obliged to break my date and take her. But I'm still not sure I did the right thing.—S. F., Far Rockaway, New York.

You didn't. Your girl deserved no further consideration. You should have gone ahead with your date and had a good time.

After getting a haircut, shoeshine and manicure in a men's hair-styling salon, what is the correct procedure for leaving gratuities?—N. L., Los Angeles, California.

Tip each individual personally after you've paid your bill.

ot long ago, I was helping my father tune up our car, when his finger got painfully caught in the fan belt. After he freed himself and got over the initial shock, he began to cry-the first time I'd seen him do so in my 17 years. Inexplicably, this sent me into gales of laughter. I finally controlled myself enough to get him first aid, but I was still suppressing a giggle. My father was very puzzled and hurt by my behavior; and, as for me, I feel as guilty as if I had committed a crime. I cannot understand my behavior, and I wonder if this incident proves that I have a "father complex" or that I'm so mentally unbalanced I should see a psychiatrist. What do you think?-B. M., Cleveland, Ohio.

Relax. A single such incident does not prove that you're in need of headshrinking. In moments of extreme stress, people frequently exhibit irrational responses. Some laugh hysterically; others retreat into a psychoticlike trance; others attack an innocent bystander. Only if such behavior occurs regularly, without apparent motivation, is there any reason to think your head needs retreading. The stress in this case was partly due to the naturally ambivalent feelings involved in a fatherson relationship, but this by no means implies any sinister "father complex" unique to yourself. We all have ambivalent feelings about authority figures-which is why everybody laughs when the Keystone Cops are ignominiously humiliated. Just regard your inappropriate laughter as a response to a stress situation, and forget it.

Deing extremely shy, I have let my progress in making friends with girls and dating them become somewhat retarded. I wear very thick glasses, stammer and have the classical 97-pound-weakling physique—but with it all, I have a very normal libido and a very intense interest in the opposite sex. So I have made up my mind to take myself by the scruff of the neck and learn to meet girls, talk to them, ask them out, kiss them and do all

the things that seem appropriate. I know there are no tricks, gimmicks or short cuts, that it's just a matter of practicing till I overcome my fears; but is there any advice of an inspirational nature you could give me?—R. B. K., St. Louis, Missouri.

Yes. Commit to memory this statement of Ralph Waldo Emerson's: "The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried."

y girl and I are planning to spend a year enjoying an unhurried view of Europe. Are there any travel books written primarily from a student's point of view?

—F. P., Cherry Hill, New Jersey.

Yes. Try "Let's Go | The Student Guide to Europe" and "Let's Go II | The Student Guide to Adventure," \$1.95 each, plus 25 cents postage. Order from Harvard Student Agencies, Inc., 993a Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

Except for one thing, I have a perfect relationship with a very attractive young man. Because my brother is his best friend, he will not take me to bed. We both want very badly to make love and it's frustrating beyond words to go just so far and then stop because of his hangup. He says he just can't do this to me, because I'm his best friend's sister. How can I make him forget about my brother and think of me as a woman, not a sister?

—Miss E. J. M., San Diego, California.

His hang-up is rooted in the double standard and probably is deeper than you realize. The key to the problem is his thinking that he would be doing something "to" you, rather than "with" you. Let him know you consider yourself an individual with equal rights in the pleasures of love and that it's been many years since females required permission from male siblings to exercise their personal prerogatives. Tell him that his behavior is not the noble gesture he wishes to think it is, but a cop-out based on his failure to accept equality between the sexes. If he is unable to see it this way, then try to fully understand it yourself and look elsewhere for a more fulfilling relationship.

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 Club News



VOL. II, NO. 96

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JULY 1968

JOIN PLAYBOY'S SCENE AT LAKE GENEVA: **SWINGING SHOWS, YEAR-ROUND SPORTS!**



Playboys and their playmates dine luxuriously while viewing top-name entertainment at Playboy's new Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

MARITAL SODOMY IMPRISONMENT

I want to express my appreciation to the Playboy Foundation for helping me fight for my liberty. I have been in prison since August 1965 for having had anal intercourse with my wife. Your readers may find it difficult to believe that a person can be imprisoned for a form of sexual expression performed within the privacy of the marriage bed, but I ruefully can testify that it is true.

These are the facts: My wife and I were married in 1953, when I was 17; and although we never had an idyllic marriage, my wages were sufficient to support her and our five children. Whatever quarrels we had were always made up amicably after we'd had a chance to cool off. Even though we were having a particularly difficult time of it during the spring of 1965, I was nonetheless shocked to learn one day that my wife had signed an affidavit accusing me of committing "the abominable and detestable crime against nature" with her. To this day, I do not know for certain why she did this -although during subsequent conversations, I have gathered that at the time, she was particularly angry with me, following an argument, and that a meddlesome friend had goaded her into trying to "put me away" for a while. I do know that whatever my wife and I did in bed was as much her wish as it was mine; no force was ever used. Here is what the affidavit stated.

That on or about the seventh of May, 1965, at and in the County of Jasper, in the State of Indiana, Charles O. Cotner did then and there unlawfully and feloniously commit the abominable and detestable crime against nature with one Jeane Cotner, a human being, contrary to the form of the statute in such cases made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the State of Indiana.

When I appeared in court for arraignment, I refused a court-appointed attorney, because I thought I'd be able to get my own. Meanwhile, my wife told me that she had changed her mind and was willing to drop the charges. I was therefore caught with my guard down when I learned that she no longer had the legal right to withdraw her allegation; the judge told me, "Your wife hasn't any right to change anything. The state of Indiana is the plaintiff and not your

wife." (This statement is not from memory—it's in the court record.)

Thus, a private sex act followed by a foolish quarrel between husband and wife had become the business of the state. Naïvely. I continued to refuse legal representation; I pleaded guilty and threw myself at the mercy of the court, thinking that in this enlightened age, I would be given a suspended sentence or a short term of imprisonment. To my astonishment, the judge sentenced me to not less than two nor more than fourteen years. I still can't make myself realize that in a democracy, the state can deprive a man of his liberty for a consensual sex act with his wife, but I've been in prison long enough to know that I am not imagining it. I have 11 more years to serve, and regardless of how good my behavior is, the likelihood of my being paroled is remote, because "sex offenders" are rarely released before they've served considerably more than their minimum terms,

My faith in justice has been somewhat restored by a lawyer who has taken an interest in my case, and by the Playboy Foundation, which has assisted him in filing an appeal attacking the constitutionality of the Indiana sodomy statute. I hope and pray that their efforts in court will end this nightmare.

Charles O. Cotner Indiana State Reformatory Pendleton, Indiana

As we go to press, we have learned that Mr. Cotner's petition was granted in the United States Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit. Judge Kiley, expressing the majority opinion, stated:

We reverse because we have concluded that Cotner has no adequate method for raising his constitutional argument under Indiana procedural rules and because we have also concluded that there is a substantial question as to the constitutionality of the Indiana sodomy statute as applied in this case which Cotner was not informed of prior to his plea of guilty, thereby rendering his plea of guilty void as not understandingly made.

On the constitutional issue, Judge Kiley commented:

Cotner attacks the Indiana sodomy statute on the ground that it violates . . . the Indiana Constitution and the Fourteenth Amendment of the United States Constitution, because it is vague A secretary writes:



Getting dates used to be a problem till I switched to Colt 45.

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A completely unique experience!



and because, as applied, it violates his right of privacy under the Supreme Court decision in "Griswold vs. Connecticut." (We think that Cotner has standing to complain about Indiana's intrusion into the privacy of Cotner's marriage relation, even though his wife has made the complaint against him. It is essential to the preservation of the right of privacy that a husband have standing to protect the marital bedroom against unlawful intrusion.) In "Griswold," the Supreme Court recognized a constitutional right to marital privacy and held that the right is violated by the imposition of criminal sanctions for the use of birthcontrol devices by married couples. The import of the "Griswold" decision is that private, consensual, marital relations are protected from regulation by the state through the use of a criminal penalty.

Judge Kiley stopped short of declaring the Indiana sodomy statute unconstitutional and allowed the state of Indiana the option of retrying Cotner within a reasonable time: "This procedure could, if prosecution, conviction and appeal followed, give the Indiana courts an opportunity to resolve the substantial constitutional questions which may be involved in Cotner's case."

While we regret that a constitutional decision was not reached, we are gratified that Cotner has finally been set free after almost three years of imprisonment and we hope that Judge Kiley's enlightened comments will be heeded by other courts and by state legislatures throughout the United States. Although "The American Law Institute Model Penal Code adopts the view that consensual private sexual conduct between adults should not ordinarily be subject to criminal sanction" (Judge Kiley), every state except Illinois still provides prison terms, frequently severe, for anal or oral intercourse; among these states, only New York exempts married couples from the law's jurisdiction.

Finally, we commend attorney William Erbecker, who brought this case to the attention of the Playboy Foundation, and who worked diligently and selflessly to secure Cotner's freedom.

STATUTORY RAPE AND ABORTION

North Carolina's general assembly last year passed an amended abortion bill introduced and championed by my law partner, Senator Jack H. White. This act makes abortion legal if a doctor can establish that there is a risk of serious impairment to the mother's health or that there is substantial risk of grave physical or mental defect in the child or that the pregnancy resulted from rape or incest, provided the rape is reported to a law-enforcement agency within seven days.

Though I consider this law a step in the right direction, I recently encountered a grave defect in it. The last condition

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

CENSORSHIP IN SCHOOL

BLYTHE, CALIFORNIA—Philosophy teacher William Hensey, Jr., was fired by Palo Verde Junior College for alleged immoral conduct and classroom impropriety. His offense: using the word "whore" in class while cautioning students about the possibility of contracting venereal disease in a nearby Mexican border town.

VARIABLE OBSCENITY

WASHINGTON, B. C.—For the first time in American history, the Supreme Court has upheld a censorship law designed to apply only to children and, in so doing, has endorsed the doctrine of "variable obscenity." In a six-to-three decision (Justices Black, Douglas and Fortas dissenting), the Court affirmed the constitutionality of Section 184-h of the New York State Penal Code, which prohibits the sale of certain materials to persons less than 17 years old. In the majority verdict, Mr. Justice Brennan defined variable obscenity by quoting an earlier U.S. Court of Appeals decision, which stated that

"... material which is protected for distribution to adults is not necessarily constitutionally protected from restriction upon its dissemination to children. In other words, the concept of obscenity or of unprotected matter may vary according to the group to whom the questionable material is directed or from whom it is quarantined."

In a vigorously worded dissent, Justice Douglas declared, "Censors are of course propelled by their own neuroses," and cited three appendices concerning mental illness among censors, adding "I seriously doubt the wisdom of trying by law to put the fresh, evanescent, natural blossoming of sex in the category of 'sin.'"

JUSTICE IN BLACK AND WHITE

BUFFALO, NEW YORK-A bizarre case in which the victim of rape is being prosecuted has created a storm of controversy here. The victim, Mrs. Zella Moore, a Negro mother, said that the rapist held her prisoner for eight hours and threatened to kill her three children if she turned him in. The rapist, Winston Moseley (recently escaped from a mental hospital), was the same person who stabbed Catherine Genovese to death in New York City in 1964 while 32 neighbors watched; Mrs. Moore obviously showed good judgment in fearing him. Moseley was picked up by FBI agents one day after raping Mrs. Moore and she was subsequently arrested for failing to report the crime. District Attorney Michael F. Dillon

assigned the only Negro on his prosecuting staff, Barbara M. Sims, to present the case in court against the rape victim. Assistant District Attorney Sims appeared in court but refused to prosecute and, as a result, was dismissed from her job for insubordination. Outside the court, she asked the press, "If this had been a white woman raped, do you think they would have brought her into court and charged her with a crime?"

In the light of recent research showing that Negroes are more likely than whites to be sentenced to death for rape ("The Playboy Forum," March), it is tragically ironic to learn that Negroes fare worse not only as rapists but as rape victims, too.

ONE DAY TO LIFE

NEW YORK-Under present New York State criminal laws, 155 persons are now serving indeterminate sentences of one day to life for sex offenses, and numerous others charged with crimes have spent years in maximum-security correctional institutions without ever having come to trial (in Matteawan State Hospital as of 1965, 645 such persons had spent from 5 to 64 years there). Efforts are being made in the state to ensure greater protection for the civil rights of both groups. New York's Court of Appeals has ruled that a sex offender cannot be given an indefinite sentence unless the sentencing judge has held a hearing establishing that the convicted person endangers the physical safety of the public, is a habitual offender or is mentally ill. And a committee of the New York City Bar Association has urged overhaul of the laws governing commitment of persons charged with crimes but considered too mentally ill to stand trial. The fates of such defendants, the committee's report said, are governed at present by "an incredible patchwork of laws . . . replete with inconsistent, incongruous, inequitable and archaic provisions."

N. Y. REFORM ABORTED

ALBANY, NEW YORK—A bill to liberalize New York State's abortion law was defeated for the second consecutive year by the state assembly. The defeat was a surprise to the bill's supporters, who thought that they had enough votes to secure passage. Abortion reform was also backed this year by the report of a special governor's commission.

Assemblyman Albert H. Blumenthal, the bill's sponsor, successfully moved to return it to committee when he saw the vote was going against it. "The pressures were just too great in an election year."

A. C. L. U. AND ABORTION

NEW YORK—The American Civil Liberties Union has concluded that all abortion laws—including so-called liberal ones covering therapeutic abortion—violate individual freedom. In a strongly worded report, the A.C.L.U. recommends that every state abolish all penalties for abortions performed by licensed doctors during the first five months of pregnancy. Any reform short of this, the A.C.L.U. stated, "deprives women of the liberty to decide whether and when their bodies are to be used for procreation," and this deprivation is "without due process of law."

COSTLY CONTRACEPTIVE BAN

Wilbur J. Cohen, Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, has warned that Massachusetts and Wisconsin will lose Federal aid to families of dependent children if these states do not liberalize their birth-control laws. Neither state permits unmarried women to purchase contraceptive devices legally.

A proposal to change the Massachusetts law was put before the state legislature. Birth-control crusader William R. Baird ("The Playboy Forum," February), speaking in favor of liberalization at a hearing of the Joint Social Welfare Committee, said Massachusetts has "a law on the books denying unmarried welfare recipients birth-control help; yet taxpayers are charged enormous sums each year for welfare, one half of which goes to the unwed mother and aid to dependent children. This is the height of irresponsibility." The bill was defeated in the Massachusetts House of Representatives 173 to 49.

Baird still faces two five-year prison sentences in Massachusetts on convictions for having displayed a birth-control device and for having given a contraceptive to an unmarried woman.

WAR ON OVERPOPULATION

Mankind's disastrous overbreeding continues at an alarming rate, but progress is being made in efforts to check the trend. The National Center for Health Statistics announced that 1967's birth rate of 17.9 per 1000 Americans was the lowest in history; but an organization called Campaign to Check the Population Explosion feels that the problem is still critical and urges a Government crash program to deal with it.

Commenting on the situation elsewhere, Dr. Frank W. Notestein, recently retired head of the Population Council, told The New York Times that such methods as the intra-uterine device are making significant inroads into the birth rates of underdeveloped countries. Nevertheless, the rate of population growth in many of those countries still exceeds the rate of implementation of economic

and educational reforms, thereby keeping the standard of living at a standstill or actually lowering it.

HATE THY NEIGHBOR

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA-Further evidence has been found supporting the view that there is a strong correlation between churchgoing and racial and religious prejudice ("The Playboy Forum," February). Commenting on a five-year study of the subject, research sociologist Rodney Stark said that "The facts are that Christian laymen, as a group, are a rather prejudiced lot . . . furthermore, they deny the right of the churches to challenge their prejudices." In many instances, Christian laymen would encounter no such challenge; the study showed that, regardless of what their churches say officially, nearly one third of clergymen have the same prejudices.

Stark attributed the connection between church membership and bias to the Western Christian "radical free-will image of man": If a man believes that everyone controls his own destiny, he is likely to be intolerant of the weaknesses of others and to blame the disadvantaged for their own misery. The result is resistance to the civil rights movement and to large-scale attempts to improve the lot of minority groups.

DRUGS AND PSYCHOSES

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS-Sociologist Howard S. Becker of Northwestern University has questioned the view, currently widespread among psychiatrists, that LSDtype drugs can cause psychoses. According to Becker, bad trips that land the psychedelic voyager in a hospital are not really psychotic episodes at all and can be treated better by other drug users than by most psychiatrists. What usually happens. Becker suggests, is that the person who thinks he is going mad-in most cases, a novice in psychedelic-drug taking-has encountered feelings and perceptions that are new to him. This may cause panic. If he goes to an ordinary psychiatrist, he will very likely be diagnosed as psychotic; but if he turns to other trippers for help, they will reassure him that they have all been there themselves and that he will calm down eventually. Becker predicts that as experience with the use of psychedelics accumulates and the drug-using subculture grows, socalled drug psychoses will become less common. The sociologist points out that marijuana is similar to psychedelics in that it was considered a cause of insanity when it first became popular in this country during the Thirties. A 1939 study listed no fewer than 31 cases of potinduced psychoses, but a search through relevant medical and psychiatric journals has revealed no reported cases of marijuanacaused insanity since 1940.

does not adequately cover cases of statutory rape, in which it is not likely that the teenage victim or her parents will report the act until pregnancy is discovered. I attempted to help a 12-yearold girl get an abortion; she had become pregnant after relations with her current boyfriend. The conception had occurred two months before she told anyone what had happened. Her physical health was good, so I could only investigate the possibility that her mental health would be gravely impaired. The psychiatrists who examined her made the incredible statement that she was "a normal pregnant 12-year-old," She could not be helped.

Robert C. Powell Attorney at Law Dallas, North Carolina

GUILT-FREE ABORTION

Some years ago, I was forced to obtain an illegal abortion. I went to a doctor for a checkup and he discovered that I was pregnant. Since I wasn't married and the doctor was a friend of the family, he told my mother. The boy who had made me pregnant was not in a position to marry me. Furthermore, I had been exposed to X rays at an early stage in the fetus' development and had reason to believe the child would be deformed.

My mother took me to a doctor who performed the abortion. He was neither a butcher nor a money grabber. In fact, he is a prominent physician with an attractive office in a good neighborhood. He charged us \$115.

I am now married to the man who had made me pregnant. I am in perfect physical health and am planning to have children in a few years. I feel no guilt or depression about having had an abortion, because my mother and my husband-to-be were so understanding. The man who described abortion as a "moral evil" about which people should feel guilty (The Playboy Forum, February) is wrong. It is the attitude of the unwed mother and of her loved ones that determines whether abortion will leave a burden of guilt.

(Name withheld by request) Seattle, Washington

ABORTION AND CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

Medical schools should encourage neophyte doctors to practice illegal abortion when asked by someone needing such an operation. Doctors who break the law by performing illegal abortions are far more humane, moral and responsible than are the doctors who abide by the law and refuse help to those who need it. There are many ways to get around abortion laws today, as Lawrence Lader points out in his book Abortion.

There are moral principles that are more important than the law. The Nazi

era taught us that it is immoral to obey cruel, unjust and irrational laws.

The standard objection to an argument such as this is, "If everybody thought that way, we'd have anarchy." This is nonsense. If, when breaking a law, one does not exploit or damage one's fellow human beings, social disorder will

It is estimated that roughly 1,000,000 illegal abortions are performed each year in this country by nonprofessionals, with hundreds of deaths and much maining and suffering resulting; yet the country has not fallen into a state of disorder. It is highly improbable, therefore, that there would be any social disorganization if these illegal abortions were performed by responsible medical doctors.

> Brian G. Gilmartin Department of Sociology State University of Iowa Iowa City, Iowa

ABORTION RIGHTS

The controversy over the legality of abortion makes little sense; the only salient point is that women will always be seeking and having abortions. I had an illegal abortion that nearly cost me my life and that did cost me dearly in shame and in the loss of my parents' respect. I personally know seven women who have had similar experiences. In each case, marriage was not possible and the specter of bearing and raising an illegitimate child in conditions of social disgrace and economic hardship far outweighed any feeling that having an abortion was wrong or illegal. Since all the laws in the world will not stop women from aborting unwanted children, society should recognize this fact and therefore stop demanding that we break the law, often laying our lives on the line to do so.

(Name withheld by request) Rockville, Maryland

ABORTION IN BRAZIL

At present, abortion in Brazil is considered a crime, because the principle prevails that a human life with human rights exists from the moment of conception. The law distinguishes three kinds of abortion: that performed by the mother herself, that performed by another person with the mother's consent and that performed by another person without the mother's consent. The penalty for the first type is one to three years in jail; for the second, one to four years for both parties; for the third, three to ten years for the person performing the abortion.

Although abortion is a crime under Brazilian law, there are exceptions. Abortion is not punishable if performed with the mother's consent by a physician to save the life of the mother or if the pregnancy is the result of rape. Unlike the recently liberalized laws in the United States, these exceptions do not require the sanction of a committee of doctors; the word of the attending physician is accepted. Thus, the doctor has the freedom to make liberal judgments if he so chooses. However, to justify an abortion in the case of rape, there must be evidence of the crime.

The point I want to make is this; Although Brazilian abortion laws are not models of liberality, they are more advanced than in most of your states; opposition to the liberalization of American laws seems to be strongest among Catholics, yet Brazil is almost entirely Catholic.

> Boris P. Kauffmann Attorney at Law Catholic University of São Paulo São Paulo, Brazil

CUMULATIVE EFFECT OF ABORTION

Apparently, advocates of legalized abortion do not realize the cumulative effect precedent can have on society. The liberal abortion laws now being proposed retain fairly strict standards for deciding when abortion should be permitted. But it is not inconceivable to me that, with abortion readily available, individuals may become lax in their contraceptive practices, relying on the medical man to bail them out, should an unwanted conception take place. Such a tendency would inevitably chip away at the established standards restricting the availability of abortion.

As the killing of unborn infants through abortion becomes more and more commonplace, so also will the value of all other human lives become less and less important. Since advocates of liberalized abortion laws apparently do not grant that the embryo has any valid claim to life, the wishes of any individual will not be held in much esteem.

Advocates of liberalized abortion laws do not see the significance of the history of Nazi Germany, where, by a gradual process of erosion, the value of human life and the importance of the individual were reduced to zero. They do not think it follows that if the life of a fetus can be snuffed out, then we can liquidate the aged, those on welfare and others who make no contribution to society.

Consider the fact that a one-degree drop in the average temperature of a region can be conducive to more snow and that snow can accumulate until a glacier is formed. Likewise, the cumulative effect of thousands of legal abortions could build up a glacier of indifference that would crush our present respect for human life. All it takes is a drop in temperature—the temperature of love.

Janet Peters Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Your imagery of falling temperature, snow and glaciers would be effective in a poem, but, alas, it all melts away in the sunlight of logical analysis. Your position depends on the unproved assumption that the embryo is, indeed, a human being and that abortion therefore constitutes the taking of human life. Advocates of liberalized abortion laws generally hold that only one human life is involved in an abortion-that of the mother. You miss the point that it is respect for the lives of prospective mothers-indisputably human-that motivates advocacy of liberalized abortion laws. The "glacier of indifference" that you fear already exists is the indifference too many people in this country have for the sufferings of women afflicted with unwanted pregnancies.

Thus, any precedent that would be established by the liberalization of abortion laws would move not in the direction of greater indifference to human life and the importance of the individual but in quite the opposite direction-toward greater respect for the quality of

individual lives.

VOLUNTARY STERILIZATION

I was very interested in your excellent reply to the Chicago woman who wrote of the difficulties in obtaining a sterilization operation (The Playboy Forum, February). The reader asked: "How can we convince the medical profession that it is guilty of gross neglect in denving women an operation that is legal, harmless and, in many cases, desperately needed?" PLAYBOY's answer covered the factors of misinformation, fear of legal problems and innate conservatism among doctors, all of which are pertinent. However, another factor of equal importance should be recognized: the influence, both direct and indirect, and often decisive, of Catholic dogma on medical practice in this country.

The Association for Voluntary Sterilization, Inc., conducts a program of education, research and service, including an active Speakers Bureau. We know for a fact that speaking engagements for our lecturers have been canceled on occasion due to Catholic pressure; that hospital policies on voluntary sterilization in many areas of the country are severely restrictive due to Catholic influence on committees, on boards of trustees, etc.; and that Catholic doctors, by and large, refuse to perform contraceptive sterilizations, regardless of the need, desire or religious faith of the patient.

Freedom of choice in matters of birth control is a basic human right and it must not be abridged by sectarian influences, in hospitals, in Government programs or in private medical practice. Voluntary sterilization as a method of birth control has been approved by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, by the Department of Defense (for dependent wives of Servicemen) and by the Federal-state Medicaid program in about 20 states; yet, the Office of Economic Opportunity remains adamant in refusing to allow family-planning programs to use OEO funds for voluntary

the thirst slaker

Falstaff-brewed clear to drink fresh. The one that wets down a thirst with cold, foaming flavor. FALSTAFF BREWING CORP. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Falst Falst Fooduce of



sterilization. Repeated protests to the director of the OEO from the A. V. S. and the American Civil Liberties Union have resulted in a deafening silence and no change in the official OEO stance. The A. C. L. U. has described Sargent Shriver's anti-voluntary-sterilization edict as "discriminating against the poverty group" and a violation of the concepts of due process and equal treatment guaranteed by the Constitution, A formal A. C. L. U. statement added: "The arbitrary denial of Federal funds for surgical birth control, i.e., voluntary sterilization . . . cannot be justified in view of the ease with which a wealthy person can obtain this treatment privately.'

Voluntary sterilization is legal in all 50 states, with restrictions to reasons of "medical necessity" only in Connecticut and Utah. Clearly, the problem is not a legal one but, rather, one of education and elimination of the influences of reli-

gious dogma from this field.

Donald H. Higgins Association for Voluntary Sterilization, Inc. New York, New York

The February Playboy Forum included a letter concerning the difficulties of obtaining an operation to have oneself sterilized. My own experience has been more fortunate. My wife and I have two children and we feel that having more would place an unacceptable hardship on our finances and on our energies. My wife took birth-control pills for five years, but we felt that it would make sense to take a permanent step so we wouldn't have to be bothered with these precautions.

As a result, I had a vasectomy. The corresponding operation for a woman is major surgery, compared with that for the male, but my operation took about 20 minutes and was performed in the doctor's office. The pain was no more than that of a pin prick or a small scratch. Immediately after the surgery, I drove my motorcycle home, a distance of 40 miles. And I didn't miss a day of work. The operation has had no detrimental effect on my sexual drive or my sexual abilities. For the doctor's protection, I signed a form stating that being sterilized was entirely my own choice and that the doctor was free from any suit I might file, should I feel remorse; however, I feel absolutely none. In fact, my wife and I are now much more carefree in our lovemaking.

W. M. Stallings North Hollywood, California

PSYCHIATRIC INJUSTICE

Psychiatrists on college campuses often act not as therapists but as spies for the administration. In an article titled "The Psychiatrist as Double Agent" in Trans-action magazine, psychiatrist Thomas S. Szasz states that when a

student reveals, in confidence, that he is markedly individualistic or might do something that may embarrass the school, the therapist is expected to report this to the school authorities. The trust that is essential for effective psychotherapy is thus undermined as the student begins to suspect that his "treatment" is more likely to involve punishment than help. My own experience supports this.

Trusting that my counselor's purpose was to help me work through a period of intense emotional upheaval, I told him that I had seriously contemplated committing suicide. Far from offering sympathy and understanding, he immediately informed the dean of students. Since a suicide might create unfavorable publicity for the college, the dean decided that the welfare of the institution dictated my expulsion. Furthermore, he insisted that I could not be readmitted until such time as a psychiatrist would vouch for my emotional stability (i.e., would assure the dean that I would not besmirch the school's image by doing away with myself on campus). His comments on my record have made it virtually impossible for me to transfer to a different college. If I do secure the services of a private psychiatrist (no simple matter, given the time and expense involved and a student's budget), my trust in him will be undermined by the knowledge that he will have to make some kind of report to the dean if I am to be reinstated.

Operating in a situation in which mental health is defined in terms of not rocking the boat, college psychiatrists inevitably find themselves playing dual roles: therapist and informer-disciplinarian. Given the fact that the schools pay their salaries, it is not surprising that they generally choose the latter role if conflict forces a

Of course, it would be unfair to suggest that all campus counselors are willing to sacrifice their professional integrity and betray the confidence of students who seek their assistance. I know, for example, of a psychologist on a Midwestern campus who maintained that his sole purpose was to do therapy and who steadfastly refused to discuss any of the details of his cases with administrators. He was fired.

> (Name and address withheld by request)

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Two weeks ago, I was released from prison. I had served two and one half years for a misdemeanor and was freed through the efforts of a conscientious attorney, hired at no small cost by my parents. Had my case not been returned to court, I would be facing two more years of confinement before the California Department of Mental Hygiene would consider discharging me. As most people know, a misdemeanant rarely serves more than one year-usually spent in the county jail. But if a man is convicted of a sex crime in California, he can be sentenced "indeterminately" as a "mentally disordered sex offender." An M. D. S. O. is one who is diagnosed by qualified psychiatrists as "dangerous to the health and safety of others." I was found to be dangerous because I solicited a sailor to commit a homosexual act. He was 20 years and 11 months old. Had he been on earth 30 days longer, my crime would have been different. I was 26. There were no aggravating circumstances in the solicitation. Furthermore, I have never approached children or teenagers, never carried a weapon or assaulted anyone and I have never loitered in public places or made any effeminate display of my homosexuality.

> (Name withheld by request) Los Angeles, California

A CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

The intelligent and sensitive letters in The Playboy Forum from liberal clergymen give a false image of what many devout Christians are really like. Let me give you an illustration from my own experience.

I am a 21-year-old girl majoring in religion at a Christian college (which, in the name of morality, bans movies, dancing, smoking and drinking on campus). I enjoy the company of men tremendously and consider myself quite normal sexually. However, at the beginning of this school term, I became friendly with a 22-year-old girl with whom I shared the same interests in music, literature and hobbies. Because I spent a good deal of time with her, rumors spread that she and I were Lesbians. Rather than create an incident that might cause us to look guilty because we "protested too much," we decided to ignore the rumors and thus live them down.

Recently, the matter came to a head. Another girl asked to room with me because of personal differences with her current roommate. I did not know about this request until I learned that the girl had been turned down by the dean of women, who implied that the request was refused because the arrangement would be "unnatural"; she further implied that I would lead my potential roommate "away from the face of the Lord" and that I was, therefore, not a Christian. I then felt compelled to go to the dean to deny the rumors about myself. She showed little interest in my denials and asked why I was so upset if they were not true. Thus, a concern with one's reputation is automatically taken as a confession of guilt.

If I seem disillusioned with Christian schools and Christianity in general, it is because brotherly love and charity lie forgotten, while bigotry, hypocrisy and cruelty reign. If I were a Lesbian, it would be nobody's business but my own;

I am not a Lesbian and that, too, is no one else's business. Yet, I am unable to fight to save my own reputation; I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't.

(Name and address withheld by request)

A KNOT OF TENSION

I have enjoyed PLAYBOY, but one feature in your October 1967 issue created a knot of tension in me that was resolved only over a period of several months. I refer to your pictorial essay on the movie version of D. H. Lawrence's The Fox. Your words and pictures suddenly brought to light two subjects-female masturbation and female homosexuality -- about which my childhood training had given me a complete block. Although I have been married for over 40 years and my wife and I have been reasonably experimental in our lovemaking, it is now obvious to me that there are some sexual subjects that I have never been able to confront except on an intellectual level. I can talk rationally and even liberally about socially condemned sexual behavior, but my thoughts have been arid, without imaginative emotional contact. You suddenly made me realize that I have been, in effect, blind to part of the spectrum all my life, I now see joy, warmth and beauty where before I saw only strangeness.

I am looking forward to seeing *The Fox* and I hope PLAYBOY continues to provide similar healthy shocks to my nervous system.

(Name withheld by request) Corpus Christi, Texas

MORE DEVIATION, LESS POPULATION

The prevalence of homosexuality throughout history in man and other animals might indicate that it has some adaptive value. Sociologists have long recognized that there are built-in automatic demographic controls that serve to keep a population at optimum size. Homosexuality was a nonsurvival trait when greater numbers of people were needed. That era produced today's sanctions against homosexuality. Homosexuality was probably approved in classical Greece, because the country could not support a large population. Likewise, it was approved in the Roman Empire, because the general prosperity of the Mediterranean basin brought about a rapid population increase. The ancient Hebrews were a nomadic people to whom numbers meant strength; thus, their religion outlaws homosexuality. During the Middle Ages, when population was declining because of war, famine and plague, the antihomosexual Old Testament morality was reasserted by Christianity.

There is presently a population explosion, but we are stuck with the traditional prohibitions against homosexuality, because culture lags behind environmen-

tal changes. I do not advocate inversion, but I think those so inclined should be allowed to practice it (in private and with consent) without legal or social proscriptions.

(Name withheld by request) Nashville, Tennessee

While we join you in deploring senseless prejudice against homosexuals, we find more science fiction than social science in your suggestion that inversion has value as a method of population control. To begin with, there is no evidence that population trends ever had any correlation to the prevalence or lack of homosexuality in any society; in fact, the evidence points the other way. For instance, your examples of classical Greece and Rome are irrelevant, because the men who practiced homosexuality in these societies rarely did so on an exclusive basis and they frequently had children by a wife and/or several concubines.

The early (pre-exilic) Hebrews condemned homosexual activity only when it formed part of the worship of non-Hebrew gods. It was long after the Hebrews ceased being nomads that homosexuality became a moral issue. Nor was antihomosexual morality "reasserted" by Christianity in the Middle Ages; the church began to issue this condemnation around 300 A.D. and has maintained it with relative consistency to the present day.

There are other historical, as well as current, instances that tend to disprove your theory. In Victorian England, when the population was expanding, homosexuality was severely condemned. And to this day, the Arabs live in areas of low-density population, but do not condemn homosexuality.

The major flaw in your hypothesis is its failure to recognize that only exclusive homosexuals-those who never have any congress with the opposite sex -can make a difference in population growth. At present, the exclusive homosexual comprises only four percent of the total white male population (Kinsey) -hardly enough to make a difference. Yet any society that was liberal enough to drop its "legal or social proscriptions" against homosexuality would also be permissive about sex in general. That society would automatically contain fewer of the irrational taboos and restrictions that are known to cause distortions (such as inversion) of normal sexual behavior. Thus, as sexual liberalization increases, we would expect to see fewer exclusive homosexuals, not, as you suppose, more of them.

Fortunately, the problem of population control, complex as it is, does not depend on fanciful speculations regarding inversion. Modern science has provided nearly perfect contraceptive and abortion techniques and is continuously searching for better ones. Where these techniques have been made available and where the population is educated to their benefits, encouraging progress has already been made in solving the problem.

SEX IN THE CELLS

We inmates of Kumla Prison (Europe's most modern penal institution) consider ourselves extremely lucky to be able to receive and read PLAYBOY. We are in full agreement with your philosophy. Here, as in a few other penitentiaries in Sweden, the inmates can be visited in their cells for three-hour periods by their wives or their fiancées. Furthermore, we have the right to take a 48-hour leave after serving ten months of our sentence. We can read anything we like, including pornography. Although homosexuality among men and women in captivity has increased throughout Europe in the past year, this is not the case at

We feel the Swedish system for confining criminals is very advanced in comparison with that of the U. S.; but we aren't boasting about this, because no matter how much one improves it, prison is still prison.

> Walter Müller Kumla, Sweden

POLICEMAN, HEAL THYSELF

In the March Playboy Forum, the letter titled "A Policeman's Lot" presented the same whining complaint that I heard from fellow officers when I served as a policeman in England and in Canada: "People have no respect for the police nowadays!" What a load of old rubbish.

Are the people really to blame for not respecting the police? If a few leading police chiefs were to say "Maybe the public doesn't respect us because we don't respect the public," they might come closer to putting their houses in order.

The March Forum letter writer objects to the image of policemen as a "bigoted, tyrannical elite." Tyrannical may be an overstatement, but bigoted is certainly true. To most policemen, the sight of a Negro, a beat-up old car or a demonstration for peace, civil rights or the labor movement has the same effect as a red cloth waved in the face of a bull. It appears to me that on both sides of the Atlantic, the police have a category of people under the broad heading: "Those We Can Give a Pretty Hard Time To." People in this category never get the deferential treatment given to, say, a speeder in a Jaguar.

I fear that the problem of police public relations will get worse before it gets better. Until there is no justification for the charges of racial prejudice, brutality and rigged evidence that are made against our law-enforcement officials, there will be a continuing decline in public respect for the police.

I am no longer a policeman and I want to lead a quiet life without harassment; I should be obliged if you would conceal my identity.

> (Name withheld by request) Liverpool, England

PRIVATE MORALITY AND THE FUZZ

I do not understand the principles that guide most people today, as exemplified by the many Playboy Forum letters that appeared in the wake of Kenneth Rexroth's July 1967 article, The Fuzz. Both Mr. Rexroth and the letter writers seem to approve of the idea that whatever our citizenry wants to do, as long as it does not harm others and is done with the consent of all concerned, should be accepted by society and, therefore, by the police. But if this is so, why should society protect a man who impoverishes himself, who takes on the responsibility of a family he cannot support or who through imprudence is not able to meet his medical expenses in his old age?

I feel that if society subscribes to the principle that we can protect individuals from the consequences of financial improvidence, then we should also subscribe to the principle that we can protect individuals from the consequences of physical, mental or moral self-destruction caused by drugs, alcohol, perversion or any other kind of so-called private behavior.

If such protection of the individual is the responsibility of the police, they have a rough job and they deserve more support than Mr. Rexroth would have us give them.

Bertram R. Stanley Henrietta, New York

There is an obvious difference between treating an individual problem as a crime and treating it as a difficulty requiring assistance. The welfare recipient asks for help, is given it if he can prove his need, and is not deprived of his liberty. The actions of the drug addict. sexual deviate and, in some cases, the alcoholic are defined as crimes; and these persons are often arrested, condemned and imprisoned. If society chose to help such persons in a manner equivalent to the present welfare principle, it would give aid when it is voluntarily sought and the aid would be in the form of an enlightened rehabilitation program, not police action. Experience has shown that imprisonment reinforces individual problems of this nature; it doesn't help cure

FRIENDSHIP FOR THE FUZZ

For the most part, I agree with the *Playboy Forum* letters supporting Kenneth Rexroth's appraisal of *The Fuzz*. We can no longer pretend that police brutality is a myth invented by irresponsible lawyers, Negroes and hippies. Ghetto minorities are regularly harassed by intolerant officers of the law. Anyone who watches TV news broadcasts has seen a police truncheon wielded with a bloody anger that denies both circumspection and humanity.

Brutality exists—and it is exalted by the brutal, approved by the thrill-hungry and permitted by the apathetic. It has become a national scandal.

Early American generations would have dealt summarily with such official outrages; but ours is the generation that looked on silently while Catherine Genovese screamed away the last moments of her life. If we ignore criminal acts, it is not amazing that we ignore criminality in the men hired to prevent them.

Indeed, our attitude toward the police is characterized by a festering, slothful indolence; a society that sows complacency must inevitably reap disdain.

Ironically, the John Birch Society is one of the few organizations to take an interest in the men who protect us. "Support your local police" is a phrase heard often in the same breath with "Impeach Earl Warren."

If the police genuinely felt that they had public support, they would probably welcome review boards and gracefully accept Supreme Court decisions. But we are deficient in the following areas:

1. The police are underpaid. We continue to believe that because a policeman is dedicated to his profession, we need not pay him well.

2. The police are unable to make equitable salary demands. Policemen obviously cannot strike and, for the most part, their brotherhoods are not recognized as legitimate bargaining agents.

3. Police income is loaded with "fringe damages." Most policemen must purchase and maintain their equipment at their own expense; most are not paid for overtime or compensated for hazardous service.

4. The need for police professionalism is not recognized. Law enforcement is the only socially imperative profession without improvement incentives. Policemen should be compensated for time off and awarded scholarships for study in fields related to their work: social studies, psychology, American history, etc. After completing a course of study, a policeman should be promoted and given an increase in salary equal to his scholastic achievement. This occurs in too few cases.

Society cannot allow law officers to be ill-trained, ill-equipped or partisan. Had we given the police the respect due them long ago, we would not now be faced with a police problem and there would be no need for talk of brutality, review and restraint.

A. Peter Hollis Wilson, North Carolina

LIBERTARIAN POT LAW

Your readers might be interested in the following recommendations that I, as a licensed psychiatrist with many years' experience in drug problems, think appropriate for marijuana control:

1. Administratively, the responsibility

for regulation of marijuana trade shall be shifted from narcotics-enforcement control to alcoholic-beverage-control units of the state and the Federal Government.

2. Possession, without intent to sell, shall not be considered a crime. Possession of any amount exceeding two ounces but less than one kilogram shall constitute intent to sell, which is a misdemeanor. Possession exceeding one kilogram shall be dealt with more severely—a fine of appropriate size for the amount of marijuana.

3. Vending licenses shall be granted similar to those required for selling alcoholic beverages. Provisions for the prohibition of sale to children and persons known to abuse drugs should be included in licensing procedures.

4. Assay for resin content, biological activity and purity of product shall be the responsibility of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration where interstate commerce is involved and of the state or local health departments where intrastate trade is involved.

5. All growers, importers, manufacturers, compounders and dealers shall be duly regulated in their various functions by a system of licensing designed to protect the health and safety of the public.

Medical practitioners, druggists, investigators and researchers shall be similarly registered.

7. Public places where marijuana is sold for on-the-premises use shall be licensed according to local guidelines for granting licenses to bars, taverus, etc.

Each family or head of the household shall be permitted to grow no more than 100 plants per year.

9. Taxes collected from the production and the sale of marijuana shall be used for research into methods of controlling the abuse of this drug.

This program may seem radical, but actually it is based partially on the system followed in India while that country was an English possession. The India Hemp Drug Commission, recommending this program to Parliament in 1893, explicitly derived it from the libertarian philosophy of John Stuart Mill, who, in turn, was a conscious disciple of the principles stated in our Declaration of Independence.

Tod H. Mikuriya, M. D. San Francisco, California

CHEER FOR PROTESTERS

I can't imagine anyone being so naïve as to believe what George B. Allen asserted in the February Playboy Forum letter "Student Activists." To say that young people who demonstrate for civil rights show more concern for such issues than they do for getting an education is to miss the point that developing a concern for civil rights is an important part of becoming educated. Mr. Allen praises "clean-cut kids who do their job"; in other words, those who stick only to

books and classes. I might fit into this category, but I wholly endorse and even encourage people to protest and to march, if this is the manner in which they prefer to assert their views. My own protesting takes the form of sending letters to magazines, newspapers, public officials and students on other campuses, and I urge my friends, relatives and acquaintances to do likewise.

A valuable education can be acquired from protesting and marching. Why do so many people want to stop or restrict our freedom to do these things when they are, in fact, a part of our American heritage, from the Boston Tea Party to last October's march on the Pentagon? By protesting and marching today, young people are ensuring that future generations will have the same freedoms that we have now.

> Donald G. Johnson Central Washington State College Ellensburg, Washington

PROSECUTION FOR DISSENT

The public expression of opposition to the war in Vietnam seems to have become a felony punishable by a threeyear prison term. Last October, thousands of concerned people demonstrated their disapproval of the war at the Oakland Army Induction Center, Among them were university professors, ministers, scientists, writers, artists and students.

Now seven of the demonstrators, all in their early 20s, have been singled out for prosecution on conspiracy charges. The conspiracy consists of the defendants' allegedly banding together to commit misdemeanors. Justice Robert Jackson once called the use of conspiracy charges "the prosecutor's darling."

The district attorney explained to the press: "Technically, a hundred or even a thousand of the demonstrators could have been indicted for their actions. . . . We have to take the most militant leaders." He added: "The indictment procedure is a new one, a new policy we have adopted, and should serve as a warning and notice to people who would violate the law in so expressing themselves."

The prosecutor's "new policy" is designed to make an example of these seven-to silence disagreement with the war. These are not nationally famous leaders such as Dr. Spock; they are young people plucked out of the group to be isolated and punished.

We are horrified at this frontal assault on constitutional liberties. The law is being used to suppress the right of dissent. We protest the indictments and urge support for the defendants.

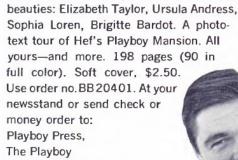
> Kay Boyle Herbert Gold Jessica Mitford Mark Schorer Stop the Draft Week Defense Fund Oakland, California



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OUR BEST

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you'll feel better.

RAPE IN BLACK AND WHITE

I have been checking out Playbov ever since you published the superb Miles Davis interview (Playboy, September 1962). One of the best things you have ever done is your factual and devastating put-down of the racists in the March Playboy Forum. I think every Afro-American should be grateful to Playboy for telling it like it is. Black men don't do most of the raping in the country; they just get most of the death sentences—and, hence, most of the publicity.

James Harris, Jr. Chicago, Illinois

DEATH FOR RAPE

Recently, The Playboy Forum discussed the death sentences received by three Negro rapists in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. A case has occurred in Virginia that tends to support the contentions made by your editors. In an appeal to the Virginia Supreme Court, the death sentences of two Negroes convicted of raping a young white woman were upheld. Attorneys for the defense based their case on lack of strong identification by the victim. The defense also emphasized statistics that appeared in a Washington and Lee Law Review article: From 1908, when the electric chair was installed in Virginia, to 1964, 56 persons have been executed for rape and related crimes. All of these people have been Negroes. Chief Justice John W. Eggleston replied that the record is devoid of any evidence of discriminatory application of the statute.

I wish I knew by what logic the chief justice arrived at that opinion.

Jay Kaplan Norfolk, Virginia

UNORTHODOX SEX PATTERNS

Let me comment on the adultery debate being carried on in The Playboy Forum, A year ago, my wife and I revealed to each other that we had both been unfaithful during our ten-year marriage. In my case, the infidelity went back eight years and was very infrequent; several women were involved and it was always far from home (on business trips). In my wife's case, there was only one affair, beginning three years ago and lasting for two years; it took place in my own home when I was absent. My wife and I have been faithful to each other since this mutual revelation and our marriage is stronger than ever, but we are both left with several gnawing questions.

Originally, there was a basic flaw in our relationship, of which our adulterous escapades were symptoms. Is this true in all cases? I do not know. Fifteen years ago, I learned that a young married couple of my acquaintance regularly indulged in the rather bizarre practice of having the husband watch while the wife and a friend performed in bed. They are now happy and productive people in their 40s, with three model children; the whole family is seemingly unharmed by the weird behavior of the past. Obviously, for these people, the acting out of socially condemned impulses was good and helpful. In our own case, however, the adultery would have torn us apart eventually, if we had not confessed and started anew on a different basis. Is it honesty that makes the difference?

I do not condemn adultery or any manner of sex between consenting adults, as long as honesty is scrupulously preserved.

> (Name withheld by request) Boston, Massachusetts

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

The sad story of the 21-year-old girl who was told by her parents to kill her dog as punishment for staying out all night with a man but who, instead, killed herself implicates some of our society's most cherished—but sickest—values (*The Playboy Forum*, May).

The case demonstrates the validity of messages that PLAYBOY, since its inception, has tried hard to drive home. Specifically, I refer to the espousing of natural, honest behavior and rational, humane attitudes in matters of sex, religion and morality.

Richard M. Bentley Signal Hill, California

SEX EDUCATION

The letters titled "Academic Freedom" and "Educational Games" (The Playboy Forum, January) remind me of the high school from which I recently graduated. There, too, frank discussion of sexual matters was suppressed, ostensibly on the grounds that sex education is best handled by parents. Ideally, this may be true; in practice, however, many parents fail to discuss sex with their children either because of fears traceable to their own puritanical upbringing or because of sheer irresponsibility. Sadly, the result is an educational vacuum that is filled with misinformation that leads to the perpetuation of yet another generation of ignorance, guilt and fear.

If secondary education is to lead to maturity (presumably, one of its goals), students must have the right to deal with sex in an intelligent manner. Instruction and discussion regarding sexual behavior and standards in a rapidly changing society should be made a part of every school's curriculum.

> John R. Leopold Lafayette, Indiana

MILITARY CHASTITY

The Army is still trying to promote Victorian morality among the troops. In

the Eighth Army, stationed in the Republic of Korea, the character-guidance topic for April was "Chastity," as described by a chaplain. The text contained such choice bits of wisdom as the following:

Our common American heritage stresses certain moral ideals, certain principles of right and wrong concerning our behavior. Among these ideals and principles is the virtue of chastity, the control of the sex instinct so that it serves its real purposes and not merely lust. . . .

Loss of chastity menaces each one of us as a person and threatens the health, well-being and lives of his loved ones; what's more, it may produce the side effect of menacing our nation's security.

If you add some alcohol to immaturity and social pressures, you get a most explosive mixture, indeed; it affects the motor center of the brain and impairs moral judgments, and easily leads to sexual looseness, the opposite of chastity.

> (Name withheld by request) APO San Francisco, California

SUPPRESSION AND REPRESSION

You tinhorn sophists have been exposed at last. I quote from an article, "The Playboy in Profile," by Bernard Suran, published some time ago in *Listening*, a journal of the Dominican Order of the Catholic Church. Brother Suran, trained in Thomist logic, tears the pseudo logic of *The Playboy Philosophy* to shreds:

The playboy's sexual exploits are motivated by a supposedly Freudian rule of thumb: Repressed sex is bad sex; expressed sex is good sex. "We reject as totally without foundation the premise of the prude, who would have us believe that man would be healthier and happier if he were somehow able to curb these natural desires." I reject as totally without foundation the premise of the playboy, who would have us believe that any man who attempts to control his sexual appetite is a prude. . . .

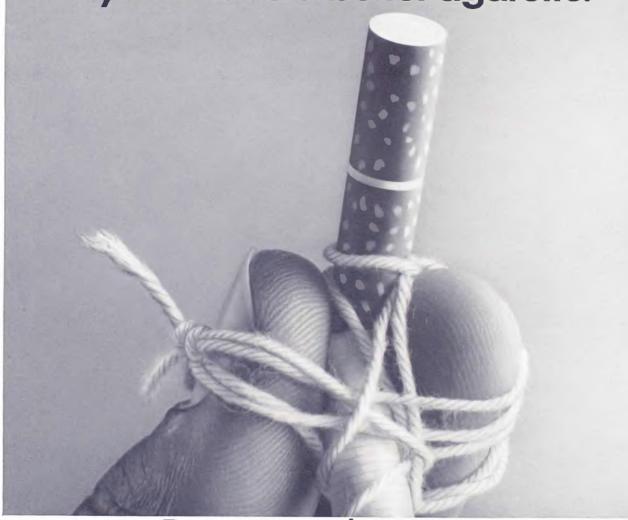
Repression is a largely unconscious process by which specific psychological activities or contents are excluded from conscious awareness. . . . As an unconscious process, repression can wreak havoc with other psychological functions.

Suppression, on the other hand, is conscious control of behavior, a form of self-control in which impulses, instinctual drives or disapproved desires are kept from direct expression. Let us illustrate the point. Suppose that our playboy

(continued on page 162)



If you could put Tareyton's charcoal filter on your cigarette, you'd have a better cigarette.



But not as good as a Tareyton.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAUL NEWMAN

a candid conversation with the gifted actor/sex star, fledgling director, antiwar activist and crowd-pulling campaigner for senator mc carthy

Hollywood's legendary masculine idols are gone: potent box-office names like Clark Gable, Humphrey Bogart, Tyrone Power and Gary Cooper are remembered largely by their legacy of celluloid on "The Late, Late Show." And such heroes of another generation as Cary Grant, who hasn't made a movie in three years, is old enough to qualify for Social Security. Almost by default, Paul Newman now stands conspicuously alone as the male sex star of American films. His rugged, chiseled face and coolly seductive presence lures women of all ages away from their television sets-except when his films are on-and into the nation's movie theaters. Comprehensive exhibitor surveys and personal-opinion polls verify that the Newman charisma prevails as that of no other actor on this side of the Atlantic. In a New York restaurant not long ago, a well-dressed matron of the type who normally would never even approach a star, much less ask for an autograph, stumbled into his table, blushed, stammered, shook her head and finally murmured, "I just couldn't help it. I had to keep staring at you." And a sophisticated publicity woman at Time Inc. confessed at a cocktail party, "I simply can't watch him on the screen. He's too much."

The undeniable sexual chemistry between Newman and his female fans is catalyzed by the complex, sinewy roles with which he has become identified in the course of his 14-year, 26-picture career. The often-one-dimensional matinee idols of past decades would have avoided his rogues' gallery of mixed-up goodbad guys, but Newman has made a host of contrary characters pay off handsomely. Four of them have carned him Academy Award nominations: pool shark Fast Eddie Felson in "The Hustler"; the impotent Brick in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof": Hud Bannon, the skirt-chasing, beer-swilling, arrogant antihero who tools his Cadillac convertible around a small Texas town in "Hud"; and "Cool Hand Luke," the happy-go-lucky decapitator of parking meters who eats 50 eggs to win a bet on a Southern chain gang.

With the exception of his portrayal of a Greek slave in "The Silver Chalice"—Newman's first picture and one that he would rather forget—he plays characters who pursue success (in "The Young Philadelphians" and "From the Terrace") and women (as the laconic private eye in "Harper," the ambitious drifter in "The Long Hot Summer" and the predatory gigolo in Tennessee Williams' "Sweet Bird of Youth") with the same casual cockiness.

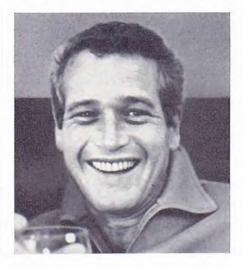
The roots for such impressive performances are nowhere visible in the mundane highlights of his first 25 years. Son of a prosperous Cleveland sporting-goods-store owner, Newman was raised in the exclusive suburb of Shaker Heights. After high school, he enrolled at Ohio's Kenyon College: but following the outbreak of World War Two, he quit to en-

list in the Navy. Selected for Naval Air Corps Officers Training, he was sent to Yale University; but because of partial color blindness, he flunked the physical and wound up serving three years as a radioman third class on torpedo planes crisscrossing the South Pacific. After the War, he returned to Kenyon and was graduated with a bachelor's degree in English. The class yearbook, he recalls. immortalized his lifelong and celebrated thirst for beer by noting that he had received "magnum cum lager" honors. This penchant for beer, as it turned out. was partially responsible for his becoming an actor. With several other members of Kenyon's football team, he got into a barroom brawl; after they were sprung from jail, two were expelled from school and the rest-including Newmanwere kicked off the team and put on probation. Having nothing better to do with his spare time, he decided to try his hand at acting in school plays.

Hooked, he signed up for several seasons of summer stock in Williams Bay, Wisconsin, and winter stock in Woodstock, Illinois, after graduation. But the death of his father in 1950 interrupted Newman's incubation as an actor and he reluctantly returned to Cleveland to run the family store. The world of business bored him, however; and after liquidating the enterprise, he entered the Yale School of Drama, from which he earned a master's degree. Within three months



"To think that after 'Hud' and 'Cool Hand Luke' and all the other pictures I've done and all the parts I've dug into, I come off as the guy women would most like to go to bed with—it's frightening."



"I think if I really got serious about it, I could run for Congress and probably make it—but it would be a tragedy for the nation. I just don't have the equipment—not that this has bothered some actors."



"My marriage isn't always fine and dandy—it involves two people with very different approaches and attitudes—but it has a certain thickness to it. And there's affection and respect and a good deal of humor."

after graduation, he landed a featured role on Broadway in William Inge's Pulitzer Prize-winning drama "Picnic" and was immediately stamped by critics as "a young Marlon Brando." During "Picnic's" 14-month run, he met one of the understudies, an intense young actress from Georgia named Joanne Woodward. In the ensuing years, they continued their friendship while studying with drama coach Lee Strasberg at the Actors Studio-citadel of the Method approach to acting. And after they co-starred in "The Long Hot Summer," based on several Faulkner short stories, Newman divorced his first wife (actress Jackie Witte) and married Joanne in 1958. By the time she had earned an Oscar for her schizophrenic role in "The Three Faces of Eve," Newman was already in the forefront of America's naturalistic actors-on the stage as well as on the

Today, at 43, he enjoys the status of a superstar. His pictures annually earn him a niche among the top box-office performers; and he makes as much as \$1,000,000 per film, plus a hefty percentage of the profits. But his celebrity status often attracts the kind of manhandling recognition he doesn't appreciate. To avoid the gawkers and autograph hounds, he frequently dons such disguises as false beards and sunglasses when venturing out in public, A jealous guardian of his personal privacy, he prefers to seclude himself with his wife at their permanent retreat, a 200-year-old carriage house situated on two and a half acres of wooded land along the Aspetuck River in Westport, Connecticut (where they live with their three children, plus his three children from the first marriage, on frequent visits). In this rustic setting, he prowls the grounds wearing chinos, T-shirt, loafers and a beer-can opener strung around his neck.

But he hasn't been content merely to sit around in kidney-shaped swimming pools guzzling brew, nor to rest on his laurels as an actor. Early in 1968, his career assumed a new dimension when he directed his first full-length motion picture, "Rachel, Rachel," on location in Connecticut and New York. Neither he nor his leading lady, Joanne Woodward, took any salary for this self-produced labor of love. While he was still supervising the splicing of completed scenes in a Manhattan projection room, his passion for politics and his disillusionment with the present Administration prompted him to involve himself in the Presidential campaign of Senator Eugene McCarthy. In addition to participating in television and radio endorsements of the candidate, he has journeyed on speechmaking forays to New Hampshire, Nebraska, Indiana, Oregon and Wisconsin on virtually every weekend since the spring. But this is not his first political band wagon: A liberal Democrat, he had also campaigned diligently for both

Presidents Kennedy and Johnson prior to their elections. And his interest in other contemporary issues is neither recent nor limited to partisan politics. Unlike some of his show-business peers, he took a firm stand on civil rights-joining in many marches and demonstrationslong before such militant involvement was fashionable in the movie colony. And some time ago, he embarked on a six-week crash program to absorb everything in print on atomic testing, thermonuclear war, fallout, survival, retaliation and Cold War defense. Emerging from his studies an articulate antiwar advocate, he was soon drafted into McCarthy's peace cause—and into a hot new spotlight. It was at this crossroads in his career that we decided to approach the actor-activist for this exclusive interview.

Following a series of preliminary conversations in Los Angeles with journalist Roy Newquist, PLAYBOY interviewer Richard Warren Lewis joined Newman in Indianapolis just after he had addressed a parking-lot rally in behalf of McCarthy. In contrast to his normally devil-may-care appearance (columnists have voted him regularly to the "Worst Dressed List"), Newman was wearing a conservative gray suit and dark tie-but not his customary weekend beard. Despite his fabled intake of the poor man's bubbly. there was no evidence of a beer belly on his muscular 158-pound physique, which he keeps trim by chopping wood, playing tennis and taking daily sauna baths. Although he had once renounced cigarettes, he was again smoking more than two packs a day. Lighting up a cigarette, he observed that he had defaulted \$3500 to friends who wagered he would be unable to permanently resist tobacco.

"After signing autographs, with uncharacteristic patience, for the last of his Indianapolis partisans," Lewis told us, "Newman hustled me onto a jet (he was scheduled to appear on the 'Tony Award Show' in New York that night), eased into his seat, whipped out a McCarthy button and pinned it to my lapel. Thus reassured that I was a friend, he talked at length during the flight to Kennedy, on a helicopter trip to Newark Airport and on a hair-raising drive to New York, strapped behind seat belts in his souped-up Volkswagen. We finally settled in his Manhattan apartment on East 50th Street, where he stretched out on a couch and propped his feet on an antique coffee table while we completed our marathon conversation over several bottles of-not surprisingly-beer. Since the subject was much on his mind. we began by asking him about his involvement in Senator McCarthy's campaign for the Democratic nomination."

PLAYBOY: For the past several months, you've spent nearly every weekend campaigning tirelessly for Eugene McCarthy throughout the country. What made you become interested in his cause?

NEWMAN: I've admired the man for years—but I admired the hell out of him

when he came out against Johnson. Then the McCarthy people called me and asked if I would be interested in taping some things on his behalf, so I went back and checked McCarthy's voting record. I was so fed up with the present Administration that I couldn't resist going to work for him. I found him to be a dedicated, courageous human being. It took guts to lay his cards on the table, to oppose a President who belonged to his own political party. It took guts to put himself on the line-the firing line. There were others who said we had to re-examine our position in Vietnam, who said there had to be an alternative to the war policy of the Johnson Administration-but he was the only one who dared to stake his political career on the strength of that conviction. Since then, others have taken up the cry, but McCarthy was there first. Here is a man who was willing to test the theory of democracy: Is the Government really of the people and by the people? When he won in New Hampshire and the Administration reversed its hard line and made a peace offer, he proved that it still is.

At the beginning, of course, it was regarded as only a token act of resistance-and consequently a lost cause. When I went to work for him, he stood alone. He had no machine. He had himself, his wife, their daughter Mary and one public-relations guy. When I went up to New Hampshire, there was a feeling that those who were against this war were cowards and probably traitors. The New Hampshire governor's office called us "fuzzy thinkers." But all the people who were supposed to have their finger on the pulse of American temperament were desperately wrong. I think McCarthy knew something, when we started out, that we did not know. I think he sensed the true dimensions of the country's confusion, dissatisfaction and disenchantment with this war-and with the way Johnson was running it. People didn't know what or why, but they knew there was something wrong in being told, every four months, that we were winning in Vietnam, at the same time another 200,000 troops were being thrown in. It didn't make sense. But Mc-Carthy's opposition to the war and to Johnson also seemed, on the surface, to be unpopular. But now that Johnson is negotiating, now that there's hope for meaningful talks-thanks to the public pressure created by McCarthy's victory in New Hampshire-the climate changed almost overnight. In just a matter of three weeks, everything reversed itself. Now it's a popular position to be a dove, to oppose our Vietnam policy. Suddenly we're considered patriots and humanitarians. That's really incredible to me.

PLAYBOY: What do you tell voters on the hustings about McCarthy?

NEWMAN: I tell them about the courage

WEATHER FORECAST Dry and extremely sociable

* EXTRA *

WEATHER FORECAST Dry and extremely sociable

SECTION I

CANADA DRY+ THE NATION'S LEADING MIXERS

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AMERICA'S GOING DRY!



For your thirsty summer mob: a slug of gin in a high glass of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. It's called a Dry Gin-Buck. Use Diet Ginger Ale if you want to, Slim. Or, try a big shot of vodka splashed with C.D. Ginger Ale. It's called a Russian Bubble! For the Scotch-loving clan, fling in some Canada Dry Club Soda. All this hot summer, Canada Dry Ginger Ale and Club Soda are the mixers that make it.

CANADA DRY!







Behind the best bars in town.

of the man. I tell them about his dedication and integrity as a Senator. I tell them that his credentials are better than anybody else's. And I tell them that he can win; after all, he hasn't lost an election in 20 years.

PLAYBOY: How closely have you examined his voting record in the Senate?

NEWMAN: Closely enough to know where he stands with labor and the farm movement and the Vietnam war.

PLAYBOY: Did you know that he has voted to maintain the controversial oil-depletion allowance?

NEWMAN: No. I didn't.

PLAYBOY: Many political commentators feel that his performance as a legislator has been a singularly undistinguished one. How do you answer that charge?

NEWMAN: I think his record has been very distinguished. He's cosponsored a lot of bills and his basic performance, in both the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the Senate Finance Committee, has been to motivate the various bodies to examine alternative policies. Senator McCarthy's influence on the Senate has been considerable. He may not be very flamboyant, but that doesn't decrease his contributions.

PLAYBOY: Apart from his Vietnam stand, what leads you to believe that he's a man of courage?

NEWMAN: He was one of few men in public life who ever dared to confront Joe McCarthy at the height of his career. He was the first man in Congress who was willing to go up and debate Joe. He's a tough, dedicated, thoughtful, graceful human being. The wonderful thing about Gene McCarthy is that he's so many men and of such depth. He's a historian, an internationalist, an economist-and a poet. A touch of the poet isn't bad, you know. It's a fascinating thing to watch him walk into a room. His presence doesn't stop all conversation or electrify people, but when he starts to talk, it's absolute magic. In a matter of minutes, he commands respect and admiration-and it's a kind of respect that pays the ultimate compliment: no pawing, no clawing. How great it would be to have a man with style and dignity in the White House again-someone who was not part of image politics, machine politics; a man who doesn't owe anybody anything.

PLAYBOY: As a political realist, you must know that the odds against such a man's winning his party's nomination are extremely large.

NEWMAN: Well, I think there's real hope, because one senses that the machines are beginning to crumble. Party bosses just aren't able to hold onto votes anymore. I don't think an endorsement by somebody like Walter Reuther means anything to the rank and file. The patronage period and the age of the bloc vote are on their way out.

PLAYBOY: In 1964, you campaigned for

Lyndon Johnson in Atlantic City, serving as master of ceremonies at a Young Democrat rally in Convention Hall. You also co-hosted a fund-raising party with Lynda Bird Johnson at the Ford estate on Long Island. What impressed you about Johnson at that time?

NEWMAN: I campaigned for Johnson in 1964 because I thought he was the better of two men. That didn't mean that I felt he was the *best* man for the job. My vote for Johnson and my campaigning for him were really a protest against the policies of Goldwater. But that kind of vote and that kind of commitment don't mean anything. As history has shown, nothing positive can come out of a negative vote.

PLAYBOY: How do you assess Johnson now? NEWMAN: Johnson's campaign platform in 1964 said that he wasn't going to escalate the Vietnam war, that he was going to be concerned about the convulsions in our cities. At that time, it seemed to be far better than Mr. Goldwater's position. But I was disenchanted with Johnson very early in the game; particularly with his Vietnam policy, a policy so duplicitous that it's going to be difficult for us to negotiate peace with any kind of trust on the other side—or on ours, for that matter.

PLAYBOY: The President's bitterest Vietnam critic—and one of Senator McCarthy's rivals for the nomination—is Robert Kennedy. How do you feel about his qualifications for the Presidency?

NEWMAN: He's a very concerned human being about the course of American society. And he's certainly concerned about the Vietnam war. His credentials are good. I just think McCarthy's are better. Where he's got it over Kennedy is that he started out with only conviction and guts and scored a resounding personal achievement. I tell voters who know about Cool Hand Luke: "Let's face it, there is in McCarthy no failure to communicate." The other thing I say is that Bobby Kennedy can't eat 50 eggs.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the kind of campaign Kennedy's been conducting? NEWMAN: I don't think it accomplishes anything to run a campaign based on innuendo and cutting people up and getting your shots in. I also think he might have entered the race a little more gracefully; and there is something a little too theatrical about Bobby's oratorical technique-even about his presence. But I suppose I should be grateful for that. Did you know I stole the character of Harper from Bobby Kennedy? The way Bobby listens, at least the one time I've been with him, is very peculiar; there's an odd quality about it. He seems almost inattentive. If you didn't watch him very closely, you'd think he wasn't listening. It's not that there isn't contact; he's really honed in and sharp. But it's not just listening. It's mulling and evaluating; while you're talking, you can see him preparing his rebuttal. It kind of puts you off until you get used to it. I thought that was a nice bit of business for a private detective.

PLAYBOY: Since Johnson announced his intention of trying to make peace, have you cooled off at all about McCarthy?

NEWMAN: Absolutely not. Regardless of whether or not Johnson was sincere about refusing to run again, we must stick with McCarthy. But now that a peace offer has been made, there are some interesting political possibilities in the offing. If there is a settlement in Vietnam before August-a settlement with some kind of honor for both sides-Johnson would go into the convention as a peace President and there might be a genuine draft for him to change his mind about retiring. I don't think anybody could resist a really honest draft to be President. And despite his disclaimers. I don't think there are many people in the United States who want to be President more than Lyndon Johnson.

PLAYBOY: If the war is settled by convention time, do you think McCarthy still has a chance of winning the nomination?

NEWMAN: Yes—if the people want to reawaken a sense of pride in what this country is supposed to stand for; if they want to rid themselves of the feeling that the times are out of control, that there is nothing they can do to influence events; if they want to bury the politics of patronage and begin participating in their own Government again. McCarthy's is a one-man fight to shake this country from its lethargy—but he's supported by the people's army.

PLAYBOY: Your last campaign tour—in 1965, on behalf of your friend Gore Vidal in his unsuccessful bid for a Democratic seat in the House of Representatives—got a good deal less publicity than your support for McCarthy. Didn't you draw any crowds?

NEWMAN: Sure-for all the good it did. Try running for Congress in Upstate New York-with or without a movie star in tow-and see where it gets you. We had the biggest single political rally ever at some town north of Poughkeepsie-1400 people. Joanne was there. I was there. Ina Balin was there. Gore spoke. The next day, in the town's major newspaper, there was a story on page ninetwo inches long. It didn't mention that I was there or that Joanne or anybody else was there. It didn't even mention Gore's name. It just said "the Democratic candidate" spoke. The Republican incumbent, of course, made the front page. PLAYBOY: Vidal is about to begin writing the screenplay of his latest novel, Myra Breckinridge. There's been a good deal of conjecture in Hollywood over what actor would be most suitable for the title role-a character who undergoes a change of sex. Who do you think it should be?

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NEWMAN: It would have to be an actress. PLAYBOY: You wouldn't consider yourself a candidate?

NEWMAN: I think I'll pass that one up. **PLAYBOY:** Though not, perhaps, as a prospect for the lead in *Myra Breckin-ridge*, your name crops up frequently in the fan-magazine gossip columns. Are they on your reading list?

NEWMAN: I've seen fan-magazine articles about Joanne and me that have made me want to puke. The most banal language—and the fucking nerve to put it in quotes attributed to *me*!

PLAYBOY: Many of those articles seem to offer little more than clichéed rehashes of your life story. Would you like to set the record straight?

NEWMAN: Sure. I was actually born the son of a poor Indian renegade who struck oil on the reservation in Shaker Heights, Ohio. Right in the back yard. My mother was a poor, invalided lady. I had to read poetry to her by the hour. My father was dead. At the age of 13, when I started selling Fuller brushes, I was supporting the family. When I was 17, I ran away from home and became a merchant seaman aboard an Iranian tuna fisher. Got laid at the age of 14 by a young Eskimo girlwhich is why I've always had such a fond feeling for Eskimo Pies ever since. Soon I learned the old Speedy Gonzales trick of double parking in front of whorehouses. Never got a ticket. Subsequently, I became a lumberjack, a driver of nitroglycerin, an admirer of Brigitte Bardot and one of the great popcorn cookers in the business. Later, I was discovered by Erich Von Stroheim, actually in his latter years, who recommended me with some fervor to Walt Disney. The rest is history. I did my first work as a narrator in cartoons, playing Dumpy in Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. After that, my career blossomed and I graduated to porno pix. There are some of those floating around that my wife doesn't know about.

PLAYBOY: Thanks, Paul. That biographical put-on is a good example of your satirical attitude toward the star syndrome. Most insiders consider your souped-up Volkswagen an equally irreverent thumb of the nose at Hollywood status symbolism. Is it a kind of reverse snobbery?

NEWMAN: Partly, I suppose-but the main reason is that I'm a Volkswagen nut. I became addicted to them in 1953, when they were the only sensible automobile to have in New York-small car, easy to park, dependable. Then people started kidding me about it: "Why are you driving that underpowered thing around?" I wasn't inclined to give up the Volkswagen, but that bugged meso I put a Porsche engine in it. But that was only the beginning. Then, piece by piece, I added Porsche brakes, Porsche rims, Dunlop super sport tires, anti-sway bar up front and Koni shocks and Porsche clutch and Porsche transmission. People

think I've got a Volkswagen with a Porsche engine, but it's really a Porsche with a Volkswagen body. It took me three years to escalate it to where it is.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you and your wife show up in the Volkswagen at a black-tie Hollywood bash for Princess Grace a few years ago?

NEWMAN: I drive the car wherever I go. As we arrived at The Bistro that night, people outside applauded when they saw this bug pulling up amidst all those Cadillacs and Rolls-Royces. But I've never been terribly concerned about status one way or another. I don't reverse it for any particular purpose. I've always felt there were certain unnecessary things about Hollywood: public relations, being seen, going out to night clubs, having your picture in the newspaper, the whole bit. I've never gone along with it. It just never interested me. I don't think I have more than seven suits right now-three in Los Angeles, two in Connecticut and two in New York. I used to have exactly one tieblack knit. Now that I've got seven suits, though, I've bought some more, I suppose I've got six ties now.

PLAYBOY: Going Hollywood?

NEWMAN: Yeah, it finally gets to you. You finally capitulate.

PLAYBOY: One of the most popular measures of Hollywood status is having a dish named after you at a restaurant such as La Scala or Stefanino's. Have you ever been so honored?

NEWMAN: Yeah, but I've forgotten the dish I was in bed with. God, it's all so ridiculous. That George Hamilton kind of hokum doesn't play so much a part anymore. Maybe it paid off for him, but I'm not your typical movie star, I can't even stand going to premieres.

PLAYBOY: Why?

NEWMAN: All that grabby approbation makes me claustrophobic. I could understand it for U Thant or Gene McCarthy or someone else who's actively involved in steering the course of events. I can understand adulation on that level. In the early days of films, the movie star in this country replaced royalty. There was no royalty in this country, so movie stars filled the bill. They've been demoted since then, but they're still treated like beings larger than life. Well, I don't want to be part of supporting that fraud. That's why I've never made a personal appearance to promote a picture. In 14 years, I've been to a premiere of my own movie only once-an Actors Studio benefit for Cool Hand Luke.

PLAYBOY: You made your first film within a year after you were accepted at the Studio, didn't you?

NEWMAN: Yes, I began my career most auspiciously. I had the privilege of doing the worst motion picture filmed during the Fifties—The Silver Chalice. Everybody thinks it was a disaster just because it was terrible, but I say it

wasn't. It's like juvenile delinquency; if you can be the worst kid on your block, you make a name for yourself. How many other actors have you spoken to who can say with complete objectivity that they were in the worst motion picture made in the Fifties-a film that cost \$4,500,000? That makes me very special. But when they ran The Silver Chalice on Los Angeles television three or four years ago. I took out ads in the newspapers apologizing for what was going to happen on channel nine that night. But it backfired. Everybody wanted to know what I was apologizing for, and the picture ended up with the second or third highest rating of any picture that station had ever shown on the idiot box. That's one of the great things you have to learn in this business. If you want to survive, you have to show your ass. You have to humiliate and embarrass yourself. You can't just walk in and play it safe.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction when you saw The Silver Chalice for the first

time?

NEWMAN: I was horrified, traumatized: it's a good thing I was also drunk. It was in Philadelphia, where we were trying out The Desperate Hours. A friend of mine had come up from New York to see the play. Afterward, about ten of us went to this little all-night movie house to see my screen debut. We must have smuggled four cases of beer into that place. And we finished them all. This friend of mine, who had just recovered from hepatitis, couldn't drink. They had a musical going on afterward and he wanted to see it, so he staved. We got halfway down the block when another guy realized he had left his gloves in the theater. So we went back. The usher shoved his light underneath the seats. There was this one guy sitting in the middle of four cases of empty beer cans. He looked like the guy who passes gas at a party.

PLAYBOY: You made *The Silver Chalice* for Warner Bros. According to all accounts, you had a rather stormy relationship with that studio in the years

that followed.

NEWMAN: You might say that. I originally signed a contract with Warners' at \$1000 a week. By the time I bought out of my contract for \$500,000 several years later, they were paying me a princely \$17.500 a picture. They would lend me out for \$75,000 and take the difference. One time, I remember, they reneged on an outside film they had promised me; so I told Jack Warner to go fuck himself-and this was very early in the game, when I really couldn't afford to tell him to go fuck himself. But I didn't really give a damn. When I later went back to the studio to do Harper, Warner came down the first week of rehearsals. I said, "How are ya?" Reaching into his coat pocket, he said, "You

smoke cigars?" I said, "No, I only smoke people, Jack. You know that." He laughed, and the photographers came around, and there were pictures of Jack and me smiling together. A few Christmases ago. I sent out greeting cards to the people who know about me and Warner. On the front they said, "Peace on Earth." You turn the page and find that smiling picture of me and Jack together again, over the heart-warming line "Good Will Toward Men." The people who really know me realized that it was one of the great shots of the year and absolutely broke up dying with laughter. I sent one to Warner, too. He thought it was marvelous. What an extraordinary man. I've never known a greater vulgarian-not even Khrushchev; he calls my wife "Joan." On second thought, I'll have to take that back about his being the greatest vulgarian. He's only the second greatest. The champ happens to be another legendary Hollywood mogul-but he'll have to remain nameless. Do you want to hear a priceless story about him, though?

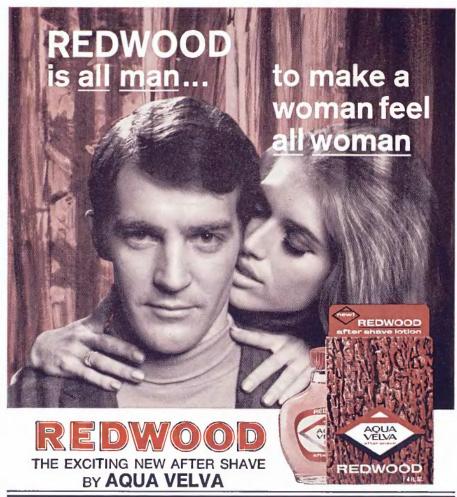
PLAYBOY: Sure.

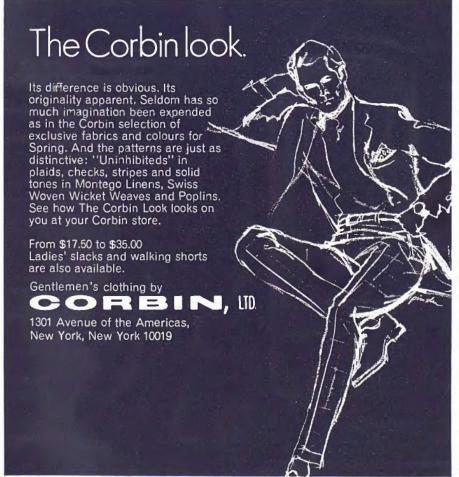
NEWMAN: Well, there are so many wild tales about this guy that you can't be sure which ones are true-but knowing him as I do. I suspect this one is completely authentic. Anyway, this mogullet's call him Frebish-is walking down the street on his way to the studio commissary, and he spots this incredibly well-stacked chick sashaying out of a sound stage. He turns to one of his entourage who's tracking him down the street and says, "Who's that girl across the street over there?" The flunky tells him; she was soon to become a major sex star, whose name would be familiar to you, so I won't mention it. Let's call her Barbara Musk, "What does she do?" asks Frebish. "Is she a secretary?" "No. she's been under contract here for nine months. Mr. Frebish," So he walks over and says. "How do you do, Miss Musk, My name is Frebish and I have something to do with the running of the studio. I've watched your progress on this lot with a great deal of enthusiasm and admiration. I just thought you might like to stop by my office at about six o'clock tonight and we can talk over your career in greater depth." Well, that night, promptly at six, this broad shows up-and she's got this big, strapping muscleman with her. Frebish is terribly taken aback, but he chitchats for about five minutes and then says. "Tell me. Miss Musk. I'm just curious, but why did you bring your friend along?" She said, "Well, I thought if I was going to get banged, maybe Mrs, Frebish would like a little, too,"

PLAYBOY: Great story. Old-line Hollywood thinking prevailed to a very large degree at the recent Academy Awards ceremony. What was your reaction to the Academy's virtual rejection of such popular, excellent

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and innovative films as Bonnie and Clyde, The Graduate and Cool Hand Luke?

NEWMAN: That would just be speculation, but maybe it was because Warner Bros. had Camelot, Cool Hand Luke and Bonnie and Clyde up for awards; that might have split the vote. But In the Heat of the Night had the kind of civil rights message that people might well have been inclined to support as much as they would good performances. It was strange, though, that it was named the best picture; it's possible that there was bloc voting involved.

PLAYBOY: The role played by bloc voting, economic considerations and industry sentiment—rather than artistic merit—in the selection of Oscar winners has been criticized increasingly in recent years. Do you think it's justified?

NEWMAN: To a great extent, yes. Winners aren't always picked on a nonmerit basis, by any means, but it happens so often that I'm genuinely surprised when the best actor and the best picture and the best director actually win an award. I think Joanne's Oscar, for example, really came from a ground swell. For some reason, the Academy members decided to vote for the

best actress of the year.

PLAYBOY: In many marriages between actors and actresses, especially in Hollywood, there is a continuous race to see who gets to look into the mirror first each morning. Has Joanne's accolade from the Academy-and the fact that you haven't gotten one yourself-caused any problems? NEWMAN: No-but you know what I'd like to do? I'd like to win about 69 nominations-I think that's an interesting number-and at the age of 90, crawl on my hands and knees, ridden with arthritis, to pick up an Oscar. That would be kind of stylish. It's nice to be nominated, but I don't think my life will be incomplete if I never win an Oscar.

PLAYBOY: Considering your distaste for publicity, it seems incongruous that you and Joanne would have consented, as you did a few years ago, to perform that hokey Hollywood ritual of immortalizing your footprints at Grauman's Chinese Theater—both in one cement block.

NEWMAN: No man can go through life totally pure—but I was the only person who ever did it barefoot. There was really something nice about standing there with cement between my toes. When I'm in the old-actors' home and I've been forgotten, I'll always be able to look back and say, "Well, that was the week that was."

PLAYBOY: Despite your antiestablishment approach to most Hollywood customs, you have a reputation for doing your homework—thoroughly researching your roles before stepping in front of the cameras. Do you discuss your characterization ahead of time with the screenwriter, or are you simply given a character and told how to play it?

NEWMAN: I never ask them to mold a character to my needs. It's a disaster

when they start to tailor the part to fit the actor. If you're going to showcase. go to Vegas. But sometimes I ask them to mold a scene around a very specific intention. Like in The Hustler, the scene on the hill, where Fast Eddie talked about what it'd be like to be a pool player. I just knew that somehow that had to be tied in with the aspirations of everybody-bricklayer or ballplayer-to be somebody. No matter what he does, a guy has to get a big feeling from it. He doesn't have to be Secretary of State; if he gets a big feeling from whatever he does well, then that's the pay-off; that makes it all worth while.

If I feel that a character is close to me, my homework is minimal. I'm great at writing voluminous notes to myself on the back of a script. It all breaks down to the way the character walks or uses his hands, his motions and his movements. I think that once you get the physical quality of a character, the inner person comes by itself. In The Secret War of Harry Frigg, for example, I got the guy's walk down because a fellow in my squadron during the War used to walk a special way, and all of a sudden it occurred to me that Private Frigg should walk that way. You see, the actor's got to come to the part; the part doesn't come to the actor. Before I did Somebody Up There Likes Me, I almost lived with Rocky Graziano for two weeks. I'd meet him at ten o'clock in the morning and I wouldn't get home until four o'clock the next morning. We went down to his old neighborhood, went up to Stillman's gymnasium. But I could see he didn't want to talk about his family. So one night at the Embers, Bob Wise, the director, and I tried to get Rocky stoned so that he'd loosen up and talk about himself. The fact is that Rocky loosened us up. We told him our life histories. He poured us into two taxicabs. It was a funny evening. Anyway, I never did really absorb the character; though I certainly sponged a lot, I wound up being a Graziano rather than the Graziano.

PLAYBOY: Do you always throw yourself

so bodily into your parts?

NEWMAN: I try to. Before Hud, I lived in a bunkhouse in Texas for ten days. For The Outrage, I lived in Mexico for two weeks. I sniffed around, found out as much about the character and the locale as I could. But with Harper, I simply got drunk. I had read the script a few times and I was flying from Liverpool to New York when I started reading it again. I made certain specific and prolific notes, like "Funnier line here" or "What does his car look like?," just gathering in the idea of the propertiesalmost like painting the undercoating of the part, using a primer. I started drinking and making notes at 8:45; by 10:30, I was a little stoned and writing up a storm. By 12:50, I was blasted out of my skull; I could barely read my writing



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later, but it still made sense. I remember scrawling "Chewing gum" and "Do it detached." About 85 percent of my notes worked. So that character really grew on the flight from Liverpool to New York—boozily, but logically.

PLAYBOY: How else do you prepare for a

part?

NEWMAN: I usually give the studio two weeks of free rehearsal to set things. Torn Curtain is the only picture I've made since 1956 that didn't involve rehearsal, but that was partially my fault. I'd been in a motorcycle accident and my hand was banged up pretty badly. I hit a puddle and lost the back end. I did that in a Formula III racing car, too. It's a funny sensation; you just sit there and watch the rear end catch up with you and pass you. Twenty-four dollars' damage to the bike, but I had to have skin grafts on four fingers; no more finger close-ups on that hand. And I had third-degree asphalt burns. The next day. I sold the three bikes I owned. But I've always enjoyed speed. Before I got the sauna bath, it was a great way to wake up in the morning. Sometimes you just look for a way to relieve the pressure; having that old brute bike out on the front porch, getting on it after dinner and ripping across Mulholland Drive was great therapy.

PLAYBOY: You were talking about rehearsals. NEWMAN: Oh, yeah-I was going to say that rehearsal gives me a chance not to sit and intellectualize about a part but to get up on my feet and run through it, the same as I used to do for television shows. For television rehearsals, they used to put a little tape on the floor and say, "That's a wall," and they put four chairs together and said, "That's a bed," and you followed those outlines without resorting to too much intellectualizing. This kind of experience has helped give a certain solidity to what I finally do when the cameras start rolling. If you can rehearse a dozen key scenes with the other actors and get the style and the progression of the character, you've got the part licked.

PLAYBOY: The early days of television before the emergence of taped and filmed shows—were famous for on-camera mishaps. Did you have any yourself?

NEWMAN: I'll say. I remember once, in a military drama, when I had to salute another officer. The show went on, the moment came-and I had my fly unzipped. My shirttail was sticking outjust the shirttail, fortunately. But despite its perils, television dramas were exciting and vibrant in those days-because they were live. Men like Tad Mosel and Paddy Chayefsky and Max Shulman were writing for television, and they made it an inventive era. Call it kitchen sink, inner search, what have you-it was great. The trouble was, as it turned out, that what could have been good Broadway plays were burned out in a single night on Robert Montgomery Presents, Phileo Playhouse, Studio One and the rest of them. That whole glorious period of television disappeared and nothing has come along to replace it.

PLAYBOY: Since those early days, you haven't had much of a chance for experimentation. Perhaps as a result, many of your recent movies—Hud, Harper, Hombre, Cool Hand Luke—have tended to cast you in the same kind of role. Are you aware of these redundancies?

NEWMAN: My God, yes. There are few actors who can avoid that. Only the great, great actors have an inexhaustible source of variety. Brando, when he's really on, when he's interested, when he's involved, can do it. So can Olivier and Guinness. My wife, Joanne, can do it. But not me.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

NEWMAN: Because I'm running out of steam, that's why. Wherever I look, I find parts that are reminiscent of Luke or Hud or Fast Eddie. Christ, I played those parts once and parts of them *more* than once. It's not only dangerous to repeat yourself, it's goddamned tiresome.

PLAYBOY: So why don't you stop accepting

that kind of role?

NEWMAN: That's easier said than done. I haven't been picking my roles by design. I do the most challenging parts that I'm offered; I have to depend on what the screenwriters throw at me. The first thing I look for is the best script that's offered to me at the time I'm free to work. If an actor waited for beautiful scripts, he'd work once every three or four years; by that I mean scripts he can really dig, really get hopped up about. I look for a script that will make a distinguished picture of its type-a distinguished comedy, a distinguished drama, a distinguished melodrama. Then I look for some kind of originality in the character; I look, particularly, to find if it's someone I haven't played before. I think most of the pictures I've done have been pretty good. But all too often -and increasingly in the past few years —I suppose I haven't found as much originality in my parts as I've been looking for. Depth and detail, yes; but not too much originality.

PLAYBOY: Of the parts you're talking about, which have you found most rewarding in this sense?

NEWMAN: I think the best work I've done was in *The Outrage*—a picture that never got any attention or real circulation at all. But there are so many different things an actor looks for and finds, in terms of satisfaction. If you're under contract and you're given a terrible script and make it at least mediocre, you can say, "This is a great achievement." It's actually no less of an achievement than a picture like *The Hustler*, which had a marvelous script and a great character with thickness and dimension. There was so much in *that*

part that I went to the studio every day muttering, "I've got five different ways to play this thing." Playing Harper was a ball for the same reason-a character who would absorb any kind of dramatic invention I could give him. Same with Hud. Yet I come back, always, to Hud, because a great many sociological observations were implied in it, in addition to the dimension of the role itself. To me, Hud made the simple statement that people sometimes grow up at tragic expense to other people. It was a wide study of a particular dilemma of our time. I tried to give Hud all the superficial external graces, including the right swing of the body. I took out as many wrinkles as possible. I indicated that he boozed very well, was great with the broads, had a lot of guts, was extraordinarily competent at his job, but had a single tragic flaw: He didn't give a goddamn what happened to anyone else. That tragic flaw simply went over everybody's head-especially the reviewers'-and he became a kind of antihero, especially among teenagers. One review I'll never forget: It said that Hud was quite a marvelous picture. "The only problem," the reviewer wrote, "is that Paul Newman is playing the part, because basically, he has a face that doesn't look lived in." But Jesus Christ, that's exactly what made the bastard dangerous. The whole point of the character is that he has a face that doesn't look lived in. How could he have missed the whole point to such an extraordinary degree? At that exact moment, I realized I should stop reading reviews. And I haven't read one since. Critics don't know what the hell they're talking about, anyway. You get a big fat head if reviews are good and you go into fits of depression if they're bad. Who needs either?

PLAYBOY: Some psychiatrists maintain, as we're sure you know, that actors are basically insecure people in a permanent identity crisis who need roles to play because they have none of their own. Do you think that description fits you?

NEWMAN: When I decided to go into acting, I wasn't "searching for my identity"; I didn't have grease paint in my blood. I was just running away from the family retail business-and from merchandising. I just couldn't find any romance in it. Acting was a happy alternative to a way of life that meant nothing to me. But I do agree that most of the actors I know are pretty badly screwed up. And with good cause. Especially the ones who have made it and then faded as a result of a very picky and vacillating public. If a man studies to be a lawyer, starts with a law firm and goes up two rungs, he can be fairly sure that even if he doesn't reach the tenth rung. he'll eventually get to the fourth or fifth if he's reasonably competent and hard working and, even if he's only mediocre,

that he'll be able to hang on at number two until retirement age. But an actor starts out almost like a politician. He can be a very strong contender and all of a sudden—through no fault of his own—he's completely out of the race. So the business does not tend to build a very secure foundation.

You often hear it said that actors are children. Well, most of them don't start out that way; but unless they're very sure of who they are and what they want, the business soon turns them into children. The unnatural way they're treated-the adulation, the deification of externals-fosters narcissism and infantile self-preoccupation. Pat my pretty face. lower the brassiere strap a little; show off that beautiful body. Actors and actresses are fawned and hovered over. cajoled. flattered, primped. Everybody tries to curry their favor. They light you, powder you, cover your blotches, color your hair, tailor your clothes. And all of these things they do to make you more beautiful ultimately serve as a conspiracy against you not only as a human being but as an actor. Even if it doesn't destroy your humanity by stuffing your ego to the bursting point like the liver of a Strasbourg goose-all to make pâté de foie gras-that constant maelstrom of attention infringes on your concentration and dissipates your performance. Every two minutes, you've got to stop while they dust your eyebrow, spray a tabletop, rearrange a light, relocate a camera. It's as if you had to run the 100-yard dash from nine o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night-all in two-foot steps. It's on, it's off. On, off. Start the motor. Stop it. Start it again. Pretty soon your battery runs down-or you blow a fuse.

PLAYBOY: How do you fill the endless waits between scenes?

NEWMAN: Various ways. Sometimes I play poker. Once, when Martin Balsam and I were on location in Arizona for Hombre, we had to wait hours for the wind to let up one day. To kill the time, we decided to classify fucking. We got all the psychological classifications. There was sport fucking. There was mercy fucking, which would be reserved for spinsters and librarians. There was the hate fuck, the prestige fuck—and the medicinal fuck, which is, "Feel better now, sweetie?" It just goes to show you what happens when you're stuck on location on the top of a mountain. Your mind wanders slightly.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the subject, you might be interested to hear the results of a recent poll of PLAYBOY's secretarial staff on their sexual preference among movie stars: You were the winner by a landslide. From all accounts, that opinion seems to be reflected by the majority of the country's female moviegoers. As a capable and serious actor, how does it make you feel to be considered the country's number-one male sex star?



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NEWMAN: I suppose I should feel flattered, but to think that after Hud and Cool Hand Luke and all the other pictures I've done and all the parts I've dug into, I come off as the guy women would most like to go to bed with-it's frightening. You break your ass for 18 years working at your craft and a lady comes up and says, "Please take off your dark glasses so I can see your blue eyes." If I died today, they might write on my tombstone: "Here lies Paul Newman, died at the age of 43, a failure because his eyes turned brown." It's really awful. I'd like to think there's a mind functioning somewhere in Paul Newman, and a soul, and a political conscience, and a talent that extends beyond the blueness of my eyes-and my capacity for bedroom gymnastics.

PLAYBOY: Yet the public—particularly women—tends to associate you with the sexy wise-guy parts you play. Don't you have anything in common with such cool studs as Hud?

NEWMAN: Absolutely nothing. All I do is inhabit the characters I play. They have nothing to do with me personally. The major character trait of Hud is the fact that he had no kind of hook into the community. In the final analysis, he was a very selfish and egocentric human being. He wouldn't be campaigning for McCarthy. Nor would he give a damn about anybody else's civil rights but his own. But let's not just talk about me and my roles. The same is true of any good actor or actress. Take Joanne in Rachel, Rachel, the first full-length film I've directed. Study that virginal face and that tightly controlled smile and the pinched way in which she carries her body. It's got nothing to do with the lady when she gets home and takes off the make-up. The same is true of me. It's going to be interesting to find out what the public reaction to Rachel, Rachel is, because that picture is probably more me than anything I've ever done.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

NEWMAN: It says something I've always felt needed to be said but never had a chance to say. It singles out the unspectacular heroism of the sort of person you wouldn't even notice if you passed him on the street. The steps the characters take are really the steps that humanity takesnot the Churchills, not the Roosevelts, not the Napoleons, but the little people who cast no shadow and leave no footprints. Maybe it can encourage the people who see it to take those little steps in life that can lead to something bigger. Maybe they won't; but the point of the movie is that you've got to take the steps, regardless of the consequences.

PLAYBOY: What kind of steps are you taking now in your own life?

NEWMAN: I don't know that I'm really taking any. Friends tell me how marvelous it is that I'm taking the big step from acting to directing. But there's

very little difference between the two. It's still a communal experience. At its best, the relationship between the actor and the director involves the use of two minds instead of one. If they mesh, it's a give and take, where you end up not knowing who triggered what-but the result is a better picture. I do think, though, that the director can make the film his medium to a degree an actor can't-by being incredibly perceptive about his actors and the inner relationships of the characters in the picture. about economy in acting, in breaking down a script and finding the major beats and giving the actors a physical presence. But too many directors try to dominate the medium by striving to achieve emotion through mechanical effects. I've seen many cases where the rigidity of the technical approach has deprived the public of what could have been truly great scenes. I think a director can heighten effects by the interesting use of his camera, by the appropriate and tasteful use of music: but camera tricks and a loud musical score don't add up to cinematic art all by themselves.

PLAYBOY: You've been planning to direct a feature film for years. What made you decide to do *Rachel*, *Rachel*?

NEWMAN: I read the script, felt it would be great for Joanne, and recommended it to her. Then I began to feel that certain improvements could be made in it. Finally, I began to get so involved with it that I decided I had to direct the damn thing myself. It's all a bit like the Vietnam war and how it came about-initial participation in an advisory capacity escalating into total involvement. But the whole thing was absolute agony. I lined up the production, financed it, cast it, hired the production crews, spotted locations and shot the entire film, all in five weeks. Every day there was a series of crises, and the days lasted 14 to 15 hours, seven days a week. I thought it would never end.

PLAYBOY: How did you get along with the cast and crew?

NEWMAN: I called them all together on the first day and confessed that I was a virgin and told them I wasn't sensitive to criticism and that they would be able to make suggestions—once—on a given point. They did—sometimes more than once; but we got along fine.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a feeling of De Millean power when you said "Action" for the first time?

NEWMAN: No, just a lot of clanging knees, sweaty palms and bitten fingernails. You can measure the degree of my tranquility by the length of my nails.

PLAYBOY: It really spoils the image. Maybe you could use Fabulous Fakes.

NEWMAN: They'll have to take me the way I am. The hair's getting a little gray and the nails are getting a little short.

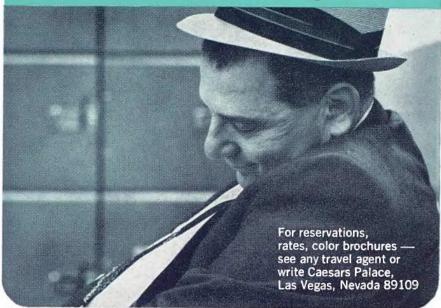
PLAYBOY: Was there any friction between you and your wife during the filming of Rachel, Rachel?

NEWMAN: Oh, yeah. We had several squats and squabbles-big ones. There are never little ones in our family. But it had nothing to do with work. In terms of actually working, Joanne and I never had one harsh word in that entire period. It was really amazing. We were working on a scene and at one point she got up and said, "I just can't do it." I said, "OK. Show me what you want to do." So she showed me-and it was better than the way it was written. The marvelous thing about our working together is basically that we trust each other. PLAYBOY: Is your marriage as successful as it's reported to be?

NEWMAN: Well, as I just pointed out, it's not always fine and dandy-it involves two people with very different approaches and attitudes to things-but I think it has a certain thickness to it. We go through periods where we think we're bad parents and periods where we think we see each other only as reflections of ourselves-all the usual jazz. But there's affection and respect and a good deal of humor. We've also been very fortunate in that we haven't had to be separated all that much. I must say that it's due as much to Joanne's intelligence as to my insistence. When we did Exodus in Israel, for example, we simply took everything with us. She's had many opportunities to go abroad or on location by herself, and she's turned these offers down in order to stay with me; she's done this to the detriment of her career. I'm afraid; but it's helped to keep us together.

We're not public people and I think that's helped, too. We entertain at home, usually very small groups of people for dinner. But last year, when Gore Vidal returned from Rome, Joanne said to me, "Let's have a big party for Gore. He hasn't seen hardly anyone since he's been back." I said, "All right, you have your big party and I'll be one of the guests. I'll play pool the whole goddamn night." Steve McQueen was there. So were Arthur Loew, Rock Hudson and Marty Ritt, among others. But it really wasn't my cup of tea. McQueen and I finally wound up playing 14 racks of pool. One of the columnists wrote, "The Newmans threw a party last night. They've been here for ten years and they finally threw a party." That's how social we are. Even if we were social, we wouldn't have time for it. When you're raising three children continuously and six part of the time, and you've got a couple of houses to run and you want to do it yourself and you still want to have a career, it's kind of tough to remain in good standing with the beautiful people. In other words, it's not a glamorous Hollywood marriage. Sometimes, in fact, we have the feeling that we're being tugged and pulled and put upon and exist only for other people

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and not for ourselves.

PLAYBOY: What do you do for privacy?

NEWMAN: We have an apartment in New York we slip away to now and then. And at our house in Beverly Hills, we have a billiard and dressing room, out by the swimming pool, where we spend a good deal of time unwinding. I remember we were staying there right after I lost the Academy Award for The Hustler. I was really hurt by that one. I thought old Fast Eddie was a fairly original character. Anyway, being the perfect therapist, Joanne dragged me out by the hand to the garage. We had a little hideaway out there really away from the family. She said, "We're going to take a little caviar and a little champagne out there and watch a very bad show on television." We never got around to the show.

PLAYBOY: To have remained married to the same woman for ten years is unusual enough in your profession, but to do so without rumors or gossip-column items even hinting at an extramarital affair in all that time is almost unique. How have you managed to resist the temptations?

NEWMAN: I know this is going to sound corny, but there's no reason to roam. I have steak at home; why should I go out for a hamburger?

PLAYBOY: Does Joanne think you're as sexy as your female fans find you?

NEWMAN: If I tell her to go drop dead on a particular afternoon, she doesn't think I'm too sexy. But under ordinary circumstances, she does—and vice versa.

PLAYBOY: You and Joanne spend most of your time between pictures—and political campaigns—at your home in Westport, Connecticut. Would it be nosy of us to ask why you call it Nook House?

NEWMAN: When we bought the house and we came back to Los Angeles, I hadn't seen the older kids for a while. We were describing the place to them. They said, "My gosh, it sounds marvelous." We had been trying to think of a name for it. Suzie, who at that time must have been nine, said, "Well, it sounds like it's got a lot of nooks and crannies in it. Why don't you call it Nook House?" I said, "Nook House it is," knowing full well that someday some dirty old man would ask me the question you just asked.

PLAYBOY: Sorry. Your bed at Nook House has been described by Tennessee Williams as 19th Century Bordello. How would you characterize it?

NEWMAN: Well, I've never seen a brass bed as big as this one. Three could sleep in it very comfortably. We found it in New Orleans. We figure it must once have stood in a cathouse; there'd be no other reason to make a bed that big.

PLAYBOY: What sustains you and Joanne at Nook House—apart from your well-known penchant for popcorn?

NEWMAN: There are people who eat to stay alive and others who stay alive to

eat. I put myself in the first category. I am not a sensualist concerning food. But Joanne is rather a good cook; she makes the best hollandaise sauce I've ever eaten. And no one quarrels with my hamburgers or my celery salad: chopped-up hearts of celery, a little olive oil, a little cold water, some wine vinegar and a lot of salt and pepper. It's justifiably famous.

PLAYBOY: The area in Connecticut where you live has been widely publicized in the past several years for police raids on teenage sex, booze and pot parties. You have a 17-year-old son, Scott, a high school senior. As a parent, what do you advise him about such subjects?

NEWMAN: Either we're going to have to legalize pot and confiscate booze or confiscate pot and legalize booze. It should be one way or the other. I've tried pot and it doesn't move me, so I guess I tend toward booze. But maybe meditation is the best answer for a person trying to get either outside or inside of himself. It's unfortunate if one has to do that with booze or drugs; I would like to see it self-initiated and selffulfilled. Ultimately, of course, a man must be satisfied to live inside his own skin, to recognize and accept his flaws and strengths to be able to function as a free agent without having to escape himself. But even on this level, there's no question that marijuana is less harmful than liquor, if it doesn't go beyond that. It doesn't make sense that I can go to a public bar for a couple of martinis and not get arrested, while those who choose to sit around minding their own business and smoking pot are risking a misdemeanor charge.

PLAYBOY: Under Federal law it's a felony. NEWMAN: That only underlines my point. The use of marijuana must be legalized, standardized and regulated Federally. But it's up to the kids to either change the laws or abide by them.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the same way about the kids who have gone to Canada to avoid the draft?

NEWMAN: It really depends on whether each individual has a deep-seated aversion to killing-religious or otherwiseor whether he's the kind of person who goofs off from any kind of responsibility. But whatever their reason for running away, something's got to be done to make them want to come back. I would create a climate of amnesty. There are other ways that a man can serve his country without killing for it. Perhaps we could double the usual term of draft service in noncombatant jobs-with the Office of Economic Opportunity, the Peace Corps or the VISTA program. I think we should all spend time in service to our country, but I don't think anybody should have to fight for our country, "right or wrong." If it's wrong to fight, it's wrong to kill. Killing people is never going to save the world from communism-or for democracy.

PLAYBOY: Are you a pacifist, then?

NEWMAN: It depends on who you're fighting-and why. I can't say that I'm flatly against killing under any circumstances. I would kill in defense of my own family. I could kill in self-defense, I suppose. And I could kill if somebody invaded my country. But to kill Vietnamese, to slaughter them wholesale, in an undeclared war against other Vietnamese halfway around the world, at the request of a corrupt puppet regime that doesn't reflect the will of its own people-that I couldn't do. That kind of war I consider not only illegal but immoral. Which brings us back to why I've involved myself in the campaign to nominate Senator McCarthy.

PLAYBOY: Along with several other prominent movie people who have become activists in the antiwar and civil rights struggles, you've been criticized in some quarters for using your fame to sway public opinion on matters with which you're not equipped to deal. How do you feel about that attitude?

NEWMAN: I've seen a lot of Senators-Eastland, Passman, among others-who have a much greater sway than they're entitled to. Who's to say who's an expert? Just because I can sway more people than I have a right to, does that mean that I'm not entitled to my opinions or to voice them? The world situation affects us, as movie people, as much as it does anyone else. Naturally, we've got to be careful about using our disproportionate "image power" to sway public opinion by speaking out on the issues. But you've got a choice. Do you abdicate the responsibilities of citizenship merely because you carry a Screen Actors' Guild card? Or do you dig deeply and become as knowledgeable and expert as you can and speak your piece and hope your weight is being thrown on the right side? As a feeling, thinking American, I have to get involved. The times are too crucial, the priorities too urgent, for anyone to stand aside.

Kindly people sometimes come up to me and say, "Why take a chance? It can't help you professionally to get involved." My response is, "Kiss off!" Of course it can't help me. If you speak up—no matter what you say—you're going to make enemies. But a man with no enemies is a man with no character. So you've got to decide whether you care more about your own self-interest or about your deeply felt convictions as a human being.

PLAYBOY: If you feel as strongly as you say about the issues of the day, why don't you run for public office?

NEWMAN: I think if I really got serious about it, I could run for Congress and probably make it—but it would be a tragedy for the nation.

PLAYBOY: Why?

NEWMAN: I just don't think I have the

equipment-not that this total lack of | preparation has bothered some actors. Like Ronald Reagan, whose views on foreign policy are so antiquated and simplistic as to be open to derision. If he had a slogan, it would be "Pave Vietnam." No. I think I carry my credentials about as far as they can go by supporting those who are qualified for office. I have built up, in my profession, a certain amount of respect and a certain amount of power. To move into a profession in which I would have no respect, no power and very little savvy. I think I'd have to be a little bit crazy. And if I wasn't when I started, I would be by the time I was elected. I just don't have the temperament. I'd get too impatient with all the machinery. And I've got too short a fuse to survive the ordeal of a campaign; it's hard enough as a booster; it would be impossible as a candidate.

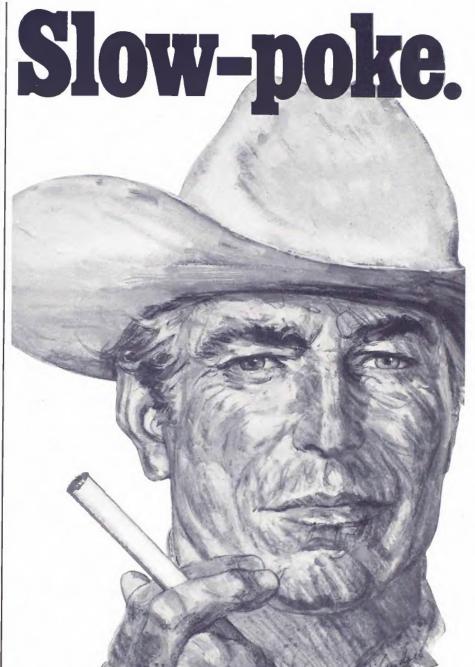
PLAYBOY: Until you began stumping for McCarthy, you were very much involved in the civil rights movement. In view of the recent moves toward peace—and the deepening racial crisis—wouldn't you accomplish more by redirecting your efforts to the Negro struggle?

NEWMAN: Look, I can't do everything about everything. I haven't had a vacation in a year. I'm trying to get my finances straightened out. Right now, I'm mixing and cutting Rachel, Rachel. And I'm giving every minute of my weekends to the McCarthy campaign. Besides that, I'm working on three separate projects—one as an actor [his next film, Winning—Ed.], two as a producer. In my spare time, I'm also trying to raise a family. At some point, you have to say, "I give up." I just don't have the time to take on another cause.

PLAYBOY: If you did, what would be the nature of your involvement in the civil rights movement?

NEWMAN: Well, there are two major areas we have to move ahead in. There's legislation, which is essential and important but which does very little to end actual discrimination; and there's participation, which offers meaningful and useful programs of self-improvement and self-determination to the Negro. Retaining Head Start, Middle Start, Late Start-these are programs that can really help people. The most important of all are the actual work programs, those that produce real jobs. It doesn't help a ghetto boy if our country has 80-percent open housing, because he can't get out of the ghetto. Twenty-two percent of the Negro population between age 16 and age 24 is unemployed. Jobs are what counts.

PLAYBOY: So you don't think the recently passed open-housing law is significant? NEWMAN: It's necessary but, as I say, what does it do for the kids in the ghetto? The new law may help a very small group of Negroes with good jobs, who





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can afford to go out and pay the rent or buy a house. But these people don't really need help. The programs that are going to be most helpful in actually eliminating sociological and economical differences between the races cannot exist while we continue to throw 30 billion dollars a year into the Vietnamese conflict; and that's only the 30 billion dollars you can see and count. I think we're also spending another 20 that isn't so visible. Something must be done to recapture the great pot of money and manpower that is being dissipated in a war that most realistic, hardheaded military minds concede is unwinnable. Lyndon Johnson might really have become a fine President, but he got bogged down in a war that finally blew his whole domestic program-the Great Society, which could have been the instrument of America's racial redemption.

PLAYBOY: In April, Marlon Brando announced that he was abandoning his film career—and a starring role in *The Arrangement*—to devote his time to studying and working on Negro problems. How do you feel about his decision?

NEWMAN: I'm proud of him. I think he's trying to show that white people are not only serious but sincere about working for racial justice.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he'll succeed?

NEWMAN: I don't know what you can give more than your full time. Brando has announced his total commitment to the task of opening the lines of communication between the races. Maybe he can serve as a sort of liaison between the white community and the militant black community. Communication has always been a major problem.

PLAYBOY: Long before the current upsurge of racial unrest, you participated in the 1963 March on Washington. You also visited Gadsden. Alabama, the site of several racial incidents in the heart of the "black belt." Did you find conditions there as oppressive as in Marks, Mississippi, the focal point of the poor people's movement organized by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference?

NEWMAN: Not quite that bad-but it's a terribly depressed area. I heard the biggest double-talking bullshit from the head of the white Christian community down there. But the local Negro leadership wasn't much more enlightened. Out of that whole bunch we talked to in Gadsden, there was just one guy-a Negro doctor who owned the motel we stayed at-who really knew what was going on and cared enough to do something about it. The trouble is that most of the Negroes down there are not only brainwashed but uneducated. I talked to one of the SNCC workers down there, a very bright young man, who told me that the white kids graduating from the public schools in the South wind up with the equivalent of a ninthor tenth-grade education, but the colored kids average around a sixth-grade education. It's been 14 years since separate but unequal education was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, but nothing has really changed. And the same applies to jobs and housing; despite corrective legislation and judicial rulings and a decade of nonviolent demonstrations, *de facto* racial injustice remains almost as intact as it was 100 years ago. Is it any surprise that many Negroes have begun to despair of asking for their rights and decided that they'll have to *take* them?

PLAYBOY: Do you condone racial violence? NEWMAN: Of course not. If this crisis can be resolved by reason and by brotherhood, rather than by bloodshed, that would be the highest goal to which we could aspire. But if you look back into our history, that hasn't been the American way. We like to think of ourselves as a peace-loving people, but this country was born and raised in violence. We forget that the American Revolution was a terminal act of civil disobedience. All the way down through the years-the Indian wars, the New York draft riots of 1863, the labor riots of the 1920s, the Presidential assassinations—runs a deep strain of violence. The only thing that seems to be different nowadays is that there's a lot more violence without obvious motivation.

PLAYBOY: Would you place the murder of Martin Luther King in that category?

NEWMAN: It seems fairly clear that it was the act of a white racist-but even if it wasn't, the implications are terrible to contemplate. If assassination is going to be a form of political expression in our country, I think it's time we checked out our whole social structure in what the magazines sometimes call "an agonizing reappraisal." Someone recently told me about his four-year-old daughter, who came into the family room when he was watching a film of Churchill's funeral, The little girl asked him what he was watching and he said, "It's the funeral of a very great man." She looked at the screen and asked: "Who shot him?" My God, what have we come to?

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's possible to draw an analogy between contemporary violence and the success of such pictures as *Bonnie and Clyde*?

NEWMAN: There's a parallel, certainly, but I don't think motion pictures precede a phenomenon. They reflect it. Bonnie and Clyde was based on the story of a pair of bank robbers from the Thirties. So why did we wait until 1967 to dramatize it so graphically? Because of the climate of violence in America today. Violence on the screen is related somehow to the sense of anomie, of disinvolvement and purposelessness, that afflicts our society. Screen violence is an outlet for the kind of resentment we all feel toward the increasing inhumanity and

impersonality of modern life. Vicarious violence-on the screen and off-gives us a chance to vent our hostilities against the symbols of authority that control us: big business, big government. Big Brother. the establishment, the power structure -whatever you want to call "them." Violence on the screen enables us to identify a target we can shoot at; almost any target will do. But life isn't so simple and accommodating. We can't find the bad guys for the same reason that we can't put our finger on the answer to what's wrong with our society. The things that are wrong are so complex and cross-pollinated-and so endemicthat the pressures of simply being and staying alive literally bend the mind. People say, "Oh, for the good old days" -but now they really mean it. Once, you put a potato in the ground and if it grew, you atc. If it didn't, you starved and that was the end of it. Survival was that simple. But survival today has become a problem of such infinite complexity that few achieve it except at incalculable cost to their spirit-and their sanity.

PLAYBOY: Have you managed to survive without cost to your own spirit and sanity? NEWMAN: Not completely; but if a man can overcome his own terror, he can function. By that I mean the terror of experience, the terror of communication, the terror of exposing one's self, the terror of your own mortality.

PLAYBOY: Considering your own mortality, what do you want to accomplish with the remainder of your life?

NEWMAN: I just want to be able to function as a free agent, to be able to appraise things realistically and not in terms of my own hang-ups.

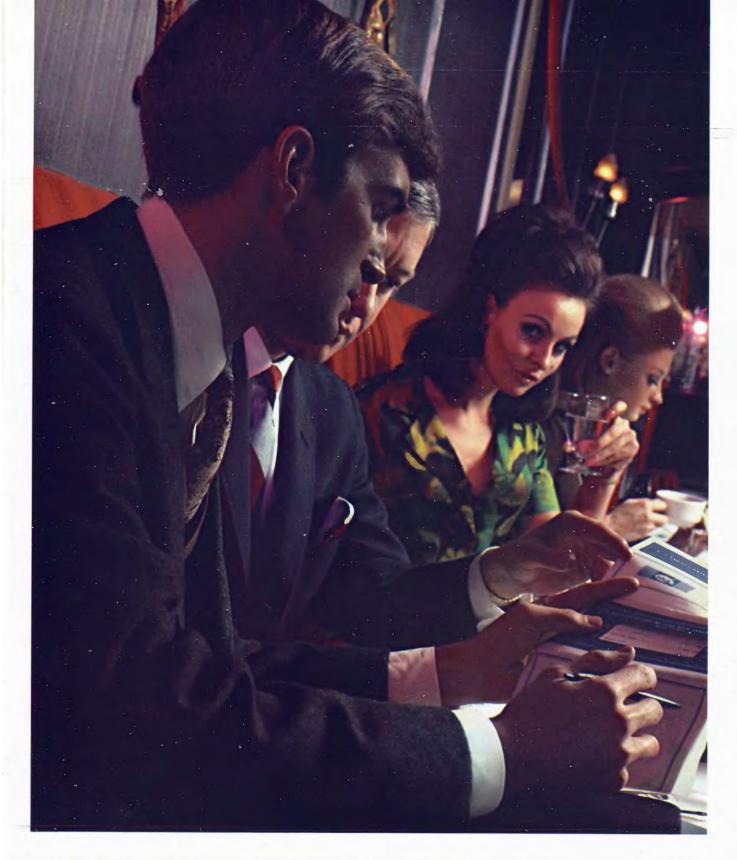
PLAYBOY: What are your hang-ups?

NEWMAN: My greatest hang-up is the compulsion to produce and to come through; with every project, it's out of proportion. Other hang-ups are my inability to feel a sense of self-merit where merit is due, and in putting criticism in its proper perspective. Another problem is the fact that, like other actors, I live a tremendous fantasy life. It works very well in your acting, but you could be much more productive in your personal and professional life if you didn't create this dream world around you. Because it really is wasted time.

PLAYBOY: What kind of fantasies do you create in your own dream world?

NEWMAN: I see myself addressing the United Nations, cleaning up Bedford-Stuyvesant—a million things.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll ever accomplish any of these things in real life? NEWMAN: No, but I'd like to be remembered as a guy who tried—tried to be a part of his times, tried to help people communicate with one another, tried to find some decency in his own life, tried to extend himself as a human being. Someone who isn't complacent, who doesn't cop out. You've got to try, that's the main thing.



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PLAYING FIELDS

when a guy has to give up football, he may turn to poetry—or to widows who live alone and dye their hair red

fiction By JOHN CHEEVER

TONY NAILLES went out for football in high school and made the second squad in his junior year. He had never been a good student—he got mostly Cs—but in French his marks were so low they were scarcely worth recording. One afternoon, when he was about to join the squad for practice, it was announced over the squawk box that he should report to the principal. He was not afraid of the principal, but he was disturbed at the thought of missing any of the routines of football practice. When he stepped into the outer office, a secretary asked him to sit down.

"But I'm late," Tony said. "I'm late for practice already."

"He's busy," the secretary said.

"Couldn't I come back some other time? Couldn't I do it tomorrow?"

"You'd be late for practice tomorrow."

"Couldn't I see him during classtime?"

"No."

Tony glanced around the office. In spite of the stubborn and obdurate facts of learning, the place had for him a galling sense of unreality. A case of athletic trophies stood against one wall, but this seemed to be the only note of permanence. Presently, he was let into the principal's office and given a chair.

"You've failed first-year French twice," the principal said, "and it looks as if you are going to fail it again. Your parents expect you to go on to college and you know you have to have a modern-language credit. Your intelligence quotient is very high and neither I nor Miss Hoe can understand why you fail."

"It's just that I can't say French, sir," Tony said. "I just can't say any French. My father can't, either. It sounds phony."

The principal switched on the squawk box and said into it, "Could you see Tony now, Miss Hoe?"

Her affirmative came through loud and clear. "Certainly."

"You go down and see Miss Hoe now," said the principal.
"Couldn't I see her after class tomorrow, sir? I'm missing football

practice."

"I think Miss Hoe will have something to say about that. She's waiting."

Miss Hoe was waiting in a room whose bright lights and pure colors did nothing to cheer him. It would soon be getting dark on the playing field and he had already missed passing and tackle. Miss Hoe sat before a large poster showing the walls of Carcassonne. It was the only traditional surface in the room. The brilliant fluorescent lights in the ceiling made the place seem to be a cavern of incandescence, authoritative in its independence from the gathering dark of an autumn afternoon; and the power to light the room came from another county, well to the north, where snow had already fallen. The chairs and desks were made of brightly colored plastic. The floor was waxed Vinylite.

"Sit down, Tony," she said. "Please sit down. It's time that we had a little talk."

She might have been a pretty woman—small-featured and slender—but her skin was sallow and coarse and in the brightness of the light, one saw that she had a few chin whiskers. Her waist was very slender and she seemed to take some pride in this. She always wore belts, cinctures, chains or ribbons around her middle and she sometimes wore a



ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX GNIOZIEJKO



girlish ribbon in her brown hair. Her mouth, considering the strenuous exercise it got in French verbs, was very small. She wore no perfume and exhaled the faint unfreshness of humanity at the end of any day.

She lived alone, of course, but we will grant her enough privacy not to pry into the clinical facts of her virginity or to catalog the furniture, souvenirs, etc., with which her one-room apartment was stuffed. As a lonely and defenseless spinster, she was prev to the legitimate anxieties of her condition. There were four locks on the door to her apartment and she carried a vial of ammonia in her handbag to throw into the eyes of assailants. She had read somewhere that anxiety was a manifestation of sexual guilt, and she could see, sensibly, that her aloneness and her virginity would expose her to guilt and repression. However, the burden of guilt must, she felt, be somehow divided between her destiny and the news in the evening paper. It was not her guilt that had caused the increase in sexual brutality. She had come to feel that some disorganized conspiracy of psychopaths was developing. Weekly, sometimes daily, women who resembled her were debauched, mutilated and strangled. Alone in the dark she was always afraid. Since she frequently dreamed that she was being debauched by some brute in a gutter, she had to include guilt along with terror.

"When were you born, Tony?" she

isked.

"May twenty-seventh."

"Oh, I knew it," she said. "I knew it. You're Gemini."

"What's that?"

"Gemini is the constellation under which you were born. Gemini determines many of your characteristics and, one might say, your fate; but Gemini men are invariably good linguists. The fact that you are Gemini proves to me that you can do your work and do it brilliantly. You can't dispute your stars, can you?"

He looked past her through the window to the playing field. There was still enough light in the air, enough color in the trees to compete with the incandescence of their cavern; but in another ten minutes, there would be nothing to see in the window but a reflection of Miss Hoe and himself. He knew nothing about astrology beyond the fact that he thought it to be a sanctuary for fools. He supposed that she might have read in the stars (and he was right) that it was her manifest destiny to be unloved, unmarried, childless and lonely. She sighed and he was suddenly conscious of her breathing-its faint sibilance and the rise and fall of her meager front. It seemed intimate-sexual-as if they lay in each other's arms, and he moved his chair back suddenly, scraping the legs on the Vinylite. The noise restored him.

"I've talked this over with Mr. Northrup, Tony, and we've reached a decision. Since you seem unable to manage your own time with any efficiency, we are going to give you a little assistance. We are going to ask you to give up football."

He had not anticipated this staggering injustice. He would not cry, but there was a definite disturbance in his eye ducts. She didn't know what she was saying. She knew, poor woman, much less about football than he knew about French. He loved football, loved the maneuvers, the grasswork, the fatigue and loved the ball itself-its shape, color, odor and the way it spiraled into the angle of his elbow and rib cage. He loved the time of year, the bus trips to other schools; he loved sitting on the bench. Football came more naturally to him than anything else at his time of life, and how could they take this naturalness away from him and fill up the breach with French verbs?

"You don't know what you're saying, Miss Hoe."

"I'm afraid I do, Tony. I've not only talked with Mr. Northrup, I've talked with Coach."

"With Coach?"

"Yes, with Coach. Coach thinks it would be better for you, better for our school, better, perhaps, for our football team if you spent more time at your studies."

"Coach said this?"

"Coach said that you were enthusiastic but he doesn't think that you're in any way indispensable. He thinks that perhaps you're wasting your time."

He stood, "You know what, Miss Hoe?" he asked.

"What, Tony?" she said. "What, dear?"

"You know, I could kill you," he said. "I could kill you. I could strangle you."

She stood, hurling her chair against the walls of Carcassonne, and began to scream.

Her screaming brought Mr. Graham, the Latin teacher, and Mr. Clark (science) running. She stood at her desk, her arm outflung, pointing at Tony. "He tried to kill me," she screamed. "He threatened to kill me."

"There, there, Mildred," said Mr. Graham, "there, there."

"I want a policeman," she screamed. "Call the police."

Mr. Graham called the office through the squawk box and asked the secretary to call the police. Mr. Clark picked up Miss Hoe's chair and she sat in it, trembling and breathing heavily, but stern, as if she were about to upbraid an unruly class. Then, in the distance, they heard the sound of a police siren that seemed, excited and grieving, not to come from the autumn twilight but from some television drama in which they were the actors or combatants playing out nothing so simple as poor French

marks and a mistaken threat. Tony was Miss Hoe's long-lost brother who had just returned from his travels with the news that their beautiful mother was a well-known Communist spy. The Latin teacher would have been Miss Hoe's husband-a dreary failure whose business misadventures and drinking bouts had brought her to the brink of a nervous breakdown, and Mr. Clark came from the FBI. Thus, juxtaposed for a moment by the sound of the siren, they seemed about to have their dilemma interrupted by an advertisement for painkillers or detergents, until the police came in, asking: "What's up, what's going on here?" Vandalism had been their guess. although it was the wrong time of daybut vandalism was the usual complaint. Why did kids want to rip the lids off desks and break windows?

Miss Hoe raised her head. Her face was shining with tears. "He tried to kill me," she said. "He tried to kill me."

"Now, Mildred," said Mr. Clark. "Now, Mildred."

"Don't I have any protection at all?" she cried angrily. "Are you all going to stand around and defend this murderer, until I'm found some night with a broken neck? How do you know he doesn't have a knife? Has anyone searched him? Has anyone even asked him a question?"

"You got a knife, sonny?" one of the police asked.

"No," said Tony.

"You try to kill this lady?"

"No, sir. I got angry at her and said that I'd like to, but I didn't touch her. I wouldn't ever touch her."

"I want something done about this," Miss Hoe said. "I'm entitled to some protection."

"You want to file charges against him, lady? Felonious assault, I guess."

"I do," Miss Hoe said.

"All right. I'll take him down to the station and book him. Come on, sonny."

The corridor was crowded by this time with teachers, secretaries and janitors, none of whom knew what had happened and all of whom were asking one another what it was. Tony and the police had gotten to the end of the corridor and were about to turn out of sight when Miss Hoe cried: "Officer. Officer." It was a frightened voice and they turned quickly.

"Could you take me home? Will you drive me home?"

"Where do you live?"

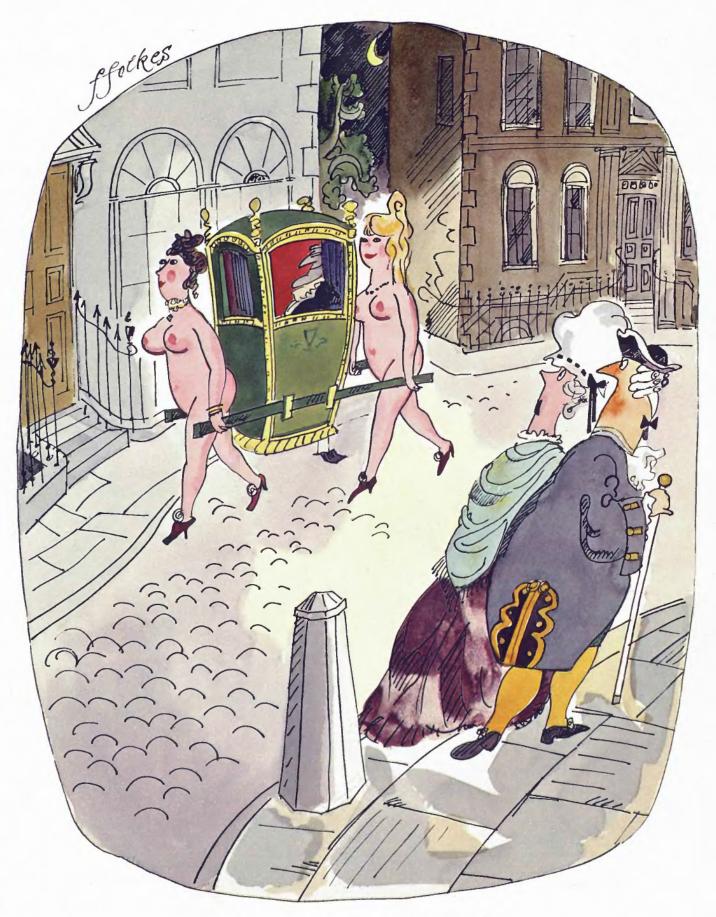
"Langeley Gardens."

"Sure."

"Just a moment."

She got her coat, turned off the lights and locked the door to her classroom. She came swiftly down the hall, through the crowd, to where they waited. She got into the back seat of the car and Tony sat in front between the two police.

(continued on page 84)



"Isn't that the notorious Lord Bloxley?"





Posing before a small sampling af her ad and cover credits (belaw left), Kecia dramatizes why she's one of the world's highest-paid models. But nestled in bed with her guitar near at hand, she feels like a different person: "Without make-up, I am a very simple, earthy Finnish girl, a bit naïve and very insecure. With make-up, I am an illusian, a dream product of desires projected fram my face and figure."





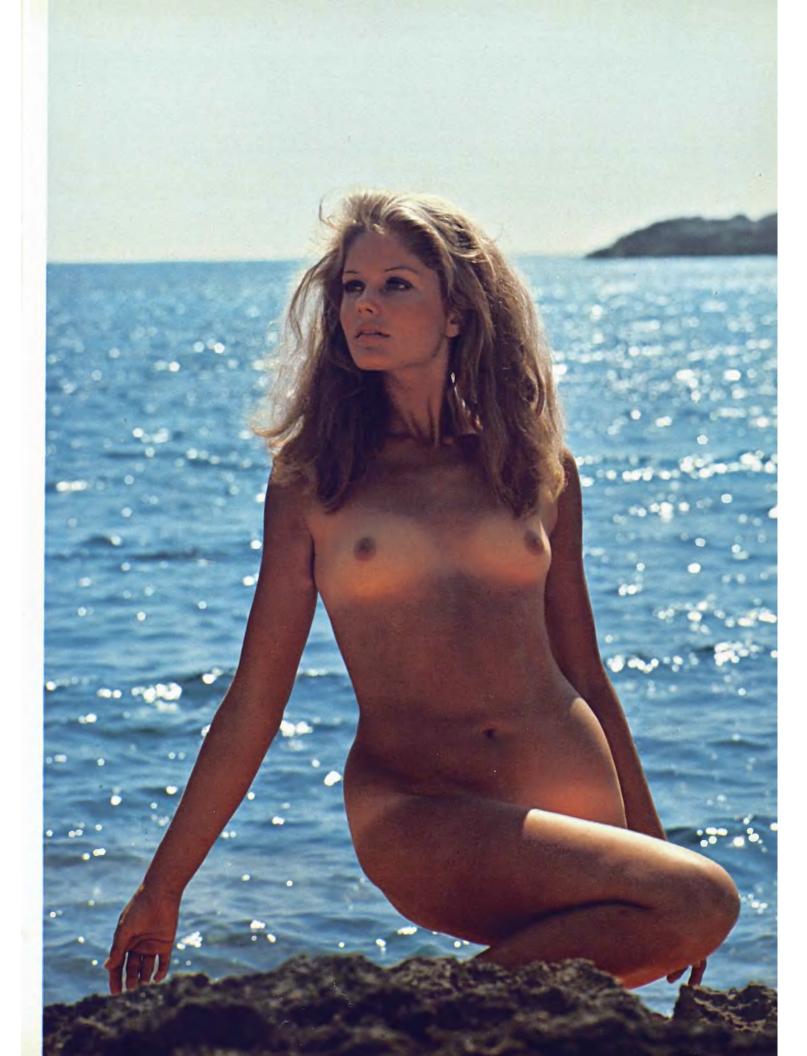






After signing to oppear in The Monk, her second film, Kecio takes time off from modeling assignments to relax along the sunny roughhewn coast line and shimmering woters of Majorca. Because much of her work is done indoors, Kecia's leisure pursuits run in the opposite direction: to olfresco pleasures such os riding, tennis and water-skiing—and to the decidedly mosculine men who occompany them.





"It's very kind of you to take me home," Miss Hoe said. "I do appreciate it. I'm terribly afraid of the dark. When I go into the cafetorium for my lunch, the first thing I think of is that it will be dark in four hours. Oh, I wish it would never get dark-never. I suppose you know all about that lady who was mistreated and strangled on Maple Street last month. She was my age and we had the same first name. We had the same horoscope and they never found the murderer. . . ."

One of the police walked her to the door of her apartment and then they drove to the police station in the center of town. Tony explained that his mother was in the city but that his father usually came out on the 6:32. "Well, the judge won't be here until eight or later," one of the police said, "and we can't try you without the judge, but you don't look very desperate to me and I'll remand you in the custody of your father as soon as he comes home. The lady seemed a little hysterical. . . .

It was, of course, the first time Tony had been in the police station. It was a new building, not in any way shabby but definitely grim. Fluorescent tubing shed a soulful light and an extraordinarily harsh and unnatural voice was coming from a radio. "Five foot, eight," said the voice. "Blue eyes. Crooked teeth, A scar on the right side of the jaw. Weight, one hundred and sixty pounds. Wanted for murder. . . ."

They took Tony's name and address and invited him to sit down. The only other civilian in the place was a shabbily dressed man who wore a stained whitesilk scarf around his neck. His clothing was greasy and threadbare, his hands were black, but the white-silk scarf seemed like a declaration of self-esteem. "How long do I have to stay here?" he asked the lieutenant at the desk.

"Until the judge comes in." "What did I do wrong?"

"Vagrancy."

"I hitched a ride on Route Twentyseven," the vagrant said. "I asked this guy to stop the car so I could take a piss and as soon as I got out of the car, he drove off. Why would he do a thing like that?" The lieutenant coughed, "Well, you don't have long for this world," the vagrant said, "not with a cough like that. Ha-ha. A doctor told me that twentyeight years ago and you know where the doctor is now? Six foot under. Pushing up daisies. He died a year later. The secret of keeping young is to read children's books. You read the books they write for little children and you'll keep young. You read novels, philosophy, stuff like that, and it makes you feel old. You fish in the river?"

"Some," said the lieutenant, putting as

much uninterest into the sound as he could. The vagrant offended his nose, his sight and his sense of the fitness of things, not because of his manifest eccentricity but because he had heard the story so many times. They were all alike, the roadside vagrants; they suffered a sameness greater than the intellectual and sumptuary sameness of the businessmen who rode the 6:32. They all had theories, travels, diets, colorful pasts and studied conversational openings, and they usually wore some piece of soiled finery like the white-silk scarf.

"Well, I hope you don't eat the fish," the vagrant said. "That river's nothing but an open toilet. All the shit from New York comes up the river twice a day on the tides. You wouldn't eat the fish you found in the toilet, would you? Would you?" Then he turned to Tony and asked: "What you here for, sonny?"

"Don't tell him," said the lieutenant, "He's not here to ask questions."

"Well, can't I be friendly?" the vagrant asked. "Perhaps if we had a little conversation, we might discover that we have some interests in common. For instance. I've made a study of the customs and history of the Cherokee Indians and a great many people find this interesting. I once lived with them on a reservation in Oklahoma for three months. I wore their clothing, observed their customs and ate their food. They eat dogs, you know. Dogs are their favorite food. They boil them mostly, although sometimes they roast them. They-

"Shut up," the lieutenant said.

At a quarter to seven they called Nailles, who said that he would be right over. When he strode into the station and found his son there, his first impulse was to embrace the young man, but he restrained himself. "You can take him home," the lieutenant said. "I don't think much will come of this. He'll tell you what happened. The complainant seems to have been a little hysterical."

Tony told his father what had happened as they drove home. Nailles had no counsel, advice, censure or experience to bring to that crazy hour. He understood his son's deep feelings about being dropped from the squad and he seemed to have shared in his son's felonious threatening of Miss Hoe. A little wind was blowing and as they drove, leaves of all colors-but mostly yellow-blew through the shaft of their headlights, and what Nailles said was: "I love to see leaves blowing through the headlights. I don't know why. I mean, they're just dead leaves, not good for anything, but I love to see them blowing through the light."

Miss Hoe never pressed charges and went on sick leave the next day. Tony

was transferred to a French class taught by a man, but he was not allowed to return to the squad.

It was an autumn afternoon. Saturday. Below Nailles' house, near a grove of dead elms, there was a swamp where a flock of red-winged blackbirds nested each spring. According to the law of their species, they should have turned south in the autumn; but the number of bird-feeding appliances in the neighborhood, overflowing with provender, had rattled their migratory instincts and they now spent the autumn and winter in Bullet Park in utter confusion. Their song-two ascending notes and a harsh trill, like a cicada-was inalienably associated with the first long nights of summer, but now one heard it in the autumn, one heard it in the snow. To hear this summery music on one of the last clement days of the year was like some operatic reprise where the heroine, condemned to death, hears in her dark cell (carcere brutta) the lilting love music that was first sung at the beginning of act two. The wind that day was westerly, and after lunch one could hear the thump-thump of a bass drum from the football field, where the band was warming up for a home game.

Tony, after having been dropped from the squad, did not, of course, spend his spare time studying irregular verbs. Instead, he read poetry, as if he shared with the poets the mysterious and painful experience of being forced into the role of a bystander. He had not read poetry before. Nailles was not so obtuse as to protest, but he was uneasy. He might say that poetry was one of the most exalted of the arts, but he could not cure himself of the conviction that poetry was the demesne of homely women and mor-

bidly sensitive men.

As soon as Tony heard the bass drum that afternoon, he went upstairs and lay down on his bed. Nailles was worried and called up the stairs: "Tony, let's do something, shall we? Let's go for a ride or something."

"No, thank you, Daddy," Tony said. "I think I'll go into the city, if you don't mind. I'll go to a movie or maybe see a basketball game."

"That's fine," Nailles said. "I'll drive you to the train."

At three the next morning, Nailles woke. He got out of bed and started down the hall toward Tony's room. He felt very old, as if, while he slept, he had put down the dreams of a strong mansnow-covered mountains and beautiful women-in exchange for the anxieties of some decrepit octogenarian who feared that he had lost his false teeth. He felt frail, wizened, a shade of himself. Tony's bed was empty. "Oh, my God," he said loudly. "Oh, my God." His only and dearly beloved son had been set upon by

(continued on page 164)

By SHELDON WAX

NO BIZ LIKE QUIZBIZ

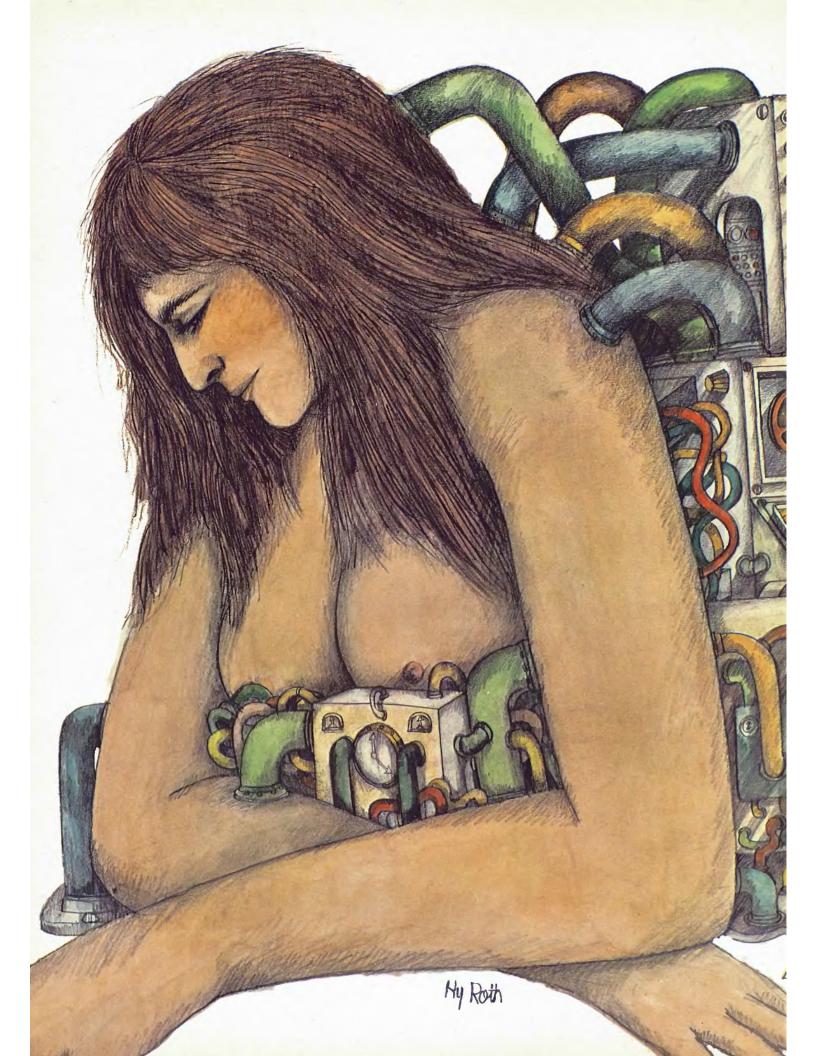
a 20-question tour through history à la "variety"

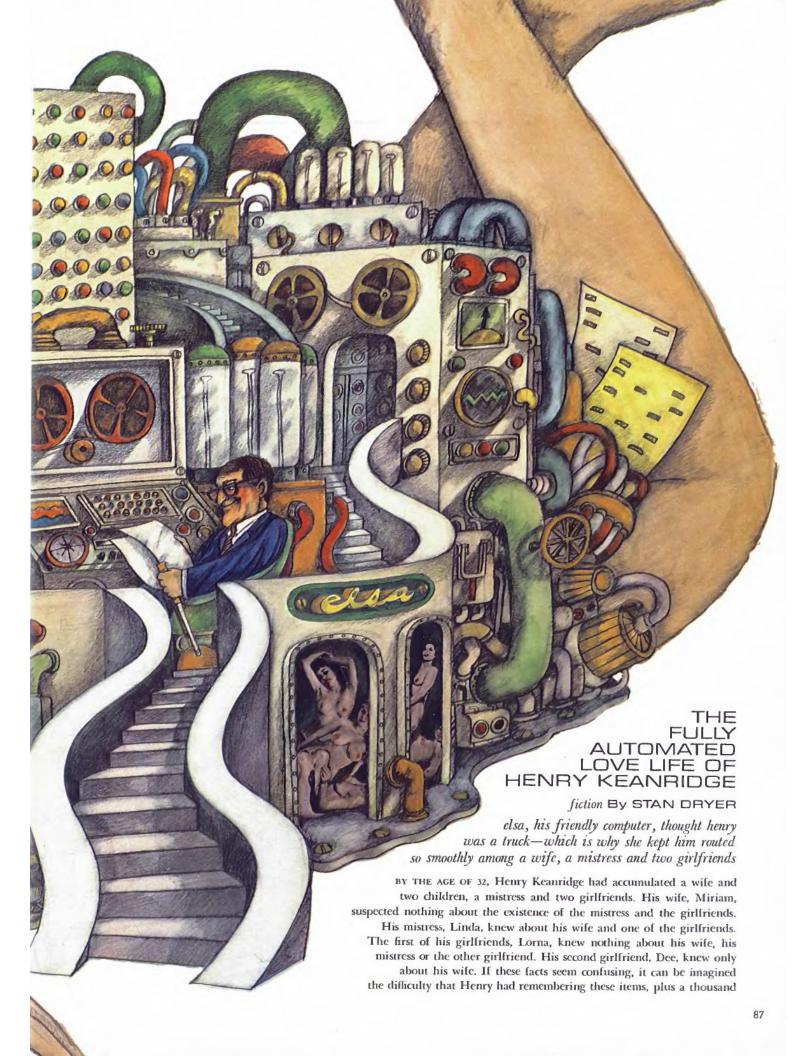
AS A LONGTIME ADMIRER of Variety's unique headline vernacular, we've wondered how the showbiz bible would have bannered important historical events. In doing so, we've come up with a spanking-new parlor game, which we sneak-preview herewith for our readers. We'll supply the Variety-type headlines; you guess the events. You can rate yourself as follows: all correct—smash; 15–19 right—clicko; 10–14—ho-hum; 5–9—ntg; if you get fewer than 5 right—bomb.

- 1. Top Frog Flops in Flemish Foldo
- 2. JULIE LOPPED FROM TOP SLOT
- 3. YANK BIGGIES WRITE OWN TICKET—HANCOCK STANDOUT
- 4. REX HAS NO EYES FOR MOM
- 5. ABE CURTAINED AT D.C. NABE
- 6. CHI FRY DUE TO MOO
- 7. BIG G. IN ONE-DAY LAYOFF AFTER SOCKO SIX-DAY STINT
- 8. Strad Act Sizzles in Rome Bow
- 9. RED-FACED BACK-BAYNIKS
 SAY SO LONG TO OOLONG
- 10. "HANK LOUSE AS SPOUSE" ANNE
- 11. Cruise Ship S.R.O. in 40-Day Gig

- 12. Fog City's Mr. Clean Makes
 Medics Join Scrub Team
- 13. Orléans Chick & Stake Well-Done
- 14. Rip No-Show on Borscht Circuit
- 15. GREEK HORSE SHOW
 WOW IN ONE-NIGHTER
- 16. COURT FAVE PITCHES
 PASTRY, FLIPS WIG
- 17. LION LAD NEW NILE PILE
- 18. EGGHEAD'S BIG-APPLE
 BIT PROVES STRONG DRAW
- 19. LIZ DO-IT-YOURSELF ORPHAN?
- 20. TOP BRASS TAKES
 TRUNK ROUTE TO BOOT

Answers are on page 147.





other necessary details of the intimate lives of these four women. Fortunately, Henry had the assistance of ELSA, the Electronic Logistics Systems Analyzer.

Henry was input monitor for the ELSA installation at the main office of the Acme Trucking Company. All day he sat at his Teletype console on the 12th floor of the Acme Building, feeding data and questions to ELSA in her basement vault far below. ELSA held in her memory banks all of the pertinent data on the far-flung operations of the Acme Trucking fleet. She knew the current location of every truck and driver. She kept track of all of the shipments stored in the Acme warehouses and of those in transit. In short, she knew every detail of the operations of Acme Trucking and could, in a few seconds, provide the answer to any question concerning these operations.

It was Henry's job, as input monitor, to ask these questions. "OPTIMIZE TRUCK 75 BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO, SALT LAKE CITY AND DENVER, WITH INTERMEDIATE PICKUPS AND DELIVERIES, STARTING 1700 3/7/68," he would type on his Teletype. ELSA would check her files to determine what shipments truck 75 could handle and what intermediate stops were optimum. After checking the road and weather conditions in the Western states and a dozen other factors, she would type back a message that gave the exact times of arrival and departure over a three-day period, plus the following work schedule:

OPTIMIZED ROUTING OF TRUCK 75 ACTION CARGO CITY LOAD 100 DRUMS OIL SAN FRANCISCO UNLOAD 15 DRUMS OIL UNLOAD 30 DRUMS OIL SALT LAKE LOAD 50 BAGS CEMENT SALT LAKE UNLOAD ALL CARGO DENVER

Thus, ELSA could, in a matter of seconds, provide an optimized routing for any truck in the Acme fleet.

Deep within ELSA's memory banks, and quite unknown to the executives of the Acme Trucking Company, was stored another array of information. This data base covered all facets of the lives of Henry's four women. The women were simply placed in the file as cities. There was one "truck," namely, Henry. To ELSA, it was all the same. Her job was to optimize routing, whether it was trucks between cities or Henry between his women.

Thus, when Henry typed on his console, "OPTIMIZE HENRY BETWEEN MIRIAM, LINDA AND DEE, WITH INTERMEDIATE PICK-UPS AND DELIVERIES, STARTING 1700 3/3/68," ELSA, again giving exact dates (3/3/68 to 3/4/68) and exact times (1700 through the evening until 1400 the next day), would type back something like:

OPTIMIZED ROUTING OF HENRY ACTION CARGO CITY 50 DOLLARS LOAD BANK UNLOAD 7 DOLLARS FLOWER SHOP 24 ROSES, RED FLOWER SHOP UNLOAD 24 ROSES, RED LINDA UNLOAD 20 DOLLARS MIRIAM STOPOVER

DEE

Henry would quickly tear this sheet of information out of the Teletype and slip it into his inner coat pocket. For the next few hours, he had no worries. ELSA had optimized his sex life. Gone were the nagging worries usual to a man with a love life spread among four women. There would be no tearful scenes over forgotten anniversaries or broken promises. He would have no problem remembering which woman he was to meet when and where. As long as he followed the schedule set down by ELSA, there would be no troubles.

It should not be assumed that Henry was a compulsive rake who had deliberately accumulated his stable of conquests. In idle moments between requests to ELSA. Henry often tried to figure out just how he could have avoided collecting these women. There was the matter of his wife, for example. Henry was never quite sure if or when he had proposed to Miriam. They had met in the Marriage and the Family course that Henry had taken during his senior year at Atkins College. Henry had taken the course out of pure curiosity. He simply wanted to find out what marriage was all about.

It was a mistake from the start. Except for Miriam, all of the other students were paired off in couples. They were either married or had been engaged since they were freshmen. The course consisted of group discussions led by Professor Parkins, an intensely uninhibited young social anthropologist. Parkins sparked these discussions with a mixture of stories of his own sexual escapades and descriptions of the love life of the Navaho Indian, apparently his field of specialization. His wife, heavy with child, attended all of the class sessions and sat in the front row knitting baby garments. Whenever Parkins gave an example from his own married life, which was often, she would pause in her knitting and grin affectionately at her husband, as if his words brought to mind a particularly amusing private joke.

The other couples did not lag far behind. They sat in pairs around the classroom, holding hands and participating with enthusiasm. They always began each bit of commentary with a phrase like, "George and I think . . ." or "Gloria and I have found. . . .'

Henry rarely contributed to the discussion, both because he felt he lacked the necessary depth of sexual experience and because he felt his single opinion held no

force against the paired-up ideas of the rest of the class. From the start, he felt a silent bond with Miriam, a rather plump girl who sat quietly by herself at the back of the room.

It was inevitable that they would be thrown together. The classroom hung heavy with the human pairing instinct and neither Henry nor Miriam had the will to resist. Soon they were sitting next to each other and exchanging whispered comments concerning the class. Whispered exchanges were not frowned on by Parkins; all of the couples were expected to discuss their thoughts in private, so that expressed ideas could be truly joint opinions.

Henry got into the habit of taking Miriam to the Cell, the student coffeeshop after class. There they would mercilessly dissect the characters of Professor Parkins and their fellow students. Henry regarded Miriam simply as a good friend with whom he was sharing the tribulations of a rather dull course.

One day, with the course well past the halfway mark, Professor Parkins called Henry to his office. There, amidst piles of dusty reference works, Navaho rugs and potsherds, the professor informed Henry that he was flunking the course.

"How could I be failing?" demanded Henry. "We haven't had any exams."

"The essence of Marriage and the Family," said Professor Parkins, "is group discussion. I do not feel that you have been contributing effectively to the dynamics of the group. My wife, who is a pretty impartial observer, agrees with me."

It was still two against one, Henry saw, even there in Parkins' office. He mumbled something about trying harder to participate and left.

After class the next day, he told Miriam about his interview with Parkins.

"Just what the bastard told me," she said. "I happen to need that grade very badly."

Henry was up for Phi Beta Kappa and knew that one failing grade would ruin his chances. "What can we do?" he asked.

'Look," said Miriam. "I don't mean to be forward or anything, but maybe the solution to our problem is for us to develop a base of mutual experience, as Parkins would put it."

"You mean?" said Henry.

"We could take off this coming weekend and shack up in a motel somewhere," said Miriam.

"I have a couple of exams next week," said Henry. "I was planning to hit the books pretty hard this weekend."

"Haven't you been listening in class?" said Miriam. "You can't have sex continuously. I have a term paper myself that's due on Monday."

Thus it was that in class the following (continued on page 92)



"Don't try anything, Alkali—these guys are desperate!"



a watch watcher's guide to the latest in split-second timing





Monday, Henry was able to take Miriam's hand, smile knowingly and say, "Miriam and I have found that relief from sexual tensions makes a big difference in one's ability to concentrate on studying."

There was a murmur of approval from the class. Professor Parkins smiled his benediction. Even his wife turned around in her seat and grinned at them.

Henry and Miriam continued to build their base of mutual experience, although Henry regarded it as merely an enjoyable necessity for passing the course. At the end of the term, both Henry and Miriam received Bs. It was Professor Parkins' policy to give both partners identical grades.

Henry was so pleased with his grade that he impulsively asked Miriam to the canoe lighting on the final night of graduation week. At the canoe lighting, senior couples paddled around Lake Meekawa with lighted candles bow and stern. All of the other couples in their course were participating and he felt it would be a nice gesture to ask Miriam. Unfortunately, Henry did not know that it was a campus custom of long standing that only couples who had "plighted their troth" were allowed to participate.

"Are you really sure we should?" said Miriam when he asked her.

"If you don't think you can handle a canoe," said Henry, "I can do the paddling."

"That's a very sweet way of putting it," said Miriam.

"Then it's all settled?" said Henry.

"Oh, yes, Henry," said Miriam. "I think we're going to be very happy." She leaned over and kissed him on the cheek.

They had a perfect June evening for the canoe lighting. No breeze disturbed the surface of Lake Meekawa. The shores of the lake were lined with the parents of the senior class and the nonbetrothed students. The throaty little mating calls of the Lake Meekawa frogs filled the air. The candles on the canoes twinkled like myriad stars. Henry felt a deep inner peace that he had never known before, as if all cares and apprehensions of the future were walled away from them by the ring of circling lights.

All inner peace was instantly shattered when they returned to the landing. Henry had helped Miriam out of their canoe and was holding the canoe containing Myra and Ed Bushbinder close to the dock so that Ed could help Myra, six months pregnant, out of the canoe. Myra and Ed had been the leaders of some of the healthiest discussions in Marriage and the Family.

"This is really a surprise," said Myra when she had finally struggled onto the landing. "I'm so pleased, though." She turned to Miriam. "Have you set a date for the wedding?"

"It's all happened so fast that we haven't been able to plan anything," said

Henry stared at the girls, unable to speak.

Ed Bushbinder pulled him aside. "You old rogue," he said. "What did you do, propose to her last night so you'd be allowed to take her on the canoe lighting?"

With a great red flash, realization burst upon Henry. There was no backing down now. One simply did not flout sacred ceremonials like the canoe lighting.

"Yeah," Henry mumbled, "something like that."

From that moment on, Henry felt he had lost control. Miriam set a date for the wedding; he went to work at Acme Trucking: they purchased a home in Garden Acres and the children arrived—all, Henry felt, without his having any alternate choices.

. .

The case was different, however, with his first girlfriend, Lorna. Henry knew he had acquired her by talking too much. It was back in the days when he had only Miriam and the children to worry about and, as a result, had time to stop off at a little bar around the corner from the Acme Building for an occasional drink with the boys. On the evening he met Lorna, there were just four of them drinking beer at a table. The talk swung to women. Henry remained silent as he remembered only too well what participation in such discussions had gotten him into in college.

Finally, ruddy-faced Joe Willard no-ticed Henry's silence. "What's the matter, Henry?" said Willard. "All this talk boring you?"

Henry had always disliked Willard. He was the one in the operations room who had sent Henry down to the stock room for left-handed paper clips on his first day at Acme Trucking.

"You guys are all talk," said Henry, "and no action." He waved his hand toward the bar, where a couple of young ladies were seated. "Let's see you move in on that stuff."

"I am going to call your bluff," said Willard. "But before I do, you got any money you want to put behind your fat mouth?"

"Does a sawbuck talk loud enough for you?" said Henry. This was in the days before every penny of Henry's income was sucked up in the business of maintaining his harem.

"It's a deal," said Willard. "Shake on it, buster." He grasped Henry's hand in his damp paw and, rising from the table, headed for the empty stool beside the two young ladies.

The men at the table watched and waited. It was unclear exactly how well Willard was making out, until there was

a distinctly audible slap and Willard came walking slowly back to the table. He handed Henry a ten-dollar bill without saying a word.

All would have been well if Henry had kept silent or switched the subject to baseball. But he wanted too much to work Willard over a bit. "Just for the record," he said, "what technique did you use? Suave man about town? Or the husky he-man approach?"

"If you think you can do better, bigmouth," said Willard, "I've got ten dollars that says you can't."

"Yeah," said one of the other men, "why don't we let the master operator show us how it's done?"

"OK," said Henry. He was halfway across the room before he realized that he had no idea what he was about. But the inertia of his pride carried him up to the bar, where he dropped onto the vacant stool.

"They're sending them in shifts," the girl next to him said to her companion. "We come in for a quiet drink and eight waves of Marines come after us."

The other girl did not reply. Henry stole a glance at the girl who had spoken. She was a little thin for his taste but had a cute face, with a little upturn to her nose.

"I wonder what approach they'll use this time," she said to her silent companion, "Maybe the intellectual line, 'Seen any good operas lately?"

"I really think I should apologize for all of the trouble we're causing you," said Henry. He was amazed at his ability to say anything.

"He's apologizing for all of the trouble he's causing," said the girl. "Now he's going to tell us that it's all because of a silly bet he made with his friend with the damp hands."

"It is because of a bet," said Henry.

The girl took one swift, analytic look at him, then turned back to her companion. "Now he's going to ask me if I wouldn't mind just walking out of here with him so he could pretend that he did succeed in picking me up. I really think he has the gall to ask that."

Henry discovered he had sufficient gall.

The girl did not look at him. "You're going to think I'm out of my mind," she said. "You're going to give me a long lecture about my behavior tonight. But if we send this one back empty-handed, we'll have to suffer the other two of them before the night is out."

She finished off her drink, picked up her handbag and started for the door. Henry followed her. He managed to produce what would pass for a man-of-theworld smile for his friends as they passed the table.

They went outside. The girl stopped (continued on page 148)



it's second constitutional convention time, folks, so listen in while an intrepid gathering of star-spangled straight shooters puts an end to two centuries of "communist conspiracy"

humor By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN NOW THAT AMERICA has been so dramatically saved from the threat of democracy, we can finally tell the whole inspiring story of the Second Constitutional Convention, the most joyous gathering of true conservatives since Mussolini's inaugural ball. It's a story still unknown to most Americans, for the convention was seen only on closed-circuit TV in Greece, Spain and Bavaria.

The convention was not originally called to revise the entire Constitution of the United States, but just to add two amendments: the Liberty Amendment to abolish the income tax and the Dirksen Amendment to stop legislative reapportionment. But once the delegates met, they were swept by a spirit that made them rewrite the work of the subtlest Marxists of all, the ones who had shrewdly preceded Marx' birth, so that no one could ever connect them with him. Luckily, certain men at last had learned the truth, men like H. L. Hunt, who said, "Communism began in America when the Government took over distribution of the mail."

Such perceptive patriots knew that God had led them to Los Angeles to save His favorite country, a land sold out by Earl Warren and his colored shortstops, by Jonas Salk and his vaccine and by Thomas Jefferson and his pinkos in velvet pants, those frilly Federal fags who bought the Russian line in 1787. As the delegates entered the convention hall, they filled the air with the kind of splendid fervor that had once stirred pilots on their way to Pearl Harbor.

"If anyone calls you a Fascist, take a bow!" cried Willis Carto, head of the Liberty Lobby, whose button said REPATRIATE 'EM ALL TO AFRICA. "After all, what is a Fascist but a patriotic nationalist, one who knows that a dictatorship of the majority is not constitutional government, one who knows that right now there are Congolese cannibals put here by the UN to set up a Commie take-over by 1973. I tell you, 30,000 African troops are already in Georgia, 30,000 black Reds who are set to start eating their way to Washington—with teeth they got from Medicare! Do we want this great country to become a cover for National Geographic?"

Other delegates exploded with rage about the document that had started all the trouble.

"This goddamn Federal country has been usin' a Constitution that's just a first draft!" cried a man with a swagger

stick. "Why, it ain't even typed!"

"And it's so damn dated," said a man with cuff links of lightning bolts. "I guess it was OK for 1787, when communism was just a village problem and Chiang had the mainland, but it sure don't apply to nothin' now."

"Damn right!" said a woman with dirty tennis shoes and a clean Confederate kerchief. "Your 1787 nigger knew his place!"

The 2000 delegates took their seats under signs that lyrically proclaimed their hopes for mankind: FIGHT UNICEF, FREE RUDOLF HESS, GIVE THE INCOME TAX BACK TO CASTRO, F. D. R. IS ALIVE IN ARGENTINA, GIVE RED CHINA OUR SEAT IN THE UN, LOSE THE WAR ON POVERTY and THERE WAS NO FLUORIDATION AT VALLEY FORGE. Hanging among these signs were the great smiling faces of liberty's dead heroes, who had moved up to dwell on the right hand of God: Theodore Bilbo, Rafael Trujillo, Fulton Lewis, Jr., General George Patton, Barbarosa, Joseph McCarthy, George Lincoln Rockwell, Jr., Martin Dies and François Duvalier, a newcomer whose picture bore the words THE ONLY GOOD ONE. Delegates who weren't lip-reading the signs or smiling back at the pictures were leafing through such inspirational prose as Nine Bastards in Black, The Surgeon General's Report on Syphilis in the Peace Corps and Genghis Khan: A Reappraisal.

When the militiamen of John Wayne, the sergeant at arms, had cleared the aisles, one red-necked delegate hoisted an effigy of Edward R. Murrow and the faithful shot off their mouths with a righteous right-wing roar. The Second Constitutional Convention had begun, The roar subsided when the convention's chaplain, a well-known man of the cloth, walked to the microphone, bowed his head and said, "Let us pray. . . . Sweet Jesus, who needed no minimum wage, who knew that the wages of sin are not fixed by Washington. . . . Sweet Jesus, who is still the greatest American of all. guide our feeble hands and minds and help us fix up this lousy Constitution."

"Amen," said the delegates, who then recited the Pledge of Allegiance in unison:

"I pledge allegiance to the non-Hawaiian part of the United States of America and to the Republic—that's Republic—for which it stands, one loose collection of states, next to God, invincible, with voluntary health for all."

All 2000 stayed on their feet as Pat Boone came forward and said, "Fellas and gals, how about singin' one that's always been in the Top Twenty, The Star-Spangled Banner!"

Some of the delegates were dressed like Paul Revere and the Raiders in Colonial costumes made by the D. A. R., but most of the attire was modern: the women in smartly hooded minisheets and the men in buttondown brown shirts and softly buffed storm boots. A few of the girls in the Young Americans for Freedom

wore chicly tailored field jackets over Neiman-Marcus fatigues.

At last, Dr. Fred Schwarz, the convention's chairman, head of the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade and the greatest American Australia ever produced, came to the microphone and called the roll:

"The delegation for voluntary racial realignment."

"Here!" cried Robert Shelton, Senator James Eastland and George Wallace.

"The delegation for involuntary racial realignment."

"Here!" cried Willis Carto and Gerald L. K. Smith, the convention's godfather, the grand old man of ethnic reappraisal, whose Christian Crusade had so fearlessly exposed Jewish Reds from Eleanor Roosevelt to Pius XII.

"The delegation for the right to suffer."

"Verily!" cried the Bobbsey Twins of free enterprise, Ayn Rand and Nathaniel Branden. Near the golden dollar sign on her suit was a big button that said 1 AM MY BROTHER'S KEEPER ONLY IF HE'S A CHIMPANZEE; and Branden's button said BREAST FEEDING IS THE START OF WELFARE CODDLING.

"The delegate for legislative re-reapportionment."

"Oh, yes . . . yes, indeed," said Senator Dirksen (Republican—Illinois/Capitol).

"Yahoo!" cried the convention's game warden, Byron de la Beckwith.

"The delegates of the press."

"Present," said William F. Buckley, Jr., of the National Review,

"Yes," said Robert Welch of the Blue Book

Buckley was the only one actually covering the convention; Welch was selling the Blue Book, whose new edition included all American traitors up to U Thant. In fact, Welch had a double role: He was also co-caterer with Lester Maddox. The selling of books, candy and Commie score cards made him a mobile newsstand. While Schwarz continued calling the roll (through Barry Goldwater and Congressman Utt and the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists), Welch wandered about, pushing his wares and checking security, finally asking one Semitic-looking man, "Hey, do you know any State Department homosexuals?"

"No," the man said, "but I once jilted a nymphomaniac from the Job Corps."

"God bless you," said Welch. "Have you ever taken the Fifth?"

"No; don't believe in it. Frankly, there are just a couple of those amendments that I care for."

"Good man. Baby Ruth or Milky Way?"
Suddenly, there was a commotion at
the entrance, where Ronald Reagan was
trying to get through the militiamen
whom Wayne had told to "keep out all
the left-wing bastards who wanna snoop."
Reagan kept insisting he was a conservative, but Wayne replied that he had

sold out to the unwed mothers' lobby, enforced three Supreme Court rulings and favored removing the Marines from Nicaragua. Finally, De la Beckwith came over and persuaded Reagan to leave by putting a few warning shots into his groin.

"And now," said Chairman Schwarz with pride, "the American who is fighting hardest for a return to the principles of Chiang Kai-shek and our forefathers, the defender of every man's God-given right to make ten thousand dollars an hour, Mister Conservative himself!"

"Hot damn!" cried H. L. Hunt as the spotlight glistened on his UP THE PEOPLE button.

The convention's first resolution came from Willis Carto, who rose, solemnly shifted his chew to his right check and said, "I move the adoption of the Liberty Amendment. Let's have the stinkin' Government get the hell outa everything!"

It was a short speech, but its simple eloquence so stirred the delegates that they demonstrated for nearly an hour. D.A.R.s did minuets with Birchers; old folks reminisced about the fall of Czechoslovakia; good friends gaily matched tooth decay; and H. L. Hunt made a pass at Ayn Rand, who blushingly rabbit-punched him to the floor.

When Schwarz finally restored order, Carto explained the Liberty Amendment to those 1800 delegates who hadn't read it. It abolished the income tax and removed the Government from all business, financial and industrial enterprises. Thus, in one splendid stroke, Federal revenue would be cut in half and the Government would have to auction off Hoover Dam and stop selling tours of the Statue of Liberty.

"The income tax is straight from Karl Marx!" cried Carto. "And Karl Marx was a Commie—who, by the way, never even bothered to take out American citizenship! So stuff the income tax! Those Federal bastards don't need any money! Let the states fight in Vietnam! We got plenty o' napalm in Georgia!"

The delegates cheered for Georgia napalm and then Schwarz said, "The adoption of the Liberty Amendment has been moved."

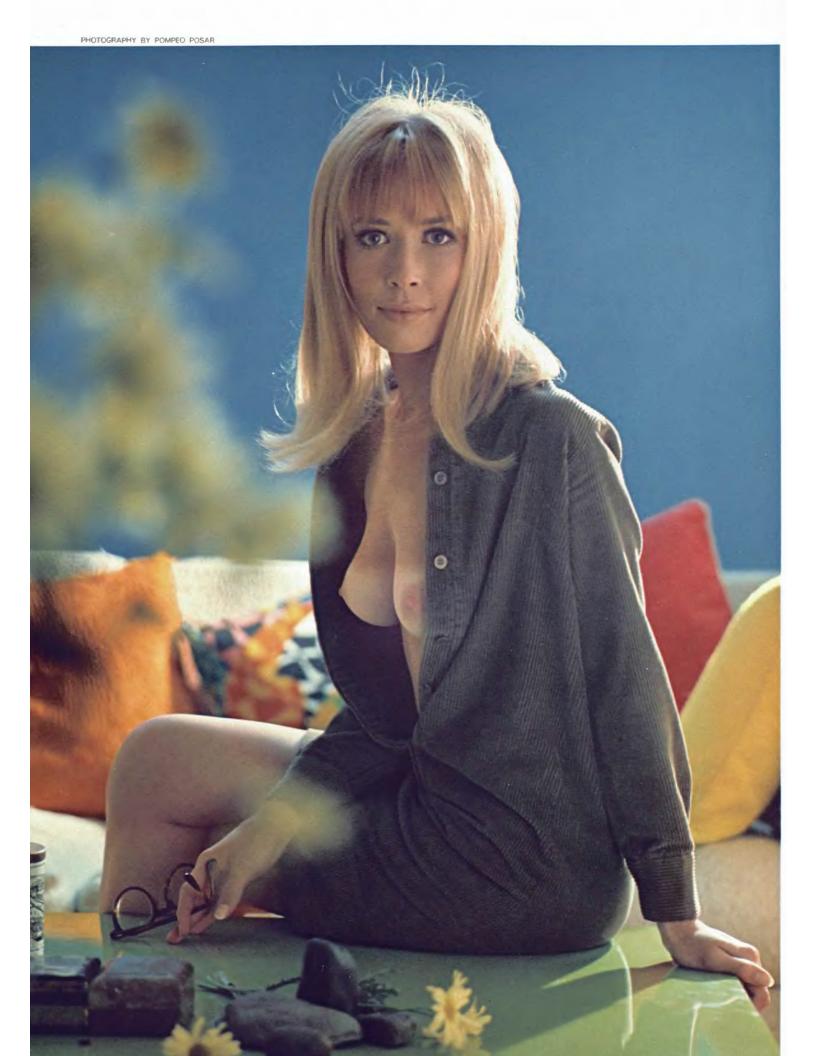
"I second it," said Max Rafferty. "But let's add a rider to capture the spirit of the Scopes decision. The Reds have gotten entirely too much glandular stuff into our schools. Too damn many decent American kids are starting to wear long hair and grow breasts and—well, there are ladies present, so I'll just say this: Let's add to the amendment that no American school shall discuss hanky-panky in any species above the flounder. Let's leave puberty to the Commies!"

After another great cheer, a roaring salute to external fertilization, Schwarz said, "Moved and seconded. The Liberty Amendment to abolish Government solvency and dirty talk."

(continued on page 146)



"Remember, now, you're our first transplant, so take it easy."









A PRETTY GIRL...

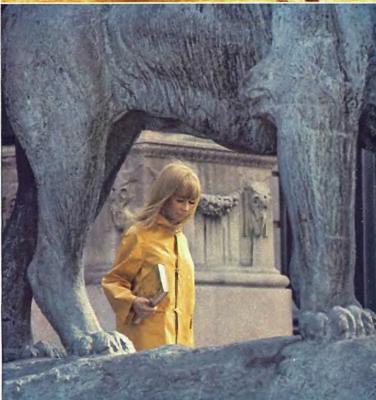
... is like a melody—
melodye prentiss, that is,
our july playmate, who leads
a lively double life as
playboy staffer
and fine-arts student

FOR HONEY-BLONDE Melodye Prentiss, the path to becoming Playmate of the Month was a short elevator ride to PLAYBOY's 11th-floor Photo Studio from our 9thfloor Editorial Library, where she was working part time as a researcher when an alert colleague pegged her as perfect Playmate material. Finding enough time to pose, however, presented something of a problem: Besides gracing our offices part of the week, she was taking a full schedule of courses at the University of Chicago and the School of the Art Institute. "I enjoy being under pressure," Melodye says of her energetic regimen. "If every waking minute isn't used efficiently, I consider myself lazy. Sometimes, of course, it would be pleasant to pretend there's nothing that has to be done, but I have a compulsion to accomplish as much as possible." Her will to achieve obviously has its way. Before entering the Art Institute, Melodye studied at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, winning first prizes in both its annual drawing and its annual painting contests and top honors in a school-wide scholarship competition. When our Playmate does play, she takes to the beach, the tennis courts or the bridle paths ("I've been riding since I was five, and now I'd like to take jumping lessons"). This summer, she's earning living expenses and pocket money (her tuition is covered by scholarships from the Illinois State Scholarship Commission and the Ford Foundation) by working full time in our Copy Department, as a sharp-eyed checker of factual

Promptly at nine A.M., Meladye Prentiss steps off the elevator into the foyer of the Playboy Building's ninth floor, ready to begin a day's work as an editorial researcher. A conversation develops in the Library as our distaffer talks over a controversial point on Federal narcotics laws—for The Playboy Forum—with librarian Karen Halsne and another researcher. To back up her argument, Melodye returns to the stacks for documentary evidence.









information for future issues of PLAYBOY. Of her own future, Miss July says, "My primary goals are to excel as a painter and to grow intellectually, to learn how to communicate more effectively with people. I don't think it's always necessary to talk to have an exchange of thoughts and ideas; if you share a bond with someone, you sense things without speaking. Words can sometimes detract from communication." Accordingly, we'll say no more, so you may silently commune with Melodye.

Melodye looks over the transparencies of her gatefold shootings with PLAYBOY Photographer Pompeo Posar (far left, top), later relays the results of her Forum research to Senior Editor Nat Lehrman. "I really enjoy working at PLAYBOY," she says. "The people here are both intelligent and mentally stimulating, and you stay up to date because you're dealing with what's happening. As a researcher, I've learned lots of wild and obscure things that in another type of jab I'd probably never have knawn." After work, aur aspiring artist dashes to the Art Institute of Chicago (near left, center) far painting and sculpture classes. Currently working toward a bachelor of fine arts, Melodye hopes to continue for a master's degree. "Then," she adds, "I'll be able to teach callege-level art and avaid becoming a starving artist." With a group of fellow students, Melodye stops to admire a graduate-student sculpture exhibit -and contemplates the day when her awn wark might hang on those walls, Right; In the Art Institute's painting studia, Melodye stays after class to put the finishing touches on her latest canvas. "Although I prefer working with ails and acrylics," she says, "I'm still experimenting with other media. Salvadar Dali's work has had a great influence on me, but I'm keeping an apen mind about style and subject matter, too. Just as long as I can paint—and keep an painting-I'll be happy." Below, I to r: Melodye takes a Coke break in the Institute's cafeteria, then decamps to the wood-sculpture studio and gaod-naturedly accepts advice on her work fram lang-haired onlookers.











Work and classes over for another day, Playmate Melodye Prentiss returns to her studio apartment on Chicaga's Near North Side—but can't resist going back to the ald drafting board ("It takes up just about the whole raom," she says) to complete a charcaal sketch far her next painting. Before turning in, she devates a few minutes to giving her half-Siamese cat, Sahat, an affectionate bedtime fandle.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Golly," sighed the shapely coed as she and her date left the drive-in theater, "that certainly was exciting. I wonder if the movie was any good."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines impotence as emission impossible.

Wishing to surprise her husband with a new wig she had just bought, the wife put it on and strolled unannounced into his office. "Do you think you could find a place in your life for a woman like me?" she asked sexily. "Not a chance," he replied. "You remind me

too much of my wife.



The cheery voice of the stewardess came over the airplane's intercom: "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, this is your stewardess, Miss Hotchkiss. I have some bad news and some

good news to report.

"First the bad news. Your pilot and copilot are both drunk. There's been a malfunction in the radio and we've lost contact with the field. We're three hundred miles off course and expect to run into some heavy turbulence over the Rocky Mountains. And it appears that we have an insufficient fuel supply to reach an alternate airport.

"And now for the good news. We're making

very good time."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines confidence as picking up a girl who's already walking home from a ride.

Then there was the transvestite sailor who went down to the sea in slips.

Fred and Elaine had been married for ten years when one evening at dinner Fred announced his intention of taking a mistress. His wife was shocked, but Fred pointed out that his two partners, Jim and Bob, both had mistresses and their wives had adjusted to the situation very

"All three girls dance in the chorus of the same night club," Fred explained, "and tomorrow night, I'm going to take you there to

see them.'

The next evening, Fred and Elaine went to the night club, and when the showgirls began their opening number, Fred said, "The blonde on the left is Jim's. The redhead next to her is Bob's. And the pretty brunette on the end is mine."

Elaine stared at the girls long and hard before answering: "You know something, darling? Of the three, I like ours best.'

During a session with a marriage counselor, the wife snapped at her husband: "That's not true —I do enjoy sex!" Then, turning to the counselor, she added: "But this fiend expects it three or four times a year!"

One summer night, as the elderly couple sat on their front porch looking at the cemetery across the street, the woman remarked: "You know, dear, every time I think of our wonderful daughter lying over there, it makes me want to

"I know," the man agreed, "it saddens me, too. Sometimes I even wish she were dead."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines sycophant as a mentally disturbed pachyderm.

When he arrived in Vietnam in the early 1960s, the American intelligence officer was surprised to see a Vietnamese riding a donkey-while his wife, loaded down with bundles, trudged along behind. Upset at the lack of chivalry, he approached the man and asked: "Why do you ride while your poor wife walks behind?"

"Custom," grunted the man, jogging past. A few years later, the officer was visiting the same village and spied the man again-he was still riding the donkey, but now his wife pre-

ceded him down the road.

"You probably don't remember me," said the officer, "but you told me a few years ago that your wife walked behind you because of custom. But now I see she's in front. Why the change?"

"Land mines," came the reply.



Storming into the frontier saloon, the fervid temperance evangelist boomed: "Repent, you vile sinners! Drinking that noxious fluid will send you all to hell. Join with me-all of you who want to go to heaven stand on this side."

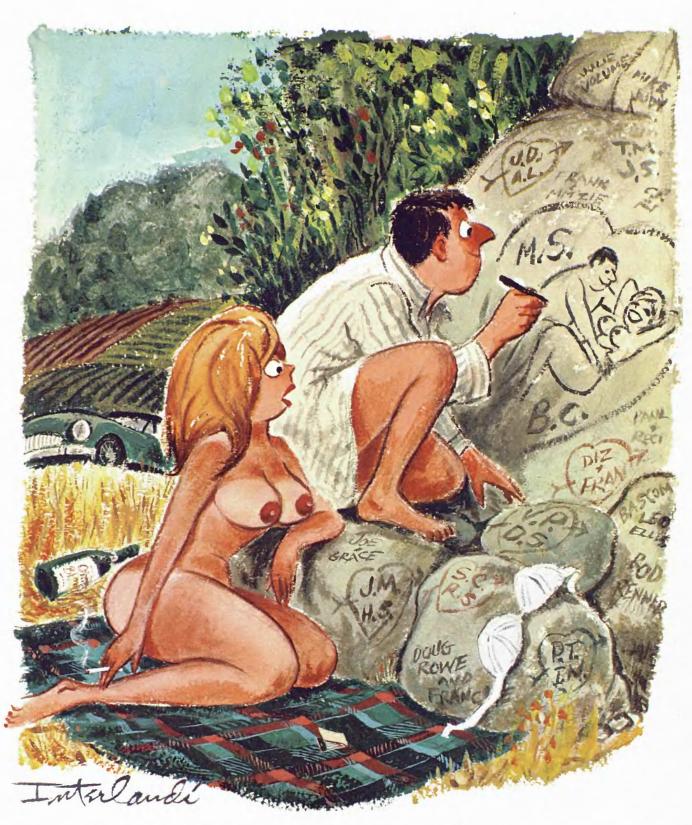
All but one drunk staggered to his side. To the holdout, the evangelist shouted: "Don't

you want to go to heaven?"
"No, I don't," replied the drunk.

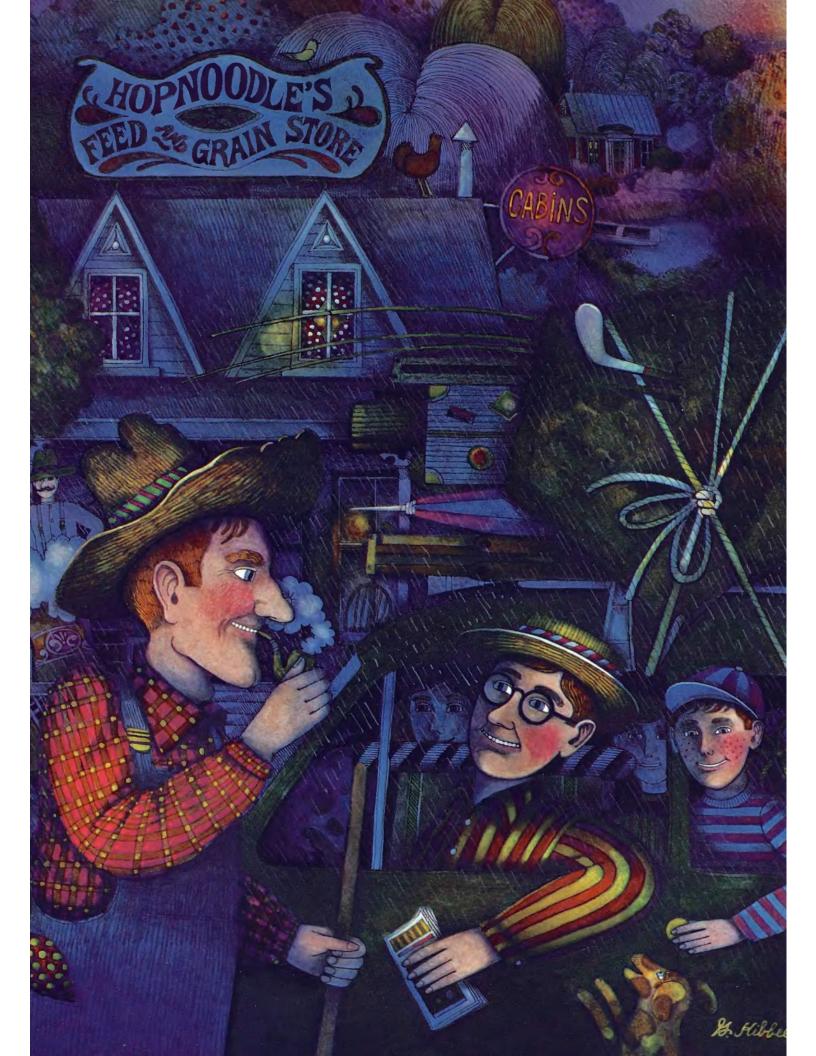
"You mean to tell me that you don't want to go to heaven when you die?" asked the astonished evangelist.

"Oh," the drunk replied, "when I die. I thought you were making up a load right now."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 1ll. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Couldn't you just let it go at initials?"



armed with citronella, egg-salad sandwiches and the will to live, the wandering shepherds set out on an unforgettable trek to vacationland across an untamed wilderness—and prove conclusively that getting there isn't nearly half the fun

HOPNOGE conclusively that getting there isn't nearly half the fun HOPNOGES HAVENOF humor By Jean Shepherd

"GOSH, I don't think we'll be able to leave for the lake today. My stomach. . . ."

Instantly, a chorus of self-pitying moans and whimpers drowns out the hapless TV daddy. His TV wife, surrounded by her rosy-cheeked brood and a mountain of tennis rackets, suitcases, water skis and all the other paraphernalia for an onthe-go family holiday, reaches into her Mexican handbag, pulls out a blue bottle and hands it to him.

"Here, take two of these."

"Well, OK, but it's no use. I've tried everything."

Popping the pills into his mouth, he smacks his lips a couple of times and says irritably, "Why, these taste just like —candy."

"There's no law that says medicine can't taste good," the family shouts in unison.

He swallows doubtfully, waits a moment for the little A's and B's to go to work, then breaks into a blinding Ultra Brite smile. "Say, you're right. I feel good again." Cheers.

"All right, then, let's get the show on the road," barks the TV momma, herding the happy family out the door toward the station wagon and vacationland.

My old man, I reflected gratefully as I snapped off the set, was not a TV daddy. For one thing, I have never heard one of them use anything like the language he employed in moments of stress. Had he been playing that same touching scene, it would have gone something like this:

Quick medium shot of a fifth-hand Olds in the family driveway. Close-up of the old man's face behind the wheel.

"HOLY CHRIST, I'M GONNA HEAVE! WHAT THE HELL WAS IN THAT RED CABBAGE?"

Quick pan to my mother, hair in curlers.

"What do you mean, red cabbage? Them seven beers. . . ." Back to the old man, face now turning green.

"Forget that crummy trip!"

Sudden uproar from kids in back seat, including me. Quick cut to the old man.

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?"

Shot of his right hand sweeping the back seat like an avenging boom, knocking heads together indiscriminately. Pan to Mother:

"Here. Take a Tums."

Old man, bellowing:

"ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND!"

Shot of door opening quickly, as he rushes into bushes. End of commercial.

That true-life vacation scene is all too reminiscent of the one we played out every year. The family took a vacation trip by car each and every time the earth completed its laborious cycle around the sun. It usually came in late July or the first two weeks in August, but it made no difference. It always went the same way. For 14 straight years, our vacations were spent in southern Michigan on the shores of colorful Clear Lake. Clear Lake—it was many things, but the one thing it wasn't was clear. In fact, it was never even clear why we went there, but we did. Such are the vacations of the humble.

From June on, five minutes after school let out, my kid brother and I were in a feverish sweat of anticipation about this annual pilgrimage. The old man, playing it cool, didn't get really heated up until maybe a month or so before the big day. My mother-who, incidentally, would never have made a TV momma-would begin laying in supplies. As far as I was concerned, the only thing that counted was my meager collection of dime-store fishing tackle and my BB gun, For weeks I gazed at fishhooks, rolled lead sinkers over my tongue, drenched my Sears, Roebuck 79-cent reel in 3-in-1 oil. To be honest, I don't think I could have made it as a TV kid, For one thing, there were the pimples; and for another thing. I had a tendency to smell in those days—as a result of a lot of time spent in alleys and under porches and crawling through bushes with Schwartz and Flick and Kissel and the motley collection of spotted dogs that always accompanied us wherever we went. Come to think of it, Schwartz and Flick and Kissel smelled, too; which may be why, to one another, none of us smelled. In any event, Right Guard was something we played, not something we squirted on ourselves.

About two weeks or so before the big day, the old man would take the Olds down to Paswinski's Garage for a tune-up, which in our case was purely a cabalistic ritual. It was like fingering a string of beads or burning incense. But southern Michigan was a long way from northern Indiana and the Olds was our only hope. She was a large, hulking four-door sedan of a peculiar faded green color that the old man always called "goat-vomit green." This was his big party joke. He always said it when everybody was eating. The Olds had been in the hands of at least four previous owners, all of whom had left their individual marks on body and seat, fender and grille. My old man didn't like the Olds. I don't think it liked him, either, but it was ours.

The week before vacation, the old man would go into high gear. On Monday of the last week, just after supper, he would make the Big Phone Call. Putting through a long-distance call to Michigan was not something that happened every day in our house.

"Is this long distance?" he shouted into the receiver. "Operator, I want to put through a long-distance call to Michigan." The rest of us sat in hushed excitement, trepidation and fear. This was crucial, Would there be a cabin available? The old man played it for all it was worth:

"Marcellus, Michigan, Ollie Hopnoodle's Feed and Grain Store, I wanna talk to Mr. Hopnoodle,"

He listened intently, then put his hand over the phone and whispered:

"I can hear 'em ringing him! . . . Hello, Ollie? You old son

of a bitch! Guess who this is... Right! How did you guess? ... We want the green one this year... Yeah, the one on the other side of the outhouse. ... You did? That's great!

"Ollic had two more holes put in the outhouse," he reported in an aside to us. "OK, Ollie, see you next week."

The die was cast. We were on our way-almost. The week dragged by interminably-but finally it was Saturday night. All day, my mother had been cleaning up the house for the two-week hiatus, nailing down the screens, locking the basement windows, packing suitcases, trunks, cardboard boxes, laundry bags and wicker baskets with everything she could lay her hands on. The old man, who worked on Saturday, came roaring up the drive, the Olds already snarling in defiance over what was about to occur. He charged into the kitchen, his eyes rolling wildly, his very being radiating sparks of excitement.

"OK, now. This year we're all gonna get up early and we're gonna be on the road by six o'clock. No later! This time we're gonna beat the traffic!"

My mother, who had heard all this before, continued toiling stoically over her enormous pile of effluvia.

"When that alarm goes off at fourthirty," the old man said to no one in particular, "I don't want to hear no griping. OK, now, let's check the list."

Far into the night they went over every can of pork and beans, every slice of bacon, every box of crackers, every undershirt and rubber band—even the jug of citronella, that foul, fetid liquid mystically (and erroneously) believed to be effective in warding off mosquitoes of the Michigan variety. Finally, sometime after midnight, the uproar slowly petered out

A few minutes later, the alarm went off and my kid brother and I leaped out of the sack like shots. This was it! From the next bedroom came a muffled curse.

"Fer Chrissake, will ya shut that damn thing off!"

Mutterings from my mother as she put on her slippers in the dark.

"Don't worry," growled the old man in his familiar litany, "I'll get right up. I'm just resting."

More mutterings. "Look, I'm just resting my eyes! I'm getting right up!"

The vacation had begun as it always began. Already, not three minutes old and it was imperceptibly inching downhill. Five minutes later my mother, wearing her rump-sprung Chinese-red chenille bathrobe with tiny flecks of petrified egg on the lapels, her eyes puffed sleepily, peered down at a pot of simmering oatmeal in the clammy kitchen. Outside in the blackness, a few sparrows clinging to telephone wires chirped drowsily, pretending that they were real birds and not just sparrows living in a steel-mill town.

My kid brother and I ran insanely up and down the basement stairs, dragging stuff out of the coalbin that we figured we might need at the lake. For over a month I had been assiduously collecting night crawlers in a Chase & Sanborn coffee can; I brought them up from the basement to be ready to pack when the time came. I toyed with my oatmeal, but it was such a great day that I actually went ahead and ate it.

My brother, who had been known to go for over two years without eating, was playing Pig in honor of the festive occasion. This was a game invented by my mother to euchre the little runt into eating. It consisted of my mother saying:

"Randy, how does the little piggy go?"
His nostrils would flare, his neck
would thicken, his face, redden. He
would grunt twice and look for approval
to my mother.

"Nice piggy. Here's your trough."

He would give another snort and then shovel his snout deep into the red cabbage, mashed potatoes, oatmeal or whatever it was and slurp it up loudly. He wasn't a TV kid, either. This morning, in excitement, he polished off two troughs of Quaker Oats, usually his quota for a month. My mother, her hair curlers clinking, called out:

"Are you up?" Silence.
"Are you up?" Silence.
"It's getting late."

"SHUT UP, FER CHRISSAKE!"

Wearily, she bent back over the sink. She had been this route before.

Half an hour later, the sun streaming in through the kitchen windows finally flushed the old man out into the open. By now, the mound of impedimenta filled the kitchen and overflowed out onto the back porch. His B. V. D.s hanging limply, the old man weaved unsteadily between the piles and collapsed into a chair

"Gimme some coffee."

He slumped unshaven, staring numbly at the kitchen table, until my mother set the coffee down in front of him. She did not speak. She knew that this was no time for conversation. He lit a Lucky, took a mighty drag and then sipped gingerly at the scalding black coffee, his eyes glaring malevolently ahead. My old man had begun every day of his life since the age of four with a Lucky and a cup of black coffee. He inhaled each one alternately, grimly, deeply. During this routine, it was sheer suicide to goad him.

The sun rose higher. And higher. It grew hotter and muggier, as only late July in northern Indiana can. The first faint whiff of oil-refinery smoke and blast-furnace dust eddied in through the screen door. Somewhere a cicada screamed into the brightening haze. Clotheslines drooped. My brother and I were busy carrying bags, suitcases and lumpy cardboard cartons tied with string out into the driveway. My mother wordlessly

squeezed lemons for the lemonade we always carried along in our big two-gallon Thermos.

The old man stonily began his second cup. Halfway through it, he suddenly looked up, the sun now well over the high-tension wires and striking him full on his stubbled face.

"WELL!" he shouted. "ARE WE ALL SET TO GO?"

This was the signal that the real action could begin. The old man was still alive for another day. It was vacation-time. He had been let out of the pen. My mother, picking up her cue, said:

"Well, everything's about set."

"OK, gimme that list."

He roared around the kitchen, his B. V. D.s flapping obscenely as he rechecked the pile of rubber ducks, beach balls, old inner tubes, spyglasses, straw hats, fielders' mitts—all of it. He rushed into the bathroom to shave and emerged a few minutes later with a wad of toilet paper plastered to a nasty gash on his chin. As I said, he was no TV daddy.

By now, we had moved perhaps a ton and a quarter of stuff out into the weeds of the back yard, which at this time of the year were usually knee high, filled with green caterpillars and millions of stickers. As always, Mrs. Kissel peered wistfully from her kitchen window next door. Since Mr. Kissel never worked, the Kissel family never took vacations.

The neighborhood dogs, sensing that something was afoot, scurried round and round the cardboard cartons, yipping. A couple of them did more than that. Piece by piece, carton by carton, every available inch of the back seat was packed solid. The old man had a Sears luggage rack clamped onto the roof of the Olds. The heavy stuff was loaded on top: comforters, folding camp chairs, beach umbrellas, his set of matched Montgomery Ward golf clubs-all piled high and held down with lengths of clothesline. Those wooden-handled, chrome-headed clubs represented his only foray into the magic world of the "Big People," as he called them, the ones who ran Chevy agencies and sauntered around the course on Sundays in checkered knickers.

At last he crawled in behind the wheel, rolled down his window and peered over a pile of junk next to him to see if my mother was in place. Back in the rear, my brother and I were wedged into two tiny cockpits burrowed into the wall of tightly packed essentials for living. My mother, for some reason, always pretended that going to Clear Lake was something like traveling to the North Pole. You had to be ready for anything. The doors were slammed, windows adjusted, and finally the old man gave his yearly cry:

"OK. Here we go!"

Outside in the yard, a motley collection of well-wishers had gathered, including Flick, Schwartz, Kissel and other (continued on page 173)

STAR BILLING FOR A BIT PLAYER

food By THOMAS MARIO given the leading role in a gustatory extravaganza, the lowly legume will garner rave reviews from your guests

AMERICANS, for some inexplicable reason, have always given short shrift to vegetables. In this country, everyone seems to docilely accept those ubiquitous dishes of succotash blandly accompanying the platters of fried chicken and the self-effacing string beans that meekly attend the roast ribs of beef. But in Europe, hosts hold vegetables in high esteem.

But in Europe, hosts hold vegetables in high esteem.

In France, for instance, asparagus isn't just a garnish for a lonely lamb chop but a garden god, a bountiful springtime feast. Fresh asparagus is served after the meat platter has been cleared away, as an independent course, sumptuously robed with a rich hollandaise, or a hollandaise flavored with orange, or buttered and parsleyed bread crumbs.

When the Florentines eat white beans, they're not served a little (continued on page 158)



FOR A NEW ORDER OF PRIORITIES AT HOME AND ABROAD

opinion

By U.S. SENATOR J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT

the chairman of the senate foreign relations committee and a powerful, persistent critic of the administration's foreign policy presses for swift, dramatic changes in our commitments before it is too late



as the presidential campaign progresses and the possibility arises of major changes in foreign and domestic policies, it seems appropriate to review some of the major events of the past year or so and their effects on the American people. I think we will all agree that it has not been a happy time for the Executive, for Congress or for our country. The divisions

among us are deep and the problems that beset us seem intractable. The center of our troubles is the war in Vietnam—a war that has isolated the United States from its friends abroad, disrupted our domestic affairs and divided the American people as no other issue of the 20th Century has divided them. (There has arisen, as of this writing, hope that

peace negotiations will soon begin in Paris. At this early stage it is difficult—and perhaps unwise—to comment on their prospects, except to express the wish that they will, indeed, occur and will bring the war to an early end.)

The St. Louis Cardinals are a superior baseball team, but in the 1967 world

111



series, most Americans outside of the St. Louis area itself rooted for the Boston Red Sox. Why was that? Was it because the Red Sox were better sports, or better players, or better looking? Certainly not; the Cardinals matched their rivals on all these counts and in the end they showed themselves to be the stronger team, Why, then, couldn't they match the Red Sox in popular affection? Because they had committed one of the worst crimes in Christendom-the crime of being top dog. Top dogs are not very popular, as a rule, just because there are so lew of them. The underdogs are a vast majority in the world, and when, now and then, one of their multitude soars to the top in a sport or in politics or in some other highly visible pursuit, millions of other underdogs take heart, catching as by electric impulse the magic message: That could be me up there, at bat or on the pitcher's mound or in the high councils of power.

Our heritage reinforces our instincts; most of us have been raised on David and Goliath; and by the time we reach adulthood, we have been thoroughly indoctrinated-one might even say brainwashed-in the belief that every time a little guy knocks down a big guy, it is reason for rejoicing. Few people stop to think about the merits of the case, about the possibility that the top dog may have reached the heights by diligent and honest labor or that his cause may be virtuous and true or-unthinkable thought -that the little guy might just possibly be venal, self-seeking or otherwise unworthy.

That is what the Cardinals were up against. Like the Yankees before them. they had committed the crime of succeeding too well. They were Goliath; the Red Sox were David. They were the wicked stepmother; the Red Sox were Cinderella. The Cardinals were King John, the wicked queen and General Cornwallis; the Red Sox were Robin Hood, Snow White and George Washington. Their success was won by skill and courage and luck against overwhelming odds. They won in the only way that millions of underdogs could ever imagine themselves winning; and when in the end they lost, as had been probable right from the start, it seemed, nonetheless, as though something impossible had happened. Goliath had beaten David; the prince had eluded Cinderella; and a million hearts were broken.

The United States is not the St. Louis Cardinals; the Viet Cong are not the Red Sox; and the war, God knows, is not a game. But there is something pertinent in the metaphor.

America is top dog in the world and, although we may be convinced that we are good top dogs, most people around the world are convinced that there is no 112 such thing. Because we are rich, we are

perceived as voracious; because we are successful, we are perceived as arrogant; because we are strong, we are perceived as overbearing. These perceptions may be distorted and exaggerated, but they are not entirely false. Power does breed arrogance and it has bred enough in us to give some substance to the natural prejudices against us. Much to our puzzlement, people all over the world seem to discount our good intentions and to seize upon our hypocrisies, failures and transgressions. They do this not because we are Americans but because we are top dogs and they fear our power. They are frightened by some of the ways in which we have used our power; they are frightened by the ways in which we might use it; and most of all, I suspect. they are frightened by the knowledge of their own inability to withstand our power, should it ever be turned upon them. They are, so to speak, tenants in the world at our sufferance, and no amount of good will on our part can ever wholly dispel the anxiety bred by the feeling of helplessness.

What do these feelings about American power have to do with the war in Vietnam? They go far, I think, to explain why our war policy commands so little support in the world. Anxiety about America's great power predisposes people, even against their better judgment, to take satisfaction in our frustrations and our setbacks. The French, for example, who well understand the importance to themselves of America's weight in the world balance of power, nevertheless seem to derive some satisfaction from seeing more than half a million Americans fought to a stalemate-or worseby a ragtag army of Asian guerrillas. Seeing the Americans cut down to size like that is balm for the wounds of Dien Bien Phu, salve for the pride that was lost in the days of the Marshall Plan, when France survived on American generosity. If our military failures in Vietnam have this effect on the French, as I believe they do, think what they must mean to the real underdogs of the world, to the hundreds of millions of Asians, Africans and Latin Americans who can easily identify themselves with the Viet Cong guerrillas but could never see themselves in the role of the lordly Americans, There may even be people in our own country who feel some sneaking respect for a resourceful enemy, an enemy who, in a curious and purely emotional way, may even remind them of the ragtag American revolutionaries who humbled the mighty British Empire almost 200 years ago.

Such attitudes, it will be argued, are irrational and unfair; and so, in large measure, they are. People, it will be said, should be rational and should act on their interests, not their emotions; and so, indeed, they should. But they don't. I might be able to think up some good

reasons why elephants should fly, but it would not be rewarding; elephants cannot fly and there is nothing to be done about it. So it is with men; they ought to be cool and rational and detached, but they are not. We are, to be sure, endowed with a certain capacity for reason, but it is not nearly great enough to dispel the human legacy of instinct and emotion. The most we can hope to do with our fragile tool of reason is to identify, restrain and make allowance for the feelings and instincts that shape so much of our lives,

That brings me to one of the most important of the many flaws in our war policy in Vietnam-its failure to take account of people's feelings and instincts, especially those pertaining to top dogs and underdogs. American policy asks people to believe things that they are deeply reluctant to believe. It asks them to believe that the world's most powerful nation is not only strong but motivated by deeply benevolent and altruistic instincts, unrelated even to national interests. Even if that were true-and on occasion it probably has been true-nobody would believe it, because nobody would want to believe it.

This is an extremely serious problem for the United States, because the success of its stated policy in Vietnam ultimately depends less on winning for its own sake than on persuading the world that American aims are what American policy makers say they are. That is the case because the war, as often explained by the Secretary of State and by others in the Administration, is said to be an exemplary war, one that will prove to the Communists, especially China, that wars of liberation cannot succeed, and prove to the rest of the world that America will not fail to honor its commitments, to whomever made and for whatever purpose. It is a war-so say our policy makers-to inspire confidence in the United States and to prove certain points; and once these points are proved, it is said, we will withdraw, within six months of a peace settlement, said President Johnson at Manila.

These being our stated aims, the success of our policy depends in great part upon whether people believe that our objectives are what we say they are. You cannot make an object lesson out of a war if people do not believe that is what you are trying to do; you cannot prove a point if people do not believe that you mean what you say.

Setting aside for a moment the question of whether American purposes are really what American policy makers say they are, it is apparent that much or most of the world believes that they are not. I do not think that very many people, least of all the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese, believe that we plan to withdraw from Vietnam as soon as

(continued on page 116)



"I think your father likes me, Ralph."



haberdashery in vivid colors lends a dashing accent to the pristine coolness of new summer suitings

BRIGHTON

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

white, that classic summertime scene stealer, again makes light work of styling up your wardrobe. But this year, accentuate the positive appeal of white with a bright color; shirts, ties and neck scarfs in strong solids and bold plaids add an upbeat dimension to today's fashion picture. Warm-weather offerings range from a plantation-owner double-breasted suit and deep-tone shirt to a tunic-look shirt worn with a gold medallion.



Four fashianables keep cool and casual by combining white with a vivid accent color. From left to right: a cotton broadcloth collarless shirt, \$12.50, and polyester and cotton duck slacks, \$21, accented by a silk ranchera-style neck scarf, \$8.50, all by Jahn Weitz; a Vycron rayan and linen faur-buttan double-breasted suit, by Clubman, \$60, worn with a deep-tone English cotton voile shirt, by Oleg Cassini for Baanshaft, \$16.50, and a raw-silk wide tie, by Ralph Lauren, \$10; a cotton broadcloth plaid shirt, by Anthony Calardo for Clatheshorse, \$13, and fully lined rayan-acetate and nylon gabardine slacks, by Poul Ressler, \$15, plus a reversible ribban belt, by Palacio, \$7.50; a linen fly-front tunic-look shirt, by The Different Drummer, \$15, worn over Basqueweave rayan and cotton slacks, by Paul Ressler, \$12, highlighted by a gold-plated chain with medallion, by Maisan de Fou, \$25.

A NEW ORDER OF PRIORITIES

(continued from page 112)

arrangements for self-determination are made, arrangements that could result in the establishment of a Communist government. I do not think that very many people, least of all the Asians, Africans and Latin Americans for whose benefit the example is supposedly being set, really believe that, with virtually no help from the presumed beneficiaries, America has sacrificed over 21,700 lives and spent 100 billion dollars-thus far-simply to set their minds at rest about America's determination to come to their assistance should they ever be threatened with Communist attack or insurrection. Insofar as they do not believe us, our war policy is a failure, neither setting the intended example nor proving the stated point.

Prejudice is not the only basis of world-wide skepticism about American intentions. The war, after all, is not going well and, even if our sincerity were granted, our success could not be. Far from proving that wars of national liberation cannot succeed, all that we have proved so far is that, even with an army of more than half a million men and expenditures of 30 billion dollars a year, we are unable to suppress this particular war of national liberation. Far from demonstrating America's willingness and ability to save beleaguered goveruments from Communist insurgencies, all that we are demonstrating in Vietnam is America's willingness and ability to use its B-52s, its napalm and all the other ingenious weapons of "counterinsurgency" to turn a small country into a charnel house. Far from inspiring confidence in and support for the United States, the war has so isolated us that, despite all our alliances and the tens of billions we have spent on foreign aid, we cannot, according to the Administration, get 9 out of 15 votes to put the Vietnam issue on the agenda of the United Nations Security Council. Far from demonstrating America's readiness to discharge all of its prodigal commitments around the world, the extravagance and cost of Vietnam are more likely to suggest to the world that the American people will be hesitant, indeed, before permitting their Government to plunge into another such costly adventure.

There are already signs of such a reaction. In the days before the recent war in the Middle East, for example, strong and virtually unanimous sentiment was expressed in the Senate against any unilateral American military involvement in that part of the world. If America ever does withdraw into the neoisolationism of which our policy makers are so fearful, it will not be because of the influence of those of us who advocate selectivity in foreign commitments; it will be in reaction to the heedless interventionism of Vietnam.

Yet another reason why some of our stated purposes are disbelieved is the simple fact of their implausibility and inconsistency. It is implausible to contend that we are defending a valiant democracy when everyone knows that the Saigon generals can inspire neither the loyalty of their people nor the fighting spirit of their sizable army. It is implausible to contend that an act of international aggression has taken place when it is clear that the war began as a civil war within one half of a divided country abetted by the other half and did not become an international war until the United States intervened. It is implausible to argue, as the distinguished Minority Leader, Senator Dirksen, has argued, that, but for the war in Vietnam, the West Coast of the United States would be exposed to attack, when the United States Navy and Air Force are virtually unchallenged over the entire Pacific

Finally, it is implausible and inconsistent, on the one hand, to maintain that the United States seeks only to assure selfdetermination for the South Vietnamese people and will withdraw within six months of a peace settlement and, on the other hand, to assert that our real purpose is to protect a billion Asians from the power of a billion Chinese armed with nuclear weapons. If the latter is the American purpose, if the real enemy is not the Vietnamese guerrilla army but "Asian communism with its headquarters in Peking," then we are likely to have to remain in Vietnam indefinitely, all the more so because most of the presumed beneficiaries of our intervention, including the three greatest nations among them —India, Japan and Indonesia—show nor the slightest inclination to take over even a small part of the military burden.

So implausible and so inconsistent are the statements about one principle or another that is supposed to be being vindicated in Vietnam that one comes to feel that what our policy makers have really been trying to vindicate is their own judgment in having led us into this war in the first place. Even former ambassador Edwin O. Reischauer, an Asian expert and a temperate man who, until recently, supported the Administration's policy because he saw little prospect of a negotiated peace, nonetheless expressed in a magazine article fundamental disagreement with the Administration's rationale for the war. "It seems highly probable," wrote Reischauer, "that Ho's Communist-dominated regime, if it had been allowed by us to take over all Vietnam at the end of the war, would have moved to a position with relation to China not unlike that of Tito's Yugoslavia toward the Soviet Union. . . . Wars sometimes seem justified by their end

results, but this justification hardly applies to the Vietnam war. Even the most extravagantly optimistic outcome would still leave far greater losses than gains." It is doubtful, he added, "that even a favorable outcome to the war would do much to deter Communist subversion in other less developed countries. Instead of being discouraged by our ultimate victory in Vietnam, would-be revolutionaries might be encouraged by the obvious pain of the war to the United States and the clear reluctance of the American people to get involved in further wars of this type. . . . I have no doubt that if those who determined American policy toward Vietnam had foreseen even dimly the costs and futilities of the war, they would have made different choices at several times in the past and thus avoided the present situation, with only trifling costs, if any, to American interests."

Despite the Tet offensive, General Creighton Abrams and other Administration spokesmen continue to make statements about military success. It is, of course, possible that this time they may be right, that Ho Chi Minh will surrender or die or the Viet Cong will collapse or just fade into the jungle. But even in that highly unlikely event, it should not be supposed that the American commitment would be at an end; we would still be the sole military and economic support of a weak Saigon regime, at a cost of perhaps 10 or 15 billion dollars a year. This, of course, would assume—as we cannot safely assume-that the Chinese and the Russians would do nothing to prevent the collapse of the Viet Cong or of North Vietnam. But even if these most optimistic prospects should be realized, grateful for peace though we would be, we would still have little to be proud of and a great deal to regret. We would still have fought an immoral and unnecessary war; we would still have passed up opportunities that, if taken when they arose, would have spared us and spared the Vietnamese the present ordeal, and done so, as Ambassador Reischauer says, "with only trifling costs, if any, to American interests."

For all these reasons, much of the world and an increasing number of our own people are deeply skeptical about the American purpose in Vietnam. Underlying the skepticism is deep disappointment, a feeling that America has betrayed its own past and its own promise—the promise of Roosevelt and the United Nations and of Wilson and the League of Nations, but, most of all, the promise of the American Revolution, of free men building a society that would be an example for the world. Now the world sees that heritage being betrayed; it sees a nation that seemed to represent something new

(continued on page 152)

TWENTY YEARS AGO, a televisionstation operator had to beg sports promoters for the chance to include wrestling and the roller derby in a local program schedule. Hollywood film producers disdainfully eyed television with disparaging disinterest, while radio newscasters regarded their televised counterparts as second-class citizens. And noncommercial television did not even exist.

In the two decades since, television has passed through an aggressive childhood and adolescence to become our dominant communications medium. Now, more American homes have television sets than have bathtubs. American children spend more time with television than with a teacher—and, in many homes, children spend more time with television than with their parents.

With this enormous impact, it is easy to understand why commercial television has lacked humility. To paraphrase Fred Allen's classic, all the humility in commercial television wouldn't fill a flea's navel; there would still be enough room for a caraway seed—and an agent's heart.

Meanwhile, its poor cousin, noncommercial television, smothered itself with too much humility. For good reason, one's mental image of educational television (ETV) was a gray professor presenting an interminable lecture on the history of the four-wheeled

shopping cart before a background of sagging draperies. But there are harbingers of significant change. Noncommercial television, for example, has a new name—public television (PTV)—and it holds promise for new dimensions of service of fundamental value to the nation.

I do not minimize the public-service contributions of commercial television. Commercial television often brilliantly meets certain national needs for information, especially in the spotnews area, carrying instant, living history into our homes and demonstrating the tremendous capacity of television for enlightenment. Through television, Americans learned more about the Middle East crisis last year than through all other media put together. Through CBS, Americans learned more about the Warren Report than through any other means. ABC's coverage of the Winter Olympics was extraordinary. NBC's in-depth programs on the civil rights revolution warned a nation of impending crisis. All of television's coverage of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s tragic death gave millions of Americans a new compassionate understanding of the meaning of violence and nonviolence.

But it remains basically true that commercial television operates under severe structural limitations. When commercial television burst upon the public scene after World War Two, it quickly followed the pattern previously set by radio. It won support from advertisers as a most effective national marketing device. While this provided economic strength, it also necessarily imposed corresponding restrictions. Being advertiser-supported and owned by a shareholding public, commercial television must direct the bulk of its time and attention, its talent and its

MUST THE TEDIUM BE THE MESSAGE?

article
By NEWTON MINOW



the former head of the federal communications commission proposes a viable middle ground between commercial tv's mindless pap and educational tv's academic stuffiness

funds to attracting and holding the mass audience. This is inherent in the very nature of any mass medium. As a mass medium, commercial television has limited opportunity to offer programs appealing to small audiences or to that side in the mass audience that occasionally yearns for something different. The economics of the system tend to discourage experimentation. Risk taking is so expensive as to be demoralizing both to creative programmers and management alike.

Fortunately, as television reaches chronological adulthood, there is reason to believe that it is on the verge of a major breakthrough that will result in an increased diversity of programing and renewed emphasis on experimentation. The groundwork has been laid by the 140 noncommercial educational stations operating around the country.

Some of these are restrictively tied to universities, state boards of education and other organizations and are mainly responsible for the unflattering notions that the words "educational television" usually bring to mind. (Father John Culkin, brilliant director of Fordham University's Communications Center, once said that when it comes to educational television, "The tedium is the message.")

The largest number of ETV stations serve metropolitan areas; and because these stations obtain

most of their funds from voluntary contributions, they are inclined to be aggressive, innovative and controversial. Stations such as those in Boston, San Francisco, Chicago and Pittsburgh have learned a very important lesson—that it is not necessary for any one program to be all things to all men, but that television can be successful when it diversifies enough to serve the minority audience as well as the overindulged, mass-market majority. That minority audience runs into big numbers; throughout the nation, from 700,000 to 1,000,000 viewers are tuned into their local educational station during any given weekday evening hour.

At this moment, most of the educational stations are affiliated with National Educational Television (NET), which supplies five hours of new programs each week to its members. Operating under a \$6,000,000 annual grant from the Ford Foundation, NET has done an outstanding job in public-affairs (NET Journal) and cultural (NET Playhouse) programing. NET Journal has provided some top-notch documentaries, such as "The Poor Pay More," "A Time for Burning" and "Home Front 1967." NET Playhouse provided memorable productions of An Enemy of the People and Uncle Vanya.

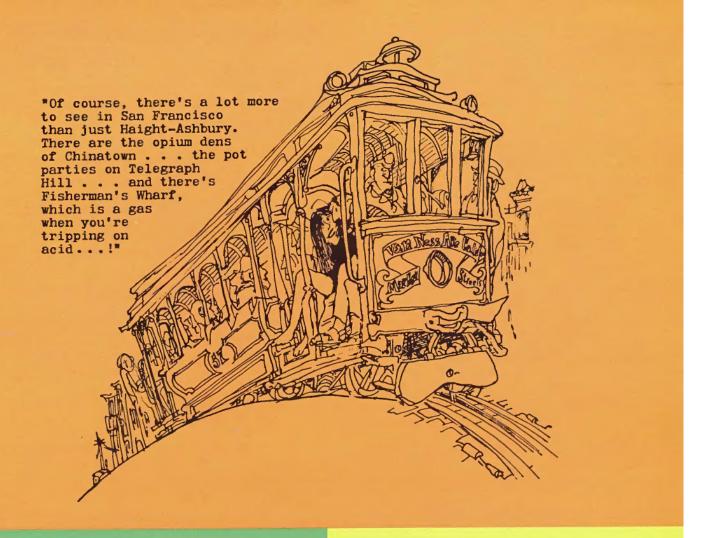
But NET has a limited budget—\$6,000,000 goes a very short way in television. A NET hour costs about \$20,000, as opposed to commercial television's \$125,000-per-hour costs—so NET purchases programs from Canada, England, Germany and elsewhere, as well as doing its own production. The cost of land lines and microwave relay is too prohibitive for simultaneous transmission of NET programs, so their tapes are "bicycled" from station to station, which puts (continued on page 199)

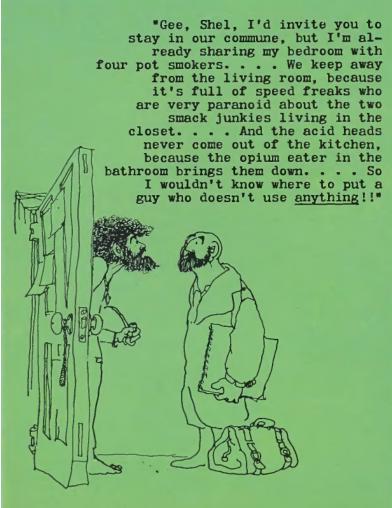


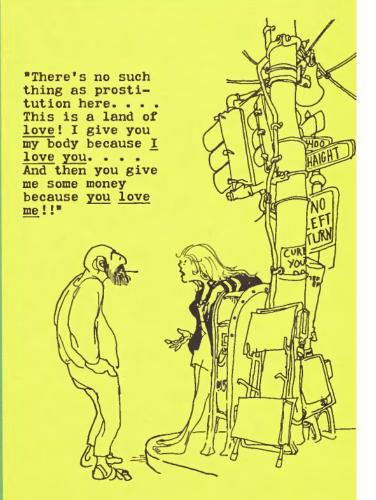
"I TELL MYSELF I'll start drawing today and head down Haight Street toward Hippie Hill," says our bearded Shel Silverstein. "Three people sit in a doorway smoking grass. A guy in a monk's robe asks me for some spare change. Electric rock comes from a basement window. The girls line up at the free clinic to get their birth-control pills-a sign says, DON'T GIVE THE CLAP TO SOMEONE YOU LOVE. The tourists drive by with their windows rolled up. 'Wanna buy a lid?' The Diggers ladle out free beef stew and apples. Beads, pot pipes, posters, underground newspapers for sale. Written on a psychedelic-painted truck, DON'T LAUGH, YOUR DAUGHTER MAY BE IN HERE! A hand reaches out of some bushes and gives me a roach. A long-haired girl takes my hand and leads me up a path through some trees, where we lie down. Afterward, she smiles and says, 'Welcome to Haight-Ashbury.' I think I'll wait and draw tomorrow."

arrest!"

"First, let me welcome you to Hashbury. . . Secondly, let me warn you about narcotics agents-they're everywhere. . . . Thirdly, let me lay this lid of grass on you as a gift of love. . . And, fourthly, let me inform you that you are under

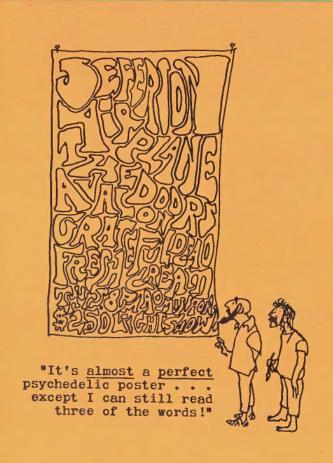


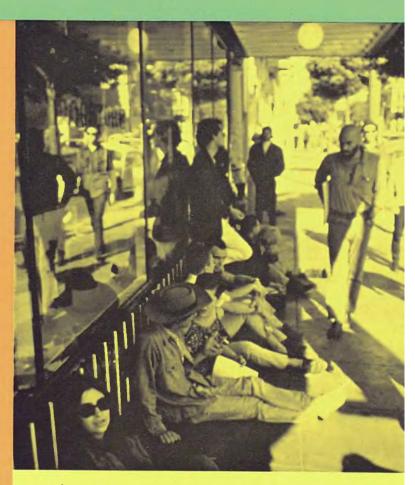




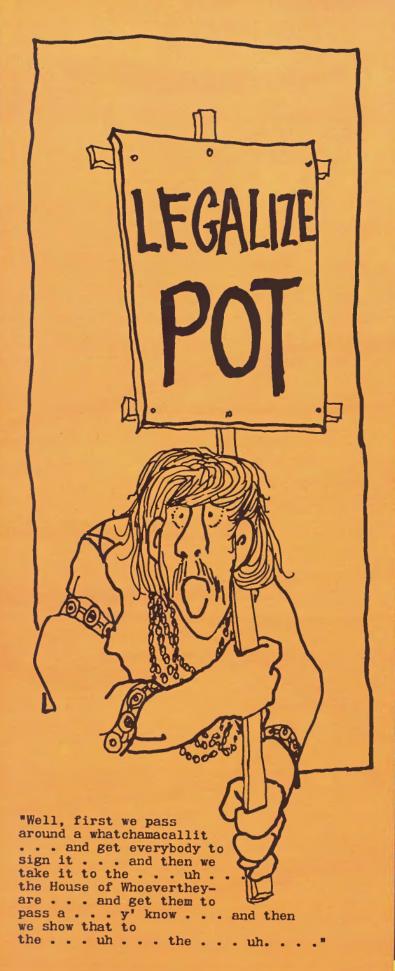


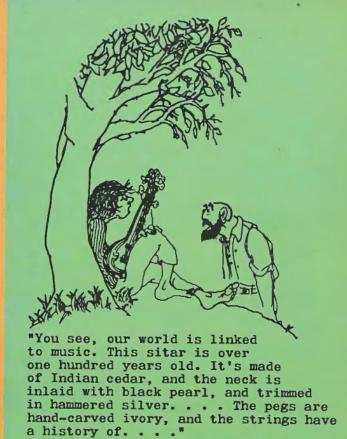
"Well, I guess this destroys the myth about hippies never bathing!!!"





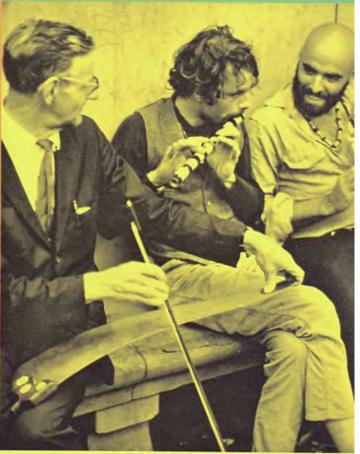
Silverstein sizes up the panhandlers in front of the Drag Store an the Boulevard of Brotherly Love (Hoight Street to nongroovers).





"But you can't play it!"

"Man, you don't understand. This sitar is over one hundred years old. It's made of Indian cedar, and. . . ."

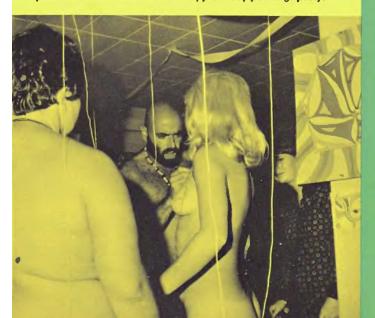


Shel, blowing recorder, joins friend Tony Price, on flute, and sow-ploying Golden Gate Pork regular for a musical session.

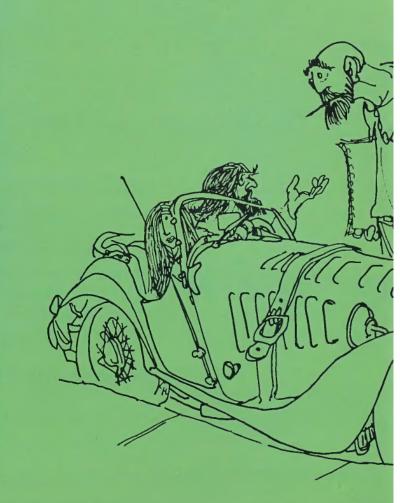
"Sure, it's kind of lonely for me here. But I usually meet Frank, the barber, for coffee in the morning—he doesn't have much to do either. . . . And most afternoons we go over and play cards with Ed Swenson in his shoe store. . . "



Temporarily abandoning sketchbook and clothes, Shel applies his ortistic talents to a hippie body-pointing party.





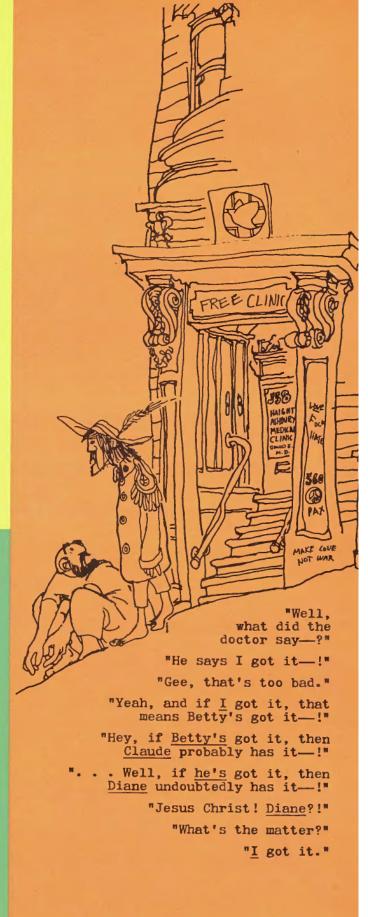




"Isn't it groovy living together like this

—free from the middle-class conventions
and obligations of marriage! Listen,
supper won't be ready for another twenty
minutes, so why don't you take out the
garbage and go pick up the laundry and,
oh, yes, stop by the grocer's and get
some coffeecake—I've invited Francine
and Bill to come over later and watch
television."

"Well, sure . . . lots of hippies have cars. I need a car. I mean, how else would I be able to get home weekends. . . . Not that I want to go home, but that's the only way I can get my allowance, man. . . . I mean, not that I want an allowance, but how else could I pay the rent on a seven-room apartment. . . Not that I. . . . "



NEXT MONTH: MORE OF SILVERSTEIN AMONG THE HIPPIES





fiction **BY DAMOR RAIGHT**THE eight pens danced against the moving strip of paper, like the nervous claws of some mechanical lobster. Roberts, the technician, frowned over the tracings while the other two watched.

"Here's the wake-up impulse," he said, pointing with a skinny finger. "Then here, look, seventeen seconds more, still dreaming."

"Delayed response," said Babcock, the project director. His heavy face was flushed and he was sweating. "Nothing to worry about."

"OK, delayed response, but look at the difference in the tracings. Still dreaming, after the wake-up impulse, but the peaks are closer together. Not the same dream. More anxiety, more motor pulses."

"Why does he have to sleep at all?" asked Sinescu, the man from Washington. He was dark, narrow-faced. "You flush the fatigue poisons out, don't you? So what is it, something psychological?"

"He needs to dream," said Babcock. "It's true he has no physiological need for sleep, but he's got to dream. If he didn't, he'd start to hallucinate, maybe go psychotic."

"Psychotic," said Sinescu. "Well—that's the question, isn't it? How long has he been doing this?"

"About six months."

"In other words, about the time he got his new body—and started wearing a mask?"

"About that. Look, let me tell you something: He's rational. Every test——"

"Yes, OK, I know about tests. Well—so he's awake now?"

The technician glanced at the monitor board. "He's up. Sam and Irma are with him." He hunched his shoulders, staring at the EEG tracings again. "I don't know why it should bother me. It stands to reason, if he has dream needs of his own that we're not satisfying with the programed stuff, this is where he gets them in." His face hardened. "I don't know. Something about those peaks I don't like."

Sinescu raised his eyebrows. "You program his dreams?"

"Not program," said Babcock impatiently. "A routine suggestion to dream the sort of thing we tell him to. Somatic stuff, sex, exercise, sport."

"And whose idea was that?"

"Psych section. He was doing fine neurologically, every other way, but he was withdrawing. Psych decided he needed that somatic input in some form, we had to keep him in touch. He's alive, he's functioning, everything works. But don't forget, he spent forty-three years in a normal human body."

In the hush of the elevator, Sinescu said, "Washington." Swaying, Babcock said, "I'm sorry; what?"

he was as close to immortality as science could bring him, yet anything that held the precious spark of life repelled him



"You look a little rocky. Getting any sleep?"

"Not lately. What did you say before?"
"I said they're not happy with your reports in Washington."

"Goddamn it, I know that." The elevator door silently opened. A tiny foyer, green carpet, gray walls. There were three doors, one metal, two heavy glass. Cool, stale air. "This way."

Sinescu paused at the glass door, glanced through: a gray-carpeted living room, empty. "I don't see him."

"Around the el. Getting his morning

The door opened against slight pressure; a battery of ceiling lights went on as they entered. "Don't look up," said Babcock. "Ultraviolet." A faint hissing sound stopped when the door closed.

"And positive pressure in here? To keep out germs? Whose idea was that?"

"His." Babcock opened a chrome box on the wall and took out two surgical masks. "Here, put this on."

Voices came muffled from around the bend of the room. Sinescu looked with distaste at the white mask, then slowly put it over his head.

They stared at each other. "Germs," said Sinescu through the mask. "Is that rational?"

"All right, he can't catch a cold, or what have you, but think about it a minute. There are just two things now that could kill him. One is a prosthetic failure, and we guard against that; we've got five hundred people here, we check him out like an airplane. That leaves a cerebrospinal infection. Don't go in there with a closed mind."

The room was large, part living room, part library, part workshop. Here was a cluster of Swedish-modern chairs, a sofa, coffee table; here a workbench with a metal lathe, electric crucible, drill press, parts bins, tools on wallboards; here a drafting table; here a free-standing wall of bookshelves that Sinescu fingered curiously as they passed. Bound volumes of project reports, technical journals, reference books; no fiction, except for Fire and Storm by George Stewart and The Wizard of Oz in a worn blue binding. Behind the bookshelves, set into a little alcove, was a glass door through which they glimpsed another living room, differently furnished: upholstered chairs, a tall philodendron in a ceramic pot. "There's Sam," Babcock said.

A man had appeared in the other room. He saw them, turned to call to someone they could not see, then came forward, smiling. He was bald and stocky, deeply tanned. Behind him, a small pretty woman hurried up. She crowded through after her husband, leaving the door open. Neither of them wore a mask.

"Sam and Irma have the next suite," Babcock said. "Company for him; he's got to have somebody around. Sam is an old Air Force buddy of his and, besides, he's got a tin arm."

The stocky man shook hands, grinning. His grip was firm and warm. "Want to guess which one?" He wore a flowered sport shirt. Both arms were brown, muscular and hairy; but when Sinescu looked more closely, he saw that the right one was a slightly different color, not quite authentic.

Embarrassed, he said, "The left, I

"Nope." Grinning wider, the stocky man pulled back his right sleeve to show the straps.

"One of the spin-offs from the project," said Babcock. "Myoelectric, servo-controlled, weighs the same as the other one. Sam, they about through in there?"

"Maybe so. Let's take a peek. Honey, you think you could rustle up some coffee for the gentlemen?"

"Oh, why, sure." The little woman turned and darted back through the open doorway.

The far wall was glass, covered by a translucent white curtain. They turned the corner. The next bay was full of medical and electronic equipment, some built into the walls, some in tall black cabinets on wheels. Four men in white coats were gathered around what looked like an astronaut's couch. Sinescu could see someone lying on it: feet in Mexican woven-leather shoes, dark socks, gray slacks. A mutter of voices.

"Not through yet," Babcock said.
"Must have found something else they didn't like. Let's go out onto the patio a minute".

"Thought they checked him at night—when they exchange his blood, and so

"They do." Babcock said. "And in the morning, too." He turned and pushed open the heavy glass door. Outside, the roof was paved with cut stone, enclosed by a green-plastic canopy and tinted-glass walls. Here and there were concrete basins, empty. "Idea was to have a roof garden out here, something green, but he didn't want it. We had to take all the plants out, glass the whole thing in."

Sam pulled out metal chairs around a white table and they all sat down. "How is he, Sam?" asked Babcock.

He grinned and ducked his head. "Mean in the mornings."

"Talk to you much? Play any chess?"

"Not too much. Works, mostly. Reads some, watches the box a little." His smile was forced; his heavy fingers were clasped together and Sinescu saw now that the finger tips of one hand had turned darker, the others not. He looked away.

"You're from Washington, that right?" Sam asked politely. "First time here? Hold on." He was out of his chair. Vague upright shapes were passing behind the curtained glass door. "Looks like they're through. If you gentlemen would just wait here a minute, till I see." He strode across the roof. The two men sat in silence. Babcock had pulled down his surgical mask; Sinescu noticed and did the same.

"Sam's wife is a problem," Babcock said, leaning nearer. "It seemed like a good idea at the time, but she's lonely here, doesn't like it—no kids——"

The door opened again and Sam appeared. He had a mask on, but it was hanging under his chin. "If you gentlemen would come in now."

In the living area, the little woman, also with a mask hanging around her neck, was pouring coffee from a flowered ceramic jug. She was smiling brightly but looked unhappy. Opposite her sat someone tall, in gray shirt and slacks, leaning back, legs out, arms on the arms of his chair, motionless. Something was wrong with his face.

"Well, now," said Sam heartily. His wife looked up at him with an agonized smile.

The tall figure turned its head and Sinescu saw with an icy shock that its face was silver, a mask of metal with oblong slits for eyes, no nose or mouth, only curves that were faired into each other. "Project," said an inhuman voice.

Sinescu found himself half bent over a chair. He sat down. They were all looking at him. The voice resumed, "I said, are you here to pull the plug on the project?" It was unaccented, indifferent.

"Have some coffee." The woman pushed a cup toward him.

Sinescu reached for it, but his hand was trembling and he drew it back. "Just a fact-finding expedition," he said.

"Bull. Who sent you—Senator Hinkel?"
"That's right."

"Bull. He's been here himself; why send you? If you are going to pull the plug, might as well tell me." The face behind the mask did not move when he spoke, the voice did not seem to come from it.

"He's just looking around, Jim," said Babcock.

"Two hundred million a year," said the voice, "to keep one man alive. Doesn't make much sense, does it? Go on, drink your coffee."

Sinescu realized that Sam and his wife had already finished theirs and that they had pulled up their masks. He reached for his cup hastily.

"Hundred percent disability in my grade is thirty thousand a year. I could get along on that easy. For almost an hour and a half."

"There's no intention of terminating the project," Sinescu said.

"Phasing it out, though. Would you say phasing it out?"

(continued on page 170)







Lofty vista from Nepenthe's balcony



A magical mystery tour in Big Sur



ON AN OCTOBER DAY in 1842, the flagship of Commodore Thomas Catesby Jones, U.S. Navy, hove to outside the town of Monterey, the capital city of what was then the Mexican empire of Alta California. The commodore had sailed in all haste from Peru, where he had formed the impression from local intelligence agents that Mexico and the United States were on the verge of war. Once in sight of the drowsy little town of Monterey, and undeterred by the absence of any warlike activity ashore, he sent a detachment of 150 seamen to pull down the Mexican flag that flew over the dilapidated fortress of Monterey and to raise Old Glory in its place. This was done to the accompaniment of hoarse cheering and a succession of vigorous salvos fired from ship and shore.

At this point, Commodore Jones, who had been at sea for 42 days, was gently informed that a state of war between Mexico and the United States did not exist; as a matter of fact, relations were quite amicable. An army of Mexican (continued on page 166)

IT HAPPENS IN

travel By LEN DEIGHTON where majestic mountains meet the sea-and enclaves of bohemian hangouts and hide-outs, artsy-craftsy villages and posh resorts, ear- and mind-bending festivals, sporting buffs and nature lovers in the buff all converge midst california's most spectacular scenery



THERE WAS A SCHOLAR who was writing a book on the stratagems of women; he had studied all the tricks they use to deceive men and had reduced all of this invaluable information to 49 chapters. But, alas, the 50th chapter would not come. He knew that there must be one thing in the world he had missed.

At the same time, living nearby was a woman who possessed both a great beauty and a cruel wit. When she heard the story of the book with a chapter lacking, she set about to meet the scholar. Later, she invited him to come secretly to her house when her husband was away. Before the scholar arrived, she prepared an elegant collation with several fine wines and delicacies to eat. But she made sure that, dressed in her finest garments and touched with the rarest of perfume, she was the greatest delicacy of all.

The scholar arrived, bearing a large bundle in loose wrappings, and he was immediately awe-struck by her marvelous beauty. After thanking him for his compliments, she inquired about the bundle and he replied. "It is something I have brought for your sake-but let us speak of that later." He sat down and the two began to enjoy the wine and the food. As they talked, the lady mentioned that her husband was safely out of the way-and well it was, because he was a man known to be very proud, very jealous, very violent and even rather fond of bloodshed. But they turned soon to other subjects and, after a while, they began to amuse themselves most pleasantly with each other.

Just as the game was getting warm, there was a loud knock on the outer door. The lady turned pale and said, "My husband must have returned!" She quickly hid the scholar in a large closet, turned the key on him and only then went to open the outer door for her husband.

He entered and noted the preparations. "What does this mean?" he asked. "For whom have you laid out this fine

With charming malice, the lady said, "It means what you think it does. All of this is for my lover, who is here."

"And where is he?" roared the husband.

"In there," said the lady, pointing to the closet, where the poor scholar was overhearing every word.

The husband went to the closet but found the door locked. "Where is the key?" he asked.

"Here," she answered, throwing it to him.

But when he put the key into the lock, the lady began to laugh uproariously. Her husband turned and said, "Why are you laughing so?"

She answered, "I am laughing at your lack of good sense, at the weakness of your judgment and at your foolish temper. Do you imagine that if I really had a lover and had brought him to this room, I should have told you at once where he was hidden? That is not very likely, is it? No, the truth is that I prepared this little supper for your return and, now that I have made you look fierce and handsome with anger, let us

The husband left the door unlocked but unopened and went to join his wife. They are and drank together and soon they thought of other pleasures; it was not long before they were making love.

Now, reader, do you think it possible that a scholar should have written 49 chapters about the ruses of women without ever having heard the story of the unexpected husband and the lover hidden in the closet? Of course not. And this was precisely why the scholar had brought with him that loose bundle. He quickly drew from it a large fur suit, dressed himself and burst out of the closet before the astonished eyes of the embracing couple. For a moment, he crouched, his arms swinging low, and growled like an animal.

"In the name of Allah!" shouted the husband, "You do have a lover! It is a great ape! And a very ugly one, I must say." But he was so terrified and so compromised by his position that he could do nothing.

After the ape had disappeared out the door, the husband recovered himself and began to beat his wife, threatening to kill her. But, suddenly, there came a knock at the door and the scholar, in his proper dress, appeared to demand the reason for the blows and the screams. "I am a neighbor, a scholar, who was just passing by, and I am shocked to see the way you treat your wife."

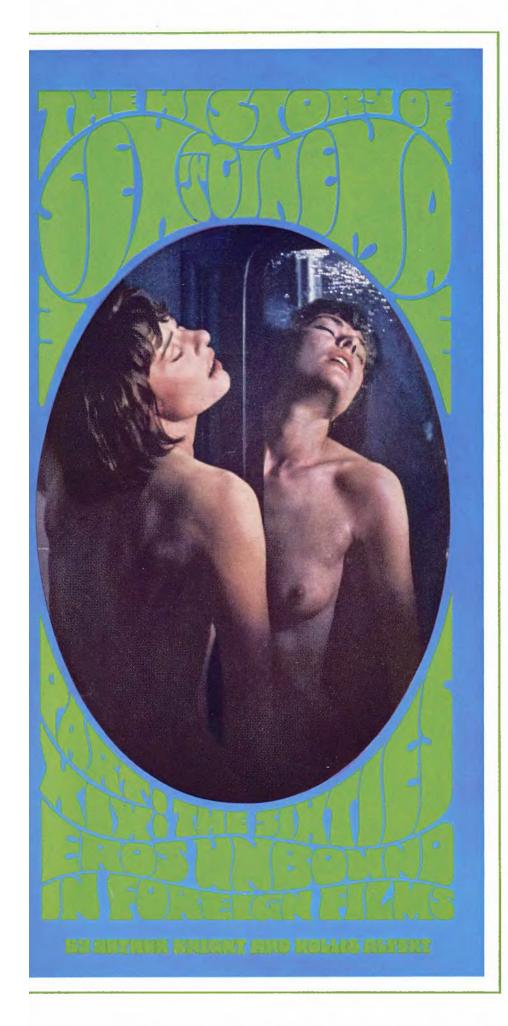
The husband, somewhat taken aback, explained that he had discovered his wife in an unnatural love affair, with a great, ugly ape.

"This is, indeed, a matter of a very serious kind and of a most criminal nature, if true," the scholar said. "However, if it is not true, things will go hard with you. Therefore, my good man, I advise you to refrain from killing your wife at this instant and to take the whole case before the cadi for a judgment. If this lady is, as you say, guilty of such a crime against nature, she will suffer death in any case."

The husband's better nature having been thus appealed to, he gave up his attack and, instead, followed the scholar's advice, sending his wife off to prison. Now, justice being what it is, it took a few weeks before the cadi could hear the husband's case. In the meantime, the scholar rushed home with his new inspiration and wrote the last chapter of his book. It was published just before the trial and a copy was rushed to the cadi, who read it, understood all, laughed uproariously and freed the lady. In the meantime, the scholar had journeyed to Damascus, where he was much admired among literary circles and where "The Story of the Lady Who Could Deceive Men but Not Apes" (Chapter 50) was considered to be a delicious flight of the imagination.

-Retold by Jonah Craig





in their search for sexual freedom on the screen, today's international moviemakers literally leave nothing to the moviegoer's imagination

DURING THE FIFTIES, the box-office popularity of foreign films in America grew, not coincidentally, in direct proportion to the increasing acreage of their shapely heroines exposed by Europe's liberated moviemakers. Emboldened by the European example, as well as by the healthy grosses that the imported product had begun to rack up, American studios began gingerly to emulate their Continental competitors in the early Sixties -and with far greater freedom after the industry finally jettisoned its restrictive Production Code in 1966. Meanwhile, however, the foreign producers were by no means marking time. Never before has the medium been so single-mindedly devoted to cinematic investigations of the physiology of love, the psychology of perversion and the pathology of sadism. The sweet smell of sex pervades the foreign films of the Sixties, but more often than not it has been a kind of sex that would have interested Krafft-Ebing more than Freud.

Perhaps it was sheer coincidence, but three of the most successful pictures, both artistically and commercially, to enter the American market at the start of the Sixties all centered on a brutally realistic rape scene. In Ingmar Bergman's The Virgin Spring, the virgin daughter of a 13th Century landowner is ravished, then murdered by a trio of herdsmen, whose crime comes to light when they attempt to sell the girl's torn dress to her mother. Although it was a highly moral film-according to some, almost a religious experience-Americans saw it with some of the violence of the rape removed; the censors objected to two shots in which the girl's bare legs are pulled by one of the shepherds around the body of the man on top of her. Vittorio De Sica's Two Women, filmed in 1960, avoided the censors' wrath by concentrating the camera on the agonized faces of the mother and daughter (Sophia Loren and Eleanora Brown) as they are being gang-raped in a war-ruined church by a squad of Moroccan "allies." In Luchino Visconti's prize-winning Rocco and His Brothers (also 1960), censors dealt with its no-less-crucial rape sequence in a novel and then fairly original manner: Instead of snipping out the shots of Simone ravishing his brother Rocco's inamorata while Rocco is forced by Simone's hoodlum henchmen to look on, the censors merely ordered that the offending frames be darkened until the action was just short of invisible.

But the point is not that these directors, with or (text continued on page 181)











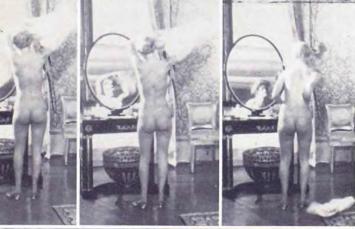


THE SYBARITIC SIXTIES: An increasingly permissive social climate allowed foreign films to escalate their investigation of human sexual response. Top: Fellini highlighted "La Dolce Vita" with Marcello Mastroianni's bacchanalian bareback ride—and then transformed Anita Ekberg into a larger-than-life fantasy in "Boccaccio'70." Center: As a warmhearted whore in "Never on Sunday," Melina Mercouri teased a timid client into bed; while Lucile Saint-Simon protected her amateur standing—lying down—in "Tendre et Violente Elisabeth." Bottom: Albert Finney whetted Joyce Redman's appetite during "Tom Jones" love feast; David Hemmings romped with two overexposed teeny-boppers in "Blow-Up." Opposite: In "The Fox," Anne Heywood explored the cradle of autoerotica.



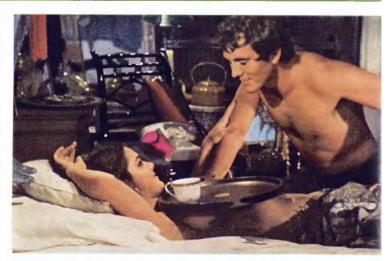
ENGLAND: Long a bastion of cinematic stuffiness, Britain in the Sixties has become a trail blazer of sexual maturity on the screen. Left: Michael Caine starred as "Alfie," a highscoring Cockney rake brought down by a covey of birds; and Julie Christie (left, center to bottom) unblushingly-but unhappily-wooed a series of receptive beaux in "Darling." Below, l and r: The tawdry sword-and-seduction fare of "The Hellfire Club" bore little resemblance to the stylish "Becket," in which King Henry II (Peter O'Toole) took time out from affairs of state for one of his own. Right: Peter Sellers pondered who's the fairest of them all while learning that "Only Two Can Play." Far right: As a sexually repressed neurotic, Catherine Deneuve enticed, then attacked a middle-aged man in "Repulsion." Far right, center: After taking over "The Penthouse," two fake metermen engaged their unwilling hostess in prurient party games. Bottom and bottom right: At the height of the screen spy boom, Terence Stamp played an amorous agent turned jewel thief in "Modesty Blaise"; and Sean Connery, as the indefatigable 007, showed the opposition an undercover trick or two in "Thunderball."

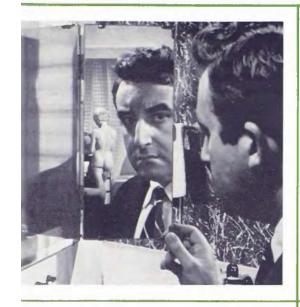




















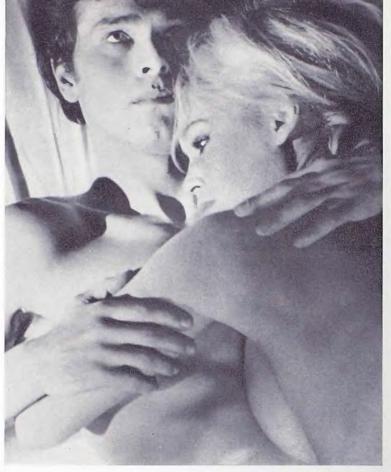


FRANCE: Concerned about the country's image overseas, De Gaulle's regime began subjecting French films to rigid puritanical controls—but censors meddled more with politics than with sex. Below: The ample samplings of Brigitte Bardot's backside on display in Jean-Luc Godard's "Contempt"—the stormy account of a screenwriter who sells out to the money muse—failed to save the picture from bombing at the box office. In a series of fleshy French melodramas, Germany's Elke Sommer embraced and undressed her way to stardom: "Sweet Ecstasy" (center) found her philandering alfresco with a young Riviera socialite; and secret agents (bottom) made certain nothing was up her sleeve—or anywhere else—during a hunt for missing microfilm in "Daniella by Night."



Roger Vadim, riding high on France's nude wave, stayed handily afloat by casting then-girlfriend, now-wife Jane Fonda (below left) as a key link in "Circle of Love's" chain of relationships. As a bored housewife in his "The Game Is Over" (center left), Jane found seducing her stepson an effective antidote for ennui. Another Vadim inamorata, Catherine Deneuve (below right) played the Nazitortured heroine of his updated De Sade shocker, "Vice and Virtue." Godard's "Breathless" (center right) established Jean-Paul Belmondo as an archetypal antihero—the sexy good/bad guy. Bottom: Juvenile delinquents discovered pastoral pleasures in "Les Loups dans la Bergerie," and the "Lust" segment of "Seven Capital Sins" portrayed that seductive vice with back-to-Eve outspokenness.

















embrace with Laurent Terzieff—Brigitte Bardot spent "Two Weeks in September" (top left) on a British fling with a young geologist more interested in digging her than rocks, After picking up Robert Hossein and seducing him on a secluded side road, a nymphomaniacal "Nude in a White Car" (sequence above) demonstrated her gratitude by forcing him out on the highway and trying to run him down; but Hossein did his best to find her again—and return the favor. In "Le Démon" (sequence at top center), an occult French-Italian melodrama, a superstitious peasant suspects that former girlfriend Daliah Lavi is possessed by evil spirits; planning to save the world from witchcraft by strangling her, he returns for a final reunion—and gets temporarily sidetracked by her eerie charms.









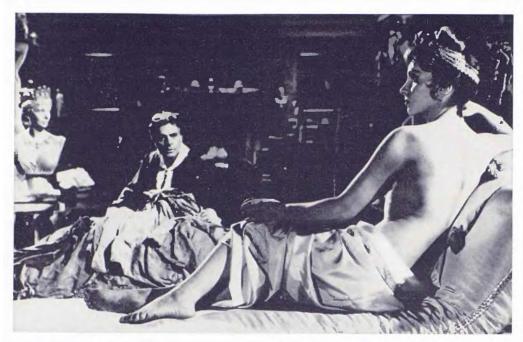




A French twist on the Hitchcock thriller formula, "Sin on the Beach" (top) starred Michael Lemoine and Silvia Sorrente as a no-talent musical team that takes time out from a convoluted murder plot for a sensual seaside frolic. After preventing a young woman from drowning her troubles in the Seine, "Galia" (Mireille Darc, center) unwittingly adds to them by falling for her husband—directly into a tubful of sudsy water. In director Jean Aurel's comedic game of musical beds, "De l'Amour" (above), Elsa Martinelli was among several willing patients of a Don Juan dentist who specialized in after-hours house calls. In league with "Candy"-man Terry Southern as scriptwriter, Roger Vadim went futuristic with "Barbarella" (sequence at left), a far-out sci-fi spoof adapted from a kinky French comic strip—and previewed in these pages last March.



ITALY: Weaving a rococo fantasy from the fabric of his private vision in "Juliet of the Spirits" (sequence at top). Federico Fellini cast wife Giulietta Masina (left, with voluptuous next-door neighbor Sandra Milo) as an unloved wife who looks unsuccessfully for solace in spiritualism and in the psychedelic high life led by a bizarre circle of friends (center and right). As the patient lover who finally leads wayward Marcello Mastroianni to the altar after years of faithful mistresshood in "Marriage Italian Style" (sequence above, left), Sophia Loren began her campaign as a vivacious teenage hooker who first enchanted him—riveting clients and audiences alike in her see-through working dress—and then advoitly maneuvered him into proposing by feigning a fatal illness.











For Napoleonic noblewoman Gina Lollobrigida (top left), posing for a sculptor in "Vénus Impériale" proved a welcome respite from her tumultuous love life. Fleeing wartime terrorism in "Two Women" (top right), Sophia Loren and Eleanora Brown sought shelter in a church—where they were gang-raped by Moroccan soldiers. "The Empty Canvas" (center) told the turgid story of a jealous artist who tried to buy fidelity from his promiscuous model, Catherine Spaak. As a domineering wife in "Escalation" (above left), Claudine Auger frigidly ignored her mousy husband—who finally roared, then killed her. Boasting such weaponry as a double-barreled bra, sci-fi superhuntress Ursula Andress symbolically emasculates her prey in "The 10th Victim" (above right).



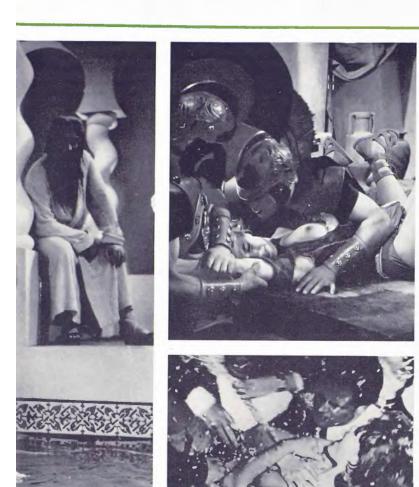








MONDO ITALIANO: As a shapely specter, Silvia Sorrente (top left) provided a lively interlude in "Castle of Blood's" otherwise ghoulish parade of the dead. A "house" became a home for Jean-Paul Belmondo in "La Viaccia" (top center); captivated by doxy Claudia Cardinale, he signed up as bouncer to be near her. "The Night They Killed Rasputin" (top right) exploited that archivillain's legendary decadence by casting him as a tyrant presiding over a court of courtesans. In "The Savage Innocents" (above left), Anthony Quinn played an Eskimo with a practical plan for whiling away those long Arctic nights; and in "Divorce—Italian Style" (above right), Marcello Mastroianni schemed inexhaustibly to rid himself of Daniela Rocca, his mustachioed wife.





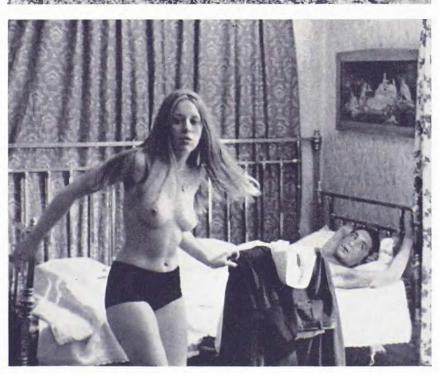




An Italian epic ostensibly about an underground revolt in ancient Greece, "The Warrior Empress" (top left) employed its thread-bare plot as a pretext for flaunting droves of undraped maidens. Mass hysteria triggered erotic aggression in "Mondo Pazzo" (center left), second in a spate of pseudo-documentary shockers. In "The Naked Hours" (top right), Keir Dullea rescued Rossana Podestà from the tedium of an empty marriage. As a Persian queen in "Esther and the King" (above left), Daniela Rocca—sans mustache and most of her clothing—held wide-open house while the king was away at war. The apple of Napoleon's eye in "Madame" (above right), Sophia Loren began her own rise to regal power as a laundress forced to suffer effronteries at the hands of exuberant soldiers.







GREECE: As the archetypal untamed male in "Zorba the Greek" (top left), Anthony Quinn reveled in life—even in the impersonal embrace of an avaricious hooker who thought he would soon be rolling in wealth. Refugees from a girls' reform school fled to a supposedly deserted island in "The Rape" (center left), only to be used and abused sexually by a treasure-hunting ex-Nazi and his libidinous son.

EUROPE: Eva Ras (bottom left) played a switchboard operator whose boyfriend turned out to be a wrong number and murdered her in Yugoslavia's "Love Affair." After a onenight stand in the Czech film "Loves of a Blonde," Hana Brejchova (below) followed her bed partner to Prague-hoping naïvely to legalize the liaison. Romy Schneider and Melina Mercouri (center, near right) competed for the affections of a wealthy Englishman in Jules Dassin's "10:30 P. M. Summer," but declared a temporary truce for a chummy shower scene. Executive fat cats in Germany's "For Lovers and Others" (center, far right) tried to land a contract with a prospective client by tendering a stripper as a bouncy rider on the deal.

JAPAN: In the allegorical "Woman in the Dunes" (top, near right), Eiji Okada found himself stranded at the bottom of a pit, embracing a peasant girl who symbolized his fate. Two enterprising swamp dwellers (center) who earned their keep killing samurais—and selling the armor for scrap—settled down after a hard day's night in "Onibaba." For a frustrated wife in "Unholy Desire" (far right), rape brought such welcome relief that she allowed her assailant to return for a series of reruns.

DENMARK: Virginal Ole Søltoft found any number of willing sexual instructresses in the erotically explicit "Eric Soya's '17'" (bottom right)—including a parlormaid intent on washing away his inhibitions. A multicoupled wifeswapping "Weekend" (bottom, far right) ended abruptly when one bored spouse stole down to the beach and attacked a pretty nursemaid—despite the intercession of her protective brood.

























SWEDEN: In the vanguard of the cinematic sexual revolution, Sweden has produced forthright films that pale competing efforts. After cooling each lover as fast as he warmed to her, Essy Persson (above left) finally met her icy match in "I, a Woman." Candid dialog abounded in "Dear John" (top), the story of a healthfully bedridden love affair. In "My Sister, My Love" (above center), 18th Century sibling revelry turned swiftly into tragedy. Suitors galore queue up in a dotty king's palace to woo his nubile daughter in "Well, Well, Well" (below left). "Ormen" (below right) chronicled the life and seamy times of several Scandinavian servicemen. Opposite: An unruffled mother floored her friends by giving birth at her own party in "Night Games" (top left). To escape her frustrations, the heroine of "The Silence" went to the movies—only to encounter a couple copulating in a nearby seat (top right). And "I Am Curious—Yellow" (below) included scenes one critic called "as explicit as one can get in or out of a stag film."













(continued from page 94)

"And what about the freedom to get sick and die without Federal meddling?" cried Nathaniel Branden. "The precious right of your children and their children to decay at their own speed!"

When the amendment was finally passed by voice vote, it included the Rafferty Anti-Puberty Rider, the Branden Free Breakdown Clause and a loss of citizenship for UNICEF trick-or-treaters.

Then Senator Dirksen proposed his amendment for legislative re-reapportionment, a charmingly bucolic plan to cancel the Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote ruling that ended rural control of state legislatures.

"O that this too too solid flesh would melt," he said, "if we cannot undo the vile deed of Earl Warren! My fellow Constitution lovers, it is time that our noble state legislatures again become responsive to the land and not the people. The land and not the people is where the violets grow, the blossom that my own sweet state holds as a blue flame of freedom for those now imprisoned in Poland, Cuba, Hungary and France. My friends, people come and go, but the land remains and it must have a voice in government!"

The passage of the Dirksen Amendment was even more passionate than the passage of the Liberty Amendment. It was a wondrous ejaculation, a burst of Christian feeling so fierce as to let the faithful hope that at last there might be a chance to rewrite the words on the Statue of Liberty and keep the riffraff out.

Suddenly, the head of the National Renaissance Party was on his feet. "And what about the goddamn pinko *Preamble?*" he screamed, while among the Church Leaguers of America, tearful ladies cried "Lordy, yes!" and "Sing it, Führer! Give us the word!"

At once, a dozen delegates were on their feet, screaming support for revision of the Commie Preamble. Schwarz was rescued by a call from the back of the hall: "Chicken's ready! Come 'n' git it!"

"My friends," said Schwarz, rapping his gavel, "Governor Maddox is ready, so we'll adjourn for lunch and reconvene at two o'clock."

When the delegates reconvened after lunch, their bellies were full of chicken, but they couldn't wait to get their teeth back into the Constitution. Although the morning session had been dominated by the more celebrated members of America's most loyal citizenry, the afternoon session brought forth some of the jes' plain folks who are the backbone of her might. The first resolution came from Dottie de Lune, a heretofore unknown Glendale wet nurse, whose amendment was enthusiastically received because of its brilliant blending of three separate articles of American faith: to repeal the child-labor laws, to stop Federal aid to

arthritic Sioux (and certain consumptive Comanches) and to turn the UN into a lighthouse. "They're fluoridating the East River right from the UN! Half of Brooklyn already has fewer cavities!" said the good wet nurse. Her resolution got a great ovation and was quickly seconded by a Lieutenant Colonel Mary Lou Hindenburg. den mother of a militiaman wolf pack, who read wires of support from Greek Premier George Papadopoulos and Helen Haves.

The delightful De Lune Amendment inspired a shotgun blast of riders. Commodore Maxwell Grebs, the patriot who had found the Red cell at St. Patrick's, jumped up to cry, "Just turning the UN into a lighthouse ain't enough! We also gotta come out for a preventive nuclear war, with the Chinese, the Russians or anyone else who wants one! Maybe the Pope and the Red Cross are scared o' this war, but I ain't! If we gotta go Commie, then let it be over ten million charred bodies-and I'd be proud to be one, 'cause that's the kinda ashes that made this country great! I say, better barbecued than Commie food!"

Grebs' stirring stand for loyal cremation triggered such jubilation that most of the delegates didn't notice some waiters who had entered the hall. Those who did see them merely presumed that they were working for Maddox and serving desserts, for the Negro waiters carried trays full of little brown pineapples, while the whites had trays of lilies, leaves and sunflowers, which were probably for elegant finger bowls.

At last, Schwarz was able to shout above the happy din, "My friends! My friends, you'll notice that some waiters have come with some after-luncheon-"

"Waiters, hell!" cried Byron de la Beckwith, grabbing one of the Negroes. "This one's Smokey Carmichael!"

"And that's Timothy Leary!" cried John Wayne. "The bastard who wants the whole country to go to pot!"

Neither Wayne nor De la Beckwith had to give a command, for suddenly the battle was on: Not just the militiamen but every delegate in the house pitched in to drive off the nigger lovers, the peace lovers and the love lovers. The fight lasted longer than anyone expected, because the invaders were armed: The sunflowers were actually hand grenades that had been camouflaged by dropouts from the Famous Artists School.

The battle was a little Civil War that all delegates thoroughly enjoyed, for it proved that the threat to America could be handled outside the Pentagon. But when it was over, they had little desire to resume their discussion, for tearing up people was so much more fun than tearing up the Constitution. Sensing that the return to talk was anticlimactic, Chairman Schwarz said, "Fellow Freedom Fighters, there's no reason why we have to sit here and go through every pink line of the crummy old Constitution.

That's a job for a committee."

And so he asked the convention's two top minds, Ayn Rand and Mary Lou Hindenburg, to make a thorough revision that would be presented for ratification the following day. Both accepted at once and Schwarz banged his gavel and said, "This convention stands adjourned until sometime tomorrow."

When Mary Lou read the revision to the delegates the next day, they felt the kind of elation that the patriots in Philadelphia must have known when they wrote the whole mess. The new Constitution was a masterpiece of pure republican rule, a daring revival of the individual rights that had been lost in 1787. Each section bears reading aloud, but here are some splendid highlights that already have moved men to attack foreign films.

PREAMBLE

We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect management and promote the general staff, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

ARTICLE I

Section 1. All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a junta of three gentile general officers who shall meet from time to time at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Section 2. The junta shall be replaceable by another junta either during or not during a national emergency, which shall be defined as any time that more than five percent of all medical students are Jewish. The change of Administration shall be certified by the Army Ordnance School.

Section 8. The junta shall have the power to promote trade, end immigration, arrest poets, control the spread of nuclear and contraceptive devices, enforce haircuts, confiscate fluoride, investigate peace, replace sex education with prayer and establish as many new Tombs of Unknown Soldiers as shall be deemed necessary for total victory in Vietnam.

Section 12. The junta shall call out the militia any time that the militia has gone indoors.

ARTICLE II

Section 1. The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, which shall have jurisdiction over all cases involving transvestism and traffic.

ARTICLE VI

Section I. All runaway slaves shall be returned to the office of the National Review.

AMENDMENT I

Article 2. The right of the people to keep and bear arms in defense of their homes, sister and rest rooms shall not be infringed.

And so they left Los Angeles, these fighting 2000, these clear-eyed young commandos and geriatric irregulars, and went back to their farms and attics and armories, to their huts and beer halls and solariums, warmed by the knowledge that they had snatched their nation from the jaws of Bishop Pike. And as they traveled, many of them remembered the noble words of Tiny Tim, "I'll pay for my own goddamn crutches!"



QUIZBIZ (continued from page 85)

Answers:

- 1. Napoleon descated at Waterloo.
- 2. Julius Caesar assassinated.
- 3. Signing of Declaration of Independence.
- 4. Oedipus blinds himself after discovering he's married to his mother.
- 5. Lincoln assassinated at Ford's Theater.
- 6. Chicago Fire started by Mrs. O'Leary's cow.
- "Genesis."
- 8. Nero fiddles while Rome burns.
- Boston patriots disguised as Indians dump tea in harbor.
- 10. Anne Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII, about to be beheaded.

- 11. Noah's ark.
- 12. Joseph Lister introduces theory of medical antisepsis.
- 13. Joan of Arc burned at stake.
- 14. Rip van Winkle disappears for 20 years in Catskill Mountains.
- 15. Greeks conquer Troy with wooden horse.
- 16. Marie Antoinette is beheaded after making such remarks as "Let them eat cake."
- 17. Sphinx is erected in Egypt.
- 18. Isaac Newton discovers law of gravitation through falling apple.
- Lizzie Borden on trial for killing
- 20. Hannibal uses elephants to invade Italy.

AUTOMATED LOVE LIFE

(continued from page 92)

and looked at him. "My name is Henry Keanridge," he said.

"He says his name is Henry Keanridge," said the girl to the empty street. "Now I'm supposed to tell him my name is Lorna and then he'll ask me if he can walk me home."

Henry was stunned. He had assumed all along that she had been talking to the girl next to her at the bar. Apparently, this was her normal method of conversation.

Lorna was already walking rapidly up the street and he hurried to catch up with her. "I suppose he's about to make some stupid comment about what a lovely evening it is," she said. Henry, who had been contemplating just such a remark, said nothing.

After four blocks of silence, she stopped in front of a gray apartment building. "He's about to tell me that his friends have been following us and couldn't he just come up for an hour so they'll believe his story," she said to the hedge in front of the building.

Henry looked around. His friends were not in sight, but it was possible they were following.

Lorna entered the building and Henry followed. When she shut the door of her apartment behind them, she said to the vase of flowers on the hall table, "Now I suppose he'll ask if maybe I don't have something to drink."

Henry sat on the couch while she fixed two Scotch-on-the-rocks. When she sat down beside him and handed him his drink, Henry had a terrible desire to say something that she could not predict. A shred of verse passed through his mind and he spoke it quickly.

"Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring.

Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling."

Lorna looked straight at him and said,

"The Bird of Time has but a little way

To flutter-and the Bird is on the Wing."

In the many years that he was to know Lorna, Henry felt that this moment was the closest they ever came to a normal conversation.

She continued to look at him and he bent over to kiss her. It was simply an experiment. He wanted to find out if, when he attempted to kiss her, she would kiss one of the couch pillows. She was, Henry discovered, perfectly willing to kiss him back

The next morning, when Henry was putting on his tie in front of her dresser mirror, she turned over in bed so her 148 face was to the wall. "I suppose," she said, "this is going to be one of those guys who spends one night with you and you never see him again."

"No," said Henry, "I promise that's not true."

Henry could think of no way he could have avoided acquiring his mistress. It was simply a matter of job security. Henry had, at the time, been a junior analyst working on a problem in the analysis of some sales statistics for Mr. Dawes, Acme's Eastern sales manager. One evening, when this work was almost completed, Mr. Dawes had invited him out for a drink. It was a decided compliment; under the mores in force at Acme, a sales manager did not normally extend such an invitation to a mere junior analyst.

"I've been watching you," said Mr. Dawes when they were seated and had ordered their drinks, "and I like what I see. You're a steady young man, the sort who'll stick with a project through thick and thin."

"Thank you," said Henry.

"As you probably know, I'm transferring out to head up the California office," said Mr. Dawes. "I've been looking around for someone to take care of some of my problems here. Interested?"

"Why, yes," said Henry. A promotion into sales was a big step forward at Acme Trucking.

"Good," said Mr. Dawes. "Her name is Linda and she's a very sweet girl."

"What?" said Henry.

"Linda, my mistress, or, I should say, your mistress now."

"Mistress?" said Henry.

"Yes. I've been wondering what to do about her. I'd like to take her out to California with me, but she's a hometown girl. All of her friends are here."

"Couldn't she get a job?" said Henry.

"Job?" Mr. Dawes laughed. "Not Linda. She's not interested in working."

"But how do I know she'll like me?" said Henry.

"No problem there," said Mr. Dawes. "I promised her I'd find a good, steady replacement. I know her tastes. You'll do fine."

"But," said Henry, "I'm not sure I can afford-

"Afford?" said Mr. Dawes. "Don't worry about the cost. The whole thing is a perfect setup. She has a very modest little apartment and really inexpensive tastes. With your raise coming up, you shouldn't have any trouble making ends meet."

"My raise?" said Henry.

"Nothing official yet," said Mr. Dawes, "but when I give the front office my recommendations based on the work you've been doing for me, I'm sure they'll give

you the ELSA input-monitor job that's coming up.

Henry thought fast, ELSA had just been installed and all of the junior analysis were vying for appointment as input monitor. Acme Trucking was committing itself to automation and the road was wide open for those who climbed aboard at this time. It was also obvious that incurring the displeasure of Mr. Dawes could mean the end of any advancement at Acme. It was rumored that his California job was just a steppingstone to more important responsibilities.

"What do you say?" said Mr. Dawes. There seemed only one logical response. "It sounds like a wonderful opportunity," said Henry. "I'll take it."

"Fine," said Mr. Dawes. He reached into his briefcase. "No reason you shouldn't take over right away," he said, handing Henry a Manila folder and a key ring. "The whole file is right there and, of course, her apartment keys."

Mr. Dawes, Henry realized, treated the business of having a mistress much as he would treat any of his sales accounts. You kept good records, maintained your integrity with the customer and, when someone else took over the territory, turned over the account to him. It was, Henry felt, an admirable show of dispassionate thinking.

Henry had been working with the sales department long enough to know that when an account was transferred, it was good policy for the new man to call on the client as soon as possible. He checked over Linda's dossier and made an appointment with her by telephone.

"I'm Henry Keanridge," he said when she opened the door of her apartment.

"Won't you come in?" said Linda. "Do you want some coffee?"

Henry had expected Linda to be a sultry and languorous blonde in a black negligee who lived in an apartment draped with silky curtains. She was, in fact, a plain brunette who lived in an apartment with simple, utilitarian furnishings. She was dressed in a rather austere business

They sat and drank their coffee at a little table in her kitchen alcove. Linda brought out a large ledger and set it in front of Henry. "I thought you might want to inspect the accounts," she said. "I've always felt that keeping accurate books avoids a lot of unnecessary confusion."

Henry opened the book and scanned a couple of pages. Any accountant would have been pleased with the record Linda had kept of all income from Mr. Dawes and of her expenditure of this income. Mr. Dawes had been right. Linda would be very economical to keep.

"That's a very neat set of books," Henry said.

"Thank you," said Linda. "I guess the

other point we should discuss is scheduling."

"Scheduling?" said Henry.

"Yes; with Mr. Dawes, I kept myself free on two days a week, in case he needed me, and on two weekends a month as well. We can make any arrangement you want, but I feel it's a good idea to work out something of a routine in advance."

"Fine," said Henry, trying to sound as businesslike as possible. "Why don't we keep it at two days a week, say, Tuesdays and Thursdays. We'll work out the weekends as we go along. Now, do I need to leave a deposit?"

"No advance is necessary," said Linda. "Mr. Dawes gave me a check every second Friday."

"Every second Friday it is," said Henry.
"I guess that's everything, then," said Linda.

Henry got up. He was not sure if he was supposed to shake hands with Linda at this point, but he decided against it. "I'm certainly looking forward to a long and pleasant relationship with you," he said.

With the acquisition of Linda, Henry's love life became suddenly more complex. He was continually trying to keep straight the facts concerning the separate lives of his three women. Fortunately, he was soon promoted to input monitor and immediately saw the possi-

bility of utilizing modern technology to assist in an age-old dilemma. At his first opportunity, he entered a complete set of data on his women into ELSA's memory banks and discovered that she could handle all details of his scheduling.

Henry had added Dee to his collection of women soon after the automation of his love life. Dee was a happily married secretary who worked on his floor of the Acme Building. She and Henry had become lovers due to Henry's attempt at an act of moral reform and Dee's desire to

maintain her moral integrity.

Before their affair. Dee had been a girl of impeccable virtue. She would no more have thought of having a love affair than of, say, not wearing a hat to church. Dee had immense pride in her virtue and felt cheated that she could not flaunt it in the face of at least an occasional temptation. But her virtue shone about her with an aura so obvious that no man at the office ever thought for more than a fleeting second of attempting a pass at her. Not that she was unattractive. She was a buxom little blonde who chose her clothes to accentuate her obvious charms. Nonetheless, through all of her long days at the office, none of the men so much as hinted at a single depravity.

In desperation, she became a ffirt. She

began to bat her big blue eyes at the men and to ask them if, when their wives were away, she couldn't come over and cook dinner for them. None of the men took this very seriously. Her aura of virtue shone through all her flirtation. However, some of them would, all in fun, occasionally pinch her in passing or mutter something in her ear about how difficult it was for them to keep their hands off her.

Although such incidents were flattering, they were not enough. She needed a situation that would truly test the mettle of her honor.

Henry watched Dee's flirtations with a great sadness in his heart. To him, Dee symbolized the last of the pure virtue left in the world. He tried to look at her with stern approbation whenever she batted her eyes at him, and he longed to reprimand her each time he saw her flirting with any of the other men. But he held back, unsure as to how he could approach this delicate subject.

Before long, however, he had his chance. One day, when Henry's wife and children happened to be away visiting relatives. Dee came into the console room, batted her eyes at Henry and said, "Henry, you live in Garden Acres, don't you? Could you drive me home tonight, if you feel you can trust me in the car alone with you?" The last bit was for the

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benefit of Joe Willard, who happened to be in the room at the time.

A plan formed instantly in Henry's mind. "Sure, baby," he said, "and why don't you stop off at my house for a drink on the way? You don't think your husband would mind?"

"My husband trusts me completely, the fool," said Dee.

On the drive home, Henry chatted amicably with Dee about the weather, bowling and the people at Acme Trucking. When he approached his house, he swung into the driveway and shut off the engine. Disbelief filled Dee's face. She had never suspected that Henry had been serious about the drink at his house.

Henry saw the doubt in her face and was pleased. She must learn once and for all that her virtue was not something to be flaunted. For her own good, he would play the role of the rake to the extreme.

When they were seated on his livingroom couch with a martini in hand, he smiled wolfishly at her and said. "I'm awfully glad you could stop in. Things are lonely alone here at night."

"I can only stay a minute," said Dee.
"My husband expects me to be home soon."

"I thought," said Henry, "he trusted you completely."

Dee blushed and took a big sip of her drink.

Henry's strategy was simple. He planned to lead her almost to the moment of seduction and then to confront her with her hypocrisy. He hoped that this lesson would bring the end of her flirtatious ways.

"You know," he said, "I always thought that you were one of the most attractive secretaries at work,"

"You did?" said Dee.

"I don't mean just a good-looker. I knew right off that you were the type of girl who likes to get a lot of fun out of life."

"Oh, yes, sure," said Dee. She sounded very unhappy for a fun-loving girl.

"You probably feel the same way I do about conventions," said Henry. "You probably feel that conventions are all right for the majority of people, but those of us with enough intelligence to work things out on our own shouldn't have to worry about conventional morality."

Henry could see the panic growing in Dee. It had almost reached its peak.

"And I've always felt you were a very intelligent girl." he said. He made a noticeable move toward her on the couch. Dee put down her drink and clenched her little fists. She knew that the time had come to defend her virtue.

Henry put his arm along the back of the couch behind Dee and leaned forward. "You are a complete fraud," he "What?" said Dee, giving a little jump.

"You are a fraud, Now answer me honestly. If I had just now tried to kiss you, wouldn't you have beaten me off with your fists?"

"I'm a married woman," said Dee.
"You wouldn't make a pass at a married woman, would you?"

"What about the big come-on you've been giving all the men in the office for the last six months?" said Henry.

"Me giving everyone a come-on?" said Dee. She was working hard at innocence.

"Oh, come off it," said Henry. "You know what I mean. You're a fraud and a hypocrite. You bat your eyes at all the men, but as soon as someone starts to make a pass at you, he gets that marriedwoman stuff. You have no integrity at all."

"I do so have integrity," said Dee.

"Oh, hell," said Henry. He reached over and grabbed her in his arms and kissed her full on the lips. He knew that she was going to beat him off with her little fists, but he did not care. It seemed the quickest way to get his point across.

But instead of pushing him away, she remained limp within his arms. Henry realized the struggle that was going on within her. Her integrity and her virtue were battling it out. Her virtue wished to beat him away, but her integrity was also at stake, as Henry had taken the pains to point out.

She moved as if to break free, but then her lips opened warm under his and her hands tightened on the back of his neck. Now Henry was frightened. He had no intention of seducing Dee. He wished only to teach her a lesson. Unfortunately, his integrity was also at stake. It was not honorable to stop just as a girl had indicated her willingness to be seduced. Henry tried hard to think of logical alternatives, but thinking was very difficult with Dee's lips against his and her soft body in his arms. He discovered that once committed to an action. Dee was very anxious to carry it to its logical conclusion.

An hour later, as she lay curled in his arms in his big double bed, she moved sleepily and whispered in his ear, "Now, what's all that about lack of integrity?"

Henry was not amused. He and Dee had trapped themselves into this situation. Now Dee would want to continue their relationship, not out of any real desire but because her code demanded that, having committed a momentary act of passion, she must prove that she believed in something more than just tumbling into bed on the spur of the moment. It was ironic. They had escaped from the rules of conventional morality only to discover that they were now bound by a new code that was just as binding and just as complex.

Henry's affair with Dee did have one beneficial effect. Dee stopped her flirtations with the other men at the office. However, Henry never knew if this reformation was due to her comprehension of the hypocrisy of her actions or whether she simply felt that Henry would be jealous of her playing around with other men.

It should not be imagined that Henry was incapable of a strong emotional involvement with a woman. He was, in fact, hopelessly in love with Zerlinda Smith, a dainty creature who worked in the vast complex of typists and file clerks known as secretarial services. All of the hurried productivity of that beehive of secretarial activity could not touch Zerlinda. She was always immaculately dressed in the latest of fashions, her make-up tastefully perfect. She always gave Henry a little cellophane-wrappeddoll smile when they passed in the corridor and Henry's being would take great soaring leaps at the sight of her. He longed to take her to serious drawingroom plays, where she would sit beside him, her gloves neatly folded in her lap and her eyes intent on the stage. He lusted for her dainty goodnight kiss just outside the door of her apartment.

But this love was not to be. ELSA would not allow it. The moment that Henry had realized the overwhelming quantity and hopelessness of his passion for Zerlinda, he had rushed to the personnel files, stolen all of her personal data and fed this information into ELSA's central file. He then requested that Zerlinda be placed immediately on his schedule of stops. ELSA rejected this request. "HENRY," ELSA typed, "IS ALREADY OVERSCHEDULED FOR HENRY UNTIL HENRY HAS COMPLETED A MAINTENANCE OVERHAUL."

The problem was that ELSA thought that Henry was a truck. As a truck, Henry should be taken periodically into the shop to have his engine rebuilt and the rest of his equipment overhauled. This operation required a full week. Henry knew that he could not take a week off from his frantic schedule without falling hopelessly behind in his appointments with his women. He could, of course, have faked the data to ELSA, pretending that he was off being overhauled. while still seeing to the needs of his harem. However, he knew that unless ELSA had completely accurate records of his activities for that week, she would be hopelessly confused. ELSA did a perfect job of scheduling his love life, but only when she was provided with all the

Henry had, of course, thought seriously of eliminating one or more of the women in his life in order to make room for Zerlinda. The obvious choice for such pruning was Lorna. She was the least coupled into the rest of his life. It was really only a matter of telling her, like a gentleman, that their relationship was over.

He had tried once. He spent hours rehearsing his little speech and arranged a quiet moment in her apartment for its delivery. As he drew breath to speak, she said to the coffee table, "I suppose this guy is going to tell me that he has decided that our relationship is unprofitable and that this is the last time he is going to see me."

"Oh, no," said Henry, stunned by the almost perfect paraphrase of the sentence he had been about to utter. "Where did you get that silly idea?"

He never had the courage even to think about the matter in her presence thereafter. Lorna was simply too perceptive and would always anticipate him.

It was impossible to think of giving up Linda. As West Coast manager, Mr. Dawes had too much influence at the Acme Trucking Company. Henry knew that Linda occasionally wrote to Mr. Dawes to let him know how she was getting along. If Henry wanted to keep his job as input monitor, he would have to keep Linda.

Neither could Dee be abandoned. Dee was connected to too many of the rumor pipelines at Acme not to discover the fact that he had dropped her in favor of Zerlinda. And then she could wreak terrible retribution.

There was a vast underground organization operating among the secretaries at Acme, Henry knew. If he were blackballed by this distaff Mafia, he was doomed. Endless, but always justifiable, delays would occur in the work he wanted typed. Recommendations for his promotion would mysteriously disappear in the interoffice mail. Important telephone calls would never reach him. Henry knew better than to alienate one of the Acme secretaries.

That left his wife. Henry had often thought seriously about the possibility of obtaining a divorce from Miriam. Just what the grounds would be, he was not certain. He had thought about alienating her by telling her about one or more of the other women in his life, but such an expedient seemed pretty dishonorable.

There should have been some way to prove that he had never willfully taken any steps toward marriage. In business, for example, no matter what you signed, you could not legally obligate yourself to work for a company. With marriage it was different. Here he had, quite against his desires, indentured himself to Miriam for the rest of his life.

If only he could have explained the details of his courtship, if one could even call it that, to an impartial judge, Henry was sure he could obtain a divorce. But there was no such thing as an impartial judge. The judge's wife would be waiting at home to pass her own judgment, if the judge gave in to Henry's logic. There could be no escape from Miriam.

Henry knew that there was but one way he could have Zerlinda. ELSA's scheduling program would have to be changed, and the man who could change it was Sam Gardman, ELSA's systems analyst. Sam was a studious little man who sat in a tiny cubicle of an office, pouring over ELSA's program listings and block diagrams and mumbling to himself about scheduling algorithms, buffer storage and throughput times. Sam might, of course, report Henry's illegal activities to the Acme management, but Henry's passion for Zerlinda was so strong that he had to take this risk.

As Henry explained his problem to Sam, a visionary glow came into the analyst's eyes. When Henry had finished, Sam grasped him by the hand. "You are a man of fantastic imagination to think of such an application." he said.

"What I need is some way of bypassing my preventive maintenance, so I can add more stops to my schedule," said Henry.

"Forget that trivia," said Sam. "We won't be bothered by that in the new system."

"New system?" said Henry.

"Henry," said Sam, "how many men do you think there are in this city who have the same problem with women that you do?"

"I don't know," said Henry, "Two hundred?"

"I would estimate closer to a thousand," said Sam, "all of whom would gladly pay for assistance in their scheduling."

"I guess they might," said Henry, remembering his own problems before he automated his love life.

"We'll have to get our own ELSA." said Sam. "I can write the scheduling program myself." He stopped and looked at Henry. "You will go in with me on this deal, won't you?" he said.

"Sure, I guess so," said Henry in very much of a daze.

A year later, Henry sat behind his immense walnut desk in the brazen luxury of the executive suite of Femme-Share, Incorporated. Through a one-way glass panel, he could see the sleek cabinets of their ELSA installation and watch the lights on her call-director panel. Each glowing light indicated a customer who had dialed into the system to obtain his schedule of appointments for that evening. Although it was only nine in the morning, at least 30 lights were on. By late afternoon, Henry knew, the number of simultaneous users would swell to over 100.

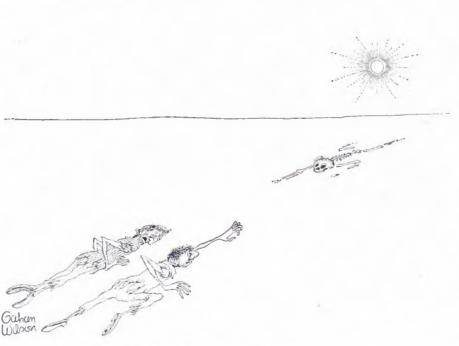
Sam came in from his adjoining office and stood watching the lights. "I never thought I'd end up as a humanitarian," he said after a minute.

"Humanitarian?" said Henry.

"Each of those lights," said Sam, "represents a man whose daily life is being made happier through the application of science to a common human problem."

"I never thought of it that way before," said Henry, as he filled with the warm glow of altruistic pride.





"Looks like we can't expect to find much in that direction."

A NEW ORDER OF PRIORITIES

(continued from page 116)

and hopeful reverting instead to the vanity of past empires, each of which struggled for supremacy, each of which won and held it for a while, each of which finally faded or fell into historical oblivion.

We are, in this respect, a disappointment to the world; but, far more important than that, we are a disappointment to ourselves. It is here at home that the traditional values were formed, here at home that the American promise was born, and it is here at home—in our schools and churches, in our cities and on our farms, in the hearts and minds of our people and their chosen leaders—that the American promise will finally be betrayed or resurrected.

While young dissenters plead for resurrection of the American promise, their elders continue to subvert it. As if it were something to be very proud of, it was announced not long ago that the war in Vietnam had created a million new jobs in the United States. Our country is becoming conditioned to permanent conflict. More and more, our economy, our Government and our universities are adapting themselves to the requirements of continuing war—total war, limited war and

cold war. The struggle against militarism into which we were drawn 27 years ago has become permanent, and for the sake of conducting it, we are making ourselves into a militarized society.

I do not think the military-industrial complex is the conspiratorial invention of a band of "merchants of death." One almost wishes that it were, because conspiracies can be exposed and dealt with. But the components of the new American militarism are too diverse, independent and complex for it to be the product of a centrally directed conspiracy. It is, rather, the inevitable result of the creation of a huge, permanent military establishment, whose needs have given rise to a vast private defense industry tied to the Armed Forces by a natural bond of common interest. As the largest producers of goods and services in the United States, the industries and businesses that fill military orders will in the coming fiscal year pour some 45 billion dollars into over 5000 cities and towns where over 8,000,000 Americans, counting members of the Armed Forces, comprising ten percent of the labor force, will earn their living from defense spending. Together, all these industries and employees, drawing their income from the 76-billion-dollar defease budget, form a giant concentration of socialism in our otherwise free-enterprise economy.

Unplanned though it was, this complex has become a major political force. It is the result rather than the cause of American military involvements around the world; but, composed as it is of a vast number of citizens-not tycoons or merchants of death but ordinary good American citizens-whose livelihood depends on defense production, the military-industrial complex has become an indirect force for the perpetuation of our global military commitments. This is not because anyone favors war but because every one of us has a natural and proper desire to preserve the sources of his livelihood. For the defense worker, this means preserving or obtaining some local factory or installation and obtaining new defense orders; for the politician, it means preserving the good will of his constituents by helping them get what they want. Every time a new program, such as Mr. McNamara's five-billion-dollar "thin" anti-ballistic-missile system, is introduced, a new constituency is created-a constituency that will strive mightily to protect the new program and, in the case of the ABM, turn the thin system into a "thick" one. The constituencybuilding process is further advanced by the perspicacity of defense officials and contractors in locating installations and plants in the districts of key Members of Congress.

In this natural way, generals, industrialists, businessmen, workers and politicians have joined together in a military-industrial complex-a complex that, for all the inadvertency of its creation and the innocent intentions of its participants, has nonetheless become a powerful new force for the perpetuation of foreign military commitments, for the introduction and expansion of expensive weapons systems and, as a result, for the militarization of large segments of our national life. Most interest groups are counterbalanced by other interest groups, but the defense complex is so much larger than any other that there is no effective counterweight to it except concern as to its impact on the part of some of our citizens and a few of our leaders.

The universities might have formed an effective counterweight to the military-industrial complex by strengthening their emphasis on the traditional values of our democracy; but many of our leading universities have instead joined the monolith, adding greatly to its power and influence. Disappointing though it is, the adherence of the professors is not greatly surprising. No less than businessmen, workers and politicians, professors enjoy money and influence. Having traditionally been deprived of both, they have welcomed the contracts and consultantships offered by the military establishment.



"Mind if I smoke?"

The great majority of American professors are still teaching students and engaging in scholarly research; but some of the most famous of our academicians have set such activities aside in order to serve their Government, especially those parts of the Government that are primarily concerned with war.

The bonds between the Government and the universities are no more the result of a conspiracy than are those between Government and business. They are an arrangement of convenience, providing the Government with politically usable knowledge and the universities with badly needed funds. Most of these funds go to large institutions that need them less than some smaller and less well known ones; but they do, on the whole, make a contribution to higher learning, a contribution that, however, is purchased at a high price.

That price is the surrender of independence, the neglect of teaching and the distortion of scholarship. A university that has become accustomed to the inflow of Government-contract funds is likely to emphasize activities that will attract those funds. These, unfortunately, do not include teaching undergraduates and the kind of scholarship that, though it may contribute to the sum of human knowledge and to man's understanding of himself, is not salable to the Defense Department or to the CIA. As Clark Kerr, former president of the University of California, expressed it in The Uses of the University:

The real problem is not one of Federal control but of Federal influence. A Federal agency offers a project. A university need not accept but, as a practical matter, it. usually does. . . . Out of this reality have followed many of the consequences of Federal aid for the universities; and they have been substantial. That they are subtle, slowly cumulative and gentlemanly makes them all the more potent.

From what one hears, the process of acquiring Government contracts is not always passive and gentlemanly. "One of the dismal sights in American higher education," writes Robert M. Rosenzweig, associate dean of the Stanford University graduate division,

is that of administrators scrambling for contracts for work that does not emerge from the research or teaching interests of their faculty. The result of this unseemly enterprise is bound to be a faculty coerced or seduced into secondary lines of interest, or a frantic effort to secure nonfaculty personnel to meet the contractual obligations. Among the most puzzling aspects of such ar-



"Dear, while you were out, the bongo player called to say he can't make vespers tonight.

rangements is the fact that Government agencies have permitted and even encouraged them. Not only are they harmful to the universities -which is not, of course, the Government's prime concern-but they ensure that the Government will not get what it is presumably buying; namely, the intellectual and technical resources of the academic community. It is simply a bad bargain all the way

Commenting on these tendencies, a special report on Government, the universities and international affairs, prepared for the United States Advisory Commission on International Educational and Cultural Affairs, points out that "the eagerness of university administrations to undertake stylized, Governmentfinanced projects has caused a decline in self-generated commitments to scholarly pursuits, has produced baneful effects on the academic mission of our universities and has, in addition, brought forward some bitter complaints from the disappointed clients. . . ."

Among the baneful effects of the Government-university contract system, the most damaging and corrupting are the neglect of the university's most important purpose, which is the education of its students, and the taking into the Government camp of scholars, especially those in the social sciences, who ought to be acting as responsible and independent critics of their Government's policies. The corrupting process is a subtle one: No one needs to censor, threaten or give

orders to contract scholars; without a word of warning or advice being uttered, it is simply understood that lucrative contracts are awarded not to those who question their Government's policies but to those who provide the Government with the tools and techniques it desires. The effect, in the words of the report to the Advisory Commission on International Education, is "to suggest the possibility to a world-never adverse to prejudice-that academic honesty is no less marketable than a box of detergent on the grocery shelf."

The formation of a military-industrial complex, for all its baneful consequences, is the result of great numbers of people engaging in more or less normal commercial activities. The adherence of the universities, though no more the result of a plan or conspiracy, nonetheless involves something else: the neglect and, if carried far enough, the betrayal of the university's fundamental reason for existence, which is the advancement of man's search for truth and happiness. It is for this purpose, and this purpose alone, that universities receive -and should receive-the community's support in the form of grants, loans and tax exemptions. When the university turns away from its central purpose and makes itself an appendage to the Government, concerning itself with techniques rather than purposes, with expedients rather than ideals, dispensing conventional orthodoxy rather than new ideas, it is not only failing to meet its responsibilities to its students; it is 153













betraying a public trust.

This betrayal is most keenly felt by the students, partly because it is they who are being denied the services of those who ought to be their teachers, they to whom knowledge is being dispensed wholesale in cavernous lecture halls, they who must wait weeks for brief audiences with eminences whose time is taken up by travel and research connected with Government contracts. For all these reasons, the students feel themselves betrayed, but it is doubtful that any of these is the basic cause of the angry rebellions that have broken out on so many campuses. It seems more likely that the basic cause of the great trouble in our universities is the students' discoverv of corruption in the one place, besides perhaps the churches, that might have been supposed to be immune from the corruptions of our age. Having seen their country's traditional values degraded in the effort to attribute moral purpose to an immoral war, having seen their country's leaders caught in inconsistencies that are politely referred to as a "credibility gap," they now see their universities-the last citadels of moral and intellectual integrity-lending themselves to ulterior and expedient ends and betraving their own fundamental purpose, which, in James Bryce's words, is to "reflect the spirit of the times without yielding to it.'

Students are not the only angry people in America nor the only people with cause for anger. There is also the anger of the American poor, black and white, rural and urban. These are the dispossessed children of the affluent society, the 30,000,000 Americans whose hopes were briefly raised by the proclamation of a "war on poverty," only to be sacrificed to the supervening requirements of the war on Asian communism or, more exactly, to the Executive preoccupation and the Congressional parsimony induced by that war.

In our preoccupation with foreign wars and crises, we have scarcely noticed the revolution wrought by undirected change here at home. Since World War Two, our population has grown by more than 59,000,000; a mass migration from country to city has crowded over 70 percent of our population onto scarcely more than one percent of our land; vast numbers of rural Negroes from the South have filled the slums of Northern cities while affluent white families have fled to shapeless new suburbs, leaving the cities physically deteriorating and financially destitute and creating a new and socially destructive form of racial isolation combined with degrading poverty, Poverty, which is a tragedy in a poor country, blights our affluent society with something more than tragedy; being unnecessary, it is deeply immoral as well.

Distinct though it is in cause and character, the Negro rebellion is also part of the broader crisis of American poverty, and it is unlikely that social justice for Negroes can be won except as part of a broad program of education, housing and employment for all of our poor, for all of the great "under class," of whom Negroes comprise no more than one fourth or one third. It is essential that the problem of poverty be dealt with as a whole, not only because the material needs of the white and colored poor are the same-better schools, better homes and better job opportunities-but because alleviating poverty in general is also the best way to alleviate racial hostility. It is not the affluent and educated who primarily account for the "backlash" but the poorer white people, who perceive in the Negro rights movement a threat to their jobs and homes andprobably more important-a threat to their own meager sense of social status.

There is nothing edifying about poverty. It is morally as well as physically degrading. It does not make men brothers. It sets them against one another in competition for jobs and homes and status. It leaves its mark on a man and its mark is not pretty. Poverty constricts and distorts, condemning its victims to an endless, anxious struggle for physical necessities. That struggle, in turn, robs a man of his distinctly human capacitiesthe capacity to think and create, the capacity to seek and savor the meaning of things, the capacity to feel sympathy and friendliness for his fellow man.

If we are to overcome poverty and its evil by-products, we shall have to deal with them as human rather than as racial or regional problems. For practical as well as moral reasons, we shall have to have compassion for those who are a little above the bottom as well as for those who are at the bottom. We shall have to have some understanding of the white tenant farmer as well as the Negro farm laborer, of the urban white immigrant workingman as well as the Negro slum dweller. It would even benefit us to acquire some understanding-not approval, just understanding-of each other's group and regional prejudices. If the racial crisis of recent years has proved anything, it is that none of us, Northerner or Southerner, has much to be proud of, that our failures have been national failures, that our problems are problems of a whole society, and so as well must be their solutions.

All these problems-of poverty and race, jobs and schools-have come to focus in the great cities, which, physically, mentally and aesthetically, are rapidly becoming unfit for human habitation. As now taking shape, the cities and suburbs are the product of technology run rampant, without effective political direction, without regard to social and

long-term economic cost. They have been given their appearance by private developers, builders and entrepreneurs, seeking, as they will, their own shortterm profit. Lakes and rivers are polluted and the air is filled with the fumes of the millions of cars that choke the roads, Recreation facilities and places of green and quiet are pitifully inadequate and there is no escape from crowds and noise, both of which are damaging to mental health. At the heart of the problem is the absence of sufficient funds and political authority strong enough to control the anarchy of private interest and to act for the benefit of the community. Despite the efforts of some dedicated mayors and students of urban problems, the tide of deterioration is not being withstood and the cities are sliding deeper into disorganization and demoralization.

The larger cities have grown beyond human scale and organizing capacity. No matter what is done to rehabilitate New York and Chicago, they will never be places of green and quiet and serenity, nor is there much chance that these can even be made tolerably accessible to the millions who spend their lives enclosed in concrete and steel. Ugly and inhuman though they are, the great urban complexes remain, nonetheless, a magnet for Negroes from the South and whites from Appalachia. Crowding the fetid slums and taxing public services. they come in search of jobs and opportunity, only to find that the jobs that are available require skills that they lack and have little prospect of acquiring.

One wonders whether this urban migration is irreversible, whether it may not be possible to create economic opportunities in the small towns and cities. where there are space and land and fresh air, where building costs are moderate and people can still live in some harmony with natural surroundings. The technology of modern agriculture may inevitably continue to reduce farm employment, but we have scarcely begun to consider the possibilities of industrial decentralization-of subsidies, tax incentives and other means-to make it possible for people to earn a living in the still-human environments of small-town America.

A decent life in a small town is not only very much better than slum life in a big city: it is probably cheaper, too. The Secretary of Agriculture has suggested that it would be better to subsidize a rural family with \$1000 a year for 20 years than to house them in a cramped urban "dwelling unit" at a cost of \$20,000. In New York or Chicago, \$2500 a year of welfare money will sustain a family in destitution; in the beautiful Ozark country of Arkansas, it is enough for a decent life.

Aggravating the material ills is the impersonalization of life in a crowded, 155

urban America. Increasingly, we find wherever we go-in shops and banks and the places where we work-that our names and addresses no longer identify us: the IBM machines require numbers: zip codes, account numbers and order numbers. Our relevant identity in a computerized economy is statistical rather than personal. Business machines provide standard information and standard services and there are no people to provide particular information or services for our particular needs. The governing concept, invented, I believe, in the Pentagon, is "cost effectiveness," which refers not to the relationship of cost to human need or satisfaction but to the relationship of cost to the computerized system. Technology has ceased to be an instrument of human ends; it has become an end in itself, unregulated by political or philosophical purpose. The toll that all this takes on the human mind can only be guessed at, but it must surely be enormous, because human needs are different from the needs of the system to

which they are being subordinated. Someday the human requirements may be computerized, too, but they have not, thank God, been computerized yet.

The cost of rehabilitating America will be enormous beyond anything we have even been willing to think about. When Mayor Lindsay said that aside from Federal, state and city funds, it would cost an additional 50 billion dollars over ten years to make New York a fit place to live in, his statement was dismissed as fanciful, although 50 billion dollars is less than we spend in two years in Vietnam. The Swedish sociologist Gunnar Myrdal has ventured the guess that it will cost trillions of dollars to rehabilitate our slums and their inhabitants. "[The] common idea that America is an immensely rich and affluent country," he says, "is very much an exaggeration. American affluence is heavily mortgaged. America carries a tremendous burden of debt to its poor people. That this debt must be paid is not only a wish of the do-gooders. Not paying it implies the risk for the social order and for democracy as we have known it."

Before we can even begin to think of what needs to be done and how to do it, we have got to re-evaluate our national priorities. We have got to weigh the costs and benefits of going to the moon against the costs and benefits of rehabilitating our cities. We have got to weigh the costs and benefits of the supersonic transport, which will propel a few business executives across the Atlantic in two or three hours, against the costs and benefits of slum clearance and school construction, which would create opportunity for millions of our deprived under class. We have got to weigh the benefits and consider the awesome disparity of the 935.4 billion dollars we have spent on military power since World War Two against the 114.9 billion dollars we have spent, out of our regular national budget, on education, health, welfare, housing and community development.

Defining our priorities is more a matter of moral accounting than of cost accounting. The latter may help us determine what we are able to pay for, but it cannot help us decide what we want and what we need and what we are willing to pay for. It cannot help the five sixths of us who are affluent to decide whether we are willing to pay for programs that will create opportunity for the one sixth who are poor; that is a matter of moral accounting. It cannot help us decide whether beating the Russians to the moon is more important to us than purifying our poisoned air and lakes and rivers; that, too, is a matter of moral accounting. Nor can it help us decide whether we want to be the arbiter of the world's conflicts, the proud enforcer of a Pax Americana, even though that must mean the abandonment of the founding fathers' idea of America as an exemplary society and the betrayal of the idea of world peace under world law, which, as embodied in the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Charter of the United Nations, was also an American idea. These, too, are matters of moral accounting.

Rich and powerful though our country is, it is not rich or powerful enough to shape the course of world history in a constructive or desired direction solely by the impact of its power and policy. Inevitably and demonstrably, our major impact on the world is not in what we do but in what we are. For all their worldwide influence, our aid and our diplomacy are only the shadow of America; the real America-and the real American influence-is something else. It is the way our people live, our tastes and games, our products and preferences, the way we treat one another, the way we govern ourselves, the ideas about man and man's relations with other men that



"But, Mom—Pop—I told you in my letter that my wife was white!"

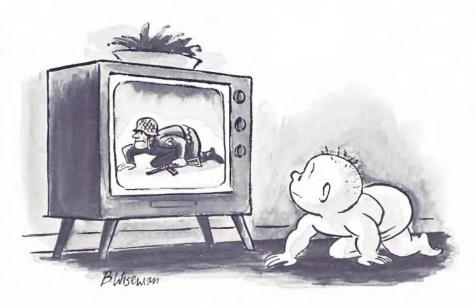
took root and flowered in the American soil.

History testifies to this. A hundred years ago, England was dominant in the world, just as America is today. Now England is no longer dominant; her great fleets have vanished from the seas and only small fragments remain of the mighty British Empire. What survives? The legacy of hatred survives-hatred of the West and its arrogant imperialism, hatred of the condescension and the exploitation, hatred of the betrayal abroad of the democracy that Englishmen practiced at home. And the ideas survive -the ideas of liberty and tolerance and fair play to which Englishmen were giving meaning and reality at home while acting on different principles in the Empire. In retrospect, it seems clear that England's lasting and constructive impact on modern India, for example, springs not from the way she ruled in India but, despite that, from the way she was ruling England at the same time.

Possessed as they are of a genuine philanthropic impulse, many Americans feel that it would be selfish and exclusive, elitist and isolationist, to deny the world the potential benefits of our great wealth and power, restricting ourselves to a largely exemplary role. It is true that our wealth and power can be, and sometimes are, beneficial to foreign nations; but they can also be, and often are, immensely damaging and disruptive. Experience—ours and that of others strongly suggests that the disruptive impact predominates, that when big nations act upon small nations, they tend to do them more harm than good. This is not necessarily for lack of good intentions: it is, rather, for lack of knowledge. Most men simply do not know what is best for other men; and when they pretend to know or genuinely try to find out, they usually end up taking what they believe to be best for themselves as that which is best for others.

Conceding this regrettable trait of human nature, we practice democracy among ourselves, restricting the freedom of individuals to impose their wills upon other individuals, restricting the state as well and channeling such coercion as is socially necessary through community institutions. We do not restrict the scope of Government because we wish to deny individuals the benefits of its wealth and power; we restrict our Government because we wish to protect individuals from its capacity for tyranny.

If it is wisdom to restrict the power of men over men within our society, is it not wisdom to do the same in our foreign relations? If we cannot count on the benevolence of an all-powerful Government toward its own people, whose needs and characteristics it knows some-



thing about and toward whom it is surely well disposed, how can we count on the benevolence of an all-powerful America toward peoples of whom we know very little? Clearly, we cannot; and, until such time as we are willing to offer our help through community institutions such as the United Nations and the World Bank, I think that, in limiting our commitments to small nations, we are doing more to spare them disruption than we are to deny them benefits.

Wisdom consists as much in knowing what you cannot do as in knowing what you can do. If we knew and were able to acknowledge the limits of our own capacity, we would be likely, more often than we do, to let nature take its course in one place and another, not because it is sure or even likely to take a good course but because, whatever nature's course may be, tampering with it in ignorance will almost surely make it worse.

We used, in the old days, to have this kind of wisdom and we also knew, almost instinctively, that what we made of ourselves and of our own society would probably have a lasting and beneficial impact on the world than anything we might do in our foreign relations. We were content, as they say, to let conduct serve as an unspoken sermon. We knew that it was the freedom and seemingly unlimited opportunity, the energy and marvelous creativity of our diverse population, rather than the romantic nonsense of "manifest destiny," that made the name America a symbol of hope to people all over the world

We knew these things until events beyond our control carried us irrevocably into the world and its fearful problems. We recognized thereupon, as we had to, that some of our traditional ideas would no longer serve us, that we could no longer, for example, regard our power as something outside of the scales of the world balance of power and that, there-

fore, we could no longer remain neutral from the major conflicts of the major nations. But, as so often happens when ideas are being revised, we threw out some valid ideas with the obsolete ones. Recognizing that we could not help but be involved in many of the world's crises, we came to suppose that we had to be involved in every crisis that came along; and so we began to lose the understanding of our own limitations. Recognizing that we could not help but maintain an active foreign policy, we came to suppose that whatever we hoped to accomplish in the world would be accomplished by acts of foreign policy, and this-as we thought-being true, that foreign policy must without exception be given precedence over domestic needs; and so we began to lose our historical understanding of the power of the American example.

The loss is manifest in Vietnam. There at last we have embraced the ideas that are so alien to our experience—the idea that our wisdom is as great as our power and the idea that our lasting impact on the world can be determined by the way we fight a war rather than by the way we run our country. These are the principal and most ominous effects of the war—the betrayal of ideas that have served America well and the great moral crisis that that betrayal has set loose among our people and their leaders.

The crisis will not soon be resolved, nor can its outcome be predicted. It may culminate, as I hope it will, in a reassertion of the traditional values, in a renewed awareness of the creative power of the American example. Or it may culminate in our becoming an empire of the traditional kind, ordained to rule for a time over an empty system of power and then to fade or fall, leaving, like its predecessors, a legacy of dust.

STAR BILLING (continued from page 109)

demeaning side dish but a full dinner plate of the beans simmered for three hours, subtly flavored with sage, garlic and olive oil. Proudly owning up to their special gusto for beans, the Florentines, perhaps apocryphally, say that when they're in the right mood, they not only eat the beans but lick the dish, the tablecloth and sometimes the table itself.

Greeks love spinach almost as much as independence. But the kind of spinach most likely to be served only on Sunday is the *spanakopeta*, chopped spinach flavored with both pungent and mild cheeses, formed into an oblong shape, wrapped in leaves of phyllo pastry as fragile as an angel's breath and baked to an Olympian brown.

Like a beautiful unattached woman, the independent vegetable course serves party purposes magnificently. As a prelude to an afternoon of tennis or sailing, or to a long spin to an isolated picnic spot, we recommend the pleasant sustaining power of fresh broccoli drizzled with a piquant nut-brown butter sauce and garnished with a French-fried egg. Before the theater and the after-theater supper, Spanish onions stuffed with crab meat will stave off the most aggressive hunger pangs. Outweighing all else are the dinner parties where the host, for one reason or another, finds it expedient to serve a meat course acceptable to all his guests, superb in quality but hardly likely to surprise—such as broiled spring chicken, lamb-chop mixed grill or roast ribs of beel good to the last drop of jus. A menu stimulus is needed to keep the culinary ball rolling. It may be anything from a plate of batter-fried fresh mushrooms with a vermouth sauce to a casserole of eggplant au gratin.

All of the endless predinner debates about whether Brussels sprouts and chestnuts really go well with guinea hen or whether the Swiss chard is or is not compatible with the pork tenderloin simply cease. Either vegetable, served alone, at the summit of its season, goes its own sweet way on any party bill of fare. Parenthetically, we must add that one vegetable-the potato-is, by its very nature, always destined to be a mate to meat. In the same way that a magician needs props to make magic, a chef needs light, golden French-fried potatoes or crisp hashed-brown potatoes to present a perfect steak. In our own peasanty heart, we dig the potatoes best that are not only served with but cooked with the meat itself. No one can overpraise such provender as potatoes à la boulangère, sliced and cooked in the oven with a roast shoulder of lamb and mixed with the succulent brown pan gravy; or potatoes simmered with a boiled New England dinner, each potato like a rustic cupbearer carrying in itself the blended juices of the corned beef, the fresh beef brisket, the cabbage and the rich cooking broth.

What gives the European vegetable chef his edge is his complete freedom from any taint of vegetarianism. If he needs some diced bacon to hop up an artichoke stuffing, diced bacon it will be. If he plans to braise celery and it calls for a meat gravy, he'll snatch the meat gravy from his roast pan, pot roast, stewpot or whatever source is within scrounging distance. He chooses his vegetables like a man selecting pearls. His asparagus will have compact tips with brittle stalks and no trace of wilt. The buds of his broccoli will be dark green or purplish green (depending on the variety), compact and revealing no sign of sprouting. When he presses a Spanish onion, it will be silky firm. Finally, he makes sure that no vegetable makes its bow in the dining room unless it's sizzling hot. Stuffed vegetables, such as Spanish onions and artichokes, in particular will be like quiet fire in full bloom when they arrive at the dining table.

There are vegetables whose winning ways have made them part of countless legends. Whether artichokes, as alleged, were the favorite of Anthony and Cleopatra doesn't really matter. The gentle, rich flavor of artichokes is still perfect sorcery for any Cleo captivating her Tony, or vice versa. The myth we like best is the one told by Horace about the nymph on the Greek island, whose beauty was so exalted that an envious god had her transformed into an artichoke. Her name was Cynara. Cynara scolymus is still the botanical name for the California vegetable known as the globe artichoke-sometimes called the French or Italian artichoke. (The Jerusalem artichoke is another vegetable altogether.) Cynara has been loved in countless fashions. But the artichoke provides its most sensual pleasure when it's first simmered in water, then stuffed and baked. In size, artichokes range from the tiny specimens preserved in oil as a vegetable hors d'oeuvre to specimens the size of a fist-these, in turn, ranging from a petite girl's fist to the clenched paw of a prize fighter. On the vegetable stall, artichokes, with their sharp leaves, somehow look a trifle pretentious. But nobody has ever been known to eat an artichoke pretentiously. After being cooked, the leaves are always torn off by hand and eaten by hand; first they're dipped into butter or hollandaise and then they're run between the teeth to gather the fleshy part at the bottom of each leaf. After all the leaves have been worked over, the tender bottom of the artichoke remains. If the artichoke has

been stuffed, both stuffing and bottom are then dispatched with knife and fork.

Hosting, as most men eventually discover, covers a multitude of abilities. The recipes that follow (each one of which serves six) should be of immense aid in developing every man's vegetability.

BROCCOLI, BEURRE NOIR, WITH EGG

3 lbs. fresh broccoli

2 large cloves garlic

1/4 lb. butter

11/2 teaspoons anchovy paste

1 tablespoon white-wine vinegar

3 tablespoons capers in vinegar, drained Salad oil

6 eggs

Salt, pepper

Wash broccoli. Cut off 11/2 ins. from thick lower ends of stalks. With vegetable peeler, scrape outside of stalks. Cut thick stalks into four lengthwise strips up to flowerets; cut thin stalks into two lengthwise strips, Cook broccoli in wide shallow pan in 1 in. salted water. Keep pan covered. Simmer 10 to 15 minutes or until just tender. Smash garlic slightly with side of French knife. Melt butter in saucepan with garlic. Heat until butter turns a medium brown. Remove garlic from pan; turn off flame. Add anchovy paste, vinegar and drained capers, Stir with wire whip until anchovy paste is well blended. Keep broccoli and butter sauce warm. Heat 1 in. salad oil in electric skillet preheated at 370°. Drop eggs, one at a time, into oil along side of pan. Use kitchen spoon to turn whites over yolks. Turn eggs to brown slightly on each side. Drain broccoli, season with salt and pepper and place on serving plates. Pour butter sauce over broccoli. Place a French-fried egg on top of each portion, Serve with crisp French or Italian bread.

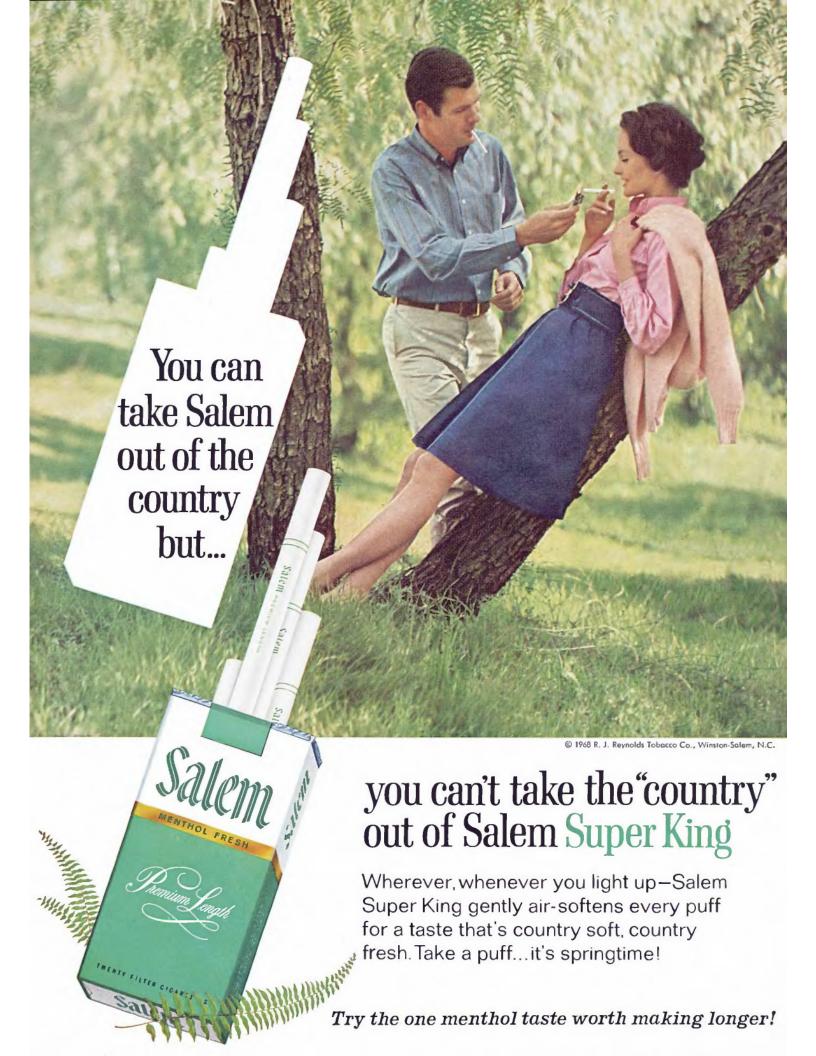
ARTICHORES STUFFED WITH HAM

6 large globe artichokes
Juice of 2 lemons
4 slices bacon, minced fine
1/4 cup finely minced onion
1/2 teaspoon garlic, minced very fine
6 ozs. sliced cooked ham, minced fine
1/2 cup heavy cream
1 cup bread crumbs
1/8 teaspoon ground fennel
1/8 teaspoon ground cloves
Salt, pepper

I cup melted sweet butter With sharp heavy French knife, cut off I in from top of artichokes, discarding sharp leaf ends. Dip ends in lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Cut off the stub of each bottom stem, leaving flat

Grated parmesan cheese

bottoms. Dip bottoms in lemon juice.
Pull off and discard outside bottom
leaves or any discolored leaves. Place
artichokes in saucepan with I in, boiling



salted water. Cover with tight lid and simmer till tender, about 1/2 hour. Artichokes are tender when outside leaves are easily detached or when centers of artichokes are easily pierced with kitchen fork. Carefully remove artichokes from water. Turn upside down to drain. When cool enough to handle, separate leaves slightly and, with spoon, remove fuzzy inside choke. Preheat oven at 400°. Sauté bacon, onion and garlic over low flame until bacon just begins to brown. Remove from fire. In mixing bowl, combine bacon with ham, heavy cream, bread crumbs, fennel and cloves. Mix well, adding salt and pepper to taste. Again separating leaves gently, fill each artichoke with ham stuffing. Place stuffed artichokes in baking pan or casserole covered with lid or aluminum foil. Bake until heated through, about 20 minutes. Sprinkle filling lightly with parmesan cheese and with a few drops of butter. Place under broiler flame until cheese browns lightly. Avoid scorching. Serve balance of melted butter at table for dipping artichoke leaves.

GREEK SPINACH ROLLS

6 leaves phyllo pastry

2 lbs. fresh spinach

1/4 cup finely minced onion

2 tablespoons butter

I tablespoon finely minced fresh dill

4 ozs. mozzarella cheese, shredded

4 ozs. feta cheese, crumbled

2 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese

Salt, pepper, cinnamon

2/3 cup melted butter

The phyllo pastry sheets or leaves may be bought in stores specializing in products from Greece or the Middle East. Keep refrigerated until used. When sheets have been removed from package, cover them with a damp towel to keep them from drying. Leaves should be at room temperature before filling.

Wash spinach in 4 to 6 clear waters, discard stems and cook with water adhering to leaves until tender, Drain well. When cool, press gently to remove excess liquid. Chop spinach coarsely. Sauté onion in 2 tablespoons butter until onion is yellow. In a mixing bowl, combine spinach, onion, dill and the three kinds of cheese. Mix well. Add salt, pepper and cinnamon to taste. Divide spinach into 3 batches. Preheat oven at 400°. Brush two sheets of phyllo with melted butter. Place one sheet on top of the other, buttered side up. Place 1/3 of the spinach mixture lengthwise on the phyllo pastry, allowing a 2-in. margin on three sides of spinach. Fold in ends of pastry from sides and roll spinach until covered. Brush top and sides with melted butter. In the same manner, make 2 more rolls with remaining spinach, pastry and but-160 ter. (Melt more butter, if necessary.)

Place spinach rolls, seam side down, on baking sheet or back of baking pan. Bake 20 to 25 minutes or until medium brown. Remove from oven. Let stand about 5 minutes before serving. Filling will remain hot and pastry will be more tender and palatable for this small waiting period. Each roll may be cut in half or into smaller pieces.

SPANISH ONIONS STUFFED WITH CRAB MEAT

3 large Spanish onions

2 71/2-oz. cans crab meat

1/4 cup finely minced green pepper

Mayonnaise

1/4 cup bread crumbs

2 teaspoons Dijon mustard

2 teaspoons lemon juice

1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

1/4 teaspoon dill weed

Salt, pepper, celery salt

Paprika

8-oz. can tomato sauce

1/4 cup catsup

Cut unpeeled onions crosswise into halves. Place cut side down in pan with water. Bring to a boil and simmer 10 minutes or until onions are barely tender. Drain and remove onion skin. Cut a thin slice from bottom of each onion half so that halves sit evenly, cut side up. With grapefruit knife, hollow each onion, leaving 1/2-in. shell. Chop onion removed from centers extremely fine. Drain crab meat and break into small pieces. Preheat oven at 375°. In mixing bowl, combine crab meat, chopped onion, green pepper, 6 tablespoons mayonnaise, bread crumbs, mustard, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce and dill weed. Mix well, seasoning to taste with salt, pepper and celery salt. Pile crab-meat mixture into onions, patting down to make smooth mounds. Cover each mound with a thin layer of mayonnaise, spreading evenly with knife or spoon. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Place onions on greased shallow baking pan. Bake until brown, about 30 minutes. Combine tomato sauce and catsup and heat slowly up to boiling point. Pour sauce on serving plates. Place stuffed onions on sauce.

BATTER-FRIED MUSHROOMS AND PEPPERS

11/2 lbs. large fresh mushrooms

2 large green peppers

2 eggs

1/6 cup cold water

4 ozs. dry vermouth

1 cup flour

1/4 teaspoon salt

Salad oil

12 slices French bread, toasted or fried

Cut stems off mushrooms level with caps. Stems may be saved for another use, such as omelets, soup, etc. Cut peppers into 1-in, squares. Put eggs, water, vermouth, flour, salt and 2 tablespoons salad oil in blender. Blend until smooth, Pour into large mixing bowl, Wash

mushrooms, drain well and dry on paper toweling. Mix mushrooms and peppers with batter in bowl. Heat 1/4 in. salad oil in electric skillet preheated at 350°. Lift mushrooms and peppers from batter, draining excess from pieces. Sauté mushrooms and peppers until brown on both sides and just tender. Pour sauce below on serving plates. Place mushrooms and peppers on top of sauce. Garnish each portion with 2 slices French bread

CREAM SAUCE WITH VERMOUTH

1 cup milk

1/2 cup light cream

3 tablespoons instantized flour

3 tablespoons butter

I teaspoon anchovy paste

2 teaspoons finely minced fresh pars-

2 tablespoons dry vermouth

Salt, pepper

In saucepan, mix milk, cream and flour, using wire whip, until flour is dissolved. Add butter. Slowly bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Reduce flame and simmer, stirring frequently, about 5 minutes. Add anchovy paste, parsley and vermouth. Mix well. Add salt and pepper to taste. Keep warm until serving

EGGPLANT WITH BEL PAESE AU GRATIN

l large eggplant, about 11/2 lbs.

2 tablespoons salad oil

8 ozs. bel paese cheese

1 cup milk

I cup light cream

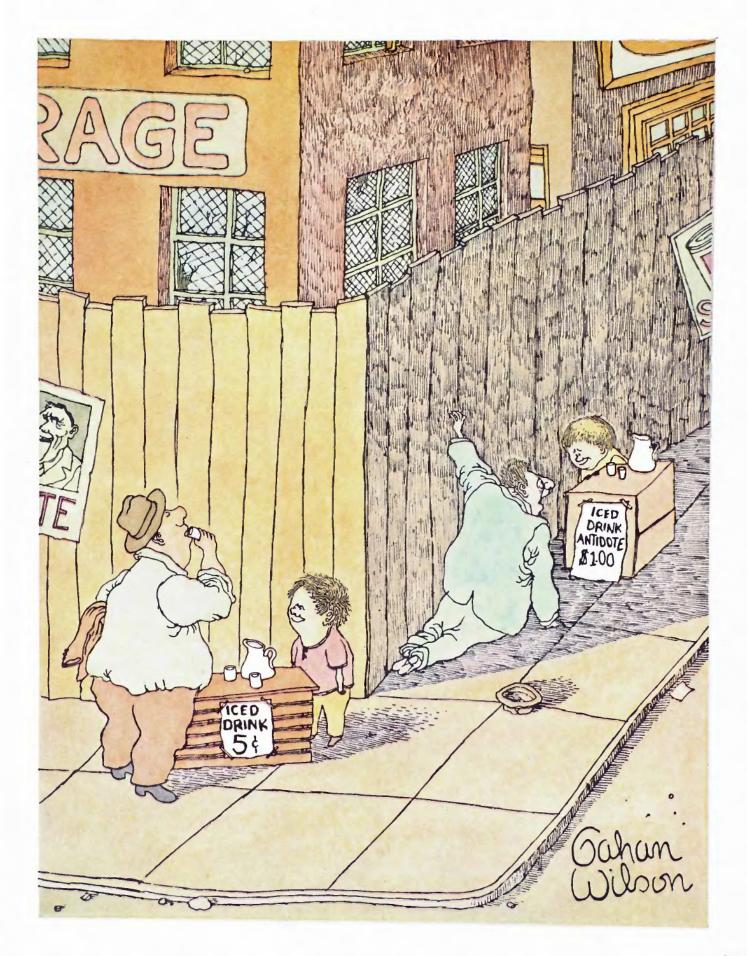
6 tablespoons bread crumbs (fresh, if possible)

Salt, pepper

Grated parmesan cheese

Peel eggplant and cut into 1/2-in. cubes. In a large pot, bring 2 ins. water to a rapid boil. Add salad oil; add eggplant and bring to a second boil. Cover pot and simmer 3 to 5 minutes or until eggplant is tender. Avoid overcooking. Drain eggplant. Preheat oven at 375°. Remove wax coating (if any) from bel paese cheese and shred cheese on large holes of square metal grater. Mix milk, cream and bread crumbs in saucepan. Slowly bring to a boil and simmer 2 minutes. Let sauce stand about 5 minutes. Season lightly with salt and pepper. Mix eggplant and bel paese cheese and turn into greased shallow casserole. Pour sauce over eggplant. Sprinkle generously with parmesan cheese. Bake 25 to 30 minutes or until cheese topping browns. Entire casserole may be assembled before dinner and baked during dinner. A delightful course after veal scaloppine or veal cutlet à la Holstein.

So don't pity or shun the poor vegetable; given its proper due, it can rise to any occasion.



friend zeroes in, as playboys are wont to do, on a playboy party, and meets there the beautiful and curvaceous wife of a professional football tackle. Being a model playboy, he may well be stimulated to spirit her off to some dark corner and explain to her the intricacies of his philosophy. Among other things! And yet, wily fellow that he is, he knows full well that, were he to do so, said football-tackle husband might easily be tempted to rearrange the structure of his nose for him. The playboy consciously says to himself: "If I make a pass at this dame, her husband is going to mutilate me." Therefore, he suppresses his sexual drive. Very healthy behavior for a playboy!

The point is that suppression, or self-control or self-denial, unlike repression, is not a guilt-based unconscious inhibition and does not result "in perversions of the sexual impulse, general intellectual dulling, sadomasochistic inclinations, unreasonable (paranoid) suspicious-

ness, and a long list of neurotic and psychotic defense reactions with unmistakable sexual content or overtones." [The Playboy Philosophy]

The playboy, for all his enthusiasm, has fallen error to a logical fallacy. His argument against traditional sexual morality is as precarious as his . . . syllogism. At the risk of embarrassing the playboy, permit me to state his argument in precise syllogistic terms.

Guilt-based repression of the sexual appetite leads to perversion of the sexual impulse, general intellectual dulling, etc.

But traditional morality has fostered suppression of the sexual appetite.

Therefore, traditional morality has fostered perversion of the sexual impulse, general intellectual dulling, etc.

Sorry, playboy. Non sequitur!

OK, PLAYBOY, let's see you answer this. (Name withheld by request) Bronx, New York

"No, it was not I who brought down your great screaming bird-someone else must have thrown the rock!"

We'll try. Brother Suran goes wrong at the start when he states PLAYBOY's position as "repressed sex is bad sex; expressed sex is good sex." Indeed, the repression of sexual impulses is frequently harmful, because, as Brother Suran acknowledges, it can "wreak havoc with other psychological functions" (or, as Freud said, the "repressed returns as neurosis"). Expressed sex can be either good or bad, depending on what kind of sex is being expressed, by whom, with whom, how, where, when and why.

This brings us to the issue of suppression-that is, the conscious self-denial of sex. The "playboy" in Brother Suran's example who suppressed a transitory sexual impulse in order to avoid a rearranged nose was basing his conduct on civility, courtesy and, most of all, on enlightened self-interest; no one would deny that his rational behavior was healthy, psychologically or otherwise. But Brother Suran errs grievously when he tries to use this example of sensible suppression to establish that all suppression is harmless.

Sustained, or chronic, suppression of sex urges is, in fact, psychologically harmful in many cases (perhaps the majority) -depending on the strength of the individual's sex drive and on his motives for frustrating this drive. If he is consciously motivated by truly rational considerations, not by guilt-based inhibitions, he may be able to abstain from overt sexual activity for long periods of time without appreciable harm. Kinsey describes some generally noninjurious reasons for sustained sexual suppression as "physically incapacitated, natively low in sexual drive, sexually unawakened in their younger years, separated from their usual sources of sexual stimulation. . . ." According to Kinsey, these groups comprise a statistically insignificant proportion of the population.

The real issue in chronic suppression, however, does not concern the relatively rare rationally motivated or low-sexed individual; it concerns those who have grown up associating sex with fear and guilt because of the pervasive antisexual attitude rigidly fostered by traditional morality in this society. This attitude is instilled in the individual's psyche when he is a child, before he has the experience to make mature, intelligent decisions; the sex-guilt association is conscious at first. but becomes unconscious later. The transformation from suppression to repression is explained by Hefferline, Perls and Goodman in their classic textbook, "Gestalt Therapy":

What usually has happened is that, first, as a child we inhibited overt muscular approaches and expressions when they made too much trouble for us in our social environment. Gradually, we became unaware that we were deliberately

inhibiting them. In other words, since their suppression was chronic and the situation held no promise of changing in a fashion that would render the suppression unnecessary, this suppression was transformed into repression. That is, by no longer holding our attention (which requires change and development), it became "unconscious."

Kinsey interviewed a sampling of males who had chronically suppressed their sex drives. He characterized them as "timid or inhibited" and clearly pointed out that their stated (conscious) reasons for suppressing sexual activity were actually rationalizations of behavior dictated by a long-standing, unconscious, antisexual bias (repression).

[They] are afraid of approaching other persons for sexual relations, afraid of condemnation were they to engage in such socially taboo behavior as masturbation, premarital intercourse or the homosexual; or afraid of their own self-condemnation if they were to engage in almost any sort of sexual activity. This accounts for more than half of the low-rating list (58.1 percent). Some of these individuals become paranoid in their fear of moral transgression, or its outcome. There are nine cases of attempted suicide among the histories of males who were trying to suppress some aspect of their sexual activity. These individuals readily acquire and accept every superstitious tale concerning the consequences of masturbation; ascribe every pimple and stomach-ache, their limitations in height and their failures in school or business to their occasional departures from the moral code; and seek religious confession, penance and introverted solitude as means of avoiding further sin. . . .

If they are better-educated persons, and especially if they have some command of psychology, these inhibited persons rationalize more adroitly, admit that masturbation does no physical harm but reason that it is bad to continue a habit that may subsequently make one unfit for normal marital relations, decide that premarital intercourse similarly unfits one for making satisfactory sexual adjustments in marriage, that the homosexual is a biologic abnormality and that extramarital intercourse inevitably destroys homes. Even among scientifically trained persons, these propositions are offered as excuses for their sexual inactivity. . . .

Recently we have secured histories from a segregated group of males, a high percentage of whom are sexually restrained. . . . The



group has been honored by several religious organizations for its idealism and its refusal to allow any interference with its ideals. Many of these males are belligerently defensive of their sexual philosophy.... However, several of the members of the group were receiving psychiatric attention at the time of our interviews, and several psychiatrists have reached the conclusion that a high percentage of the whole group is neurotic.

It should be obvious to anyone who reads PLAYBOY that Hefner does not advocate sexual expression in all circumstances, nor does he condemn sexual suppression in all circumstances. He agrees with a comment made by Brother Suran, elsewhere in his article, that "A man is free to the extent that he is able to initiate, guide and control his behavior." But to the extent that he is prejudiced against sex by his early training in a puritanical, sex-negating culture, he has lost the freedom to consciously decide the conditions of this behavior. Furthermore, Brother Suran's own Roman Catholic Church, in teaching that

"unchaste" thoughts and desires are sinful if consented to and must not be entertained for the sake of pleasure, fosters precisely that "unconscious process by which specific psychological activities are excluded from conscious awareness" and which he defines as repression.

Brother Suran, obviously not comprehending the process by which a chronic conscious decision of suppression, if fear-or guilt-motivated, becomes the neurotic mechanism of repression, has constructed a rather wobbly syllogism himself.

Sorry, Brother Suran. Non sequitur!

"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.

PLAYING FIELDS (continued from page 84)

thieves, perverts, prostitutes, murderers and dope addicts. He was, in fact, not so much afraid of the pain his son might know as of the fact that should his son endure any pain, he, Nailles, would have no resources to protect himself from the terror of having his beloved world—his kingdom—destroyed. Without his son, he could not live. He was afraid of his own death.

He went back down the hall, closed the door to the room where Maryellen slept and went downstairs, where he telephoned the Bureau of Missing Persons. There was no answer. He then called the central police office, but they had no record of anyone like Tony. He gave them his number and asked them to call back if there was any news. He drank half a glass of whiskey and then wandered around the living room, saying, "Oh God Oh God Oh God." Then he went upstairs, took two Nembutals, got into bed and lost consciousness a few minutes later.

Nailles woke at half past seven and went back to Tony's room, which was empty. He then woke Maryellen and told her the boy was missing. He telephoned the Bureau of Missing Persons, but there was still no answer; and when he telephoned the police, they had no news. The next train from New York was the 8:10 and, having absolutely nothing else to go on, he settled for a kind of specious, single-minded hopefulness. He felt that if he hoped strenuously enough for the boy's return, the boy would return. He drove to the station and when the train came in. Tony appeared, surrounded by that mysterious company of men and women who travel on Sunday mornings and who invariably carry paper bags. Nailles embraced his son, embraced him until his bones cracked, and asked: "Oh, my God, why didn't you telephone, why didn't you tell us?"

"It was too late. Daddy. I didn't want to wake you up."

"What happened?"

"Well, I was feeling blue about football and I thought I'd buy a book of poetry, so I went into a bookstore and there was this nice lady—Mrs. Hubbard—and we talked and then I asked her if she'd have dinner with me and she said why didn't I come to her apartment she called it her flat—and she'd cook me dinner, and so I did."

"Did you spend the night with her?"
"Yes."

Nailles knew that his son was a mature male and he had no reason to protest that Tony had acted as one; but what sort of a woman would pick up a young man in a bookstore and hustle him home to bed?

"Was she a slut?"

"Oh, no, Daddy, she's very nice. She's

a widow. She graduated from Smith. Her husband was killed in the War."

This irritated Nailles. She had given her husband to her country and, thus, he must give his son to her. He somehow thought it the responsibility of war widows to remarry hastily and not to parade their forlornness throughout society, stressing the inequities of war. If she was attractive, intelligent and clean, why hadn't she remarried?

"Well, we can't tell your mother. It would kill her. We'll have to make up some story. You went to a basketball game and it went overtime and you spent the night at the Crutchmans'."

"But I've asked her to lunch."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Hubbard."

"Oh, my God," Nailles said. "Why did you have to do that?"

"Well, she's lonely and she doesn't seem to have many friends and you've always told me that I should ask people to the house."

"All right," Nailles said, "this is our story. You went into a bookstore and you met a lonely war widow and you asked her to lunch. Then you got some dinner somewhere and you went to a basketball game and you spent the night at the Crutchmans'. Right?"

"I'll try."

"You'd damned well better."

Maryellen embraced her son tenderly and Nailles explained that Tony had been to a basketball game, invited a lonely war widow to lunch and spent the night at the Crutchmans'.

"How are the Crutchmans?" Maryellen asked. "I haven't seen them for so long. Do they have a nice guest room? They've always urged us to use it, but I always like to come home. I suppose we ought to send them something. Do you think we ought to send them flowers? I could write them a note."

"Oh, don't bother," Nailles said. "I'll send them something."

After breakfast, Nailles asked Tony if he wanted to cut wood, but the boy said he thought he'd do his homework. The word homework touched Nailles-it seemed to mean innocence, youth, purity, all simple things-all lost in the bed of a sluttish war widow. He felt sad. He cut wood until it was time to bathe and dress and then he made a drink. Maryellen was cooking a leg of lamb and this humble and innocent smell filled the kitchen. He looked at Maryellen for some trace of suspiciousness, reflection or misgiving, but she seemed so unwary, so truly innocent, that he went to the stove and kissed her. Then he went into the living room and waited.

Tony parked the car in the driveway and opened the door for Mrs. Hubbard, who got out laughing. She wore a gray chesterfield with a brown-velvet collar and carried an umbrella, which she swung in a broad arc, striking the ground like a walking stick. Her right arm was hooked rakishly in Tony's and she seemed propelled forward partly by Tony, partly by the umbrella. She was shorter than he and looked up into the young man's face with a flirtatiousness that enraged Nailles. She wore no hat and her hair was a nondescript reddish color, obviously dyed. Her heels were very high and this made the calves of her legs bulge. Her face was round and flushed and Nailles wondered: Indigestion? Alcohol? He opened the door and welcomed her politely and she said: "It's simply heavenly of you to take pity on a poor widow."

"We're delighted to have you," said Nailles. Tony took her coat.

"How do you do," said Maryellen. "Won't you please come in." She was in the living room to the right of the hall, where a fire was burning. The pleasure she took in presenting her house, her table to someone who was lonely shone in her face.

"What a divine house," said Mrs. Hubbard, keeping her eyes on the rug. Nailles guessed that she needed glasses.

"Can I get you a manhattan?" Nailles asked. "We usually drink manhattans on Sunday."

"Any sort of drinkee would be divine," said Mrs. Hubbard.

"Did you find the train trip boring?" Maryellen asked.

"Not really," said Mrs. Hubbard, "I had the great good luck to find an interesting traveling companion—a young man who seems to have some real-estate interests out here. I can't remember his name, I think it was Italian. He had the blackest eyes. . . . Hmmm," she said of a novel on the table. "O'Hara."

"I'm just leafing through it," Maryellen said. "I mean, if you know the sort of people he describes, you can see how distorted his mind is. Most of our set are happily married and lead simple lives. I much prefer the works of Camus." Maryellen pronounced this Camooooo. "We have a very active book club and at present we're studying the works of Camus."

"What Camus are you studying?"

"Oh, I can't remember the titles," Maryellen said. "We're studying all of Camus."

It was to Mrs. Hubbard's credit that she did not pursue the subject. Tony got her an ashtray and Nailles looked narrowly at his beloved son and this stray. His manner toward her was manly and gentle. He didn't at any point touch her, but he looked at her in a way that was proprietary and intimate. He seemed contented. Nailles did not understand how, having debauched this youth, she had found the brass to confront his

parents. Was she totally immoral? Did she think them totally immoral? But his strongest and strangest feeling, observing the boy's mastery, was one of having been deposed; as if, in some ancient legend where men wore golden crowns and lived in round towers, the bastard prince, the usurper, was about to seize the throne. The sexual authority that Nailles imagined to spring from his marriage bed and flow through all the rooms and halls of the house was challenged. There did not seem to be room for two men in this erotic kingdom. His feeling was not of a contest but of an inevitability. He wanted to take Maryellen upstairs and prove to himself, like some old rooster, that the scepter was still his and that the young prince was busy with golden apples and other impuissant matters.

"How did you lose your husband, Mrs. Hubbard?" Maryellen asked.

"I really can't say," said Mrs. Hubbard. "They don't go in terribly much for detail. They simply announce that he was lost in action. Oh, what a divine old dog," she exclaimed as Tessie, the setter, wandered into the room. "I adore setters. Daddy used to breed and show them."

"Where was this?" Nailles asked.

"On the Island," said Mrs. Hubbard. "We had a largish place on the Island until Daddy lost his pennies; and I may say, he lost them all."

"Where did he show his dogs?"

"Mostly on the Island. He showed one dog in New York—Allshire Lassie—but he didn't like the New York show."

"Shall we go in to lunch?" asked Marvellen.

"Could I use the amenities?" asked Mrs. Hubbard.

"The what?" said Maryellen.

"The john," said Mrs. Hubbard.

"Oh, of course," said Maryellen. "I'm sorry. . . ."

Nailles carved the meat and absolutely nothing of any interest or significance was said until about halfway through the meal, when Mrs. Hubbard complimented Maryellen on her roast. "It's so marvelous to have a joint for lunch," she said. "My flat is very small, as are my means, and I never tackle a roast. Poor Tony had to make do with a hamburger last night."

"Where was this?" Maryellen asked.

"Emma cooked my supper last night," Tony said.

"Then you didn't spend the night at the Crutchmans'."

"No, Mother," Tony said.

Maryellen saw it all, seemed to be looking at it. Would she rail at the stranger for having debauched her cleanly son? Slut. Bitch. Whore. Degenerate. Would she cry and leave the table? Tony was the only one then who looked at his mother, and he was afraid she would. What would happen then? He would follow her up the stairs, calling: "Mother, Mother, Mother." Nailles would tele-

phone for a taxi to take dirty Mrs. Hubbard away.

Maryellen, her lunch half finished, lighted a cigarette and said: "Let's play 'I packed my grandmother's trunk.' We always used to play it when Tony was a boy and things weren't going well."

"Oh, let's," said Mrs. Hubbard.

"I packed my grandmother's trunk," said Maryellen, "and into it I put a grand piano."

"I packed my grandmother's trunk," said Nailles, "and into it I put a grand piano and an ashtray."

"I packed my grandmother's trunk," said Mrs. Hubbard, "and into it I put a grand piano, an ashtray and a copy of Dylan Thomas."

"I packed my grandmother's trunk," said Tony, "and into it I put a grand piano, an ashtray, a copy of Dylan Thomas and a football."

"I packed my grandmother's trunk," said Maryellen, "and into it I put a

grand piano, an ashtray, a copy of Dylan Thomas, a football and a handkerchief."

"I packed my grandmother's trunk," said Nailles, "and into it I put a grand piano, an ashtray, a copy of Dylan Thomas, a football, a handkerchief and a baseball bat."

They got through lunch and when this was over, Mrs. Hubbard asked to be taken to the station. She thanked Nailles and Maryellen, got into her chesterfield, went out the door and then returned, saying: "Oops. I nearly forgot my bumbershoot."

Maryellen cried, after they had gone. Nailles embraced her, saying: "Darling, darling, darling, darling," She went upstairs, and when Tony returned, Nailles said that his mother was resting. "You've got to go out for something else," Nailles said. "Wrestling or hockey."

"It's too early for hockey," Tony said. "I'll try basketball."

Ä



"He's not much as a private secretary, but if I need an organ transplant, he'll come in damn handy."

MONTEREY (continued from page 127)

infantrymen was already marching from the south at a brisk rate to help preserve the peace. The commodore remained uneasily thoughtful for a day before taking the hint.

Today, close by Monterey's Fisherman's Wharf, a plaque in a parking lot commemorates the commodore's abortive conquest. It is apparent, judging by the care with which this little monument is maintained, that the town relishes his memory. This is only fitting; he was a charter member in the rich tradition of eccentrics with which Monterey has been blessed in history and in literature.

The Monterey Peninsula is a small morsel of California, about 30 square miles in total area, that juts out into the Pacific 125 miles south of San Francisco and 325 miles north of Los Angeles. The three principal resort communities on this roughly square-shaped chunk of land are Monterey in the northeast corner, Pacific Grove in the northwest and Carmel in the southeast. You can drive around the peninsula in an hour and form a sketchy impression of the region, or you can take a couple of days-venturing southward en route some 35 miles beyond the peninsula to the craggy wilderness of Big Sur-and obtain a fairly substantial taste. Try to plan your visit to coincide with one of the many festivals and special events held every year in the surrounding towns, because these are the times, if you're traveling alone, when you're most likely to meet people with interests similar to your own. Highlights are the Bing Crosby National Pro-Amateur Golf Tournament in January, the U.S. Road Racing Championship at Laguna Seca in early May, the Carmel Bach Festival in July and the Monterey Jazz Festival September 20-22. In between are more golf tournaments, point-to-point race meetings, the Del Monte Concours d'Elegance, horse shows, religious and historical festivals, regattas and art shows. Up-to-date calendars can be obtained by writing to the Monterey Visitors and Convention Bureau.

The southwest part of the peninsula is owned by the Del Monte Properties Company, and on it are some of the world's most spectacular golf courses (Pebble Beach and Cypress Point), opulent homes and a deluxe resort hotelthe Del Monte Lodge: although the fact that meals are included with room rates might curtail your dining adventures elsewhere. This is also the site of the justly famous 17-Mile Drive, which winds through cool forests of Monterey pine, past the tortured shapes of cypresses that grow to the water's edge and alongside secluded beaches and crystalline rock pools. 166 Deer graze by the roadside and sea lions

crowd the rocks offshore, honking disputatiously at one another. It is a remarkably beautiful and unspoiled stretch of coast.

The quickest and most practical method of reaching the peninsula country is to take a flight from Los Angeles or San Francisco to Monterey airport, where a car can be rented for the duration of your stay. It's difficult, timeconsuming and sometimes hazardous (because of the frequent fogs that obscure not only the scenery but the road, with its sharp bends and precipitous cliffs that fall away from the highway) to approach the peninsula from the south. If you wanted to visit San Simeon, Hearst's brooding monument to himself 94 miles down the coast from Monterey, you would have to negotiate this route. But I wouldn't recommend it unless you absolutely love to drive.

Though there's no shortage of first-class lodgings anywhere on the peninsula, it's always advisable at the best inns and motels to reserve in advance. More than 4,000,000 visitors arrive each year, and at the height of the summer season, rooms are scarce. In the Monterey area, Casa Munras, a quaint garden hotel on Munras Avenue, and the Mark Thomas Inn out on Fremont Street provide eminently comfortable home bases from which you can begin your explorations of the peninsula.

A tour should start with Monterey itself. An eccentric sort of town-like its historic visitors-it is one of the few I know that has a red dotted line painted down the center of the streets as a guide to its most revered monuments. This route, known as the Path of History. was first painted in 1938. Many a tourist driver, intent on following it, has come to grief with an equally preoccupied tourist driver traveling in the opposite direction, although this state of affairs has nearly been eliminated by turning the streets into one-ways and encouraging visitors to take in the sights on foot. And there is much to see. Monterey is a working fishing port (though the sardines for which it was once well known have long since vanished; some say they left in 1945, the year, oddly enough, that John Steinbeck's Cannery Row was published) and the sea lions still follow the boats right to Municipal Wharf to beg for scraps. The gaunt old sardine canneries immortalized by Steinbeck have, for the most part, been converted to boutiques, antique shops and restaurants; others stand forlorn and derelict, windows broken, painted signs fading from neglect. Though the Row, happily, is no longer "a poem, a stink, a grating noise," it is still, as the rest of the quotation says, "a quality of light, a tone

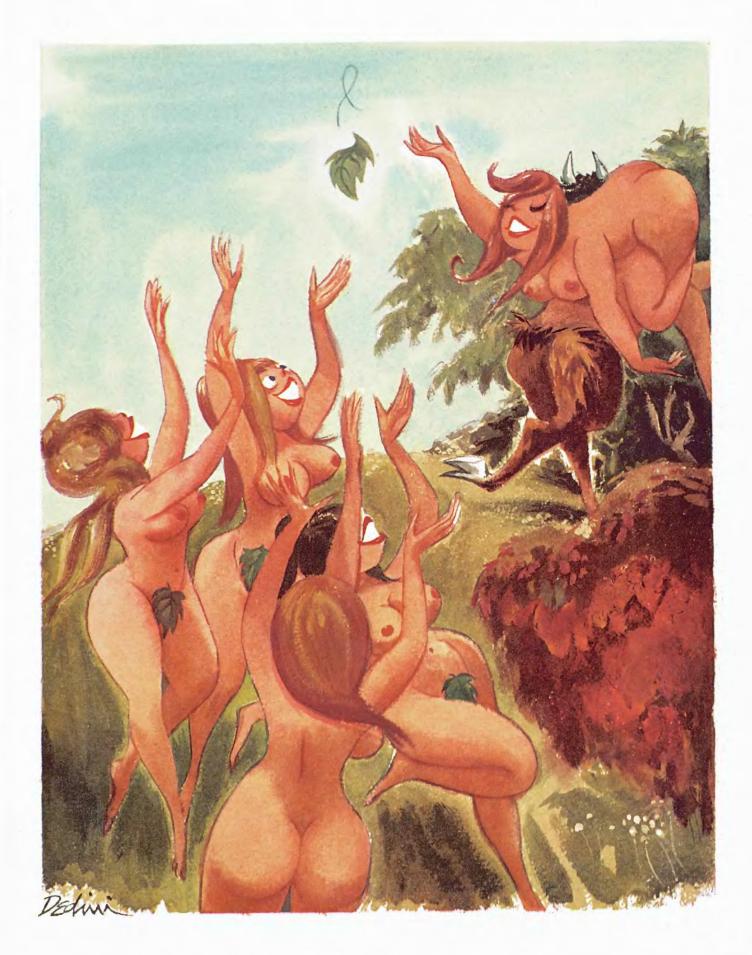
... a nostalgia, a dream.' To visit the faint but graceful relics of

the Spanish and Mexican occupation of Monterey, you need only follow the red line-after first obtaining a map to the monuments you'll find en route. Begun in 1814 by the Spaniards, California's oldest public building, the Old Custom House, is opposite Fisherman's Wharf, The house where Robert Louis Stevenson lived in 1879 is on Houston Street, and dotted about elsewhere are simple old adobe houses, their verandas ablaze with wisteria and rose vines.

Fisherman's Wharf is probably the biggest tourist attraction in town, and it no doubt has a salty kind of charm; but it's difficult to sense this amid the clutter of dreary rubbish hawked by the gift stores that line the wharf. There is also an aquarium that sports a number of fish tanks and a couple of listless seals whose captivity is made all the more poignant by the nearby barking of their relatives swimming freely in the harbor outside.

If you pass this way, however, I would recommend stopping for a drink at Neptune's Table, taking a seat overlooking the marina. Angelo's offers a pleasant view of the action in the harbor and also serves a tasty clam chowder and house wines. Elsewhere on the wharf, you'll find Rappa's Sea Food Grotto and Lou's Fish Grotto, both of which offer crab specialties as well as seasonal fish-everything from sole, sea bass, red snapper and swordfish to the famed Monterey Bay salmon. And in any of the dozens of snack bars, you can order an abalone sandwich and wash it down with a glass of cold beer.

At night, except for the flocks of visitors strolling the streets, the peninsula is quiet, with none of the glitter and noise one associates with a popular resort. Apart from the movies, about the liveliest after-hours place in Monterey (although newer ones may open later this summer) is the Bull's Eye on Washington Street. If you care to test the capacity of your eardrums, go there: very loud, hard rock and good, too. Some terrificlooking girls are usually doing their thing on the tiny dance floor; wear casual clothes and be under 30; if you're not, you'll feel like an old fogy. The Club XIX at the Del Monte Lodge has modern jazz; there's cheek-to-cheek dancing at a couple of restaurants around town, and that's about itexcept for the night spots owned by a local restaurateur named Richard O'Kane, who ran unsuccessfully for county supervisor four years ago on a platform pledging that everyone in the county would get something, "with a little bit left over for me." His two places on Cannery Row are Flora's, named for a famous local madam, and The Warehouse. Flora's is a carefully restored Victorian bar, where you can build your own sandwiches at ridiculously low prices; and The Warehouse features a barrel-house trio, silent movies, Italian food and a bevy of frilly



miniskirted waitresses known as The Untouchables. On my last visit-and this was out of season-it was also filled with groups of single girls from nearby colleges. It's a good place to scout the action if you're traveling alone and highly recommended for a drink and a laugh after dinner in one of the restaurants farther along the Row. If it's still there, take a look through the visitors'-comments book at The Warehouse; I was impressed by a wit who, signing himself Judas Iscariot, noted: "I'm in big trouble."

For that Cannery Row dinner, there's Polynesian and American food at the Outrigger (try to get there at sunset for a window table overhanging the water); veal dishes and a remarkably good Madras curry at Kalisa's; acres of char-broiled steak, prime ribs and abalone at the Golden Bear; lobster and steak (and what I'm told is a succulent cheesecake--I've never tried it) at Neil de Vaughn's; and, at Aldon's, near the Steinbeck movie theater, more steak and seafood, with a dance floor over the waves. Elsewhere in town, there's The Ginza, for authentic Japanese food, and Ramon's, the newest and just about the best Mexican restaurant in the region.

Gallatin's, located in an old adobe house on Hartnell Street, is still the undisputed leader of all Monterey restaurants and ranks with the best in the country, even if its menu does offer somewhat bizarre dishes, such as Imperial Siberian Wild Boar "from the acorn-filled wilderness of the Santa Lucia Mountains in California" and something called Bull's Head Minotaur. According to the menu, this formidable treat is nothing less than "the entire head of a bull, done in authentic Cretan style-which includes the tongue simmered in spices and the brains and eyes sautéed in butter . . . and crowned with pastry horns and wreaths of gaily colored flowers." Not only that, reads the blurb, "This great bacchanalian entree has not been prepared and served in the true Cretan manner . . . for 2000 years." I'm not surprised; it sounds like a lot of bull. It also costs \$20 a serving and must be prepared for a minimum of ten people, which means a tab of at least \$200. If this is inhibiting, Gallatin's also serves a fine steak, along with such mouthwaterers as abalone puffs and, in season, blue points stuffed with Beluga caviar.

Pacific Grove is chiefly famous for its monarch butterflies, swarms of which settle on the local pine and eucalyptus trees in October and stay there until March. God knows why; maybe it's because, as soon as they arrive, the local P. T. A. throws a big parade to celebrate. The community was started as a Methodist retreat in 1875 by ministers of the church. 168 Its architecture is charmingly Victorian, gables and all; the streets are asleep; and the town is dry. Totally teetotal, it's ruled by the last vestige of the old Pacific Grove blue laws; until some years ago, all window blinds had to be lowered and all lights extinguished by ten o'clock every night.

Continuing on from this tranquil enclave, as they say in the travelogs, you can explore the coast line by taking the 17-Mile Drive south through the Del Monte Forest toward Carmel. You might want to stop en route at the patio of the ultraposh and rather stuffy Del Monte Lodge for a quiet drink. The Pebble Beach links are there, too; but should you wish to play a couple of rounds, you must be either a guest at the lodge or a guest of a Pebble Beach member.

Carmel has been an artist's colony since the beginning of this century, when homesites cost \$50 apiece and such celebrities as Jack London and Upton Sinclair courted the Carmel muse. Most of the big names who followed have moved elsewhere, but many working writers and painters still choose to live there-although, in the tourist season, the serious ones enter a form of monastic hibernation.

Among the last great strongholds of "Hell, no, we won't grow," Carmel is a town with unnumbered houses: there are no billboards, and mail must be collected at the post office. The architecture ranges from doll's-house rococo to Hänsel and Gretel cutesy, with some noteworthy concessions to California modern, including a Frank Lloyd Wright house at the beach. Take a walk along the main street, visit a few of the local art galleries and then venture out to the famous Carmel Mission, a little way south of the village.

The best accommodations in Carmel are the Normandy Inn and Tradewinds, both handsomely furnished and equipped with heated pool, a necessity on a coast that's notorious for its icy water and turbulent rip tides. If I were looking for privacy and a spectacular view near Carmel, I'd reserve one of the new lanai rooms (don't take anything else) at the Highlands Inn, on Route 1. It's four miles south of the village but well worth the journey: superb food, with a lunchtime buffet of epicurean variety, and a log fireplace in your room for those chilly nights when the fog drifts in from the Pacific.

For dining in town, there's L'Escargot, for first-rate French food; the Pine Inn Hotel's garden patio, a delightful setting for lunch, if you'll settle for standard hotel fare; Crichton House, for steak, lobster and fish in season; and the Matador, which is a popular place with local celebrities (one of whom is Kim Novak, a friend of the owner). The bill of fare is Spanish and you can reserve a private room for dinner.

After-hours activity in the town is practically nonexistent, but one of the peninsula's surprises is the Mission Ranch on south Dolores Street, a piano bar that's loud, vulgar and totally delightful, Local bachelors have discovered that the best night there is Thursday, when the Ranch is filled with young lady schoolteachers who congregate to vent their frustrations.

Lying 35 miles south of Carmel on Route 1-a road that twists and coils, clinging one moment to a sheer cliff and plunging toward the sea the next-is Big Sur, whose massive and unconstrained awesomeness sets this bizarre kingdom apart from Monterey or Carmel, to which it bears little topographic or any other resemblance. To drive from Big Sur north to the peninsula is, scenically, at least, anticlimactic.

This untrammeled landscape has nothing manicured about it, no sign of the selfconsciousness that, for me, takes the edge off the charm of Carmel. If you walk at night along the highway that runs through Big Sur, the only lights you'll see are those of its half-dozen roadside inns and motels. Beyond are the redwoods, the mountains and the blackness, huge and silent, the province of birds of prey, wild boar and mountain lions; and on the other side of the road, dense woods that stretch to a shore line few people ever see.

About 400 people live along this 40mile stretch of land, in houses that lie buried among the thickly forested hills and tucked into the shadow of remote canyons leading to the sea. Visitors who drive in from other parts of the country often make wistful advances to local real-estate agents, but surprisingly few carry through the idea of staying. The reason is that Big Sur probably intimidates many people. Even as a coastal vacation resort-which it isn't, strictly speaking-it falls far short of the average tourist's demands. Only one beach is easily accessible to the public and swimming isn't recommended.

Hunters can go after deer, pigeons and wild boar during open season; trout fishing lasts from May to October in the state park; and plenty of hiking trails cut through the Los Padres National Forest. Other than that, except for the wonders of the landscape itself, there's little to detain most vacationers.

There are no modern lodgings in the vicinity, and those it has are rustic and often rudimentary. For accommodation, I'd pick the Big Sur Lodge; its one- and two-room cabins are adequate, if not fancy. Don't feed the raccoons that will come to your door, because you'll never get rid of them.

One of the newest and most controversial additions to the Big Sur scene is the Esalen Institute, situated at the site

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of a hot springs. The announced aim of this nonprofit establishment is to induce—through therapy, psychodrama, massage and Eastern philosophy—a sense of release from the complicated problems of life. It would be easy to be cynical about the Esalen program, but it's regarded by many psychiatrists as a revolutionary therapeutic development, and many of those who went to scoff have left its bowered grounds totally desoured. Courses are offered to the public at moderate rates for weekend seminars and five-day workshops; if you're interested, make reservations well in advance.

Hitchhiking is not generally considered one of the most sophisticated forms of travel, but in Big Sur it's routine and, for the unattached male visitor, it can often serve as a means of quick introduction to new and pleasant company. People have a way of so losing, or at least burying, their inhibitions in Big Sur that it's easy to make friends. This is especially true if, like me, you happen to be exceptionally handsome, richly talented, fabulously wealthy and a rather wonderful human being.

Sooner or later in Big Sur, you will find yourself at Nepenthe, an almost legendary establishment that is part res-

taurant, part town square. Nepenthe is where the locals gather in the evenings to sit around the bar or to lounge by the open fire pit on the patio, lulled by Brahms and Vivaldi playing softly on the stereo and seemingly oblivious to the grinding insanity of the outside world. If the fog chills the air, there's a fireplace inside, too. Window tables present perfect vantage points from which to watch the sun as it dies in the Pacific, a long and vivid ritual that never grows tedious. Nothing spectacular about the menu (steaks, hamburgers and chicken), but the portions are generous and everything tastes great. Make reservations in the busy season or you won't get a table.

Many writers—including some of the best—have tried to pin Big Sur down, to lay it bare, to dissect its innards and analyze its life style. Henry Miller probably did more than anyone to make it famous, and the poetry of Robinson Jeffers perhaps comes closest to evoking its many rugged moods. But this undefined, almost intangible community, with no real borders other than the sea, is not easily explained or understood. All one can say is that it is there, and it is waiting.

X



"It's either a stag film, an underground movie or a cigarette commercial!"

Masks

(continued from page 126)

"Manners, Jim," said Babcock.

"OK. My worst fault. What do you want to know?"

Sinescu sipped his coffee. His hands were still trembling, "That mask you're wearing," he started.

"Not for discussion. No comment, no comment. Sorry about that; don't mean to be rude; a personal matter. Ask me something——" Without warning, he stood up, blaring, "Get that damn thing out of here!" Sam's wife's cup smashed, coffee brown across the table. A fawn-colored puppy was sitting in the middle of the carpet, cocking its head, bright-eyed, tongue out.

The table tipped, Sam's wife struggled up behind it. Her face was pink, dripping with tears. She scooped up the puppy without pausing and ran out. "I better go with her," Sam said, getting up.

"Go on; and, Sam, take a holiday. Drive her into Winnemucca, see a movie."

"Yeah, guess I will." He disappeared behind the bookshelf wall.

The tall figure sat down again, moving like a man; it leaned back in the same posture, arms on the arms of the chair. It was still. The hands gripping the wood were shapely and perfect but unreal; there was something wrong about the fingernails. The brown, well-combed hair above the mask was a wig; the ears were wax. Sinescu nervously fumbled his surgical mask up over his mouth and nose. "Might as well get along," he said, and stood up.

"That's right, I want to take you over to Engineering and R and D," said Babcock. "Jim, I'll be back in a little while. Want to talk to you."

"Sure," said the motionless figure.

Babcock had had a shower, but sweat was soaking through the armpits of his shirt again. The silent elevator, the green carpet, a little blurred. The air cool, stale. Seven years, blood and money, 500 good men. Psych section, Cosmetic, Engineering, R and D, Medical, Immunology, Supply, Serology, Administration. The glass doors. Sam's apartment empty, gone to Winnemucca with Irma. Psych. Good men, but were they the best? Three of the best had turned it down. Buried in the files. Not like an ordinary amputation, this man has had everything cut off.

The tall figure had not moved. Babcock sat down. The silver mask looked back at him.

"Jim, let's level with each other."

"Bad, huh?"

"Sure it's bad. I left him in his room with a bottle. I'll see him again before he leaves, but God knows what he'll say in Washington. Listen, do me a favor, take that thing off."

"Sure." The hand rose, plucked at the edge of the silver mask, lifted it away. Under it, the tan-pink face, sculptured nose and lips, eyebrows, eyelashes, not handsome but good-looking, normallooking. Only the eyes wrong, pupils too big. And the lips that did not open or move when it spoke. "I can take anything off. What does that prove?"

"Jim, Cosmetic spent eight and a half months on that model and the first thing you do is slap a mask over it. We've asked you what's wrong, offered to make any changes you want."

"No comment."

"You talked about phasing out the project. Did you think you were kidding?"

A pause. "Not kidding."

"All right, then open up, Jim, tell me; I have to know. They won't shut the project down; they'll keep you alive, but that's all. There are seven hundred on the volunteer list, including two U.S. Senators. Suppose one of them gets pulled out of an auto wreck tomorrow. We can't wait till then to decide: we've got to know now. Whether to let the next one die or put him into a TP body like yours. So talk to me."

"Suppose I tell you something, but it isn't the truth."

"Why would you lie?"

"Why do you lie to a cancer patient?" "I don't get it. Come on, Jim."

"OK, try this. Do I look like a man to you?"

"Sure."

"Bull. Look at this face." Calm and perfect. Beyond the fake irises, a wink of metal. "Suppose we had all the other problems solved and I could go into Winnemucca tomorrow; can you see me walking down the street-going into a bar -taking a taxi?"

"Is that all it is?" Babcock drew a deep breath. "Jim, sure there's a difference, but for Christ's sake, it's like any other prosthesis-people get used to it. Like that arm of Sam's. You see it, but after a while you forget it, you don't notice."

"Bull. You pretend not to notice. Because it would embarrass the cripple."

Babcock looked down at his clasped hands, "Sorry for yourself?"

"Don't give me that," the voice blared. The tall figure was standing. The hands slowly came up, the fists clenched. "I'm in this thing. I've been in it for two years. I'm in it when I go to sleep, and when I wake up, I'm still in it."

Babcock looked up at him. "What do you want, facial mobility? Give us twenty years, maybe ten, we'll lick it."

'No. No."

"Then what?"



"Hell—I've torn up my relief check by mistake."

"I want you to close down Cosmetic." "But that's-"

"Just listen. The first model looked like a tailor's dummy, so you spent eight months and came up with this one, and it looks like a corpse. The whole idea was to make me look like a man, the first model pretty good, the second model better, until you've got something that can smoke cigars and joke with women and go bowling and nobody will know the difference. You can't do it, and if you could, what for?"

"I don't- Let me think about this. What do you mean, a metal-

"Metal, sure, but what difference does that make? I'm talking about shape, Function. Wait a minute." The tall figure strode across the room, unlocked a cabinet, came back with rolled sheets of paper. "Look at this."

The drawing showed an oblong metal box on four jointed legs. From one end protruded a tiny mushroom-shaped head on a jointed stem and a cluster of arms ending in probes, drills, grapples. "For moon prospecting."

"Too many limbs," said Babcock after a moment. "How would you--"

"With the facial nerves. Plenty of them left over. Or here." Another drawing. "A module plugged into the control system of a spaceship. That's where I belong, in space. Sterile environment, low grav, I can go where a man can't go and do what a man can't do. I can be an asset, not a goddamn billion-dollar liability."

Babcock rubbed his eyes. "Why didn't you say anything before?"

"You were all hipped on prosthetics. You would have told me to tend my knitting."

Babcock's hands were shaking as he rolled up the drawings. "Well, by God, this just may do it. It just might." He stood up and turned toward the door. "Keep your-" He cleared his throat. "I mean, hang tight, Jim."

"I'll do that."

When he was alone, he put on his mask again and stood motionless a 171 moment, eye shutters closed. Inside. he was running clean and cool: he could feel the faint reassuring hum of pumps, click of valves and relays. They had given him that: cleaned out all the offal, replaced it with machinery that did not bleed, ooze or suppurate. He thought of the lie he had told Babcock. Why do you lie to a cancer patient? But they would never get it, never understand.

He sat down at the drafting table, clipped a sheet of paper to it and with a pencil began to sketch a rendering of the moon-prospector design. When he had blocked in the prospector itself, he began to draw the background of craters. His pencil moved more slowly and stopped; he put it down with a click.

No more adrenal glands to pump adrenaline into his blood, so he could not feel fright or rage. They had released him from all that—love, hate, the whole sloppy mess—but they had forgotten there was still one emotion he could feel. Sinescu, with the black bristles of his beard sprouting through his oily skin. A whitehead ripe in the crease beside his nostril.

Moon landscape, clean and cold. He picked up the pencil again.

Babcock, with his broad pink nose shining with grease, crusts of white matter in the corners of his eyes. Food mortar between his teeth.

Sam's wife, with raspberry-colored paste on her mouth. Face smeared with tears, a bright bubble in one nostril. And the damn dog, shiny nose, wet eyes. . . .

He turned. The dog was there, sitting on the carpet, wet red tongue out left the door open again dripping, wagged its tail twice, then started to get up. He reached for the metal T square, leaned back, swinging it like an ax, and the dog yelped once as metal sheared bone, one eye spouting red, writhing on its back, dark stain of piss across the carpet and he hit it again, hit it again.

The body lay twisted on the carpet, fouled with blood, ragged black lips drawn back from teeth. He wiped off the T square with a paper towel, then scrubbed it in the sink with soap and steel wool, dried it and hung it up. He got a sheet of drafting paper, laid it on the floor, rolled the body over onto it without spilling any blood on the carpet. He lifted the body in the paper, carried it out onto the patio, then onto the unroofed section, opening the doors with his shoulder. He looked over the wall. Two stories down, concrete roof, vents sticking out of it, nobody watching. He held the dog out, let it slide off the paper, twisting as it fell. It struck one of the vents, bounced, a red smear. He carried the paper back inside, poured the blood down the drain, then put the paper into the incinerator chute. Splashes of blood were on the carpet. the feet of the drafting table, the cabi-

Splashes of blood were on the carpet, the feet of the drafting table, the cabinet, his trouser legs. He sponged them all up with paper towels and warm water. He took off his clothing, examined it minutely, scrubbed it in the sink, then put it in the washer. He washed the sink, rubbed himself down with disinfectant and dressed again. He walked through into Sam's silent apartment, closing the glass door behind him. Past the potted philodendron, overstuffed furniture, redand-yellow painting on the wall, out onto the roof, leaving the door ajar. Then back through the patio, closing doors.

Too bad. How about some goldfish.

He sat down at the drafting table. He was running clean and cool. The dream this morning came back to his mind, the last one, as he was struggling up out of sleep: slithery kidneys burst gray lungs blood and hair ropes of guts covered with yellow fat oozing and sliding and oh god the stink like the breath of an outhouse no sound nowhere he was putting a yellow stream down the slide of the dunghole and.

He began to ink in the drawing, first with a fine steel pen, then with a nylon brush. his heel slid and he was falling could not stop himself falling into slimy bulging softness higher than his chin, higher and he could not move paralyzed and he tried to scream tried to scream tried to scream

The prospector was climbing a crater slope with its handling members retracted and its head tilted up. Behind it the distant ringwall and the horizon, the black sky, the pin-point stars. And he was there, and it was not far enough, not yet, for the earth hung overhead like a rotten fruit, blue with mold, crawling, wrinkling, purulent and alive.



"And so we say a fond farewell to a fifth of eight-year-old bourbon."

HAVEN OF BLISS

(continued from page 108)

smaller fry who moved in the substrata of kid life—nameless, noses running, never invited to play ball.

The old man turned the key in the dash and stepped on the starter. From deep within the bowels of the Oldsmobile came a faint click. He jabbed again at the starter. Another click. His neck reddened.

"Oh, fer Chrissake! That damn starter spring's stuck again!" The sun beat down mercilessly on our wheeled pyramid, the interior growing hotter by the second. Enraged, the old man threw the door open and rushed around to the front of the Olds, shouting:

"TURN THE KEY ON WHEN I JUMP UP AND DOWN ON THE BUMPER!"

He grabbed the radiator ornament, a shoddy copy of the Winged Victory, climbed up on the bumper and began to bounce maniacally up and down. It was a routine we all knew well. The old man, his face beet red, the blood once again dripping from his gashed chin, hopped up and down in a frenzy. Once again, from deep within the Olds, came another faint click. Instantly, the old man shouted:

"DON'T NOBODY MOVE! SIT REAL STILL!"

He tore around the side of the car and eased himself into the driver's seat. It was a touchy moment. Carefully, so as not to create the slightest vibration, he pushed the starter button on the floor.

Gug gug gug gug. . . . It failed to catch.

The old man whispered hoarsely: "Don't nobody breathe."

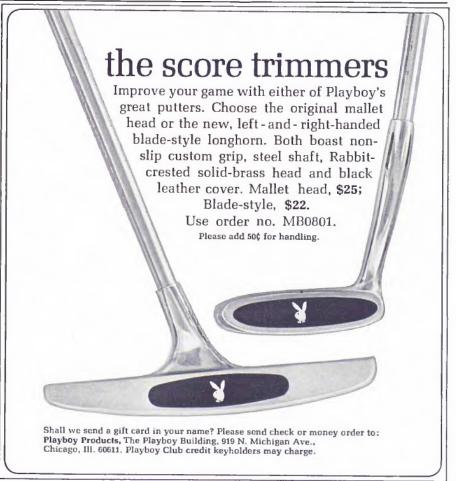
He tried it again, G-gug gug . . . BBRRROOOOOOMMMM!

The mighty six-cylinder, low-compression Oldsmobile engine rattled into life, rocker arms clattering, valve springs clanging, pistons slapping. After all, 142,000 miles isn't exactly around the block. He threw her into reverse and slowly she lumbered backward down the driveway, swaying under the immense load of half the available stock of the A. & P.

Safely out on the street, he threw her into first. Painfully she began to roll forward. I peered out of the tiny crack of window available to me, a square of glass no more than three inches across, and saw my assembled friends standing dumbly along the sidewalk. For a brief instant, I felt a deep pang of regret about all the great things that were going to happen in the neighborhood while I was gone. From somewhere off to my left, amid the rumblings of the Olds, I heard the first muffled squeakings of my kid brother.

Two minutes later, we turned down a side road toward the main highway that wended its way listlessly past junk yards and onion patches toward the distant,





rolling, sandy hills of Michigan. It was Sunday and already a solid line of automobiles, bumper to bumper, stretched from one horizon to the other, barely moving. The old man, his eyes narrowed with hatred, glared through the windshield at his most ancient and implacable foe—the traffic.

"Damn Sunday drivers! Stupid sons of bitches!"

He was warming up for the big scenes yet to come. As traffic fighters go, he was probably no more talented nor dedicated than most other men of his time. But what he lacked in finesse he more than made up for in sheer ferocity. His vast catalog of invective—learned in the field, so to speak, back of the stockyards on the South Side of Chicago—had enriched every Sunday-afternoon drive we ever took. Some men gain their education about life at their mother's knee, others by reading yellowed volumes of fiction. I nurtured and flowered in the back seat of the Olds, listening to my father.

At least we were on our way. No one could deny that. We crept along in the great line of Sunday traffic, the Olds muttering gloomily as its radiator temperature slowly mounted. My mother occasionally shouted back through the din in our direction:

"Are you kids all right?"

All right? I was out of my head with excitement. I looked forward to this moment all year long; it made Christmas and everything else pale to nothing. I had pored over every issue of Field & Stream in the barbershop, dreaming about tracking beavers and fording streams and making hunter's stew. Of course, nobody ever did any of those things in Michigan, but they were great to read about. One time, our scoutmaster took us out on a hike through Hammond and painted moss on the north side of all the fireplugs, so that we could blaze a trail to the vacant lot behind the Sherwin-Williams sign. But that was about the extent of my expertise in nature lore.

Hour after hour we inched northward, and finally burst out of the heavy traffic and turned onto the rolling, open highway that led through the sandy hills to Marcellus, Michigan. By now it was well along in the afternoon and the temperature inside the car hovered at maybe 15 or 20 degrees below the boiling point. The Olds had a habit of hitting a thrumming, resonant vibration at about 50 that jiggled the bones, loosened the molars, rattled the eveballs and made all talk totally impossible. But over the roar, a faint squeak filtered through the cartons to my left. My mother turned in her seat, took one look and shouted at the old man to stop the car.

"WHAT THE HELL NOW?" he bellowed, as he pulled over to the side of the road under a pair of great, overhanging Michigan poplars. Everywhere around us the yellow-and-dun fields, mottled with patches of grapevines, stretched out to the horizon.

My mother dashed around the side of the car to my brother's door. I heard him being hauled out of his tiny capsule. Oatmeal, Ovaltine, caterpillars—everything he had downed in the past couple of days gushed out into the lilies.

I sat in my slot, peering out of the window at the alien landscape, my excitement now at fever pitch. Randy always got sick at about this point. That meant we were halfway there, Ashen-faced, he was stuffed back into his hole. Once again, the starter spring stuck. Once again, the old man raged up and down on the bumper. We were off.

It was then that the bombshell struck. Oh, no! OH, NO! I slumped deep down into the seat, a two-pound box of rice sliding from the shelf behind me and pouring its contents down the back of my neck. The Oldsmobile boomed on toward Clear Lake and its fighting threeounce sunfish, its seven-inch bluegills and its five-inch perch, all waiting for me under lily pads, beside submerged logs and in the weed beds. Oh, no! I had left all my fishing tackle in the garage, all piled up next to the door, where I had taken it the night before to make sure I wouldn't forget it! Every sinker, every bobber, every hook I had saved for, polished, loved and cherished stood all neatly piled up back home in the garage.

"DAD!" I cried out in anguish. The great thrum of the Olds drowned me out.

"HEY, DAD!"

He glanced into the rearview mirror. "Yeah?"

"I LEFT ALL MY FISHING TACK-LE IN THE GARAGE!" That meant his, too.

"WHAT?!" He straightened up in his sweat-soaked pongee shirt. "YOU DID WHAT?!"

"I . . . I. . . ."

"Oh, fer CHRISSAKE! What next!" He spit through the open window into the onrushing hot air. It arced back into the rear window and missed my brother's head by an inch. My mother had been asleep now for some time. She never stirred through this disaster. Deep in my hole, I wept.

The steady, rumbling oscillation of the ancient Olds rolled back over me. Way down deep inside, the first faint gnawings of car sickness, like some tiny, gray, beady-eyed rat scurrying among my vitals, merged appropriately with the disappointment and the heat. A faint whiff of the sweetish-sour aroma of my kid brother filtered through the camp gear, drifted past my nose and out the window to my right. I stared with glazed eyes at the blur of telephone poles; at a barn with a huge Bull Durham sign on its side, with its slogan, HER HERO; at farmhouse after farmhouse; at a rusty tin sign

with its faded message: HOOKED RUGS FOR SALE—ALSO EGGS.

The low hills, green, yellow and brown, wound on and on. I had wrecked the vacation. You might just as well tell Santa Claus to go to hell as leave your split-bamboo casting rod that you saved all year to buy and that had a cork handle and a level-wind Sears, Roebuck reel with a red jewel in the handle, and your Daredevil wiggler, so red and white and chromy, back in the garage amid the bald Goodyears and empty Simoniz cans. Oh, well, nothing ever works out, anyway. My little gray, furry rat reared on its hind legs, his fangs flashing in the darkness.

Over the steady hum of the mighty Olds engine I could hear the pitiful keening of my kid brother, who had now burrowed down to the floor boards in his travail. I stared sullenly out the window over a huge, rolled-up, dark-green comforter and an orange crate full of coffeepots and frying pans.

Suddenly: BA-LOOOMMMMPPP! Ktunk k-tunk kk-tunk,

The car recled drunkenly under the wrenching blows of a disintegrating Allstate tire. In the front seat, the driver wrestled with the heaving steering wheel. Overloaded by a quarter ton at least, the car continued to lurch forward.

Ding ding ding ding. It was down to the rim now. My father hauled back on the emergency brake. We slued up onto the gravel shoulder of the highway and rolled to a limping stop. He cut the ignition: but for a full 20 seconds or so, the motor continued to turn over, firing on sheer heat. Finally, she coughed twice and stopped. Dead silence enveloped us all. My father sat unmoving behind the wheel, his hands clenched on the controls in silent rage.

"Do you think it's a flat?" my mother chirped helpfully, her quick, mechanical mind analyzing the situation with deadly accuracy.

"No, I don't think it could be that. Probably we ran over a pebble." His voice was low, almost inaudible, drenched in sarcasm.

"I'm glad to hear that," she sighed with relief. "I thought for a minute we might have had a flat."

He stared out his window at the seared corn stalks across the road, watching the corn borers destroy what was left of the crops after the locusts had finished their work. We sat for possibly two minutes, frozen in time and space like flies in amber.

Then, in the lowest of all possible voices, he breathed toward the cornfield: "Balls."

Very quietly he opened the door, climbed out and stalked back to the trunk.

"ALL A' YA GET OUT!" he shouted. My mother, realizing by this time that it hadn't been a pebble after all, whispered: "Now, don't get on his nerves. And don't whine."

The four of us gathered on the dusty gravel. Along the road behind us for a quarter mile at least, chunks of black, twisted rubber smoked in the sun and marked our trail of pain.

The old man silently opened the trunk, peered into the tangled mess of odds and ends that always filled it and began to rummage glumly among the shards. He removed the clamp that released the spare tire. In his world, spare tires were tires that had long since been given extreme unction but had somehow clung to a thread of life and perhaps a shred or two of rubber. Next, the jack.

We sat at a safe distance next to the cornfield, in the shade of an elm tree suffering from oak blight.

"Let's have a picnic while Daddy fixes the tire," suggested Mother cheerfully.

Daddy, his shirt drenched in sweat, tore his thumbnail off while trying to straighten out the jack handle, which was insanely jointed in four different spots, making it as pliable as a wet noodle and about as useful. While he cursed and bled, we opened the lunch basket and fished out the warm cream-cheese sandwiches and the lunch-meat-and-relish sandwiches.

"Gimme a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich," said my kid brother.

"We don't have peanut-butter-and-

"I want a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich."

"We have nice tuna and egg-salad sandwiches. On rye bread. You can pick the seeds out and have fun making believe they're little bugs."

"I WANT PEANUT-BUTTER-AND-IELLY!" Randy's voice was rising to a shrill pitch. Off in the middle distance, the jack clanked and rattled as the Olds teetered precariously on the flimsy metal

GODDAMN IT! IN TWO SEC-ONDS, I'M GONNA COME OVER AND BAT YOU ONE GOOD!" velled the tire repairman.

Randy threw his tuna-salad sandwich out into the road, where it was instantly smashed flat by a Mack truck. Our little picnic went on. We drank lemonade, ate cookies.

Finally came the call: "OK. Pile in."

"How 'bout some music," my mother asked rhetorically as we rolled out onto the highway.

My father stonily drove on. Sometimes, after a particularly bad flat, he didn't speak to the family for upward of two weeks. I suspect that he always pictured heaven as a place where everybody was issued a full set of brand-new, four-ply U.S. Royal roadmasters, something he never in his life attained, at least on this earth.



"I have a message for the medium."

My mother fiddled with the car radio, which hummed and crackled.

"Roll out the barrel We'll have a barrel of fun. . . . Roll out the barrel We've got the blues on the run. . . ."

The Andrews Sisters were always rolling out barrels and having fun.

'Isn't that nice? Now, how 'bout playing a game, kids? What am I thinking of -animal, vegetable or mineral?"

We always played games in the car, like who could tell quicker what kind of car was coming toward us; or Count the Number of Cows; or Beaver, where the first guy who saw a red truck or a blue Chevy or a Coca-Cola sign could hit the other guy if he hollered "Beaver" first. Then there was Padiddle, which was generally played when there were girls in the car and had a complicated scoring system involving burned-out headlights, the highest point getter being a police car running one-eyed. But Padiddle was never played in cars carrying mothers and kid brothers.

"NOW what the hell!" My father had broken his vow of silence.

Ahead, across the highway, stretched a procession of sawhorses with flashing lights and arrows and a sign, reading: ROAD UNDER CONSTRUCTION-DETOUR AHEAD 27.8

Muttering obscenities, the old man veered to the right, onto a slanting gravel cow path. Giant bulldozers and road graders roared all around us.

"Holy God! This'll kill that spare!"

The Olds crashed into a hole. The springs bottomed. She bellowed forward, throwing gravel high into the air. The trail wound through a tiny hamlet-and then, a fork, where a red arrow pointed to the right: CONTINUE DETOUR. The road to the left was even narrower than the other, marked with a battered black-and-white tin sign perforated with rusting .22-caliber bullet holes: county ROAD 872 (ALTERNATE).

We fishtailed to a stop, yellow dust pouring in the windows.

"Gimme that map!"

The old man reached across the dashboard and snapped open the glove compartment just as a truck rumbled past. raining gravel onto the windshield and along the side of the car.

"What the hell is THIS?" He yanked his hand convulsively out of the glove compartment. It dripped a dark, viscous liquid.

OK," he said with his best Edgar Kennedy slow burn. "Who stuck a Hershey bar in the glove compartment?" No one spoke.

"All right, who did it?" He licked his fingers disgustedly.

"What a goddamn mess!"

The mystery of the Hershey bar was the subject of bitter wrangling off and on for years afterward. I know that I didn't stick it in there. If my brother had gotten hold of a Hershey bar, he would have eaten it instantly. It never did come out-but then, neither did the 175 chocolate: forevermore, the Oldsmobile had a chocolate-lined glove compartment.

My father pored over the creased and

greasy map.

"Aha! Eight-seven-two. Here it is. It goes through East Jerusalem and hits four-three-eight. I'll tell you what. I'll bet we can beat this detour by crossing through four-three-eight to this one with the dotted red line, nine-seven-four. Then we'll cut back and hit the highway the other side of Niles."

Two and a half hours later, we were up to our hubs in a swamp. Overhead, four large crows circled angrily at the first disturbance their wilderness had seen in years. After backing and filling for half an hour, we finally managed to regain semisolid ground on the corduroy road that we had been thumping over for the past hour or so. None of us spoke. We long ago had learned not to say a word in times like these.

"Maria Elena, yore the answer to mah prayer . . ." Gene Autry twanged from the radio as our spattered, battered hulk hauled itself, at long last, back onto the main highway, after traveling over patches of country that had not been seen by the eye of man since Indian times.

"I knew I'd beat the damn detour." When my father really loused up, he always tried to pretend it was not only deliberate but a lot of fun.

"Did you kids see those big crows? Weren't they big? And I bet you never saw quicksand before. That was really something, wasn't it?"

Leaving a trail of mud, we rumbled along smoothly for a few minutes on the blessed concrete.

"How 'bout some of those Mary Janes?" Would you kids like some Mary Janes?" He was now in a great mood.

My mother scratched around in the luggage a few moments until she found a cellophane bag full of the dentist's delight. "Be careful how you chew 'em," she cautioned us futilely, "because if you're not, they'll pull your fillings out."

The sound of our munching was drowned out by the RRRAAAAWWW-RRRR of a giant, block-long truck as it barreled past our struggling flivver, eclipsing us in a deep shadow. As the truck roared past, inches away, sucking the car into its slip stream, an overwhelming cacophony of sound engulfed us—a sea of insane squawks and cluckings.

"Chickens!" Randy hollered ecstatically. Thousands of chickens peered at us through the windows on our left side. Stretching for a mile back of us, a wall of Leghorns was going by. Then they were past us and the mammoth truck pulled into the lane directly ahead of us, shedding a stream of white feathers that struck the windshield and billowed around us and in the windows like a summer snowstorm. Almost immediately we were enveloped in a wrenching, fetid,

kick-in-the-stomach stench; it swept over us in a tidal wave of nausea.

"When the swallows come back to Capistrano . . ." the Inkspots chimed in on the radio.

"Gaak! What a stink!!"

"Maybe you'd better pass him," suggested my mother through her handkerchief.

"Yeah. Here goes."

He floored the Olds, but nothing happened. She was already going her limit. Ahead, the driver of the chicken truck settled into the groove, a lumbering juggernaut rolling along at 55, spraying feathers and a dark-brown aroma over the countryside. Again and again, the old man edged out into the left lane, gamely trying to pass, but it was no use. The truck stayed tantalizingly just out of reach, the chickens squawking delightedly, their necks sticking out of the iron cages, their beady red eyes wild with excitement, as the driver happily headed to market. Occasionally, a stray egg whistled past or splashed into the radiator grille to join the dead butterflies, grasshoppers and dragonflies.

"I have to go to the toilet." Already we had stopped at 74 gas stations so that Randy could go to the toilet. His output was incredible.

"You'll just have to hold it."

It had begun to rain—big ripe summer drops. The windshield wipers were stuck and now my father drove with his head craned out the window in order to see. Rain ricocheted off his face and splattered everything within a two-foot radius. It carried with it chicken feathers and other by-products that streamed back from the truck ahead. But this was not the first time we had been caught behind moving livestock. A load of ducks make chickens a pure joy. And one time we had been trapped for over four hours behind 37 sheep and at least 200 exuberantly ripe porkers on U. S. 41.

The rain suddenly stopped, just when the menagerie boomed into a turnoff, and peace reigned once again. A few feathers clung to the headlights here and there, but the last lingering aroma of the barnyard finally departed through the rear windows. Then:

"WAAAH! I GOTTA WEEWEE!"

"All right! But this is the last time, ya hear?"

No answer. Randy was promising nothing. Ahead, a one-pump gas station crouched amid the cornfields next to a white shack that had once been a diner but was now sinking into the clay, carrying with it its faded red sign with the single word EAT. Under a rusted softdrink cooler sprawled a mangy hound, who greeted our arrival by opening one rheumy eye and lifting a leg to scratch wearily and indiscriminately at his undernourished room-and-boarders.

We pulled up next to the pump. A thin, creased, dusty old man wearing a blue work shirt and faded jeans sat chewing a toothpick beside the screen door on an old wooden chair, with his feet on a "Phillips 66" oil drum. He didn't stir.

"Fillerup, bub?"

"The kid's gotta go to the toilet."

He shifted the toothpick. "Round the side, past them tires."

"You can check the oil while we're waiting."

Taking one foot off the oil drum, then the other, the man struggled to his feet with painful deliberation, shuffled over to the car and fiddled with the hood latch for a minute or so. Finally getting the knack of it, he yanked it open, leaned over the engine, pulled out the dipstick and held it up. It dripped rich, viscous sludge onto the gravel.

"Needs about two and a half quarts." It *always* needed two and a half quarts. "You want the good stuff or the cheap stuff?"

"The cheap stuff. Put in the heaviest ya got." The old crate burned oil like a diesel.

My mother and Randy were back in the car now. It was a typical pit stop on our long caravan route to Clear Lake and paradise.

Doggedly, we swung back out onto the highway, Randy relieved, the Olds refreshed. A mile up the road, my mother, making conversation, said:

"Why didn't you get gas?"

"I didn't want any of that cheap bootleg gas that guy had. I'm waiting for a Texas Blue station."

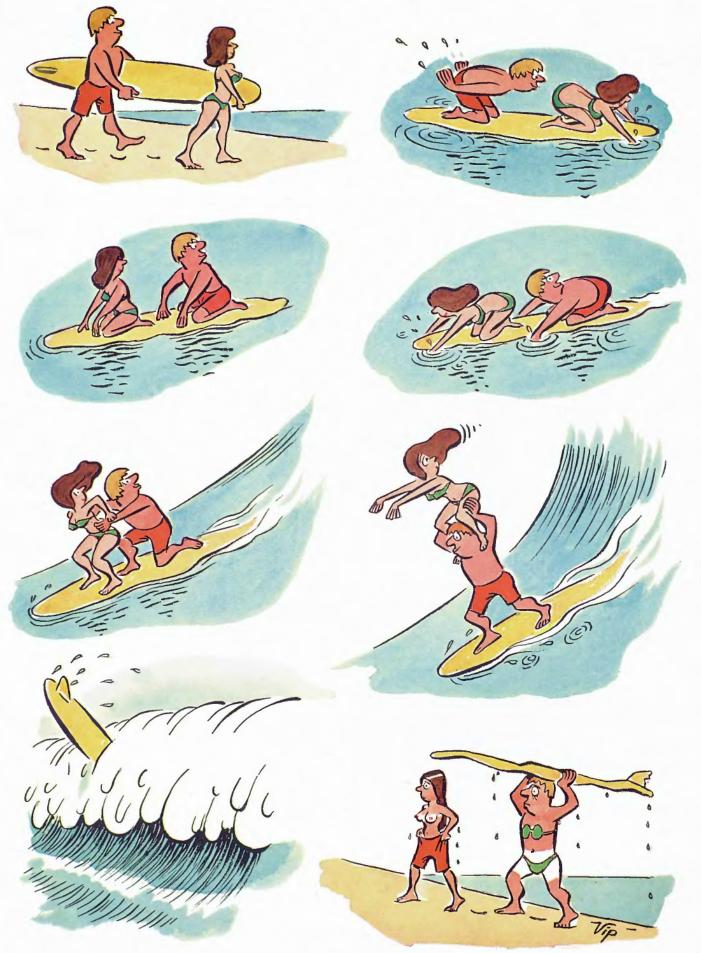
"The gauge says empty. Maybe you should agot some."

"That gauge is cockeyed. When it says empty, there's over an eighth of a tank left. There oughta be a Texas Blue station ahead."

Texas Blue was an obscure gasoline that had at one time sponsored the Chicago White Sox ball games on radio, thereby winning my father's undying patronage. If Texas Blue backed the White Sox, it was his gas. He would have used it if they had distilled it from old cabbages.

Thirty seconds later, the car sputtered to a stop, bone dry. After sitting stony-faced for a long time behind the wheel, the old man silently opened the door, got out, slammed it, opened the trunk, took out the red can he always carried and continually used, slammed the lid shut and set out without a word for the gas station we had left a mile and a half behind. He plodded over the horizon and was gone.

We played animal, vegetable or mineral and drank more warm lemonade while we waited in the steamy heat. Forty minutes later he returned, his two-gallon can filled to the brim with gas so cheap you could hear it knocking in the container. He smelled heavily of both gasoline and bourbon. He poured the



former into the tank and shortly thereafter we once again entered the mainstream of humanity.

A single red sign stuck in the road's shoulder at a crazy angle whizzed by: in white letters, it read: LISTEN, BIRDS. My father lit another Lucky and leaned forward on the alert, peering through the bug-spattered windshield.

THESE SIGNS COST MONEY. The second red-and-white announcement flashed by, followed quickly by the third: so ROOST

The old man flicked his match out the side window, his neck craning in anticipation of the snapper. We drove on, And on. Had some crummy, rotten fiend stolen the punch line? Another sign loomed over the next hill. He squinted tensely.

GENUINE CHERRY CIDER FOR SALE.

"Fer Chrissake!" he muttered amid the thrumming uproar and the constant ping of kamikaze gnats and beetles on the spattered windshield. But finally it came, half hidden next to a gnarled oak tree at the far end of a long, sweeping curve: BUT DON'T GET FUNNY.

I didn't get it. But then, I didn't get much of anything in those days. A few yards farther on, the sponsor's name flashed by: BURMA-SHAVE. Up front, the old man cackled appreciatively; his favorite form of reading, next to the Chicago Herald-American sports section, was Burma-Shave signs. He could recite them like a Shakespearean scholar quoting first folios. He had just added another gem to his repertoire. In the months to come, it would be referred to over and over, complete to location, time of day and pertinent weather information. In fact, he and his pal Zudock even invented their own Burma-Shave signs—pungent, unprintable and single-entendre. It would have been a great ad campaign, if the Burma-Shave company had the guts to do it.

It began to rain again. My father rolled up his window part way. Normally, the atmosphere in the Olds in full cry was a faint, barely discernible blue haze, an aromatic mixture of exhaust fumes from the split muffler, a whiff of manifold heat, burning oil, sizzling grease, dust from the floor boards, alcoholic steam from the radiator and the indescribably heady aroma of an antique tangerine, left over from last year's trip, that had rolled under the front seat and gotten wedged directly in front of the heater vent. Now subtly blended with this oleo were the heavenly scents of wet hay, tiger lilies, yellow clay and fermenting manure.

Ahead of us, a house trailer towed by a Dodge drifted from side to side as they, too, rumbled on toward two weeks away from it all. The old man muttered:

"Lousy Chicago drivers"-a litany he repeated over and over to himself, endlessly, while driving. It must have had the same sort of soothing effect on him that prayer wheels and mystic slogans 178 had on others. He firmly believed that almost all accidents, directly or indirectly, were caused by Chicago drivers, and that if they could all be barred at birth from getting behind a wheel, cars could be made without bumpers and the insurance companies could turn their efforts into more constructive channels.

Look at that nut!" The old man muttered to himself as the house trailer cut across the oncoming lane and rumbled out of sight up a gravel road, trailing a thick cloud of yellow dust.

My mother was now passing out Wrigley's Spearmint chewing gum. "This'll keep you from getting thirsty," she counseled sagely.

We were doing well, all things considered, having stopped for Randy at only 75 gas stations so far. After licking off the sweet, dry coating of powdered sugar, I chewed the gum for a while and leafed restlessly through a Donald Duck Big Little Book that I'd brought along to pass the time; but I was too excited and kind of sick to worry about old Donald and Dewey and Huey and Louie.

Suddenly the front seat was in a great uproar. I sat up. My mother screamed and shrank away toward the door. The old man shouted above her shrieks:

"Fer Chrissake, it's only a bee. It's not gonna kill vou!"

A big fat bumblebee zoomed over the pots and pans and groceries, banging from window to window as my mother, flailing her tattered copy of True Romance, cowered screaming on the floor boards next to the gearshift. The bee zoomed low over her, banked sharply upward and began walking calmly up the inside of the windshield, like he knew just what he was doing. Every year, a bee got in the car-the same bee. My mother had an insane fear of being stung. She had read in Ripley's Believe It or Not! that a bee sting had killed a man named Howard J. Detweiler in Canton, Ohio, and she never forgot it. The subject came up often around our house, especially in the summer, and my mother invariably quoted Ripley, who was universally recognized as an ultimate authority on everything. She screamed

Goddamn it! Shut up! Do you want me to have an accident?" my father bellowed. He pulled off to the side of the road, flung his door open and began the

'Gimme the rag outta the side pocket!"

My mother, shielding her head with her magazine, interrupted her whimpering long enough to shriek: "Where is he? I can hear him!"

The bee strolled casually up the windshield a few inches farther, humming cheerfully to himself. The old man tore around to the other side of the car to get the rag himself. Sensing that he had made his point, the bee revved his motors with a loud buzz and was out the window. He disappeared back down the road into the lowering skies of early evening, obviously getting set for the next Indiana car to show up over the hill.

"He got away, the bastard!" My father slid back into his seat, threw the Olds into gear and pulled back out onto the asphalt.

"OK, he's gone. You can get up now." His voice dripped with scorn.

My mother crawled back up into her seat, flushed and shaking slightly, and said in a weak voice: "You never can tell about bees. I read once where. . . .

My father snorted in derision: "Howard J. Detweiler! I'd like to know where that goddamn bee stung him that it killed him. I'll bet I know where it got him!" he roared.

"Shhhh. The kids are listening." "Hey, look! There's Crystal Lake." My father pointed off to the left.

I sat bolt upright. Way off past a big gray farmhouse and a bank of black trees under the darkening sky was a tiny flash of water.

A gravel road slanted off into the trees. bracketed by a thicket of signs: BOATS FOR RENT BATHING FISHING OVERNIGHT CABINS BEER EATS. We were in vacationland.

Oh, boy! In the back seat, I had broken out into a frenzied sweat. In just a few minutes, we would be there at that oneand-only place where everything happened: Clear Lake! For months, when the snow piled high around the garage and the arctic wind whistled past the blast furnaces, into the open hearth and around the back porch, under the eaves and through the cracks in the window sills, I had lain tossing on my solitary pallet and dreaming of Clear Lake, imagining myself flexing my magnificent splitbamboo casting rod, drifting toward the Iily pads, where a huge bronzebackan evil, legendary smallmouthed bass named Old Jake-waited to meet his doom at my hands.

I would see myself showing my dad how to tie a royal-coachman fly, which I had read about in Sports Afield. He would gasp in astonishment. I also astounded my mother in these dreams by demonstrating an encyclopedic grasp of camp cookery. I had practically memorized an article entitled "How to Prepare the Larger Game Fish." The text began: "A skillful angler knows how to broil landlocked salmon and lake trout in the 25-to-40-pound weight range. . . ." I had never seen, let alone cooked, a salmon or a trout or a pike or anything elseexcept for little sunfish, perch, bullheads and the wily crappie—but I was ready for them.

We rounded a familiar curve and rolled past a green cemetery dotted with drooping American flags. Steaming, the Olds slowed to a crawl as we inched past the general store, with a cluster of yellow cane poles leaning against its wooden front amid a pile of zinc washtubs. We had arrived.

"Now, look, you kids stay in the car. HEY, OLLIE!" the old man shouted out of the side window toward the feed store. "HEY, OLLIE, WE'RE HERE!"

Through the rain-spattered windshield, we could see that a few lights were on here and there in the ramshackle white-clapboard buildings overhung with willows and sweeping elm trees that lined the street. A tall figure in overalls strolled across the sidewalk and plunked his size-14 clodhopper on the running board, battered farmer's straw hat pushed to the back of his head.

"By God, ya made it." His Adam's apple, the size of a baseball, bobbed up and down his skinny neck like a yo-yo.

"Yep. We're here, Ollie."
"How was the trip?"

"Pretty good. Got a bee in the car, though."

"Back just before ya hit Crystal Lake?"
"That's right."

"Just before ya come to Henshaw's barn?"

"Yep."

"Gol durn. That son of a gun's been doin' that all summer. Got me twice."

Ollie owned six cabins on the shore of Clear Lake, which was rimmed solidly with a thick incrustation of summer shacks—except at the north end, where the lake was swampy and the mosquitoes swarmed.

"I saved the green one for you. She's all set. I emptied out the boat this morning."

A jolting shot of excitement ripped through me. The boat! Our boat, which I would row and anchor and bail out, and hang onto and cast my split-bamboo rod— My split-bamboo rod! I had forgotten for hours that I had left it all back in the garage.

"How's the fishing this year?" asked the old man.

"Well, now, it's a funny thing you asked. They sure were hittin' up to about a week or ten day ago. Guy from Mishawaka stayin' in cabin three got his limit a' walleye every day. But they slacked off bout a week ago. Ain't hittin' now."

"I guess I shoulda been here last week." It was always "last week" at Clear Lake.

"They might hit crickets. I got some for sale."

"I'll be over in the morning to pick some up, Ollie. I got a feeling we're gonna hit 'em big this year." The old man never gave up.

We turned off the main highway and drove along the beloved, twisting dirt road—now a river of mud—that led through cornfields and meadows, down toward the magical lake.

"Ollie looks skinnier," my mother said.

"He's just got new overalls," my father answered, sluing the Olds around a sharp bend. Night was coming on fast, as it does in the Michigan lake country, black and chill. The rain had picked up. In the back seat, I was practically unconscious with excitement as the first cottages hove into view. Between them and the trees that ringed them was the dark, slate void of the lake.

"She looks high," my father said. He always pretended to be an expert on everything, including lakes. Already my mother was plucking at pickle jars, Brillo pads, clothespins, rolls of toilet paper and other drifting odds and ends of stuff that she had banked around her in the front seat.

Next to every cottage but one was a parked car pulled up under the trees. Down in the lake, I could make out the pier and the black swinging wedges of Ollie's leaky rowboats. A few yellow lights gleamed from the dark cottages onto the green, wet leaves of the trees.

"Well, there she is."

Our lights swept over the rear of a starboard-leaning, green-shingled, screen-enclosed cabin. Above the back door, painted on a weathered two-by-four, was the evocative appellation HAVEN OF BLISS. All of Ollie's other cottages had names, too: BIDE-A-WEE, REST-A-SPELL, DEW DROP INN, NEVA-KARE, SUN-N-FUN.

We inched under the trees. My father



switched off the Olds. With a great, gasping shudder, she sank into a deep stupor, her yearly trial by fire half over. The rain was coming down hard now, pounding on the roof of the car and dripping off the trees all around us. I tumbled out of the back door—plunging into mud up to my ankles—and began sloshing my way down through the wet bushes and undergrowth to the lake. Behind me, I could hear my kid brother already whining that the mosquitoes were biting him. There at my feet, lapping quietly at the rocks, the black water faintly aglow, was Clear Lake.

In the darkness a few feet offshore, I could dimly make out our wooden boat, the waves slapping against its side.

K-thunk . . . K-thunk . . . K-splat . . . Plop . . . Plop . . . One of the most exciting sounds known to man.

"Hey, come on! We gotta unload! Everything's getting wet!" my father shouted down through the trees.

I slogged back up the path, splopping and slipping and skidding and cracking my shins against tree stumps. My father and mother were tugging at the tarpaulin that covered the luggage rack on the roof. The rain poured down unrelentingly.

"Where the hell's the flashlight? Don't tell me we forgot the FLASHLIGHT!"

"I thought you brought it," my mother answered from the dark deluge.

"OH, JESUS CHRIST! WHAT THE HELL DID WE BRING?"

"Well, you made up the list."

"How the hell can you forget the FLASHLIGHT?"

"Well, if you had gotten up when you said you would, you——"

"SHUT UP! I don't have no time to argue. This stuff's getting soaked!"

My mother disappeared into the cabin. "The lights aren't working," she called out into the rain a moment later.

My father didn't even bother to answer that one. If she had said the roof was gone and there was a moose in the bedroom, it wouldn't have surprised him. He staggered past me, reeling under an enormous cardboard box full of pots, pans, baking powder, rubber ducks and ping-pong paddles.

"Don't just stand around. Do something!" he bellowed to everyone within hearing. "DAMN IT, DO I HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING?"

I grabbed a beach ball from the back seat, waded through the clay and groped my way up the rickety back steps. Inside, the cabin smelled of rotting wood, wet shingles, petrified fish scales and dead squirrels. My father had struck a match, which dimly lit up the worn linoleum and bare boards of the kitchen.

"Why the hell didn't Ollie turn on the juice? That's what I want to know!" he raged, flicking his match around in the dimness.

"Hey, here's a kerosene lantern!" my mother said excitedly. Above the tin sink, on a shelf, stood a dusty glass lamp half full of cloudy yellow oil.

"OUCH! DAMN IT!" The match had burned down to the old man's thumb. Sound of fumbling and scratching and cursing in the darkness. Finally, another match flared.

"Gimme that lousy lamp."

Juss Come dole

"Never mind what I have in mind. Show her a fur coat!"

He lifted off the black, smoky chimney and applied the match to the wick, turning up the knob on the side as he did so. It sputtered and hissed.

"DON"T BREATHE ON THE MATCH!" he yelled.

At last the wick caught hold and a steady blue-yellow flame lit up the primitive kitchen. We rushed out into the dark and for the next hour lugged wet sacks, bags, blankets, fielders' mitts, all of it, into the kitchen, until at long last the Olds, a ton and a half lighter, shook itself in relief and settled down for a two-week rest.

My mother had been sorting it all out as we dragged it in, carrying blankets and bedding into the little wooden cubicles that flanked the kitchen. When it was all indoors, the old man stripped off his soaked shirt and sprawled out on a lumpy blue kitchen chair.

"Well, here we are." He grinned, water dripping down over his ears. "Boy, am I hungry!"

My mother had already opened a can of Spam. We sat amid the boxes, downing two-inch-thick sandwiches.

"We gotta set the alarm, because we wanna get out real early to fish," announced the old man between bites.

My kid brother was already asleep in the next room.

"If ya wanna get the big ones, ya gotta get up early!" His eyes gleamed brightly in the glow of the kerosene lamp. "They always bite good after a rain. Yessir!"

But it was all back in the garage—my rod, my reel, my father's tackle box, his bobbers, his Secret Gypsy Fish Bait Oil that he had bought from the mail-order catalog.

"But, Dad, don't you remember I told you. . . ." I began miserably.

"So how come I found it on top of the car? I wonder who put all that fishing stuff on top of the car? Hmmmm. . . . I guess somebody must have snuck up and put it on top of the car when you weren't looking."

Ten minutes later, I lay in the dark, ecstatic with relief and expectation, huddled under damp blankets and a musty comforter. The rain roared steadily on the roof—as it would for the next two weeks—and drummed metronomically onto the bare wooden floor beside my bed.

K-thunk . . . K-thunk . . . Plop Plop . . .

The boat called to me from the dark lake. From somewhere out in the woods, something squeaked twice and then was silent. My kid brother tossed and whimpered softly from beneath his pillow; and across the room, my father's low, muttering snores thrummed quietly in the night. We were on vacation.

Sex in Cinema

(continued from page 130)

without the censors' connivance, managed to depict a rape scene in one way or another but that they sought to do it at all. Between the Production Code in this country and the censors' shears all over the world, rape had never been a particularly profitable subject for film makers. Its mere presence in a picture was generally enough to cause the film to be banned altogether from America, or at least to have its distribution severely curtailed. But clearly, this attitude was changing.

Significantly, it was Ingmar Bergman who led the way. His relentless exploration of man in relation to God and woman led him to themes that othersless daring-shunned. Throughout the Sixties, philosophic questions were explored repeatedly in the Bergman filmsand generally in contexts that were specifically and often graphically sexual. Between 1960 and 1962, he wrote and directed three films-chamber plays, he called them-that were designed to study three forms of alienation in modern society. First in this trilogy was the spare, somber Through a Glass Darkly, which, on its surface, depicted an attractive young married woman (Harriet Andersson) going slowly out of her mind. Religiously devout to the point of hysteria, she is unable to return the love of her husband, but experiences a frantic erotic seizure whenever she believes she hears the voice of God. Through a Glass Darkly was followed by the ascetic, almost motionless Winter Light, which, although without a moment of overt eroticism, chronicled the repressed, guilt-ridden relationship between a prim and ineffectual minister and his more-thanwilling schoolteacher mistress (Ingrid Thulin).

Bergman more than compensated for the ascetic quality of this film with the last in his trilogy, The Silence, a picture so filled with erotic tensions and overt sexual activity that the Swedish censors held up its release for many months. The "silence" to which Bergman refers is God's-a God who has withdrawn from the universe, leaving behind an arid wasteland devoid of warmth and love. Into a hotel in a strange city in a totalitarian east-European state come two attractive sisters and the small son of the younger one. We learn that the girls have had a Lesbian relationship, that it is ending and that Ester, the older sister, is reluctant to let this happen. But Ester has had a breakdown while the three were traveling together and now is virtually a prisoner in her hotel bedroom; while Anna, the more passionate of the two, is free to roam the dark streets of the silent city. At a movie house-inflamed by the sight of a couple copulating in a nearby seat-she picks up a man and brings him to her hotel, where the two proceed to make prolonged and passion-



"I love you, too, Ralph, but is it fair to bring children into water like this?"

ate love, with her son and her sister as interested onlookers. After a vituperative showdown, in the course of which Anna makes it clear that she had submitted to Ester's passion solely to keep Ester from telling their father about her other affairs, Anna and the child pack for home, leaving the older woman presumably to waste away in an alien land where she knows not one word of the language.

Quite apart from the eroticism implicit in this theme-which Bergman refrained from playing up sensationally-The Silence yields an unusually high quotient of sex-charged scenes. Beyond mere nudity, however, the film includes glimpses of perverse sexuality that were then rare even in the Swedish cinema, such as Ester's graphic acts of autoeroticism, Anna's lascivious squirming in the theater to attract the attention of her male neighbor and Ester's extraordinary gesture when, after confessing her hatred of sex and "male glands," she wipes her hand over her sweating breasts and brings it to her lips. Unfortunately, as so often happens, censorial outcries placed undue emphasis on the sexual details in the film, thus drawing attention away from Bergman's underlying theme: the delineation of an amoral and godless universe. Also unfortunately, the ground broken by Bergman to achieve his moral purpose was soon being plowed by others of somewhat less lofty intent.

The Silence had hardly survived its bout with the Swedish censor board (which is specifically forbidden to make cuts in any film of substantial artistic merit) when that august body banned completely Vilgot Sjöman's 491 for dealing far too graphically with a band of teenaged delinquents. Included in the picture were scenes of homosexual seduction, a shipboard sequence in which a prostitute is cruelly and abnormally abused by some

sailors and shots of a teenaged prostitute's dalliance with a large police dog. After considerable debate, which went all the way to the Swedish parliament, 491 was finally passed with four cuts and the occasional blurring of the sound track. Promptly and predictably, it then ran afoul of the U.S. Customs Bureau and its private coterie of censors. Although eventually cleared after appeals to the higher courts, the film only recently has begun to be shown publicly in this country. As Sjöman noted after his battle to show 491 in public, "The censorship board is working after some very strange rules, judging films by an Ingmar Bergman from one moral ground and films by other directors on different grounds. What Bergman shows is 'great art,' but if another director shows the same thing, it seems to be pornography."

It is questionable if 491, or any of its successors, could ever have been shown in the United States had it not been for a film produced in 1960 in neighboring Denmark-Johan Jacobsen's controversial A Stranger Knocks. The controversy had nothing to do with the film's artistic aspirations, which were modest; nor was the time-honored accusation of "excessive nudity" leveled against it. There was none. (Indeed, several critics complained that in its crucial scene, when in the midst of intercourse the heroine discovers that her lover is actually her husband's murderer, both participants were fully clothed-a condition as difficult as it is unlikely.) On the other hand. their sexual encounter was depicted in toto-largely as reflected in the expressive features of lovely Birgitte Federspiel, who warms from passivity to passion and then, at the moment of ecstasy, cries out in agony at the shock of recognition. Because the scene was the film's dramatic 181 as well as sexual climax, integral to the plot rather than a mere amatory interlude, it obviously defied excision. Not until 1963, when U.S. censorship had begun to relax, did the picture receive limited distribution here, with New York State the primary holdout. The situation was ultimately resolved in March of 1965, when a U.S. Supreme Court ruling not only decreed that A Stranger Knocks could be shown uncut in New York but simultaneously knocked out the entire legal basis for New York's censor board.

Because of New York's strategic position as the center of both exhibition and distribution for foreign films, the removal of censor controls within that state had an immediate effect on art houses across the nation. Indeed, unless, as in the currently disputed I Am Curious-Yellow, the film maker happens to include shots that unblushingly reveal the sex organs in intercourse (which might result in police action on charges of pornography), there is now almost nothing that cannot be shown. The Swedish cinema, which had already gained considerable notoriety as the most sexually uninhibited in Europe, swiftly consolidated its position with the release of Dear John, depicting in graphic detail the 48hour love affair between a middle-aged barge captain (Jarl Kulle) and a pert waitress (Christina Schollin) in a small waterfront café. Told in the fashionable, out-of-sequence style introduced by Bergman and Alain Resnais, much of the story is narrated from the vantage point of the couple enjoying themselves in bed, with the dialog possibly even more candid than the shots themselves. ("Are you washing off Thomas?" the girl calls to the captain after they have had intercourse.)

Even more notorious, thanks to the vociferous efforts of Shirley Temple Black to have it barred from the 1966 San Francisco Film Festival, was Mai Zetterling's Bergmanesque Night Games, which sought out the reasons for a young man's inhibitions in his boyhood relationship with his beautiful, morally depraved mother (Ingrid Thulin). The memories stirred by a visit with his fiancée to the family manse include an orgy at the height of which the mother, in full view of the boy and her assembled guests, gives birth to a stillborn child; and a bedtime interlude in which, while the mother reads to him, he masturbates under the coversuntil she suddenly pulls the covers away. In addition to autoeroticism and Oedipal impulses, Night Games also manages to touch upon necrophilia, homosexuality and several forms of sadomasochism before the son finally blows up his old house and frees himself forever from the influence of it and his mother.

Less publicized than Night Games, but even more erotic, was Vilgot Sjöman's production of My Sister, My Love, with its theme of incestuous love between blonde Bibi Andersson and brother Per 182 Oscarsson. Set in the late 18th Century, it tells of a young nobleman who returns home to find his adored sister on the verge of a loveless marriage. The film is extraordinary for the lyricism of its love passages between the brother and the sister, for its attempts to suggest that incest can be "pure" if motivated by deeply felt emotion-and for a ribald sequence in which the brother, drunk on his sister's wedding night, dallies with three enormous whores.

The eroticism in Ingmar Bergman's recent film, Persona, is less overt but equally aberrant-and pervasive. Some critics have chosen to interpret its story of the merging identities of a disturbed actress and a seemingly guileless nurse as a study in Lesbianism. But the nurse (superbly played by Bibi Andersson) has had a fairly active and thoroughly heterosexual love life before moving into the seaside cottage to care for the mute actress: through flashbacks, we learn of an affair with a married man, of her involvement in a wild orgy on a beach and of a subsequent abortion necessitated by this indiscretion. Actually, what Bergman seems to be saying in this complex and trick-laden film is that all of us are role-playing and that when our pose has been penetrated and our sense of self destroyed, we are left with nothing. Whether the actress succeeds in doing this to her nurse through sexual or psychological means is almost beside the point, and one that Bergman does little to clarify; as is frequently the case in his pictures, however, the visual images are suffused with an elusive eroticism that is all the more disturbing because it is left so undefined.

The sexuality in the films of young Jörn Donner, all starring Harriet Andersson, is far more forthright. Set to restlessly modern jazz scores by Bo Nilsson, each features the restlessly modern Miss Andersson provocatively poised on the horns of a thoroughly modern sexual dilemma, Donner, who has been enjoying considerable success on the film-festival circuit, sees to it that none of her sexual problems is ever satisfactorily resolved in any of his modish movies-and that Miss Andersson achieves maximum exposure

Like Donner, the new generation of Swedish film makers seems to be pushing both sex and nudity to the limit these past few years. Arne Mattsson's The Vicious Circle involves child rape, Lesbianism. masturbation, voyeurism and nude sexual play in its story of a vengeful woman who returns after 20 years to the rooming house in which she had been attacked as a child. The late Lars Gorling's Guilt was notable-even notorious-at the time of its production (1965) for its offhand inclusion of a side view of the man slipping off his shorts before climbing into bed with his lady, briefly exposing his penis. Perhaps for the same reason, mention should be made of Bo

Widerberg's first film, The Pram, the story of an unwed mother who casually explains away her delicate condition by saying. "I left my diaphragm in the pocket of my other coat.'

To date, however, no one has gone farther-and one wonders, from all accounts, if, indeed, there is farther to go -than Vilgot Sjöman with I Am Curious-Yellow. Released in Sweden late in 1967, it promptly ran into difficulties with the Swedish censors, although less for its extensive and explicit sexual activity (which includes shots of the sex act itself) than for its anti-American and anti-Spanish political line; nevertheless, the film was passed without cuts and immediately began playing to crowded houses throughout the country. I Am Curious is presented as a film within a film. On one level, Lena Nyman, playing Sjöman's girlfriend, wins the role of an inquiring reporter in his new movie, then -despite her director's jealousy-begins to fall in love with her leading man (Börje Ahlstedt), even as she was supposed to do in the film itself. On the other level is the film that frames this story -Sjöman's inquiry into contemporary Swedish attitudes. Miss Nyman, with tape recorder, participates in an anti-Vietnam demonstration outside the American embassy, asks draftees why they are not pacifists and interviews tourists returning from Spain on their reactions to Franco's dictatorship. (Her own attitude is made clear when she viciously stabs a portrait of Franco in the eyes-both eyes.) But meanwhile, this inquiring reporter is devoting even more of her time to a married salesman, and the two are constantly slipping out of their clothes whenever and whereever the impulse seizes them-which includes such unlikely places as the branches of an ancient oak, with a religious group looking on: on a balustrade of the Swedish Royal Palace, with the Royal Guards looking on: and in a wide variety of private bedrooms and public parks. The nudity for both male and female is total and the filming of their sexual activity is, as Variety's Swedish correspondent delicately phrased it, "as explicit as one can get in or out of a stag film," including a scene in which the girl kisses Ahlstedt on the penis. Shown intact in Sweden and Denmark, Yellow was cut by the censors of Germany and France before distribution in those countries and is currently the subject of a censorship battle being waged by Grove Press to secure its release in the United States. The Scandinavians, long hung up on matters of sin and expiation, have gone modern with an intensity that few would dare equal, but also in a fashion that suggests they have carefully studied the film styles and tastes of their European contemporaries and the rich potential of the American market.

Nor have Sweden's neighbors, Norway and Denmark, been noticeably hesitant about catching up with the rest of

the world. Although each country produces, at best, fewer than 20 pictures a year, few of which get far beyond their own borders, just one of these-Denmark's A Stranger Knocks-has already, as we noted earlier, had powerful repercussions in this country. Similarly, the Danish Weekend (1963) kicked up a considerable furor when it reached the U.S. Directed by Palle Kjaerulff-Schmidt, it cast a coldly observant eye on the profligate pleasures of middleclass young adults seeking to escape the protective custody of Denmark's brand of state socialism in wholly random sexual experiences and sadistic acts. Despite numerous nude scenes (which prompted a Legion of Decency C rating in this country), the film makes profligacy seem both sordid and tedious-which is undoubtedly precisely what its director intended.

Another Danish offering, Knud Leif Thomsen's Venom approaches with a stolid solemnity its somewhat offbeat subject of a young pornographer who moves in with a respectable middle-class family. Before long he is not only flirting with the wife but sleeping with the daughter and starring her in his pornographic movies. When the father finally discovers this, he beats him up and throws him out of the house, along with his cameras and his reels of film; but, undaunted, the pornographer picks himself up and-symbolically-begins ringing the front doorbell as the film ends. Once the bars of "decency" have been let down, Thomsen seems to be saying, they can never be put back in place. For all his pompous moralizing, however, Thomsen is clearly not averse to letting down a few bars of his own. The young director incorporated into his film a few feet from an actual stag reel-probably the first time such footage was ever shown in a picture intended for public distribution; but when the film was presented in the U.S. and on the Continent, since the sequence was too intrinsic for outright excision, a white X appeared, printed over the offending frames.

Perhaps the most successful of these Scandinavian sexpotboilers, at least in the United States, was the Danish-Swedish coproduction I, a Woman, with the well-endowed Essy Persson as a neurotic nymphomaniac who feels compelled to prove her womanhood at least once in every reel. Despite a certain repetitiousness of plot, Miss Persson's recurrent exposures netted her American distributor over \$3,000,000, and inevitably prepared the way for a sequel (as well as inspiring the title for Andy Warhol's I, a Man).

Norway, with even fewer films to her credit, also has a number of young directors who seem prepared to go the sexploitation route. Typical is The Passionate Demons, produced in 1961. Its story, both naïve and familiar, deals with an errant son who, while hating his father, is quite willing to accept money



"It's hard to believe you grew them from two tiny bulbs."

from him in order to continue an affair with his girlfriend. Spiced with nude sequences, the film was cut by four minutes before the censors allowed it to be shown in the United States.

Similarly, as Germany moved into the Sixties, its producers became increasingly aware of the overseas box-office boost attainable by the injection of a little sex into their pictures, a maneuver best demonstrated to them by the international success in the late Fifties of Rolf Thiele's Rosemary, based on the actual murder of a well-known callgirl. Typical of the sex-oriented films of the early Sixties in Germany was Ordered to Love, a dramatization of life in the notorious Nazi breeding camps set up by Hitler to create an Aryan master race through the scientific mating of pure-bred German girls with Wehrmacht and SS officers.

Despite its high quotient of aberrant eroticism, the German studios experienced considerable funancial difficulties throughout the Sixties. On the one hand, a re-

strictive censorship limited their freedom in choice of theme and, on the other, spiraling costs sent one firm after another either out of business or into the hands of a new film giant, Bertelsmann. Originally a publishing house, Bertelsmann filled the screen with cheap adaptations of updated Edgar Wallace thrillers and pseudo-Westerns based on the works of Karl May, the German Zane Grey, many of them featuring either Stewart Granger or Lex Barker. Exceptions were Rolf Thiele's DM Killer, co-starring sexy Nadja Tiller and the Israeli beauty Daliah Lavi; and his Wälsungenblut, narrating the affair between a brother and a sister, based on a famous Thomas Mann story.

Things were considerably freer, however, in Austria, Germany's neighbor to the south; not only do most of Austria's movies find their major distribution in Germany but many of the leading German film makers began to divide their time between the studios of the two countries. Thus, Rolf Thiele, who is 183

probably Germany's outstanding proponent of sex in cinema, moved to Vienna for his 1962 remake of Wedekind's perennially popular exercise in eroticism, Lulu, with the sloe-eyed Nadja Tiller in the title role as a woman who is ruled by her sexual urges. A notable film when it was first produced in the late Twenties (as Pandora's Box) with America's Louise Brooks as Lulu, the Thiele version degenerated into a series of sexual extravaganzas: Lulu twirling in a peekaboo mininightie while her elderly first husband sweats; Lulu dancing lasciviously to lure the susceptible doctor away from his well-born fiancée; the countess literally crawling on hands and knees for the love of Lulu: and no less inordinate displays of passion proffered by Lulu's odd assortment of male lovers. To make matters worse, Fräulein Tiller played this coldblooded femme fatale with all the intensity of a Hausfrau making her way through a supermarket.

Meanwhile, back in Germany, some of the restraints-and much of the reticence-of local producers to handle such material themselves had begun to disappear by the second half of the Sixties. Thanks to the creation in 1966 of a new. government-sponsored film school in Berlin and the establishment of a Young German Cinema backed by substantial grants to encourage the production of promising scripts, there are signs that a German "New Wave" is now in the process of formation-a wave that, being young, is inclined to take its sex somewhat more seriously than do the oldsters. Outstanding in this group are the brothers Ulrich and Peter Schamoni, both of whom have turned a sharp and critical eve upon social conditions in prosperous West Germany. In It, Ulrich describes the problems that beset an aggressive, rising young real-estate agent who lives in unwedded bliss with a beautiful blonde who has a good job of her own. Life becomes complicated when the girl discovers that she is pregnant. Because neither the girl nor her lover is quite prepared to settle down to middle-class domesticity, she sets off in search of an abortionist. In the course of her quest, she encounters a cross section of contemporary attitudes toward both abortion and unmarried love. It ends with the abortion taken care of, but the situation between the two young people is far from settled. Brother Peter's Close Time for Foxes follows the adventures of several voung bachelors who find themselves forced into restrictive relationships with their ladyfriends and, ultimately, with society at large. In both instances, the point is not that sexy situations are shown, as in the popular German comedies, but that the brothers Schamoni tend to view sex as a cornerstone of the social structure. Ironically, it seems as if the Germans must look to their younger generation to bring maturity to their films.

On the far side of the Iron Curtain, the Sixties brought a similar awakening to the facts of life. Although the Soviet Union still appears to believe, puritanically, that sex is not something one talks about-particularly in the cinema-such satellite nations as Poland, Czechoslovakia and even Romania and Bulgaria apparently feel quite different; and with the lifting of Stalinist repression, their film makers have been exploring hitherto forbidden themes with notable enthusiasm. Perhaps the first such picture to receive any wide distribution in this country was the Polish Knife in the Water (1962), directed by Roman Polanski. In Knife, Polanski's first feature, a discontented wife and her somewhat bored and complacent husband pick up a youthful hitchhiker en route to a lake for a Sunday's sail on his boat; impulsively, the husband invites the boy to accompany them for the day. As the wife stretches languidly on the deck in the briefest of bikinis, the excursion turns into a bitter rivalry between the two males, with the boy's pocketknife-symbolic of virilitythe point of contention between them. Despite the fact that the film contains little nudity and even less lovemaking, it crackles throughout with the electricity of eroticism as the men vie with each other for the wife's approbation. A "lady or the tiger" ending does nothing to relieve the tension.

Until his untimely death in January 1967, the top star of the Polish cinema was stocky Zbigniew Cybulski, identified by his dark spectacles and blackleather jacket, who also made a number of films outside his native land (notably, the Swedish To Love and the French La Poupée). Cybulski was, in a sense, the James Dean of Poland-an unruly, antiauthoritarian figure whose irrepressible individualism always kept him on the outer fringes of society. Typically, in the Polish episode from the internationally produced Love at Twenty, he played a war veteran who is picked up by a pretty coed and brought to her apartment, where she tries to seduce him. Their lovemaking is interrupted by the unexpected arrival of some of her friends; Cybulski gets drunk during the ensuing festivities and the girl, already bored with him, has him thrown out by her steady boyfriend. The Saragossa Manuscript (1964), based on a tale by the 18th Century Polish writer Jan Potocki, forced Cybulski to abandon his glasses, but not his way with the ladies. As an indomitable captain of the Walloon guards during the siege of Saragossa, he finds himself constantly in demand-and by two girls at a time. As Cybulski beds down with them, he is a bit discomfited when they offer him a love potion served in a skull -and even more when, on awakening the following morning, he discovers (prophetically for himself) that he is embracing a skeleton.

Death also cut short the career of Andrzej Munk, one of Poland's most promising directors of the late Fifties, His final film, The Passenger (1961), incomplete at the time of his death, was nevertheless pieced together and, with stills inserted to bridge the missing sequences, put into international release. Much of the story takes place in Auschwitz (the only sequences that Munk had actually filmed) and none of the indignities of concentration-camp life are spared. Those marked for extinction are first forced to strip naked. Women being punished for infractions of the rules are stripped and made to run a vicious gauntlet of the guards; the laggards are beaten to death.

Another notable work is Jerzy Kawalerowicz' Joan of the Angels (1960), based on the 17th Century incident that inspired Aldous Huxley's The Devils of Loudun. The film, changing the locale from France to Poland, depicts a small convent whose nuns have supposedly been possessed by devils. A priest, Father Joseph, is sent to exorcise the demons but is almost turned from his course when Joan, the Mother Superior, in a sudden fit of sexuality, rips her habit and bares a breast to him. It is not devils, of course, but lust that has possessed the nuns; and while, in the end, Mother Joan is able to restrain her impulses, Sister Margaret is less successful and permits herself to be seduced by a roue from the nearby tavern. As the film closes, both women weep together, less for their own loss of grace than for the frailty of the human condition.

Kawalerowicz, although only in his mid-40s, represents an older generation in Polish film making. The international spokesman for the new film makers now emerging from Poland's excellent film school at Lódź is the dynamic, talented Jerzy Skolimowski, a triple-threat writeractor-director in his early 30s. In his first three pictures-Identification Marks: None, Walkover and Barrier-he has not only introduced the freewheeling, freeassociation, Jean-Luc Godard approach to the Polish cinema but has boldly woven his films around the frustrations and restrictions of youth in a totalitarian society. In Skolimowski's most recent effort, Le Départ (1967), which was filmed in Belgium, with substantial French participation, the youthful hero, Jean-Pierre Léaud, is a hairdresser by trade but a racing-car enthusiast by instinct. Gradually he comes to realize, through his relationships with several women, that his mania for speed is, in fact, a cover-up for his sexual frustrations; and the film ends abruptly after a night with his understanding girlfriend relieves him of both. Like his compatriot Polanski, Skolimowski seems to breathe a bit more freely on this side of the Iron Curtain.

With Poland leading the way the film makers in other Soviet-bloc nations have

begun to edge westward themselves. At first, predictably, their pictures remained tinged with large infusions of ideology -as in the Bulgarian Sun and Shadow (1961), in which a Bulgarian boy and a beautiful foreign girl, clad in a brief bikini, meet on a beach by the Black Sea and have their first love affair, darkened only by repeated references to nuclear Armageddon and the need to fight for peace. The love scenes are even bolder in the Hungarian Yes, filmed in 1964; in this one, a man whose pregnant wife had been killed during World War Two finds a new mate, but, haunted by the specter of the Bomb, he insists that she have an abortion when she becomes pregnant. By the mid-Sixties, bared bosoms and even total nudity had become almost as commonplace as in the films of France and Italy.

Of all the Iron Curtain countries, however, none has profited more from this new liberalism than Czechoslovakia. Beginning in 1965, with the huge international success of *The Shop on Main Street*, controls were relaxed sufficiently to permit such youthful directors as Miloš Forman, Věra Chytilová and Jiří Menzel to view their fellow creatures with a wry good humor and critical perception unique in the world today.

Perhaps the best known in the Western world—and wholly typical—is Forman's Loves of a Blonde, in which a

young factory worker allows herself to be seduced by a jazz pianist after a factory-sponsored dance, then turns up at his apartment in Prague expecting him to become her "steady." Although the disrobing in this delightful film is complete. Forman handles their night of love with tact, discretion and humor. Both the girl and the boy are glimpsed repeatedly from the back (especially when he wrestles with a recalcitrant window shade); but when the view is from the front, her arms cover her breasts and his head is nestled in her crotch. After their lovemaking, the girl sneaks somewhat guiltily to the bathroom down the halland spies one of her chums, equally guiltily, scampering back to her own room clad in the overcoat of a soldier she had picked up at the same dance. The cream of Forman's gentle jest, however, is the long sequence that concludes his film as the blonde, waiting in the pianist's home for her inamorato to return from a date, is interrogated by his parents, both of whom are certain that the girl is "in trouble" and want to get their boy off the hook. The counterpoint of their conventional morality, the boy's cavalier selfishness and her unaffected candor and simplicity establishes the girl's essential innocence with touching poignancy.

Perhaps the first step in this new direction was taken by willowy Věra Chytilová, who, in her first feature film,

Another Way of Life (1963), contrasted the emotional emptiness of a famed woman athlete (former world champion Eva Bosáková) with the petty discontents of an attractive middle-class housewife (Věra Uzelacová). While the athlete drives herself through ballet exercises and gymnastics, the bored wife conducts a stealthy, seamy affair with a young stud. Ironically, just as she is about to confess all to her husband, he declares that he wants a divorce in order to marry a girl he has been seeing on the sly. The wife suddenly turns on him, using their child as a weapon, and charges him with heartlessness and deceit. The film's bitter finale shows the family walking dispiritedly through a woods together, a family in name only; while the woman athlete, who has beaten her competition, prepares to train others in the grueling process of becoming professional athletes. Curiously for a Communist film, Another Way of Life holds out little hope for either of its female protagonists.

More recently, in *Daisies* (1967), Chytilová dispatched two bikini-clad teenagers, both of them completely brainless and self-absorbed, into the hedonistically Mod world of Prague's artists and intellectuals, none of whom seem to have anything going for them beyond sex and psychedelics. The Czechs, apparently astonished at their own forthrightness, at first refused to permit the film to be





"When's your birthday, Rigney? November 28th? Fine, that makes it 2811 enemy casualties for the week."

exhibited outside their own country; when it was finally shown here, on a very limited basis, American audiences found its brightly colored images more puzzling than disturbing.

Decidedly closer to American tastes is Jiří Menzel's Academy Award-winning Closely Watched Trains, a black comedy that, like so many Czech films, looks back to the grim days of the Nazi Occupation, but with a singular difference. Whereas in the past the Czechs have concentrated on the horrors and brutality of the period, in this film-at least until its grim finalethe War remains very much in the background. In the foreground is a youth of about 20, impressed by his new uniform as the second assistant stationmaster in a remote whistle stop but unhappy about his bitter inability to make it with the girls. Premature ejaculation is his problem, as attested by an extraordinarily explicit love scene with a compliant conductress. His superior, on the other hand, has no problems at all; in fact, to verify an easy conquest, he rubber-stamps the bare bottom and thighs of his fun-loving secretary with all the available railway insignia-in indelible ink. A compassionate 186 young woman helps the boy discover his manhood after he has attempted suicide in despair; due to complications brought on by an official investigation into the rubber-stamping caper, however, he loses his life the following morning while sabotaging a German supply train. But a ribald humor pervades the film, and so tolerant is the director's easy acceptance of the human condition that the sudden, jolting climax comes as a sobering reminder that death is as much a part of life as its little joys, and that living means enjoying these pleasures as they happen.

Prominent among these pleasures, this new generation of film makers clearly maintains, is the enjoyment of sex. Sex rears its impertinent head increasingly in Czech films. In the wildly erotic dream passages from Markéta Lazarová, a costume drama based on an epic Czech novel by Vladislav Vančura, the statuesque Magda Vašáryová is totally uncostumed as the screen fills with shots of her breasts taken from above and below and, during one long, incredible moment photographed in slow motion, as she strides naked through the fields directly toward the camera lens. In the final section of the triparted Pipes, a take-off on the popular Austrian Tyrol films, the flaxenhaired heroine is seen in bed with her lover while her husband is away on military duty. Suddenly, she pops up, totally nude, and tucks a pillow under her bottom so that she can enjoy her boyfriend more fully. Clearly, Prague is becoming the Paris of eastern Europe.

Or perhaps vice versa; for meanwhile, back in France, De Gaulle's increasingly puritanical regime has been putting the clamps ever more firmly on French film makers. Throughout the Sixties, French directors have complained not only that their government is intent on limiting the political content of their films (particularly with regard to any commentary on the Algerian situation) but that it will crack down suddenly and unpredictably on pictures it considers inimical in any way to contemporary French institutions, including the Catholic Church. One film by Jean-Luc Godard, The Married Woman, actually had snipped from it a shot of one of the best known of all French institutions-a bidet (unoccupied).

Symptomatic was the government ban in 1966 on Jacques Rivettes' Suzanne Simonin, La Religieuse de Diderot, based on an 18th Century novel by the French philosopher Diderot. The film tells of a nun, Suzanne (Anna Karina), who, incarcerated in a convent by her family, revolts against the harshness of monastic life, although she is herself deeply religious. Transferred to a more worldly convent, she stirs the Lesbian desires of her Mother Superior (Liselotte Pulver) and is forced to flee again. Now friendless and alone, the girl is taken in by a procuress, who promptly introduces her to the corruption of the outside world. In despair, Suzanne commits suicide.

Although the film set forth Diderot's story without undue sensationalism, the Catholic Church began its efforts to have it banned even before shooting was completed; parochial schoolchildren were ordered to write letters protesting the picture, then to take them home to their parents for signatures. Promulgated by French Minister of Information Yvon Bourges-even though the film had twice been passed by the official French censor board-the ban immediately roused the entire French motion-picture industry to an outburst of indignation, accusing the minister of a "misappropriation of power." Director Philippe de Broca, who had just been named a Chevalier of the Order of Arts and Letters, sent back his decorations to De Gaulle in protest; and at a mass meeting in Paris on April 26, some 60 directorsamong them Alain Resnais, Chris Marker and Roger Vadim, as well as such veterans as René Clair and Abel Gance -told how their own films had been mutilated by the censors. To a man, they vowed their intention of boycotting the

imminent Cannes Film Festival if the ban were not lifted; whereupon Minister of Culture André Malraux, in a curiously Gallic form of compromise, permitted La Religieuse to represent France at the Cannes Film Festival but refused to let it be shown anywhere else in the world. Not until two years later was this ukase finally rescinded.

French censorship, as might almost be expected, operates differently and more subtly than in any other country. Only rarely, as in the case of La Religieuse, is there direct government intervention-and for good reason. Established as far back as 1916, censorship began functioning essentially through a government-appointed Commission de Contrôle, which exercises its contrôle at virtually every step of a film's production. To obtain a shooting permit, the producer must first submit his script to the chairman of the Commission-ostensibly to save himself money, in case any aspect of his picture later proves censorable. After the film is completed, it must then be screened for the Commission to receive a visa de contrôle, without which no picture may be publicly exhibited in France. At the Commission's discretion, the producer may then receive any one of six different forms of visa-permission to show as is, with cuts, forbidden to children under 13, 16 or 18, and forbidden for export. Because the Commission has traditionally been manned by a preponderance of bureaucratic petits fonctionnaires rather than by industry people, it is understandably more sensitive to political than to anatomical references. As Roger Vadim observed, "The only kind of movie that won't have censor trouble here is a sex movie."

Although nudity has always been permitted in the French cinema, not until the late Fifties, with the emergence of Brigitte Bardot, did the emphasis seem quite so obsessive. By the early Sixties, however, the BB boom was pretty much over-partially because the international market had been glutted by the belated release of many of her pre-And God Created Woman movies, none of which was precisely a masterpiece; and partially because as her star status increased, she revealed less and less of the lissome frame that had catapulted her to stardom in the first place. In Viva Maria, one of her latest epics, for example, she and co-star Jeanne Moreau cavort through a Central American revolution as 19th Century showgirls, both of them clad from their trim ankles to their pretty chins in the voluminous costumes of the period. No matter; waiting in the wings was a new take-over generation of shapely young French actresses wholeheartedly willing to reveal whatever was required for art and profit.

Many of these new sexpots made

their mark in films that purported to offer both before- and behind-the-scenes glimpses of the wicked night life of gay Paree. Also in this category were a considerable number of pictures that corresponded closely to the American sexploitation films; indeed, clumsily dubbed, many of them make the same rounds. Typical of this genre is Daniella by Night, in which, among other divertissements, Elke Sommer is stripped on stage by enemy agents in search of some microfilm that she has secreted on her person. Miss Sommer stripped again for Sweet Ecstasy, this time when she was sent by her cynical lover to seduce a rich newcomer to the pleasures of the Riviera. Perhaps the best known of these films in the United States, if only because of the numerous censor actions initiated against it, is the melodramatic Sexus, in which a girl is kidnaped for ransom, falls in love with one of the gang, who saves her from being raped by another member of the gang and finally returns her safely to her family-with acres of irrelevant nudity and a touch of Lesbianism tossed in for good measure.

What is perhaps more surprising is

the fact that many of the leading French directors lent their talents to the production of exploitation-type films during the early Sixties-a fact that can best be explained by the ever-recurrent crises in the French motion-picture industry. If a director, no matter what his reputation, wanted to work, he had to work on something indisputably "commercial." Thus, the veteran Henri Decoin, in 1960, made Tendre et Violente Elisabeth, with its multitude of bared bosoms and fairly explicit love scenes. Claude Chabrol, whose The Cousins had done much to initiate the New Wave in France, found himself reduced in 1960 to directing Les Bonnes Femmes, a story of four girls adrift in Paris. Including the inevitable striptease sequence, it was a virtual dossier of sexual quirks and perversions-the most notable of which was a woman's fetishistic attachment to a handkerchief dipped in the blood of a guillotined sadist.

On the other hand, many of the French films of this period that were quite seriously motivated also contained more than the ordinary degree of shock value. Perhaps foremost among these



"Mini, midi, maxi, moe. . . ."

was Serge Bourguignon's poetic, meticulously photographed Sundays and Cybèle, with its unconventional story of a young aviator, his mind partially blacked out by his war experiences, who befriends a remarkably Lolitalike child in a convent school. Was there a sexual relationship between the two? Bourguignon hints with a great many symbols that there might well have been-while at the same time making it quite explicit that the man has been sharing the bed of a compassionate nurse. Similarly, in Jean Delannoy's This Special Friendship, based on a well-known novel by Roger Peyrefitte, there is a suggestion of homosexual love between two boys at a Jesuit school. As in the case of La Religieuse, there was considerable Catholic pressure to have the film suppressed; but because its makers had refrained from any specific revelation of homosexual activity, the censors had no basis for banning it.

Sex relationships were no less central to the films, generally low-budgeted, of such New Wave stalwarts as François Truffaut, Alain Resnais and the protean Jean-Luc Godard, in almost all of which the sex life of the principals was prominently featured, if not indeed central to the plot. Truffaut, who achieved international success with his first feature, the autobiographical The 400 Blows in 1959, quickly consolidated his position in 1961 with the release of his offbeat and original Jules and Jim. The story of an unconventional ménage à trois in the years of World War One, it co-starred the darling of all New Wave directors, dark-eyed Jeanne Moreau, with Oskar Werner as Jules and Henri Serre as Jim, the men who share her affections. In this film, Truffaut created a fascinating study of neurotic love and selfless friendship, all the more striking because of the many facets in Jeanne Moreau's portrait of the passionate, amoral, castrating Catherine. In Last Year at Marienbad (1961), Alain Resnais, the oldest of the New Wavers, ventured into the future tense to create a cool, enigmatic study of a love triangle played against the rich background of a fashionable European spa. Is the mysterious M the husband of the hauntingly beautiful Delphine Seyrig? Did Giorgio Albertazzi actually have an affair with her last year at Marienbad and gain her promise to meet again? And was it truly an affair, or was it rape? Resnais offers no answers to these or any of the other questions raised by his picture; in what was soon to become a convention of the contemporary avant-garde film, he left it to the audience to find its own solutions-or merely to enjoy the opulent mosaic of marvelously decorative images that he provided.

In La Guerre Est Finie (1966), Resnais 188 revealed again his obsession with rime; but in this story of a middle-aged expatriate Spanish Communist living in Paris, wavering in his commitment to continue the struggle against Franco's regime, time is primarily a thing remembered but not shown. Symbolic of the man's political indecision is the choice he must make between his patient mistress for the past seven years (Ingrid Thulin), who wants him to quit the movement, and an attractive, starryeyed student (Geneviève Bujold), who finds his revolutionary activities enormously exciting. As he makes up his mind, the film pays considerable attention to his amatory activities, particularly in a strikingly photographed, skillfully fragmented sequence in which the young girl makes passionate love to the older man.

Unquestionably, the most persistently erotic of this generation of film makers is the oft-married Roger Vadim, who seems to have built a career on his ability to persuade his beautiful wives to undress for his sexy movies. After writing and directing several films for Brigitte Bardot in the Fifties, he moved on to the blonde, Scandinavian-born Annette Stroyberg for the perverse Les Liaisons Dangereuses. A few years later, now married to Jane Fonda, he directed her in The Game Is Over, an updated version of Emile Zola's La Curée, in which she plays the bored young wife of an elderly industrialist. To keep herself amused, she seduces his son by a former marriage, a boy about her own age. Working in Paris, Miss Fonda revealed more epidermis to the obliging color cameras than any American star since the days of Annette Kellerman, including a wellpublicized nude bathing sequence and a sauna scene in which she was clad in nothing but steam. According to advance stills (previewed in PLAYBOY in March 1968), her wardrobe is little more substantial in Vadim's futuristic Barbarella, in which he cast Jane as France's pop-art comic-strip heroine. No favorite of the French critics, Vadim works with style but little taste, and his story sense seems limited to an awareness of what will titillate the public and irritate the authorities; yet for all his perverseness, his films have a palpable sensuality-and no one can challenge his ability to make his comely heroines look at once glamorous, delectable-and attainable.

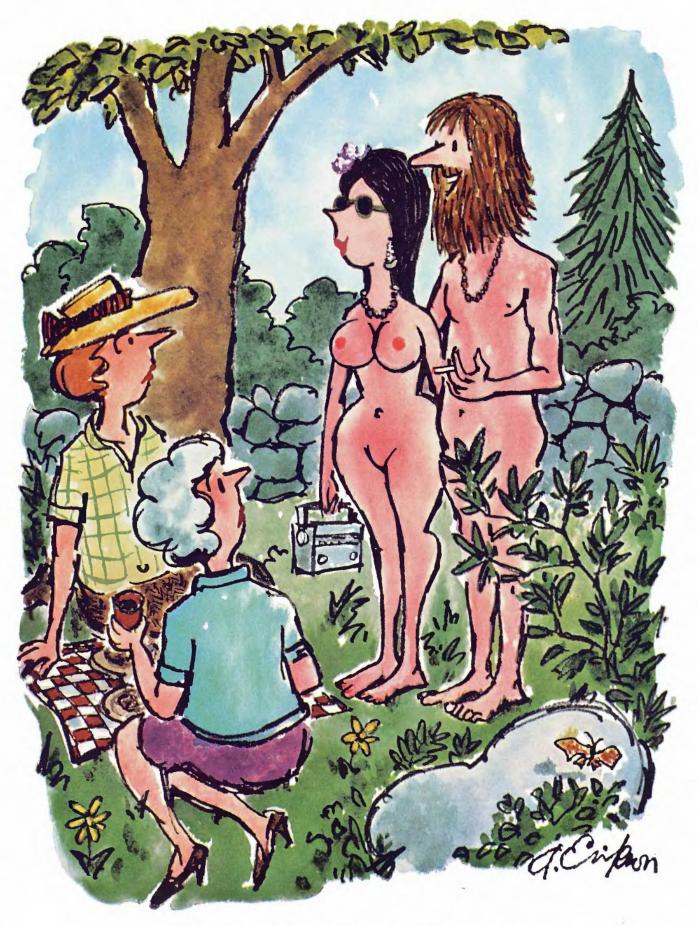
If Vadim is the most sensual of New Wave directors, Jean-Luc Godard is the most prolific; since his feature-film debut with Breathless in 1959 (first seen by U.S. audiences in 1961), he has directed some 14 feature films, plus sequences in five more omnibus-type movies. And, like Vadim, he habitually cast his own wife (as long as the marriage lasted) in his films-the wide-eyed, wide-mouthed Anna Karina. Godard is a

film polemicist, and his pictures, hastily shot, unconventionally assembled, often seem like pamphlets in which he machineguns his views on everything, from France's Algerian crisis to the rootless, fruitless quest to comprehend-and convey-the life style and values of the Mod generation. Masculine Feminine, for example, includes long passages in which Paul, Madeleine and Elisabeth, his youthful protagonists, discuss sex either with one another or into a tape recorder. In The Married Woman, a rather ordinary triangle-husband, lover, pregnant wife, and which man is the father?is developed into a philosophical inquiry exploring the role of woman in modern society. His conclusion: She is an object, a thing, a sexual toy for both her husband and her lover. Indeed, as critic Richard Roud has pointed out, in his films Godard tends to view marriage "as a kind of legalized prostitution or, as Kant put it, a contract assuring the signatories the exclusive use of each other's sexual organs."

Actually, prostitution in its several forms is almost an obsession with Godard; it recurs incessantly throughout his pictures. In Alphaville, Godard's grim fantasy of a neon-lit world of the future, the women are slaves of the state, their bodies at the service of their government. The heroine (Anna Karina) is a kind of secret weapon dispatched by the unseen leaders to prevent, with sex and tranquilizers, the interloping detective Lemmy Caution (Eddie Constantine) from discovering their secrets. More recently, in Godard's Deux ou Trois Choses que Je Sais d'Elle, the beautiful Marina Vlady plays a housewife living in one of the new high-rise apartment complexes just outside of Paris. In order to make ends meet for herself, her husband and her two children, she slips into part-time prostitution-a practice, incidentally, that is rapidly mounting to scandal proportions in De Gaulle's supposedly housecleaned country.

In a larger sense, prostitution is also the theme of Contempt, Godard's one attempt at a big-budget picture, made for, of all people, Joseph E. Levine. It concerns an able writer who sells himself and his talents to a Hollywood producer making a film version of The Odyssey. Although he hopes thereby to impress his wife (Brigitte Bardot) with this unanticipated affluence, just the reverse takes place. Contemptuous of the way in which her husband has turned over his brain to the producer (Jack Palance), she turns over her body to him.

A recent addition to France's everexpanding list of the film auteurs (the title preferred by directors who involve themselves in every aspect of a film's creation, from the original conception to its final form) is the youthful Claude



"The way we figure it, ma'am, if everybody walked around naked, smoked pot and listened to rock 'n' roll, there wouldn't be any more wars!"

Lelouch, who quickly established an international reputation with two stylish and affecting love stories, A Man and a Woman (1966) and Live for Life (1967). Lelouch functioned on these pictures as both director and photographer, thus creating a rare sense of intimacy and spontaneity on the screen-particularly in the delicately handled love passages between Jean-Louis Trintignant and Anouk Aimée in the former and in the extraordinary sense of unleashed, exuberant passion during an African safari in the latter. Like most of his French confreres, Lelouch is not at all reticent about including bed scenes and nudity where they serve his story-but few film makers anywhere can match his ability to convey an aura of eroticism with such a minimum of specific, tastefully chosen details.

The veteran Luis Buñuel, on the other hand, owes his expertise in erotica to his long experience (dating back to the avant-garde in France during the late Twenties) in manipulating Freudian symbols to cinematic advantage. Selfexiled from his native Spain since the advent of Franco, he returned to Spain in 1961 to film the masterful Viridiana, the story of a convent-bred girl who goes to live on the estate of an introverted, fetishistic uncle. Finding a resemblance between the girl and his dead wife, the man has her dress in her aunt's finery, drugs her coffee, then carries her off to bed. Although he partially undresses the girl, exposing her breasts, he

manages to restrain himself from rape. The next morning, however, hoping to keep her from returning to the convent, he pretends that the rape has actually taken place. Panic-stricken, the girl bolts -and the uncle hangs himself in a belated fit of remorse. Joined on the estate by her uncle's illegitimate son and his slatternly mistress, the girl begins to devote herself to good works for the local poor. In a violent finale, these tattered loafers and beggars take over the manor house, provide themselves with a sumptuous banquet (patently designed as a parody of the Last Supper), then attack their benefactress.

Suffused with anticlerical elements, the film was suppressed by the Spanish government-in Spain, and later in France, after the 1961 Cannes Film Festival, where it captured a Grand Prix and flattering distribution offers from all over the world. No less triumphant was Buñuel's arrival in Paris, where, in 1964, he directed what was, for him, a jolly comedy, Diary of a Chambermaid, with sulky-sultry Jeanne Moreau in the title role, playing a Paris-born servant in a country house ruled by a nobleman with a foot fetish but dominated by a fascistminded gamekeeper given to rape and murder. Most recently, also in France, Buñuel completed the perverse and perplexing Belle de Jour, based on Joseph Kessel's harrowing study of a woman who, because the husband she loves is not sufficiently demanding, finds it convenient to install herself in a high-class house of assignation. Buñuel, characteristically, has decorated the basic story with innumerable fetishistic allusions (including a necrophilic suggestion of intercourse in a coffin) and expanded it with dream sequences that illustrate the heroine's pathological need for degradation and shame. As the film progresses, the dreams and reality become nightmarishly intertwined—but through it all, the blonde Catherine Deneuve (whose nom de brothel is Belle de Jour) remains ravishingly, radiantly beautiful.

Currently vying with Jeanne Moreau for the title of best undressed actress on the French screen is the sprightly Mireille Darc, who nonchalantly strolled in the buff through much of Georges Lautner's Galia (while casually having an affair with the husband of a woman she had rescued from the Seine) and repeated much the same performance in the recent Fleur D'Oseille, also for Lautner, as an unwed mother determined to get her share of the loot buried by her deceased gangster boyfriend. The biggest hit in Paris this past spring was Benjamin, in which a naïve young man (Pierre Clémenti) learns about women from such knowledgeable teachers as Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve and Odile Versois, all of whom (and more) literally force themselves upon him. Obviously, the governmental censors have been fairly successful in keeping the French film makers' minds off politics, but sex is too fundamental even for De Gaulle.

In Italy, despite the impact of Luchino Visconti's Rocco and His Brothers at the dawn of the Sixties, the impulse toward neorealismo was rapidly dying away. The Italian film makers were beginning to discover in the drastically changed social climate of their country new material, new themes that they could treat with honesty and insight. No longer did they feel obliged, in the name of neorealism, to turn back to the War years, or even to the tenements and slums, for meaningful statements on the human condition.

The year 1960 might well be regarded as the turning point. Not only did it produce Rocco and His Brothers and Two Women—the impressive last gasps of the old neorealism-it was also the year of L'Avventura and La Dolce Vita, equally impressive harbingers of the new neorealism. Each sought in its own way-L'Avventura austerely and uncompromisingly, La Dolce Vita lustily and flamboyantly-to depict the aimless amorality of contemporary Italy's overprivileged classes: and each succeeded, again in its own way, not only in germinating fresh and widely imitated film forms but in trailblazing liberated new attitudes toward sex on the screen. Without either condemning or condoning, Antonioni and



"Lesson in economic determinism number one. If you get a haircut, I'll raise your allowance twenty dollars a month."

Fellini depicted on film a world they knew exactly as it was-then left it to the viewer to be shocked, outraged,

amused or pitying.

Audiences of La Dolce Vita seemed to partake of all these emotions and more. Fellini himself has spoken of it as "a report on Sodom and Gomorrah, a trip into anguish and despair," but many have found his vivisection of Roman decadents both illuminating and highly moral-particularly since, at the end, the protagonist (Marcello Mastroianni) is fully aware that he has been sucked far too deeply into the sweet life ever to extricate himself again, that he is as much a lost soul as any of the people he has been observing in his three-hour odyssey through a man-made hell. On the other hand, a number of critics chose to view La Dolce Vita as little more than an ambitious exploitation film, pointing in proof to such sequences as Marcello's encounter with a nymphomaniac heiress (Anouk Aimée) who rents a prostitute's bed for their lovemaking; the nightclub scene in which Anita Ekberg disports with an international, interracial crowd of perverts and hangers-on, then romps fully clothed in Trevi Fountain by the dawn's early light; and the concluding orgy in a villa at Fregene, complete with homosexuals, Lesbians, transvestites and a shapely matron who insists on doing a striptease under a fur stole. No doubt these elements helped elevate the film into an international success-but neither is there any doubt, particularly in retrospect, that Fellini had accomplished precisely what he had set out to do: "to take the temperature of a sick society."

The temperature rose a bit higher in 1962, when, again with Anita Ekberg, Fellini contributed a sequence to the multipart Boccaccio '70-a satiric episode in which a portrait of the statuesque Swede, holding a glass of milk, lies sprawled across a gigantic billboard directly opposite the apartment of an anti-vice fanatic. In the man's supercharged imagination, Anita descends from the poster-all 50 feet of her-and begins dancing voluptuously before him in the darkened streets, tempting him to all sorts of unnamable delights. But the pious puritan stands firm, a knight in shining armor, and with his lance he slays the giant sex goddess. When the police find him the following morning, he is clinging to the billboard, completely mad. It is, as Fellini once confided in a Playboy Interview (February 1966), a vast metaphor designed to show "how man's imprisoned appetites can finally burst their bonds and bloat into an erotic fantasy that comes to life, takes possession of its creator and ultimately devours him." Plainly, Fellini had no great affection for the censorial mentality.

After these two films, Fellini turned



"My turn to sleep in the upper."

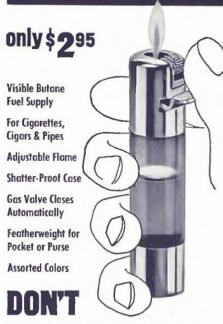
autobiographical, delineating in 81/2 the identity crisis of a director empty of ideas for his next movie; and in Juliet of the Spirits, his ambiguous and ambivalent relationship with his own wife, actress Giulietta Masina, who played the title role. 81/2 (the title merely indicates this film's numerical position among Fellini opera) opens with Mastroianni, the director, in the throes of a nervous breakdown. Production on his next picture has already started, but he doesn't even have a script. He retires to a spa, where, in addition to his producer and writer, he is soon joined by his mistress, hopeful for a role in the film, and, soon after that, by his wife. To complicate his life still further, there is a marvelous, dreamlike girl at the spa (Claudia Cardinale), who, like a little waitress he befriended in La Dolce Vita, seems to represent everything that is healthy and unobtainable for him. Nevertheless, he makes love with her in fantasy-and with his sleazy mistress in fact. With his wife (Anouk Aimée), he seems always on the verge of a reconciliation but never quite able to make it.

The film's most remarkable sequence is again a fantasy, set in a stone farmhouse, where the director cohabits with all his past loves-including the huge, painted prostitute who introduced him to sex when he was a boy of ten. All live together in apparent harmony, their one object being to serve him. They also know, however, that their handsome Don Juan in his black Stetson and white, togalike sheet may turn at any moment

into a heartless Marquis de Sade, who, bullwhip in hand, will drive them up into the attic when they have ceased to please him. As a consequence, despite his efforts to maintain order, the women are soon jealously scratching at each other's eyes and pulling at each other's hair, each frantic to be the one who will win his favor. By the end of the film, after thus reviewing his entire life, the director has come to realize that the time for such role playing is past, that only when he has accepted for what they really are all the people who have had a part in shaping his life can he begin to function again as a whole man. 81/2 closes as all join hands and circle round the scaffoldings of the set for his new picture.

Juliet of the Spirits travels even farther into fantasyland, although this time the fantasies are those of the wife of a successful businessman who is beginning to realize that she is no longer loved, that, in fact, her husband has found another woman. On the advice of some friends. Juliet begins to dabble in spiritualism and learns that what she lacks is the glamor of her mother, the sophistication of her sisters and the sexuality of the other ladies of her social set, a particularly catty lot. She draws closer to her bizarre neighbor (buxom Sandra Milo), whose life is a constant round of psychedelic parties with hedonistic young men, but finds herself-because of her "spirits"-unable to participate in their pleasures with any real enthusiasm. Finally, as her husband packs to leave forever, she dismisses all 191





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PLAYBOY's Best to You can be found on pages 53 and 67. A world of pleasure owoits you there. the spirits she has accumulated, resolving to face the future on her own. Despite his rather pat plotting and shallow understanding of female psychology, Fellini turned much of his Juliet into what is, visually at least, his most satisfying film. Abetted by Gianni Di Venanzo's extraordinarily lush color photography, it is opulent, intriguing and, in such moments as Juliet's encounters with her neighbor's amorous friends, surrealistically erotic.

At the opposite end of the sensual spectrum, yet curiously related, are the films of Michelangelo Antonioni-particularly the trilogy that embraces L'Avventura, La Notte and L'Eclisse (Eclipse, the only one of the three that is generally known here by its English title). Like Fellini, Antonioni exposes the distorted values and twisted interpersonal relationships of the Italian aristocracy and upper middle classes; but where Fellini seems to plunge himself into their decadent world, Antonioni remains on the outside of it, a cool, detached, even ascetic observer. Too much so for some critics' taste; he depicts noninvolvement by not getting involved and, as critic Pauline Kael has remarked, "complains of dehumanization in a dehumanized way."

Antonioni's style and approach are perhaps most clearly visible in L'Avventura, the first of the trilogy. As it starts, a yachting party is being formed by a group of gilded youths and jaded older folks. It includes Sandro, a dissolute architect who has long since "sold out"; Anna, an heiress with whom he has been having a not-too-satisfactory affair; and Claudia (Monica Vitti), who is Anna's best friend. In the course of the day, while the group is exploring a small, rocky island, Anna disappears. The party searches, the police are sent for, but there is no trace of the girl. After a night on the island, the others are prepared to call off the search; but Sandro and Claudia persist, following up tenuous clues on the mainland. Meanwhile, Sandro finds himself drawn to Claudia and, despite some sense of disloyalty to her friend, she to him. They make love in an open field while a train rushes by just a few yards away. (This scene was drastically abbreviated in the American version.) The memory of Anna recedes farther and farther from their consciousness as they check into a luxury hotel, where a party is already in progress, with all of the yachting guests present-none of whom even inquires about the missing girl. Claudia, now certain that she is in love with Sandro, falls into an exhausted sleep; but Sandro, having put the girl to bed, slips off to join the party. Early next morning, finding Sandro missing, Claudia searches for him through the empty corridors of the hotel-and discovers him on a

couch in one of the public rooms drunkenly caressing the naked breasts of a callgirl. Horrified and disillusioned, she runs off, but seeks him out later as he sits alone in a small park, ashamed at his own weakness. With a small gesture, Claudia indicates that all is not over between them. She may no longer love him, but she does feel pity.

It is typical of Antonioni that he does not ask us to participate in all this, merely to observe: he has referred to the film as "a demonstration." Thus, early in the picture, when Anna stops off for a "quickie" with her lover before their departure for the yacht, much of the scene is played with the camera trained on Claudia, waiting in the car below. Characters are quite literally kept at a distance by Antonioni's penchant for extreme long shots-even when he is showing them at their most intimate moments. As a result, there is more than an ordinary amount of "atmosphere" in an Antonioni film, and his backgrounds, always impeccably chosen, assume an importance of their own. Great, drear landscapes reflect the spiritual emptiness of his characters throughout much of L'Avventura; and at the hotel, a large painting of a girl offering her breasts to a starving man through the bars of a prison cell makes an ironic commentary on the indolent, self-indulgent crowd that throngs be-

La Notte, much of which takes place at a drunken all-night party populated by frustrated intellectuals and sexual athletes, most closely resembles Fellini's La Dolce Vita. Once again, however, Antonioni's curious remoteness, his unwillingness to become involved-or to permit his audiences to become involved -in the emotional lives of his characters. removes all possibility of the sort of empathic titillation that a Fellini film provides. This is signaled early in the picture, when Giovanni (again, Marcello Mastroianni), a successful writer whose ten-year marriage is on the verge of breaking up, is accosted in a hospital corridor by an obviously deranged nymphomaniac. She lures him, only slightly reluctant, into her room, kicks shut the door and leaps upon him in a sexual frenzy. But just as Giovanni begins to respond to her advances, a doctor and two nurses burst into the room, seize the girl and carry her forcibly to the bed, where she continues to writhe lasciviously. Whatever erotic juices the scene may have begun to generate are abruptly drained by its bizarre, frustrating and (for Giovanni) embarrassing conclusion. Similarly, at the film's finale, when, after a long night in which both Giovanni and his wife (Jeanne Morcau) have sought unsuccessfully for new love partners and now attempt to rekindle their

lost passion in one last, frantic coupling, Antonioni plays the scene in a single long shot showing the two in a sand trap on a deserted golf course in the grayness just before dawn. Nothing could have been more artfully devised to remove from their carnal grappling any real sense of eroticism or to suggest more effectively the emotional desert that lies ahead for these two. Even when Antonioni shows nudity—as in his shots of *Mile*. Moreau in her bath—the effect is totally hygienic and desexualized.

This technique of desexualization also accounts for the somewhat surrealistic quality of Antonioni's most recent film, Blow-Up, which he made in England for MGM. An account of an unsettling 24 hours in the life of a young fashion photographer (David Hemmings), the picture-it is difficult to call it a story-is set in "swinging" London, where Antonioni's antihero plucks his way through a covey of gaudily plumaged birds. When he makes love, however, it is often with his camera; during a photographic session, his movements and commands seem to rouse his writhing, half-nude model to a sexual climax—whereupon he quickly steps back, turns his camera over to an assistant and abruptly leaves the studio. Later, while photographing in a park, he trains his camera on a pair of lovers. The girl (Vanessa Redgrave) demands the roll of film; when he refuses to surrender it, she follows him to his apartment, strips off her blouse (keeping her bared back to the camera) and offers herself in exchange for it. Suspicious about the girl's persistence, Hemmings proceeds to make blowups from the strip of film and discovers what appears to be a murder. He is constantly diverted from his efforts to get to the bottom of the mystery, however-by a pair of teenaged girls who want to become models, by a visit to a Soho discothèque and by an interlude at a posh pot party where all the guests are turned on in every possible way.

Just as the disappearance of Anna goes unsolved in L'Avventura, Antonioni makes no attempt to explain the murder in Blow-Up; it served merely to jolt the photographer into a new awareness of himself-and audiences into a new awareness of the dehumanized and decadent values of Mod society. Contributing importantly to this is Antonioni's cold and impersonal handling of the erotic elements in his picture-Vanessa Redgrave's brazen use of her body to get what she wants from the photographer, the almost casual inclusion of a girl who may be the photographer's wife sleeping with his assistant and the now-famous naked tussle on purple studio paper between Hemmings and the two would-be models (in which, for the first time in any film released by a

major American company, pubic hair was momentarily visible on the screen).

Luchino Visconti was another who departed from the straight-and-narrow road of neorealism to report upon the fleshier, flashier aspects of low life in Italian high society-with perhaps a bit more authenticity than his confreres, since he is himself the scion of an aristocratic family. From his stern, brutal depiction of slum life in Rocco and His Brothers, Visconti turned abruptly to a sophisticated, novelettish, slightly naughty little episode for Carlo Ponti's Boccaccio '70. Titled The Job, it tells of a young wife (Romy Schneider) who discovers that her husband has been dallying with \$1000-a-night callgirls and decides on an unusual revenge. Since she controls his money and has already made a bet with her father that she can support herself for an entire year, Romy informs her husband that if in the future he should feel the need for female companionship, he can come to her-at the customary fee. Playing many of her scenes in the nude, Fräulein Schneider makes a story that might have been sordid quite delectable, indeed.

In Sandra, Visconti undertook a modern rendering of the Electra theme. Returning with her American husband to her villa in Tuscany, Sandra (played by the sensuous Claudia Cardinale) begins to suspect that her mother had betrayed her father,

a Jewish scientist, to the Nazis during the War, in order to marry her lover. She also has to contend with her younger brother's incestuous designs upon her; when she rejects him, he kills himself. Although nothing much happens as a result of all this in strictly dramatic terms. Visconti contrived to surround his characters with an aura of throbbing eroticism that was often more palpable than in many films that frankly set out to be daringly sexy. Like Antonioni, Visconti seemed, in Sandra, to be viewing society as a structure of manners, with his own attitude toward it left intentionally ambiguous.

In quite another vein, the Italians early in the Sixties began to discover that sex, when handled strictly for laughs, could be both popular and profitable. Perhaps the film that best demonstrated this fact was Pietro Germi's black comedy Divorce-Italian Style (1961), with the indefatigable Marcello Mastroianni as a baron who has hit upon an ingenious plan to rid himself of his hirsute wife and marry his pretty 16year-old cousin. In Italy, it seems, a man can kill with relative impunity a mate who has dishonored him. The baron's only problem is to find someone who might conceivably be interested in his frowzy spouse, then to prod her into what the law might conceivably regard as a compromising situation. He finally



"What are you waiting for? Turn on the old personality!"

succeeds in his ignoble aim—only to be cuckolded by his bride on their honeymoon cruise.

Germi proved that his stylishly sexy comedy was no mere flash in the pan with such subsequent works as Seduced and Abandoned and The Birds, the Bees and the Italians, both of which cast an exceedingly roguish eye on Italian mating habits. In the former, a pretty Sicilian girl (the sultry Stefania Sandrelli) is in the unfortunate situation described by the title. Both she and her father become understandably indignant when her seducer refuses to marry her because, as he puts it, "She is not of good character." The latter film, pro-duced in 1966, is no less amusing: but underlying Germi's barbed characterizations of small-town bourgeoisie, one can sense an indignation that is absent from the earlier comedies. The first of the film's three stories concerns the town doctor, a man who derives considerable amusement from his friend Toni's self-confessed impotence-until he discovers that this was simply a ploy to reach the doctor's young and attractive wife. In the final tale, Rabelaisian in its humor, a buxom peasant girl arrives in the town to do some shopping and finds the impressionable shopkeepers delighted to load her with merchandise in return for her favors. Pleased with her "bargains," she informs her father of her good fortune, whereupon he storms into town and charges several of its leading businessmen with statutory rape and threatens them with legal action. To buy him off, they take up a healthy collection and offer it to him-then charge the man with perjury after he changes his testimony at their behest. Their honor has been saved.

It is the middle story, however, that most clearly points up Germi's growing disaffection for the moral hypocrisy of his countrymen. In it, a mild, middleaged bank clerk, married to a harridan, falls madly in love with Virna Lisi, the beautiful cashier in a coffee bar. Gradually, she comes to return his affection. To the consternation of all the solid citizens of the town, he makes no attempt to conceal either his passion or his happiness. Consequently, they turn against him, have the girl fired and ultimately arrange to have the two arrested for adultery. The girl leaves town, the man attempts suicide and is confined in a mental institution until adjudged "sane" -which means simply that he is willing to return to the routine horrors of his job and his family. Never before has a comedy made a more coruscating commentary on small towns and small minds.

In the modern manner, Germi is not at all averse to blending moments of incidental nudity into his comic dramas, For many Italian directors, however, nudity is increasingly becoming the fo-194 cus of their attention, with the plots of their pictures merely incidental to introducing and excusing it. Typical was The Empty Canvas, which, although based on a novel by Alberto Moravia, stripped away its broader social significance to dwell on the jealous passion of a young artist (Horst Buchholz) for a promiscuous, beautiful model (Catherine Spaak), all leading up to a scene in which he sprinkles her naked body with bank notes in an attempt to buy her love.

The historical pretext also continued to serve during the Sixties as a raison d'être for nudity in an endless cycle of pseudo epics, most of them obviously low-budgeted, featuring such heroes of antiquity as Hercules, Samson and Ulysses (played by such wooden-faced, Americanborn musclemen as Steve Reeves, Kirk Morris, Gordon Scott and Richard Lloyd). These beefcake parades invariably plunge their manly mastodons into dire perils engineered by a cruel queen for their specific discomfiture. Gauzily clad slave girls frequently cross their paths and sirens flaunt their charms to distract them from their duty-but never do these noble creatures succumb. Perhaps if they did, their pictures would be more fun to watch.

Another extensive series that has begun to resort to generous injections of sex to bolster its popularity is the vampire films, many of them featuring the ever-popular Count Dracula and his sanguinary relatives. Rarely as well produced or as genuinely scarifying as their British counterparts, they compensate with generous dollops of nudity and necrophilia. In The Playgirls and the Vampire, for example, five showgirls take refuge in a gloomy old castle. Since the river is rising, the owner of the castle can scarcely turn them away, but he warns them to keep to their rooms during the coming night. One of the girls, of course, wanders out anyway-with predictable results. Next morning, she is found dead outside the castle, the mark of the vampire on her neck. But the main point is scarcely the story, which receives short shrift in this tatty, low-budgeted movie; it is the girls. Soon after the funeral of their fellow showgirl, they unaccountably decide to rehearse their act-which just happens to include a heated strip routine. When one of the girls is trapped by the vampire in an underground crypt, he undresses her and carries her to his tomb to ravish her in his native earth. Meanwhile, the dead girl returns with fangs but few clothes, making her perhaps the first topless vampire in film history.

Far more sensational were the several Mondo films by Gualtiero Jacopetti, Franco Prosperi and Paolo Cavara and their numerous imitators. Furbished with resounding commentaries that underscore every stomach-churning incident upon which they have trained their voyeuristic cameras, these documentaries have become a sort of international rag bag of the revolting, the degrading and the degenerate. In Mondo Cane-the first and best of the lot-produced in 1961, the film has scarcely been on the screen for five minutes before actor Rossano Brazzi is having his clothes torn off by frantic female admirers, naked Trobriander women are seen chasing after a hapless male and bikini-clad girls on the Riviera are shown engaged in less hectic but no less effective methods of ensnaring the opposite sex. The pseudoanthropological narration professes to find significant sociological correlations in all these happenings, as it does in the force feeding of geese in Strasbourg and the gorging of prospective wives in Tabar, in the suckling of a pig at the breast of a New Guinea woman and the tears of a Pasadena dowager over the grave of her dead pet at a dog cemetery.

Since the series began, there have been repeated charges that Jacopetti has "faked" much of the footage that went into his documentaries-or, at the very least, that he has been guilty of removing it from context. In his second film, Women of the World, for example, he included nude shots of Israeli Army girls in their showers. The Israeli government entered a strong protest; they had assumed that he was making a documentary

about the Israeli Army.

Since Italy is still, despite its leftoriented government, one of the great strongholds of Catholicism on the Continent, it was inevitable that some efforts would be made to control the growing exuberance of her film makers-particularly when it conflicted with Catholic dogma. As Italian films grew bolder, the politicians-specifically, the Christian Democrats, who feared a loss of Catholic votes -poised for the strike. It came in 1965, With the Vatican pressing for a law to "punish pornographers," especially in the movie industry, the Christian Democrats took advantage of the absence of some 100 Communist and Socialist members of the Chamber of Deputies to force through a measure denying government aid to pictures that did not "respect the social and ethical principles on which the constitution is based." Bambole, a four-part picture co-starring Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer, Monica Vitti and Virna Lisi, was the immediate target of their wrath; it featured a sequence in which a lightly clad Gina succeeds in seducing the nephew of a Roman Catholic bishop, with the assistance (albeit unwittingly) of the latter. The film was not merely decried; the producer and half a dozen of his stars and directors were hauled into court on obscenity charges-and, at least in the case of the producer, Lollobrigida, Jean Sorel (who played the nephew) and Mauro Bolognini, who directed the disputed episode, the charges were made to

stick, though they were later reduced. The Socialists, however, sensing the threat of ideological censorship, threatened to leave the coalition government unless the controversial measure were rescinded. Premier Aldo Moro, faced with this formidable opposition, hastily adjourned Parliament, leaving the issue still unresolved.

Inevitably, the growing boldness of film makers in Italy, France and the Scandinavian countries had its effect on production everywhere. The proliferation of film festivals throughout the late Fifties and Sixties created a setting for mutual exposure, international crosspollination and direct cinematic competition on an unprecedented scale; and each successive festival established a climate of greater permissiveness throughout the film world. Thus, a country such as Turkey, with no tradition of realism in its films, sent to the Indian Film Festival of 1965 Conquerors of the Golden City, a picture suspiciously reminiscent of Rocco and His Brothers both in treatment and in plot detail-if anything, even more brutal and sordid than its Italian counterpart. And the Netherlands turned out The Knife, a modishly Bergmanesque study of a young boy's budding sexuality, replete (as its title suggests) with Freudian symbolism.

Similarly, the Greek industry was totally revitalized by the international acceptance, via the festival route, of the works of Michael Cacoyannis and the expatriate American director Jules Dassin during the late Fifties. Indeed, for most people, it was Dassin's Never on Sunday (1960) that made them aware in the first place of the very existence of a Greek motionpicture industry. This jolly tale of a goodhearted prostitute whom a well-intentioned American (Dassin) tries unsuccessfully to reform not only won all sorts of awards but grossed millions on its tiny (\$125,000) budget. It also established Melina Mercouri as an international star-an asset that Dassin proceeded to exploit in the American-Greek production of Phaedra, an updated version of the classic play, with Mercouri as the wife of a wealthy Greek shipowner (Raf Vallone) who falls passionately in love with her stepson (Anthony Perkins), then commits suicide after her stepson rejects her and her husband denounces her. Although the scene in which she seduces the boy before an open fire practically scorched the celluloid, not even Mercouri was actress enough to make altogether convincing the fact that the worldly Phaedra preferred a callow youth to her attractive and sophisticated husband.

The Cacoyannis films of the Fifties revealed the strong influence of Italy's neorealists; but in 1962, with a boldly stylized adaptation of Euripides' Electra, he created a picture that was uniquely Greek-ageless, ritualistic and monumental, with the aristocratic Irene Papas in the title role. In marked contrast to this dark



"Say-why don't we extend the mating season to all year?"

tragedy, Cacoyannis followed it with the exuberant, life-loving Zorba the Greek. in which the sheer joy of living is shown to outweigh the cruelties of people and the callousness of fate. As Zorba, a roistering man of all work who attaches himself to a somewhat naïve English writer (Alan Bates), Anthony Quinn achieved a balance between brutishness and tenderness that made this the performance of his career. Zorba went on to become one of the most successful foreign-made films ever presented in the United States.

The success of such pictures, generally coproduced with American studios and financing, led other Greek film makers to look beyond their home market to create pictures of more general appeal. An ambitious effort in this direction was Nikos Koundouros' poetic Young Aphrodites, based on the Daphnis and Chloë legend-but juiced up with seductions, rapes and repeated shots of teenaged love goddesses in diaphanous gowns that reveal more than they conceal. Symptomatic of the in-

creasing tolerance of nudity on Greek screens is George Skalenakis' Queen of Clubs, in which the darkly beautiful Elena Nathanael finds herself attracted to a handsome young fellow and, despite the presence of her husband, follows him to his apartment. There, she quickly slips out of her clothes, undresses him and indulges in some of the most ardent lovemaking this side of the Scandinavian films.

A similar taste of freedom is evident in the latest films from South America. long one of the more inhibited areas of the earth. Once again, the younger generation discovered its own pantheon of auteurs in the films from abroad-notably, Antonioni and Godard-and began to adapt both their themes and their styles to their own needs. In Argentina, where the government helps out with a handsome bonus (often as much as the entire production cost) for "artistic" films, the incentive to get away from purely commercial efforts is particularly strong; it has spawned a whole new 195 generation of European-oriented young directors, such as David José Kohon, Rodolfo Kuhn and Lautaro Murúa. Ironically, their talents are expended primarily on pictures that illustrate, with existentialist despair, the emptiness and futility of life in Argentina.

The only Argentinian director to have won international recognition, Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, is almost totally ignored by his younger compatriots. Although he is in his early 40s, they profess to find his neatly tailored plots indrawn and old-fashioned, his emphasis too heavy on twisted psyches rather than the distorted social values that have produced them. Perhaps it is this absorption with the problems of adolescents on the threshold of sex-as amplified by the hypocrisy and corruption of the adult world-that has made his films so readily assimilable elsewhere. In his most ambitious film, The Eavesdropper, made for Columbia with an international cast headed by Janet Margolin and Stathis Giallelis, Miss Margolin plays a girl of good family who, primarily for kicks, shares the seedy bedroom of a youthful terrorist and political fanatic. Invariably, Torre Nilsson draws a world that is confined, corrupt and corrupting, a world that either entraps or destroys his innocent, dewy-eved heroines.

Even in Mexico, where the film medium is tightly controlled by commercial interests, the younger generation is beginning to make statements that sound (and look) very much like those of their European contemporaries. But the youngest of them all remains the indomitable Luis Buñuel, who returned to Mexico during the Sixties and directed one of the most purposefully erotic pictures of all time, Simon of the Desert. At the start of the film, Simon Stylites is seen climbing to a high pedestal in the desert to demonstrate his saintliness to all; the Devil immediately takes up the challenge, tempting him in all sorts of guises, most of them lasciviously female and frequently topless.

For all the new freedom that film makers in Mexico and Argentina are beginning to exercise, the greatest degree of liberty in Latin America is apparently enjoyed in Brazil, where the tradition of the cangaceiro pictures (roughly the equivalent of our Westerns) has long since given the public an appetite for sex and violence. In recent years, the cameras have shifted from the legendary past to what appears to be, if Brazilian movies bear any relation to Brazilian reality, a fairly lecherous present. In Noite Vazia, for example, a bored, wealthy young man and his reluctant companion pick up two callgirls and retire to his apartment for fun and games-which include stag reels, an attempt to get the girls to stage a Lesbian exhibition and protracted loveplay, all accompanied by unabashed nudity. Not infrequently, the Brazilian films themselves seem to be just this side of stag reels.

But nowhere has the change in what can and what can't be shown on the screen been more radical than in the Orient. In Japan, less than a generation ago, almost any form of bodily contact was frowned on, whether in fighting or in loving. Today, apparently, nothing succeeds like excess. Replete with rape, nudity, sadism and perversions of every kind, the "eropros" (erotic productions, discussed earlier in our examination of nudies) represent the complete negation of traditional Japanese values. And yet not only have they swept almost every other kind of film (except monster movies) off the screen in Japan, but eropro elements are increasingly being introduced into the films of the major Japanese studios simply to enable them to stay in business.

For some producers, the solution was quite simple. No sooner did Mondo Cane appear than, with that peculiar Japanese gift for imitation, they stepped forward with such Mondoesque offerings as Women . . . Oh, Women! and It's a Woman's World, both of them pseudoanthropological studies of Tokyo's fabled night life, complete with strip joints and tours of the red-light district. Other film makers found it expedient to sex up the horrors of war. In Internees of Kampili, for example, several hundred Dutch women and children are seen as wartime prisoners in a Japanese concentration camp in Indonesia. Frustrated at being separated from their men, some of them make a play for the favors of their guards, and two head directly for the camp's incorruptible commander. The scanty costuming and lustful attitudes of the female prisoners roused storms of protest at the time of the film's release (1960), particularly from the Dutch. But Internees of Kampili was an Andy Hardy movie, compared with what was to come.

With the advent of the Sixties, the Japanese screen began to teem with prostitutes; the more bizarre their situations, the more the audiences seemed to like them. In The Shape of Night, an innocent girl falls in love with a pimp, not knowing his profession, and goes to live with him. She is willing enough to entertain the clients he starts bringing home, but she draws the line at going out into the streets for him, whereupon he has her gang-raped to teach her a lesson. The film ends with the pimp, castrated in a street fight and now wholly dependent upon the girl, murdered by her in retribution for ruining her life.

Sexual aberrations of all sorts now crowd the Japanese films, from the uninhibited experiments of teenaged delinquents to the kinkiest perversions of middle-aged adults. But by all odds the strangest film to come from Japan during the Sixties is An Introduction to Anthropology, which has been more succinctly (and aptly) translated into English as The Pornographer. Its hero is a man who has set up a profitable sideline making stag reels, sex drugs and aphrodisiacs and securing "virgins" for his clients—not so much for the money but



"Before we start, any questions?"

because he sincerely believes that sexual satisfaction will make people happy. The police, however, interfere with his activities and, quite innocently, he contributes to the delinquency of the two teenaged children of the widow with whom he lives. At the end, he is alone on a houseboat drifting out into the Pacific, happily constructing a life-sized artificial woman-a "Dutch wife"-that will, he feels, make all men at last independent of the female of the species. Despite the fact that The Pornographer twice shows stag films in the making and draws no veil over its hero's related activities, it is far from being a pornographic film; its tone, in fact, is black comedy that darkens to tragedy as the man finds himself first exploited, then rejected in his efforts to benefit mankind.

Curiously, as many critics have observed, despite the sex and nudity that lace the eropros, one must turn for real eroticism in the Japanese cinema to the handful of serious pictures turned out each year by such noted directors as Kaneto Shindo, Masaki Kobayashi and Hiroshi Teshigahara. In Shindo's Onibaba, set in the 16th Century, a mother and a daughter-in-law who make their living by killing off wounded soldiers and selling their armor become rivals for the attentions of a farmer who lives nearby. Quite apart from the candor of its scenes of seduction and copulation, rarely has the face of naked lust been brought so graphically to the screen. In Kobayashi's colorful, picturesque Kwaidan, based on a group of ghost stories by Lafcadio Hearn, the first episode offers a bit of stylish necrophilia as a samurai, who has divorced his loving wife to marry a wealthy woman, returns to his earlier home and discovers his first wife waiting for him; they sleep together-but the following morning, what he finds nestled in his arms is a moldering corpse.

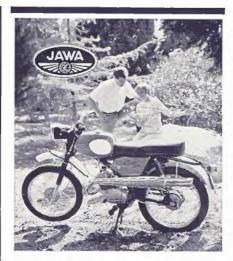
Of all the Japanese pictures to play in America during the Sixties, by far the most successful was Teshigahara's compelling, compassionate Woman in the Dunes, with scenes of nudity and erotic play that seemed totally appropriate to its wholly bizarre theme. In it, a young entomologist, collecting botanical specimens on a lonely stretch of sand, finds himself trapped at the bottom of a large sand pit, the prisoner of a woman whose sole occupation is to keep the sand from flowing into the hole. Neighbors send down food and water, for the safety of their own homes depends upon the sand's not shifting; they not only welcome the captive as an added hand but see to it that he does not escape. Reluctantly at first, but then with mounting fervor, the man begins to look upon his enforced companion as a woman, and she responds to him with passion. There

is a horrifying moment when the neighbors, playing on the man's desire to escape the pit, promise to help him if he and the woman will make love in the open, where all can see; and, like a frantic animal, he almost rapes her before their eyes. But gradually the man adjusts to the rhythm of his new life and even begins to make scientific experiments. When the woman is ultimately carried away to bear his child, he chooses to remain below. Symbolic and stylized, Woman in the Dunes is a microcosmic allegory of the human condition, with sex given all the prominence it deserves. It was that rarest of films, an artistic and commercial success.

What has been happening in Japan and the rest of the world during the Sixties is perhaps best encapsulated in the British films of this same period: sharp increases in erotic production, independent production and international coproduction. It was the unqualified success of such British independents as Tony Richardson, Karel Reisz and Bryan Forbes that established independence as a way of life for American film makers (as it had already been established elsewhere by such artists as Antonioni, Bergman and Godard). And it was the unparalleled popularity of the Anglo-American James Bond films, which have so far grossed close to \$90,000,000 in the U.S. market alone, that convinced every American studio that coproduction, with all the economic advantages of British government subsidy, was the surest answer to profitable picturemaking.

By 1967, fully half the pictures made in England were backed by American studios and most British film makers accepted their new freedom as a challenge -perhaps more so than anywhere else in the world. They have risen to that challenge with films that embrace everything from the bawdy, roistering Tom Jones to the overt homosexuality of The Trials of Oscar Wilde, the implied homosexuality of The Servant, the childmolestation theme of Never Take Candy from a Stranger and The Mark, the miscegenation of A Taste of Honey and the promiscuity of The L-Shaped Room, Girl with the Green Eyes, Georgy Girl, The Knack, Darling, Alfie, Life at the Top, Poor Cow and many more—all refreshingly free of moralizing or sentimentalizing.

What is even more important, American companies have been distributing these films, which they have paid for, either in outright defiance of their own Code or via the thinly veiled subterfuge of such autonomous owned-and-operated subsidiaries as Claridge (Warner Bros.), Lopert (United Artists) and Royal (Columbia). Despite the former Code's specific strictures against scenes of abortion, Paramount persisted in its release of Alfie. Despite Alan Bates' rear-view nudity in Georgy Girl and Hayley Mills' in The Family Way, both films were distributed without



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the offending sequences removed. In more extreme cases, such as the overt Lesbianism of The Fox (made in Canada by British producer Raymond Stross for Warner Bros.) or the protracted boy-girl skinny-dip in the recent Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush, the distributing firms have merely turned them over to their subsidiaries without even deigning to show them to the Production Code officials. (There is perhaps added significance in the fact that the nudity in Mulberry Bush is visible only in the American version of the film; the offending sequence is not being shown in England.) Similarly, when MGM considerately asked director Michelangelo Antonioni if he would like to make a few cuts in his English-based Blow-Up in exchange for a Code seal, he replied that he preferred it as it was. Whereupon MGM, rather than appeal the Code's decision, minted its own new subsidiary, Regent Films, on the spot to handle the distribution independently.

The reasons behind this seeming leniency toward film making in England

are many. For one thing, the British studios are clustered about London, with the result that the British film makers themselves tend to be part of the mainstream of the contemporary cultural scene, be they angry young men or the most far-out Mods. For another, the moment a John Osborne or a Shelagh Delaney breaks new dramatic ground in the theater, the moment a novel by John Braine or Alan Sillitoe sets in motion a new current in literature or when a Paul McCartney creates a new sound in music or a Peter Watkins offers a fresh approach to the documentary film, these people are promptly brought into the studios and given their head-as opposed to Hollywood, where the tendency is still to take new talents and set them to work on oldfashioned properties.

But perhaps the most telling development of all has been Britain's enlightened and effective approach to the problems of censorship. Rather than outright suppression (although this happens on occasion, particularly where violence is concerned), the nongovernmental British Board of Film Censors has long followed a tradition of classification: X for films suitable for adults only, A for adults and children under 16 when accompanied by parents or guardians, and U for everybody. Thus, a film maker who hopes to reach the broadest possible audience knows in advance that certain kinds of material must be omitted from his picture. On the other hand, the creators of such pictures as Cul-de-Sac, The Family Way and Our Mother's House, all of which received an X certificate in England, are perfectly free to make their films as they wish but with the full awareness that their audiences will be somewhat restricted. (The judgments of the British Board, while unofficial, are generally accepted by local authorities and enforced by the theater owners on pain of heavy fines or, for persistent offenders, loss of license.)

Since 1960, the so-called "club" cinemas, similar to our film societies in that one pays a membership fee to join, have carried this lenient policy a step farther. For a modest subscription fee, such organizations as Compton (which is now in film production) and Gala permit their members to see pictures irrespective of censorship sanctions-and this means not only sexploitation films produced specifically for this market but also such pictures as the French I Spit on Your Grave and Marlon Brando's The Wild One, both of which had long been banned for excessive violence. The censorship principle here seems to be to ensure that the public knows specifically what it is getting, rather than to make certain that it doesn't get what it wants.

There is no question that the British films of the past decade have led not only to new concepts of what constitutes adult entertainment on the American screen but to new levels of permissiveness on the part of America's censor groups. There is also no question that, either through force of example or through the even more persuasive tactic of coproduction deals, the American cinema is now taking a leading position in spreading this liberalized attitude throughout the world. One can only hope that the freedoms gained within these past few years will be further consolidated in the years ahead-and that producers everywhere will accept with maturity and discretion the responsibility such freedoms entail.

In their next—and final—installment of "The History of Sex in Cinema," authors Knight and Alpert zoom in for close-ups of the charismatic foreign and domestic sex stars of the Sixties, from the Continent's Julie Christie and Marcello Mastroianni to America's Raquel Welch and Paul Newman.



"When he strikes you out, it doesn't mean he hates you."

TEDIUM: THE MESSAGE?

(continued from page 117)

NET at a competitive disadvantage, as it can rarely afford to cover "live" events.

The Ford Foundation's support of NET led this past year to the creation of a Sunday-evening experiment called Public Broadcast Laboratory. Supported by a separate grant, PBL was not wholly successful, but it was certainly not the failure that many periodicals-most notably, Newsweek and Variety-called it. In fact, PBL was often provocatively experimental. Michael J. Arlen, writing in The New Yorker, called PBL "the most consistently interesting and substantial public-affairs program right now in American broadcasting." And with the first and hardest year under its belt, one can expect even more from PBL's second season.

The Ford Foundation has also been active in dramatizing the need for live network interconnection by proposing a plan to use communication satellites for educational television. While there are many questionable points in the Ford proposal, it did stir visions of an exciting future. My own judgment is that the Ford group and PBL have been overly enthusiastic about television as journalism, to the neglect of television's potential as adult entertainment. But Ford's efforts do give life to the kinds of communications technology and ideas that will provide enormous growth to noncommercial broadcasting.

Another significant thrust in the TV revolution has come from a searching and comprehensive report issued by the Carnegie Commission on Educational Television. Headed by Dr. James Killian of MIT, the Commission proposed that the Government establish and support an independent corporation, removed from politics, to encourage and underwrite programs.

The Commission also made an important distinction between educational and public television. The former are programs intended as direct supplements to academic studies. Public television is everything else, and the Commission intentionally disregarded the temptation to specify program content. Its goal is that public television might instruct, tickle, awe or appall the viewer so long as it never fears to do any of these. In summation, the Commission members wrote: "What we recommend is freedom. We seek freedom from the constraints, however necessary in their context, of commercial television. We seek for educational television freedom from the pressures of inadequate funds. We seek for the artist, the technician, the journalist, the scholar and the public servant freedom to create, freedom to innovate, freedom to be heard in this most far-reaching medium. We seek for the citizen freedom to view, to see programs that the present system, by its incompleteness, denies him."

The proposals of the Commission



"Each to his own, eh, Mac?"

were, with modifications, made law by Congress and the President last year. and the members of the Public Television Corporation have been selected, President Johnson named Frank Pace, Jr., as chairman of the board of directors. Although the Carnegie Commission's request for a \$100,000,000 fund was replaced by a request for a \$4,000,000 "seed" grant, there is reason to hope that the corporation will be functioning independently and bravely this year.

I think it is obvious that the increased activity that has begun in public television will entice the young and the daring to both create for it and provide a new television audience. Because we are still on the threshold of public television's future, with no fixed patterns or rigid formulas as yet, this is a good time to speculate about the kinds of new services and programs that PTV can provide for the American people.

First, I would recommend that PTV

not try to do too much, not overextend itself and be trapped in the commercial bind of doing a different program every hour of the day. PTV should reflect on a depressing fact of television life: 50 hours of viewing time would suffice to show all of the films in which W. C. Fields starred or all of the tragedies written by William Shakespeare. Therefore, PTV should be selective, do a few programs superbly and then broadcast and repeat them frequently. Each presentation would get the widest possible exposure by building an audience through critical acclaim and word of mouth, rather than going for broke on one showing. The technique was used effectively by the Xerox Corporation when it presented a compelling documentary by Theodore H. White-China: the Roots of Madness-on three different days last year. The program received the attention it deserved by being available often enough so that if one missed the first showing, he could still see 199 it later. Frequent repeats would give television critics a chance to affect and directly influence their readers. As it is now, one critic describes his job as advising the audience "not to watch that lousy show that was on last night."

PTV should create masterpieces and run them often—six times in two weeks would be justified exposure for an outstanding show. PTV must be wise enough to not want people spending all their time before its particular tube. Instead, it should instruct the viewer: Some of the time, you should be reading a book or a magazine, or listening to the Beatles, or being with your family, or viewing commercial television—or even meditating.

Public television should show us unexpected and neglected "reality," live where possible but untampered with when filmed. There is drama and often humor in events such as business conventions, intercollegiate debates, sandlot sports events and theater rehearsals. PTV should go to the colleges for everything from laser demonstrations to experimental theater. Learning experiences do not have to boggle the mind—millions are instructed each night by Huntley and Brinkley or by Cronkite without being bored—and PTV should find ways to instruct us with the same painlessness.

Speaking of the evening news, PTV should not compete with commercial television in those areas where the latter excels. Commercial television does a splendid job in its news coverage; but there is a need for in-depth analysis of the causes of events. Commercial television is often delinquent in coverage comparable with the back-of-the-book sections of *Time* and *Newsweek*. PTV should focus on science, medicine, education, art, the press—even television itself—always exploring the four fifths of the iceberg that lies below the surface.

PTV should try to rerun superior programs that were produced, shown and then filed away by the commercial networks. A show such as the *Bell Telephone Hour*'s adventure with George Plimpton playing with the New York Philharmonic might reach a solid audience of 5,000,000 or 10,000,000 who would be gratified at a chance to see a superb program they missed. Many of commercial television's finest hours have not been seen by millions of viewers. The same is true of noncommercial television's best efforts. PTV can offer a second—or a third—chance to the viewer.

Public television should not be afraid to actively promote its wares; the elegant, cultivated understatement of the past is no way to compete with commercial TV, night clubs, movies and the bowling alley. The marginal viewer must be informed through good public relations and advertising that PTV is alive and well—and exciting.

That last quality is most important. To be truly exciting, PTV will have to avoid the temptation in any publicly supported medium to play it safe, to make culture uniform and to strengthen majority consensus. PTV will not simply have to make space for the radicals and dissenters (of any persuasion), it will have to actively seek them out. Effective debates, documentaries, even news analyses, should occasionally outrage the audience, force people to reconsider their prejudices and perhaps realize that an accepted fact is, in reality, a myth. NET has already demonstrated this by some powerful programs on the race crisis-and by having the courage to show a controversial film produced in North Vietnam. By doing even more, PTV will be doing its job.

Finally, I suggest a major project for public television, one requiring an enormous investment of resources and talent. If successful, it would provide a lasting contribution to the viewing public. It would be a course in American history comprising a series of one-hour dramatic productions portraying America's pastthe most definitive, honest history ever produced. Using the best writers, historians, directors and film crews, it would deserve more money for production than has ever been spent on a television series. The objective of the series would be to have a record that would stand the ravages of time and be played and replayed year after year, with occasional additions as history is made by each succeeding generation.

If this series were as good as it should be, then every high school student viewing these programs would take away more knowledge and understanding of this country than he would from the reading of a dozen textbooks. I would propose matching, in a controlled test, two senior classes of equal competence—one to study exclusively from current textbooks, the other to attend the series. Both groups would have teachers for related classroom discussion. I will wager that the TV-exposed class outperforms the textbook group on a standard, objective examination.

The series would be historically impeccable, dramatically vibrant and broadcast often. We cannot afford the possibility of a viewer's being out one evening because of a pressing engagement and missing the Civil War. It should be made available to foreign countries—there are now more television sets in the rest of the world than there are in the United States—and its impact abroad might be more valuable than our conventional USIS broadcasts.

The series would be expensive, perhaps costing \$5,000,000 to produce. But Procter & Gamble now spends that on television every ten days.

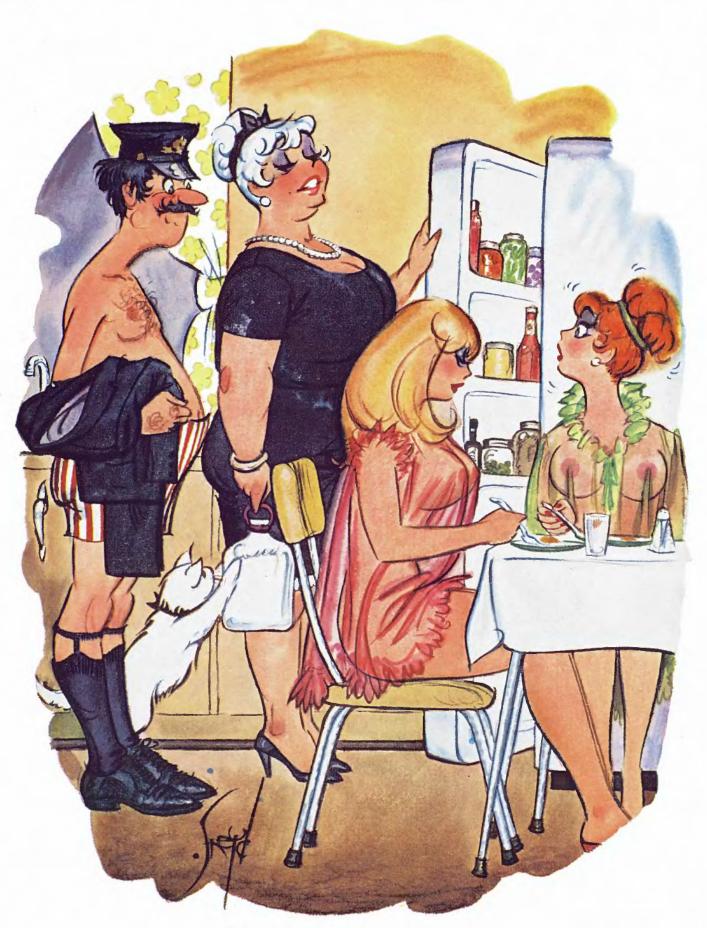
I suggest that the American-history course should be run on all of the publictelevision stations not once but five times a week at different hours in the evening; e.g., eight P.M. Monday, nine P.M. Tuesday, ten P.M. Wednesday, eight P.M. Thursday and nine P.M. Friday. This quintuple exposure would offer the viewer the easiest possible option, so that he could pick his own competition for his time, rather than have it selected for him.

In advance of each showing, the program should be built up with as much promotion as possible. The first program might well be launched from the White House, the seat of history. Perhaps President Johnson would invite Presidents Eisenhower and Truman to participate in the "premiere." Future programs could be launched by those public men filling roles today that were filled so nobly, or ignobly, by past Secretaries of State . . . or governors . . . or generals.

Some academic credit could be offered to students willing to take an examination. There are ample precedents for this in other programs that have formerly been sponsored by the Ford Foundation. Perhaps a special certificate of accomplishment should be provided those who do not want to pursue formal training but who nevertheless would appreciate some incentive to continue their dedication to the project. The course could be at the senior-high or freshman-college level and schools could urge students to participate, perhaps working out their own examinations and waiving the American-history requirement of those who pass with high marks,

This kind of public television would be a worthy alternative to commercial programing. It would stimulate contributions from many creative and talented individuals who are not presently inclined to think of television as a lively medium, as well as draw from an as-yetuntapped and disenchanted audience.

It might lead to giving the television viewer an unprecedented choice of diversified presentations, including possibilities for entertainment and information that we cannot imagine right now. And television will once again really turn us on. If it does, it could become that most congenial spot glimpsed by E. B. White, who wrote these exceptional words in a letter to the Carnegie Commission: "I think television should be the visual counterpart of the literary essay, should arouse our dreams, satisfy our hunger for beauty, take us on journeys, enable us to participate in events, present great drama and music, explore the sea and the sky and the woods and the hills. It should be our Lyceum, our Chautauqua, our Minsky's and our Camelot. It should restate and clarify the social dilemma and the political pickle. Once in a while, it does, and you get a quick glimpse of its potential."



"Anyone care to tip the milkman?"

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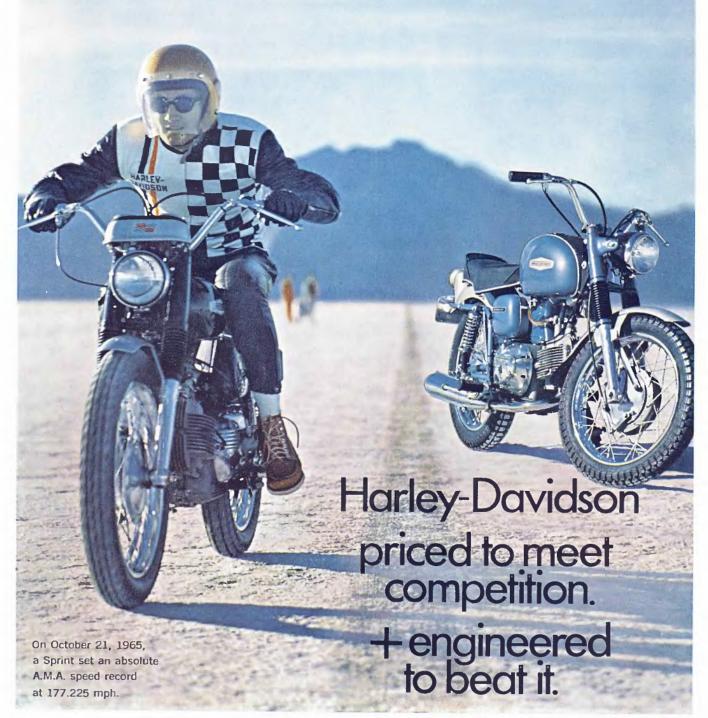
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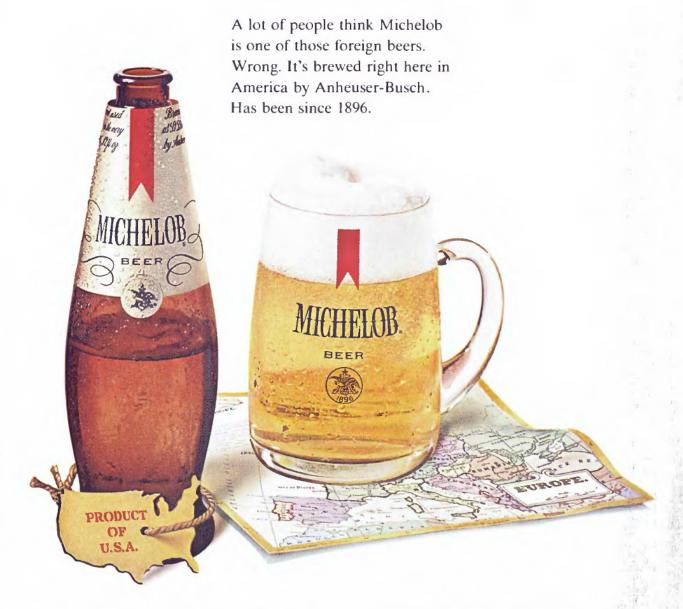
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