

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1969 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY



PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS ROD STEIGER, GOES ON A FUN-BUGGY BASH, FOCUSES ON A FLOCK OF SEXY AMERICAN BIRDS, EXAMINES THE SENSUAL "LETTING GO" MOVEMENT, PLUGS INTO THE WORLD OF ROBOTS AND OFFERS FACT AND FICTION BY JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, EVAN HUNTER, J. PAUL GETTY, HEINRICH BÖLL, ROGER PRICE AND DONALD E. WESTLAKE

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What a good time for a Kent.



PLAYBILL OUR SUN-LOVING and lovely cover girl, Barbara Klein, leads off a July issue packed with pleasures attuned to the tempo of the summer season. *Sand Blast!* is a freewheeling itinerary for a motorized fun-buggy day in the dunes, along with Thomas Mario's recommendations for fireside virtuals and potable potables. Robert L. Green forecasts fashions for the Fourth—and thereafter—in *Putting the Dash in Haberdashery*; and *The Outs and Ins of Sunmanship* is a guide to the best in tanning aids for outdoors and in.

In harmony with such sybaritic *divertissements* is Robert Kaiser's *Letting Go*, a definitive survey of those enlightened men and women who are committed to promoting and grooving with body-consciousness. A former *Time-Life* correspondent and the author of a book on the last Vatican Council, Kaiser told us that he's trying to let go a little himself: "I studied for ten years to become a Jesuit priest, and you can't get more uptight than that." Kaiser is writing a book on the assassination of Robert Kennedy and is the only journalist, as of now, to have had extensive private talks with Sirhan Sirhan.

Our lead story, Evan Hunter's *Beginnings*—a sympathetic account of the preliminary stages of a love affair between two youngsters of the strobes-and-posters generation—will be part of a novel, *Sons*, scheduled for publication by Doubleday late this month; MGM has purchased screen rights to the book for \$400,000. Hunter recently completed an original screenplay, *Catalyst*, and—under his well-known pseudonym, Ed McBain—a new 87th Precinct mystery novel called *Jigsaw*. He is currently at work on a musical comedy.

Gangsters, gun molls and bookies inhabit a Runyonesque Manhattan milieu in Part I of Donald E. Westlake's fast-paced *Somebody Owes Me Money*, an expanded version of which will be published in November by Random House. Westlake's newest book is *Who Stole Sassi Manoon?* (also Random House). Our fictional fare also includes *A Breath of Lucifer*, a tale of an odd-ball male nurse by Indian writer R. K. Narayan, and Roger Price's *The Three Sisters of Knarr*, an exotic fable with a mirthful message about compatibility. Narayan, who has been called the best Indian novelist writing in English today, received his country's highest literary prize, the Padma Bhushan, from Nehru in 1964; a volume of his short stories and novellas (including *A Breath of Lucifer*) will be published by Viking Press next year. Price—best known for his syndicated *Doodles*, and author of *The Great Girl Nut Contest* in our December issue—recently completed a book, *The Great Roob Revolution*, for Random House.

While most of us are occupied this summer in savoring the delights of nature,

some—in their professional capacities—are tampering with it. In *The Public Be Dammed*, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas—a lifelong conservationist who detailed the dangers facing American waterways in our June 1968 issue—delineates how the dam-building policies of the Army Corps of Engineers cater to the shortsighted ambitions of many land developers. Another way in which man seeks to manipulate the world around him is illuminated by David Rorvik's *Slaves or Masters?*, an evaluation of the profits and perils society can expect from a new generation of robots. A former science writer and reporter for *Time* and a prolific free-lance writer, Rorvik admits that while working on the piece, he began to dream "about a semibenign domestic robot named Judy who would firmly admonish me to remember to put out the cat at night, turn off the lights and tuck me in bed." Rorvik plans a book on genetic manipulation, tentatively titled *Brave New Baby*.

Heinrich Böll, the eminent German novelist, arrived in Prague with his wife and 20-year-old son, at the invitation of the Czechoslovak Writers' Union, just one day before the Soviet invasion last August. *Wenceslas and the Russian Bear*, translated by Leila Vennewitz, is his terse, tense account of the following four days—during which Böll courageously voiced his anti-Soviet sentiments via underground radio.

The capitalist world provides the subject for two absorbing and informative essays about business—both corporate and governmental. Our productive Contributing Editor, Business and Finance, J. Paul Getty, offers persuasive evidence in *The Myth of a Balanced Federal Budget* that the popular conception of the national debt as a public millstone is a fallacious and pernicious myth. *PLAYBOY* Associate Editor Lawrence Linderman, in *Executive Stiletto*, looks at some

of the ways—subtle and unsubtle, amusing and not so amusing—used by companies to shuck unwanted employees. Linderman says that "while firing isn't one of the more ingratiating aspects of business, a great deal of personal courage is often displayed by both the executioners and their victims." We're pleased to report that Linderman remains on our masthead.

There's more, of course. Hollywood's maverick movie actor Rod Steiger sounds off about food, film making and political ferment in an exclusive *Playboy Interview*. Humor—whimsical and sardonic—abounds in *Birds of America*, a pictorial put-on of ornithological and erotic interest, and *The Thinking Lovers*, a satyric cartoon sequence from the pointed pen of John Dempsey. Our visual treats also include a revealing look at upcoming screen star Tina Aumont, a visit with Playmate of the Month Nancy McNeil and—for a final fillip—another thrilling episode in the saga of *Little Annie Fanny*. All of which, we think, gives our July issue a singularly sunny complexion.



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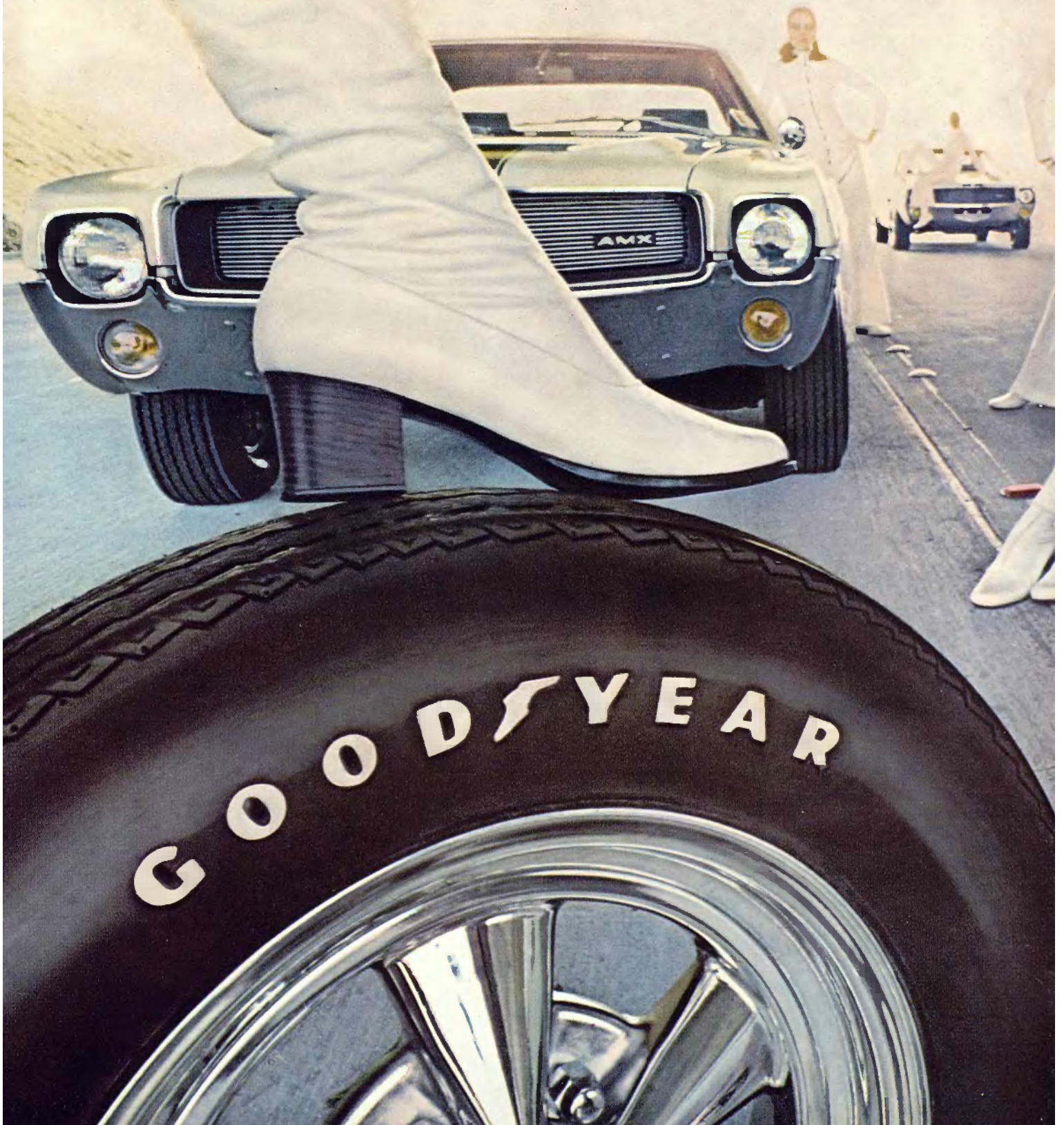
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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POETIC LICENSEE

I have urged my students to read the brilliant perceptions of Allen Ginsberg that appeared in your April interview with him. Reading Ginsberg is rather like opening a window in a stuffy room. What I find so remarkable about this fellow is not that he tells us exactly what he is like but that he can do so without either apology or defiance; in short, he communicates honestly. Freud observed that repressions are the price man must pay for civilization; but Ginsberg has the good sense to perceive that modern civilization, such as it is, is not worth the price that these repressions have exacted. And he warns us, too, that repression leads to distortion; and distortion, to extinction. But I fear his warning comes too late.

Dr. Marc F. Bertonasco
Professor of English
Sacramento State College
Sacramento, California

I am touched by Allen Ginsberg's friendly notices of me in his *Playboy Interview*; but I always think affectionately of him, too, and such regard is usually mutual. I am not so happy, however, with some of my club members on his list of good guys.

I have two criticisms. The first is not so much of Allen as of Allen trapped-in-the-situation-of-confronting-a-reporter-with-tape-recorder. This is the persistent ugly style he gets forced into, of globally amalgamating Bad Things and Good Things into abusive or laudatory compound epithets. This kind of impasto is exactly the opposite of the infinitely discriminating complex words of primitive people. To give one of Buber's examples: A primitive tribe has a single word that means "they looked at one another each waiting for the other to do what both wished but each was unable to begin." One cannot really blast, howl or bark an intelligent criticism or a loving appraisal. I wish Allen would think about this.

My other trouble is about Allen trapped-in-modern-times. He accurately describes a tingling breakthrough that he experienced in Lincoln Park during the Chicago convention. The tingling was the effect of hyperventilation, but the psychological and organic release was for

real. But it is too bad that he has to set this experience in the "extreme situation" of the cops attacking and himself praying OM for six hours; whereas it should be a fairly ordinary experience of self-awareness in tranquillity after any strong exertion involving deliberateness and tension. These days, the lovely release that was bread and butter to Wordsworth has become a big deal in crisis.

One last point. I am glad for Allen, wistful but not envious, that fame has brought so many beautiful young fellows into his arms. My own experience has been just the opposite—what eminence I have seems to scare them off. Not that I ever had much luck. (Advt.)

Paul Goodman
New York, New York

Novelist and social critic Goodman is author of "Growing Up Absurd" and "Like a Conquered Province."

My son Allen and I have had many discussions on many subjects in which we agree and differ. No doubt, there is a generation gap, for different circumstances have shaped us both. I tell Allen that we see things not as they are but as we are.

Allen has fine shock tactics to assail corruption and hypocrisy in an apathetic society. His lines lash out, like Whitman's, to excoriate society. He has magnificent flashes of imagination that let loose a cascade of words, an avalanche of language. He is articulate and eloquent in his visionary search for a mystic identification of compassion and love for his fellow man, especially the disabled and downtrodden. I admire his surging words to inspire us all that we are all members of one another, a Oneness that pulses at the heart of all mankind. I admire, too, his relentless search in the mystical experience. He ransacks the lore of all sects and Eastern philosophies to widen and deepen man's mind; it is an exploration of the soul of man in all climes and times.

Yet I differ with him in many ways, in matter and manner. My generation is loath to use so-called blue words. He goes to extremes in many of his utterances. He thinks all that is human is holy. I asked him, "Is what the Nazis did holy?" He shook his head no. I tell him man

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has committed and is committing many barbarities and depravities. I urge him to think that *we now* are the missing link between our animal nature and the civilized man who, we hope, will evolve to no more war and to no more atrocities.

Allen would also throw out the baby with the dirty bath water. America may be faulty and guilty of many mistakes, but I say to Allen that only in America has he the freedom to revile the President; that America, for all his inveighing against *Time* and *Life* magazines, gave him fame and fortune; that in America there is an explosion of books, art, music, theater; and that if emigration were allowed in all countries, most people would rush here.

I also differ with Allen about drugs. To make a universal principle of freedom to use all drugs would be a calamity. Allen's experimentation may satisfy his curiosity in so-called expanding the mind, but drugs represent a spiritual burglary that prevents the development of the individual; drugs, for the most part, work havoc in individuals, especially in the unstable ones.

All in all, though, interviewer Paul Carroll brought out Allen's brilliance in exploring many facets of philosophy and society. He showed Allen's great compassion for his fellow man and his soaring eloquence for the expansion and deepening of man's consciousness. I am proud of Allen.

Louis Ginsberg
Paterson, New Jersey

Ginsberg's ideas—if one can call them that—are the sheerest drivel. In fact, I find Ginsberg to be perhaps the quintessential representative of all that is wrong with our culture. I do not say this because of his abnormal sexual preferences, even though I personally find them repellent. Nor do I deny that some of the problems he mentions are, indeed, important. Rather, it is his anti-intellectualism that I cannot abide; and I use this word in its most literal sense—"denial of the intellect." For, by espousing mysticism, altruism, collectivism, subjectivism and the use of consciousness-distorting chemicals, Ginsberg is effectively asking us to renounce our minds in favor of a blind faith in mumbo jumbo. This is the age-old chant of the witch doctor—a sacrifice-oriented, achievement-denying creed capable of sustaining only a tribal-level civilization.

Only within the past few centuries has mankind managed to break free of the chains of this perverse ideology. Now, thanks to the bleeding-heart proponents of "equality regardless of achievement" in our Government, we are fast returning to a feudally structured society. Ginsberg would simply carry the neo-feudalists' schemes to their logical conclusion—a complete reversion to tribalism. Freedom, contrary to Ginsberg's blather-

ings, is not license to deny the nature of reality, with a built-in guarantee that the necessities of life will somehow miraculously materialize. Rather, it is the condition enjoyed by men who have realized that "there ain't no such thing as a free lunch"—and who have accepted the responsibility of "making their own lunch" in a society that guarantees to each the right to keep what he has produced.

David F. Nolan

Winchester, Massachusetts

Nolan is a frequent contributor to *The New Guard* and currently serves as national coordinator for the *Liberty Amendment Committee, National Youth Council*.

Ginsberg is an articulate visionary. His predictions concerning our planetary fate are as inevitable as they are chilling. We must heed him or perish.

Lorne Lea

North Tryon, Prince Edward Island

I understand the man and his thought better than I had before, and I see in a way that I did not before that he speaks to our condition. On this matter of environmental pollution, I may have some information that he does not have. As you know, in the large flat valleys like the San Joaquin, extensive use is made of irrigation, and also of nitrates. Over a number of years, this seems to have produced the following conditions: A very high concentration of nitrates has built up somewhere in the subsoil, above the ordinary level of the water table. In exceptionally rainy seasons, however, the water table rises very high, gets up into this accumulated delta of nitrates, dissolves them and then contaminates the entire underground water supply. Apparently, there is real danger that within the fairly near future, the whole underground water supply of that valley, or many parts of it, will be so heavily nitrated that it will not be drinkable. What people will do about that, I do not yet know. But it seems worth looking into, and it's one more example of the way that we supposed tapers of nature have managed to outsmart ourselves.

John Holt

Boston, Massachusetts

Educator Holt is author of "*How Children Fail*," "*How Children Learn*" and the forthcoming "*The Underachieving School*."

Your excellent interview with Ginsberg makes obvious the reason for his poetic preoccupations and seemingly insatiable "lubricous" appetites. Ginsberg's anal region has been conditioned, through excessive use, into a hypererogenous zone. In short, he's full of shit.

Herbert Wise

Spring Valley, New York

Congratulations on your interview with Allen Ginsberg. PLAYBOY continues to be an impartial voice in the hypocritical world of journalism. Although I have no great liking for Ginsberg, the principle behind the interview was smashing. That we can hear from George Wallace and Allen Ginsberg in the same magazine without being told what to think about them must be one of the best features of a democratic form of government.

Paul R. Hamilton

Long Beach, California

THE NAME OF THE GAME

Thank you very much for *The Toys and Games of War and Peace* (PLAYBOY, April), the superb trio of articles by Jules Siegel, Robert Russel and Philip Meyer. Russel's article, *Playing for Fun*, was especially interesting to me and certainly prophetic; indeed, actual use has already proved the practical nature of several of his suggestions. Many of our customers have found that allowing unlimited use of the time-shared computer has proved to be a powerful incentive to key executives and scientific personnel. In one instance, I can recall a research physicist for a major electronics manufacturer who called his supervisor at three A.M. with the results of a theory he had been trying out on his "toy." This one application has to date been worth in excess of \$250,000 to the company concerned.

In another case, each of the terminals we supplied to high schools for use by students has been praised as being as effective as four teachers. This is due not only to the power of the computer as a tool but to the students' enjoyment of the computer as a toy.

John Brumage

Manager, Customer Support
Marketing Operations
New York, New York

The articles on games are extremely interesting. The first, *Playing for Keeps*, seems to me a very good evaluation of games; and the second, *Playing for Fun*, is really an eye opener that must cause every thinking person to take another long look at the future.

Edward P. Parker, President
Parker Brothers Inc.
Salem, Massachusetts

Parker Brothers gave the world Boardwalk and Park Place in 1935, when they introduced *Monopoly*.

I just read Robert Russel's *Playing for Fun* and was quite cheered by his description of the infinite possibilities of education by computer. As a student at Old Dominion College, I am fed up with current educational methods. The thought of vast computer learning aids is really beautiful; it makes my knowledge

A photograph of a family of four riding Yamaha motorcycles on a dirt path through a forest. The path is covered with fallen autumn leaves. In the foreground, a man in a tan jacket and orange helmet rides a motorcycle with a woman in a tan jacket and white helmet as a passenger. Behind them, a woman in a yellow shirt and blue helmet rides a motorcycle with a child in a brown shirt and white helmet as a passenger. The background shows tall trees and a soft, hazy light.

DISCOVER THE FAMILY

It's a great day for a picnic. The sun.
A soft breeze tumbling the clouds. Everything fresh and green.
You see it in the faces of your family. Scooting across
wild flower fields. Crisscrossing shadows under tall trees.
You, the wife, the kids. And the family Yamahas.

You and your son will go for the new Single Enduro DT-1B.
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There are three other machines in our trail family.
All fully equipped for the trail.
And now that we've met, let's get our families together.
Maybe on a picnic.

Above: 250 Single Enduro DT-1B, 125 Single Enduro AT-1.

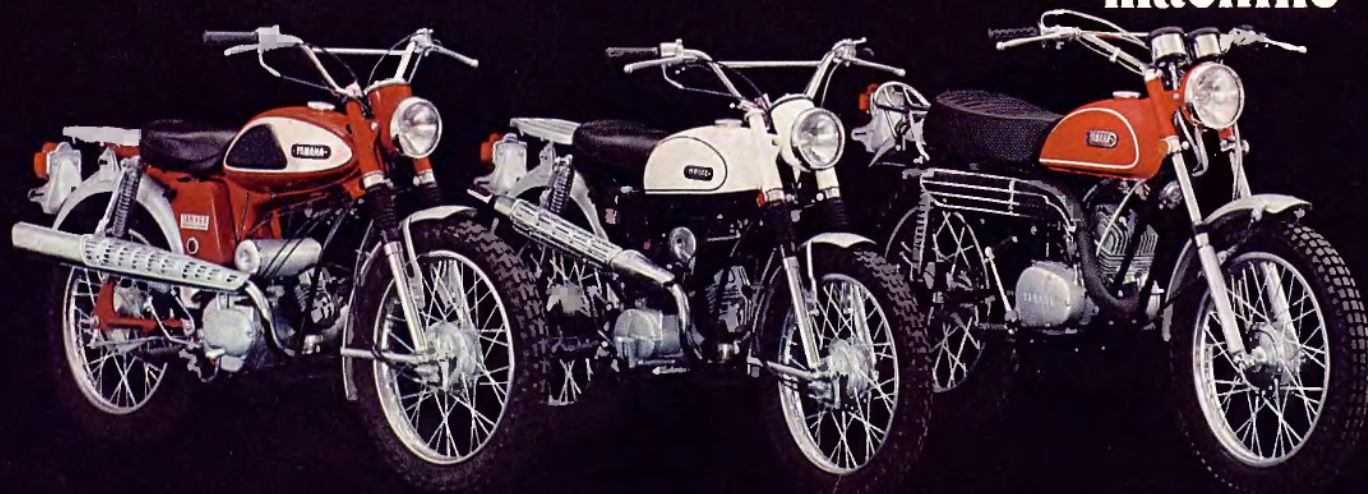
Below: 80 Trailmaster YG5-T, 100 Trailmaster L5-T, 175 Single Enduro CT-1.



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It's a better machine



bump quiver. I had not previously thought of a computer as a very worthwhile machine, but I have to agree with Russel—it *would* make the ultimate toy. And it would be the greatest step forward in creative education in history.

Joe Sharp
Norfolk, Virginia

As one of "the humanists, the priests of elite culture and the liberal-arts students" to whom Russel refers with such scathing contempt, I would like to make a feeble, noncomputerized attempt at self-defense. No wonder we humanists are the favorite scapegoat of the semi-literate McLuhanite cult. With our eccentric insistence on reason and critical thought, we impede the McLuhanites in their rush to junk 5000 years of human culture and replace it with Russel's wonderful machine that will give us all the television programs we want, any hour of the day or night—a prospect that, considering the quality of most television programming, I find less than enchanting. Does Russel really think he can pass off this nightmare of push-button programmed pseudo intellectualism as a brave new world of creative intellectual play?

Russel compares those who have qualms about the computer with the poor unfortunates who opposed the coming of the automobile, which he assures us has brought manifold blessings to mankind. Unfortunately for the integrity of his analogy, Russel forgets to mention that the automobile, in addition to creating easy travel, has also brought us poisoned air, a defaced countryside and thousands of needless deaths from accidents each year. We shall need to be thankful if we get no worse from the widespread use and abuse of computers.

I am really quite disgusted with the currently fashionable attacks on the humanists and those rotten fellows, the liberal-arts students. Old fogies that we humanists are, we never got around to bestowing on the world such gifts as the H-bomb, the medicines that caused unborn babies to be deformed or germ warfare. No, it took *scientists*, full of the smug complacency that Russel so well represents, to achieve those miracles. I am enough of a cultural determinist to believe that the computer is here to stay (though it remains to be seen if *we* are), but Russel will have to forgive me if I find it hard to give more than two cheers.

Ronald I. Rosenblatt
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

PREY PRAISE

How thankful I am to have read *Prey*, by Richard Matheson (PLAYBOY, April), with the lights on and my husband next to me in bed. Such an amazing story

would have been terrifying to read alone—especially on a stormy night.

Sara White
Worthington, Ohio

SHOCK RAVES

I Cut Out Her Heart and Stomped on It!, your excellent April article about the tabloids, surprised and delighted me, so accustomed have I become to the biased reports of supercilious hypocrites whose research rarely goes beyond a cursory visit to the corner newsstand. Reginald Potterton, however, probed his subject as thoroughly and as expertly as a skilled surgeon, excising what was relevant, then suturing the incision with literate stitches tied in good humor. The choice of a writer who has actually worked in the tabloid field reflects not only the perfect judgment of PLAYBOY but also the high literary quality often achieved in our disparaged medium.

Joseph Reece, Editor
National Informer
Chicago, Illinois

As the writer of those immortal prose masterpieces "I Cured My Asthma by Posing in the Nude," "I Turned My Son into a Homosexual to Keep Him out of the Army" and "My Father Taught Me to Turn a Trick when I Was Thirteen" for the tabloids, I read with interest your article on them.

I confess that I, too, have often wondered if anyone takes the stories seriously, and just why they read them. Of course, the pages of wife-swapping ads in the back of the paper may be the real reason that people buy the *Informer*; but even so, they must still take a few minutes between orgies to read some of the paper.

On the other hand, many of the stories are essentially factual, in the sense that if I as a writer can imagine people doing things like that, then someone, somewhere, has probably thought of them and done them. Surely, you wouldn't claim that no father ever instructed his daughter in the art of prostitution—especially if you've ever been to Juárez or Tangier. And there are certainly a lot of mothers who would rather have a live homosexual son than a letter from the War Department expressing sympathy for her loss.

Jack Cope
Arlington Heights, Illinois

The key word in the operations of the *National Informer* is "Rabelais." Potterton accurately depicted its note of parody. Editor Joe Reece was interviewed recently by one of the Chicago metropolitan dailies that seemed shocked that he seemed unconcerned about some of the canons of journalism:

"I don't believe anything I read in newspapers," said Reece.

"Including your own?"

"Including my own."

Like the old Italian proverb and uncredited motto of the modern press agents: "If it didn't happen, it might have."

M. C. Ford
Chicago, Illinois

Potterton remarks, "I have only seen two people reading the *Enquirer* in public." Last year, as a student at Fordham University in the Bronx, I was fortunate enough to enter the Fordham Road Station of the IND subway and get on the same D train to Manhattan as Marshall McLuhan. He was teaching a course at Fordham University at the time. Seating himself across from me, Professor McLuhan took from his pocket the then-current issue of the *Enquirer* and started to read it.

Elizabeth S. Lawrence
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

ADA-HERENTS


Three years ago, in the course of writing a book, I had occasion to refer to PLAYBOY as (I fish in the ice hole of memory) "a randy magazine with occasional lapses into good taste." May I now withdraw that little bit of condescension in your pages? PLAYBOY's cultural quotient has grown, and I can take as an instance of this growth the selection that you chose to publish from Vladimir Nabokov's new novel, *Ada* (PLAYBOY, April). The novel itself is magnificent and sprawling and difficult, heavy and delicious as a Christmas pudding, and there is no want in it of selections the "chance choice" of which would have lent substance to my old view. But, instead, a stately excerpt was printed, one that presupposes the interest and existence of a highly sophisticated readership in matters more than mammillary. Congratulations to a dandy magazine with frequent leaps into fine taste.

Andrew Field
Gold Coast, Australia

Ranking among the top Nabokov scholars, Field is the author of "Nabokov: His Life in Art."

Congratulations on your publication of Nabokov's *Ada*—it promises to be a magnificent novel. Judging by the dazzling prose of the preview, in beauty and passion, *Ada* may well surpass *Lolita*.

I had the peculiar pleasure of being probably the first person in the Soviet Union to read this fascinating fragment, and it may interest your readers to learn that among *literate* literary people, Nabokov is surprisingly well known here. *Ada* will surely enhance his reputation. To be sure, Russian readers have certain advantages when reading Nabokov. This is particularly true in the case of *Ada*. The "fantastic" setting is, of course,

A man, Mr. Herbert Kretzmer, is standing in the ornate, dimly lit interior of a theater. He is wearing a light-colored suit jacket over a dark turtleneck and is holding a glass of gin and tonic. He has one foot propped up on a small wooden stool. The theater's architecture features multiple tiers of balconies and a large, ornate chandelier hanging from the ceiling.

**“Lots of things
have changed
here in England
since 1769.**

**Drinking
Gordon's Gin
isn't one of them.
Thank goodness.”**

**Mr. Herbert Kretzmer,
Drama Critic,
London Daily Express**

Nothing approaches the excitement of an opening night in the West End—except, perhaps, an opening night party at which the martinis are exactly prepared with Gordon's Gin.

You see, Mr. Gordon's superbly dry discovery has been an acclaimed hit among the English for two centuries. Indeed, the notices are international:

Gordon's is now the biggest selling gin in England, America, the world!



PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N.J.

heavily Russianized. Take just your first page: "Torfyanka" (Peat Bog) is a "dreamy hamlet" of log "izbas" (huts); and "Gamlet, a half-Russian village," is actually an allusion to *Hamlet* (*Gamlet* in Russian).

Nabokov's place and character names often involve puns or other humorous meanings. "Prince Vseslav Zemski," for example, is a ludicrous impossibility—a hereditary prince with a surname deriving from a kind of 19th Century public-works organization (the other information about Zemski is pure nonsense and fabrication). Nabokov also jokes with "the late Sumerechnikov, American precursor of the Lumière brothers"; *sumerki* is the Russian for "twilight" (preceding the *lumière*). "Dr. Krolik's" son is a "breeder"—*krolik* means "rabbit" in Russian.

Ada itself is a rather uncommon Russian name with Jewish associations. Given Nabokov's variation on the theme of original sin, complete with two twining serpents and remembered apple trees, the closeness of *Ada* to both *Adam* and *Eve* is no doubt intentional. Furthermore, *Ada* is the genitive-case form of *Ad*—hell. It is also curious that Van and *Ada* are apparently of one flesh—the son and daughter of twin sisters. ("Van" bears a suspicious anagrammatic relation to Nabokov's own name.)

Some of the literary allusions will make more sense to Russian speakers, too. For example, Nabokov mistransliterates Chekhov's servant's name (Firs) for a bilingual pun—"Fierce." The garbled title and crazy transliteration in "Tschchaikow's opera *Onegin and Olga*" is Nabokov's revenge on the composer for his banal treatment of *Eugene Onegin*. Nabokov has Tschchaikow pair *Onegin* not with Tatyana but with her stupid, moonfaced sister Olga.

It is fascinating to see Nabokov develop his favorite themes of memory, identity and time; and it appears that in *Ada*, his scope is vastly enlarged, his narrative techniques even more complex. It is to be hoped that *Ada* will make it even more difficult for the official Soviet boycott of Nabokov to continue. *Lolita* was long ago mendaciously summarized in the Soviet press and proclaimed pornography (as it was at home). But Nabokov is no longer a nonperson. Occasional references to him can be found in the literary journals here, and a short, more or less objective article on him appeared in the new *Short Literary Encyclopedia* (volume five, 1968). More people than could be expected have actually read one or two of Nabokov's works—usually *Lolita* (in English or Russian) or *Invitation to a Beheading*.

When John Updike came to Moscow in 1965, he stunned a meeting at the Writers' Union by taking the floor and asking indignantly, "Why don't you translate Nabokov? He is the best living

American writer." *Ada* confirms the judgment, and the question still stands.

Carl R. Proffer
Moscow, U. S. S. R.

The author of "Keys to *Lolita*," Proffer is presently on leave from his post as assistant professor of Slavic languages and literature at Indiana University.

The author's style revealed in *Ada* appeared familiar to me. First, by reason of his use of obscure words, and then through his wistful glances at a bygone time. Isn't Vladimir Nabokov the pen name for the fiction of William F. Buckley?

Charles L. Anderson
Sacramento, California

CHILI PAPERS

Thank you for *Chili Weather*, by Thomas Mario, in your April issue. I have been a chili con carne fan for many years, but I didn't realize that there were so many ways to prepare it. I have just tried two of those Mario suggested: shrimp chili and chicken chili. Both were delicious.

Terry W. Tilton
Anamosa, Iowa

While I was reading *Chili Weather*, we had a rocket attack here in Vietnam. I finished the article anyway and then strolled leisurely to the sandbagged bunker. I enjoyed the article—especially the humorous recipes for chicken and shrimp chili. Why not bunny chili?

As chef for the Chili Appreciation Society International, I have discovered that our country has more chili recipes than foreign policies—and that's going some! As you know, we have had two world chili wars at Terlingua, Texas—the first against H. Allen ("Soupy") Smith, the funny author, whose chili recipe caused the New York garbage strike, and the second against California. One of the judges suffered burned-out taste buds at the first, and two bandits highjacked the ballot box at the second and threw it down a mine shaft, a typical Electoral College situation.

I smuggled enough of my two-alarm packages into Vietnam to throw another Texas-style chili party for 75 Marines and news people at the Da Nang Press Center. We may have to resort to water-buffalo meat, which isn't too bad if you remove the harness. My plan to have some of the chili dropped over Hanoi was turned down, because, I was told, the North Vietnamese could not sit down at a peace table after eating it.

Wick Fowler
FPO San Francisco, California

As a member of the Chili Appreciation Society International, I must protest your advice on the proper ingredients for chili. The mixture described in *Chili Weather* is not chili. A true lover of chili—"chili-

heads," we call 'em—would no more put beans in his chili than he would put buffalo chips in his Jack Daniel's.

Joe M. Turner
Summit, New Jersey

BUMPUS CROP

Jean Shepherd has been one of my favorites for many years, as author, actor and radio personality. As a member of the Armed Forces, I've especially enjoyed the tales of his trials and tribulations during his hitch. But his story in your April issue, *The Grandstand Passion Play of Delbert and the Bumpus Hounds*, struck an even more responsive note. Some years ago, a new family moved into the first floor of the two-story garden-type apartment where we live. Just as with the arrival of the Bumpus crew, changes immediately began to take place. Stray cats suddenly appeared; dust accumulated in great profusion; loud noise shattered the peaceful night, etc. My father, too, was driven to conceive dire plans for revenge. Luckily for us and them, though, most remained in the planning stage. Shepherd is truly a master storyteller and champion of the common man.

Gerald A. Schwartz
Charleston, South Carolina

Thanks for another fine humor piece by Jean Shepherd. In case he wonders where the Bumpus clan went, I'm sad to report that they live just down the street from me now, damn it.

Ric Gibbs
Sparta, Michigan

DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE?

Congratulations to Richard Warren Lewis and to PLAYBOY for the excellent article on *The Swingers* in the April issue. The wealth of material presented in an unbiased fashion by a skillful writer made the piece outstanding. We asked Dick, during his recent visit to our Den of Equity, about his attitude toward this particular bag, and he volunteered that only *Mad* magazine turned him on. Notwithstanding, he did a great job on *The Swingers*, and here's hoping that someday he'll give them a chance to reciprocate.

Greg and Joyce McClure
The Swing
Studio City, California

I found *The Swingers* highly entertaining, realistic and even amusing in certain instances. The not-so-underground Sexual Revolution, with all its attendant problems, is still healthier in many respects than the hypocritical regime it succeeds. The sharpest dart I can hurl at the swingers is the scarcity of a meeting between minds, and a general lack of response on any level but a purely sexual one. It is *ars gratia artis*, which admittedly has merit; but from a

**J&B Rare Scotch.
It only costs
a few cents more.**



**If everyone could make a scotch
like J&B
it wouldn't be so rare.**





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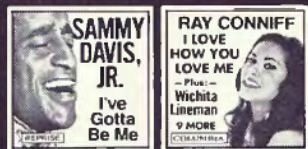
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Now...you save almost 50% on the hit records you want!

Savings are off regular Club prices



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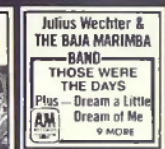
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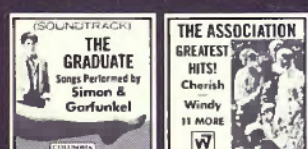
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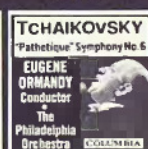
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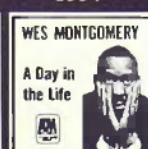
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7045



6897



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1645



7247



7117



4302



7227



1001



H465



H114

E302
2 records count as one

B431

H580/H581
3 records count as two

AND HERE ARE YOUR SAVINGS IN ADVANCE:

ANY 12

HIT RECORDS

\$3.98

FOR ONLY

if you join the Club now and agree to purchase a record a month during the coming ten months (you will have up to 300 records a month to choose from)

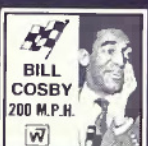
Plus
FREE
RADIO



H358



H503



H084



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H518



H667



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H561



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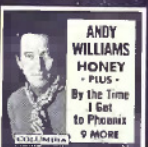
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F825



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E944



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H035



C858

TOPS ANY RECORD CLUB OFFER EVER MADE! Now you can get ANY 12 of the hit records shown here—all 12 for less than the price of one! That's right—if you join now, you may have ANY 12 of these records for only \$3.98! What's more, we'll even give you the all-transistor radio shown above as a free gift! And all you have to do is agree to buy a record a month during the coming ten months.

In short, within ten months you'll have a sizable library of 22 records—but you'll have paid for just half of them... that's practically a 50% saving off regular Club prices.

FREE MUSIC MAGAZINE. Each monthly issue contains up to 300 different records to choose from...hit albums from scores of different record labels! You may accept the monthly selection for the field of music in which you are mainly interested...or take any of the other records offered—the choice is entirely up to you!

RECORDS SENT ON CREDIT. As a member you are entitled to charge all purchases. Your records will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of \$4.98 (Classical, occasional Original Cast recordings and special albums somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

FANTASTIC BONUS PLAN. Upon completing your enrollment agreement, you will automatically become eligible for the Club's bonus plan—which entitles you to one record free for every one you buy. Under this plan you pay as little as \$2.86 a record (including all mailing and handling charges).

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL CARD TODAY! Just write in the numbers of the twelve records you want, for which you will be billed only \$3.98, plus postage and handling. Be sure to indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested.

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB Terre Haute, Ind.

If card has been removed, use this coupon

Columbia Record Club, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Please enroll me as a member of the Club. I've indicated below the twelve stereo records I wish to receive for only \$3.98, plus postage and handling. Include the radio free! I agree to purchase a record a month during the coming ten months...and I may cancel membership at any time thereafter. If I continue, I will then receive one record free for every additional record I buy.

SEND ME THESE 12 RECORDS FOR ONLY \$3.98

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one):

- ☐ Listening and Dancing ☐ Teen Hits
☐ Classical ☐ Broadway and Hollywood
☐ Country and Western ☐ Jazz

Name (Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address

City

State Zip

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check One) ☐ YES ☐ NO
 APO, FPO addresses: write for special offer 224-9/X8

You can't buy a better vodka for love nor rubles.



VODKA, 80 PROOF, DIST. FROM 100% GRAIN. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINN., D. DISTR. BY NAT'L DIST. PROD. CO.

teaming up

Playboy Warm-Up Shirts, the newest action-ready gear for guys and gals. The rugged good looks of fine cotton outside, soft, absorbent double-brushed fleece inside. The rollicking Rabbit is embroidered in white on black or black on white, chili, bright gold and emerald. S, M, L, XL sizes. Short Sleeve, WA106, \$4.50; Long Sleeve, WA107, \$5. Please order by product number and add 50¢ for handling.

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woman's viewpoint, it generally fails to provide that loveliest of all feelings—the afterglow.

Mrs. Beverly Jackson
Lamar State College of Technology
Beaumont, Texas

Lewis' article is certainly informative and descriptive of the California swinging scene. His presentation of negative and positive aspects of swinging—both from the individuals involved and through the comments of observers—is to be commended. But his own ambivalence is disturbing. He still suffers from what we call a "Wow, look at the curious habits of the natives" attitude. Even though the article is bolstered by objective evaluations, comments of scientists and personal vignettes, the writer's attitude peeps through in such phrases as "orgy people like Jane." The old taboos still re-echo in our enlightened discussions of sex.

In journalism concerning sex, the writer has a twofold responsibility: He must discard his own ethnocentric and judgmental attitudes; and he must present the reader with the evolving patterns of sex behavior as they are, in a straightforward manner, without bias. Disguised pornography is out.

George and Nena O'Neill
New York, New York

Dr. George O'Neill, an assistant professor at the City College of New York, and his wife are anthropologists.

There is no joy, no humor, no affection, no tenderness, no real sharing in the swinging scene. Orgasms are brief and leave one drained. Happy, cheerful romancing and developing love can fulfill a lifetime. But romance cannot be bought or discovered—it has to be earned. It has to be deserved.

Jean Scattergood
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

In joining with author Richard Warren Lewis in speculating that the Walt Disney Studios will in time produce movies dealing with mate swapping, I would like to suggest the title *Donald and Minnie and Mickey and Daisy*.

Stephen W. Carmichael
Tulane University
New Orleans, Louisiana

Swinging may well be the healthiest thing that's happened to our society since the repeal of Prohibition. Monogamy is a beautiful institution—in theory, at least—but in practice, it's usually a sad, repressive way of life. For most people, it's togetherness: Don't let your mate do *anything* apart from you, since he might accidentally enjoy himself. As Lewis so clearly points out, however, the swingers are seeking and seeing the beauty of a wide range of experiences; and they are trying to eliminate the irrational possessiveness that sours most marriages. Right now, their rebellion is

primarily—and necessarily—concerned with sex. This is because sex is the fundamental area of repression. By conquering the neurotic sexual taboos, they are overcoming what stands in the way of true sharing. They are paying attention to the philosophy of Auntie Mame: "Life is a banquet, and most poor suckers are starving to death."

Eugene Ross
Chicago, Illinois

"Swingers"—funny, that word was once used to refer to orangutans!

Mrs. William M. Sciedden
Lynchburg, Virginia

I was quite pleased to find *The Swingers*, by Richard Warren Lewis. However, Lewis did give some wrong impressions in an otherwise well-reasoned article. His mention of correspondence clubs, my own field of endeavor, left much unsaid. Lewis claims that many swingers have begun to voice a great deal of suspicion about classified ads in swinging publications. In my three years of service for swingers, I have yet to hear of anyone from my club being harassed by *anyone* posing as a swinger, since such an act constitutes entrapment, which in itself is illegal. Lewis has done a great injustice by riding so quickly over the "lonely loins" and "mate-swapping periodicals." Three years ago, with few exceptions, swingers relied solely upon publications to find fellow swingers; and today, swingers will still rely on us for further contacts, a fact that cannot and should not be overlooked.

Dick Martin, Leader
The Group

Los Angeles, California

Being relatively new to the field, Martin may not be familiar with the "Playboy Forum" exposure of postal prying tactics prior to mid-1966, when entrapments and other techniques of harassment were commonly used against swingers and other nonconforming correspondents, notably homosexuals. Under pressure applied by a U. S. Senate investigative committee, which in turn had been flooded with letters from PLAYBOY readers, the General Counsel of the Post Office promised, in a letter published in the September 1966 "Playboy Forum," that these practices would be discontinued. So far, they apparently have been. Group leader Martin may be interested in the following comments by an unrelated namesake from television's "Laugh-In."

Regarding your article on *The Swingers*: As a bachelor, I'm damned if I'll get married just so I'll have a wife to swap! But can I watch?

Dick Martin
Beverly Hills, California

Say good night, Dick.



Introducing little nippers

New Wolf Bros. RUMmmm-flavored 100mm. Little Cigars.

Take flavorful tobacco.

Soak it in 149 proof rum.

Add a charcoal filter and a cork tip.

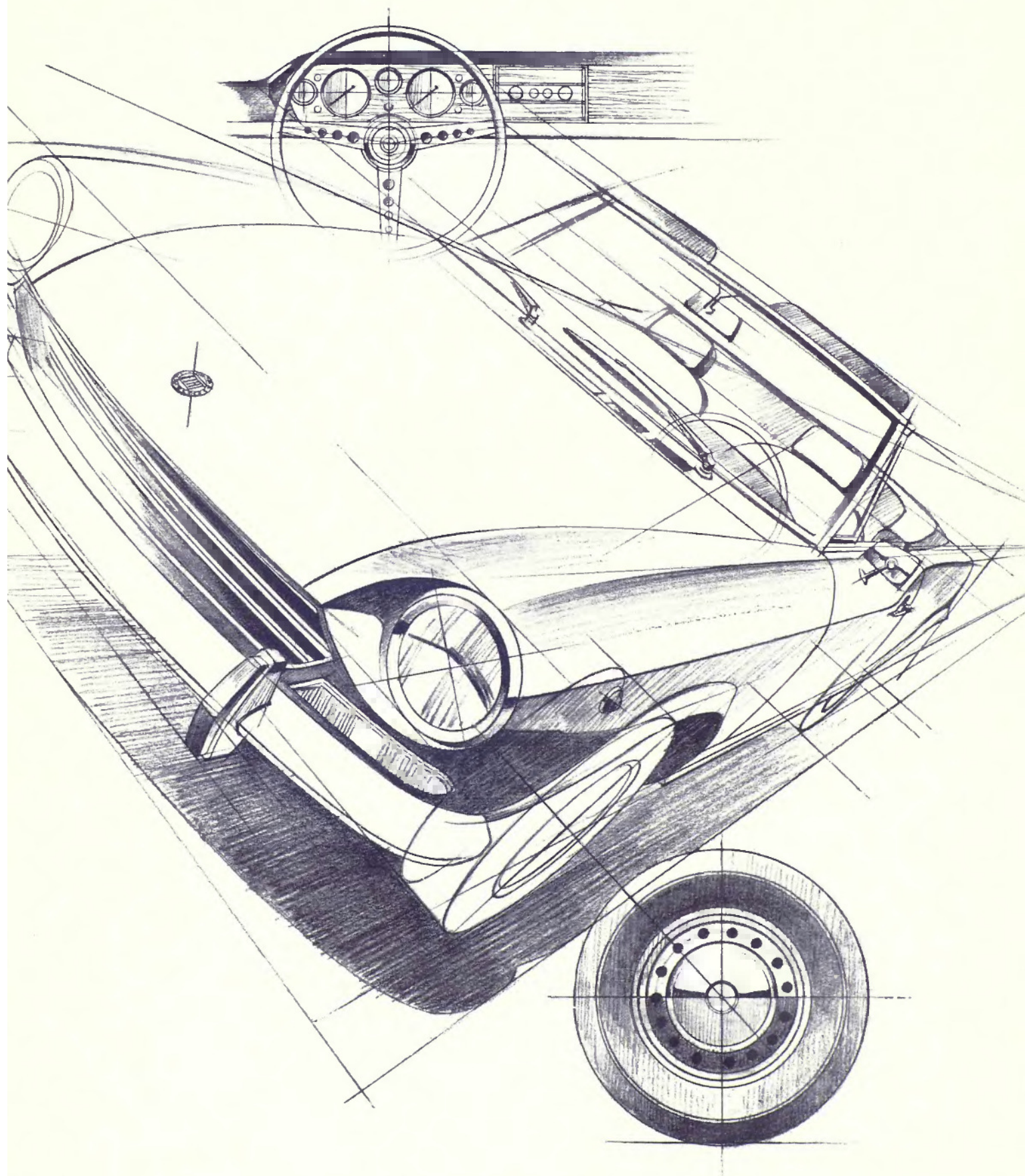
You've got the Wolf Bros. new 100mm. Little Cigars.

With the new, wild taste.

Care for a nip?



Wolf Bros. Cigar Company/Red Lion, Pa. 17356



Fiat 124 Spider \$3240.

Suggested price p.o.e. New York.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



The minutiae chronicled daily by the mass media can easily give one the impression that the various social and cultural revolutions currently under way are in reality giant snowballs rolling downhill upon us and growing larger by the minute. To listen to some soothsayers, it seems that never in past ages were politicians so windy, litigation so complex, music so loud, crime so popular or men's hair and attire so extravagant. It appears that in all forms of human folly, we are approaching the point of no return, right here and now, and it is only a matter of time—maybe weeks, maybe only hours—before an outraged Deity begins hurling thunderbolts and triggering earthquakes; California, we are told, has been justly marked for early extinction. However, a casual search the other day through our old friend the *Guinness Book of World Records* reassured us that Americans of the present decade have no monopoly on freakiness. Andy Warhol's superstatic film epic depicting a day in the life of the Empire State Building, for example, was not only anticipated, in size of subject matter and single-mindedness of purpose but actually outdone—in 1846, when John Banvard completed a painting titled *Panorama of the Mississippi*. Banvard's mammoth production—destroyed in a fire in 1891—was 15,000 feet long, 12 feet in height and covered more than four acres. Neither Jimi Hendrix nor any other psychedelized guitarist has yet challenged the sheer power of the 33,112-pipe Auditorium Organ in Atlantic City, which has sufficient volume to drown out two dozen brass bands. Oldsters who shake their heads over the rock sounds worshiped among the young might pause to consider that no teenybopper has ever paid \$653 for a seat at one of the mopheads' concerts, as American music buffs did to see Jenny Lind in 1850—when a dollar, we are repeatedly told, was worth a helluva lot more than it is today. And no spaced-out aggregation doing the Tighten-up at a disco has ever grokked and grooved as did the burghers of Aachen, Germany, in July of 1374, when—in a fit of mass hysteria—they danced in the streets until injury

or total exhaustion sent them to the side lines. Salvador Dali's mustache, certainly the most renowned in the Western world, hardly compares with the hirsute ornament on the upper lip of Masuriya Din, a Brahman of India, whose mustache measured 102 inches in 1962. Neither can any of our scruffiest longhairs hold a curler to Swami Pandarasannadhi, also of India, whose tresses—in 1949—trailed 26 feet behind him.

Those who claim that court procedures have become so complex that criminals can no longer be prosecuted or that citizens who have been injured can no longer gain redress, might be reassured to learn that a suit filed in 1205 by Maloji Thorat of Poona, India, wasn't settled until April 28, 1966—when Maloji's descendant, Balasaheb Patloji Thorat, was awarded a favorable judgment. As formidable as our courts have become, they scarcely seem as overwhelming as the omnipresent advertising industry; yet no advertising executive of this decade has dared assault public sensibility with such a brazenly unhidden persuader as the 250,000-lamp CITROËN sign, in which the *x* itself measured 68 feet, 5 inches high, that roosted atop the Eiffel Tower—who wrote that Paris wears flowers in her hair?—from 1925 to 1936. Americans who stay behind locked doors at night fretting over crime statistics, or who kick in their television sets to keep their children from growing up to become mass murderers, might find the case of Herman Webster Mudgett, alias H. H. Holmes, unusually instructive. In 1893, long before the advent of mass mind benders, Holmes-Mudgett was discovered to have murdered at least 150 young female guests at his "castle" in Chicago—where investigators, according to *Guinness*, found "secret passages, stairways and a maze of odd rooms, some windowless or padded, containing hidden gas inlets and electric indicators . . . [plus] a hoist, two chutes, a furnace, an acid bath, a dissecting table, a selection of surgical instruments and fragmentary human remains." Speaking of crime, those who suspect that the ever-stealthier master crooks of Cosa Nostra are quietly

locking up a larger portion of America's total wealth with each fiscal year may not realize that the biggest "income" ever harvested by an individual in a single semester was the \$105,000,000 pulled in by the relatively unsophisticated business interests of Al Capone in 1927; Capone's business card that year described him only as a "secondhand furniture dealer."

So it seems that in some respects, at least, things are getting better all the time. However, in the price of our most basic commodity—land—we are, indeed, approaching the breaking point. In September of 1954, an area of 1200 square feet in the city of London changed hands for \$840,000, or \$30,240,000 per acre. That record was relatively short-lived, though; in February 1964, a woman paid \$510 for a piece of North Hollywood that measured three inches by six and a half inches—a rate of \$328,107,323 an acre. If the price of land keeps skyrocketing at that pace—and it undoubtedly will, as the earth continues to disappear under an ever-thickening swarm of humanity—we'll have no choice but to pack up all our toys and look for a brand-new playpen.

We could kick ourselves for missing a program offered at NYU's Eisner and Lubin Auditorium that promised masochistic film buffs a "Movie Orgy—7 Hours of Unbelievable Thrills, Violence, Nostalgia & Eyestrain—a mind-boggling barrage of Hollywood camp intercut with miles of extraneous footage culled from secret archives plus 2001 splices and miles of leader—an experience of mind-rotting celluloid hysteria—rated Z—not suitable for anyone. SEE thousands of actors in the roles that earned them obscurity. SEE the beautiful women attacked by the lust-crazed giant ape. SEE Roger Corman's greatest unknown classic. SEE the voluptuous Chiquita, Mexican Spitfire, lay a cunning trap for Hoppy and his pal Lucky. SEE Conway Twitty sing *That's Why We Go to College*. SEE coming attractions for pictures that don't come. SEE Nejlá Ates, The Turkish Delight. SEE Ann-Margret warn of the ever-present Communist conspiracy. SEE

Giant Insects, Singing Cowboys, Mal-adjusted Indians, Bosomy Starlets, Alf Landon's historic plea for law and order, & More, More, More!" The leaflet concluded with a reminder to BYOP (Bring Your Own Popcorn).

One of reporter Bill Lewis' first assignments at the *Arkansas Gazette* was to cover a meeting of the Wine Appreciation Society of Little Rock. He appreciated it so much that when he wrote the story, his outraged editor ordered the piece printed exactly as written: "A party was held at the Hotel Marion last night at which not a drop of whiskey was served. Everybody drank wine. Lots of it. It was the initial meeting of the Wine Appreciation Society of Little Rock, sponsored by the Wine Advisory Board of the California Department of Agriculture. . . . The onslaught of alcoholic beverages was relentless. Dinner followed. Roast beqf. Sapmon salad. A tpssed salad with French dressing. A**le pi3 for dessert. Then cha.pqgn3m. . . . About 40 persons attended, including a Gaze66e r3porter. There was a discussi9n of the relatix merits of domextic and imp9rted wines, wity mucg regardinh the 'bouque6' and the 'fragrenc3' of the variouw wines. No d3cision was reachec. Th3 Marion Hotel's roas5 beaf was fine. So wax the 2ine. Th3 new officers were el3cted. I dont rem3mb34 the84 nam3s." Lewis is now the *Gazette's* drama, art and music critic.

The *Manchester New Hampshire Union Leader* arrested our attention with this headline: "CHARLESTOWN BOY WINS HARDY LAYING CONTEST." Further reading revealed that the youth, a 4-H member, had won a poultry championship using chickens from the Hardy Farm in Chester.

The 1968 report of the Pennsylvania Bureau of Standard Weights and Measures relates the story of a "buxom young lady" employed by a grocery. In careful bureaucratic euphemism, the official report explains that the girl was consistently "short-weighting" customers because she inadvertently included her most prominent anatomical feature in the weighing process. After discovering the cause of the problem, the ingenious store manager "installed a metal guard in front of the scale, effectively preventing a recurrence of this mishap."

Our man in England notes that publisher W. H. Allen is releasing a new book titled *How to Hold Up a Bank*. Before the criminal community makes a run on the bookstores, we feel obligated to point out that the book's subtitle is "A New Way to Control Shore Erosion."

A salute to an aspiring swinger in Pine City, Minnesota, for his intentions, if not his expertise, in playing musical beds—as revealed in the following ad

from the local paper: "Wanted. Twin beds in good condition, and trumpet."

The *Wall Street Journal* tells us that a manufacturer who turned out sweat shirts inscribed with MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING is no longer in business.

A Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan, bakery offers: HOT PASTIES—59¢.

The attention of those who share our aversion to historic landmarks is directed to Miami Beach's Fairfax Hotel, in front of which is a large boulder emblazoned with an impressive bronze plaque. The sign reads, ON THIS SITE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING AT ALL HAPPENED.

No Comment Department, from Eric Berne's best-selling book *Games People Play*: "The 'professional homosexual' wastes a large amount of time and energy which could be applied to other ends."

Sign of the times posted in a Virginia store last May: SUGGESTIVE MOTHER'S DAY GIFTS.

Suspicious confirmed: According to Herb Caen's *San Francisco Chronicle* column, there's a used-car salesman in that city named—right hand up—Rob N. Cheatum.

We didn't know whether to notify Ripley or Masters and Johnson when we read an A. P. report from Belém, Brazil, that Edmundo Raiol de Olivera, 85, is seeking a legal separation from his wife, Paula, 73, after 37 years of marriage—on grounds of infidelity.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

During the past nine years, *The Second City* has anti-established itself as Chicago's liveliest theatrical fixture, unique in its continuing productivity and determined satirical orientation. Performed six nights a week at North Avenue and Wells Street in the heart of Old Town, its current revue, *Peace, Serenity and Other Impossible Things* is a dynamic collection of absurdities, parodies and vignettes structured by director Michael Miller and performed by a cast equal to any in the company's history. Like such Second City predecessors as Alan Arkin, Barbara Harris, Avery Schreiber and David Steinberg, they employ improvisational methods to populate the stage with an improbable succession of freaks, madcaps, hypocrites and saints. The distinctive stage personalities of the actors are as varied as the characters they play. Pamela Hoffman is both girl and woman, honey-voiced and well equipped to handle all the female roles in the revue. Murphy Dunne is the son of a

Chicago Irish machine politician who acts out his detachment through bizarre flights of imaginative unreality. And Martin Harvey Friedberg comes on like a grown-up New York *bar mitzvah* boy: sometime schlemiel, occasional loudmouth and generally nice guy. As the depressed young man who comes to confess his impending unmarried fatherhood, Friedberg is confounded by the senile, near-deaf, near-dead old priest who continually dozes off and then awakens thinking he's dead and en route to heaven. Burt Heyman, the religious side of this noncommunication, looks something like a mustachioed cartoon coyote and uses his pliant features in often brilliant characterizations. When interviewed as Bill Brute, a hunting-and-fishing expert on a TV parody called *The Great Outdoors*, he sneaks belts from his shotgun barrel, talks about duck hunting at Henry Cabot Lodge and discusses fishing at Lake Tfilin. "My favorite lure," he confides, "is the Spanish fly." In a black-humor finish, he urges support of the Guns for Youth movement sponsored by Father MacGregor, "the shooting priest," and tells host Art Sincere (Ira Miller), "Let's teach our kids how to pick up a gun and kill or maim safely." Miller, whose Mel Brooks wit resides in a body caught between fat and tall, is also featured in an irreverent take-off on our own *Playboy After Dark* TV show. He plays a head-bobbing, super-hip Hugh Hefner who, with pipe and Playmate in hand, strolls around, murmuring, "Groovy, groovy!" and jockeying for the best camera angles with sycophantic guests who cling to him like Siamese sextuplets. Through constantly clenched teeth, he introduces his date for the evening: "This is Cindy—my current piece." In a burlesque of "soul" music, the audience is introduced to Dirty Puddle—an aged blues harmonica player (J. J. Barry) who prefers marijuana to Medicare and still manages to stomp out arthritic rhythms between topples from his chair. Barry, who made several appearances last season on Rowan and Martin's *Laugh-In*, also revives one of his traditional Second City characterizations. As a flannel-mouthed Mayor Daley, he is trapped into a nocturnal bedside meeting with a visitor from the spirit world—a heaven-sent Yippie. This far-out apparition is played by Eric Ross, who, in a scene with Ira Miller, shows boundless stage energy as the mind-blown scion of an upright suburban family. In these, as in all the revue's scenes and black-outs, Michael Miller has applied his tough critical judgment and theatrical technique to delineate and activate the cast's improvisational creations. Aggressive and vigorously direct, Miller prefers to punch rather than poke his satiric targets, and the company has achieved a new animation through his belligerent, Brechtian confrontations—merciless but, above all,



Playboy Club News



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JULY 1969

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hilarious collisions with the golden calves and sacred cows of those who occasionally forget how funny most of us really are.

BOOKS

Alienation of the young, class hatred, failure of the old politics, increasing violence, the pervasive feeling that individual attempts to alter things are futile—take all these things and you have what Arthur Schlesinger mildly titled *The Crisis of Confidence* (Houghton Mifflin), a valuable attempt to assess and analyze America's present crises and our reaction to their various symptoms. Schlesinger's strong dose of historical perspective can provide the liberal, conservative, hawk, dove, student and senior citizen with, at least, a base from which to attack one another within the democratic system. Moreover, he offers us a chance to regain our collective cool and indicates hopeful paths to reconciliation. His positive approach, no doubt, will be dismissed by the New Left and the New Right. As he says, "The New Left and, less clearly, the New Right share a common view: that is, that the American democratic process is corrupt and phony, that it cannot identify or solve the urgent problems, and that American society as at present organized is inherently incapable of providing justice to the alienated groups—for the New Left, the poor, the blacks, the young, the intellectuals; for the New Right, the lower-middle-class whites." George Wallace and Eldridge Cleaver, as exponents of each extreme, spread tar with the same brush. "For all their vast differences in values and objectives, they end as tacit partners in a common assault on civility and democracy." In 1961, John F. Kennedy said, "Before my term is ended, we shall have to test anew whether a nation organized and governed such as ours can endure. The outcome is by no means certain." *The Crisis of Confidence* isn't certain of any outcome, either, but it is a gut affirmation of faith in the ability of democracy to continue its self-conducting experiment.

The New York Times is human, after all. It has a pulsating heart: and in *The Kingdom and the Power* (World), Gay Talese traces its complex network of veins, valves and arteries with the skill of a surgeon. The *Times* was bought in 1896 by a Tennessee publisher, Adolph Ochs, when it was losing \$1000 a day. Today, Ochs' heirs have it bringing in \$160,000,000 a year in ad revenue alone. *Times*-trained Talese is mainly concerned with the people who achieved that success. A note of personal hostility surfaces here and there, as in his brief assessment of former daily book reviewer Eliot Fremont-Smith, as one "who would parry and tip-toe when the situation seemed ticklish." But in the main, Talese's objectivity is

firm and he presents some revealing portraits of *Times*men, including relatively minor figures such as Bill Lawrence and John Randolph. Lawrence was a hard-drinking, hard-living reporter who had the misfortune to get too close to Jack Kennedy and thus threaten the *Times*' non-partisanship. Randolph was the picture editor until the day he ran a photograph of Marilyn Monroe French-kissing Joe DiMaggio on their wedding day. Talese points out delicately that while the personal sexual traits of many *Times*men are libertarian, the *Times* itself is quite Victorian. Turning to a major figure such as executive editor James Reston, Talese shows how he personifies the values of his paper. The spirit of America to Reston is "a land in which the citizens seemed not so disenchanted, the police not so brutal . . . the politicians in Washington not so self-serving, the age of Jefferson not so long ago or lost in essence." Unfortunately, that philosophy has made the *Times* suspect among young activists of all colors, and this distrust is not without foundation. For on several occasions, Reston has seen fit to inject his idealism into the realities of Washington. His newspaper knew about the U-2 before the plane was shot down over Russia, but never revealed it; and the *Times* held back information about the Bay of Pigs to protect the adventurers. Reston was perhaps betrayed by his fondness for making the *Times* an arm of the Government—which, indeed, it has unavoidably become. In his author's note, Talese suggests that he hoped to write "a human history of an institution in transition." He has more than fulfilled that hope.

For almost as long as there has been art to sell and collectors to buy, there have been dealers to bring the two together. Today, with these transactions becoming big business and sometimes front-page news, *The Art Dealers* (Scribner's), by Britishers John Russell Taylor and Brian Brooke, makes timely reading. They explain the inner workings of the business of art with insight, humor, a trove of apt anecdotes and considerable candor. They direct themselves mainly to the "new art trade"—the moderate-income professional man who has a moderate amount of money to spend, moderate tastes and a moderate-sized house, rather than a castle or a palace, in which to display what he buys. Taylor and Brooke spell out the intricate relationships—financial as well as temperamental—that unite and divide artist, dealer, auctioneer and purchaser. They range from the philosophy of art forgery to the scarcity of old masterpieces, from the cycles of "instant fashion"—such as the *art nouveau* vogue—to the question of whether art dealers are scholars, parasites or "money-changers in the temple of the Muses." A substantial section of the

book explores the trend toward dealing in art as a financial investment. Though we hear of spectacular profits, say Taylor and Brooke, even an old master can prove to be a riskier holding than a new conglomerate. In their casual style, the authors convey an immense amount of information about the world of art and about the people who inhabit it.

Imagine Holden Caulfield in a Neo-Gothic terror novel, with just a touch of bizarre sex. That is pretty much what Dan (How to Be a Jewish Mother) Greenburg has attempted in *Philly* (Simon & Schuster). The quondam humorist has attempted a difficult trick: to combine a sympathetic delineation of an innocent adolescent with no-holds-barred Grand-Guignolerie. Philly is the 14-year-old son of a widower who wants to be a pal to his boy but always has to go on business trips. This trip, Philly is left with Miss Mallow, a youngish governess with good legs and breasts, and with the malevolent family chauffeur, Lester the Fruit. Playing on Philly's sexual fantasies and glandular stirrings, his guardians concoct a surrealistic conspiracy that slithers and pounces its way to a macabre denouement. Greenburg almost—almost—brings it off. If one can suspend enough disbelief to accept Philly's naïveté, sexual and otherwise—an unlikely condition these days—then the book may make for a tingly night's reading.

As black-studies courses proliferate, so do books by black activists. Former SNCC leader H. Rap Brown's *Die Nigger Die!* (Dial) is addressed primarily to young blacks; but whites, too, will find the author's fusion of polemic and autobiography pertinent. For so widely publicized a presence, Brown has hitherto revealed little of himself in interviews. But his short, defiant book turns out to be a pungent odyssey of a young man—Brown is now 25—chronically resistant to illegitimate authority. There are sharp-edged epiphanies of his childhood, along with vivid descriptions of black street culture. The book also includes a sardonic account of a meeting with Lyndon Johnson and harshly hilarious snapshots of Brown in triumphant encounter with a Negro FBI agent and with a beleaguered set of Army officers as he persuades them that he is certainly not draft material. Though weak on theory, this book is a bold self-portrait of a bold young man. By contrast, *3/5 of a Man* (Macmillan), by Floyd McKissick, former national director of CORE, tells us nothing of McKissick himself. Instead, it is a fragmented primer of black American history and of court decisions as they apply to that history. McKissick argues that "the judges and juries who today interpret and apply the Constitution have had no special training to understand their own racism or the racism of

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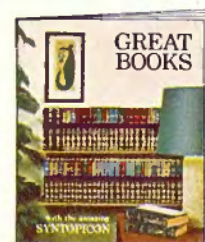
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others." Therefore, he goes on, there should be more black lawyers and judges; law school curricula ought to be radically changed; and "the courts in which black people are most frequently tried—local magistrates' courts—should be in the black community." In *The Way It Is* (Harcourt, Brace & World), edited by John Holland, a teacher, 15 wholly unknown exemplars of the black experience are heard from. In their own text and photographs, these seventh- and eighth-grade youngsters in a Brooklyn public school tell of their neighborhood. It is an affecting document, showing the expressive potential of these adolescents who are bright but find school boring, since there is little that is real in the way they are taught. They are compassionately observant of the life and slow death around them and they know how vulnerable they themselves are, being poor and black. The last photograph is of a "bum laying down, having a dream about what to do tomorrow. Sometimes we wonder what we'll be doing, too. The guys don't talk about it a lot but we think about it sometimes, because where do you go from here?"

Breathes there a man without some skeleton in his closet? Not likely. If Big Brother sets up a computerized national data bank stuffed with information on our private affairs, wouldn't he (they?) be able to wield absolute power over nearly everyone? And we know what Lord Acton said about absolute power, don't we? In *The Death of Privacy* (Random House), Jerry M. Rosenberg carefully reviews proposals for a Federal electronic file on 200,000,000 Americans and presents—at book length—a chilling picture of the perils documented by Alan Westin in his May 1968 PLAYBOY article *The Snooping Machine*. Apparently innocent questions already being asked by census takers (which could be incorporated in your dossier) provide an example of the problem: What were you doing five years ago? Did you earn a college degree? How often have you been married? Maybe you were doing 180 days in a Birmingham jail five years ago for picketing a Klan rally. Maybe you never went to college and have been making a good living lying to your boss. And maybe you were married twice before but that isn't generally known—by your present wife, for one. Rosenberg suggests we're going to be mighty sorry if we answer such questions and let the answers be processed centrally without adequate control over access to the files. His case is strengthened by anecdotes recalling the abuse of presumably confidential data and the insidious ways in which time and laxity combine to legitimize that abuse. Rosenberg concedes some need and an irresistible pressure for more comprehensive statistical information. His concern is that while


the facts (and misinformation?) gleaned might be intended for confidential Government use, the vastness of Government itself creates a field day for data leakers and could even make police-state tactics possible. His conclusion: Congress should make no law respecting the establishment of an electronic clearinghouse until it legislates a leakproof lock on the door. With *The Death of Privacy*, Rosenberg has fired an early-warning rocket over an area that is fast becoming a major battleground of controversy.

There is a tradition among American intellectuals to bemoan America's lack of tradition. Some, such as novelist Henry James, were so appalled by our lack of history that they moved permanently to Europe, where the accumulated past was more to their liking. But *The Annals of America* (Encyclopaedia Britannica), all 20 volumes of it, proves that our history is anything but the brief, tedious span that so bored James. This year-by-year collection of original documents dating from 1493 to 1968 details the dreams, struggles and errors that together transformed a wilderness into a mechanized supnation. Many of the 2200 accounts are available elsewhere; but included is a two-volume Conspectus that makes the set invaluable. Following the model of Britannica's Great Books, the Conspectus contains detailed essays on the enduring issues and ideas in American life—and provides carefully indexed cross references to entries and other works relating to each. The result is an unprecedented means of getting into American history that should reward scholar and general reader alike. The aim of editor-in-chief Mortimer J. Adler was obviously to present a usable past—and so the focus is primarily upon aspects of our history that remain relevant today. For this reason, *The Annals* is overwhelmingly concerned with ethics and politics; there is little social history or frivolity therein. But if our fads and diversions are largely missing, the concepts and actions that shaped America the beautiful—and the ugly—are outlined with precise clarity. Far from being a soporific collection of dry chronicles, *The Annals of America* is a rich, first-hand account of a continuing revolution.

One of the effects of the rock explosion is the rock-critic explosion. Anyone can be an expert. As Arnold Shaw writes in *The Rock Revolution* (Crowell-Collier), "the unbridled rave is an earmark of rock criticism, particularly as practiced by the under-30 contingent." So, he might have added, is the unbridled pan. Blast the Beatles, step on the Stones, bury the Grateful Dead, cream the Cream, slam The Doors, make a name. Among the more impertinent of the "now" generation of rock watchers is a 23-year-old Britisher named Nik Cohn,

author of *Rock from the Beginning* (Stein & Day). The first time he saw Ray Charles, he was so moved by him, he threw up. But he quickly makes clear that he doesn't "spew for everyone." Certainly not for the Beatles, who have sunk to "ultimate inanity," nor for Dylan, who "bores me stiff," nor for Dionne Warwick and Burt Bacharach, who are "Muzak," nor for Jim Morrison, who is "all showbiz" and unprintably worse. When he doesn't like someone, Cohn has a handy, usually imprecise epithet to toss around. When he likes someone, he is dumfounded. Aretha Franklin "is the only talent I can rave about without making reservations of any kind"—or observations of any kind, either, except to make her sound like Captain Marvel and Wonder Woman—rolled into one: "She rips through brick walls like candy floss, destroys skyscrapers, tramples the city underfoot." As for the Rolling Stones, he says, in the style of a third-grade primer, they "have style and presence and real control. They are my favorite group. They always have been." They're so good, in fact, says Cohn, that they're "final," which for him is the end. In contrast to Cohn, Arnold Shaw speaks with some authority, not to mention insight. Music manager, composer and biographer as well as reviewer, he can view the rock scene with carefully calibrated enthusiasm. He knows that "no understanding of the rock revolution . . . is really possible without some background in Afro-American music," and that "early rock 'n' roll was white, monotonous, juvenile and in search of identity." But he quotes too many sources, mostly journalistic; he is too tuned to the charts; and his canvas is too broad (what the hell is Tiny Tim doing in a rundown of rock?). More valuable than either of these two books is *The Age of Rock* (Random House), a compilation of essays, articles, criticisms, columns, interviews and profiles edited by Jonathan Eisen. There is no real order to Eisen's book. It is just a bunch of pieces; but it is both more intensive and more comprehensive (without Tiny Tim) than Cohn's or Shaw's. James Brown, Dylan, Presley, Jagger, Zappa, Joplin are all here—along with Phil Spector, Albert Grossman, rock radio mogul Bill Drake and number-one groupie Sherry Sklar. There is also an excellent study by Michael Wood of John Lennon's lyrics and how they're influenced by his school days, a probing interview with Paul McCartney by Alan Aldridge, and two estimable pieces of serious pop criticism by Ned Rorem and Richard Poirier.

Eugene Schoenfeld pulled a good one on his mother in Miami Beach, who wanted her son to be a doctor: He took a medical degree, then went to Africa to work at the Schweitzer hospital at



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Lambaréné. Well, that's sort of in the tradition. Then he did psychiatric work in San Francisco. OK, that's sort of in the tradition, too—adventurous young doctor finding himself. But then he shed his respectable carapace and emerged as Dr. Hip Pocrates! Schoenfeld's outspoken and outrageous columns for the *Berkeley Barb*—doling out advice on circumcision (he calls this "the great circumcision flap"); on drugs; on undergoing and overdoing erotic pleasures; on put-ons and put-offs; on group and singular sex—have been syndicated in the underground press all over the world for the mass audience of the young rebellion. They may be rebels, but they still suffer a few of the old problems in addition to all the new ones. Now Grove Press has enterprisingly collected the columns under the title *Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates*—with additional material, puns and candid comments by the good doctor himself. The book is funny, sharp, true and sensible and raucous second to none—well, maybe to one—as the best printed counsel available on such subjects as orgasm; premature ejaculation; multiple sociability; the various apertures, their delights and dilemmas; on the possibilities of virgin birth; on petting and teasing; on incest and menstruation; on satisfaction, frustration and frigidity; on abortion and contraception; on foreplay and afterbirth; on the myths, hopes and dreams of autofellatio—and much, much more, all told with wit, sympathy, insight and authority. Dear Mrs. Schoenfeld: We regret to inform you that your son, the doctor, has become a Hippocratic hippie.

Whether or not he ever surfaces again, Eldridge Cleaver has become a focal figure of the black-liberation movement, as he would call it. In the two years after his parole from a long prison term, Cleaver—as author, Black Panther spokesman, Presidential candidate on the Peace and Freedom Party ticket—emerged as almost a historical personage. At the end of last year, he went underground. His parole had been revoked and he was certain he would be killed in prison. *Post-Prison Writings and Speeches* (Random House) is a quickly assembled collection of speeches and polemical articles, most of the latter done for *Ramparts*. It was edited by *Ramparts'* managing editor Robert Scheer, who has also written an admiring appraisal of Cleaver. Obviously, this book cannot have the complexity and depth of *Soul on Ice*, but it is a valuable record of Cleaver testing his freedom and growing within it. Included are his discovery of a revolutionary vocation through joining the Black Panthers; his clarification of his ideas and goals (distilled with particular force in his December 1968 *Playboy* Interview, part of which is reprinted as an appendix); his assertion of a strong sense of personal and racial worth; and

his call for whites to decide, while time remains, whether they are going to be "part of the problem or of the solution." For all the violence of his rhetoric on occasion, Cleaver speaks and writes essentially as a radical humanist: "We need a university of the world that can teach the whole world—all the people of the world—the true history of the world, not a racist history, not a nationalist history, but a history that can enable people to live. And we need a society that will be universal, with no passports, no boundaries, a utopia brought down to earth, a classless society, a society that is not based on capitalistic economics and exploitation. Yes." He confronted even God and the possibility that he and the Panthers might be "sentenced to hell-fire and brimstone and damnation throughout eternity." If that were to happen, Cleaver said, "If God forms a coalition with the Devil to keep us there, we're going to have to deal with Him." Cleaver was toying with myth; now he may be well on the way to becoming one.

Until an Indian or a Mexican-American or a ghetto Negro writes of Robert Kennedy, it is unlikely that anyone will come as close as Jack Newfield has in *Robert Kennedy: A Memoir* (Dutton) to capturing what that tormented and contradictory man might have meant to America. Like the few other liberal intellectuals who supported Kennedy over McCarthy in last year's Presidential campaign, Newfield comes from a working-class background. He implies that an identification with society's lower strata is necessary for an understanding of Kennedy, who started with every advantage and ended in a passionate commitment to life's losers. Newfield charts three watershed developments in Kennedy's formation: his brother's assassination; his prolonged, agonized decision to challenge President Johnson on the Vietnamese policy he had helped form as part of his brother's Administration; and his discovery during the 1968 campaign of his natural constituency among the poor of all races. Dallas showed Robert Kennedy the absurdity that underpins the best-laid plans and lives. The break with L. B. J. helped liberate him from the idea that his entire purpose in life was the completion of J. F. K.'s work. And after the Indiana primary, Kennedy told Newfield that he thought its meaning was that he had "a chance now, just a chance, to organize a new coalition of Negroes and working-class white people against the union and party establishments." Though he berates Kennedy for most of his actions before 1963, for the long silence that followed his first antiwar speech and for his tardy entry into the Presidential race, the writer's final strong affection for his subject shows in *Robert Kennedy: A Memoir*. Confirmed Bobby haters will hardly accept Newfield's repeated descriptions of Ken-

nedy as shy and sensitive, but the book is authoritative (Newfield began it almost two years before Kennedy was killed, and had 150 conversations with the Senator) and suffused with its author's tough intelligence. Newfield consistently arrives at insights about Kennedy and the state of America in the Sixties that are worthy of Norman Mailer—but unmarried by Mailer's combative, egocentric imposition of himself between subject and reader. Seldom has an American politician been remembered with this sort of brilliance by a personal friend.

MOVIES

Offering an encore to their successful collaboration in last year's *Rachel, Rachel*, Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward (Mr. and Mrs., if anyone needs to be reminded) score again as co-stars of *Winning*. Its emblem the symbolic winged wheel of the Indianapolis Speedway, *Winning* has a much higher metabolism than *Rachel*, with all the brash and hectic excitement of a day at the races sensibly used as mere background for a personal drama that is probing, poignant, tightly written (by Howard Rodman) and as indigenous to America as hot dogs with mustard. Whatever else may be said of the Newmans—and much can be said for their relaxed, sensitive way of milking emotional nuances from a scene—they seem to have an eye for material strongly spiked with audience identification; and they have also entrusted themselves to a more-than-promising young director in James Goldstone. Paul and Joanne play a pair of bruised characters who first meet late one night at an Avis office in a small town; she is facing the drab end of a working day behind the counter; he has picked up a \$12,000 purse at the stock-car track, got drunk and now wants to pick up a girl. "I've got a son who's five foot, six inches tall," she tells him; but by morning, her lust for life and independence has so thoroughly conquered her misgivings that she telephones home to announce her imminent departure for a speedrome in California ("Mother, I am *not* leaving Avis in the lurch," Joanne insists plaintively). The devil-take-all romance ends at the altar, and the problems of marriage are the real issue of *Winning*—the eternal sticky problem of "making it" in the broadest sense without losing sight of one's private self en route to the big win. "Now I'm drivin' good, and my life is crap," says Newman when his own moment of truth comes, when he has roared to victory in the "500" but doesn't much give a damn after finding the insecure wife he loved and neglected in a motel room with his swinging teammate (Robert Wagner). Newman effortlessly projects the nice-guy image of an average American

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male who has trouble putting his feelings into words. He is an inarticulate lover, secretly fearful and never wholly in control unless he's living by the seat of his pants, with both hands on the steering wheel. Director Goldstone explores the chemistry of the hero's muddled relationships in a series of subtle clashes between man and wife, man and machine and—by no means least—man confronted by a worshipful stepson (a talented teenaged stripling named Richard Thomas) who is smarting from wounds left by severed family ties. Lent authenticity by a score of big-name drivers, the film's excellent racing scenes are so intricately meshed with the psychological drives behind them that they become doubly powerful as drama—rooted deep in the gut of a sometime loser. *Winning* pores over reflections from that coveted silver trophy and shows us a few faces, all beautiful and warm.

The star and moving spirit of *King, Murray* is a real Long Island insurance salesman named Murray King, who earns every dime of his six-figure income by living as though there's no tomorrow. For want of a better term, the film is described by producer Amram Nowak as "a fictionalized documentary," which means that some of the situations are rigged, some of the prospective clients and party girls planted, while King goes wheeling and dealing from Roslyn, Long Island, to a frenetic weekend at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas. The truth about what makes Murray run asserts itself explosively, despite the fabrications. If King playing King is not what he appears to be—an American archetype with neon dollar signs flashing amid the wreckage of his boyhood dreams—then Nowak and associates have discovered one of the world's great natural actors. King is unforgettable, pinching his clients' wives, nuzzling their daughters or settling onto a sofa in Caesar's Palace like a hurricane momentarily becalmed. An inveterate name dropper and master of malapropisms, whose doctor calls him "hyperkinetic," King is also a nonstop monologist and hustler, but seldom a bore. His friends, real and imagined, are big-spending execs relishing their sexual and alcoholic misadventures for the benefit of tired blondes who have heard it all a hundred times before. *King, Murray* is technically rather inept, as though the mesmerized moviemakers gave up worrying about such minor flaws as overexposure or letting microphones dip into the picture. But we exonerate the film because it works superbly as a timely human experience energized by a born winner in the rat-race—a hilarious and often scarifying lesson in how to succeed by *really* trying.

The celestial body of Orson Welles, as a faintly faggoty African adventurer,

begins to twinkle about two thirds of the way through *The Southern Star*. Though Welles is too late to save the picture, his unsavory comic asides are in the proper spirit for a period melodrama about sex, violence and a stolen diamond, set in Senegal and filmed by France's master cinematographer, Raoul Coutard. The pear-sized jewel in question is filched from the estate of Harry Andrews (also in rare form as a vintage Boer colonial type who plainly yearns to go native with a troupe of topless Senegalese dancers), and keeps the rest of the cast occupied on a recovery mission. Welles, George Segal, Ian Hendry and Ursula Andress all join the quest, she as Andrews' daughter, George and Ian as romantic rivals. Summarized, the plot—taken from Jules Verne—sounds as workable as *King Solomon's Mines*, except that what ought to be tingling encounters with deadly snakes, leopards, alligators and quicksand are just flaccid pauses in the action. Off-rhythm and sluggishly paced, the film dissipates its sense of humor and ends up as a diffuse, talky thriller peopled by actors who seem utterly confused about whether to keep fingers on their triggers or tongues in their cheeks. Choicest single line of dialog is Segal's; when he leaps into an ancient flivver, he points toward the veld and cries, "Follow that ostrich!"

Author S. Lee Pogostin, making his major movie debut as a director in *Hard Contract*, has provided himself with a highly literate scenario. Too literate for its own good. Pogostin tends to belabor ideas, seldom letting the action tell the tale when he can have his actors sounding off in a worldly manner about the philosophy of violence. Influenced by Camus and the leaden sensibilities of an age that will tolerate the tragedies of Vietnam and Biafra, Pogostin suggests, "There is no such thing as crime anymore," then shrinks his thesis down to the specific case of a hired professional killer (James Coburn) who, in most ways, turns out to be a perfectly decent fellow. If you'll buy that, you may buy the rest of the story, though Coburn is seriously miscast—he's cool and wears his clothes as well as Flint, but seems stubbornly opaque as a seasoned killer suffering a crisis of conscience. He has three men to kill—who they are and why it must be done remain the author's secret—on a scenic tour abroad, with stopovers at Tangier, Brussels and Spain's Costa del Sol. Thrust into the foreground is Coburn's comely co-star Lee Remick, as a rich girl drifting around between marriages with nothing special to do, carelessly getting herself raped, collecting odd people—among them, Coburn and Patrick Magee, in a pointedly significant role as a former Nazi who lightly bears his responsibility for the death of 30,000 gypsies. Also contributing

color to *Hard Contract's* frequent round-table discussions are Lilli Palmer, Claude Dauphin, Burgess Meredith and Sterling Hayden, in excellent form as a onetime big-league assassin, now retired to a ranch in Spain, where he contemplates his past with the rueful hindsight one might expect of a former President. Maybe Pogostin had something like that in mind, but it's heavy baggage for a mediumweight thriller.

Every time something like *Mackenna's Gold* comes along, driven by the power of publicity, it is likely to be described as a real movie movie. This one is fun only if your idea of fun is a large, sloppy, instantly forgettable Western full of big names and bigger scenery under the impressive signature of writer-producer Carl Foreman, whose last real movie movie was *The Guns of Navarone*. Foreman's simple plot, which he complicates unnecessarily as often as possible, deals with the search for a legendary hoard of Apache gold. Starting off on the long trek across the desert are a Mexican outlaw (Omar Sharif), a captive U.S. marshal (Gregory Peck) who can't be killed because he has memorized and burned the only existing map, another white hostage (Camilla Sparv) and assorted bad uns. So far, so good. But why study the psychology of gold fever in a mere handful of characters, when you can hire everyone under the sun? Within minutes of their first appearance, Eli Wallach, Raymond Massey, Keenan Wynn, Anthony Quayle, Burgess Meredith, Edward G. Robinson and Lee J. Cobb are disposed of in order to litter the trail with celebrity cameos. It's the kind of movie that searches out spectacular locations in the wilderness, then spoils the physical splendor with phony process shots, trumped-up melodrama and such laughable special effects as an earthquake created in what appears to be a sandbox. Even the obligatory nude scene in a mountain stream becomes an embarrassment when the camera shifts from Amazonian Julie Newmar—whose unadorned charms as an Indian temptress will be recalled by readers of an exclusive preview in these pages (May 1968)—to poor skinny-dipping Omar coyly arching a leg or crossing his ankles for a series of peek-a-boo skin shots that couldn't be more self-conscious if he had covered himself with his hat.

A young drifter (newcomer Kent Lane) who cannot find himself in society manages to walk away from several jobs and three deeply affectionate girls before he discovers Thoreau, at which point he presses on toward Big Sur, in search of his own Walden. And thereby hangs another tale based on the assumption that any statement whatever about disenchanted youth will be timely and pertinent. It's untrue, of course; but *Changes*,

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fortunately, has some fringe benefits to fill out a threadbare theme. Though superior cinematography tends to be taken for granted in new American films, photographer Richard Moore gains a pace or two on the competition when it comes to catching the freshness of sunrise, sunset and rainy days at a grubby seaside resort. Producer-director Hall Bartlett (stepfather to leading man Lane, whose mother is veteran glamor girl Rhonda Fleming) addresses the under-30 generation with a groovy nonstop sound track featuring popsong by a host of names, among them Tim Buckley, Judy Collins and Kim Weston, the last in a clean, strong on-camera sequence that sets a high standard for mood spinning. A cast of perfectly straightforward performers has one big winner, too, in Michele Carey as a frayed but vibrant bird named Julie, whose bed becomes the last refuge for a hero who really wants little more than a place to hide. Michele bears watching. Her lively impatience with the boy's blather about the quest for his "real self" is the picture's antidote for drift and dullness.

At a social gathering in the mansion of a wealthy Italian industrialist, a guest studies a handsome young stranger and asks, "Who is that boy?" The answer is, "A boy." All the answers are crisp but equivocal in *Teorema*, which, as its title (*Theorem*) suggests, reduces human experience to a kind of cool sexual geometry open to many interpretations—interpretations so various, in fact, that writer-director Pier Paolo Pasolini (creator of the brilliant *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*) won a 1968 Catholic film award for *Teorema* in his native Italy, only to have the prize revoked when an attack from the Vatican triggered his subsequent trial (and acquittal) on obscenity charges. While the controversy rages anew in Rome, the film speaks for itself with striking imagery and stark landscapes. In its simplest form, Pasolini's equation might be stated as five times one equals chaos. The one is a vaguely Christlike young wanderer (England's Terence Stamp, with so few lines to say that the dubbing into Italian never becomes a real problem) who arrives at the mansion on a day's notice and is soon drawn into physical intimacy with its five deeply troubled inhabitants of both sexes, including a drab middle-aged housekeeper. The way Pasolini imagines them, these encounters smack more of religious mystery than of pornography. A tricky situation certainly worsens after the young man's abrupt departure—when the desolate housemaid ascends to a rather ambiguous sainthood; the teenaged daughter falls sick unto death; the homosexual son sublimates his desires in the claptrap of avant-garde art (he applies a finishing touch to one painting by urinating on it); the lady of the

manor (Silvana Mangano) takes to cruising the streets in search of brawny young studs; and the master strips himself naked in a crowded railway station and wanders into the wilderness as a penitent. Though it would be easy to find a Freudian thread in *Teorema*'s admixture of spiritual exaltation and sex drives, Pasolini is an avowed Communist whose deeper purpose lies in showing how any degree of self-awareness may turn off individuals living a materialistic bourgeois existence. That message constitutes a large order for a movie so stingy about putting its ideas into plain words, yet Pasolini's lack of clarity never quite dims his light as a film poet expressing his personal vision with ultraintensity.

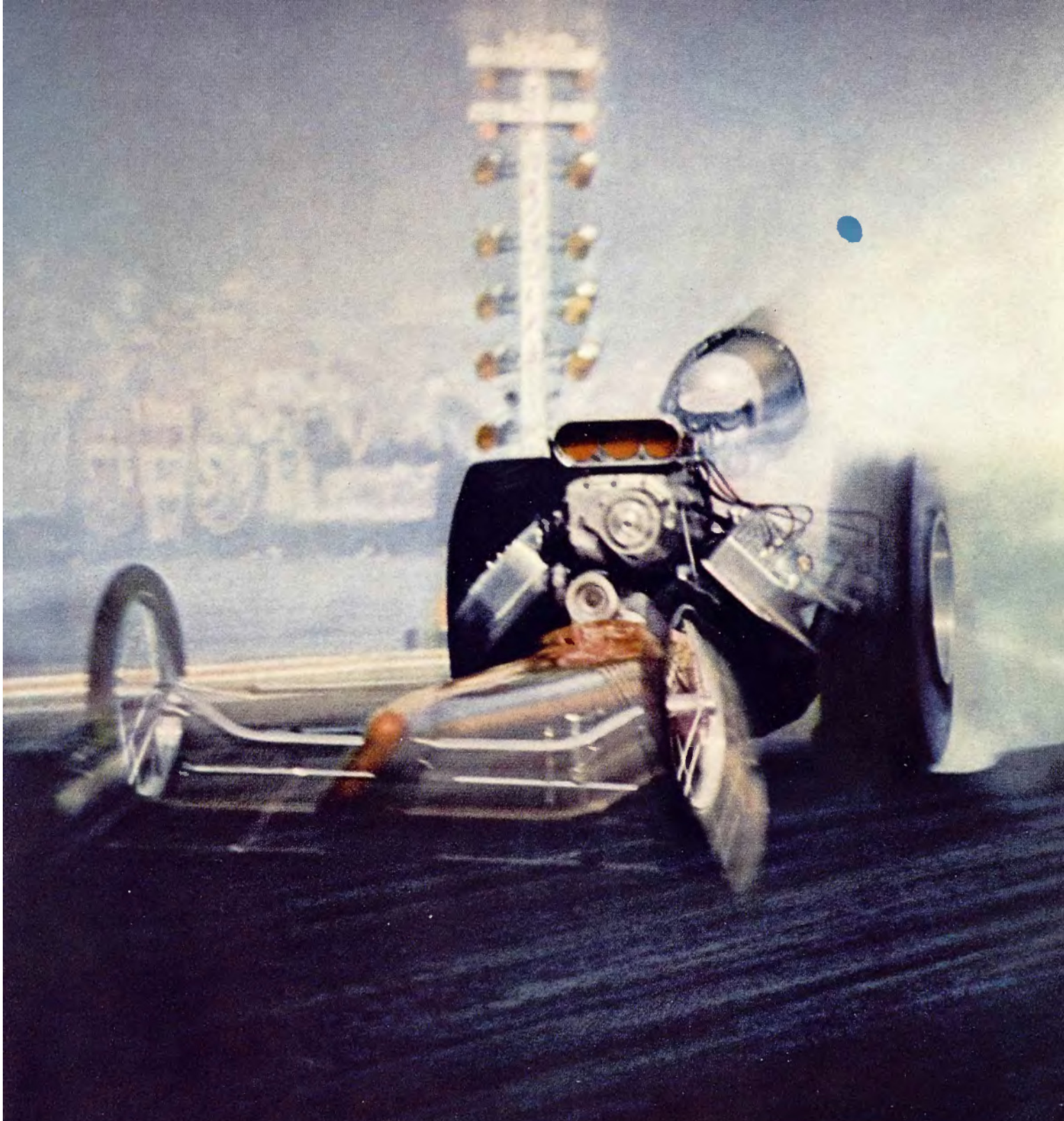
The character of *Doctor Glas* is said to be taken from a classic Scandinavian novel. Seeing the film version, made with impeccable technique by actress-turned-director Mai (Night Games) Zetterling, is like browsing through a rare old book that fills one's nostrils with a faintly musty odor, dry as dust. Per Oscarsson, an actor memorable as the hero of *Hunger*, lends his wintry brilliance to the title role as an aged doctor recalling, in flashback, the sorry highlights of a life devoid of anything that could really be called living. Glas once poisoned a patient, a loathsome minister whose pretty young wife (Lone Hertz) recoiled from her husband's excessive sexual demands, preferring to save herself for a callous but handsome lover. While the sad, shy doctor gets away with murder, he neither tells the widow about the unusual service he has rendered nor establishes any further relationship with her outside of his erotic fantasies. In the film's harshly lit dream sequences, though, Miss Zetterling as director and co-author comes on with such uncompromising frankness that an audience may well forget the stunted aspirations of Doctor Glas and begin wondering what kind of female is at work behind the camera. Pregnancy, as Mai sees it, is the lump raised by an act of male brutality; birth is a horror; and a woman stretched out on a man's bed to satisfy his carnal instincts resembles a human sacrifice. She caps this dullish drama with some of the most chilling erotic episodes ever filmed.

The Loves of Isadora, a flamboyant film biography of dancer Isadora Duncan, comes across as a masterwork in the rough—unfinished but fitfully fascinating, a failure struck now and then by the lightning of theatrical genius. Considerably shortened since an early West Coast premiere clinched an Oscar nomination for Vanessa Redgrave, *Isadora* has the choppy rhythm a movie acquires after undergoing major surgery at the hands of an uneasy editor. The story unfolds in a mélange of flashbacks beginning in 1927, when Isadora was a ridiculous old

jade, staging tantrums and pursuing boys half her age up and down the French Riviera. Her death scene—the celebrated mishap in which milady's neck was broken when her flowing chiffon scarf blew into the wire wheel of an open roadster—is a *coup de cinéma* framed with stunning skill. Her "interpretive" dances look as wonderfully foolish today as they probably did 50 years ago. When the movie becomes ludicrous, as it does on occasion, the reason appears to be that director Karel Reisz is tailoring his style to the misty, incurably romantic nature of this original flower person. James Fox as England's theatrical innovator Gordon Craig, Jason Robards as heir to the Singer sewing-machine fortune and Ivan Tchenko as a young Russian poet who was Isadora's only legal mate do what they can in roles written mainly to carry the weight of a prima ballerina. Unquestionably, the star of the piece is Vanessa, whose girl-to-goddess tour de force as Isadora—replete with a cornhusky American accent—should settle any lingering doubts about her acting ability. Vanessa's physical magnificence and total mastery of a sketchy part are reminiscent of Garbo way back when.

Alan Arkin plays *Popi*, a Puerto Rican loser christened Abraham Rodriguez, who exists well below the poverty level in New York's Spanish slums and dreams of a better world for his two motherless sons. Having conceived a curious hoax he calls Operation Moses, Popi gets the boys to Miami Beach, sets them adrift in the Caribbean in a small boat and prays that the Coast Guard will take the lads for a couple of Cuban refugees. Maybe *Life* magazine will pick up the story. Maybe they'll become famous, get adopted by a rich anti-Castro family in Colorado or someplace. There is supposed to be a heart-warming comedy in progress here. You can tell by an obtrusive musical score that floods the sound track with cues indicating when to laugh and when to cry. Arkin's accent sounds perfect, his gestures are calculated with absolute precision, he even cries when the time comes. Yet, Popi smacks of slick revue impersonation (Arkin's forte during his Second City tenure)—a man whose behavior is meticulously observed and reproduced, but not necessarily with feeling. Director Arthur Hiller's handling of two winsome child actors (Miguel Alejandro and Ruben Figueroa) follows the sentimental tradition entirely, with slow motion denoting innocence and lyricism. The film's most effective work is by Rita Moreno, as Popi's honestly perplexed girlfriend, and by director of photography Andrew Laszlo, whose location filming really catches something of the aspirations of slum-bound Puerto Ricans and blacks.

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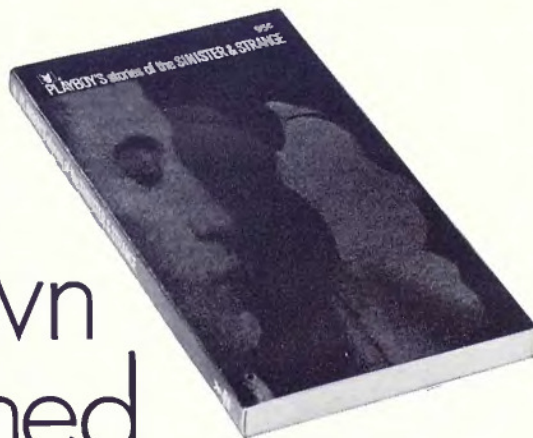
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transcendent French romantic film that soars within a hairbreadth of greatness. Made in 1955 by the late Max Ophüls, remembered for his masterful *La Ronde*, the historic *Lola* has never before been shown in the U. S. in its unscissored splendor. Ophüls' scintillating chef-d'œuvre in CinemaScope and color, based on the career of the legendary 19th Century Irish adventuress who called herself a Spanish dancer and managed to topple a European throne before she was through, bears striking similarities to *The Loves of Isadora*. The difference is that *Lola* is a work of almost faultless artistry—with the single flaw in the title role as played by the late Martine Carol, a fabled French beauty who seldom needed to act. To watch Martine, whose perfect but empty face seems quite untouched by Ophüls' vision, is as if Virginia Mayo were skipping through a film of Fellini's. Yet Ophüls carries his dullish star a long, long way with the sweep of his own romantic imagination. *Lola* begins and ends in an American circus, where the scandalous lady—clothed in her finest jewels and brocade and choked with nausea—sits on a slowly revolving, floodlit dais like a mounted butterfly, surrounded by clowns, horses, hawkers, dancers, tumblers and dwarfs. Peter Ustinov, in probably his best performance ever as the ringmaster who has fallen in love with the legend he is cruelly exploiting, emcees an expressionistic side show that lights the stage for flashbacks to the cigar-smoking Lola's career. It is a kind of dream play in which the director's fluid cinematic style touches each episode with feeling, tenderness and a sense of life's sweet absurdity. Most perfectly attuned to the film's special sensibility is Anton Walbrook as the gentle, funny King Louis I of Bavaria, whose folly with his mistress plunges the kingdom into revolution. But Oskar Werner runs a close second as an idealistic student who saves Lola from the mob—and yearns to keep her for himself. These are vibrant scenes, given balance and perspective by periodic strident fanfares that pull one back under the big top—to the crowds in the dim, distant stands, taunting and curious, aquiver for more racy details and looking ironically like a faint reflection of the audience itself.

RECORDINGS

We've got a seams-bursting grab bag of guitar albums this month: *Further Adventures of Jimmy and Wes* (Verve; also available on stereo tape) finds organist Smith and the late guitarist Wes Montgomery heading up a quartet (they're joined by a big band on one track, *Milestones*) that takes care of its business from the opening bars of *King of the Road* to the closing strains of *Mellow Mood*. *Goodies* / *George Benson* (Verve; also available on stereo tape)

kicks off with a tribute to Montgomery, *I Remember Wes*, and builds a solid blues-bossa-funk-soul structure from there, abetted from time to time by the delightful harmonica harmonics of Buddy Lucas. The Sweet Inspirations contribute their vocal talents to *You Make Me Feel Like a Natural Woman*. The ubiquitous Gabor Szabo is with us once again on *More Sorcery* (Impulse!; also available on stereo tape). Recorded at the Jazz Workshop in Boston and at the Monterey Jazz Festival, the LP has Szabo stretching out in a quintet context. There are three Gabor originals on hand and such diverse items as Merrill-Styne's *People* and Lennon-McCartney's *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*, all of which are handled with innate good taste. And now we'd like to welcome a new name, John Bishop, to the ranks of first-rate guitarists. *Bishop's Whirl* (Tangerine) gives ample evidence that the gentleman has a bright future before him. With organist Newell Burton, Jr., and a rhythm section in tow, Bishop's high-voltage electric output encompasses everything from the Miles Davis mover *Freddie the Freeloader* to that seemingly unworkable bit of treacle from Romberg and Hammerstein, *When I Grow Too Old to Dream*. Bishop's ability to turn the latter into a triumph is an indication of his talent.

On *Nashville Skyline* (Columbia; also available on stereo tape), Bob Dylan continues the refinement of his music that he began with *John Wesley Harding*. His delivery is smoother than ever and his songs are simple and clear. Unfortunately, the quality of the tracks is uneven: *Country Pie*, *Tonight I'll Be Staying Here with You* and *One More Night* are eloquent country ballads, but some of the other odes have nothing to say. A duet with Johnny Cash—on *Girl from the North Country*—doesn't work, as both troubadours are too individualistic to sing together effectively.

Mary Hopkin shows on *Post Card* (Apple; also available on stereo tape) that she fully deserves the Beatles' support. Whether she's singing Welsh folk tunes or old rock ballads, her voice is refreshingly pure and her intonation flawless. She's most effective, however, when the material is commensurate with her abilities, as on Donovan's *Lord of the Reedy River* or on *Lullaby of the Leaves*, which receives an appropriately jazzy treatment.

"*Fatha*" *Blows Best* / *Earl Hines and His Quartet* (Decca; also available on stereo tape) offers one of the loveliest, most relaxed sounds in town. "Fatha's" foursome consists of Budd Johnson on soprano and tenor sax, trumpeter Buck Clayton, bassist Bill Pemberton and Oliver Jackson on drums. Johnson and Clayton are superb as they share the solo spotlight with Hines

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on low-key rambles such as *The One I Love*, *Nobody Knows* and *You're Mine, You!* It may not be very up-to-the-minute, but then, neither is Bach.

Only the sparsest accompaniment is used as Tim Hardin sings and talks his way through his *Suite for Susan Moore and Damien—We Are—One, One, All in One* (Columbia; also available on stereo tape). That is, until the penultimate segment—*One, One, the Perfect Sum*—which rocks with a vengeance. Hardin's lyrics are sometimes obscure, but his graceful melodies, delivered with conviction, require no explanation.

As an alternative to repeating Beethoven and Brahms for the umpteenth time, record producers are going in heavily these days for the way-out works of avant-garde composers. This stuff may not be as tuneful as the traditional symphonic fare, but at least it's new and certainly different, and some of it is worth hearing more than once. Among the current releases, Karlheinz Stockhausen's *Gruppen* (Deutsche Grammophon; also available on stereo tape) merits particular attention. Stockhausen is a 40-year-old German whose multilayered, spatial approach to musical composition has been of considerable influence in both the classical and the rock fields. In this piece, he employs three orchestral groups—at left, right and center—to form a vibrant mix of clashing tempos and sonorities. Listeners with a penchant for modern sound will also want to investigate *ST/4* (Angel), by Yannis Xenakis, a vigorous exercise for string quartet that exploits every odd instrumental effect in the book. The Bernède Quartet of Paris copes brilliantly with its chattering *ostinatos* and swooping glissandos. Finally, electronic buffs should sample Ruth White's *Seven Trumps from the Tarot Cards* (Limelight), a series of limpid, impressionistic vignettes for the Moog Synthesizer with an important melodic assist from two pianos, a harpsichord and an electronic organ.

It would be nice to review Roslyn Kind's first LP, *Give Me You* (RCA; also available on stereo tape), without mentioning that she's Barbra Streisand's stepsister; but there's no avoiding the fact that a lot of Barbra is in Roslyn (which ain't bad, after all). Though enough is left over that's distinctly Miss Kind to indicate a rosy vocal future. We particularly like what she does with *The Fool on the Hill* and the Jim Webb jewel *If You Must Leave My Life*.

The Sound of Feeling is the most impressive aggregation to come our way in a long time. On *Spleen* (Limelight), the lyrics come from poets such as E. E. Cummings (*Up into Silence*) and Paul Verlaine

(*Spleen*), while the musical motifs are drawn from Bartók (*Mixolydian Mode*) and Donovan (*Hurdy Gurdy Man*). All are fused in an erudite but gutsy jazz idiom sparkling with African rhythms and microtones and the arresting vocal patterns created by Gary David and his twin female accomplices, Alyce Rhae and Rhae Alyce Andrece.

A slew of soft sounds to help while away the evening hours—that's what you'll find on *Extensions* (Philips; also available on stereo tape), the latest offering of The Mystic Moods Orchestra, an organization dedicated to the proposition that easy listening still has a place in this ultra-amplified world. Such items as *California Dreamin'*, *Norwegian Wood*, *MacArthur Park* and *Bookends* put orchestra and voices to good use.

In an ominous basso profundo, augmented with reverb and supplemented with monster-movie music, Anton Szandor LaVey performs the rites of his three-year-old "religion" on one side of *The Satanic Mass* (Murgenstrumm); the flip side finds him reading from his Satanic bible. The ceremony—which includes a baptism and passages spoken in magical tongues—is an impressively obscure bit of hocus-pocus; the readings shed more light on LaVey's philosophy, which combines elements of Blake, De Sade and Hitler into a credo sure to gain converts in our time: "Self-preservation is the highest law."

Frank Sinatra's *My Way* (Reprise; also available on stereo tape) is very much the right way as Superpro turns his attentions and tonsils to a series of splendid commentaries on contemporary life. From the opening *Watch What Happens* to the up-tempoed takeout on *Mrs. Robinson* that supplies the grand finale, Frank is well-nigh faultless. He's helped in no small measure by conductor Don Costa's charts, which add further glitter to the likes of *Yesterday*, *All My Tomorrows* and *A Day in the Life of a Fool*.

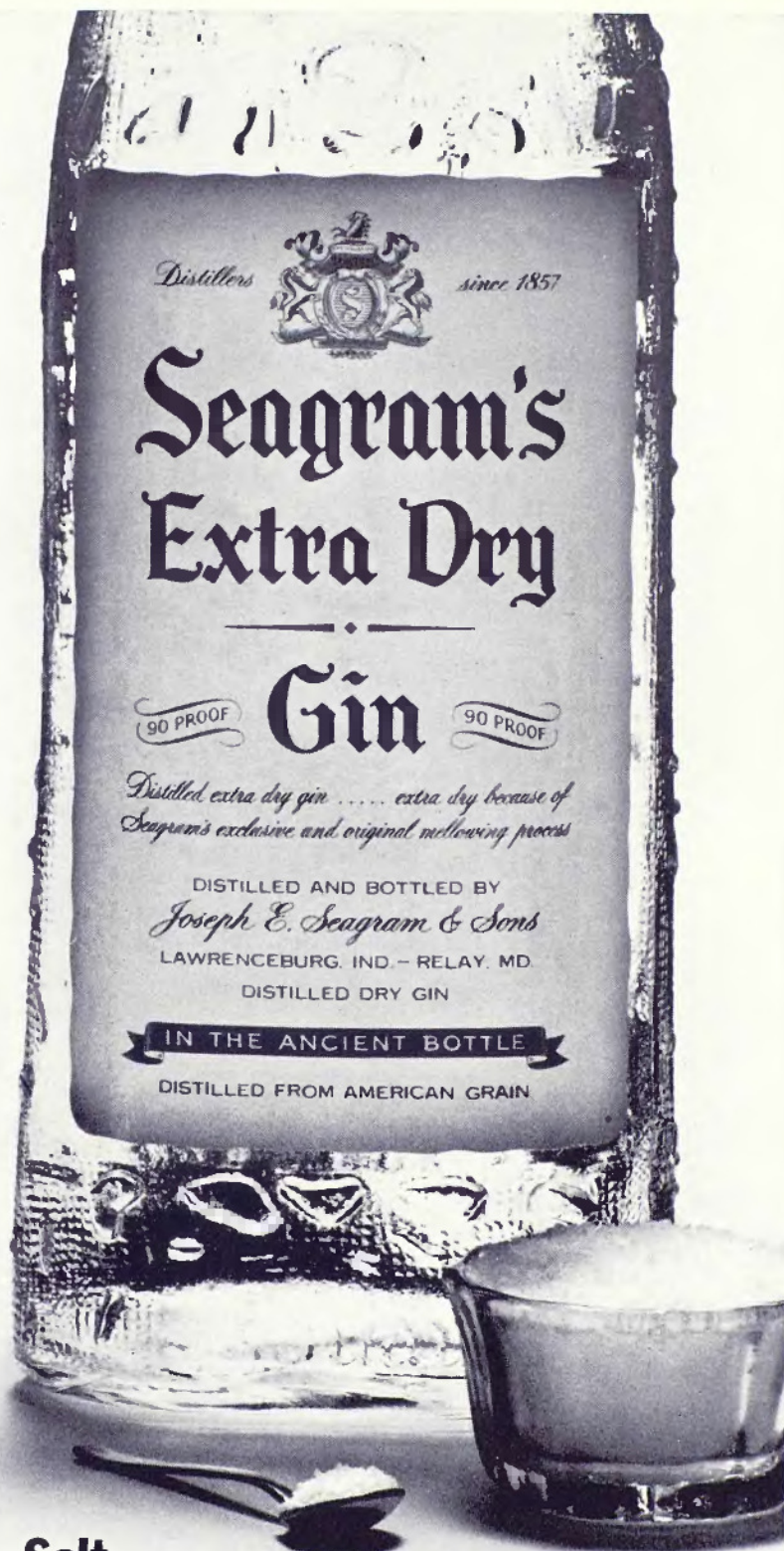
America the Beautiful / An Account of Its Disappearance by Gary McFarland (Skye; also available on stereo tape) is a poignant and powerful musical indictment of the despoilation of the land. The gifted composer-arranger-vibist leaves his mallets behind to concentrate on the conducting chores for the orchestral work, which is divided into six parts: *On This Site Shall Be Erected . . .*, *80 Miles an Hour Through Beer Can Country*, *Suburbia: Two Poodles and a Plastic Jesus*, *"If I'm Elected . . ."*, *Last Rites for the Promised Land* and *Due to a Lack of Interest, Tomorrow Has Been Canceled*. McFarland gets his point dramatically across in this disturbing but fascinating tour de force.

THEATER

When Russell Parker's legs gave way and he found he couldn't even take a proper bow, he quit the vaudeville stage cold. It was the only heroic, or at least semiheroic, moment in his life. Then he settled down into a quiet Harlem barbershop and let his martyrish wife kill herself supporting him. As Lonnie Elder III's *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men* begins, Mrs. Parker has been dead for three years and daughter Adele has assumed the martyrdom. While Parker waits for customers who never come, taps out a memory of the old days and sneaks games of checkers with a crony, his two sons sink further into indolence and hostility. The elder, Theopolis, is a con man; the younger, Bobby, is the coolest thief in Harlem. The barbershop, clearly, is "a place built for us to die in." Into this environment of impotence and desperation comes Mr. Blue Haven, an icy operator dressed entirely in blue, from his socks to his shades. Parker's seedy back room is converted into the headquarters for Blue's Harlem Decolonization Association, a fancy cover-up for Theo's bootleg whiskey and Bobby's raids on neighborhood stores. Suddenly, the family comes to life: Adele swings, Theo sweats, Parker is reborn. Eventually, the dream world has to collapse. It does—and the end is heart-stopping. When Elder's play was first produced earlier this year for a limited run by the Negro Ensemble Company, critics rushed to nominate it for a Pulitzer. It was difficult to believe that this was actually Elder's first professionally produced play. Now, completely recast and slightly restaged by the original director, Edmund Cambridge, *Ceremonies* remains a solid, mature, wise work—full of humor and compassion, yet with an iron-hard edge. Parker is not just a textbook black father, emasculated by matriarchs, but a full-bodied, funny, terribly sad human being who knows exactly what's waiting for him downtown: total rejection. With his depth of feeling and specificity of atmosphere, Elder reminds one of Sean O'Casey and, like O'Casey at his best, Elder would seem to be actor-proof. The new cast is, with one notable exception, not a match for the original, but that does not seriously impair the play's effectiveness. Outstanding in the new cast is Billy Dee Williams. He is so strong as Theo that he makes the character assume an importance almost greater than his father's—which, oddly, seems no distortion. After all, it is Theo's predicament, too. There are also ceremonies that dark young men must perform. At the Pocket, 100 Third Avenue.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Several months ago, my girl and I were caught making love by her uncle, who is a Baptist minister. He wrote to the college she is attending, which is run by the same denomination, and asked that she be punished for her "licentious behavior." The college promptly expelled her. Although we were deeply in love before this incident—I still love her very much—she feels our affair is to blame for her troubles and says she wants to break it off. Is there anything I can say to her to get back into her good graces?—S. H., Atlanta, Georgia.

If she thinks making love with you is a sin and that she's being justly punished for your mutual actions, you've got your work cut out for you. However, you might try to make her see that she is the martyr and her uncle and the college are the persecutors and are clearly the ones in the wrong. She is lucky to be cut off from these people and their narrow views. Suggest that she enroll at a sensibly run nonsectarian institution and take up where she left off with you. If she can't re-evaluate the situation from this point of view, she's a loser and you might as well lose her.

Can you tell me anything about some character who dreams up pictures and by mental telepathy—or whatever—transfers them onto photographic film? Is it on the level or a king-size put-on?—M. J., Joplin, Missouri.

At least two dozen scientists have witnessed this "mind photography" without being able to provide a rational explanation for it. They have seen Polaroid shots of buildings, persons and various objects that Ted Serios, a former Chicago bellhop, appears to have created by concentrating on the camera lens. Although some form of deception is suspected, it has not been proved. However, the respected and venerable American Society for Psychical Research (which has not investigated Serios' claims) has yet to discover a scientifically verifiable instance of telepathic picture transmission—via photography.

At the age of 22, I married a nice guy with high moral standards. I love him and our child, but I just don't seem to be able to give up my individuality and independence to become a wife and mother. Our sex life together is good; however, I disassociate sex from love and see no reason why I should suddenly pretend that one man is all I ever want. I would like to go out and enjoy purely physical activities with other men. I know this would make my husband very

unhappy, even if he ostensibly gave his consent to it, and I'm not sure what the ultimate effect would be on our daughter. Should I seek my satisfactions on the sly or get a divorce?—Mrs. M. L., Evanston, Illinois.

Seek your satisfactions with your husband. It's a lot easier to build on a relationship that already has many established strengths than to try to develop a stable of strangers. If your husband's high moral standards represent hang-ups to you, visit a marriage counselor and see if you can't get the problems—yours and his—out in the open. Ideally, there is no reason why your husband can't become more than one person in the sense of developing a wider repertoire of sexual practices.

The girl with whom I've fallen in love has told me that though she likes me, she prefers another man, one she's been seeing regularly for the past three years. This guy treats her badly: He stays away from her for weeks, dates other women and is often rude to her. I, on the other hand, offer her affection, consideration and respect. How can I make her see that I'd be better for her than he is?—K. C., Denver, Colorado.

Sorry; you have nothing but reason on your side—the last thing anyone pays attention to in love. There are some girls who prefer the hard-to-get, philandering, rude sort of man to the fellow who wants only to love and be loved. If you care to listen to reason, it will tell you that it's better to find someone who naturally appreciates you than to try to win over someone who doesn't.

How did the phrase "French kissing" come into our language?—S. S., Towson Bridge, Maryland.

During World War One, American soldiers—many of them fresh from the farm—used the term to describe the technique of tongue kissing, which they first encountered in France. The expression caught on and has remained in our vocabulary. If the doughboys had been stationed in Poland, we might be hearing about "Polish kissing"—or even "Polish ticklers."

For a long time, I've avoided contacts with girls because I am, to put it bluntly, ugly. Now in my mid-20s, I'm certain I can't keep up this isolation. I'm determined to date, but I'm still oppressed by the notion that because of my unpleasing



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appearance, no girl could love me. What advice can you offer?—T. F., Wilmington, Delaware.

Study subjects and acquire skills—such as athletics, foreign affairs, psychology, art, music, social dancing—that call attention to the qualities that make you a person, rather than to the appearance of that person. Then become involved in activities that give you an opportunity to demonstrate these skills and qualities. In short, give women a chance to see beyond your looks, taking heart from the observation of Bertrand Russell that “On the whole, women tend to love men for their character, while men tend to love women for their appearance.”

We are three frustrated airmen stationed in Florida. We’ve found that we have a great deal of trouble getting dates with local girls and we wonder whether this is because we’re Yankees or because we’re Servicemen, or both. We’re beginning to conclude that Southern hospitality is nonexistent. What do you think?—D. H., J. W., F. G., Panama City, Florida.

Geography probably has nothing to do with the snub. You’re bucking the traditional snobbery of many civilians directed against low-income Servicemen and the desire on the part of so many young women for more permanent attachments than the military generally affords them. Best bet, for solid dating, is to move your efforts to the nearest big city, which should at least provide a bit more social variety, if not a dating panacea.

Perhaps you can solve a problem that I recently encountered. When renting a limousine for that special evening on the town, am I expected to tip the chauffeur? If so, how much?—R. K., Detroit, Michigan.

At the end of the evening, give a courteous driver a minimum of ten percent of the cost of hiring the limousine—in folding money.

Having dated for four years, my girl and I plan to be married within a few months. But lately, she indicates a desire to put off announcing our engagement and is even sounding vague about our wedding. Her parents have tried to persuade her to settle down with me, but her real interest seems to wane more each week. I want very much to feel she is mine, but have begun to sense that continuing to press the issue might drive her away. Can you help me?—M. D., Mexico, Missouri.

The more tenuous a relationship grows, the less talk there should be of getting married and the more concern there should be for the feelings (or absence of

them) that are driving the pair apart. Try to talk about it with her in the frankest way, with a willingness to postpone all plans. Your interest must be in the girl, not in the announcements. And tell her parents to mix out during this period; you need them like Othello needed Iago.

Why is no one actually seen drinking beer or wine in TV commercials for these products?—D. C., Sloatsburg, New York.

Because the National Association of Broadcasters’ code decrees that “The advertising of beer and wines is acceptable only when presented in the best of taste, and is acceptable only subject to Federal and local laws.” TV executives have generally agreed that “best of taste” means no taste, as far as commercials for alcoholic beverages are concerned.

Australia, I have heard, provides free passage to anyone interested in immigrating to that continent. Is this true?—R. A., Middletown, Ohio.

Partly true. If the applicant intends to reside permanently in Australia and is deemed “desirable” (as to age, health and character) by the consulate, the government will pay approximately \$160 of an adult one-way fare. Unfortunately, the word “desirable” has in the past been understood to exclude black people and Asians, although the Australian government maintains that since 1966, its entry policies have become somewhat more liberal. According to the latest published figures, 918 blacks and Asians have filed applications since then, but only 376 have been accepted.

Im engaged to a girl whose home town is quite a distance from mine. The wedding will be held in the city where her parents live. Am I expected to pay the cost of transportation and accommodations for my best man and ushers?—E. S., New York, New York.

Ordinarily, the best man and ushers finance their own transportation to and from a wedding, unless the groom specifies otherwise. However, he is obligated to pick up their hotel tabs while they are in town.

My parents are conservative people who abhor hippies. I have, however, developed a secret attachment to the hippie world while maintaining the façade of a placid, middle-class individual. Now I’m 21 and want to leave home and lead the hippie life. How do I explain this to my parents without hurting them?—A. D., Newark, New Jersey.

What most often hurts parents in situations such as this is really intrinsic to them; and while they can make you feel

responsible, you have little or no control over it. So the best you can do is tell them your decision—but in terms of your own needs to experiment with an unstructured life rather than as a rejection of their established social order and values. Do your best not to rub the symbols of your new life in their face—for example, the constant use of even so innocent-sounding (to you) a word as “hippie” can act as an emotional trigger and prevent rational thinking and discussion. Finally, we suggest that you don’t try to convert or involve your folks in any way. Your experience may well turn out to be an adventure in learning for them—but let them find that out for themselves.

Is it true that when I reset the hands on my watch, I must always move them in the clockwise direction? I’ve been advised that I may damage it if I turn the hands backward (counterclockwise), even if the adjustment is minor.—G. F., Nome, Alaska.

Turning the hands counterclockwise damages only timepieces that have a chiming mechanism. All other watches may be adjusted in either direction.

Last summer, I had an affair with a young man who was home on vacation from college. When he returned to school in the fall, he wrote to me, confessing that he is a homosexual. I know his commitment to homosexuality isn’t total, because I have firsthand knowledge that he is capable of enjoying heterosexual relations. I love him; and in our correspondence, we have even discussed marriage. But he is part of the gay crowd at the school he attends, and he has gone back to that way of life, even though he tells me he is fighting it. Do you think marriage to him is out of the question? How can I best help him overcome his problem?—Miss K. Y., Portland, Oregon.

Given the loving concern that is evident in your letter, plus the lack of total commitment to homosexual affairs on his part, we would not consider marriage to be out of the question. However, you should be aware that you will have more than average marital difficulties, and you should put off definite plans, at least until there is an indication that he is reversing his homosexual commitment.

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 Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.
















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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

PLAYBOY AND PSYCHOLOGY

Dr. Leonard Ullmann and I are the authors of the recently published *A Psychological Approach to Abnormal Behavior*; we feel it will be of interest to you because of what it has to say about many subjects dealt with in *The Playboy Forum*. This is the first book in its field to break clearly with the traditional disease explanation of deviant behavior. Instead of an indiscriminate application of the "sick" label, we offer a social-psychological learning framework. There are many consequences for society and the individual resulting from a view of behavior in a social rather than a medical context.

Our chapters on behavior modification, sexual behavior, addictive behavior and social and legal implications all deal with topics you have thoroughly discussed. In fact, your columns have been among the first in popular magazines to report on the application of behavior therapy to sexual problems. Further, your many discussions of the use of commitment and institutionalization as a means of solving social problems (under their guise as medical problems) have helped bring this vital issue to public attention.

The mass media are a major influence on the attitudes of the public toward every aspect of our society, an influence not felt immediately but certainly manifested in the long run. *PLAYBOY* is one of the few magazines that deliberately takes the initiative in attempting to foster new social behavior, rather than merely reflecting what the public is purportedly doing.

Leonard Krasner, Ph.D.
Professor and Director of
Clinical Training
Department of Psychology
State University of New York
Stony Brook, New York

PSYCHIATRIC INJUSTICE

The January *Playboy Forum* published four letters by people concerned with the lack of civil liberties for those alleged to be mentally ill. The New York Civil Liberties Union is concerned, too, and we have just begun a two-year project of producing test cases designed to expand the civil liberties of this large but neglected class of citizens. The project is limited to New York State and can consider only cases that raise constitutional issues.

We hope to make tests in several areas, including commitment without any equivalent of criminal due process, denial of adequate treatment, indefinite commitment to hospitals for the criminally insane prior to trial because of alleged incompetence and the vagueness of terms such as "mental illness" and "incompetence."

Bruce J. Ennis, Director
Civil Liberties and
Mental Illness Project
New York Civil Liberties Union
New York, New York

PHRENOLOGY AND PSYCHIATRY

I am pleased with the *Playboy Forum* discussions of psychiatric injustice and especially with your crusade to allow the film *Titicut Follies* to be released. Bridgewater, the asylum exposed in that movie, is typical of our so-called mental hospitals—some are even worse.

There seems to be a Boston-Vienna axis for the serious importation of quackery. In the past century, we imported phrenology and gave it national recognition by associating it with Boston institutions and M.D. degrees. In this century, our main contribution to charlatanism has been psychiatry, which—even worse than phrenology—has become a state church run by a corrupt priesthood. Since we in Boston are largely responsible for this hoax, we should lead the country in undoing the harm; therefore, I am currently working with the Massachusetts state legislature and the Boston Bar Association to draft new guidelines for the protection of those who have been labeled "mentally ill."

Robert S. Shaw, M.D.
Boston, Massachusetts

MENTAL ILLNESS

Your discussions of psychiatric injustice are timely and important, but I feel that you have only scratched the surface of the problem, which is basically semantic. Psychiatrists are not villains or fools by and large, but they are constantly deceived by their own terminology, which is not defined by empirical referents and, hence, is not scientific. Specifically, none of them knows, operationally and functionally, what he means by the term "mental illness" and, as a result, the expression is used in a variety of ways, many of them metaphysical and pre-scientific. There seem to be four basic



my heart
belongs
to daddy

meanings for mental illness. The first and most common meaning is the literal one: The patient is inhabited by a gaseous or spiritual entity, the so-called mind, that has somehow, in spite of its immaterial nature, become infected with something akin to the diseases of the physical organism. Stated thus baldly, this is a concept that no empirical psychologist could possibly believe, unless he were also a Jesuit. This definition belongs to theology and demonology, not to science.

The other three definitions all recognize that mental illness is a metaphor rather than a diagnosis. Thus, the second regards supposed mental illnesses as really physical illnesses, either inborn or environmentally induced, and somehow connected with improper production of adrenaline, adrenochrome, blood sugar and so forth. The third rejects the noun "illness" along with the adjective "mental" and regards deviant behavior as being produced in precisely the same way as normal behavior: through conditioned reflexes. Finally, the fourth and most unpopular concept sees mental illness as a scapegoat term, like witchcraft, invented by society to stigmatize and persecute those it wishes to reject, who may or may not have more emotional and perceptual confusions than the unstigmatized majority. Obviously, if chemists had four different concepts of oxygen, so that one chemist wouldn't know what another meant when he used the word, there would be no science of chemistry. Psychiatry is in precisely that predicament; it is not a science but a kind of tribal mythology or state religion. It is tragic, indeed, that the shamans of this cult have the power to lock up people in buildings that are called hospitals but are run like jails, and that judges, lawyers, legislators and the general public do not realize the fraud and the violation of civil liberties involved in every such case. As I said, the psychiatrists are not villains or fools, but they are priests and they will never question their own dogmas until forced to do so by hostile criticism.

Simon Moon
Chicago, Illinois

CONJUGAL VISITS

As an ex-convict, I support PLAYBOY's position that conjugal visits for prisoners is the only solution to the homosexuality problem in our penitentiaries. However, I would like to point out that there is a real danger that such a system could be turned into just another way of tormenting and degrading the convict. Unless prison officials were rigidly checked by carefully written laws, the door would be wide open for favoritism, patronage and discrimination—problems that prisons already have in abundance. Even worse, the whole reform would backfire entirely and breed a whole new set of problems if it were allowed to be linked in any

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

POSSESSION OF PORNOGRAPHY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—"Whatever may be the justifications for other statutes regulating obscenity, we do not think they reach into the privacy of one's own home," wrote Justice Thurgood Marshall, as the U. S. Supreme Court unanimously overturned Georgia's law that made possession of pornographic material a crime. (Prior to this decision, private possession of pornography was prohibited in a large number of states and interpreted as being illegal in most of the remaining ones.) "If the First Amendment means anything, it means that a state has no business telling a man, sitting alone in his own house, what books he may read or what films he may watch."

While acknowledging that the states "retain broad power to regulate obscenity," the Court declared that the First Amendment right to receive information and ideas "takes on an added dimension," due to the right of privacy. In the case being reviewed, an Atlanta bachelor was convicted of possession of obscene material when police found three pornographic films in his home while searching for evidence of bookmaking activity. "Fundamental is the right to be free, except in very limited circumstances, from unwarranted governmental intrusions into one's privacy," Justice Marshall stated. He quoted from a 1928 Supreme Court opinion, which held that the Constitution guarantees "the right to be let alone—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized man."

The ruling's emphasis on the right of privacy will undoubtedly encourage attorneys to argue that laws prohibiting consensual sex acts between adults in private are also unconstitutional. The Court had already acknowledged a marital "zone of privacy" in its 1965 birth-control decision; the new decision appears to enlarge that zone, thereby moving closer to a recognition that the law doesn't belong in the bedroom.

DANES BLUE-PENCIL CENSOR

COPENHAGEN—The latest move to free Danes from government intervention in communications has been taken with the elimination of movie censorship. A bill, passed by an overwhelming majority in Parliament, allows unrestricted exhibition of films to adults. Only those for children age 16 and under will be reviewed.

The liberalizing of the laws began in July 1967, when censorship was removed from the theater and booksellers could freely sell "obscene" material over the counter. Previously, a government

council had declared: "No proof exists that obscenity could be harmful and we doubt that it is." Removal of the ban on published pornography was followed by a sharp rise in sales, then a decline. Denmark's Minister of Justice stated that "today there is a far smaller sale of such books than there was when the publication of written pornography was punishable."

SEX AS A COMMUNIST PLOT

The mounting attack on sex education, which the John Birch Society claims to have instigated ("The Playboy Forum," June), has begun to draw support from other quarters. The Sex Information and Education Council of the United States (SIECUS), singled out for special attack by the Birchers, is receiving the lion's share of the abuse. In recent developments:

- A bill was proposed in the Oklahoma House of Representatives that would ban sex education from kindergarten through grade six. The bill would also prohibit sensitivity training. It ends on this note: "It being immediately necessary for the preservation of the public peace, health and safety, an emergency is hereby declared to exist, by reason whereof this act shall take effect and be in full force from and after its passage and approval."

- Also in Oklahoma, Dr. Gordon V. Drake, director of Tulsa Christian Crusade, advocated that all teachers be prohibited by law from teaching sex, according to The Daily Oklahoman. Dr. Drake, denouncing both SIECUS and the National Education Association, warned that teachers, social scientists and church leaders are all involved in the sex-education movement; and "even the Baptist Sunday schools are getting in on the act." Dr. Drake also opposed toilet training for children, saying, "Cats know that sort of thing without having to be toilet trained."

- The Education Committee of the Idaho House of Representatives reviewed educational material provided by SIECUS and, according to chairman Lyle R. Cobbs, "It was the unanimous opinion of the committee that the material was pornographic in nature." School officials were warned to remove such "objectionable" information from sex-education courses or "run the risk of having the legislature do it for them."

- In Fort Lauderdale, Florida, a group of women who had walked in, unannounced, on a class, declared that they had seen an "obscene naked man" in a sex-education film, says The Miami Herald. At a heated public meeting, the school board explained that the "obscene

naked man" was merely a diagram in a film about reproduction, but a Baptist minister proclaimed from the audience, "What saith the Lord? What's sacred to God is being made public to children. Every nation that has taken such a procedure has gone down the drain, and we're on the way." Another participant shouted, "Parents want to stop this socialistic brainwashing of kids." The board decided to withdraw the material from the schools.

- Police chief Peter Fish of Bethlehem, New York, stated at a P. T. A. meeting, reported in *The Knickerbocker News*, that there is a Communist conspiracy behind illicit drug traffic and sex-education courses. Chief Fish added, "I don't care who I scare and who I hurt," and vowed eternal vigilance against "intellectuals who disagree."

- On the other side, an inquiring reporter from the *Baltimore News-American* asked, "Should sex education be taught children in school or at home?" He found that five out of six citizens favored the school.

SEX AS A CAPITALIST PLOT

MOSCOW—The Soviet Young Communist League has charged that pictures of naked women are being used in Czechoslovakia to harm the cause of true communism. The League's newspaper, *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, charged that sinister forces in Czechoslovakia were flooding the press with pornography and had also introduced the striptease to the stage of that country, as part of a plot to lure youth away from Marxist philosophy. "Under the slogan of a struggle for a free press," *Komsomolskaya Pravda* went on—sounding remarkably like certain voices in the U.S.—"a campaign was unleashed for freedom from all moral norms and values . . . [but] the difference between art and pornography is completely obvious."

SEX ON CAMPUS

BOULDER, COLORADO—Two psychologists, Dr. Keith E. Davis and Dr. Gilbert R. Kaats, have reported a rate of premarital intercourse of 60 percent for males and 42 percent for females among over 600 men and women, largely 19 to 20 years of age, at the University of Colorado. While their sample is limited to psychology students on a single campus, their results confirm the findings of other sex researchers that there has been a sharp increase in collegiate premarital sex among girls in the 16 years since Kinsey reported that 20 percent of college women 19 to 20 years old had had sexual intercourse.

The Colorado psychologists found the student subjects quite liberal in their attitudes toward permissible sexual behavior in general, but when men were

asked about specific, important women in their lives, they answered much more conservatively. Fifty percent of the men thought virginity in a prospective wife was an important consideration. Men tended to believe that, with the exception of close friends, society in general would disapprove of their having premarital intercourse; the women expected disapproval from all societal groups, including friends.

The researchers reported that, for both men and women, fear of pregnancy was an important reason for abstaining from intercourse. However, while this was the chief reason why men abstained, women avoided intercourse mainly for moral reasons or because they weren't in love; the possibility of getting pregnant played a lesser role in their thinking. Drs. Davis and Kaats commented, "The recent availability of birth-control pills has hardly eliminated the traditional fears of pregnancy. One can only speculate about how much premarital coital rates would increase if this fear were eliminated."

"YOUR HOUSE IS FILTHY"

"a friend," sd/mr cummings, "I knew it 'cause he never tried to sell me any insurance"
—Ezra Pound, "The Pisan Cantos"

The Washington-state photographer whose auto insurance was canceled because he owned two Picasso prints and a replica of Michelangelo's *David*, which the company regarded as pornographic ("The *Playboy* Forum," April), is not the only victim of the Big Brotherism of the insurance industry.

- A Kensington, Maryland, bachelor wrote to the National Emblem Insurance Company to ask why his policy had been canceled and was told: "It is alleged that your house is filthy." After the angry customer complained to the state insurance commissioner and the press took up the story, National Emblem reversed itself and offered to reinstate his policy—but he took his business elsewhere.

- A Stafford County, Virginia, housewife, writing to ask why her auto insurance had been canceled by the Royal Indemnity Company, was told the corporation had received "unfavorable information . . . concerning personal habits within your household." The woman, asserting that no employee of Royal Indemnity had ever visited her home, demanded to know what the source was and what they were complaining about, but the company replied that this was "privileged information."

- A member of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, investigating insurance companies, reported to *The Washington Post* that the subcommittee's staff had turned up hundreds of similar cases.

way with the concepts of reward and punishment.

I am convinced that the day of the conjugal visit will come and I favor it, but I urge other supporters not to speed forward, oblivious of the curves.

Warren Shearer

Los Angeles, California

Your points are well taken. However, considering the present state of penology in America, we see no need to fear that reform will come too rapidly. That particular car is not speeding toward any curves but is standing still, with its brakes tightly applied.

VIETNAM HERETICS

I'm an infantryman in Vietnam, and I'd like to give the people back home a picture of how the war looks to those of us who are fighting it as contrasted with the version presented in the newspapers and on TV. About 75 percent of the men in my company share these feelings. We don't want to be here and the people of Vietnam don't want us to be here. The Vietnamese don't care what kind of government they have; all they want is that the 25 years of fighting come to an end. The only reason the war continues is because some stubborn men in Washington and Saigon will it to be so; those who are doing the fighting and dying want it to stop.

As for the peace demonstrators, I say to them: "Keep up the good work. Never stop protesting, marching and writing to Congress. If I were home, I'd be demonstrating with you."

Pfc. Michael Madler

APO San Francisco, California

THE ARMY WAY

It seems at times that the only segment of the Constitution applicable to those in the Army is the income-tax amendment. The full protection of the First Amendment (free speech), Fourth Amendment (search and seizure), Fifth Amendment (due process), Eighth Amendment (cruel and unusual punishment) and 13th Amendment (involuntary servitude) are denied you as soon as you enter the Service.

The First Amendment is side-stepped by declaring any verbal utterance offensive to the brass as "conduct detrimental to good order and discipline." The Fourth Amendment is violated constantly by unreasonable searches and seizures at the whim of local officers. The Fifth Amendment is mocked by the simple fact that in a court-martial, judge, jury, prosecutor and often defense counsel are chosen by the officer who originally pressed charges, thus making due process and fair trial impossible. The Eighth Amendment is flouted by excessive sentences that would not be tolerated for civilian criminals in any state of the Union. And the 13th Amendment, of course, is utterly abolished by the

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involuntary servitude of the Selective Service System itself.

David Tomasi
Oriskany, New York

THE BRASS AND THE GRASS

I cannot understand the narrow-mindedness of American officials when it comes to pot smoking in Vietnam. These boys are fighting and dying for the outdated ideals of the old men who sit back in their comfortable leather chairs and direct their bulletin-board war. Who can expect these young boys to live under such conditions without the mind-releasing help of marijuana, when the plant is so available there? The officers should be glad their men can remove their traumas and anxieties for a few hours and thus be able to face a new day of fighting.

Beth Evans
Islington, Ontario

MIXING POT WITH GUNPOWDER

Pfc. Tom Johnson, referring to marijuana smoking in the March *Playboy Forum*, says no one has the right to tell a person how to pursue happiness, unless the activities involved in that pursuit are "destructive to others."

I'm a Navy hospital corpsman, assigned to a Marine infantry unit in Vietnam, and I've had many opportunities to see the effects of pot. For example, during a recent mortar attack, two Marines, both high on pot, decided they'd sit outside their protective bunker to watch the fireworks. They were both wounded, one of them seriously, and they endangered the life of a corpsman, who had to leave his shelter to treat them and who, incidentally, was also wounded.

I don't condemn pot; but in Vietnam, the appropriate advice is the notice on the ordinary cigarette package: SMOKING MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH.

HMC Tom W. Cox
FPO San Francisco, California

HIGH COST OF POT LAWS

This is a letter to parents from a parent. There have been hundreds of thousands of youths arrested on marijuana charges during recent years and no letup is in sight. If these heroic acts of arresting children continue, we should succeed in making convicted felons of about half the next generation. But what happens to the kids and their families after the arrest? If you, dear Poppa, will put down your highball for a moment and get Momma to put aside her tranquilizers and go-to-sleep pills so that you both can pay attention, I'm going to tell it like it is.

When your kid gets arrested, he needs a bond and a lawyer right away. And guess who pays these thousands and thousands of dollars, dear Poppa? It's you, and nobody else but you, who pays all the way. If you don't, your kid rots in

jail where he learns many interesting lessons about life from his criminal cellmates. Then, after the sickening legal procedures have ground out their blind justice, most all kids will still try to make a living the honest way. This means looking for a job and filling out applications for employment, which all ask the question: "Have you ever been arrested or convicted of a felony?" The kid is sentenced *for life* to answering yes to this question, so he never gets a decent job. So Poppa must continue to help out with a little cash here and there. Remember: The deputies and the jailers and the bondsmen and the lawyers and the judges and the courts don't work just for the glory. The enormous costs to prosecute pot smokers are bled from your taxes and it's you, Poppa, who pays and pays and pays, *ad nauseam*.

Albert Bermingham
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

DEATH AT AN EARLY AGE

In the March *Playboy Forum*, a young wife described the death of her infant son while she and her husband were being prosecuted for marijuana possession. This is a tragedy, but one that could have been avoided by obedience to the law. A husband and pregnant wife who use marijuana are running the risk of arrest and its attendant consequences, including danger to the health of the wife and infant. If a person is not in a position to withstand arrest, trial and prison, then he should not break the law. Regardless of whether the marijuana statutes are good or bad, this letter is not primarily a valid criticism of them but a warning that people who intend to break these laws should think twice.

Edward M. Nichols
Honolulu, Hawaii

In 19th Century England, a nine-year-old boy was hanged for arson. Is it your opinion that the only lesson to be drawn from this historical fact is that he should have known better than to play with fire?

PUT-ON OR TURN-ON?

Could you give me the inside dope (pardon the pun) on *Nepeta cataria* (catnip), which is being sold through the mails as a "safe" and "legal" psychedelics? Is this on the level, or is it just another put-on, like the "electric banana" hoax of two years ago?

(Name withheld by request)
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dr. Joel Fort, former consultant on drugs to the World Health Organization, informs us that catnip turns on cool cats as readily as tabby cats, but he cautioned that there is no scientific knowledge about short-term and long-term effects, toxicity, etc.

We know of no laws forbidding the drug, but Representative George E. Mas-tics has introduced a bill in the Ohio

legislature establishing a maximum 15-year prison term and a fine of \$10,000 for human users of catnip, which, he assured the press, can destroy the minds and bodies of the youth.

MARIJUANA LAW

In the January *Playboy Forum*, you commented that the penalty for possession of marijuana is 99 years at hard labor in North Dakota and only 90 days in South Dakota, adding "What a difference a state line makes!"

This is to inform you that South Dakota has just changed its marijuana law, increasing the sentence for simple possession from 90 days to a term of 2 to 5 years. This made a very deep impression on me, because I was one of the first arrested after the new law went into effect—one month afterward, in fact.

What a difference a state line makes, indeed. And what a difference a month makes!

Kenneth Cloud
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

LSD AND HOMOSEXUALITY

The recent discussion in *The Playboy Forum* about successful cures of compulsive homosexuality by means of Pavlovian and Wolpian behavior therapy has been most impressive. Your readers might be interested to learn that, in at least one case, even more astonishing results have been obtained in only four therapy sessions combining behavior therapy with LSD.

This is reported in the February issue of *The Journal of Sex Research*, in an article by Dr. Richard Alpert, the psychologist who was ousted from Harvard along with Dr. Leary for unauthorized LSD research. Alpert was called upon to treat a 38-year-old man who had been a compulsive and promiscuous homosexual since the age of 15. The man had also had unsatisfactory sex relations with three women during that period but expressed a strong desire to become capable of successful heterosexuality.

Dr. Alpert programed the four therapy sessions as follows: The first LSD trip made no attempt to grapple with the patient's sexual problems; he simply was told to get accustomed to the LSD world and just to flow with this experience. In the second trip, a strong effort was made to remove his anxiety and hostility feelings toward females. Wolpian techniques of progressive relaxation were used while the patient was under the influence of acid, and he was shown paintings of women by great artists, such as Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and Titian, and then photographs of women he knew (including his mother); he was also asked such Zen-type questions as "What is woman?" During the third session, a woman who was sexually attracted to the subject was persuaded to participate; she held him in her arms after the drug took effect

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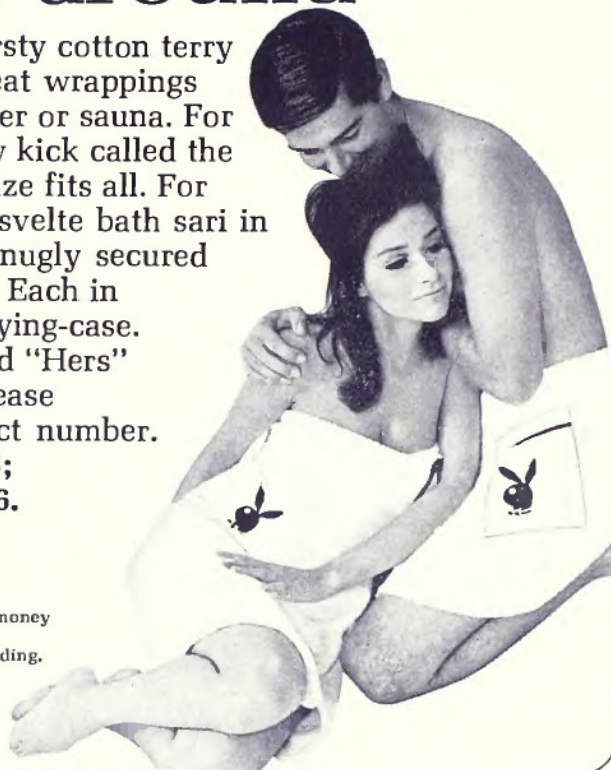
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and he experienced acute panic, which diminished to a bearable anxiety during the eight hours of the trip. The same woman was present at the fourth session and the patient conquered his terrors: They had intercourse.

A follow-up one year later found the patient had been living with a woman for eight months. To quote Alpert, "He has had two homosexual experiences in this time and he sought these, he said, mostly to find out 'where he was at' and whether or not the changes were real. Now he finds he can still involve himself in homosexual experiences but keeps returning to the heterosexual one and finds it, indeed, far more satisfying. This is a major change in his perceptual, cognitive and affective organization."

This is only one case, and we are not justified in assuming the same techniques would work as rapidly, or would work at all, with other compulsive homosexuals. Nevertheless, it is most interesting, is it not? As a psychologist at a major university, I'd be in trouble if I publicly supported LSD therapy—or therapy that allows and encourages a patient to have sex with a woman to whom he is not married—but I hope you will print this letter. It might give some people a hint of the important kinds of research that have been stopped cold by the Government's hostility to LSD. While any teenage kid or hippie who wants a trip can buy acid on the black market, psychologists cannot legally follow up on this case history or any of the other promising work done by Leary and Alpert in the early 1960s.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

LONGHAIRS AND SHORNHEADS

I've read with interest the spate of letters in *The Playboy Forum* about the significance of long hair on students and other young people. To me, the last word on the subject was written a while ago in a *New York Times* column by that witty and intelligent man Russell Baker. Being long-haired myself, I saved the column to provide myself with defensive ammunition, and I think these choice bits might be apropos the *Forum's* current controversy:

A man's right to wear his hair as he wants to is one of the glories of a free society, and one of the first actions of tyrants is invariably to groom their subject males in a uniform haircut. Prisons and military training camps begin their job of reducing the individual to a cipher by shaving the head bald. The Nazis used the crewcut. The modern business-organization man is marked by the corporate trim—a hint of sideburns, no hair hanging over the collar, no forelocks more than three inches long.

Prisons, drill sergeants. Nazism and the modern organization all have a common goal in their need to suppress individualism. Schools should be less concerned with unorthodox hair lengths and more concerned with why they are turning out so many orthodox minds willing to submit to the corporate haircut.

The schools needn't fear turning out a generation of individualists. Society has plenty of other weapons, from the prison to the corporation, to outfit these boys in cipher haircuts and uniform brains.

Arthur Seldon
Chicago, Illinois

I was an eyewitness to the growth of Nazism here in Germany and I recall that Hitler set much store on youth being clean cut. I was reminded of that when I read David Crosby's attack on long hair in the February *Playboy Forum*. Crosby's apotheosis of short hair and the mental attitudes that supposedly go with it is strongly reminiscent of the ranting in Germany that preceded the opening of concentration camps and the launching of World War Two. Even today, Germans who have a nostalgia for the Third Reich are loud in their denunciation of long-haired European youth.

My experience in Germany with the most virulent form of nationalism and racism has led me to one conclusion: The Nazi-type mentality is characterized by its emotional reaction to externalities, such as physical appearance, and by its reliance on external trappings to express its feeling of superiority. I wonder if people like David Crosby, who intemperately attack others because of their physical appearance, are aware of the precedent they are following.

Jack Rickers
Wolfgruben, West Germany

It fascinates me that the hair length of American men could become a subject of intense and extensive controversy, as indicated by the *Playboy Forum* letters of Tommy Wyatt (November 1968) and David Crosby (February) and the letters about their letters. In addition to your columns, there is more evidence that hairiness is a serious matter for many Americans; I've observed an unending stream of news items about legislators, educators, businessmen and others who are using all their power to discourage young men under their authority from wearing long hair, beards or mustaches.

Clearly, long hair on men represents a symbolic threat to many of the values held dear by elderly and conventional Americans. A teenaged boy or young man who lets his hair grow over his collar and his ears may simply be following a fashion without giving much thought to it. But by doing so, he is

identifying with rock musicians, hippies, Yippies, New Leftists and similar types whose ideas and behavior are viewed with horror and loathing by conventional, conservative America. Ironically enough, no matter how conservative the long-haired young man may be in the first place, once he has tasted the inappropriately fanatical antagonism his long locks generate, he may well begin to think there's some merit in "the Movement's" assertion that Uncle Sam is a cryptofascist.

Actually, the war against long hair may not be a sign of fascism; it may be one of the excesses of egalitarian democracy. In the first half of the 19th Century, Alexis de Tocqueville made a number of disturbing predictions about the possible course of society in America's democratic experiment. He pointed out that in a society whose primary principle is majority rule there will be a tremendous pressure toward conformity, not generated from the top but exerted by groups of men against their fellows. De Tocqueville observed in America a growing tendency for men to enforce egalitarianism by demanding that they all look alike, live alike and think alike. He foresaw that this tendency could become more powerful and that where differences were ineradicable (as between races), there might well be civil war in America. Since De Tocqueville's day, the American demand for conformity has been one of the factors motivating the destruction of the Indians, the ghettoization of the blacks and the melting-pot homogenization of diverse immigrants from all over the world.

It is this craving of the little man to give himself a sense of power by imposing conformity on others that lies behind the excessive reaction to the youthful fashion of long hair. This ugly manifestation of the tyranny of the majority demonstrates that a passion for equality can be a stultifying influence unless balanced by an equally strong passion for individual liberty.

John Stanton
New York, New York

THE YOUTH REVOLUTION

Two letters in the February *Playboy Forum* from fellow college students—"Dangers of Freedom," attacking *PLAYBOY* for advocating hedonism, and "Down With Long Hair," in which David Crosby says, "Today it is important for a student to keep his mouth shut and listen"—insist that the *status quo*, the establishment, should be perpetuated and never doubted. To me, this is an impossibility. The founders of America were, in relation to the establishment of their time, educated radicals, unafraid of the future or the possibility of failure.

John Holt, in his book *How Children Fail*, shows how a closed mind is linked with failure in the unsuccessful student:

"The dull child is usually afraid to try at all. He cannot stand uncertainty or failure. To him, an unanswered question is not a challenge or an opportunity but a threat." Those who criticize the youth revolution fail to see it as a dynamic questioning of an educational system that has existed unchallenged for too long. The "now" generation is willing to gamble tranquillity for progress. Not being a hippie or a Yippie but an individual. I hope the rebels of today will produce a more pleasant, peaceful tomorrow populated by individuals.

J. D. Grewell
University of Maryland
College Park, Maryland

STUDENT DISSENT CHANNELED

As a college student, I've watched with interest the recent disturbances on campuses around the country. Students at many schools have marched and protested for more rights. But here at Manhattan College, a bastion of middle-class Catholic education, we have no rights.

Our college is located in New York City; its enrollment is small and its student body consists of approximately 20 percent residents and 80 percent daily commuters. Hindered by a stagnant administration, we have stopped moving forward as a place of higher learning. We students have no voice in how our school is run. We can't even choose our own courses. Teacher evaluation, which I consider a necessary requirement for any college, has been nonexistent. I, as a boarder, have restrictions on who and what I bring into my room. When my tuition was raised, I heard of it from my parents.

We do, therefore, have grave problems, but we don't riot. The student body recently adopted a constitution, which establishes machinery that will attempt to rectify these shortcomings. Our student government, working hand in hand with the administration, has made our grievances known. Our elections are now being held, and the main issues focus on the need for a greater student voice in the running of the college.

We are making progress peacefully. We have succeeded in breaching the resistance of the old guard, and we are solving our problems. We are not attempting to reform the college by seizing buildings. I have seen both approaches and I consider our reformist efforts a true course of action, whereas much-publicized student rebellions seem to be nothing but irrational reactions.

Robert Paladino
Manhattan College
New York, New York

STUDENT ACTIVISTS

When George B. Allen's letter slandering and misrepresenting student activists was printed in the February *Playboy Forum*, you quoted two sociological-psychological studies to prove your point



Bill Nelsen, star quarterback of the Cleveland Browns, uses Dep for Men.

Bill Nelsen goes to a hairstylist. Funny, nobody's protesting.

Time was when a man really caught it from his friends when he had his hair styled. Even a mountain of a man like Bill Nelsen. But today not even a 117 pound weakling rates a snicker. Hairstyling's here. It's what's happening. In fact, with today's longer hair it's almost a necessity. And so are the special products made for hair styling. Extra-conditioning Dep for Men Hairstyling Creme with protein. It's unique. Looks like a cream. Feels like a cream. But styles like a gel. Without grease or oil. And Dep for Men Hair Spray. Regular or dry-hair formula. One spray holds all day. Also from Dep for Men: Regular and dry-hair formula Hairdress Styling Gels.



Dep for men-the hairstyling products



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that activists, far from being more neurotic and less open-minded than the average, are actually less neurotic and more open-minded. It might interest your readers to know that since then, there have been two more studies published that bear out your conclusions. The first was a doctoral dissertation by Irvin Doress of Northeastern University, who studied 180 students of all persuasions and levels of activism. Three of his principle conclusions were:

Both in attitudes and actions, leftists are the most unencumbered by Victorian traditions with regard to sex. Conversely, we were mildly surprised to find that many rightists had pronounced sexual hang-ups.

Although we expected both the Left and Right to score more close-minded than the centrists using the Rokeach Dogmatism instrument, only the Right exceeded the center in intensity of close-mindedness while the Left turned out to be the most open-minded of the lot.

The agitation in our midst cannot be dismissed as the work of deranged mentalities. . . . Quite the contrary, our activist subjects, particularly on the Left, and to some extent on the center, have impressed us as being among the most intellectually, morally and ethically committed and proficient members of the university community.

The second study, *Young Radicals*, a work by Professor Kenneth Keniston (one of the social scientists quoted in your February answer), focuses on the leaders of the New Left, using as his sample the 17-person staff of the national headquarters of Vietnam Summer—the coordinated anti-war activities of the summer of 1967. Professor Keniston concluded, among other things, that:

I had not expected individuals so open, so unthreatened by my interviews or so willing to discuss not only the public aspects of their lives but also the sometimes painfully personal and private. Despite all that has been written about the paranoia of the leftist—old or new—these young men and women were unusually open, trusting and candid, at least with me. They were unself-consciously at home with psychological questions and explanations that they "naturally" apply to their own behavior. . . . Only two of those interviewed had been in psychotherapy, but the remainder discussed themselves with the kind of insight that one normally expects to find from those who have had extensive psychotherapy. . . .

I have rarely found such readiness to express feelings in a short

series of interviews: It suggests unusual emotional openness, whether based on genuine acceptance of feelings or on a more ominous lack of self-control. In this case, self-acceptance seemed more explanatory than lack of self-control, for another quality of these young radicals was an unusual intellectual coherence, a high degree of cognitive organization. . . . Part of this coherence is a function of high intelligence and unusual verbal fluency; another part seems related to a psychological style that involves the capacity for self-control in the presence of intense feelings.

Hugh Crane
New York, New York

HYPOCRITES OR ROBOTS?

Young people are right in rebelling against my generation. We have built bombs that can blow up the earth; yet we get uptight when the youth dissent, saying that *they* will destroy civilization. Words such as "kike," "nigger," "kill," "escalation," etc., are spoken daily by my generation; but if the kids use what we call "obscene" words, we expect lightning to come down from heaven and destroy us all.

The kids, however, are wrong about one thing. My generation is not made up of hypocrites. A hypocrite is a man who at least knows what's good, even if he only pretends to act accordingly. We are a generation that does not know, because we have never wondered, never questioned, never stopped to think. We are puppets of our masters, because we have been trained to obey rather than to think. We are in truth a generation of robots. I hope the young people replace us before it is too late.

Ben Eastman
Sebring, Florida

JUDGE OF THE YEAR

Recently, two men were arrested during a completely nonviolent demonstration against the Vietnam war at the University of Alabama. Hauled before Judge Joe Burns, the two were held on \$5000 bail, although the charges against them were only misdemeanors, not felonies. Judge Burns then proceeded to denounce them from the bench:

You're not going to come in here and tear up things. . . . We knew what your business was. Thank God you didn't burn the university before they caught you. . . . There's supposed to be a charge of treason against these fellows. . . .

What offenses had these archenemies of society committed? The first criminal, Benjiman T. Phillips, a reporter for the *Southern Courier*, was arrested after taking a picture of a policeman at the peace demonstration. He was charged with dis-

orderly conduct. The second, Jim Bains, a candidate for Congress on the Democratic Party ticket, was arrested when he asked the police why Phillips had been arrested. The charge against him was vagrancy. Judge Burns announced that he is asking for "FBI reports" on the men and explained his position to the press by saying, "I've done what I should do for my country. I'm not going to sit here and play like everything's lovely, just because of a little technicality in the law."

Obviously, this is a man who deserves a Judge of the Year award, but I'm not sure who should bestow it—the United Knights of the Ku Klux Klan or the John Birch Society.

(Name withheld by request)
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

STATE OF THE NATION

It is with deep regret that I see an old friend and good writer like Frank Robinson (*The Playboy Forum*, February) join the well-meaning legion of those who have been suckered by the vicious demagoguery of the so-called New Left.

Let's consider the most serious of his charges first: police brutality. Yes, it does occur and sometimes it occurs without excuse. But usually it is the result of provocation inflicted on policemen (who are no more saintly than the rest of us) beyond the point of endurance. Men whose lives and limbs are continuously endangered get on edge. Everybody knows about rocks, dung and urine tossed at policemen, as in Chicago. What is less well known is the technique of insult. You yell first one thing at the officer, then another, till you find one that gets to him. Something vile about his wife or mother, say. Then you chant that at him, over and over, for hours. Or you phone him at home and threaten the lives of his children. Or you call his wife while he's on duty and tell her that he's just been killed.

In any event, police brutality is a minor problem compared with criminal brutality. When the lady who cleans our house asked me where she could buy a gun to protect her family against her neighbors, she wasn't "Tomming," she was terrified. What shall we call her right to live unmolested, now that "law and order" is a code phrase? "Peace and freedom," maybe?

The rest of Frank's indictment of our society is the standard mixture of nonsense and self-pity. Catholics who are in "open revolt against the sexual dictates of the Church" don't have to stay in the Church; Rome itself agrees that the sacraments of several other denominations are valid. Students who don't like the "pressure to choose between corporation and conscience" need not accept the corporations' job offers; there is plenty of other work available for trained people, though it may pay less. The cliché about

"property rights versus human rights" implies that the right to own property and be secure in its possession is somehow *not* a human right. The war in Vietnam is as regrettable as any other war, but it takes two to make peace, and the enemy isn't interested yet. The school system has its faults, as God and Max Rafferty know; but it never has guaranteed "intellectual death" to anybody who, surrounded by public libraries, inexpensive quality paperbacks and teachers who would really like to teach, makes an effort to learn something. The welfare system may or may not be a sop to conscience, but it keeps people alive. As for "genuine equality of opportunity," this cannot exist as long as human beings continue to be born with varying genetic endowments. We are still trying to figure out how to make opportunity more nearly equal.

In fact, the establishment is a good deal more concerned about the state of society than the nihilists dare admit. However clumsily and inadequately, it is working on improvements that its enemies actually don't want. After all, they would be foolish to cooperate in making society tolerable for everybody, when their aim is its utter destruction.

No one denies that America has plenty of things wrong with it. Was there ever a country that didn't? And was there ever an attempt to correct every wrong overnight by violent revolution that did not lead first to chaos, then to terror and finally to dictatorship? Cromwell, Robespierre, Lenin, Hitler, Mao—the list is depressingly long.

I am reminded of a quotation whose source is unknown to me: "History doesn't always repeat itself. Sometimes it screams, 'Won't you ever listen to what I'm trying to tell you?' and lets fly with a club."

Poul Anderson
Orinda, California

Poul Anderson is a prolific science-fiction writer who has published about 175 short stories, novelettes and articles. He is the author of over two dozen science-fiction novels, including "Earthman's Burden," "The Enemy Stars," "Three Hearts and Three Lions," "Agent of the Terran Empire" and "World Without Stars."

THE TWO CULTURES

The dispute over private ownership of guns is actually a clash of cultures. One group believes that the private ownership of guns should be terminated. Their opponents feel that anyone who is not a criminal has every right to own all the guns he wishes. There is no meeting of minds because of the basic difference of opinion as to what is morally right.

The cultural group that does not own or even desire to own weapons feels uneasy knowing a large segment of the population is armed. Its security is even

further threatened by the realization that many of these armed people may be irresponsible. The idea that the availability of firearms gives human anger a deadly extension is a valid one. The logical answer is the abolition of weapons.

The pro-weapons culture has proved itself to be a tenacious one, but the power of the anti-weapons press may be able to suppress it. However, before we sentence anything to extinction, we should carefully weigh its merits. Two points may be mentioned in favor of this weapons culture: First, it is a valuable military asset, for the inductee who has been trained in systematic target shooting and has had stalking experience from hunting is far more easily trained as an infantryman than the man without this experience; second, the prohibition of firearms is not in keeping with the realities of the ecology of vast areas of the United States. Much of the economy of the Western states is based on the harvesting of game animals by hunting.

Since the issue is a basic clash of cultures, it will be a difficult one to resolve on an unemotional, logical basis.

Francis B. Current
Laramie, Wyoming

You have described a conflict between two irreconcilable positions. There are those who would like to see every firearm in the country confiscated, and there are those who are opposed to any effective measure to regulate firearms traffic. Sensible men, however, will not deny that provision ought to be made to continue the use of guns for sport and hunting; even such countries as Great Britain and the Soviet Union, which have very strict gun control, permit these activities. Sensible men will also not deny that uncontrolled firearms traffic, which can turn big cities into armed camps, is frightful and absurd. PLAYBOY favors much stricter arms control than now exists, but we do not favor the prohibition of hunting and target shooting.

REPORT FROM TOMBSTONE

My reaction to your comments on gun controls is consternation. Your description of registration as a "mild" proposal is absurd; registration and license legislation is the first step in confiscation of all weapons.

Gun registration is unenforceable. The U.S. Supreme Court ruled in the case of *Haynes vs. U.S.* that a person whose ownership of a firearm is illegal because he is a convicted felon cannot be forced to register it or be prosecuted for having an unregistered firearm in his possession, because this would violate his rights under the Fifth Amendment relating to self-incrimination. This means only responsible, law-abiding citizens could be required to register firearms.

Depriving people of guns deprives them of the ability to protect their persons. It is all very well to say, "Let the

police take care of law enforcement"; but no matter how efficient a police force is, it takes time for them to get to the scene of a crime. In that time, the victim can lose his life or his property unless he is able to defend himself immediately.

Gun control is unfair to the millions of Americans who own firearms for healthful and pleasant recreation. Those who have learned how to handle guns are decent people and good neighbors. In our town, for example, Tombstone (population about 1200), it is estimated that there are more guns than the total of men, women, children, dogs, cats and skunks (there are no fleas, so I left them out). But there have been no murders involving firearms in several years. There was one murder, but the weapon was not a firearm; it was an unregistered frying pan or some such thing. If you care to see what a gun-filled town is like, come to Tombstone; it's the friendliest town on earth.

The only words in your recent editorial reply that I agree with are the first three: "We don't think."

James J. Reeves
Tombstone, Arizona

We do think that registration and licensing are "mild" in comparison with the urgent need for much stronger measures.

Your understanding of "*Haynes vs. U.S.*" is not the same as the Supreme Court's interpretation. In delivering the opinion of the Court, Justice Harlan explicitly stated: "The issue in this case is not whether Congress has authority under the Constitution to regulate the manufacture, transfer or possession of firearms . . ." and said later, "Nothing we do today will prevent the effective regulation or taxation by Congress of firearms." The implication of the Court's decision was that a person cannot be punished for both illegal possession of a firearm and nonregistration; he can be punished for one crime or the other.

Your point about instant defense is valid primarily in a society where so many firearms are available that the average citizen feels an urgent need to fight fire with fire. The aim of gun control is to de-escalate the technology of domestic violence so that people are spared from situations in which they must defend themselves with guns. Tombstone sounds like a charming place; but given its small population, it is a statistical anomaly. Much more representative in your own state, where gun control is minimal, is Phoenix (population 505,660); there, 65.9 percent of the homicides are committed with firearms.

PLAYBOY AND RELIGION

I enjoy reading *PLAYBOY*, as I enjoy reading the Bible, because, like the Bible, your publication, particularly *The Playboy Forum*, is a strange and

stimulating mixture of fact and fantasy, myths and mysteries, trivia and truth. Just as with life in general, one is continually required to be on the alert to sort out the valid from the invalid.

One statement I consider invalid is this quotation from *The Playboy Philosophy* in the December 1968 *Forum*, referring to religion: "But bloody wars have also been fought because of it, and millions kept in abject poverty, tortured and executed in the vilest ways." This is a one-sided statement I find difficult to accept. Such acts of violence are not caused by religion but by people, acting collectively or individually, and they occur because of a lack of religion. We, unfortunately, only give lip service to Christian-humanitarian principles, and a majority of our social ills would be cured if we actually applied the Christian point of view.

The Rev. Allan Dixon
Vancouver Heights United Church
Burnaby, British Columbia

The sentence preceding the one you quoted is: "Organized religion . . . has had a considerable civilizing influence upon mankind through all of history; it has fostered hope, charity and education." In context, the sentence you object to is, therefore, not at all one-sided. To say that when people follow religious ideas, their actions are humanitarian and when they commit acts of violence, they lack religion is simply not historically accurate. The 2000-year history of the Christian religion—which you mention approvingly—has been marred by anti-Semitic pogroms, crusades against Islam, witch burning, the Inquisition, wars between Catholics and Protestants and numerous other instances of inter- and intradenominational violence that have taken millions of lives. All of these events were launched by religious leaders and sanctioned by religious teachings.

In refusing to acknowledge that the influence of religion on man has had its pernicious, as well as its humanitarian, aspect, you yourself are being one-sided. The truth, it seems to us, is well stated in these words from Freud's great critique of religion, "The Future of an Illusion": "In every age, immorality has found no less support in religion than morality has. If the achievements of religion in respect to man's happiness, susceptibility to culture and moral control are no better than this, the question cannot but arise whether we are not overrating its necessity for mankind, and whether we do wisely in basing our cultural demands upon it."

PADDLIN' MADALYN

In the April *Forum Newsfront*, you repeat an error that is understandable but should be corrected. Madalyn Murray O'Hair should not be given the exclusive or even principal credit for the joint appeal that resulted in the banning

of public school prayers by the U. S. Supreme Court. The case considered by the Court on appeal combined the suits of Madalyn Murray and the Edward Schempps, Unitarian Humanists of Roslyn, Pennsylvania. Accordingly, it is more accurately referred to as the Schempps-Murray case and not "Madalyn Murray's case."

In Washington, D. C., on the day following the hearing, I talked to two attorneys who were present. They said that the Schempps' lawyer was absolutely brilliant and gave him and the Schempps' record chief credit for winning the case. Madalyn Murray O'Hair is undoubtedly a doughty battler for separation of church and state, but, in all fairness, she should never let the impression that it was "her" case go unchallenged.

Edwin H. Wilson, Editor
Religious Humanism
Yellow Springs, Ohio

SEX IS OBSOLETE

After hearing about *The Playboy Philosophy*, I borrowed a copy of your magazine and read *The Playboy Forum*. You have a great number of people writing in with all sorts of views on sex—most of which I find horribly degrading to me as a woman and as a human being.

This society has never been fair to women. Since the dawn of civilization, we have been used as combination housekeepers and prostitutes, both unpaid. Now that the world is on the verge of destroying itself through overpopulation, you want us women to take expensive pills that produce pain, nausea and blood clots, so you can safely indulge in the glorified form of rape you call "lovemaking."

The only thing sex is good for is reproduction, and since we now have an overabundance of people, the sex drive is obsolete. What the world needs is Platonic love. If we had more Platonic love and less sexual "love," we would not be in our present mess. You sexmongers have had your day. There are a number of people who have risen above personal lust and there will soon be many more. Your sex-oriented society will have to be changed or destroyed. We shall overcome!

Abbie Herrick
North Palm Beach, Florida

HAPPY HOUSE

I'm moved to write by the letter in the April *Playboy Forum* from the man who left a rooming house because of the sexual freedom practiced there by others. I manage a building containing over 30 apartments in a large Midwestern city, and it would be impossible to fill the place with tenants subscribing to any single sexual philosophy. I took over here some time ago; the building was about one-third empty and was a can of worms as far as tenant squabbling was concerned—much of it over the sexual conduct of other tenants.

The first thing I did was establish forced tolerance. I announced that a tenant's authority to make smart-alecky comments about his neighbors ends at the threshold of his own apartment. Outside the threshold is *my* territory and all residents are expected to damned-well keep their opinions to themselves. Then I chased out about half the occupants, some because they didn't pay rent but most because they kept harassing other tenants or were noisy and offensive inside their own apartments. Since then, the place has filled up and there hasn't been a vacancy for several months.

About a third of the occupants are elderly widows and couples, strictly churchy, anti-sex types with mossback ideas; they have a clear understanding that the morals of their neighbors are none of their business. There is also a group of divorced bachelors who bring their women in several times a week. There are a few women who live alone, including both middle-aged and young women, who bring men in for the night occasionally or spend one or two nights out each week. There are three unmarried couples living together. We even have one geriatric romance. The basic attitude I insist on from the swingers is that the moralistic old people and the younger people in the religious bag have a right to live without having their hang-ups rubbed raw by a society they are not part of. So sexual freedom is not to be flaunted.

I draw no moral; my motives are strictly commercial. But the setup I've established permits my tenants to live reasonably peacefully and happily.

Please withhold my name and address; I've got a quiet, full place where people mind their own business, and I don't want a bunch of bluenoses coming around lousing it up.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

WHAT IS ADULTERY?

The controversy over adultery seems to be carried on under the impression that we all know what adultery is. Actually, it is very difficult, in the United States, to determine if a given sexual act is adulterous or not. I quote from the decision of Judge Weinstein of the United States District Court, New York (*In re Johnson*, 292 F. Supp. 381, 1968):

This case poses the interesting question of whether a man who has sexual intercourse with a woman in the mistaken belief that she is unmarried is guilty of adultery within the definition of the Immigration and Nationality Act.

The word "adultery" lacks a uniform meaning.

Putting aside the question of whether adultery encompasses only heterosexual intercourse (cf. *Cohen vs. Cohen*, 200 Misc. 19, 103 N.Y.



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... newly defining adultery to include homosexual intercourse) ... [there] is a basic distinction between those states which follow the common-law tort definition ... and those which follow the law formerly applied by the ecclesiastical courts.

In those states using the common-law rule ... adultery can be committed only if the woman is married; the marital status of the man is irrelevant. If the woman is married, both parties commit adultery; if not, neither party commits the crime. ...

Where the ecclesiastical rule is followed ... adultery is committed solely by the married party ... [and] the other party commits only fornication.

In some states, only open and notorious cohabitation ... constitutes adultery.

Some states apparently hold that ignorance of the marital status of the other party provides no defense. ... Others permit such a defense.

An argument once urged to support the implication of [guilt in such cases] despite lack of knowledge was that the party who did not know the true marital status of the other party was nevertheless cognizant of the fact that he was committing some crime—apparently fornication. ... But this view seems unnecessarily harsh.

In short, "adultery" within the meaning of clause (2) of subdivision (f) of section 1101 of the United States Code cannot include an unwitting act of the type involved here. The petition for naturalization is granted.

I hope the petitioner is duly grateful for being naturalized into a country with such marvelously consistent laws.

Ronald Alan Weston
San Francisco, California

A CONTENTED CANADIAN

I would like to reply to B. Kiner of Los Angeles and to the Methodist minister from Syracuse, New York (*The Playboy Forum*, January).

For 25 years, I had a wonderful marriage. I then lost my husband suddenly. I had no desire for anyone else during those 25 years and was as faithful, loving and considerate as Mrs. Kiner says married people should be. However, since the loss of my husband, I have become acquainted with another man. His wife was never very interested in sex and, in the past few years, has refused to have anything to do with sex at all. They maintain separate bedrooms and don't even share the same friends. He and I have become lovers. There is nothing wrong with our relationship: He gives me the love I need and I do the same for him. I am not taking him from her or

denying her anything, because she has no interest and apparently doesn't want to develop any. Our relationship has given him a fuller, richer life; he is much more contented with things in general.

I agree with Mrs. Kiner about monogamy—but only if there is shared sexual happiness. When one refuses to participate, must the other one suffer?

(Name withheld by request)
Toronto, Ontario

POSTAL PANDERING PERPLEXITY

As you pointed out in the *Forum Newsfront* in January 1968, the postal pandering law compels the Postmaster General "to prevent the sender of so-called pandering advertisements from ever sending further mailings to any individual who complains. The determination of what constitutes pandering [is] left to the sole discretion of the complainant." Post Office Department Publication 123, emphasizing that the determination of impropriety is left to the citizen, says, "An advertisement is considered pandering if it offers to sell material which is, in the opinion of the recipient, 'erotically arousing or sexually provocative.'" The emphasis is in the original.

Recently, I decided to test this law and obtained the proper form from my local post office. An advertisement from a popular newsmagazine was my specimen, and I sent it, together with my complaint form, to the Baltimore postmaster. A week later, his department replied, saying: "The new Federal regulations concerning the issuance of prohibitory orders against pandering advertisements only involve such items which offer for sale erotically arousing or sexually provocative matter."

I immediately wrote back and pointed out the irrelevancy of *his opinion* (that the magazine advertisement was not offering erotic matter); under the law, as written, only *my opinion* counts. The postmaster replied: "It is true that the new Federal regulations state that the individual mail patron is the sole judge of whether or not an advertisement is offensive to him; however, this interpretation must not be taken out of context with the entire instructions involved. The new law applies to pandering advertisements only. ..."

I thereupon wrote to the U. S. Department of Justice, pointing out that the law states that I can decide for myself what is and is not pandering, but the Post Office was continuing to decide for me. I asked the Justice Department to take appropriate action to make the Post Office obey the law. In reply, I was told, "The matter about which you write is not one coming within the jurisdiction of the Department of Justice."

There the matter rests.

Joe Cain
Riverdale, Maryland

The Justice Department is correct: The matter is purely postal. The Baltimore postmaster was either giving you his own, individual interpretation of the law or he was testing how hard you'd push before giving up. We don't believe that any useful purpose is served in harassing the publisher of the newsmagazine you mention or, for that matter, in hounding the senders of any kind of mail. (Actually, the purveyors of so-called smut are delighted to have the Post Office help glean unwilling prospects from their mailing lists.) If a piece of mail is, indeed, obscene by legal definition, then the sender can be tried in court under present obscenity laws, and no pandering statute is needed. In any case, we think the most effective censor of offensive mail of any kind resides in every home; it's called a wastebasket.

However, if you wish to pursue the matter, your next step is to write to the Postmaster General in Washington. He is undoubtedly aware of the intent of Congress in passing Section 4009 ("Prohibition of pandering advertisements in the mails"). Congressman Jerome Waldie, who wrote this section as an amendment to another bill, stated in the House of Representatives: "I have said in my amendment that if you receive literature in your household that you consider objectionable for the reasons [Congressman] Cunningham states [i.e., erotically arousing or sexually provocative], then in your sole discretion you can inform the Postmaster General to have your name stricken from that mailer's mailing list. If he does not do so, he violates that order. ... But the sole determination as to whether the literature you receive is objectionable or not is within your discretion and you are not to be second-guessed on that discretion." Waldie later made unmistakably clear that the receiver of *any* kind of mail is entitled to use the *pandering law*. When *The Washingtonian* pointed out that the law could be invoked against the senders of seed catalogs, Congressman Waldie said, "If you're willing to say that a cabbage turns you on, why not?"

Postal authorities, of course, opposed Congressman Waldie's amendment (although they had proposed the original pandering bill, which left matters to *their* discretion), because of the hardship it imposed on the Post Office Department. According to *The Washingtonian*, Waldie's reaction was: *Hard cheese—the job of the Post Office is to deliver the mail.*

A BLUENOSE IN BLUEFIELD

Here's an item for your inanity file from *The Bluefield Daily Telegraph*. An editorial deploring the relaxation of mixed-visiting rules in college dormitories contains the following paragraph:

Parents who love their children and know the dire penalties of "free

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(This family brews beer better.)

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morality" are the most concerned. Their young are going too far. Their argument is, "With the pill, what have you got to lose?" There is a great deal more to lose—character, self-respect, mental and physical health, to name the more obvious.

I fully expected the editorial to go on about sex causing cancer, falling hair, rotten teeth and furry hands, but the following paragraph merely warned against "suicides and drug addiction." How tame! The best thing about an editorial like this is that the kids know better and reading these absurdities teaches them to doubt the other nonsense this paper prints.

Leonard J. Koenick
Bluefield, West Virginia

SEX-EDUCATION FLAP

In spite of the fact that the official morality of the country is still largely sex-repressive, the number of people in most communities who strongly and actively oppose sex education in the schools is actually very small. School systems that firmly back such a program and take the issue directly and openly to the community usually discover they have the support of the vast majority. Once the program is under way, however, opposition from the reactionary minority begins to surface, and it is this group that impugns the morals, patriotism and motives of everyone in the sex-education field.

This is happening in my area, as well as elsewhere. Teachers, administrators and parents are being flooded with the crudest kind of printed and mimeographed materials describing sensitivity training as a brainwashing technique, sex education as a Communist plot, and so forth. This hits laymen in a very vulnerable place; since most people know nothing about what really goes on in any kind of therapeutic setting, they are likely to believe such nonsense. These mailings come from all over the country, often several times a week. Conversations I have had with Harold I. Lief, M.D., president of the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States, and others in the field, corroborate that this is a deliberately intensified nationwide campaign originated by the John Birch Society.

I can only hope that this hysteria will not become as destructive or last as long as the one launched by Senator Joe McCarthy in the 1950s.

Warren J. Gadpaille, M.D.
Denver, Colorado

SEVEN POISONED CHILDREN

I should like to thank PLAYBOY for publishing my comments about James Richardson (*The Playboy Forum*, March); his attorney has already received hun-

dreds of letters and telephone calls as a result of the letter. The most important development, however, is that a prison inmate in Florida was sufficiently moved by your interest in the subject to contact Richardson's lawyer and to make known to him information that will be invaluable in the new trial we are seeking for the accused and that might be responsible for his eventual acquittal. Thanks, indeed.

Mark Lane
Attorney at Law
New Orleans, Louisiana

In a publicity plug for a book he has yet to write, Mark Lane sets himself above the court that tried James Richardson. Lane arrives at the conclusion that this convicted murderer, now on death row in Raiford Prison, has been deprived of his civil liberties.

As the first reporter on the scene when James Richardson and his wife were taken to the hospital to see their dying children, I could detect no emotional involvement in either Mr. or Mrs. Richardson. It was only at the insistence of officials that they visited the room of the youngest child, the only one still alive by that time. This child lived until five o'clock the following morning. The Richardsons were not present when the child died but were asleep in the apartment of a neighbor.

Questioned at the hospital, Richardson said he had taken out an insurance policy on each of the children the previous night and thought he was covered. Insurance salesman Gerald Purvis testified that he had talked to Richardson the night before the tragedy. Purvis testified under oath that Richardson had asked the price on a \$500 life-insurance policy on each of the children and a \$2000 policy on himself. Purvis testified that he wrote the policy for the amounts specified and Richardson signed it. However, Richardson could not find enough cash for the initial payment, and Purvis said, "James, I tell you what I'll do. I'll take care of this and be back next week to pick up the premium." Richardson agreed and then, at the door, asked Purvis if the policy could be made to double the benefit. Asked if it was possible Richardson thought he was insured, Purvis said it *was* possible but he had not intended to make him think any such thing.

Lane describes Richardson as a choir singer and a former lay preacher, yet Richardson's own attorney, John Spencer Robinson, told the court that Richardson had an I.Q. of 60-70 and could barely read and write.

Lane mentions that DeSoto County Sheriff Frank E. Cline told members of the press that other children of James Richardson had died under mysterious circumstances. Sheriff Cline's statement is true; Lane has only to consult the death

records in Duval County or even talk to one of Richardson's former wives.

The lynch atmosphere in which the trial was supposed to have been held is a figment of Lane's imagination. There was a coroner's jury impaneled by the late Judge Gordon Hays with five white men and one Negro who charged Richardson with the crime. Robinson repeated that he had evidence to free Richardson, yet he did not bring forth such material in court.

Lane now contends the attorney has reason to believe he knows who committed the crime. If there is new evidence, Robinson should present it to the governor or to the proper authorities, not just hint at it or talk about it. The question in the midst of all who have kept up with the case is, "How long will Robinson try to milk the Richardson case of publicity?" To most of us who witnessed this attorney's histrionics in court, he appeared an opportunist riding to the crest of notoriety on the coattails of another man's tragedy. The time to put up or shut up is now.

Thelma (Ted) Bryan
Arcadia, Florida

See Mr. Robinson's reply, which follows.

Although I intended to remain publicly silent on the Richardson case, I appreciate the opportunity to reply to Thelma Bryan's letter, since it so clearly impugns my integrity and so blatantly distorts the facts.

Miss Bryan speaks of her failure to detect emotion in either James or Annie Mae Richardson at the hospital. I hope she never suffers a shock equal to that of being told one's seven children are either dead or comatose. Why didn't Miss Bryan tell of the heavy sedation that effected release from consciousness for the grieved parents almost 24 hours after they had risen to go to work in the fields? Why didn't she describe the tears streaming down Richardson's cheeks at the funeral of his seven children?

How, Arcadia, Florida, style, do you establish a motive in a murder case? Make sure the news media carry many stories of the defendant applying for double-indemnity life insurance on his children 14 hours before their death. Be careful, though; don't try to put that story before even an inflamed jury, because it won't hold water. Use the press to establish your motive, then refuse to produce evidence of insurance at the trial. Insurance agent Purvis called on Richardson without being asked, and Richardson knew perfectly well that he and his children were not covered. Purvis testified before the coroner's jury, but there is no official record of his testimony. He was never called at the trial, because his testimony would have shown that the insurance motive was nonexistent.

Miss Bryan cruelly makes a point of

Richardson's minimal literacy and low I.Q. A man's ability to act as a lay minister depends on goodness and sincerity, not on his I.Q.; some of the finest musicians in the world have been people who could neither read nor write.

The testimony at the trial, as Miss Bryan must know, proved that no other children of Richardson died under mysterious circumstances. There were actually three other Richardson children who died previously, one being stillborn at Halifax District Hospital in Daytona Beach, Florida, and two others who died of natural causes when James Richardson was nowhere near them and they were in the custody of other persons.

Being unable to recognize emotional shock, Miss Bryan is hardly qualified to judge the existence or nonexistence of a lynch atmosphere. She herself, as a reporter covering the case, publicized Sheriff Cline's verdict of guilty practically before the investigation was under way. Perhaps she can explain how the physician treating the Richardson children could be persuaded to sign seven death certificates showing "premeditated murder" as the cause of death before James Richardson was even charged. This doctor was unable to define premeditated murder at the trial and admitted that he wrote this as the cause of death only after conferring with county judge Gordon Hays. The late Judge Hays investigated the case, selected the coroner's jury, sat as the judge at the inquest and examined the witnesses. A warrant to search Richardson's home was issued by Judge Hays several weeks after the actual search took place.

I have never sought nor appreciated the publicity Thelma Bryan and her kind have given me. Calling me a publicity seeker will not destroy my concern for equal justice for all, nor will fear of ridicule by unfair reporting sway me from my duty to see the truth and make it known. The final verdict for James Richardson will be not guilty. Our new evidence will be produced at Richardson's appeal (now filed with the state supreme court). As his attorney and friend, I am convinced that James Richardson is innocent.

John Spencer Robinson
Daytona Beach, Florida

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1-7, 8-12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROD STEIGER

a candid conversation with the antiheroic oscar winner

Sporting a sinister grin that seems more suited to a post-office wall than to a movie billboard, and often behaving as boisterously off screen as he does on, Rodney Stephen Steiger has always rubbed Hollywood's establishment the wrong way. When he was still scuffling for parts during the early Fifties, he liked to hang out at Schwab's drugstore, wearing rumpled clothing and two days' growth of beard, rather than hobnob with the other upward-mobile movie hopefuls in a *Don Loper* original. On those few occasions when he was seen in the "right" places, he tended to put ketchup on his filet mignon and, if properly motivated, was known to stand up and sing in the most sacrosanct restaurants. His emotional acting style—the result of his New York training—set him apart from the docile Thespians molded by the California studios, and some of his passionate characterizations alienated the studio heads themselves. Many moguls felt personally insulted by his scathing portrayal of a Hollywood demagog in *"The Big Knife,"* a film that exploded movie-star shibboleths the same way Steiger does in real life. Happily, the industry's lingering animosity ended last year when, after some 30-odd pictures, he was awarded an Oscar for his abrasive performance as the red-necked Southern sheriff of *"In the Heat of the Night."*

Though his rise to stardom came as no surprise to Steiger, it surely would have

amazed anyone who witnessed his inauspicious show-business debut at an amusement park in Seaside Heights, New Jersey. Weaving blackface, he perched on a splintery plank while customers tossed balls at a pyramid of milk bottles beside him. At climactic moments, the stoic 12-year-old was unceremoniously dumped into a six-foot tub filled with water. The only child of a struggling song-and-dance team, Steiger fled Newark's West Side High School in 1941 to escape his disoriented home life, lied about his age (which was 16) and enlisted in the Navy. His military career—on a destroyer in the South Pacific—ended with a discharge 24 hours after V-J Day. Back in New Jersey, he found a Civil Service job at the Veterans Administration. The uninspiring regimen of oiling office machines and carrying boxes of allotment checks was alleviated by a Thursday-night theater group composed mainly of clerks, typists and secretaries. Steiger joined to meet the girls, but his first taste of real stagecraft—a part in *"Curse You, Jack Dalton"*—abruptly altered and elevated his ambitions.

Within six months, he was using his \$75-a-month GI Bill of Rights benefits to study acting at the New School for Social Research, across the Hudson river in Manhattan; he also subjected himself to operatic voice training. Settled in a cold-water basement flat on West 82nd Street, where he was obliged to fight off the

roaches with a hammer, he spent countless evenings at the Thalia Theater, an Upper West Side moviehouse that specialized in revivals of film classics such as *"Grand Illusion"* and *"The Blue Angel."* Steiger later transferred to the American Theater Wing and eventually to the Actors Studio, where his classmates included such stars-to-be as Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, Kim Stanley and Marlon Brando. But while his uninhibited classroom performances won their respect, they seldom saw him outside the studio; he was busy earning a living on television. From 1947 to 1953, Steiger appeared in more than 250 live dramas, playing a wide range of characters, from Romeo and Rasputin to the title role in *"Marty,"* which won him the Sylvania Award.

That accolade resulted in his film debut as a sympathetic psychiatrist in *"Teresa."* His second screen appearance, as Brando's weak-willed brother in *"On the Waterfront,"* won him a 1954 Academy Award nomination for best supporting actor. The four years of voice training proved invaluable for *"Oklahoma!"* in which he sang the part of Jud Fry and nimbly tossed around a 165-pound adversary in a balletic fight sequence. Some critics complained that he played Jud as if he'd been created by Dostoevsky rather than Rodgers and Hammerstein. But Steiger's versatility impressed a number of influential producers and directors, such as the late Jerry Wald, who told him that he could become the greatest movie lover in 25 years if he would only



"Acting is the food I need to sustain myself. Without it, I'd probably froth at the mouth and hit the bottle. Or maybe I'd get into drugs. Some people light up to get there. I want to act up to get there."



"There are only two superlative compliments you can receive from a woman. One: 'I think you're a master chef.' And two: 'I think you're a great lay.' The two basic drives in life."



"How many of us today can actually strip our insides bare and say to somebody, anybody, 'Look, here I am, vomit and all, sick and frightened. Recognize my need and my humanity.'"

lose 30 pounds. That never happened, and the beefy actor contented himself as a character lead in a series of B-plus pictures, one of which—"Al Capone"—belatedly vaulted him into prominence. Due largely to his bravura portrayal of the scar-faced gangster, the low-budget film emerged as a winner at the box office. Meanwhile, Steiger was co-starring with the classically trained British actress Claire Bloom in a stage adaptation of "Rashomon"; three months after the show closed, she became his second wife.

Skeptics predicted that the union of this gentle, delicate beauty with the crude, volatile Steiger would never last; they were right. As we went to press, the Steigers announced their impending divorce after ten years of marriage. Steiger currently occupies an antique-laden Upper Park Avenue co-op apartment that serves mainly as a base of operations, since his peripatetic schedule over the past several years has necessitated extensive travel: "Dr. Zhivago" in Spain, "The Sergeant" in France, "Hands on the City" in Italy and "The Mark" in Ireland. His domestic filmwork during the same period has run the dramatic gamut from the spit-curlled Mr. Joyboy in "The Loved One" to his sensitive, critically acclaimed performance in "The Pawnbroker" (which earned him a second Oscar nomination) and "No Way to Treat a Lady," a commercial flop that was nonetheless a satisfying ego trip for the star, who played four separate roles.

PLAYBOY interviewer Richard Warren Lewis caught up with Steiger in his bungalow suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel while he was working on "Waterloo"—an epic biography of Napoleon that would take him to Italy and later to the Soviet Union for a colossal scene involving 12,000 troops, 3000 horses and plenty of thermal underwear. A week earlier, Steiger had attended the San Francisco Film Festival, which opened with "The Sergeant"—released this year, along with "The Illustrated Man" and "Three into Two Won't Go," both co-starring Claire Bloom. At a subsequent press conference, he anticipated the mixed critical response by displaying a rather dated lapel button that read: I AM A HUMAN BEING. DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE OR MUTILATE.

Lewis' first impression was that Steiger looked more like a sumo wrestler than a movie star: "His unusually broad shoulders, thick neck and large forearms, developed when he worked in an icehouse as a teenager, were swaddled in a black-silk robe. His dainty size-nine-and-a-half-EEE feet, badly in need of a pedicure, poked out from thonged leather sandals. Overweight, Steiger was ready to embark on a two-week program of sauna baths, sweat and solitude at a health spa in Carlsbad, California.

"Piled on his coffee table were the collected letters of Van Gogh, Norman

Mailer's "The Armies of the Night," several biographies of Bonaparte and a volume of Eric Hoffer's aphorisms, along with a single rose that had arrived that morning with his breakfast. Getting in his last licks before the health-spa crash diet, Steiger ordered double servings of pancakes, French toast, steaks, sausages, bacon, Monte Cristo sandwiches, quarts of milk, Johnnie Walker Black Label and imported beer throughout the ensuing week. At times it seemed that he was playing Henry VIII. As he talked, he thumped on the table—once with enough force to send glasses of grapefruit juice tumbling to the floor; and often he paced back and forth, munching on a piece of meat or waving a fork in his left hand to punctuate his discourse." Awed by this prodigious and almost uninterrupted intake, Lewis began the interview on a gourmandial note.

PLAYBOY: There's a line of dialog in *The Sergeant* that reads, "Eating is the only way to beat this life." Does that philosophy apply to you as well as to the character you played?

STEIGER: Maybe it's not the only way, but I do love to eat. Sumptuous food is one of life's great experiences. I have haunted restaurants all over the world, seeking the definitive beef Wellington and its counterpart, a perfect bottle of vintage French Bordeaux. When I'm alone after work in a strange city, I confront my chauffeur and inquire, "What's the best restaurant in town? Not the celebrated restaurants. Where do you eat? Where do the natives eat?"

A funny eating experience occurred when I was asked to make a personal appearance in connection with the release of some picture. The studio said, "Would you like to go to London?" And I said, "What do I have to do?" They said, "Just walk on the stage and say hello." I'd never been to England, so I agreed. They paid for the tickets. I went, and I had a marvelous Cockney chauffeur named Drew, who taught me to play snooker and also chiseled 15 pounds out of me. Wherever you are, Drew, I still love you. Anyway, the night before I was to leave, an accountant from the film company called the hotel and said, "Steiger, we've got a laundry bill here for two pounds." I said, "So?" He said, "We're only supposed to pay for your lodgings and your food, not your laundry." This is the kind of pettiness I can't stand, but I didn't complain. Instead, I replied, "I shall mail you a check for two pounds in the morning." I put the phone down, turned to the chauffeur and said, "Drew, we're going to the Savoy for dinner." We went and we ate a meal that cost 33 guineas, which at that time was about \$99. It took us about two hours to finish this feast. I ordered caviar and didn't even

eat it. Drew went home with a bottle of champagne and a box of Cuban cigars under his arm. The phone rang the following morning and the same accountant said, "Mr. Steiger, we have a bill from the Savoy for dinner." I said, "You pay for the food and the lodging, right? I pay for the laundry." Pettiness demands petty justice.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't your fondness for good food made you a bit overweight?

STEIGER: Well, I weigh 230 now and that's too much. But weight's not that big a problem for me, because I've been heavy all my life. I never minded it when they called me Rodney the Rock in high school. Of course, it's different when your life becomes public. At one time, I was greatly flattered by the word "burly," because I thought it was a polite way of saying I'm fat. Now "burly" tends to bother me. I don't want to see that word anymore—probably because I still haven't taken off enough weight.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you're planning to spend two weeks at a health spa?

STEIGER: I've finally decided to discipline myself. No doctor's advice, just common sense. I hope to lose at least 20 pounds this trip. When you come to California, you inevitably become body-conscious. What you can cover up in Europe and New York, you have to show more of here, so you kind of get more health oriented. Especially when you see these California girls on the beach, goddesses who are only 14, 15 or 16 years old, all of them already grown women. I watch a girl walking down the beach and somebody tells me, "Stop looking, she's fourteen." You come to a screeching halt. You can't believe it. Ah, the golden children of California. They're beautiful. But that's the rub. Suppose one wanted to get to know one of these young ladies. You wouldn't have a chance, because of the generation gap. Try taking a walk down King's Road in London some Saturday morning. You'll see some of the most beautiful birds in the world with the shortest skirts in the world, with the bestest hips and legs and faces and everything else. I guess man is always a bit of a voyeur. Anyway, you start walking from Sloane Square, trying to look like a mixture of John Wayne and Clark Gable. You get halfway down the street and you realize that if you're over 12, forget it. Nothing's going to happen. A friend of mine in London and I once started walking at one end of the street, feeling like King Kong and Tarzan. By the time we reached the other end, we were so deflated we felt like Mickey Mouse and Tiny Tim. It was sad, because a man likes to feel desired just as much as a woman does. Every man has that marvelous fantasy that he can step into Rudolph Valentino's shoes.

PLAYBOY: You, too?

STEIGER: Of course! I'd like to think that

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I'm absolutely irresistible to every female in the world. Who wouldn't? You've got to think you're something special; otherwise, how could you tolerate all the crap you have to go through? Every man would like to think he's the biggest swinger in the world and that after he's been to bed with a woman, she says, "*Après vous le déluge.*" Nothing makes a man feel more masculine than when he knows a woman thinks he's fantastic in bed. There are only two truly superlative compliments you can receive from a woman. One: "I think you're a master chef." And two: "I think you're a great lay." The two basic drives in life.

PLAYBOY: Which have you received the most compliments about?

STEIGER: Well, my cookies have always left something to be desired; so did my liaisons, occasionally, before I was married. Everybody finds out that there are some people you can turn on just by coming into the room and other people you couldn't turn on if you stood on your head. Which isn't a bad idea, by the way. I guess this is part of growing up—discovering sooner or later that there's somebody you think you could really swing with, but who can't see you at all. It's always hard to accept, though. There are many attractive women I've known who I've done my damndest to get into a bed, but it was no use. There just was no empathy, no connection to begin with. It's like a Feiffer cartoon, where the guy stands in front of a woman peeling off his skin and reciting poetry, saying, "Look at me." And she doesn't even notice him.

PLAYBOY: What techniques have you used in trying to seduce these holdouts?

STEIGER: Long before Hugh Hefner, there was the circular bed with the silk sheets and the changing lights. Also the planetarium, which turns the whole room into the Milky Way. It's available at toy stores like F. A. O. Schwartz for \$16. You pull all the shades down, dim the lights, flick the switch and the whole room becomes a miniature universe. The stars are projected onto the ceiling. If you have one of those in your room and you add some good music, it may not work as an aphrodisiac, but it's certainly beautiful. As Pushkin once said passionately, "You can't romance all the women in the world, but you must try." Of course, there's one brief romance I could have done without. When I was in the Navy, I got crabs and they had to shave me to get rid of them. That should interest the American public.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't your entire body shaved to apply your elaborate make-up for *The Illustrated Man*?

STEIGER: It certainly was. They did it with an electric razor. I'll never forget it. I itched a little bit, in unexciting ways, but otherwise there were no ill effects. Then the make-up experts tried to figure

out how to paint my body without poisoning me. They tested rabbits and guinea pigs with dyes. Finally they did me from the neck all the way down, using a black silk-screen stencil. They put on one sketch at a time, just a black outline. That took an eight- or nine-hour day. Then my body was hand-painted all the next day; it took 11 men. The horrible thing was that after the second day, the illustrations would begin to smear in bed at night. I had to sleep in long johns and I couldn't go swimming. I missed the therapeutic feeling of throwing myself into the pool after coming home from work, which helps me wash off all the crap—my own as well as everybody else's. But this time I couldn't do that. On the third day, I did my acting. Fortunately, some days we needed only half a body; some days just the hands. The two guys who removed the paint used a combination of Ajax and Ivory Soap. Then we had to put the illustrations on again the following day. In a five-day work week, two days were spent making up and three days acting.

PLAYBOY: How did you get along with the 11 make-up men?

STEIGER: Well, the first day, there was the joyous discovery that I'm not tough and difficult. I go through this all the time. People in Hollywood, I think, usually have two attitudes toward me: one, that I'm egocentric; two, that I'm snobbish. I imagine they have these attitudes because they misinterpret independence. I'm trying to maintain my idea of independence, and this is not a very independent town. In this world, most people "sell" themselves, and if you try not to, they're liable to call you a lot of things, because you remind them of what *they* sold. I get angry when I hear people call actors like Montgomery Clift or Kim Stanley difficult. Many of these same people resented Spencer Tracy's grumpiness. Maybe there's something important in being difficult that way, in maintaining a certain privacy, a certain determination to retain your original concept of a part and a way of life. Anyhow, I joked around a lot with these make-up men, to break down this artificial barrier. "No faggots allowed," I told them. "The first guy who starts painting my balls is out of a job." This, of course, brought on a lot of jokes from everybody around the table, and that got us through the first couple of weeks. We then went on to all the scandals about movie stars of the past and present.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of scandals, you've been criticized for appearing completely nude in *The Illustrated Man*.

STEIGER: Big deal. In one shot, I get up from a couch and as I cross the room, you see all of me. "All of me, why not show all of me?" If you want to be polite, one is apt to see my genitals in

this scene. Nobody at Warner Bros.—Seven Arts paid any attention to it until some executive said, "Look at that!" He probably never saw one before. All of a sudden, Hollywood discovered that men are built different from women. It was truly a situation where a molehill was made into a mountain—figuratively speaking, of course. My feelings were, "Let it all hang out."

PLAYBOY: You'd never been nude in public before that?

STEIGER: Somebody may have watched me through a window someplace, but not that I know of. I've never felt self-conscious about nudity, anyway. A good example is the time my daughter came in while I was taking a shower. This happened long ago and she was taking a good look at me and the difference between the two of us. This is probably one of nature's most beautiful creations, certainly the most miraculous part of the male body. I didn't want any shame or taboo or darkness to be connected with it as far as my daughter was concerned, because she'll get all those inhibitions shoved on her anyway by the outside world. Our relationship has always been that open. The important thing has been not to hide anything from her. When she grows up, I want her to have as many men as she bloody well pleases, to know that if anything goes wrong, she can come to me first and we can decide what's wise in any situation. I don't want her to get married on the wings of her first orgasm, thinking she's in love and then, when the newness wears off, suddenly wake up in bed with someone she doesn't really know at all. That happens much too much today. Sex is not love. It's a necessary part of love, but it is not the definition nor the depth nor the totality of love. Unfortunately, more people are kept together by certificates and lawyers than by real love or feeling for each other, and I think that's truly a crime.

PLAYBOY: Do you see your own attitudes about love and sex reflected in the frankness of many recent films?

STEIGER: European influences forced us to stop being so adolescent. But now I think both Hollywood and European film makers are going overboard. They've become very repetitious. Sex in films has been put on such a disproportionate level, it's incredible. I would end the glut once and for all and do a television special called *Fuck*, depicting in graphic detail every possible technique and sexual variation in one gigantic three-hour orgy. It would be televised once a week and everybody could tune in and have a ball. It would be cosponsored by U. S. Rubber and the manufacturers of Enovid. On second thought, it would have to be unsponsored, because Madison Avenue would start watering it down until it turned into a hygiene demonstration

with robots instead of people. To avoid offending any minority group, of course, the male robot would have a white head, a black body, red arms, yellow legs and a multicolored penis. And the female would be striped and starred and painted like the American flag.

PLAYBOY: Considering the conservatism of TV censors, it seems unlikely that even your kissing scene with John Phillip Law in *The Sergeant* will ever be seen on television. How did you feel about kissing another man?

STEIGER: I didn't even notice it. I was so concerned technically with the camera that I don't remember any sensation; I really was too busy working. It was just like kissing a woman on the screen. It doesn't mean anything to you unless you're hot for a body. I happen not to be hot for John Law's body, nor he for mine. That scene, by the way, wasn't in the original script. I don't know if I was the one responsible, but I insisted on kissing him. There has to be something like that after all the tension that preceded it. The sergeant character doesn't even know what he's doing. Probably the saddest line in the script is when he says, "I didn't do that." He's trying to bring back to life the German boy he killed at the beginning of the film. The audience doesn't have to know that, but I do. Maybe for the audience it was a homosexual kiss, but for me it was mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

It was very difficult to do, to say to a man, "I need you. I want you. I can't live without you." I've never done that in my life. I don't really know if I've ever felt healthy enough to say that to a woman the way I really should, for Christ's sake. How many of us today can actually strip our insides bare and say to somebody, "Look, I really do need you"? We can say, "I love you" 27 times a day, but it's not like saying, "Look, here I am, vomit and all, sick and frightened. Recognize my need and my humanity."

PLAYBOY: You said that you insisted on adding the kissing scene in *The Sergeant*. The film of *The Illustrated Man* is quite different from the Ray Bradbury short stories on which it's based. Were you responsible for any of those changes, too?

STEIGER: Yes. The man I play in the third part comes home and says to his wife, "It's the last night of the world. What are we going to do?" The original story just answered, "Love each other. God is love." I thought that was too innocuous for modern films. The word "love" can no longer justify destruction or injustice. "I did it because I love you. Please forgive me." Nobody believes that anymore. They say, "If you really loved me, how could you do it?" Originally, there was nothing in the script except, "We must love each other before we die; then

maybe we will love each other after we die." It sounded to me like a sermon from some pulpit. You need a "tag" on a movie, a big closing scene. That wouldn't do. We needed a powerful confrontation to cap the story, so we discussed, we fought, we haggled. Then we kind of dreamed up something: I said, "What would happen if I killed the children—to spare them from a painful death by fire or radiation?" Right away, some people were afraid the public would reject us. But the public is often far more intelligent than the people who make movies.

Anyway, I couldn't get anywhere with these "executives" until they realized we were discussing euthanasia. "That's different," they said. "I don't know about euthanasia," I told them. "I just know theatrically it's a strong scene to play." So the whole ending was changed and now the man comes home and says: "It's the last night of the world," but he's carrying two pills. He tells his wife he's going to kill the children, but she won't let him. They make love, and she wakes up the next morning and the world didn't end after all. Then she finds him slumped in a daze between the two dead children. He has killed them anyway. He didn't believe they could survive. Now the story has a punch. There's an ending to the picture. Any parent who sees it should be able to identify with it.

PLAYBOY: How does this new ending relate to the film's over-all theme?

STEIGER: Well, the film is actually a trilogy of Bradbury stories, each set in a different time but all revolving around the illustrated man, who has symbolic designs and intricate vignettes tattooed over his entire body, each of them depicting a cataclysmic future event. And there's one bare spot on his back, which, when observed long enough, will reveal the viewer's own future. In looking at the future, trying to discover his fate, the viewer sees something that's hideous and frightening, suggesting that maybe it's best not to know the future, to accept that simply being alive is enough. Those who aren't satisfied with what they have from day to day are always greedily looking for more. It's true that tomorrow may be better—or worse—but today may not be so bad. You must appreciate the miracle that you're alive right now and forget about how—or if—you're going to live tomorrow.

Bradbury doesn't write science fiction; he writes *Aesop's Fables* for our time. This film is an imaginative trip, a kind of psychedelic parable. It'd be a wild thing to distribute joints to an audience as they walk in and start the film 20 minutes later. The first time I saw it, I wasn't so fortunate. I watched it in a screening room, armed with a bottle of Scotch. I sat by myself in the middle of the theater, just to be alone, to concen-

trate. It's kind of a personal moment when you watch yourself for an hour and 40 minutes. I didn't want anybody to hear the groans and see the nervous twitches and the agony when I thought something was wrong. Midway through the picture, I had to go to the john. I left the room and couldn't find one, so I went outside between a couple of buildings. Meanwhile, my film's running inside. As I stood there, I reflected on this bizarre situation. In the middle of this great big Warner Bros. factory, the star of a picture that's running in an empty theater is outside relieving himself between buildings and wondering what he's missing on the screen.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the use of pot in situations other than film screenings?

STEIGER: I don't think it should be illegal. I've experimented with the stuff twice myself; nothing happened. My mind doesn't let itself go. But it relaxed me and I fell asleep. I enjoyed it. It's certainly better than regular cigarettes and it's far better than alcohol.

PLAYBOY: What do you have against cigarette smoking?

STEIGER: For some reason or another, I've just never got with it. But just recently, I began smoking nicotineless cigarettes made from celery stalks. They smell exactly like marijuana. I had a great time coming on the set the other day and lighting one up. Then I just sat there and watched people. They sniffed and they kind of gave a look like, "No, it can't be," and then sniffed again. One by one, they'd ask, "What kind of cigarette are you smoking?" I said, "I'd rather not talk about it. Really, it's just a cigarette." They taste terrible, but it's worth it to get the reactions. Anyway, I feel marijuana can be beneficial when used correctly. It could be one of the greatest tranquilizers around.

PLAYBOY: Do you need tranquilizers?

STEIGER: From time to time, because we've made society into a factory, and I have to live in it. You can't make time a commodity as we've done. You can't sell your lunch hour for three dollars and not expect to get an ulcer and die at least five years early. No animal is supposed to live as fast as we do in the big cities. During a normal workday, there are 12,000,000 people in Manhattan—an island 2 miles wide and 14 miles long. You can't put that many animals in a cage. We're creating situations where the human animal has no freedom, no room to roam free. Why are there riots in the summer? Not only because the kids are out of school but because they're sitting in a hot, steaming jungle—overpacked, overcrowded, in all the filth and dirt, on top of all the racial pressures. Until those conditions can be changed, I'm certainly in favor of legalizing pot.

PLAYBOY: Have you experimented with hallucinogenic drugs?

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STEIGER: No, I wouldn't go near anything like that. It's fun to try anything for kicks once, but there are certain limitations. Too many doctors have told me the statistics on people who flipped out at Bellevue in New York or became schizophrenics or were twisted for life. That should tout any intelligent person off LSD. Furthermore, these drugs make you think you know what you are, but you may not be that at all. If they were legal, I suppose they could be used as a form of research into human nature. But one certainly can't create under the influence of drugs. If someone gave a performance under the influence of pot, he might get away with it, but I don't think he'd be in command—and that's when a performer is at his best. In acting, one kind of molds moments as they go through his body—at least in the kind of acting I believe in. I don't know exactly what I'm going to do when they start shooting. I'm just trying to believe desperately in what I'm doing. So I have to keep a clear head. I want to be able to control whatever I discover at the moment it happens; a split second later may be too late. I couldn't use drugs in that type of situation. They distort one's sense of timing.

PLAYBOY: To judge from the increasing candor and honesty with which sex is being depicted on the screen, public attitudes toward censorship are liberalizing more rapidly than toward drug use. You implied earlier that there was studio pressure to delete a nude scene in *The Illustrated Man*, however. Was there any comparable resistance to some of the strong language in the film?

STEIGER: No. I think the censors are beginning to understand that sometimes there's nothing as effective as a curse or an obscenity to convey a point. The script includes the line, "You're a shit!" and it fits. It's right. It would be ridiculous to say, "You're no good. You're a dog." I had a very interesting discussion the other day with Jack Valenti, who's in charge of the Motion Picture Association of America. I said, "Why did I have to change that line in *The Sergeant* from 'If you want a piece of ass . . . ?' to 'If you want to get laid . . . ?'?" He said, "When you say 'piece of ass,' it's all right with us, but we're afraid somebody else is going to use those same words to exploit them, because they think people will be titillated by what they're hearing." Maybe he has a point. But I always thought it was kind of insane to censor a phrase like "piece of ass" but allow the word "kill" to be used as often as possible. I think "kill" is more obscene than "fuck" will ever be.

PLAYBOY: Didn't *The Pawnbroker* attract considerable attention from the censors?

STEIGER: It created a storm because a girl showed her bare breasts. But that was

what led Nazerman, the pawnbroker, to remember his wife's breasts, the concentration camp and what happened afterward. There was a reason for it. First the censors said no, but finally they agreed. It was a step forward for American motion pictures, in a way. People think that if you expose your body for a cheap reason, then it's vulgar; but if you expose your body for somebody you love, somebody who needs you or wants you, then there's mutual communication and it's beautiful. One way, you're a prostitute; the other, you're a lover. I've never been able to figure it out. But I do know that anything in nature can be revealed in any art form for the purpose of communication or exploration.

PLAYBOY: Aside from nudity and four-letter words, *The Pawnbroker* portrayed some of the more gruesome and shocking aspects of Nazism. Was it difficult finding a producer willing to deal with such a theme?

STEIGER: You'd better believe it. One studio suggested we eliminate the concentration camp and another said, "Does he have to be Jewish?" Those were typical of some of the stupid attitudes we ran into. See, they have words in the movie world that can kill a script. Take the devastating power of the word "grim," for instance. If that gets around about a script, everybody says, "Holy Jesus! Grim? The public don't want to see grim!" The other red-flag word is "fantasy." Don't ever mention that. God forbid I should ever want to do a "grim fantasy."

PLAYBOY: You seem bitter about Hollywood. Why?

STEIGER: I don't really have any cause for complaint about Hollywood. I've been successful here and I've done it on my own terms. I've worked hard and the industry has repaid me for my efforts most handsomely. I'm not in love with the place, but I'm not anti-Hollywood, either, because I've been in Rome and London and the movie business is just as crappy there—and just as good. What bugs me most about Hollywood are the phony stories one has heard about oneself. It's as if some people just can't stand that I've proved you can be successful independently. Our society is supposedly based on the independence and individual rights of all men, and then the first son of a bitch who maintains his independence becomes an enemy of society. Maybe we have too many clubs, too many joiners. Big organizations love to own people, and they can't stand it when somebody refuses to be bought. It drives them berserk. With the czars gone now in Hollywood, independence may become more a way of life. I think it will.

PLAYBOY: Don't you ever participate in some of the more traditional Hollywood

folkways, such as garish premieres and celebrity parties?

STEIGER: I've never played the Hollywood games. I'm not a member of the A or B or C party group. I don't usually go to openings. Those who do are people desperately wanting to be seen, desperately overdressed, using the premiere as an excuse. Nobody really knows anybody here. Above all, Hollywood is a community of lonely people searching for even the most basic kind of stimulation in their otherwise mundane lives. I've met too many people in Hollywood who sacrifice personal happiness for professional gain. They have big swimming pools and more money than they can spend, and then at two A.M., they go to pieces. They turn their souls inside out and become bitterly disillusioned.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting that Hollywood's bacchanalian image is a myth?

STEIGER: Exactly. Let me give you a more recent example. Last fall, I went to Gene Kelly's house to watch a Green Bay Packers game on television. As I walked in, I couldn't help thinking of all the false impressions of Hollywood. There were Walter Matthau, Joe Mankiewicz, Carl Reiner, Marty Ritt and a shadow of the old generation, Mike Romanoff. Everybody was sitting around making nickel and quarter bets. I took a look around and asked, "Is this one of those Hollywood orgies I've read about in the papers?" That's such a bunch of shit.

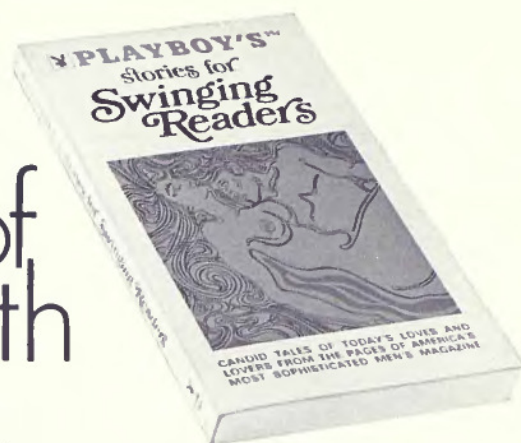
PLAYBOY: Despite your denials, there's a good deal of evidence to indicate that such parties are being held on a rather big scale in the Los Angeles area.


STEIGER: If you ever find one, give me 20 minutes' notice so I can get there. Until then, the worst vices I can find to indulge in here are overeating and daily massages to relax my working tensions.

PLAYBOY: According to some reports, your tensions cause occasional explosions of temperament on the sound stage.

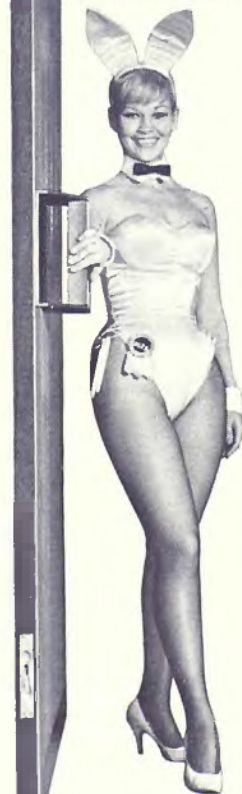
STEIGER: Those are absolutely phony, concocted stories. Cheap publicity minds do that with their stupid little wormlike brains. If people with strong personalities work together, someone inevitably manufactures a conflict, thinking the public will read it. Years ago, when John Osborne hit the best-seller lists with *Look Back in Anger* and *The Last Angry Man* was popular, a lot of writers picked up on the word "anger" and applied it to me. I was new and people were trying to write copy to make a living. To certain columnists, at that time, anybody who came from New York was a rebel with a chip on his shoulder. Publicists plant that stuff in the belief that it will help stimulate interest in the films they're promoting. They should be farmed out to the Motion Picture Country Home. The public is too intelligent for that sort of hyperbole. They like gossip, but they want something more for

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their money now. It's no longer enough to know who's sleeping together. People are finally saying, "What else is new? Tell me something interesting."

PLAYBOY: Many of the old-fashioned scandal techniques you mention are certainly contemptible—but do they really hurt you? Despite your occasional bad press, hasn't your earning power increased dramatically since the columnists started writing about you?

STEIGER: Yes, but it hasn't happened because of publicity. Whatever success I've had, I've earned on the screen. If I'm making more money, it's because producers think that audiences will pay to see me perform. I'm really not that concerned about money, anyway, though I know you can't work for too little or they'll screw you. I've been burned more than once. I worked for next to nothing on *The Pawnbroker*—\$25,000 and a percentage of the gross. Now, there's some discrepancy between my version of the gross and the producer's. I may have to go to court. It's become a question of whose bookkeeping will be accepted, which is a way of being screwed. The thing I hate most about this is the indignity of having to demand what's rightly mine. I had the same kind of trouble in *Al Capone*. I almost had to sue. I hope that doesn't happen with *The Sergeant*, where the deal was similar.

PLAYBOY: Why do you get yourself into such situations?

STEIGER: I'm not a good lobbyist for myself. I don't want to have lunch with people, go to their house, play tennis and pretend I'm friends with them just to make a deal. I've been working on a script for ten years called *The Untold Story*; it's about an actor. It's a film I want to make, commercial or not. Frankly, I don't care whether it ever shows in the United States. For years, nobody would produce it; but now I'll get it done, because there are people who figure, "Well, it sounds crazy, but what the hell, if he's in it and if we do it on the right budget, we'll make money." They're not doing me any favors. They can't lose money with the television sales and everything else I have going for me. On a small budget, \$1,000,000 or \$2,000,000, they immediately get \$750,000 back on the television sale. I've been talking to Paramount about *The Untold Story*. Recently, I was told that they didn't like it, but they'd do it anyway. That's been bugging me. Now it becomes a point of honor. I don't like their condescending attitude—"We don't like it, but we'll do it." I really should tell them to go fuck themselves.

PLAYBOY: Then why don't you?

STEIGER: I hate to admit it, but I'm trapped by the system. The more money these commercial minds pay, the more my artistic power grows. Theoretically, I

can then do those things that I really believe in artistically. But when you get on top in this fabled land, you have to fight twice as hard to stay there. You have to be twice as selective as you were on the way up, so you need the discipline of patience.

PLAYBOY: Is patience one of your virtues?

STEIGER: No. After three weeks of not working, I get very uptight. Most actors are that way. They say, "Jesus God, I've got to get a job." Then: "Thank God, I got a job." Then: "My God, when is this picture going to be finished?" Then: "Christ, I need rest." And finally: "Oh God, I've got to get a job." It's an unsettled way to live. But for me, at least, acting is the food I need to sustain myself. If it was taken away from me, I'd probably froth at the mouth and hit the bottle. Or maybe I'd get into drugs. Some people light up to get there; I want to *act* up to get there. In acting, I find many things other men may miss in their work. I find release. Ideally, a man should work at a job that releases the things he's got inside him. He should work at what he loves. Too many people work in an office or a factory every day because they have to feed a family. When a man is hungry, he'll eat anything, even though he knows it'll make him sick. The wise man, after a few of these nauseating experiences, realizes as he matures that it's more important to wait. So one has to have the patience and the strength to resist the immediate satisfaction of false food—false work. I've succumbed to that a couple of times in my life. I once signed to do a picture a year to pay off my alimony in one lump. I wanted to be able to get it out of the way. So I did a bomb called *Seven Thieves*. When the film opened, I was sick for days. I went crazy. I said, "That's it, I've sold out. Son of a bitch." Fortunately, when they had a big studio strike, a lot of the bigger contracts were canceled and I was finally free. I've never signed a long-term contract since.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't that attitude work to your disadvantage?

STEIGER: It already has on a number of occasions. A few years ago, I met with David Selznick to discuss starring in a remake of *A Farewell to Arms*. He was interested, but he insisted on talking about placing me under contract to him; so I refused. That was the end of *A Farewell to Arms*. For much the same reason, I missed doing the film version of *Marty*—a part I originated on television. I'm happy to say that my performance of *Marty* is at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, which to me is a great compliment. But I just didn't want to sign a lengthy contract with the film's producers, so I lost the movie and they got Ernie Borgnine.

PLAYBOY: Your reluctance to sign long-

term contracts and your legal disputes over salaries indicate a certain degree of mistrust for the big studios. Have these encounters made you more cautious?

STEIGER: Well, as a child, things I trusted blew up and because I couldn't comprehend that, I suppose even to this day it's difficult for me to really trust anybody, including myself. My family disintegrated when I was 12 and strange people were coming in and out of the house. When you wake up one morning and your stepfather's gone and there's just a note saying, "Good luck," or something like that, it's liable to upset you a little bit. Soon after that, I can remember finding my mother drunk. Undoubtedly, that left its mark on me and accentuated my disappointment in other people. Lack of trust, in a sense, is exactly what's happening on a grand scale today in this country. The great big happy family called America has proved to be a phony group. That's why its children are now lashing out in every direction—sometimes righteously, sometimes adolescently, but always in quest of some sense of security.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember your father?

STEIGER: No. And I've never tried to find him. I never had a desire to see him, because he was a myth. I wouldn't know him if you were him sitting here talking to me. Oh, once in a while I get curious and then I embroider my imagination. Some of these embroiderings can have horrible endings. I always used to wonder what would happen if a man walked into my dressing room and said, "Hello, I'm your father." I'm glad it hasn't happened. I guess I'm afraid to face it because either it would be meaningless or else I might release some horrendous resentment; maybe go berserk and say, "Where the fuck were you when I needed you?" and get to beating his head in. There's no need for us to contact each other now. I consider that part of my life dead—a thing of the past.

PLAYBOY: Why did your mother and father get divorced?

STEIGER: Who can ever know why his parents split up? You get conflicting versions from both sides of the family. The child is caught in a barrage of propaganda. "Your father did this." "No, your mother did that." "Your father was a shit." "Your mother was a shit." But nobody tells you the truth or gets to the real root of it.

PLAYBOY: In the absence of your father, were you close to your mother?

STEIGER: I resented her tremendously for failing as a mother. Later on, after analysis, I realized that she had her own weaknesses and strengths and sicknesses, so we became very good friends again. Then she died two years ago and I began to think more about her. When I'm sitting in a dimly lit room, especially when my rationality is diminished by

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fatigue, if I concentrate, I swear that I can see my mother's face. Fear or hope can create anything. I never drank much—my mother was the one who had the problem with alcohol. Anyway, a psychiatrist would probably make something of the fact that my mother was advised not to have me. They said she couldn't make it. When I was born, the back of my head wasn't formed properly. That's probably affected me all of my life. They put me in a cast and didn't move me until I hardened up. In gratitude, I was named after the doctor who delivered me—a Dr. Rodney.

PLAYBOY: Was it all these memories and conflicts that eventually prompted you to see a psychiatrist?

STEIGER: Not specifically. I went into analysis because for some reason it seemed that I didn't want to sustain an emotional relationship with anybody, male or female. It bothered me that I was unable to respond to others as fully as I thought I should. I started with the doctor at 26, and then it was on and off for five years. At first I could only afford to go once a week, but when I got a little lucky, it was twice a week. Finally, it went up to three visits a week and the price got higher. I remember being very defensive with the doctor the first time I went to see him. I jokingly announced that he was dealing with a budding genius and if this enlightenment would in any way louse up my "great" gift, then I'd rather suffer with my problems than deprive the world of my great treasure. He looked at me with half a smile and said, in a Viennese dialect, "If you think an increase in knowledge on any level will be detrimental to your development as a human being, you can leave now." I just looked at him and said, "All right, what time's the next visit?" At the next session, I confided that I was willing to "suffer" for the world through my art. He said, "I'm going to ask you a question and I want you to answer yes or no. Do you think you're Jesus Christ?" After about 15 seconds, I said, "No, of course not." He replied, "Well, I gave you five seconds for the shock of the question and five seconds to say no. Now, what about the other five seconds?" I couldn't answer him. But finally he helped me realize how childish it is to fancy myself a savior of anything or anyone, let alone humanity.

PLAYBOY: Was that a painful realization?

STEIGER: No, I really didn't suffer very much in analysis. I wasn't consistently involved; my work was constantly pulling me away, so it was never complete. I opened myself up much more than I used to, but I know I'll never be able to fulfill my romantic notion of total openness. We got to the point, though, at which the doctor realized that I functioned pretty well on my own terms, despite the hang-ups. To get rid of them

all would have taken 30 more years of analysis, which would have been ridiculous. I haven't been near a doctor for two or three years now. You're supposed to go back every five years or every 50,000 miles for a retreat on your psyche, but I don't think I really need one.

PLAYBOY: Are you that self-sufficient and well-adjusted now?

STEIGER: Well, I've changed a wee bit for the better, but things still aren't easy for me. No miracles have been done, that's for sure. But my life is much better than it was. So I guess it served its purpose. It was also incredibly instructive as far as acting is concerned; it was a real lesson in human behavior. I was awakened to observe things I didn't ordinarily observe in people: mannerisms, speech, inflection, relative patterns of conversation and thought processes. These things can be very revealing about people—especially about the psychiatrist himself. When I played a shrink in *The Mark*, I adopted my own psychiatrist's short-sleeved shirts and his chronic fatigue. He also smoked a pipe constantly, so I made the character a nervous chain smoker, too—all to get away from that terrible cliché of the calm, quiet psychiatrist with the deep voice. I tried to play that part very well and humanly as a token of appreciation for the patient endeavors of my doctor.

PLAYBOY: Have you been able to add such distinctive touches to all your roles?

STEIGER: I try to. At the end of *The Pawnbroker*, for example, I did that silent scream. If it hadn't worked, I would have looked like a jackass with its mouth open. But it did work, and I have the satisfaction of knowing it. Sidney Lumet and I also cut as many lines as possible. I felt that if a man like Nazerman doesn't aspire to anything more than merely existing in society, then he wouldn't want to have contact with people. I made him not even *look* at people unless he had to. One of the most revealing moments in the picture is when a customer says, "You Jew!" and Nazerman doesn't even change his expression. He says, "What's your address?" Sometimes in my acting, I shoot for things and I may not make it. But the times I've hit it, I have a feeling nobody can take away from me. That's what I call the narcotics of acting. It's my LSD.

PLAYBOY: Aren't some of your dramatic innovations a bit too subtle to be noticed by most people in the audience?

STEIGER: They're not *supposed* to be noticed. If they were, they would come off as affectations rather than as natural character traits. When I did *In the Heat of the Night*, for instance, I chewed gum constantly and wore oversized chukka boots to give the sheriff a shambling walk. In *Zhivago*, I added something when Julie Christie slapped me in one scene. Nobody slaps Komarovsky; he

doesn't give a shit *who* you are. She hauled off and belted me and I spontaneously belted her right back; it wasn't in the script. David Lean said, "Cut," and left it in.

My best contribution to *Al Capone* was that I never once played him with a gun in his hand. *Capone* was a commercial, entertaining film of no relative importance, of course, but the character was interesting. When it was first brought to me, though, I refused to do it. "I'm not going to do a gangster movie," I said. The original script had Capone surrounded by women all the time. Even if it was true, I didn't want to show him that way. In the original script, they also had him murder somebody, and I asked, "Did they ever prove that he did?" The writers said, "No, but—" And I said, "No buts. If I have to play the life of a criminal, it doesn't mean I have to become a criminal myself and lie about the facts." So we changed all that. I rewrote it at home, then came back and reworked it with the writers. For some reason or another, the film made a big impression. I've done other things I've liked better—like *The Pawnbroker*, for instance—but people keep saying, "Gee, I like that Capone thing you did." I was working in a Broadway play—*Rashomon*—around the corner from *Capone* when it opened in New York. What secretly pleased my warped ego was that these were two vastly different parts, and that made me feel like a real actor.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned that audiences won't be able to identify with your constantly shifting screen image?

STEIGER: I believe anyone who's gifted is really a poet at heart, and no true poet would ever write the same poem over and over. It'd be an insult to his integrity. You know the cliché, "Familiarity breeds contempt"? When a performer becomes too familiar, his longevity is cut in half. He dilutes himself as he moves forward. That's why I don't believe in an actor having an image. He should be able to create a different image with each character he plays. When an actor says, "That part would be bad for my image," he doesn't know what he's talking about. I like to see an actor risk something, even if he doesn't make it. One of the nicest compliments anyone ever gave me was when I played Judge Gaunt in *Winterset* at the Equity Library Theater in New York. I was only a kid, still in my 20s, and a stranger came backstage one night and said, "I disagree with everything you did, but Jesus, I like your interpretation." I understood what he meant, and I appreciated it.

PLAYBOY: In *No Way to Treat a Lady*, you played four parts—a priest, a plumber, a homosexual hairdresser and a female prostitute—and you were on screen

almost continuously throughout the film. Was that tour de force a vehicle for your versatility or simply a display of ego?

STEIGER: It was a dream come true. What actor wouldn't want to take a whack at something like that? So many people don't understand the difference between ego and desire. "Ego" has become a dirty word. People say, "My God, has he got an ego." Well, he goddamn well *better* have an ego in this society—and a healthy one, because without faith in himself, he's going to be kicked and battered and screwed every step of the way. In any art form, a man's got to think secretly that he's better than anybody else—certainly in the movie business, because it's such a rat-race. But anybody who takes his talent for granted is on the way out; he's going to die. It's like a guy who boasts he's the best lay in town. Maybe to one girl he is, but not for the whole town. There's always somebody ready and able to knock him off.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about dressing up as a woman in *No Way to Treat a Lady*?

STEIGER: That was just part of the job to me. I was worried that it might not come off. I knew there would be bad jokes about my playing a homosexual and wearing women's clothes, but that's only testimony to the kind of adolescent stupidity that still lingers in this country. Christ, it wasn't so long ago that a man was in trouble if he wore cologne. In my old neighborhood in New Jersey, I used to come home from playing tennis and one of my friends might say, "What are you, a fag or something?" I don't know why so many American males are worried about that, especially since they all shared the homosexual experiences of boys playing together. Everyone went through that stage, and most of us grew out of it. Those who didn't have a mental problem, a sickness that must be helped. I don't know why everybody pretends it never happened in their lives. Such hypocrisy.

They even lie about things like masturbation. Like everybody else, when I was a kid, I used to have a great time reading pseudopornographic pulp magazines like *Spicy Detective* with a flashlight under the blankets. The hero was always "advancing on her alabaster globes." Remember that? One night, the blanket was ripped off and there was my stepfather. He asked, "What are you doing?" And I said, rather stupidly, "Reading." There I was with an erection, playing with myself. It sounds very funny now, but that was a moment of absolute terror. He didn't say another word, but the next day he called me in and gave me a lecture about how masturbation can damage the brain. Something instinctively told me he was lying and to forget it, because I'm sure his father

caught him under the blanket once, too. Watch yourself, Linus!

PLAYBOY: Your catalog of deviant roles also includes Stanley Hoff, the motion-picture-studio head you played in *The Big Knife*. Why did you portray him as a homosexual, when there was little indication in the script to support that interpretation?

STEIGER: In my analysis of the character, he was a latent homosexual and a masochist, with a hatred for women. In the first couple of speeches, he talks about hating his wife and the money he's wasted on her; that's what tipped me off. In one scene, he turns to a girl and, looking right at her, says, "Why does a woman have to be here?" When I did the line, I was thinking, "If there's anything I can't stand, it's the smell of an old garbage can that hasn't been washed out." While I was originally thinking about how to play Hoff, I walked through a department store. Sometimes, that's very good exercise for your imagination, if you're stuck for an interpretation. I walked around the store, thinking to myself: "How does an umbrella relate to Hoff? Does he like flowers? What does he think about women's underwear, men's raincoats?" Sounds like a crazy game, but you'd be surprised. All of a sudden, you're thinking in areas you haven't touched on before.

PLAYBOY: You certainly touched on something unique as Mr. Joyboy in *The Loved One*, which *Time* called the epitome of your obvious fascination with the deviate character.

STEIGER: First of all, I resent that crack. I am fascinated with *people*—not deviates. All of us are deviates in one way or another. Who dares define the norm? Mr. Joyboy was delightful because it was an exercise in acting for me. Before I went to talk to Tony Richardson about it, I passed a statue of Apollo in white plaster and I got the idea of wearing the bleached hair and curls. I saw him as a chubby Apollo.

PLAYBOY: Do blondes really have more fun?

STEIGER: I didn't. I've changed the color of my hair so many times that it's ruined now. Dyeing it burns my scalp. I don't know how women who get touched up every ten days can stand it. But aside from the hair and the effeminacy, I came completely equipped for that part. I was already so chubby that I didn't have to gain any weight to play Mr. Joyboy. But even my normal girth wasn't enough for Norman Jewison and Sidney Poitier in *Heat of the Night*. Norman kept saying, "I'd like to see your stomach over that belt." That's all I had to hear. I gladly sacrificed myself to art. If I had only two pieces of pecan pie, they went mad. So I gorged myself.

PLAYBOY: Before your Oscar for *In the*

Heat of the Night, you had been nominated for your performance in *The Pawnbroker* and failed to win. Considering what you put into the role, was that a major disappointment to you?

STEIGER: No, because I didn't really expect to win, anyway. I was very surprised that an independent film like that, made in New York, was even nominated. But even so, nobody likes to lose; I can't say I was happy about it. My wife and I went back to our hotel, trying to commiserate with each other. I think I wound up telling *her* not to feel so bad. Not surprisingly, my mood was somewhat different after I won the Award for *In the Heat of the Night*. The morning after the Oscar presentation, I got a cape and a big hat like The Shadow might wear, a blue coverall suit and white cotton gloves. The Shadow has got to be one of my all-time heroes. When I was in the Navy during World War Two, standing the boring night watch on the U. S. S. Taussig, I used to get on the intercom and do a running show for the crew. "Hello, this is The Shadow speaking. Tonight we will tell you the story of . . ." I customarily improvised some filthy story, with the hero slowly being squeezed to death by 37 naked women. One night, I came on for my moment of glory, with my usual opening line, "Hello, this is The Shadow speaking." A split second later, the captain's voice came from the bridge and said: "And this is The Phantom. Shut the fuck up." Needless to say, I went off the air promptly and permanently. I could take a hint. I thought about that as I was being driven through the Warner Bros. stage doors onto the set of *The Illustrated Man*, horn blowing full blast. I stepped out with that outlandish outfit on and kind of gave a Queen of England salute to the crowd. Everybody ran over and bowed down and I told them, "Rise, my loyal subjects. But don't touch the royal garment."

PLAYBOY: When you accepted your Oscar, you made an impassioned plea for racial brotherhood, reminding the audience that "We shall overcome." Had you prepared those remarks beforehand?

STEIGER: I hadn't planned to win, so I hadn't planned to speak. What I said wasn't original, but it was how I felt. I said it because I felt the thought should be articulated. It was also my way of thanking Sidney Poitier, who's been a friend of mine for a dozen years. But until *Heat of the Night*, we weren't in a position of power; neither one of us was able to put anything together. This picture changed all that for both of us.

PLAYBOY: Poitier, of course, is one of many actors, black and white, actively involved in the civil rights movement. Are you?

STEIGER: I'll give financial support, but I have my own work to do. If I devoted as much time to that cause as it deserves,



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I'd have to become a politician and stop acting. But I do think I say significant things about the situation in my acting. *In the Heat of the Night* was not the greatest social drama ever done, nor did it let me fully explain my feelings about racial prejudice, but it must have affected people subconsciously to see a white man and a black man get along like that.

PLAYBOY: What would you have said if you had been given a chance to explain those feelings in detail?

STEIGER: I would have said that I don't believe men are born equal. That's a misconception of democracy. But I believe every man must have the equal right to prove himself superior or, unfortunately, inferior. I don't give two shits for the white man or the black man or the yellow man; but I'm pretty goddamn interested in what we call mankind. For all his stupidity, greed and fear, the white man is going to get his ass kicked for a while; I only hope that these extremist groups, white and black, don't unconsciously become fascist cliques and delude the people into thinking that they're fighting for democracy, because they're not. They're fighting for power. Nor do I believe you can fight white prejudice with black prejudice. Prejudice in any form is evil. You can't say, "All white men are shits because I suffered as a black man," any more than a white can say, "All black men are shits because I've suffered as a white—or because of their color."

PLAYBOY: Since *In the Heat of the Night* and your appeal for brotherhood on Oscar night, have you been asked to involve yourself more actively in the racial cause?

STEIGER: After I won the Academy Award, I started getting floods of letters from groups begging me to make personal appearances in behalf of their cause, political or otherwise. But I'm not about to start lending my support to groups who are interested only in exploiting big names for fund-raising. I have neither the time nor the desire to be used that way. If a cause really interests me, I'll support it, but I'm not going to be a shill for every charity or political group that comes along. As a matter of fact, I never got involved in politics at all until the last election, when I felt I had no choice but to stand up. When a man like Wallace can find support, when a man like Nixon can even be nominated again, you've got to speak out. But knowing many people in the public eye who keep appearing at demonstrations and rallies, always with the flashbulbs popping, I often wonder what they're really there for—publicity or principle. There are certain celebrities who are always in the forefront of these marches, and I wonder if they march for the cause or for the feeling of belonging to some-

thing—anything. I would hate to have anybody think that of me. Furthermore, it's possible that my appearance would antagonize more than benefit, in certain instances. We're living in a time of rage—justifiable rage. How can we expect the black man to be patient when he's been tortured and lied to for hundreds of years?

PLAYBOY: Many black leaders are advocating violence rather than patience. How much influence do you think these militant spokesmen really have?

STEIGER: At this point, it's very difficult to say, but a lot of people are listening to them and I think it would be dangerous to underestimate their importance. The power of the spoken word was crystallized for me personally a couple of years ago, when I was asked to appear at a Hanukkah Festival in Madison Square Garden. I stepped out on the stage and there were 18,000 people all around me. The New York Philharmonic Orchestra played the background as I began my reading. I got more and more excited with each passing minute. Finally, I literally screamed at the audience, "And then on this earth God put a new land, a new place, for a new people, called Israel!" The moment I pronounced that last word, 18,000 people got up on their feet and shouted back at me—"Israel!" It was then that I first felt the surge of power and understood how anyone who spoke with a certain amount of force and credibility could create mayhem. The audience's behavior at that moment was no different from any totalitarian group that might have stood up and screamed, "Heil Hitler!"

They asked me to do the Hanukkah Festival a year later. This time, I remembered that moment, and I wanted to see if I could create the same response and get the same feeling of absolute leadership, like the imperial Caesar. I got to another phrase that was something like the one I had spoken a year before and I let loose, deliberately milking it for all it was worth. I got the identical response from 18,000 different people; or at least half of them must have been new. They leaped to their feet and shouted back at me. Then I started to play with them. I began to whisper. You could hear them respond, like a wave. Then I spoke a little bit louder. I could feel the power mount as I heard them getting more and more excited. Then I deliberately stopped dead. I was sick with this power thing. I realized that I was becoming like an Adolf Hitler.

At the same time, I could also comprehend the impact of a Churchill. A man like that, we desperately need today. I once heard a story that explains his charisma. Churchill had given his famous speech, "We shall fight on the beaches . . . we shall fight in the fields and in the

streets . . . but we shall nevaah surrender," and the applause was still ringing in his ears. As he sat down, he whispered to a friend sitting next to him: "Fight them with what? Beer bottles?" That's one of the classic examples of what leadership really means. He knew he had to tell his people something to boost their morale, but in his heart he knew he had nothing to fight with except his determination to keep them alive.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone in this country who could offer that kind of leadership?

STEIGER: Not that I can see. The thing that alarms me is that so many of the men who possess great leadership have been assassinated—a situation reminiscent of the Roman Empire, when the Caesars were knocked off, one after another. Regardless of one's personal feelings about them, the Kennedy brothers and Martin Luther King could lead people. If one thinks of a nation like a family, the fact that Daddy's not coming home again hurts even more. We now sit here as if in an incredible kindergarten with no teacher. What a tragic prospect for our youth. Almost certainly, this accounts for much of the disenchantment in our society.

PLAYBOY: Do you think, as many do, that disenchantment is responsible for the increase in violent student demonstrations?

STEIGER: It's certainly a factor; but unfortunately, there are some kids who think the authority in the country has gotten so weak that it's become a game—"How far can I go before they bust me?" I wonder how many of them get into trouble not really protesting but just showing off. Misbehavior has become a fad. The majority of these young people, though, are sincerely committed to the ideals of the movement, and I'm with them all the way. I'm in favor of any sincere demonstration in the name of freedom.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about those who object to the draft and refuse to fight in Vietnam?

STEIGER: If a guy's doing it because he really doesn't believe in war or in hurting another human being, I'm all for it. But I believe the draft resisters could more emphatically make their antiwar point if the law allowed them to volunteer their service to help relieve pain.

PLAYBOY: It's clear that you're in sympathy with certain aspects of the youth revolt. Do you think the young relate to you as well as you do to them?

STEIGER: I don't know, but I'm told that I'm one of the few "older" people that the younger generation has accepted. They like my work, and I want to continue to do movies for people who are looking for new beliefs, movies for people who have said to their parents, "Sorry, folks, but I think you blew it and I don't want to go your way." They're going with people who are

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BEGINNINGS

they were children of the new morality, discovering each other, falling in love over and over and over again

fiction BY EVAN HUNTER

THE TRAIN had come down from Boston and it was jam-packed when it stopped at New Haven. She had her crap spread out all over the seat—two valises, a guitar and a duffel bag—as if she were going on a grand tour of the Bahamas instead of probably just home for the Thanksgiving weekend. I had come through three cars looking for a seat, and when I spotted her living in the luxury of this little nest she'd built, I stopped and said, "Excuse me, is this taken?"

She had dark-brown eyes and long black hair, parted in the middle of her head, falling away straight on both sides of her face, framing an oval that gave a first impression of being too intensely white, lips without lipstick, cheeks high and a bit too *Vogueish*, a finely sculpted nose and a firm chin with a barely perceptible cleft. The look she gave me was one of extreme patience directed at a moron, her glance clearly saying, Can't you see it's taken?

"Well, is it?" I asked.

"I've got my stuff on it," she answered. Her voice sounded New Canaan or mid-80s Park Avenue. It rankled immediately.

"I see that," I said, "but is anyone sitting here?"

"I'm sitting here."

"Besides you."

"No."

"Then would you mind putting your stuff up on the rack?"

Her look of patience turned instantly to one of annoyance. I was forcing her to move her furniture out of the apartment just after she'd painted and settled in. She turned the look off, got up without as much as glancing at me again, lifted the guitar onto the rack and then reached for the heavy duffel.

"I'll get it," I said.

"Don't bother," she said.

She was wearing sandals and tight chinos, and I discovered her backside as she lifted the duffel up onto the rack with a great show of delicate college-girl maidenhood being strained to its physical limits. The gray sweat shirt she had on over the chinos rode up as she lifted one of the valises, revealing a well-defined spine, the halves of her back curving into it like a pale ripe apple into its stem. She turned to pick up the other valise and I saw MIT's seal on the front of the sweat shirt, flanked by a rounded pair of breasts too freely moving to have been confined by a bra. She saw my goofy leer, made a face, hoisted the valise up onto the rack, slid back into the seat, cupped her chin in her hand and stared through the window.

"Thank you," I said.

She did not answer.

"Look," I said, "your *bags* didn't pay for a seat, you know."

"I moved them, didn't I?" she said, without turning from the window.

"OK," I said.

"OK," she said, but she still did not turn from the window.

"You coming down from Radcliffe?" I said.

"What gives you *that* impression?" she said, and turned from the window at last, and assumed again the patient expression of someone talking to a cretin.

"You sound like a Radcliffe girl."

"And just how do Radcliffe girls *sound*?" she asked, so annoyed by my presence on her turf and so confident of her own allure in sweat shirt and chinos, brown eyes burning with a low, angry, smoky intensity, white face pale against the cascading black hair, completely stepping down several levels in the social stratum by deigning to utter in her New Canaan nasal twang anything at all to someone like *me*, who should have been

up a tree someplace eating unpeeled bananas, instead of trying to start a conversation with the WASP princess of the Western world. I was already half in love with her.

"Radcliffe girls sound rude and surly and sarcastic," I said.

"So do Yalies," she said.

"Are you from Radcliffe?"

"No. I'm from BU."

"Is that a school?"

"Ha-ha," she said. "You're from Yale, all right."

"How can you tell?"

"I can tell," she said in dismissal, and turned to look through the window again, pulling her long legs up under her.

"Must be fascinating, watching all those telephone poles go by," I said.

"Yes, it is."

"My name's Wat Tyler," I said.

She turned to me with a reproachful look. Certain she had tipped to a put-on, she said, "Mine's Anne of Bohemia."

"Hey, how'd you know that?" I said, surprised.

"How'd I know what?"

"About Wat Tyler. Not many people do."

"Luck," she said.

"Come on, how'd you know?"

"I had to do a paper on the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

"What's that got to do with Wat Tyler?"

"Nothing. But that's how I got to him."

"How?"

"Well—can *you* name the Four Horsemen?"

"Sure. Plague, Pestilence——"

"Wrong."

"You're not talking about the Notre Dame foot——"

"No, the Bible."

"Plague——"

"Wrong."
 "I give up."
 "I'll give you a clue."
 "Give me a clue."
 "They're on different-colored horses—white, red, black and pale."
 "Pale what?"
 "Just pale."
 "I still give up."
 "Death's on the pale horse," she said.
 "War's on—"
 "The black one."
 "Wrong, the red one. *Famine's* on the black one."
 "Then Plague's on the white one."
 "There *isn't* any Plague."
 "Has to be a Plague."
 "That's what I thought, too. But there isn't."
 "Then who's on the white horse?"
 "Christ. At least, a lot of people *suppose* it was Christ. Nobody really knows for sure who John the Divine meant."
 "But you thought it was Plague."
 "Yes. That's why I went to the library to see what they had."
 "What'd they have?"
 "Plagues, epidemics, blights, *everything*. But there was a very *popular* plague back in 1348—"
 "Popular?"
 "In that it was widespread. The Black Death, you know?"
 "From the Tony Curtis movie of the same name," I said.
 "It was bubonic."
 "It certainly was."
 "Killed a third of England's population."
 "*The Sound of Music* was even worse."
 "Anyway," she said, and raised her eyebrows and quirked her mouth as though in exasperation, but it was clear she was enjoying herself now, feeling comfortable enough with me to be able to make a fleeting facial comment on my corny humor and then move right on unperturbed to the very serious business at hand, which was how she happened to know anything at all about Wat Tyler, who had been killed by the mayor of London in 1381, lo, those many years ago, when both of us were still only little kids. "Anyway," she said again, and turned her brown eyes full onto my face, demanding my complete attention, as though knowing intuitively it was wandering to other less important topics, never once suspecting, heh-heh, that I was lost in thought of her alone, of how absolutely adorable she looked when she struck her professorial pose, relating tales of poxes and such, and I stared back into her lady-hypnotist eyes and wanted to bark like a dog or flap like a chicken. "Anyway, when I was looking *up* all this crap, I learned that a couple of the labor statutes put into effect around the time of the plague were thought to have

caused the great peasant rebellion of 1381, do you see?" she said.

"You have a tiny little beauty spot right at the corner of your mouth," I said.

"Yes," she said. "Listen, are you sure you know who Wat Tyler was?"

"Oh, sure," I said. "He led the great peasant rebellion of 1381. Against Richard the Second."

"So what did I just say?"

"I don't know, what *did* you just say?"

"I said that certain labor statutes—"

"That's right. . . ."

" . . . caused the rebellion of 1381."

"So?"

"So Richard the Second was married to Anne of Bohemia."

"I know."

"So that's why, when you said you were Wat Tyler, I said I was Anne of Bohemia. Because when I was looking up *plagues* in the library . . . the hell with it," she said. "What's your real name?"

"That's my real name."

"Wat Tyler, huh?"

"*Walter* Tyler. Everybody calls me Wat, though. Except my grandfather sometimes. What's yours?"

"Dana. Don't laugh."

"Dana what?"

"Castelli. Guess who *I'm* named after?"

"I can't imagine."

"You *can* imagine."

"Oh, no! Really?"

"Really. I was born in 1946, right after my mother saw him in *The Best Years of Our Lives*."

"When in 1946?"

"Was I born or did she see the picture?"

"Born."

"December. Two days before Christmas."

"So what did you find out about him?"

"Dana Andrews?"

"No. Plague. On the white horse."

"I told you, there was no Plague. Only War, Famine, Death and Jesus."

"Then all your research was for nothing."

"I didn't mind. I like libraries." She smiled again. "Besides, it gives me something to talk about on trains."

"Listen," I said, "I'm really sorry I asked you to move your bags."

"Don't be silly. I was being a hog."

"Would you like a beer or something?"

"I don't think there's a bar car."

"Has to be a bar car."

"Had to be a Plague, too, but there wasn't."

"You watch the seats," I said. "I'll check it out."

In the next-to-the-last car on the train, I ran into Scott Dundee, who was now a freshman at Tufts and who was sitting with a girl he introduced as "Gail Rog-

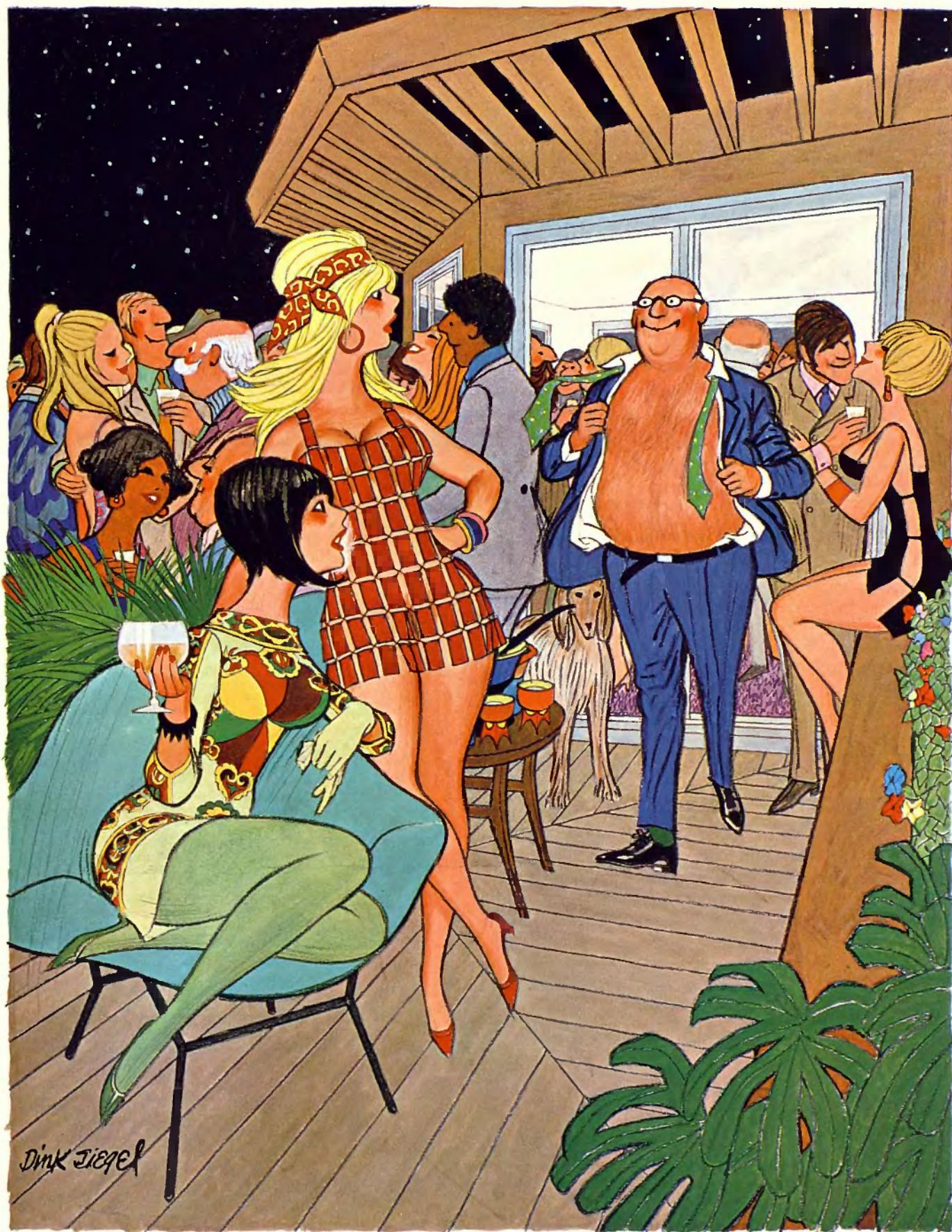
ers, Simmons '67," the same asshole he'd always been. He asked if he could give me a lift home from Stamford, but I lied and said I was being picked up, preferring a taxi to his Great Swordsman company, and then hurrying into the last car, knowing by then, of course, that Dana Castelli had been right, there *was* no bar car. I lurched and staggered my way forward again, the New Haven Railroad performing in its usual glassy-smooth style, and when I got back to where she was sitting, I nearly dropped dead on the spot. The guitar, the duffel bag and both suitcases were piled onto the seat again and Dana was turned away from the aisle, legs up under her, one elbow on the window sill, staring out at the goddamn telephone poles. I felt, I don't *know* what, anger, rejection, embarrassment, stupidity, clumsiness, everything. And then, suddenly, she turned from the window, whipping her head around so quickly that her black hair spun out and away from her face like a Revlon television commercial, and her grin cracked sharp and clean and wide, confirming her joke, and we both burst out laughing.

That was the real beginning.

We talked all the way to Stamford.

She told me her father was Italian and her mother Jewish, this WASP princess of the Western world. They had met while he was still a budding psychoanalyst in medical school, an ambition that cut no ice at all with her mother's father, who objected to the marriage and who threatened to have this "Sicilian gangster" castrated or worse by some gangster friends of his own, he being the owner of a kosher restaurant on Fordham Road in the Bronx and therefore familiar with all kinds of Mafia types who rented him linens and collected his garbage. Joyce Gelb, for such was her mother's maiden name, was then a student at Hunter College and running with a crowd the likes of which had only recently signed petitions for the release of the Scottsboro boys. She wasn't about to take criticism of her Sicilian gangster, who in reality was descended from a mixture of Milanese on his mother's side and Veronese on his father's and who anyway had blue eyes, which she adored. Joyce told her father he was a bigot and a hypocrite besides, since he hadn't set foot inside a synagogue since her mother's death eight years before, when he had said the Kaddish and promptly begun playing house with his cashier, a busty blonde specimen of 24. The couple, Joyce Gelb and Frank Castelli, eloped in the summer of 1941, fleeing to Maryland, where they were married by a justice of the peace in Elkton, Frank constantly glancing over his shoulder for signs of pursuing mohelim.

(continued on page 90)

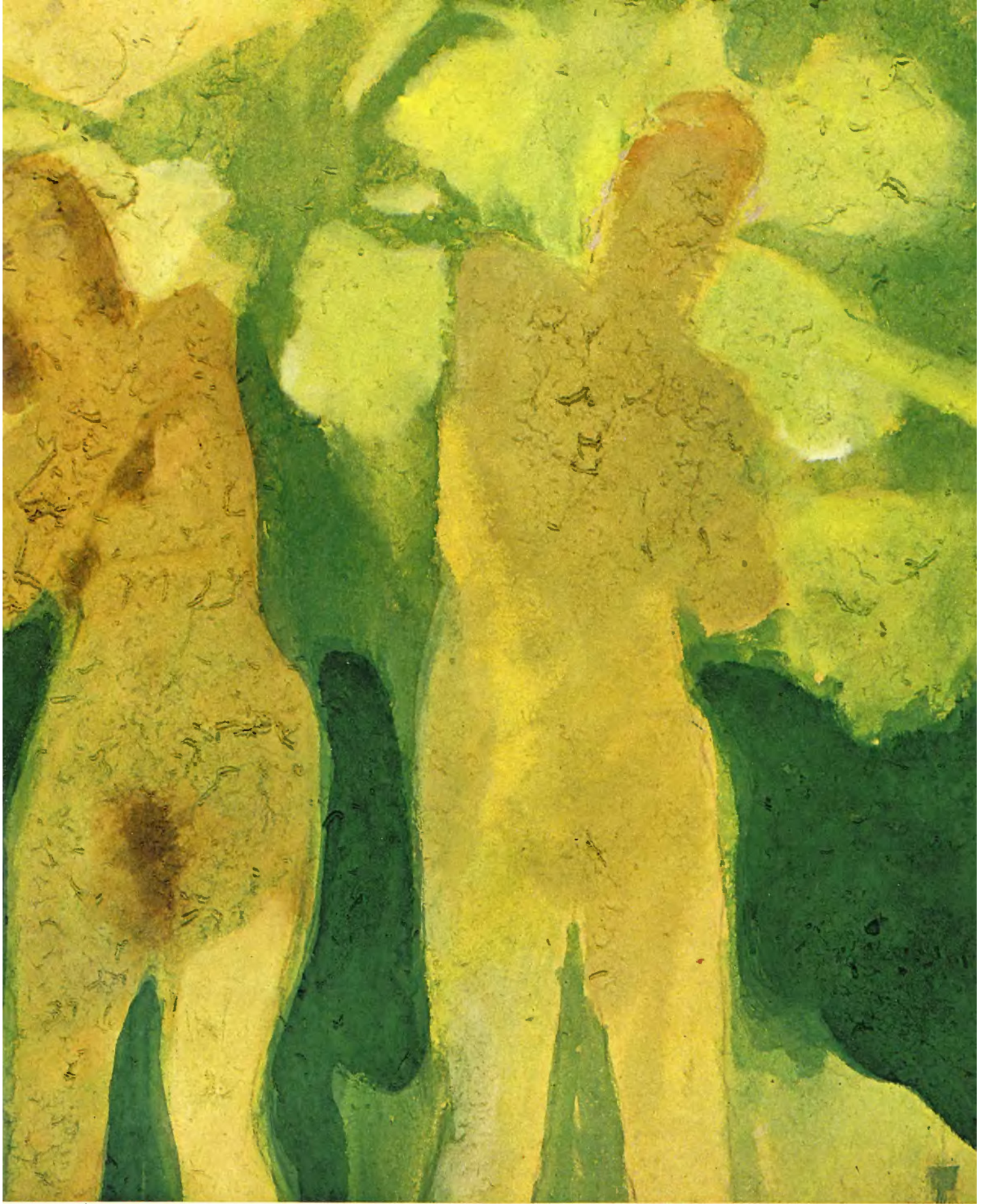


"Here comes old 'What do you mean, not here?' . . ."



LETTING GO

a reporter appraises the growing movement away from the cerebral and toward spontaneous sensuality



article By ROBERT KAISER "FEELINGS AREN'T NICE." To most of the people in the U. S., the message has been drummed in: Cover up your feelings, don't give yourself away, hold back, stay cool, because your feelings will get you into trouble. But now there is another message coming through—let go—and it comes from unexpected people in unexpected places. It is often spoken without words.

Nuns dance: In San Francisco, Sister Mary Gertrude Ann's young body is (continued on page 84) 81

PUTTING THE DASH

Attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

Abstract-patterned wide
silk tie, by Bill Miller
for The Village Square, \$7.

Cotton velour pullover
shirt with full sleeves,
by Jan Shannon for
Grandpa Takes a Trip, \$25.

Leather belt with brass studs,
by Paris
from the File and Drum Collection, \$7.

Wide-brimmed
cowboy hat
with hand-laced
seams and
brass-studded
hatband,
by D'Naz, \$25.

Dacron and cotton oxford
weave slacks with
flared legs, by Male, \$9.

Sueded-cowhide wide belt with
brass rings, by Bill Blass for PBM, \$22.50.

Bold-patterned silk scarf,
by Allen Winston, \$5.

a sunburst of fresh fashion ideas

IN HABERDASHERY

Leather belt with brass buckle, from the Kings Road Collection at Sears, \$4.

Oversized silk scarf, from the Kings Road Collection at Sears, \$3.50.

Batik-patterned Dacron and cotton slacks with wide legs and contrasting paisley border, by Male, \$9.

Broad-brimmed rayon and linen planter's hat with pinched front crown and striped rep band, by Knox, \$7.

"Wet look" ciré jacket with snap-flap pockets and tab extension at waist and collar, by Catalina Martin, \$16.

Bold-plaid cotton twill wide tie, by Eros, \$6.50.

Silk apache scarf with gold-plated slip ring, from Allen Winston, \$5.

for the long cool summer

LETTING GO (continued from page 81)

draped in a flowing habit, and her feet are bare as she whirls and spins up to the altar in the middle of Mass.

Ph.D.s strip: At the Esalen Institute in the Big Sur, California, four men with advanced degrees in psychology, three psychiatric social workers and an aerospace scientist climb nude into a hot tub together, abandon all talk—and float, touch, rub, fiddle in a sea of feeling.

Executives cry: At TRW Systems, a rocket corporation near Los Angeles, upper management convenes for weekly "sensitivity sessions," where they are encouraged into honesty jags, to shout and scream about their private hurts, to unbottle hidden resentments and fears.

Rock groups urge: "Let go. Let the world know you're alive. Let go." Their tone is joyful, exhilarating. Letting go is fun, the opposite of holding back, which is narrow and mean.

For several years, people from some sectors of society—especially the so-called intellectuals—have devalued commitments to the life of the mind and placed a new importance on feeling. In their work, calculation, control and conformity to the rules assure "success." They get places, even as far as the moon, by following certain norms, being rational and careful. But somehow that isn't enough. The sensualists need a little freedom as well, and many are turning toward what is spontaneous, personal, natural and real.

There may be some cyclic force built into men that causes them, like snakes, to sluck off the skins of reason and revert to primal states for a season or so. In the 1800s, the citizens of various European states rejected minuets and rhyming couplets for passionate waltzes and songs of nature and political revolution. An elite forsook proprieties for novelties of expression and behavior. Now, in 1969, it is obvious that many in America are adopting a new romanticism. Their thrust is anti-intellectual, anti-ideological and toward the eroticization of practically everything. Their influence may be pushing America into a new Elizabethan age or at least into the life styles of Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth.

Paul Hilsdale, a Jesuit priest from California, is a dramatic and significant example of the new romantic. At 40, Father Hilsdale had received the rigorous training of his rigorous order. In his novitiate, he had practiced all the virtues and learned to keep his "lower" self under submission by various ascetic means—prayer, fasting and self-administered lashings twice a week with a small cord whip. His subsequent studies had made him a modern Erasmus, God's spare-but-well-oiled thinking machine. And then, after 20 years of preparation

for missionary work in the jungles of Asia—or possibly Los Angeles—he was seduced to the wilds of Big Sur, where he became a resident fellow at the Esalen Institute.

In order to regain his natural being, Hilsdale was told that he had to lose all the hard-won control, rediscover his emotions and learn to express them in a variety of ways: through phantasy, psychodrama and hypnosis. He was told that his eloquence with words was a barrier to self-knowledge. He was then led into nonverbal encounters, in which he tried to communicate with others with his eyes alone, or by touch, kisses, hugs and slaps. He bathed with others in the hot mineral pools. He started laughing a lot, eating well and painting bright water colors. And he met several beautiful girls. "At last," he says, "I was in touch with myself and the world. I had refound the forgotten joys of feeling. I had learned to let go. And it was good."

Hilsdale is now living comfortably in his own home in the Hollywood Hills. He is trying to turn on the underground church in Los Angeles with OM chants and marathon encounter weekends, and is leading scores of persons into his little subsection of the letting-go movement.

The movement has its public, semi-public and private manifestations:

At Uppsala, Sweden, last summer, Wilburt H. McGaw, a staff member of the Western Behavioral Sciences Institute in La Jolla, California, conducted tactile liturgical services for delegates to the assembly of the World Council of Churches. He had them touching, holding one another in collective embraces, expressing feelings long suppressed. McGaw's invocation was not "Let us pray" but "Let us touch."

At a Catholic retreat on the West Coast, the men and women involved didn't bother with lectures or traditional meditation in chapel; they went down to the beach, kicked off their shoes, sailed kites, sang and laughed.

At a Lutheran camp in northern Washington, a visiting theologian named Rosemary Reuther reported:

Oh, yes, and then there is the sauna. Huddled together on shelves, we bake deliciously in the heat, sweat pouring out like salvation by grace alone. Flesh against warm flesh, we knead each other's backs and necks. Then with a shout we spring for the door, race to the stream and plunge into the icy, glacier-fed falls. It's the new sacrament! the new fellowship! the new theology! the marriage of heaven and hell! the mystical communion of opposites! God bless the pagan Finns!

The strongest put-down at Esalen is

"You're up in your head"—a place where most people live most of their waking lives and definitely not as good as living in the total self, here and now. Thinking about the future is contemptuously called mind fucking—obviously no substitute for the real thing. If people are strictly up in their heads, they are turned off. In touch with their entire being, they are turned on. The constant query, "Where are you?!" is a call to come out of your head, where all is idea, abstracted from time and place, into the here and now, in touch with reality, where life is lived.

At Esalen, on a craggy cliff on the California coast, you don't talk about it, you do it—whatever might help reawaken the life you are capable of living, in yourself, with others. "We had it as kids, that joy in living," says burly, bearded Bill Schutz, a staff member at Esalen. "But something happened." In his book called *Joy*, Schutz gives a tiny intimation of what it was that turned us off:

"The golden era of physical pleasure is the first 15 months of life," says Schutz, and he recalls his own son Ethan "being thrown up in the air, sliding off the refrigerator into his father's arms, being tickled and hugged, having his cheeks chewed, his behind munched, his face caressed, rubbing his cheek against another's cheek. . . . Ethan is joy."

The seekers at Esalen will try anything that might help restore that early innocence. There's a pragmatic eclecticism about the place, a borrowing from psychotherapy, group dynamics, dance, drama, Eastern mystical philosophy, Western existential philosophy—whatever turns them on enough so they can let go.

The casual visitor may, in fact, have the opposite reaction. He may be initially frozen with fear at the very thought that anyone is going to chew *his* cheeks or munch *his* behind. His anxieties are not allayed by the bold looks he receives from the bra-less girl with the see-through top who presides over the registration desk, nor by the subsequent calls to instant intimacy by the workshop leaders. Grown men and women engaging in childlike games of blindman's buff! Locking together in a "Gunther Hero Sandwich" (man-woman-man-woman-man-woman, arms around each other, chest to shoulder blades)! Exploring one another under a large white sheet! Lying down on your stomach to be slapped gently all over by all the other members of the group! Will the visitor have to make an ass of himself, too? Or be able to verbalize his honest feelings about it? Tossed in the midst of all this, he may have a rather hard time letting go. After all, his training in the uptight culture has taught him *not* to. What's so good about letting go?

The people at Esalen answer that with another question: What's so good about *(continued on page 202)*

BIRDS OF AMERICA

*a girl watcher's guide to some
fine-feathered friends whose
plumage, habits and habitats
are authentically modeled on
audubon's flock—though
he never had it so good*

pictorial



A significant trail blazer in satisfying the appetites of Puritans in 1621, the wild turkey has been responsible for many pilgrims' progress. Who else made old Plymouth Rock? Disdaining fidelity, she mates with any stray barnyard tom at the tug of a wattle. All concur: Nothing beats turkey in the straw.

Philohela minor, the night-blooming woodcock, prefers to sock out during the day. When flitting about after dark, she can be identified by the whistling sound of her wings—or is it the cries of enamored admirers? But before bedding down with this bird of play, remember—Philohela's a minor.



Exercise caution when stalking the yellow-bellied sapsucker. She's a bird with insatiable cravings and food is foremost on her bill of fare. But don't be crestfallen; sex is her second favorite pastime and travel is third. Combining both, she breeds from Canada to Missouri—and then recuperates in Central America.



A gregarious songster, the cocky robin redbreast obviously knows the score. Though she migrates South for the winter, bird watchers know she does her love nestling in Northern climes. From Canada to Louisiana, robin's mates attest that, mattresswise, she's the very symbol of springs.



The blue-faced booby earns her evocative name from a pair of appealing attributes: She's an airborne aquanaut who's always willing to take the plunge. Even when she's getting away from it all in the Tortugas, this amiable angler won't turn tail and run from bird fanciers eager to make a new friend.

Though she's an unsophisticated country girl, the comely quail is a game bird with come-hither plumage to prove it. Each year she entices scores of avid suitors to hunt for her; but after luring them far afield, this flighty miss is apt to disarm them all by calling for her long-lost lover, Bob White.



A devotee of the fast life, the road runner frequents such desert oases as Las Vegas and Reno, where she passes slow movers with a curt "beep-beep." But when she gombles on a supercharged running mate who can keep up the pace, you can bet their fling will be flat out all the way.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BEN ROSE



Only after that evenin' sun
goes down does the night heron
do her kinky thing. She loves to fish
—for compliments—but gets her chief
kicks by forcing prospective beaux to
woo her weirdly: After an ungainly
donce, they must bow their heads
to the ground and utter the
magic words—"plup-buzz."

BEGINNINGS (continued from page 78)

In 1942, the Castellis bought a small house in Hicksville, Long Island. Secure from the draft (he had been classified 4-F because of his asthma), Frank began analyzing the neurotics in Hempstead and environs.

"Do you know the kind of town Hicksville was?" Dana said. "When I was still a kid, the suggestion came up that they should change the name of the town to something *better*, you know? Like, there are some towns on Long Island with really beautiful Indian names—Massapequa, Ronkonkoma, Syosset—and even some very nice, well, *suburban*-sounding names, like Bethpage and Lynbrook and, well, you know. So guess what? The town fathers *objected*! They actually preferred *Hicksville*, can you imagine that? Which is just what it is, of course—Hicksville, U. S. A. I lived there until I was thirteen years old; the most thrilling thing that happened was the erection of a shopping center, you should pardon the expression."

At the age of 13, as she was entering puberty ("and beginning to blossom," Dana said, and winked and gave me a burlesque comic's elbow), Dr. Castelli moved his practice and his family to Park Avenue.

"In the mid-Eighties, right?" I said.

"Seventy-ninth," Dana said.

"Close," I said.

"No cigar," she said.

And Dana began attending the Dalton School, no mean feat for a kid whose Italian grandfather still ran a *latteria* on First Avenue and whose Jewish grandfather made a good living keeping the fleishedig plates from the milchedig. She was now, she told me, an English major at Boston University, and she hoped one day to write jokes for television comedians, which I might think a strange and curious ambition for a girl, but after all, some of the funniest people in America were women, witness Lady Bird Johnson, she said, without cracking a smile.

We began talking about Kennedy then, both of us realizing with a sudden shock that he had been killed just a year ago, and then doing what people inevitably did when talking about that day in November, remembering with almost total recall exactly where they were and what they were doing when the news broke. ("I could hear them saying, 'The head, the head,' and I listened in bewilderment and fear, because I was sure now that something terrible had happened to *me*, that they were all talking about *my* head, that maybe my neck was twisted at a funny angle, maybe there was a line of blood trickling from under my white helmet.") Dana had been in her father's office, necking on his couch

with a boy from CCNY, Friday being Dr. Castelli's day at Manhattan General, where he worked with addicts on the narcotics service. The radio had been tuned to WABC, Bob Dayton spewing machine-gun chatter and canned goodies from the Beatles, when the announcer broke in to say that Kennedy's motorcade had been fired upon, the news causing Dana to leap up from the couch not a moment too soon, being as she was in a somewhat vulnerable position just then.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"You know," she said.

"Oh," I said, and felt violently protective all at once, ready to strangle the snout-nosed, pimply-faced City College rapist who had dared put his hand under her skirt or whatever it was he'd been doing.

"Well, you know," Dana said.

"Sure," I said.

Which led us into talking about the MIT sweat shirt she was wearing and how she had come into possession of it so early in her college career, the fall term at BU having started only in September.

She told me that she had met this dreamy boy at the Fogg Museum one rainy Saturday ("Oh, please," I said, "where are the violins?") and he'd turned out to be a very sensitive young man who had managed to get out of East Berlin immediately after the Russians lifted their blockade in 1949. ("A German," I said, "that's real groovy. What was his father during the War? A baker?") His father, Dana promptly informed me, was Jewish and, in fact, a survivor of Auschwitz, which, I might remember, was a German concentration camp; in fact, *the* camp where 4,000,000 Jews were annihilated, in fact. His father had chosen to continue living in Germany—

"What's this guy's name?" I said.

"I don't see what difference that makes," she said.

"I like to know who we're *talking* about, that's all," I said.

"His name is Max Eckstein," she said.

"He *sounds* like a Max Eckstein," I said.

"The way *I* sounded like a Radcliffe girl, right?" she said.

"All right, go on, go on," I said.

His father had chosen to continue living in Germany, Dana told me, rather than emigrating to Israel or America, because he felt that Hitler had almost succeeded in destroying the entire German Jewish community, and if there were to be *any* Jews at *all* in Germany, some survivors had to elect to stay and raise their families there. But whereas he had been slow to recognize what was happening in Germany in 1938 and 1939, he immediately realized in 1949

that the Communists were constructing in Berlin a state not too dissimilar from Hitler's. He had packed up his wife Dora, his seven-year-old daughter Anna, and his five-year-old son Max, and together they had fled to America. Anna had since married a football player for—

"A what?" I said.

"A football player. For the New York Giants," Dana said.

"How'd a German refugee get to meet a—"

"She's quite American," Dana said. "She was only *seven* when she came here, you know."

"Yes, and little Maxie was five."

"Little Maxie is now twenty," Dana said. "And not so little."

Her relationship with Max, she went on to say, was amazingly close, considering the fact that she'd known him such a short time; actually, only a month and a half, she'd met him in the middle of October on a—

"Yes," I said, "a rainy Saturday, I know."

"He's a very nice person. You'd like him."

"I hate him," I said.

"Why?"

"Just how close is this relationship?" I asked.

"Close," Dana said.

"Are you engaged or something?"

"No, but—"

"Going steady?"

"Well, we don't have *that* kind of an agreement. I mean, I can *see* anybody I *want* to, this isn't the Middle Ages, you know. I just haven't *wanted* to go out with anyone else."

"Well, suppose *I* asked you out?" I said.

"Well, I don't know," she said. "I mean, I don't know what you have in mind."

"You mean you want to know where I'd take you?"

"No, no. I mean the relationship between Max and me is very close, and I haven't really any *need* for what you might have in mind, *if* it's what you have in mind. *That's* what I mean."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"I mean Max and I are very, well, *close*," she said, and shrugged. "Do you see?"

"No."

"Well, I really don't think I need to spell it out," she said.

"Oh," I said.


"So if you want to just go to a movie or something, or maybe take a walk if you're in the city one weekend—"

"Gee, thanks a whole heap," I said.

"Well, there's no sense being dishonest."

"You're sure Maxie won't disapprove? I certainly wouldn't want to get him upset."

(continued on page 192)



WENCESLAS AND THE RUSSIAN BEAR

*an eminent german author—lecturing in prague last summer—watched
as soviet tanks snuffed out the growing flame of czech independence*

article **BY HEINRICH BÖLL**

IT WAS AUDIBLE, visible, tangible, yet impossible to grasp. Early Wednesday morning, August 21, 1968, someone knocked at the door of our hotel room and shouted: "We're occupied!" For a moment, I thought he wanted to cancel our reservation, although the time and method of letting us know seemed somewhat unorthodox; besides, the tone of voice was too emotional for any conventional announcement. Before we could take in what it was all about, we heard the first shots, and the words "We're occupied!" acquired their true meaning. The shots were live and numerous, and they swept us back 23 years and a few months to the time when the Allied Armies entered Germany. The shots declared categorically: Europe knows no peace, it exists in a state of varying armistices. Here, in Prague, an armistice was being broken.

Simultaneously with the memory of machine guns and mounted cannon firing in the streets came the instinctive actions of self-preservation: Get away from the window, look for cover—in the corridor, in the bathroom. How smoothly we slipped back into it all. The hotel opened out onto Wenceslas Square; the firing sounded close. Somewhere glass shattered, for somewhere each bullet, half spent though it may be, must hit and penetrate something.

Our 20-year-old son wanted to be out there, *now*, and we let him go. He wasn't looking for adventure or thrills, he just *had* to be there, *now*. We could understand this and we let him go, unafraid but apprehensive. A little later we went out, too, found him and stayed together. For two

days his ears hurt. Soviet soldiers had fired past his ears into the air. He might well have passed one of them in Moscow, Leningrad or Tiflis, on the street, in a theater or a movie, or on the beach near Riga. Now they were firing past his ears into the air, in Prague, and not only into the air. No, this wasn't the movies or TV, no cameras were being turned here; these weren't supers, these were soldiers in action, shattering sentimentality, and here in Prague sympathies were being shattered by order of the Soviet government.

The fate of Czechoslovakia was decided that Wednesday around the Wenceslas Monument, in front of the museum. Politicians probably always think dualistically: subjection or armed revolt. They would have preferred the first; they had presumably allowed for the second; they had not expected the third—a permanent, solid front of resistance, unarmed. This third power, often imagined, was born Wednesday, August 21, 1968, in Prague, and within four days it had become a giant. It, too, was audible, visible, tangible, yet impossible to grasp; it was full of passion, power and imagination, forever beyond the grasp of today's breed of Soviet politician. Might it have been possible to withdraw immediately, leaving the brutal action behind like a bad dream? It was the declaration of bankruptcy of Soviet diplomacy, of the secret service and of Muscovitism. Each hour that the tanks—incredibly—remained, another year of trust was lost, so that by 11 that night, the level of trust arrived at was roughly that of 1953.

With staggering audacity, waving the Czechoslovak flag, the young people leaped onto the tanks and defiantly rode along on them, shouting, "Dubček, Dubček, Svoboda!" The Czechoslovak flag has the same colors as the flag of the French Revolution. When the tank crews retreated inside and closed the turret hatches, the young people opened the hatches and dragged the men out from their ivory towers, to confront them with unsentimental reality—and to engage them in argument. Certain things that they may have accepted grudgingly in the past now turned out to be useful: a knowledge of Russian and a training in dialectics, and I imagine—I hope—they sowed the seeds of doubt. This third power was a new creation and it created many new things: At least one European flag regained meaning; and here in Prague, the worn-out word "freedom" was recharged. Even monuments became acceptable again and the gospel of democracy was proclaimed.

Now and then, in its efforts to struggle free, a tank resorted to an ugly weapon: The driver would rev up the motor at full speed and clouds of gasoline fumes would envelop Wenceslas Square in blue fog. Tank columns would ostentatiously drive along side streets, crushing cars against walls, reducing curbs and traffic

islands to rubble. Their brutish message could have been spelled out to read: The stupidity of arms is triumphant.

At the hotel, people carried on as usual. The waiters were as courteous as ever, seldom showing any signs of nervousness even when the firing echoed right outside the hotel. When someone at the next table asked for white wine, the waiter said: "All we have left is red!" and it sounded as if, for the time being, he couldn't stand the sight of red. In the overcrowded hotel, the guests remained calm. No evidence of panic. Perhaps it was the population's solid front of self-confidence that reassured them.

Journalists were in their element. Were they really? I thought about the difference between journalists and authors; the two men who combined both, Hemingway and Fontane, both war correspondents, were not much help. It seems that one doesn't exclude the other, but even less does one include the other. One journalist told me I had been fortunate. I didn't think so. I would gladly have gone without this fortune.

It still defied one's grasp. Even three days later, when we were crossing Wenceslas Square late one evening, a pale, bespectacled young man led us over to the tanks parked in front of the *Prace* publishing offices. He shook his head, raised his fists in impotent rage, drummed them against a gun barrel and wept as he muttered over and over again: "*Je suis communiste, je suis communiste.*" He apologized for being a little drunk, "*un peu ivre.*" It was obvious from his breath that he had been drinking methylated spirits.

There was no alcohol to be bought in the city. All bars, cafés, restaurants, churches, museums, movies and theaters were closed. Whoever decreed and enforced the strict ban on alcohol deserves the Nobel Peace Prize: He could not bring the Czechs and the Slovaks total salvation, but he did manage to prevent total disaster. A few hundred drunks in the city and the permanent simmering point could not have been maintained. The permanent confrontation would have turned into battle fronts. So fury remained cold, a holy, hungry, desperate soberness. During these days, the legendary Schweik died of lack of beer. Jan Hus was present. The Czechoslovaks wanted their communism in both forms: socialist and democratic. Just as for centuries Rome had callously consigned Catholics to a diet of dry bread, so Muscovitism was now consigning the Czechoslovaks to the aridity of the one and only socialism.

It was a marathon council from which the responsible parties were absent and where only the victims confronted one another. And both sides were, in fact, victims: the population and the Soviet soldiers. The ugliest feature of the whole process was that two historically innocent groups were forced into mutual inhu-

manity. Both devout, both deeply wounded in their trust, they might conceivably pity each other, but on no account might they put this pity into practice. The unthinkable—to join hands against the brutality of the action—would have been the spirit of revolution, the true salvation from counterrevolution; and, perhaps, if there had been Dantesque Soviet marshals. . . . But then, most of them are Napoleonic. It was an imperialist, hegemonic action, yet the Soviet soldiers did not seem imperialistic. I searched the faces of a great many of them: They were not at ease, nowhere near as at ease as the German soldiers had been when they invaded Prague and Paris during World War Two. Although they may have been raised to believe in the infallibility of the Kremlin (I have my doubts as to the "success" of this education), they have not been raised as imperialists. Their choice was between going mad or committing suicide, and I wonder what goes on inside people who have faced this choice for three days? No one would have taken them in. A soldier who cannot choose to desert can only cling to his weapon. They were neither exultant victors nor convinced occupiers; they were in an inhuman position—just like the people of Prague, who might theoretically have offered them tea, bread and water and the use of their toilets. Here, there was no more "theoretically": Everything was concrete. And it had to be that way. Twice I saw Soviet soldiers being offered cigarettes during a heated discussion. They accepted them; and in the acceptance, there was more humanity than in the offering, which was not so much a sign of friendly feeling as an automatic gesture of debate. Besides, a cigarette is different from a piece of bread; it is a piece of nothing, and bread is still a symbol.

An elderly lady was walking her dog; a Soviet soldier tried to make friends with it, looking for "humanity" at least in a dog. The elderly lady whistled her dog to heel; not even it was to collaborate or fraternize. This was not cruelty, it was consistent realism; it was not a studied action but a natural reaction. Only the innocent can be that harsh toward one another. The guilty always find some way of making others believe that their corruption is humanity, while, in fact, it is sentimentality. Thus, taking a general prisoner is usually an action carried out among gentlemen. Innocent victims cannot afford this luxury; they turn nasty because they suffer everything at first hand. In a state of emergency, no one is exempt. I believe that this has been applied for the first time to the full and with inexorable realism during those four days in Prague. Those who believe in democracy don't think in terms of privilege. The democratic principle must have been particularly alien to the Soviet

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THE THINKING LOVERS

it's mind over
mattress for a mixed
bag of bedmates

By
John Dempsey







RUSSIAN BEAR

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soldiers; their society, including their army, is a society of the privileged—like our own, which, in its VIPs, creates its new aristocracy while continuing to worship the old.

Prague was in a state of emergency, and the population claimed no exemption and no privilege. Nobody complained of the beer shortage, of the line-ups. Friends offered us food, for fear we might not be getting enough to eat at the hotel; whereas, absurdly enough, the hotel waiters apologized on the second evening because there were only four hors d'oeuvres; the third evening, only one: stuffed tomatoes with smoked salmon. Any attempt to reverse the situation and take out food from the hotel would have been defeated by the people's pride. Yes, they were proud: This was another word that had been given new meaning. The madness of a privileged existence in a luxury hotel was respected without grumbling or envy, while at the same time, this excluded the foreigners, the tourists. It would have been quite natural, and not in the least unreasonable, to commandeer the kitchen of some hotel, with the cooperation of managers, chefs and waiters, for the supplying of meals to the third power. But then, there was no revolution; hence, no counter-revolution. Foreigners remained shut out and shut in with their privileges. It was the proud, holy, democratic, sober, solid resistance of realists, unique in Europe, unprecedented in history.

Very occasionally, someone who was not a hotel guest would come in from the street, exhausted, for a rest in the lobby and a drink. In the hotel, there was all kinds of alcohol. A Czech poet sipped his bottle of Pilsen, neither melodramatically nor voluptuously, but realistically, sacramentally, reverently. "Irony is dead," he said on leaving. His eyes had lost the gleam of Schweik. In front of the house where Kafka was born stood a tank, its gun barrel aimed at the bust of Kafka. Here, too, symbol matched reality.

A drunken worker staggered past the hotel steps, shouting, "Communism is dead. They haven't rescued communism, they've destroyed it!" He was surrounded and escorted to safety. There seemed to be a tacit understanding that the occasional drunk be protected with gentle force. The simmering point remained constant: the third power had triumphed. And over and over again, there were the women and the girls arguing with the Soviet soldiers, trying to convince them, pale, beautiful in their wrath and courage, insistent and determined. Yes, she existed all right, the woman of Prague; and now that monuments have reacquired meaning, I hope someday one will be erected to her—in

Prague. She is fair, slim, passionate, utterly unfanatical, yet fiery; and she is a realist, a democrat. She wants to live, not under capitalism, not under the hegemony of dogmatic aridity and blindness; her realism is of the earth. I could wish for her eyes to have laser beams.

In the hotel lobby, someone enlightened me on the dialectic of humanity, the leniency toward criminal Stalinists with whom accounts were not to be settled until the party congress in September. Even the murderers among them were not being handled with anything as rough as kid gloves: They were being carefully dabbed with swabs of soft cotton to spare them even the least pain. A pale, blonde Prague girl at the next table said, quite distinctly, "They still haven't found a quisling." And the man I was talking to said, "What's more, in 1956, there were no Czechoslovakian troops in Hungary." He went on to speak about the Catholic Church in Czechoslovakia, which now, after years of suppression, was proclaiming solidarity with a Communist regime, intended to remain without property and was casting no wistful backward glances at a bygone feudalism. Counterrevolution?

In four days and much of four nights spent in the streets, on the telephone at the hotel, in private homes, I never once heard a word to justify this pretext. Needless to say, those who believe that socialism is defined in Moscow may bow to the dogma of the infallibility of the Central Committee. The day the Cierna conference took place, Rome published the encyclical *Humanae Vitae*. Soon there will be Catholics who no longer heed Vaticanism; and I hope that Western Communists publicly, and many Eastern Communists secretly, will no longer heed Muscovitism.

At a former partisan's home, I was told the story of Heinrich, the German Communist who parachuted to join the Czech partisans during World War Two and 24 years later, in March 1968, arrived in Prague wearing the uniform "of those we fought against side by side," offering his support against the counter-revolution. His offer of assistance was declined with thanks. "Now I suppose he's sitting somewhere outside the city and waiting. If he turns up here, I won't know him."

The third morning, unasked, the waiter brought us each two eggs with our breakfast, saying something like: "Take them and eat them. Who knows what there'll be this afternoon or tomorrow?" This unexpected offer of eggs was further evidence of that sacramental realism that no longer distinguishes between symbol and reality. "Theoretically," the waiters would have been justified in treating us as totally superfluous parasites and spectators; but there was no

more "theoretically" and, hence, no idealistic supersensitivity. We were human beings and entitled to breakfast. Nowhere was there any servility, just unquestioning courtesy.

When the younger waiters and bus boys took off their tail coats and white jackets, they looked exactly like the young people outside, who were leaping onto tanks, distributing leaflets and newspapers, greeting tanks with catcalls and dashing around on their motor scooters. They were these young people; they might just as easily have been students, workers, journalists, actors or photographers. I believe that nowhere and never in Europe has a nation been so close to democracy.

I asked a Communist official about two pernicious officials of the Writers' Union whom I had met in 1961. "Between January and June," he replied, "—and here again, you have the dialectic of our democratic humanity—they were kicked upstairs. Now they're sitting at home, hiding, not daring to go out, watching and waiting. Nobody will talk to them. Up to now, we've gone easy on them. If one of them were to be appointed chairman of the Writers' Union to replace Goldstücker, he would preside over nothing but empty benches—maybe a few stooges would turn up, but nowadays, even stooges have to hide more carefully than our legal secret radio transmitters."

The evening of the third day, the Soviet soldiers were faced with the worst ordeal of all: ridicule, a weapon with which they could not retaliate. On an insurance company's building, the inscription: "We regret that we are unable to insure Soviet soldiers against insults." Fictitious letters on posters: "Dear Ivan, come home quickly, Natasha is already sleeping with Kolya." Even more malign: "Dear Ivan, Dad has sold his felt boots for booze, your uncle has been eaten by a bear. Hurry home. Love, Momma." The first field kitchens were rumbling through the streets in the darkness. It was the evening when suddenly all street signs, all house numbers and all name plates in Prague were removed. It happened very fast, word being passed from house to house and acted upon immediately. I was in someone's apartment about seven that evening when another tenant in the building gave the word and my host at once stepped outside his front door, unscrewed his name plate and tossed it onto the hall table. Next day, the only house numbers and street signs I could see were on the house where Kafka was born and in the nearby streets. The tanks were parked too close.

Among intellectuals, the chief topic of conversation was whether or not to stay. The word "emigration" was taboo; besides, it would have been inappropriate. Those who emigrated from Germany in 1933 had reason to fear the man in the

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THE MYTH OF A BALANCED FEDERAL BUDGET

A MASTER OF PROFITABLE ENTERPRISE
DEFENDS UNCLE SAM'S RIGHT
TO RUN IN THE RED

ARTICLE BY J. PAUL GETTY TOM BAILEY'S INCOME before taxes in 1955 was \$7500 per year. Only recently married, he owed \$10,000 on his house, \$1500 on his automobile and had other debts—for furniture, home appliances and so on—totaling more than \$3000. Yet no one—least of all Tom Bailey and his wife—considered him insolvent.

Today Tom's income has risen to \$28,000 annually. He and his wife now have three children—and, as could be expected, a much larger and finer house, two cars and a great many additional luxuries. They also have a much larger over-all indebtedness. The unpaid balance on their new-home mortgage alone is more than \$25,000—and there are sizable amounts due on the automobiles, the swimming pool in the back yard and their cozy summer place at the lake. Yet, there are none—not even among Tom's creditors—who consider him a potential bankrupt because he hasn't paid cash for everything he's purchased and is deeply in debt. As a matter of fact, everyone who knows the Baileys and their financial situation considers them to be an entirely average family with what, under today's conditions, is an entirely normal financial balance sheet.

All of this would have little or no bearing on the subject at hand were it not that Tom Bailey is very active in community affairs and harbors hopes of someday running for public office. Personable, self-possessed and well spoken, he is frequently asked to address meetings of service clubs and businessmen's organizations in his suburban community.

Tom seldom fails to receive a rousing ovation after making one of his speeches—particularly one that deals with his favorite topic, the urgent need for balancing the Federal budget.

"Years of Government deficit spending have saddled not only those of us gathered here but our children and even generations yet unborn with a staggering debt," he declaims. "The trend must be stopped and reversed—immediately—if we are to have a healthy economy!"

It should be added that Bailey is an executive in a large corporation. Although he is a sales executive and thus not directly concerned with the company's finances, he conscientiously reads all the company's periodic financial reports. He is entirely aware that the corporation has large debenture issues outstanding and that it frequently borrows considerable sums for varying periods from banks and other lending institutions. But Tom isn't in the least worried. He sees, with great satisfaction, that the company's assets and liabilities balance out neatly, that there are ample reserves for contingencies; *(continued on page 100)*



*grooming aids
for the big
summer put-on*

THE OUTS AND

THERE'S NO DENYING that the best way to acquire a golden glow is to spend a month or two lounging on the beach or at poolside. But even if your summer schedule is booked solid with indoor conferences—or you spent your vacation skiing last winter—there's no need to show up at the office looking pale-faced. On the shelves at men's-toiletries counters everywhere are a host of suntan oils, sprays, foam mousses, creams and fast-tanning lotions that can be used either al-fresco or under a sun lamp, and a variety of bronzing gels (available in various shades) that instantly impart the burnished look of a great and year-round outdoorsman. All are specifically designed for men who have no use for strongly scented feminine ointments or greasy kid stuff.

In surveying the selection, you'll want to equip yourself with the tanning product that best suits your skin type as well as your personal preference. For sensitive-skinned sun worshipers, there are the following: Aramis Greaseless Tanning Lotion, Braggi Sun Bronzing Gel (the one that contains a special formula for supersensitive



INS OF SUNMANSHIP

skin). Bain de Soleil Suntan Foam with double-strength filters, Sun Stop by Bronztan, Ambre Solaire "Total," Sungard Sunscreen Lotion by Miles Laboratories, Skolex Sun Cream, Nuskote by Coppertone and Brut for Men Replenish—a product for dry as well as sensitive skins. (Since all of the above items are primarily designed to screen out the sun's ultraviolet rays rather than act as a deep-tanning agent, black sun seekers can use them as a protection against burning.)

If you've got the kind of hide that can take long periods of exposure—and you want to cultivate a dark bronzed look—try the following: Aramis Waterproof Sun Gel (doesn't wash off in the water), Bain de Soleil Regular, Tanya Hawaiian Tanning Oil (contains both coconut oil and cocoa butter), Bronztan Cream Lotion, Charles of the Ritz Sun Bronze, Skol Rich Tan Lotion, Ambre Solaire Tanning Spray Satin, Braggi Sun Bronzing Oil (ideal for a deep-deep tan), Coppertone Suntan Lotion or Royal Blend or Sea & Ski Dark Tanning Oil or Dark Tanning Foam.

If you're going to (concluded on page 157)



BALANCED BUDGET

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in short, he is sure that everything is in good order. He is certain of the company's future and its ability to meet all its obligations.

"Damn it! There's no reason on earth why the Federal Government can't be run the same way!" he snorts, after studying one of his company's financial statements. "If private enterprise is able to keep its budget balanced, those people in Washington should be able to do it, too!"

How many Tom Baileys do you know?

I have met hundreds of them. Oddly enough, in many cases they are accountants and "financial experts"—the very men one would least expect to overlook the forest of obvious facts for the trees of baseless theory. They all ignore the same basic truth—that any attempt to compare the Federal balance sheet to the balance sheet of a private individual or a corporation is akin to trying to compare an apple to an elephant.

The national debt—a red-ink bogey of approximately 361 billion dollars resulting from years of Federal deficit spending—is strictly a one-sided figure. It reflects *only* the Government's cash-debt liabilities, while making no allowance for the nation's public-sector assets.

The fallacies inherent in this lopsided system of accounting have been pointed out succinctly and forcefully by Howard J. Samuels, a former oil-company executive and Undersecretary of Commerce.

"The national debt is currently averaging some 360 billion dollars," Samuels observes. "Dividing by a population of about 200,000,000, we get liabilities of something approaching \$2000 per person.

"At the same time, as good financial practice would recommend, we must also look at the assets of each American," Samuels continues. "Total assets in the public sector of this economy are somewhere around 2000 billion dollars. To this should be added an estimated 750 billion dollars' worth of skills or human resources. If we then divide our 2750 billion dollars in assets by the population, it turns out that the accumulated wealth of each individual is about \$14,000. The differential of about \$12,000 may well be considered the true financial position of every living American from the national point of view."

Can anyone imagine a corporation that owes, say, \$10,000,000 but that also owns assets worth seven or eight times that amount issuing a financial statement that reflects *only* its debts? Yet this is precisely what the U. S. Treasury Department does when it issues a report on budget deficits and the national debt.

My remarks should not be construed as a criticism of the Federal accounting system. The Government could hardly list every post-office building and national park—or every acre of Federal property—as an asset. Nor can it show its

aircraft carriers, atomic submarines, artillery battalions or guided missiles as capital investments and depreciate them on an annual basis. But then, a dissertation on the peculiarities and paradoxes of Government accounting systems could be continued indefinitely—and it would all lead to the same conclusion: The Federal Government simply is not "in business" in the same sense as General Motors or, for that matter, Joe's Diner. (Of course, there was a time when governments *did* show profits—when nations were ruled by monarchs whose principal purpose was to enrich their personal treasuries.)

And, conversely, my argument should not be interpreted as a defense of governmental waste. I firmly believe that the Government must exercise every possible economy consistent with its aims, responsibilities and obligations. Such economies make particularly good sense in an inflationary period such as the present. President Nixon's estimated 5.8-billion-dollar surplus for the fiscal year just beginning will be a welcome antidote to spiraling costs, wages and profits—if, at year's end, the surplus actually has been accumulated. But powerful social and economic pressures, wars hot and cold and the problems posed by population explosion, automation and countless other factors make it extremely difficult for even the most conscientiously frugal Administration to balance the budget year after year with the stroke of a Presidential pen.

At first glance, the layman might think it a relatively simple matter to slash sizable sums from an annual Federal budget that ran close to 180 billion dollars in fiscal 1968. It would, on the face of things, seem even simpler if one recalled that only 39 years ago—in 1930—the total of all Federal appropriations was under 3.5 billion dollars, about a 50th of what it is now. (In 1930, the War Department—including both the Army and the Air Corps—had appropriations totaling \$465,000,000. Today, with defense appropriations in the neighborhood of 80 billion dollars, the Pentagon allotted close to 7 billion dollars last year just for the purchase and maintenance of land vehicles.)

Statistics are dull. Nonetheless, I feel it necessary to cite some here. According to the United States Treasury Department, the gross national debt in 1950 amounted to approximately 257 billion dollars. By the end of 1968, this figure had risen to 361 billion dollars. This represents an increase of 104 billion dollars, or an annual increase of nearly 6 billion dollars.

So far, so good—or bad—depending on how you wish to look at these basic figures. But what happened to *private* debt during the same period?

In 1950, private debt in the United States totaled nearly 251 billion dollars, roughly 6 billion dollars less than the

gross national debt. By the end of 1968, private debt had soared to nearly 1104 billion dollars; private debt had more than quadrupled, rising at an average yearly rate of about 47 billion dollars. Of the 1950 private-debt figure, 142 billion dollars was represented by corporate debt. In 1968, this corporate-debt figure stood at 586 billion dollars, an increase of 444 billion dollars for the period and, parenthetically, not inconsiderably greater than the gross national debt.

Finally, let us look at the figures for America's Gross National Product. The 1950 G. N. P. was 284.6 billion dollars. Reports for 1968 show that the G. N. P. had nearly trebled in the interim, rocketing to more than 851 billion dollars.

Note that for 1968, the total private debt was more than three times the gross national debt. Note also the corporate debt for that year—225 billion dollars more than the gross national debt.

Obviously, our economy is fueled by credit—which is just another way of saying that it runs on and continues to expand on one form or another of deficit spending. Property of all kinds is purchased, expansion programs are implemented, additional funds are obtained, emergencies are met—all through credit, by confidently banking on the future.

What some people fail to take into consideration is that the Federal Government must also expand—buying more things, financing more projects, obtaining—and providing—more services. Whether one agrees with what the Federal Government does in this, that or another area of its multitudinous activities is not the question. Ours is a democratic form of government. Our leaders are chosen by the majority and, presumably, the laws they pass and the policies they establish are in accord with the will of the majority. If they are not, there are democratic procedures for changing the leadership.

In the past few decades, the Government has assumed—or has been forced to assume—a myriad of tasks and responsibilities. It has moved into areas of activity that were previously matters of concern solely for private enterprise. This has, of course, caused much criticism from certain quarters. Loud, indeed, have been the howls about Government encroachment and creeping—or galloping—socialism.

I do not feel that everything the Government does is always right and good. However, I have lived long enough and am enough of a realist to understand that Government policies have, in general, served to improve living conditions for all, to strengthen the economy and to ensure our security.

Some of the most strident critics of our growing national debt are often the first to grab at Government subsidies or to fight for Government orders. When the Government spends money on anything

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THE EXECUTIVE STILETTO



article By Lawrence Linderman
*pink slips are passé; today, excising
the unwanted employee is accomplished with diabolical subtlety*

LAST FALL, Daniel Lewis, assistant head of an Eastern insurance firm's finance department, received a nasty shock soon after reporting to work one Monday morning. Lewis, who helped oversee the company's investments, was unexpectedly called in by his boss and told that the corporate powers were so delighted with his work that they wanted to let him try his hand at selling as well. Furthermore, the department head stated, he was to begin his new assignment within a week. The brief meeting ended with the supervisor's handing over a list of prospective clients.

Returning to his desk, Lewis quickly went over the roster. Some opportunity: All the companies mentioned had proved beyond any reasonable doubt—over a period of many years—that they were not even slightly interested in purchasing the firm's insurance. Lewis (not his real name) then computed his travel time; he'd be on the road for at least ten months of the year, which would mean that someone else would soon be hired to take over his office duties. Lewis could not deny his worst suspicions: that his boss considered him a threat and that his opportunity was, in reality, an almost sure-fire way to induce him to resign. In short, Lewis was—in the sophisticated style of the Sixties—being canned.

The number of U.S. executives who each year find themselves in Dan Lewis' predicament is uncertifiable, since the end product is almost always a "voluntary" resignation, as opposed to a formal sacking. At the very least, however, evidence indicates that of America's nearly 2,250,000 executives earning more than \$15,000 per annum, approximately 100,000 men will leave their corporate positions with the aid of a subtle but unmistakable push from any one of a number of directions. Only a tiny number of executives are ever actually fired, for outright firing has become an anachronism in the business world. Although it once took only the amount of time required to stuff a pink slip into an executive's pay envelope, firing today has evolved into a lengthy and often labyrinthine process that may take from three months to three years. Even the word "firing" is rapidly disappearing from the American scene. Instead, euphemisms such as "dehiring" and "disemploying" have come into vogue. The ordeal these words describe is a gradual, cumulative series of minor slights and harassments directed toward the outward-bound executive until he is motivated to look for, and find, another job. The executive world deems this a most civilized approach to the traumatic business of being bounced and, as long as corporate profits remain high, it can afford the luxury of

keeping a man on the payroll long after he ceases to be of value to the company. Currently, more than 75 percent of major U. S. corporations employ such de-hiring techniques; and that percentage will increase before the year is out. The major cause of this is high-level corporate insecurity: Top executives—most of whom don't enjoy the slender security of a contract—want to be sure they, too, will be carried on the company ledgers for several months, should they ever be asked to pack up.

If that unhappy moment comes to pass for them, the reasons for their downfall will fit into one of two broad categories. The first might be termed an act of industry, in which the executive himself is personally blameless. Thus, when Martin Ackerman, ex-president of money-losing Curtis Publishing, fired 5000 employees earlier this year, or when Lynn Townsend dumped 7000 white-collar men upon assuming the presidency of woe-beset Chrysler in 1961, all the out-of-work executives were able to apply for jobs without the handicap of having been found personally unsuitable.

The second firing category deals with situations in which an executive is held personally responsible for his being sacked. These range from personality clashes (the most common cause of executive departure) to on-the-job incompetence. While almost all U. S. corporations have highly structured policies regarding hiring practices, more than 80 percent of 168 top American firms queried not long ago by *Business Management* magazine admitted they have never formulated procedures for firing. The most likely reason for this is industry's distaste for all aspects of the firing process. (It should be noted that, since formal firings have become almost rare, when a swift separation does take place, the morale and productivity of the canned man's colleagues plunge disastrously—which is yet another reason management avoids firing.)

In most companies, a department head has the last word on separations, and, should the employee incur his boss' disfavor, he'll be let loose without recourse. But this is beginning to change. More and more corporations are now emulating paternalistic IBM, which has always been noted for high employee morale, much of it due to its "open-door policy": A fired or downgraded executive can challenge his supervisor's decision by confronting the superior's boss. In this way, IBM takes pains to weed out budding executive ogres from within its ranks. But even these gentlemen will be eased out instead of summarily superannuated (another favorite firing euphemism). Since contemporary cashierings stretch over a period of time, logic would indicate that the sooner the executive realizes he's a marked man, the sooner

he can begin looking for another job. If he is able to decipher his corporation's early-warning signals that he's destined for termination, he may gain as many as three to six months in his search for new employment. And a very valuable period these months are: Personnel experts agree that it usually takes at least three months for the \$15,000–\$25,000-a-year exec to find another job, and twice that long if his salary is \$50,000 or more. Obviously, the executive's future may well hinge on his ability to sense his impending fate as quickly as possible; too many careers that seemed certain to end in a president's chair have been short-circuited because the executive realized too late that he was being fired and, in panic, leaped at the first half-decent opportunity that presented itself. No such future awaits the man who can detect the telltale signs that indicate management has decided to unsheathe the executive stiletto.

American industry has been as inventive in its firing methods as it has in product innovation. The single most obvious way to encourage an executive to quit, as men like Stephen Block have discovered, is to assign him to self-effacing, meaningless tasks. Block, hired by Prentice-Hall as a methods analyst—industry jargon for efficiency expert—was part of a division responsible for setting yearly work quotas in many departments of the giant corporation. One of the division's most intriguing sources of income was its annual bonuses. These were computed by giving the time-study group a percentage of the money it saved the company by setting higher work quotas for other divisions (and thereby cutting down on the amount of bonus pay due those divisions). Block found himself in basic disagreement with this type of cost accounting. He believed that a continual lifting of work levels would only result in dissatisfied workers, and he made his views known. Several months later, Block was assigned the task of analyzing Prentice-Hall's waste-disposal procedures. He went at it thoroughly and his numerous recommendations on the subject were well received by his superiors—but not acted upon. Four months after Block began his one-man garbage crusade, with still no action taken, he got the message and resigned.

More bizarre instances of executives who abruptly find themselves doing menial work often involve men who sign long-term contracts, incur management's disfavor early in the life of their written agreement and are then subjected to unusual pressures. (This is not, however, a rule, even if it is a fairly common exception. In most big corporations—such as United Merchants & Manufacturers—executives on contract are told, months before their agreements are up

for renewal, if they're not being rehired.) One outstanding example of contractual pressure occurred in Hollywood several years ago, when 20th Century-Fox tried to buy out a screenwriter's lucrative seven-year agreement—which had more than six years to run. The writer, however, obstinately refused to settle for anything less than what the contract called for. Hoping to invite his resignation, the studio assigned him to lead guided tours around the sound stages—and required him to wear a uniform. Almost a year later, one of the studio's bankers came to visit his investment. He was taken on a guided tour by our screenwriter, who performed the function admirably. In fact, the money man was so impressed with the tour guide that he decided to give him the benefit of his advice. "Tell me," he asked, "how can a man as intelligent as yourself be content to hold such a meaningless job?"

"Oh, I don't mind leading these tours at all," answered the writer. "I like people. And, besides, the salary is pretty good."

"Really?" came the reply. "How much do they pay you?"

"Three thousand dollars a week," answered the writer.

Next day, he was back working on scripts.

Closely allied to the tactic of assigning an executive to degrading duties is the strategy of simply removing all his responsibilities, soon after which, it is hoped, he will voluntarily remove himself. But this doesn't always come to pass. Not long ago, the oft-absent second man in charge of a division of Fawcett Publications didn't seem to notice when, each month, his responsibilities were slowly and systematically taken away from him. When he refused to quit—or even complain—his frustrated supervisor remarked, "What's the matter with the man? He doesn't have a thing to do here anymore and he knows it. Doesn't he have *any* self-respect?" Several weeks later, the boss overcame his revulsion at having to fire someone and got rid of him.

Another intimidating approach involving an executive's job duties, as was true in the case of Daniel Lewis, is to keep a man constantly traveling (in which case he must choose between his job and his family)—or to transfer him to an undesirably located branch of the firm. One former Olin Mathieson employee reports the reason he left that corporation was that he was ordered to its plant in Doe Run, Kentucky. "It was presented to me as some kind of achievement," he says, "but when my boss gave me three months to think about it, and after checking with colleagues, I understood that those three months were being given to me to look for another job." Even

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"John! Quick! Jane Weismann is eloping!"



SOMEBODY OWES ME MONEY

when you get involved with a winning long shot, a dead bookie, his beautiful sister and assorted mobster types, the payoff has got to spell trouble

I BET NONE OF IT would have happened if I wasn't so eloquent. That's always been my problem, eloquence, though some might claim my problem was something else again. But life's a gamble, is what I say, and not all the eloquent people in this world are in Congress.

Where I am is in a cab in New York City. Fares frequently ask me how it is somebody as eloquent as me is driving a cab, and I usually give them a brief friendly answer that doesn't really cover the territory. The truth is, driving a cab gives me a chance to pick my own hours. Day shift when the track is closed, for instance, night shift when it's open.

The trouble of which I wish to speak began with a customer I took from Kennedy Airport to Manhattan. He started the whole mess I got into, and I never saw him again after that one time.

He was a heavy-set, red-faced guy of maybe 50, he smoked a really rotten cigar and had two expensive suitcases, and he went to an address on Fifth Avenue below 14th Street. With a doorman. It was January and a snowstorm had been threatening for three days without yet showing up, and also he'd just come back from somewhere warm, so naturally we got into a discussion of New York City weather and what should be done about it. I cracked a few jokes, made some profound statements, threw in a few subtle asides about politics and scored a few good ones off the automobile industry, made a concise analysis of the air-pollution problem around the city and, all in all, I would say I was at my most eloquent.

When we got to his address, the meter read \$6.95. I got out and unloaded the suitcases from the trunk while the building's doorman held the cab door open. The fare got out and handed me a ten, I gave him change from my pocket, and then we just stood there on the sidewalk together, luggage on one side of us and doorman on the other, my customer smiling as though thinking about something else, until finally he said, "Now I give you a tip, right?"

"It's the usual thing," I said. It was cold outside the cab.

He nodded. "That paper I noticed on the seat beside you," he said. "Was that the *Telegraph*?"

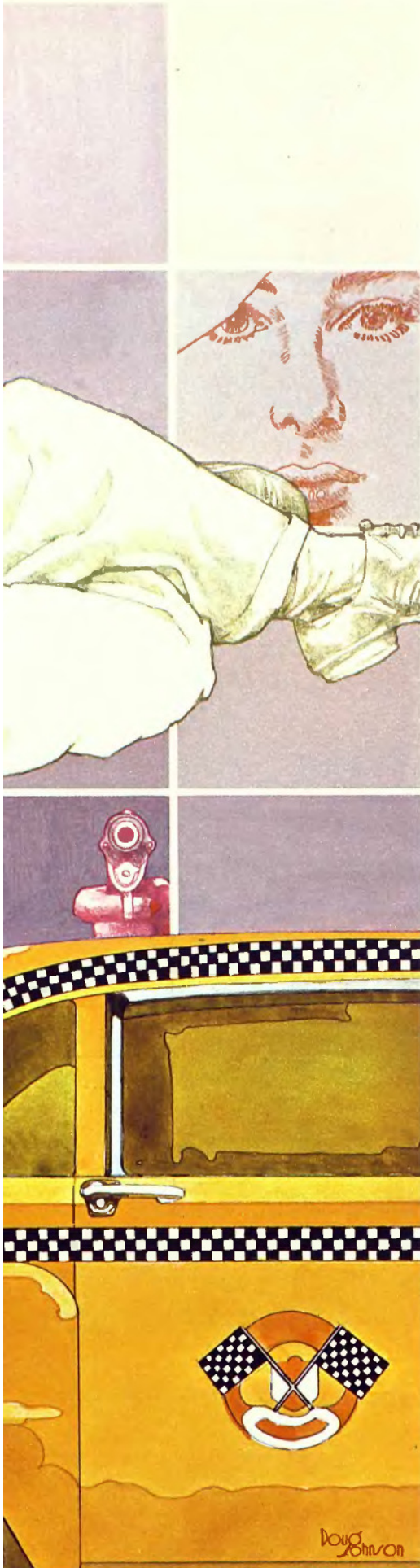
"It was," I said. "It is."

"Would you be a horse player?"

"I've been known to take a chance," I said.

He nodded. "How much of that six ninety-five do you get to keep?"

"Fifty-one percent," I said. (continued on page 142)



NANCY WITH THE SMILING FACE

*when nancy mc neil was spotted by
photographer bill figge, he gained
a girl friday and his 16th playmate*



IF THERE IS ANY SHORT CUT a girl can take to becoming a Playmate, it's joining a wedding party for which the bridal pictures are shot by Glendale's William Figge Studios. Nancy McNeil, our pretty colleen for July, is not only the third Playmate discovered exactly this way, she's also the 16th to be found and photographed by Bill Figge (usually with Ed DeLong). For Nancy, it all started when she was a bridesmaid in a friend's wedding. "The luck of the Irish was certainly with me that day," she recalls. "After the ceremony, the attendants were posing with the bride for pictures when Bill Figge and his wife asked me if I'd like to audition for Playmate. At first I thought they were putting me on, but it turned out they were really on the level." At that time, Nancy was working at a local branch of the Bank of America, and it became increasingly difficult for her to get time off for shootings at the studio. So when the Figges



"I used to be a real bedbug," Nancy admits, "but I think I'm cured. I'd lie around, feeling guilty not only about staying in the sack but also because I wasn't doing what I should be doing—like the vacuuming. I feel a lot better since I started getting up bright and early every day. I still put off the cleaning, but now I only have one thing to feel guilty about." Miss July's new rise-and-shine resolution is evidenced below by her prompt morning departure for William Figge Studios with good friend and co-worker Alison Reynolds at the wheel.





Top: At the studio, Nancy and Alison check some proofs for facial expression, then talk it over with colleague Linda Dunklin. During her lunch hour (above), Nancy indulges one of her favorite pastimes—reading. "I devour *Time* every week," she says, "not just the good parts, but cover to cover: I consider it a form of self-discipline. Otherwise, my main reading kick at the moment is history, particularly Will and Ariel Durant's *The Story of Civilization*. I first got into them by accident, when I was visiting a town with a very limited library. After a while, the Durant histories were about the only books in the place I hadn't read—so I finally took one home. It was so fascinating that I'm on my fifth volume now, and I hope to finish all ten." Right: Back to work, Nancy directs a bridal-portrait customer to the dressing room.





Left: All-American football great O. J. Simpson arrives with his wife and baby to sit for a family portrait and obliges Nancy with an autograph. Below: What starts out to be a quiet after-hours birthday party quickly develops into a free-for-all when Nancy helps Alison eat her cake and have it, too—all over her face. Another plateful, badly aimed, plasters Bill Figge. But Nancy gets her comeuppance when the boss gives her just enough of her own medicine to make her beg for mercy. "I guess I can't take it quite as well as I dish it out," Nancy says. "But I'm getting a lot of practice; the same happened last year. There must be something Mad-Hatterish about Alison's birthday."





MISS JULY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

found themselves in need of a girl Friday and asked Nancy if she was interested, she accepted with alacrity. "It's a completely different experience," she says. "The bank was so large I felt lost in it. But the studio is smaller and a more informal operation—which suits me fine. And we have a lot of fun, too, like celebrating birthdays and other occasions with after-hours champagne parties." At home in her Alhambra digs, Nancy's interest in gardening keeps her happily occupied. "Any living thing," she says, "adds warmth to a home. When I was little, I had pets around the house—no cats or dogs, but chickens, ducks, fish, rabbits and turtles. You know, turtles have a lot more personality than most people think. One of the two I've had was a real jerk; when you entered the room suddenly, he'd pull in his head and hide. But the other one was very friendly and funny to watch. I'd put him on the floor and he'd try to eat the gold flecks in the tile. Since moving to an apartment, though, I've switched from animals to flowers—moss roses, nasturtiums and zinnias. I've found that digging around in the dirt has a relaxing effect on me; and there are times when I really *need* to unwind, because I inherited my father's temperament. Everything's fine when I'm happy; but if I'm not, watch out! It must be the Irish in me." The Irish in Nancy is also responsible for that top-o'-the-mornin' look in her eyes, which—along with her other attributes—inspires us to echo the ancient cry "Erin go brath!"

Coached by a former schoolmate, Nancy makes her maiden canoe voyage in song-famed MacArthur Park. "The popcorn was for the ducks," she laments, "but the navigator got hungry." At dusk, they pause to watch the sunset.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A business acquaintance informs us that he once hired a not-too-bright stenographer who thought her typewriter was pregnant because it skipped two periods.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gay blade* as the Fire Island fencing champion.

Then there was the Old Testament prostitute who was arrested for trying to make a prophet.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Buddhist nudist* as one who practices yoga bare.



The luxurious Las Vegas hotel was engulfed in flames as the firemen battled the blaze and attempted to rescue the trapped guests. Just then, a man clad only in a towel came running from the hotel. "Have you seen a blonde girl running around naked?" he asked breathlessly.

"No, I haven't," a fireman replied.

"Well, if you do, you can have her," the man said. "She's already paid for."

We know a bartender who says that water is a fine drink if taken with the right spirit.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bisexual* as a man who likes girls as well as the next fellow.

Then there was the narcissist who preferred playing strip solitaire.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *illegitimate child* as a bungle of joy.

Sitting in the doctor's office, the frustrated fellow unburdened himself of a tale of woe. His beautiful young wife, who had been delightfully passionate before they were married, had now lost all interest in sex.

"Try giving her these," said the doctor, handing him a bottle of pills. "One each evening with dinner."

The man complied, but the first night brought no reaction. On the second evening, he gave his wife two pills, but still no reaction. On the third night, he gave her half the bottle and, in disgust, swallowed the rest himself. Soon, his wife stretched out languorously on the couch. "Oh, darling," she said, "I want a man."

"That's funny," said her husband. "So do I."

The captain of the football team walked into the athletic office to see the coach. "Would you like to tell me your problem?" the pretty student receptionist asked. "I'll need the information for your school record."

"It's rather embarrassing," the athlete stammered. "You see, I have a very large and almost constant erection."

"Well, the coach is very busy today," she cooed, "but maybe I can squeeze you in."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *urination* as what Israel was told in 1948.

Have you heard about the hippie group in San Francisco that is trying to force a plebiscite on the legalization of marijuana? They're calling it a reeferendum.

I think my wife must be going crazy," said the worried little man to his insurance agent. "She's terribly afraid that someone's going to sneak into our house and steal her clothes."

"Would she want me to cover them in a policy?" asked the agent.

"She thinks she's got a better idea," replied the man. "She's hired a guy to stand in the closet and guard them."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *incest* as having the kin you love to touch.

If you're planning a cruise this summer, we suggest you insist on a starboard cabin. We hear a great deal these days about port-noise complaints.

The morning after the opening-night cast party, the Broadway producer sat sullenly in his apartment, holding an ice pack to his eye. "That's a nice shiner you've got there," his friend smirked. "How did it happen?"

"Well, we got raves from all the critics and everyone at the party went wild," the producer explained. "So I grabbed a dancer and kissed her."

"What's wrong with that?" the friend asked.

"Nothing, really," he shrugged. "But she was right in the middle of a cart wheel."

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



SOKOL

*"Indians!! Head for the fort—Bigfoot and I will
stay here and try to hold 'em!"*



article By DAVID RORVIK "SOME of my best friends are robots," a physicist told a gathering of automation enthusiasts in Europe several years ago. "And I'll even let my daughter marry one—as soon as you fellows come up with a model that can speak well enough to say 'I do' at the appropriate moment, see well enough

to put the ring on the right finger, emote well enough to kiss her properly and work hard enough to support her in the manner to which she has become accustomed."

The physicist was sure he was not about to lose a flesh-and-blood daughter or gain a stainless-steel son. Today—only a few years later—he would be more wary. In

slaves or masters?

the budding science of robotics is producing a legion of sapient cybernauts bearing a bag of mixed blessings



October 1967, Bruce Lacey, a British actor and inventor, designed and operated a robot that was best man at his wedding. The robot handed over the ring, threw confetti and even kissed the bride, actress Jill Bruce, with foam-rubber lips. Factories across the country are already using robots that work 16 hours a day without complaint and

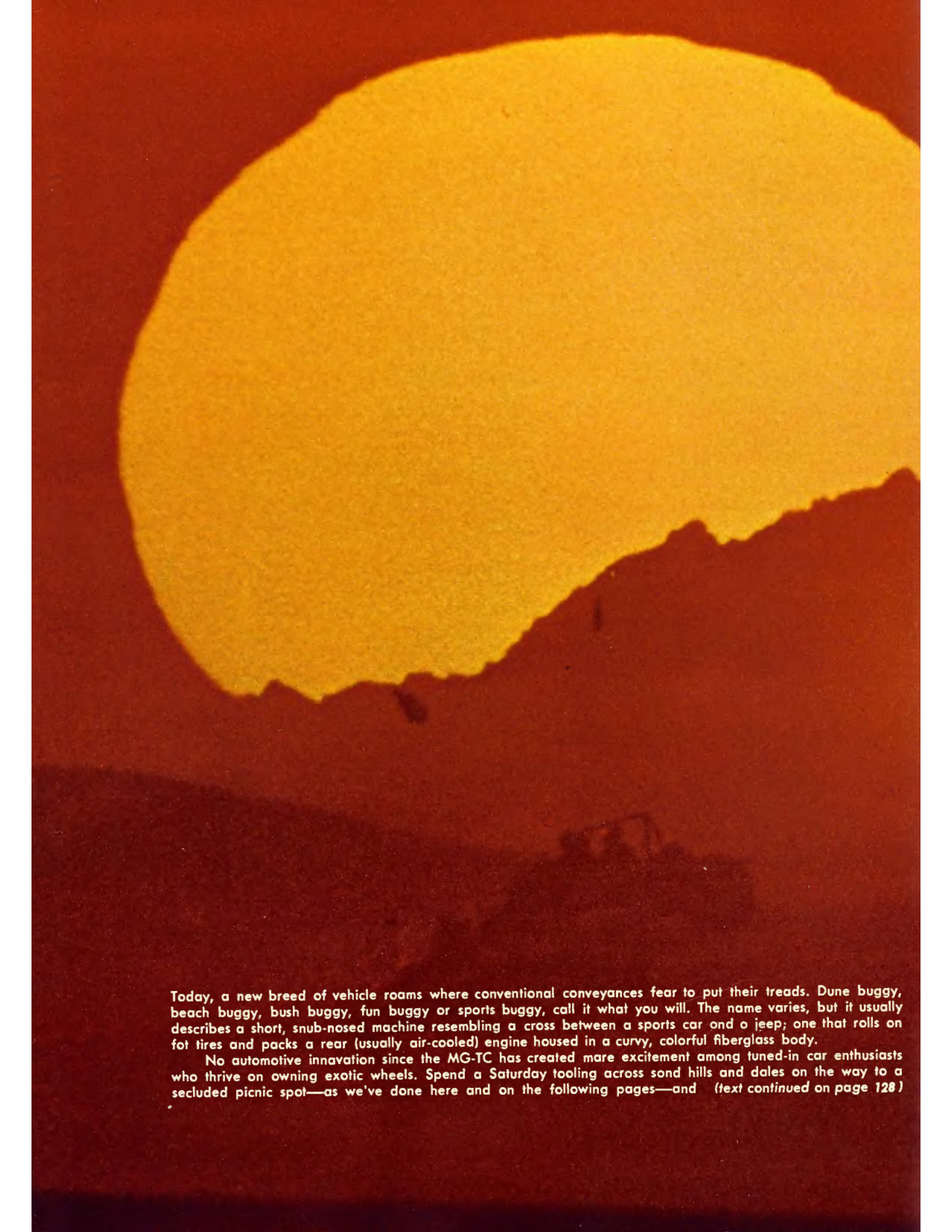
with only occasional "illness" and earn as much as \$20,000 per year each. Though there are about 200 of these automatons in the United States today and though they are all blind, deaf-mutes of decidedly limited intelligence, they have already clocked at least 500,000 hours of nearly flawless work in jobs (continued on page 134) 117





Vargas

*"No, darling, I don't
want to overexpose
myself the first day."*



Today, a new breed of vehicle roams where conventional conveyances fear to put their treads. Dune buggy, beach buggy, bush buggy, fun buggy or sports buggy, call it what you will. The name varies, but it usually describes a short, snub-nosed machine resembling a cross between a sports car and a jeep; one that rolls on fat tires and packs a rear (usually air-cooled) engine housed in a curvy, colorful fiberglass body.

No automotive innovation since the MG-TC has created more excitement among tuned-in car enthusiasts who thrive on owning exotic wheels. Spend a Saturday tooling across sand hills and dunes on the way to a secluded picnic spot—as we've done here and on the following pages—and (text continued on page 128)

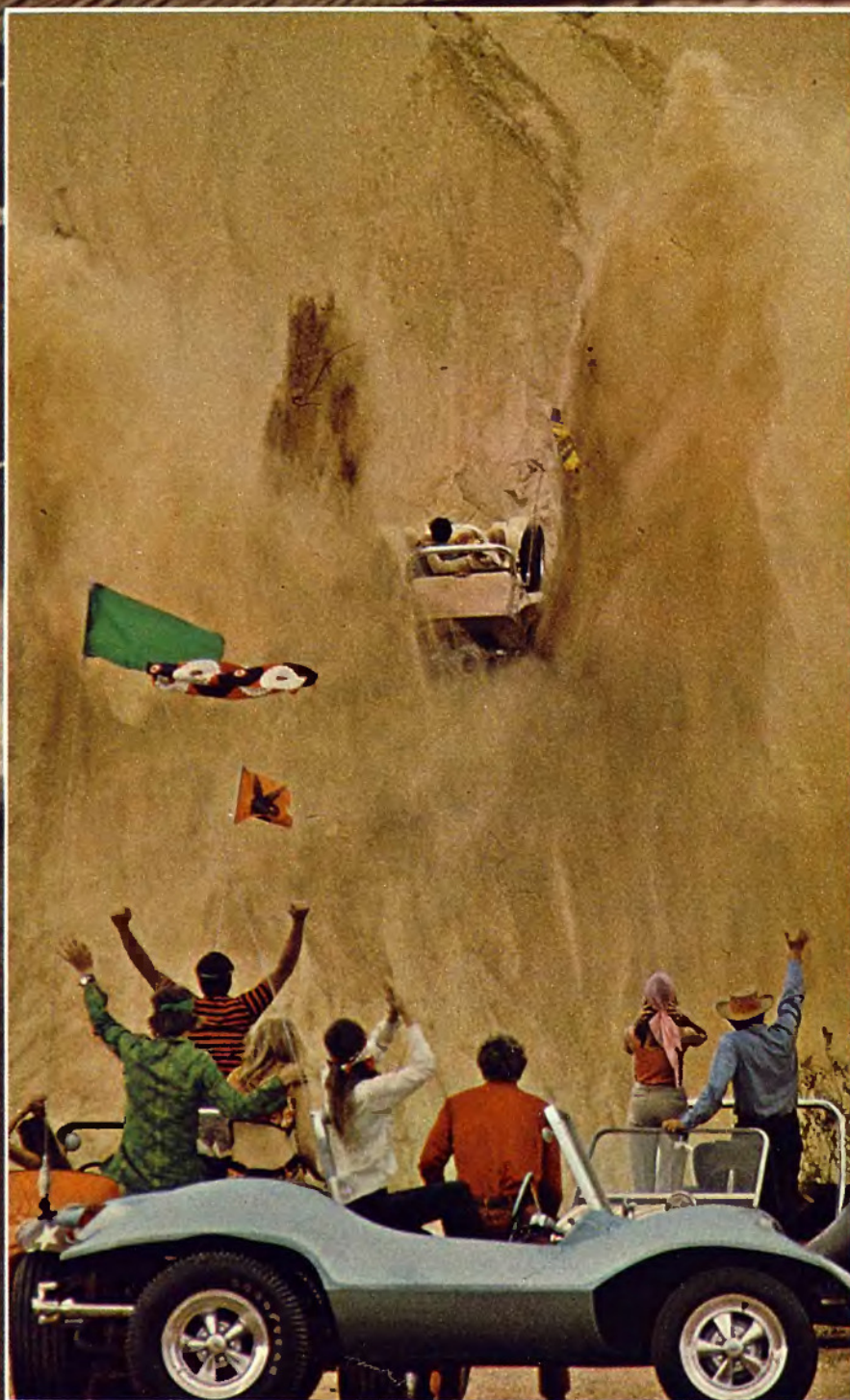


sand blast!

PLAYBOY TAKES TO BANTAM-SIZED
FUN BUGGIES FOR A
FREEWHEELING PICNIC OUTING
THAT'S PACKED WITH
SUN AND GAMES, FOOD AND DRINK



OUT FOR A DAY IN THE DUNES, IT'S SAFETY FIRST (TOP, LEFT TO RIGHT) AS THREE COUPLES EQUIP A MEYERS TOW'D, A SAND CHARIOTS VA-QUERO AND A JEFFRIES KYOTE WITH EASILY SPOTTED EARLY-WARNING PENNANTS. ANOTHER TWOSOME (CENTER) MAKES TRACKS IN A BERRY MINI-T, A SUPERSPORTY MACHINE WITH CLASSIC FENDERS INSPIRED BY THE MODEL T. ABOVE: THE LAST PAIR OF HARD-CHARGING DRIVERS AND THEIR DATES TOOL UP THE HIGHWAY ON THEIR WAY TO SAND-MAN'S LAND IN A FIBERFAB CLODHOPPER (LEFT) AND AN EMPI IMP.



OUR GANG OF BUGGYMASTERS MOTORS OFF FOR A FREEWHEELING CROSS-COUNTRY RUN THAT BRINGS THEM TO THE BASE OF A STEEP GRADE FROM WHICH THEY CAN ENGAGE IN A SAND-HILL CLIMB. FIRST, TWO TEAMS—IN THE VAQUERO AND THE MINI-T—STORM THE SLOPE, ATTEMPTING TO GET AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE TO THE SUMMIT. OTHER COUPLES THEN TAKE TURNS ACCELERATING UP THE INCLINE, THEIR MACHINES' OVERSIZED REAR TIRES TOSSING UP ROOSTER TAILS OF SAND. THE VAQUERO COPS FIRST PRIZE, HAVING MADE IT CLOSEST TO THE TOP.

EARLY AFTERNOON FINDS THE COUPLES ENJOYING A HILLSIDE PICNIC; ALL PROVISIONS—including plenty of ice-cold totable potables—kept their cool, having been stashed in the containers pictured below. CLOCKWISE FROM COUPLE: PLASTIC COOLER, BY SCHLUETER, \$16.90. TRAVEL COOLER IN CARRYING CASE, BY GLACIERWARE, \$25. ALUMINUM



FOOD KEEPER, BY DAVID DOUGLAS, \$8. STAINLESS-STEEL ICE TUB, \$50, AND PLASTIC THERMOS, \$30, BOTH FROM HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER. PICNIC SET, FROM GEORG JENSEN, \$23. SIX-PACK CONTAINER, BY GLACIERWARE, \$10. JET AIR CAMP STOVE, BY THERMOS, \$24.95. VACUUM BOTTLE, BY ALADDIN, \$21. PORTABLE COOLER, BY THERMOS, \$24.95. COLORFUL LUNCH BOX, BY INTRINSICS, \$2.95 FOR SIX. FRIDGETTE THAT PLUGS INTO CAR LIGHTER, FROM ORVIS, \$59.95. WICKER HAMPER, FROM COST PLUS, \$4.95. ALPINE COOLER, BY POLORON, \$14.95. SANDWICH BOX WITH BOTTLES, BY THERMOS, \$57.95. HUMPER BEVERAGE CONTAINER, BY PROTECT-O-LITE, \$9.95.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA



NEXT, THE GUYS AND THEIR DATES DECIDE TO GIVE SAND SLEDDING A WHIRL. AFTER HITCHING A ROPE TO THE RUGGED CLODHOPPER, A COUPLE OF ADVENTURERS CLIMB ATOP A WELL-WAXED TOW BOARD AND GO FOR A WILD DRAG RIDE THAT ENDS WITH A DRY SPILL. SAND SURFING ALSO CAPTURES THE GROUP'S FANCY; ALL THAT'S REQUIRED IS A DUNE-HILL SLOPE, A SAWED-OFF WATER SKI AND A GOOD SENSE OF BALANCE. WHILE THE OTHERS ARE STILL PREOCCUPIED WITH SURFING AND SLEDDING, ONE COMELY SUN WORSHIPER TEMPORARILY TAKES OFF IN A FUN BUGGY IN ORDER TO ACQUIRE AN ALLOVER TAN.



AFTER A FULL DAY OF UPS AND DUNES, THE GUYS PITCH A TENT, AND THE ROLLING SANDSCAPE SOON BECOMES A VALLEY OF THE DOLLS, THE GIRLS HAVING CHANGED INTO MORE ROMANTIC OUTFITS. FOLLOWING COCKTAILS, FIRESIDE FOOD AND DRINKS ARE SERVED, INCLUDING COLD GLAZED DUCK, STEAK AND EGGPLANT SANDWICHES AND BLACK-CURRENT COOLER. (RECIPES FOR THESE AND OTHER SUGGESTIONS ON WHAT TO OFFER A HUNGRY GANG OF BUGGY RIDERS ARE INCLUDED IN THE TEXT PORTION OF THIS FEATURE.) AFTER, THE COUPLES LEISURELY LINGER UNDER THE STARS BEFORE HEADING BACK TO THE CITY.



you'll begin to understand why the buggy boom has happened. Then motor to the office in the same vehicle Monday morning; you'll be able to kill time at stop lights answering the queries of drivers piloting more prosaic machinery as to what type of animal you're riding. Chances are, they won't be able to hear your answer over the throb of the exhaust as you pull away in high style while outmaneuvering them and the other traffic.

Back-country vehicles have been around since Model-T Fords put the horse-drawn carriage out of business. Early buggies were nothing more than disembodied automobiles stripped right down to the frame. Any customizing was usually limited to shortening the wheelbase and/or moving the engine farther back in the frame to provide additional traction. The far more sophisticated dune buggies high-trailing it across unpopulated miles of beach and desert today owe their popularity to three factors: the Volkswagen, a West Coast manufacturer named Bruce Meyers and the versatility of fiberglass.

As more and more beetles were imported during the late Fifties, sand bolls became increasingly aware of the VW's off-road potentialities. Initial efforts to reduce the car's weight led to jettisoning the body shell. Thanks to a rigid platform chassis, the VW accepted this indignity without falling apart. Then buggymen began cutting the chassis down to jeep size, thereby shortening the turning radius and also lessening the chance that a driver might "high center" on rocks or ruts. As a final touch, big tires, a roll bar and various types of bracing were added to regain the strength lost by removing the body.

Thus, highly functional off-road vehicles evolved. But one thing was missing. They had absolutely no style. Driving one was like riding around on a pipe rack from a cut-rate clothing store. When early body builders experimented with flat sheet-metal panels, the machines began to look like topless aluminum breadboxes with caved-in fronts.

Enter Bruce Meyers. Having been a boat designer, Meyers was used to working with fiberglass and his first build-it-yourself vehicle, the Meyers' Manx, which he introduced early in 1965, actually looked like the type of fun machine that buggies are supposed to be. Soon other makes of bodies—most of them blatant copies of the Manx—became available in kit form. As the supply of Manx-type buggy bodies increased, the supply of suitable VW chassis rapidly dwindled, and bargain hunters were no longer able to pick up a flipped VW for peanuts, combine it with an inexpensive body kit and then get the finished show on the road for about \$600. Some would-be buggy owners went to the extreme of buying a new VW and then selling the unused body and other por-

tions of the machine back to the dealer for his new-parts inventory. The demand for original-looking buggy bodies in kit form, too, exceeded the supply and manufacturers of non-Manx-style body kits were swamped with orders.

Today, however, there is an auspicious array of diverse and good-looking buggies available. The new styling, in fact, matches the machines' performance, which is sprightly even with a stock VW engine. This is not surprising when you consider that a buggy weighs 30 to 40 percent less than a beetle sedan. The sports-car look of a fun buggy is also equaled by its handling qualities. Steering is feather light and the machine's low center of gravity and increased tread width make it an extremely stable vehicle. It's not easy to flip one if the driver exercises reasonable precautions. When a smart buggy-master is out dune driving in unfamiliar terrain, for example, he always slows down at the crest of a sand hill before proceeding over the top. On the other side, there might be a vertical drop that even a sure-footed buggy can't negotiate.

Because of all the blossoming activity in buggies, a prospective owner no longer has to be a do-it-yourself mechanic to acquire one. Although most manufacturers still build kits only, as opposed to complete cars, many of them *will* build a car to order, if the price is right. More often, dealers who stock buggies and buggy equipment have complete cars available or can put an interested party in touch with a local mechanic who will build one. This way, a car can be custom built to one's specifications; thus, the buyer gets exactly the body, color scheme, engine, upholstery and accessories he wants. Prices, of course, can vary widely. Local labor rates, cost of raw materials and the kind of quality and detail finish demanded are just a few of the factors that affect the final cost.

Building a dune buggy isn't really difficult, but it does take time and mechanical know-how. If you lack either of these prerequisites, you'll be better off buying an assembled model or having the machine built for you by an expert. Since it won't be fun—or perhaps even safe—if the workmanship is shoddy, the wise buggy buyer picks a builder with care. He looks over samples of work with a critical eye. He talks to other owners who acquired their machines from the same source. And if he has any doubts, he keeps looking.

In some areas of the country, such as Southern California, there are also plenty of secondhand dune buggies from which to choose. If you decide to go this route, determine if the vehicle of your choice has a VW chassis. It's nice to know that spare parts are available at your neighborhood beetle dealer. A

bastardized buggy that's been assembled from assorted bits and pieces may bring more pain than pleasure.

Within the past year, two new trends have begun to develop in the funmobile industry. One is the increasing number of street buggies being built—machines designed primarily for travel on the boulevards rather than in the boondocks. The first fully enclosed fun car, the Shalako by Dick Dean, also appeared recently. This superbuggy has gull-wing doors and a definite GT look. It's a hint of one direction that street-oriented sportsmobiles may take in the future.

The second trend points to an increasing interest in competitive events geared for buggies and other overland vehicles, such as four-wheel-drive jeeps. The National Off-Road Racing Association annually sponsors a hairy 832-mile race down Mexico's rugged and remote Baja peninsula. Among the automotive and showbiz personalities who often compete are Steve McQueen, James Garner, Dick Smothers, A. J. Foyt and Parnelli Jones. But you don't have to engage in this bone-jarring sport to spend an exciting day—or a romantic evening—out in the dunes.

For our picnic sand safari, we chose six sturdy machines that are available both in kit and completed form. (For the latter, you'll have to allow the manufacturer a few weeks' extra notice.) All but one have fiberglass bodies and all—except where noted—come equipped with a brand-new VW engine, chassis and running gear. A multitude of options, such as vinyl tops, vented seat covers, side curtains and special paint jobs, are also available. Here, then, are thumbnail sketches of the cars shown on pages 120-127. All prices are F.O.B. the place of manufacture.

The Empi Imp, manufactured in Riverside, California, features a wheelbase two and one half inches longer than the standard 80 inches, which helps reduce oversteer and makes the machine more tractable on the road. This also provides more rear-seat room—enough for two couples, in a pinch. Body-kit prices start at \$395. (For this figure—as with all the kit prices listed here—you get what essentially is only a body shell; the chassis, tires, engine and other running gear are extra.) A racy and rarin'-to-go Super Sport Imp such as the one pictured on page 128 sells for about \$3195. (The Super Sport Imp kit costs \$1495.)

Fiberfab, an auto-body manufacturer located in Santa Clara, California, produces the Clodhopper. It's designed to utilize all VW components—including a shortened chassis, stock seats, engine, transmission, etc.; thus, conversion is relatively easy. The kit price is \$395; a ready-for-the-road model, about \$1950. When writing for details, you might also

(continued on page 212)



A Breath of Lucifer

sam was the perfect nurse: ubiquitous, solicitous, indispensable—and invisible

fiction By R. K. NARAYAN SAM WAS only a voice to me, a rich, reverberating baritone. His whispers themselves possessed a solid, rumbling quality. I often speculated, judging from his voice, what he might look like: The possessor of such a voice could be statuesque, with curls falling on his nape, Roman nose, long legs able to cover the distance from my bed to the bathroom in three strides, although to me it seemed an endless journey. I asked him on the very first day, "What do you look like?"

"How can I say? Several years since I looked at a mirror."

"Why so?"

"The women at home do not give us a chance, that is all. I even have to shave without a mirror." He added, "Except once when I came up against a large looking glass at a tailor's and cried out absent-mindedly, 'Ah, Errol Flynn in town!'"

"You admired Errol Flynn?"

"Who wouldn't? As Robin Hood, unforgettable; I saw the picture fifty times."

"Do you have a nice line of mustache?" I asked.

He paused and answered, "Next week this time, you will see for yourself: be patient till the bandages are taken off. . . ."

Sam had taken charge of my bodily self the moment I was wheeled out of the operation theater (at the Malgudi Eye Clinic in New Extension), with my eyes padded, bandaged and sealed. I was to remain blindfolded for nearly a week in bed. During this confinement, Sam was engaged for eight rupees a day to act as my eyes.

He was supposed to be a trained "male nurse," a term that

he abhorred, convinced that nursing was a man's job and that the female in the profession was an impostor. He assumed a defiant and challenging pose whenever the sister at the nursing home came into my room. When she left, he always had a remark to make. "Let this lady take charge of a skull-injury case, I will bet the patient will never see his home again."

Sam had not started life as a male nurse, if one might judge from his references. He constantly alluded to military matters, commands and campaigns, and fatigue duties and parades. Actually, what he did in the army was never clear to me. Perhaps if I could have watched his facial expressions and gestures, I might have understood or interpreted his words differently; but in my present unseeing state, I had to accept literally whatever I heard. He often spoke of a colonel who had discovered his talent and had encouraged him and trained him in nursing. That happened somewhere on the Burma border, Indochina or somewhere, when their company was cut off, with the medical units completely destroyed. The colonel had to manage with a small band of survivors, the most active among them being Sam, who repaired and rehabilitated the wounded and helped them return home almost intact when the war ended. Which war was it? Where was it fought? Against whom? I could never get an answer to those questions. He always spoke of the enemy, but I never understood who it was, since Sam's fluency could not be interrupted for a clarification. I had to accept what I heard without question. Before they parted, the colonel composed a certificate

that helped Sam in his career. "I have framed it and hung it in my house beside that of Jesus," he said. At various theaters of war (again, which war, I could never know), his services were in demand, mainly in surgical cases. Sam was not much interested in the physician's job. He had mostly been a surgeon's man. He spoke only of incidents where he had to hold up the guts of someone until the surgeon arrived, of necks half severed, arms amputated and all aspects of human disjointedness and pain handled without hesitancy or failure. He asserted, "My two hands and ten fingers are at the disposal of anyone who needs them in war or peace."

"What do you earn out of such service?" I asked.

He replied, "Sometimes ten rupees a day, five, two or nothing. I have eight children, my wife and two sisters and a niece depending on me, and all of them have to be fed, clothed, sent to schools and provided with books and medicines. We somehow carry on. God gives me enough. The greater thing for me is the relief that I am able to give anyone in pain. . . . Oh, no, do not get up so fast. Not good for you. Don't try to swat that mosquito buzzing at your ear. You may jam your eye. I am here to deal with that mosquito. Hands down, don't take your hand near your eyes."

He constantly admonished me, ever anxious lest I should, by some careless act, suffer a setback. He slept in my room, a few feet away from my bed, on a mat. He said that he woke up at five in the morning, but it could be any time, since I had no means of verifying his claim with a watch or by observing the light on the walls. Night and day and all days of the week were the same to me. Sam explained that although he woke up early, he lay still, without making the slightest noise, until I stirred in bed and called, "Sam!"

"Good morning, sir," he answered with alacrity, and added, "Do not try to get up yet." Presently, he came over and tucked up the mosquito net with scrupulous care. "Don't get up yet," he ordered and moved off. I could hear him open the bathroom door. Then I noticed his steps move farther off, as he went in to make sure that the window shutters were secure and would not fly open and hit me in the face when I got in and fumbled about. After clearing all possible impediments in my way, he came back and said, "Right-o, sir, now, that place is yours, you may go in safely. Get up slowly. Where is the hurry? Now edge out of your bed, the floor is only four inches below your feet. Slide down gently, hold my hand, here it is. . . ." Holding both my hands in his, he walked backward and led me triumphantly to the bathroom, remarking all along the way, "The ground is level and plain, walk fearlessly. . . ."

With all the assurance that he attempted to give me, the covering over my eyes subjected me to strange tricks of equilibrium and made me nervous at every step. I had a feeling of passing through alien geological formations, chasms and canyons or billowing mounds of cotton wool, tarpaulin or heaps of smithy junk or an endless array of baffle walls, one beside another. I had to move with caution. When he reached the threshold of the bathroom, he gave me precise directions: "Now move up a little to your left. Raise your right foot and there you are. Now you do anything here. Only don't step back. Turn on your heel, if you must. That will be fine."

Presently, when I called, he re-entered the bathroom with a ready compliment on his lips: "Ah, how careful and clean! I wish some people supposed to be endowed with full vision could leave a w.c. as tidy! Often, after they have been in, the place will be fit to be burned down! However, my business in life is not to complain but to serve." He then propelled me to the washbasin and handed me the toothbrush. "Do not brush so fast. May not be good for your eyes. Now stop. I will wash the brush. Here is the water for rinsing. Ready to go back?"

"Yes, Sam!" He turned me round and led me back toward my bed.

"You want to sit on your bed or in the chair?" he asked at the end of our expedition. While I took time to decide, he suggested, "Why not the chair? You have been in bed all night. Sometimes, I had to mind the casualties until the stretcher-bearers arrived and I always said to the boys, 'Lying in bed makes a man sick; sit up, sit up as long as you can hold yourselves together.' While we had no sofas in the jungle, I made them sit and feel comfortable on anything, even on a snake hole once, after flattening the top."

"Where did it happen? Did you say Burma?" I asked as he guided me to the cane chair beside the window.

He at once became cautious and said, "Burma? Did I say Burma? If I mentioned Burma, I must have meant it, and not the desert—"

"Which campaign was it?"

"Campaign? Oh, so many, I may not remember. Anyway, it was a campaign and we were there. Suppose I fetch you my diary tomorrow? You can look through it when your eyes are all right again, and you will find in it all the answers."

"Oh, that will be very nice, indeed!"

"The colonel gave me such a fat leather-bound diary, which cost him a hundred rupees in England, before he left, saying, 'Sam, put your thoughts into it and all that you see and do and someday your children will read the pages and feel proud of you.' How could I tell the colonel that I could not write or read too well? My father stopped my education

when I was that high and he devoted more time to teach me how to know good toddy from bad one."

"Oh, you drink?" I asked.

"Not now. The colonel whipped me once when he saw me drunk and I vowed I'd never touch it again," he added as an afterthought while he poured coffee for me from the Thermos flask (which he filled by dashing out to a coffeehouse in the neighborhood; it was amazing with what speed he executed these exits and entrances, although to reach the coffeehouse he had to run down a flight of steps, past a veranda on the ground floor, through a gate beyond a drive and down the street. I didn't understand how he managed it all, as he always was present when I called him and always had my coffee ready when I wanted it.). He handed me the cup with great care, guiding my fingers around the handle with precision.

While I sipped the coffee, I could hear him move around the bed, tidying it up. "When the doctor comes, he must find everything neat. Otherwise, he will think that a donkey has been in attendance in this ward." He swept and dusted. He took away the coffee cup, washed it at the sink and put it away, and kept the toilet flush hissing and roaring by repeated pulling of the chain. Thus he set the stage for the doctor's arrival. When the sound of the wheels of the bandage trolley was heard far off, he helped me back to my bed and stationed himself at the door. When footsteps approached, the baritone greeted: "Good morning, doctor, sir."

The doctor asked, "How is he today?"

"Slept well. Relished his food. No temperature. Conditions normal, doctor, sir." I felt the doctor's touch on my brow, as he untied the bandage, affording me, for a tenth of a second, a blurred view of assorted faces over me; he examined my eye, applied drops, bandaged again and left. Sam followed him out as an act of courtesy and came back to say, "Doctor is satisfied with your progress. I am happy it is so."

Occasionally, I thumbed a little transistor radio, hoping for some music, but turned it off the moment a certain shrill voice came on the air rendering "film hits"; but I always found the tune continuing in a sort of hum, for a minute or two after the radio was put away. Unable to judge the direction of the voice or its source, I used to feel puzzled at first. When I understood, I asked, "Sam, do you sing?"

The humming ceased: "I lost practice long ago," he said, and added, "When I was at Don Bosco's, the bishop used to encourage me. I sang in the church choir and also played the harmonium at concerts. We had our dramatic troupe, too, and I played Lucifer. With my eyebrows painted and turned up and with a fork

(continued on page 155)

THE THREE SISTERS OF KNARR

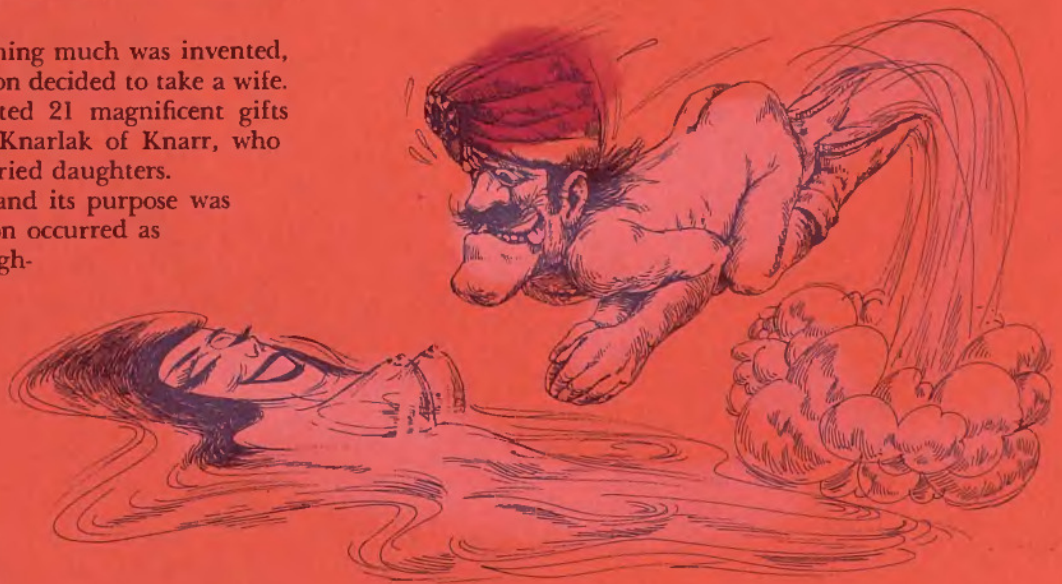
*belladonna was voluptuous,
brundraga was ethereal, but
audrey—she was smart*

humor By ROGER PRICE



ONCE IN THE DAYS before anything much was invented, the handsome Roondag of Roon decided to take a wife. Having so decided, he collected 21 magnificent gifts and made plans to visit the Knarlak of Knarr, who was the father of three unmarried daughters.

When the Roondag's visit and its purpose was made known, much speculation occurred as to which of the Knarlak's daughters he might choose. They were named Belladonna, Brundraga and Audrey and, though sisters, they were in no way alike. One was very lively, one was very beautiful and one was smart.



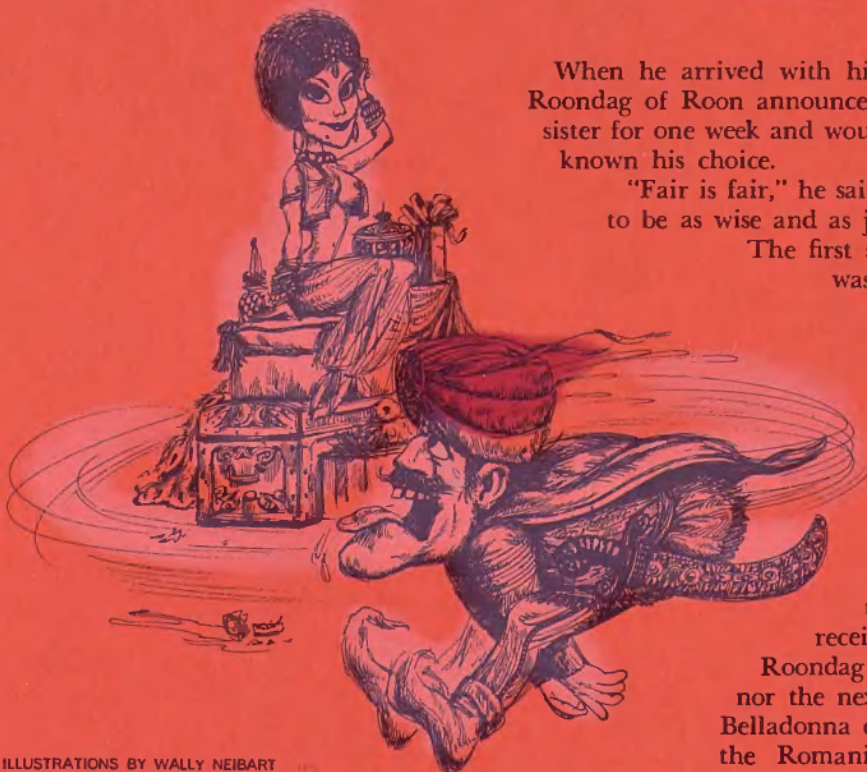
When he arrived with his entourage at the Knarlak's castle, the Roondag of Roon announced that he intended to pay court to each sister for one week and would then, after careful consideration, make known his choice.

"Fair is fair," he said. "It is no accident that I am considered to be as wise and as just as I am handsome and rich."

The first sister to be courted was Belladonna, who was the lively one. When the Roondag, bearing a golden hand mirror set round with pearls and rubies, arrived at her room in the castle, she greeted him wearing a diaphanous gown that exhibited to excessive advantage her voluptuous figure. She had been marinating in a tub of musk for two hours previously, and her eyelids were purple.

She had prepared an intimate supper, but when, between the salad and the *filet* of unicorn, he fell upon her, she received him as water receives a swimmer. The

Roondag did not emerge from the room that night, nor the next day, nor the next night, nor the next. Belladonna demonstrated for him the Onesy-Threesy, the Romanian Ruggedo, Duck on the Roof, the





translucent white marble. Her eyes were huge, tilted and green and her skin was creamy and electric. When she came near the Roondag, she put her hand lightly on his arm and smiled at him with her perfect mouth, showing him her perfect teeth; and he was so strangely affected he was forced to steady himself by sitting down and having a tremendous belt of brandy.

When the party was finally over, the Roondag escorted Brundraga back to her chambers literally perspiring with nervous anticipation; but when they arrived, after artfully presenting her cheek for him to kiss, she disappeared with a fluid movement behind her door, a maneuver followed at once by the click of the lock.

The next evening, when the Roondag arrived with extra jasmine pomade on his hair and carrying a platinum nut bowl with emerald picks, he found that they were to see a drama presented by the Knarr Castle Players. Throughout the performance, the Roondag held Brundraga's slender hand and breathed heavily in her small pink ear; but afterward, though he did manage to get inside her room for a "nightcap," there was neither hanky nor panky. The Roondag argued and pleaded and finally left in a mild pique.

And so it went.

By the seventh night, the Roondag had not only given Brundraga the seven presents intended for her but he had also given her the six he had not found necessary to give Belladonna and the seven he had been saving for the third sister. His desire to possess her exquisitely designed beauty had increased geometrically with each unsatisfactory evening. On the final night, he begged, he whined, he shouted, he threw glasses against the wall, he whimpered, he cried—but except for two kisses and a brief fondle of one marble breast, Brundraga remained gay, charming, impregnable and, presumably, virginal.

When, at three A.M., he lurched back into his own rooms, he woke up the chamberlain. "This one," he said hoarsely, "*this one is the one*. It's the real thing—love. Forget the fat one. That was just physical. This one I've got to have. I'll put the kingdom in her name. Anything. She is it. Cancel out the other sister."

But the next morning, although his passion had not abated, the Roondag realized his responsibility to be fair; and that night, he showed up with a sack of jellied licorice drops to court Audrey, the smart sister.

Now, Audrey was OK-looking. She shaved her legs and had an (concluded on page 146)





"That's not really necessary, you know."

slaves or masters?

(continued from page 117)

that—for humans, at least—are either dangerous or unspeakably dreary.

And outside the factories—in university laboratories across the land—a generation of robots is rapidly evolving, a breed that can see, read, talk, learn and even feel. At the Weizmann Institute of Science in Israel, robots have been developed that embody manlike muscles. At the University of Texas, computer programs are being developed for the purpose of eventually providing robots with sexual identities, personalities, hates, fears, loves and hopes. At Stanford, intelligent machines with hands and eyes are being constructed that can see well enough to move around obstacles, plan ahead rationally and carry out missions that have been only partially outlined by human controllers. At Mullard Research Laboratories in England, other machines are being taught to read so well that some scientists believe robots will eventually be capable of comprehending handwriting.

Dr. Marvin Minsky, professor of electrical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a pioneer in the field of artificial intelligence, says that "our pious skeptics told us that machines would never sense things. Now that the machines can see complex shapes, our skeptics tell us that they can never know that they sense things." But, he advises, "do not be bullied by authoritative pronouncements about what machines will never do. Such statements are based on pride, not fact. There has emerged no hint, in any scientific theory of machines, of limitations not shared by man. The rate of evolution of machines is millions of times faster, because we can combine separate improvements directly, where nature depends upon fortuitous events of recombination."

Similarly optimistic about the future of robots, N. S. Sutherland, professor of experimental psychology at the University of Sussex and a computer expert, states flatly that "there is a real possibility that we may one day be able to design a machine that is more intelligent than ourselves." Dr. Sutherland has made a comparative study of the basic components of the human brain and the robot brain (a digital computer) and finds the latter in several respects the more promising. "There are all sorts of biological limitations on our own intellectual capacity," he says, "ranging from the limited number of computing elements we have available in our craniums to the limited span of human life and the slow rate at which incoming data can be accepted." Dr. Sutherland sees no such limitations in store for the computers of the future. No one is certain how many bits of permanently retrievable information the conscious portion of the human mind can accommodate in a lifetime, but many scientists think one billion is a

reasonable estimate. Existing computers can transfer that amount of data—from one magnetic memory to another—in a scant 20 minutes. Therefore, Dr. Sutherland points out, "it will be much easier for computers to bootstrap themselves on the experience of previous computers than it is for man to benefit from the knowledge acquired by his predecessors. Moreover, if we can design a machine more intelligent than ourselves, then, a fortiori, that machine will be able to design one more intelligent than itself."

• • •

Dreams of the perfect robot, one capable of surpassing man's most brilliant feats without succumbing to any of his erratic weaknesses, have occupied philosophers and scientists since the time of Homer. It was that poet, still read and reread for his mastery in probing the mythic desires of man's collective unconscious, who first envisioned automatons—the mechanical golden girls who were at the beck and call of the smith god Hephaestus in the *Iliad*. The girls caught the attention of such scientific visionaries as Roger Bacon and Rabbi Low; and by the 18th and 19th Centuries, mechanical men and women were the life of avant-garde parties from Berlin to Boston. George Moore created a gas-powered mechanical man who could walk along at a brisk pace while smoking a cigar, and Gaston Deschamps titillated his audiences with a mechanical snake charmer of the female sex. Perhaps the most fondly remembered of the early robots, however, was Wolfgang von Kempelen's chess player, a dark-visaged automaton garbed in the flowing robes of a Turk. He took on all comers, defeating each of them, including the Emperor Napoleon. It took the macabre detective talents of Edgar Allan Poe to reveal the secret: a midget chess expert tucked under the robes.

The word "robot" itself dates from the 1920s, when Czech playwright Karel Čapek introduced his now-famous play, *R. U. R.* (Rossum's Universal Robots), in this country. *Robota* is the Czech word for worker and is generally associated with compulsory labor. The play, perhaps because it was such a success, set an unfortunate pattern. Science-fiction writers from that year on portrayed robots in the *R. U. R.* mold: malignant, unnatural creatures who inevitably turn on and destroy their creators. Implicit in this hidebound characterization is the notion that man, in creating artificial life, oversteps the boundaries allowed to mortals and therefore must be punished for his hubris. About the only science-fiction writer (as he modestly acknowledges) with sufficient imagination to portray robots as benign or at least indifferent beings is Isaac Asimov. In more than a score of short stories and novels, he has

characterized robots as machines "created by human beings to fulfill human purposes." He rejects the idea that the creation of robots places man in God-forbidden territory and insists instead that automatons, like other mechanical devices, are simply the product of man's engineering ingenuity. In place of mysticism, Asimov posits science—the applied science of "robotics," a term he coined and now in general use to describe the study, design and manufacture of robots.

Although the very existence of the term robotics seems to suggest a definitive science, there is still considerable confusion about just what constitutes a robot. Science fiction has persuaded many people that a robot is a cast-iron dummy who walks like a hopeless arthritic and talks like Tonto. But just how manlike does a machine have to be in order to qualify as a robot? Is a robot really very much different from a computer? What distinguishes a robot from ordinary automated equipment? Are remote-controlled machines robots?

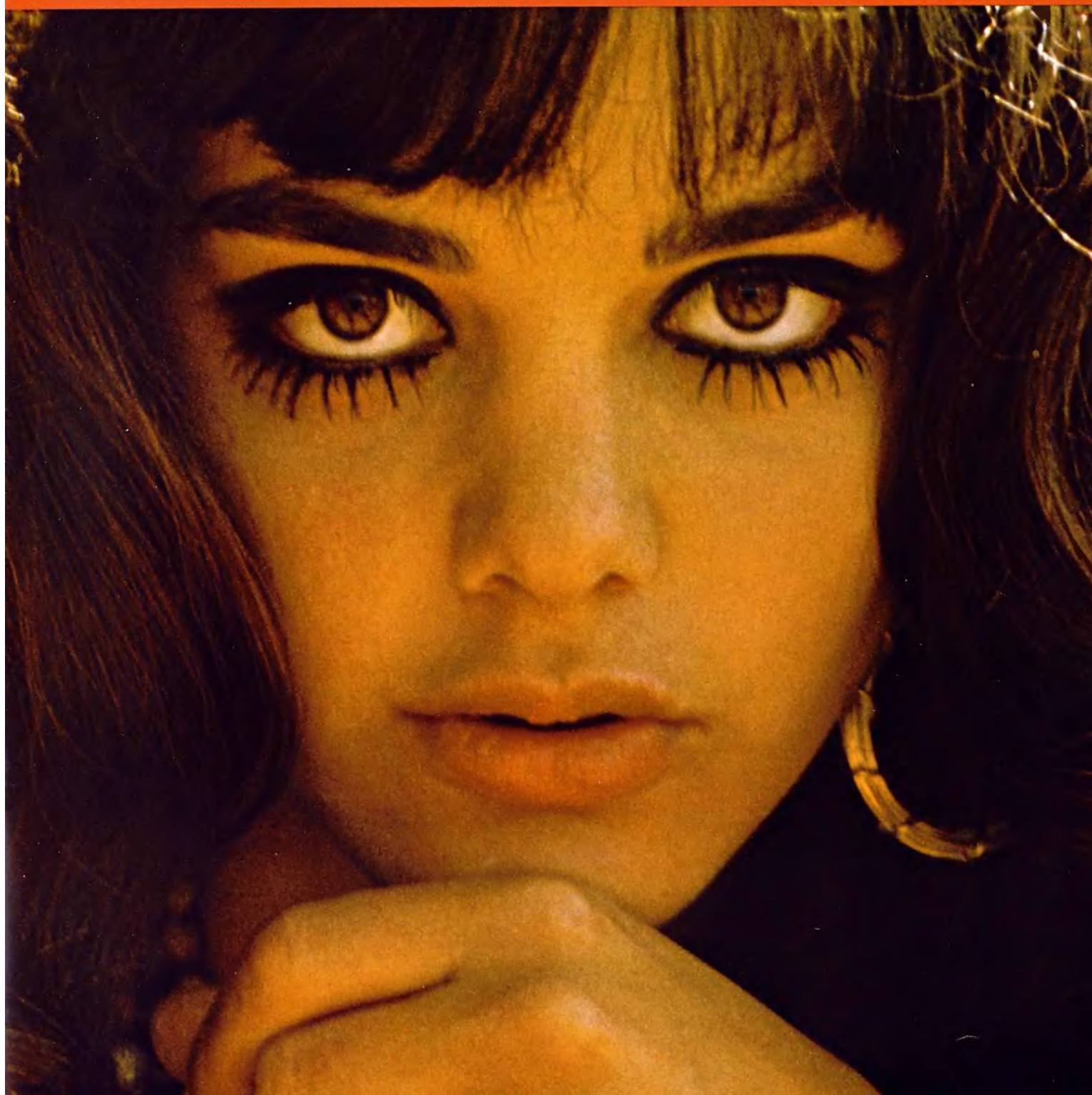
First of all, a machine needn't look anything like a man to qualify as a robot. Its anthropomorphic nature must manifest itself in performance—not in appearance. As for computers, when thinking in terms of robotics, it is best to regard them as the brains of the robot—single, although very vital, organs in the encompassing whole. Remote-controlled machines belong in a class apart from robots whenever their operation depends not on built-in programs or artificial intelligence but on intimate mechanical or electronic links with their human "doubles."

In general, what sets robots apart from most automated equipment and imbues them with their manlike nature is a flexible memory and a more dynamic feedback mechanism. In ordinary automatic manufacture, a machine can, for the duration of its life, perform only one task with one specific product or material. A robot, on the other hand, can be programed to do a great number of tasks. It can paint cars one week, load conveyor belts the second and pour cognac the third. Old memories are easily erased and new knowledge just as easily inserted. Feedback, present only in primitive form in most automated devices, permits the robot to monitor its own actions and correct its own errors. It is the same trait that tells man how hard to push against a door in order to open it or how much leverage to apply in order to lift a box off the ground. A widely adjustable sort of feedback, then, helps free robots from the lock-step controls of ordinary automated equipment, the feedback of which is as static as its task, without permitting them to metamorphose into destructive monsters crushing or flinging away everything they touch.

Whatever the incredible promise of
(continued on page 147)

TO THE MANNER BORN

*lynx-eyed tina aumont,
daughter of two screen stars,
is a rising cinema siren
in her own right*



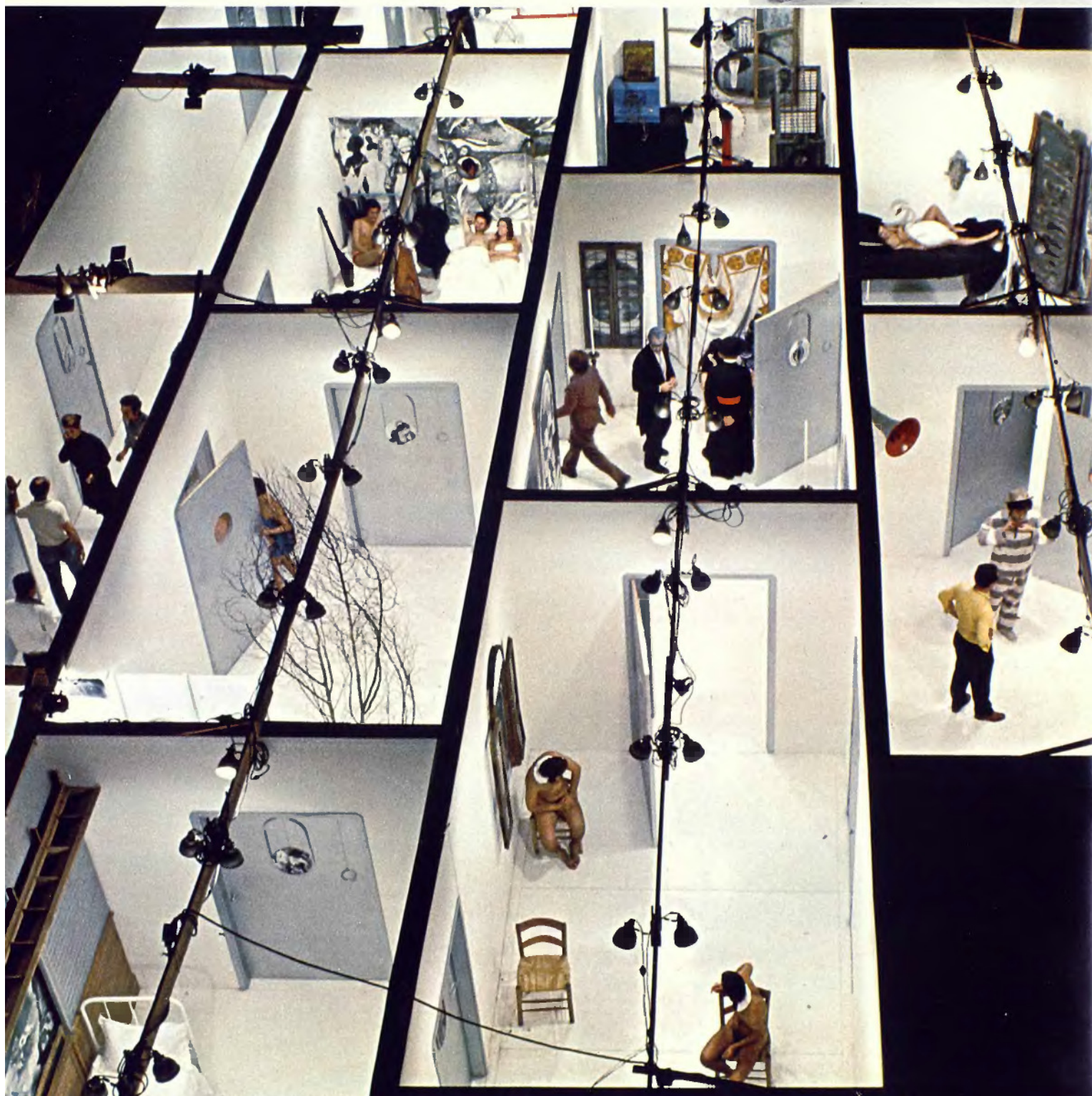


Italy's great screen goddesses—Sophia Loren, Gina Lollobrigida and Claudia Cardinale—have all been home-grown heroines, but Tina Aumont promises to change that. Born in the U. S., 23-year-old Tina (daughter of French actor Jean-Pierre Aumont and Hispaniola-born actress Maria Montez) is riding the new wave to sex stardom in avant-garde Italian films. Tina's latest movie amply evidences her seductive charms; in *L'Urlo* (*The Shout*), right, she tempts a tuckered-out Gigi Proietti.

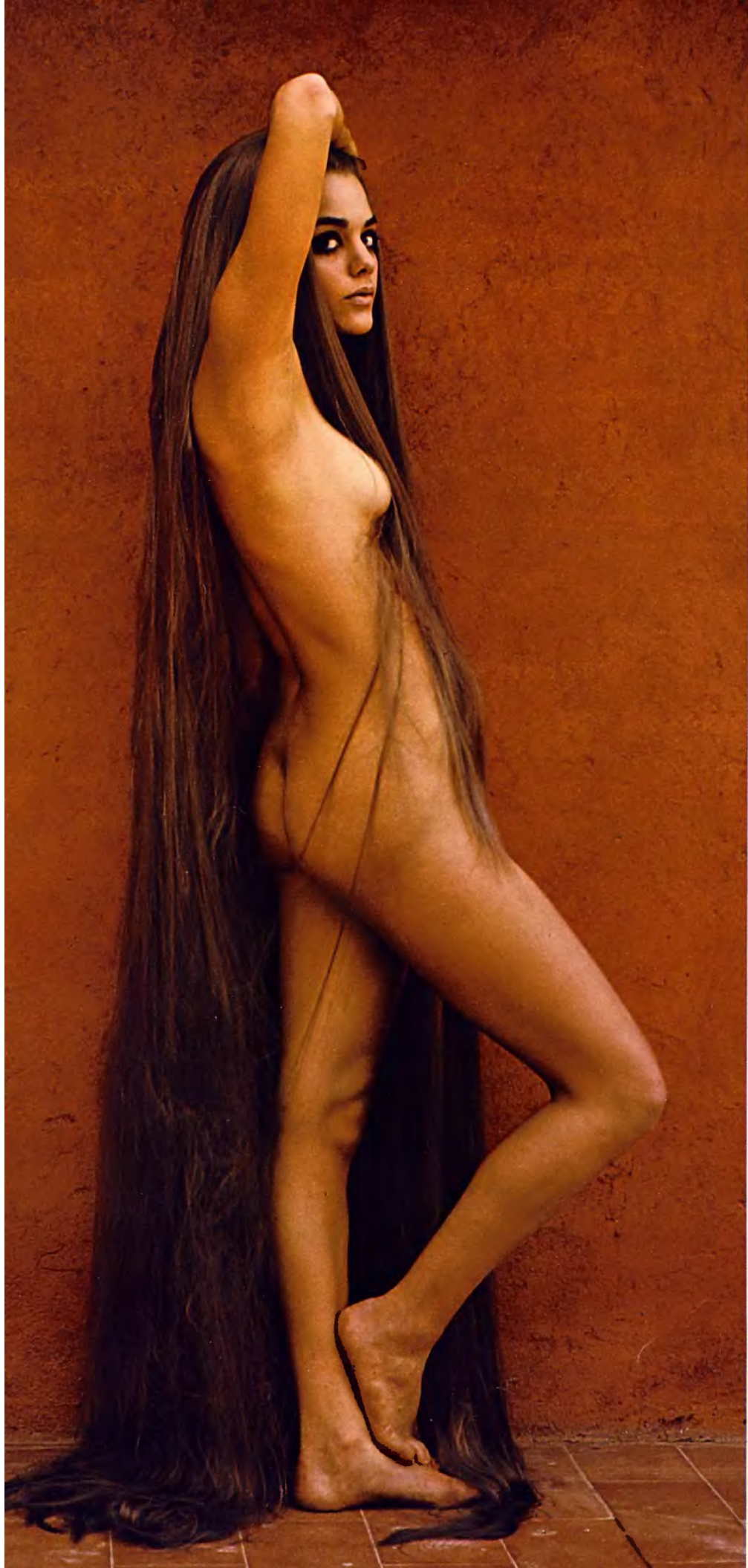



In *L'Urlo*, Tina portrays a freewheeling flower child named Anita, who searches for the ultimate libertarian life style. Toward that Elysian end, she and her lover, Carlo, drop out of society—and into a lust-filled labyrinth of psychic and sexual aberrations. Anita and Carlo force themselves to pass through repugnant scenes that can, in their view, completely free them as individuals. Says Tinto Brass, who wrote and directed the film, “*L'Urlo* is about today's romanticism—the struggle

between the consumer society and the new paradise.” Most of *L'Urlo* was filmed on location in London, Paris, Berlin and on the island of San Stefano; but the movie's kinkiest scenes were shot in Rome. Below, an overview of the Cinecittà set; in the movie, each room becomes the site of a bizarre sexual encounter for the questing couple. Right, Miss Aumont witnesses a sequence in which her sorely tested filmmate, strapped to a unicycle and taunted by a swinging strumpet, is forced to peddle his pride.









Tina Aumont's pouting sensuality has established her as one of the Continent's hottest new screen attractions. Tina grew up in Hollywood and moved to Paris in her early teens. After appearing in several undistinguished European movies, she was chosen to play a small but evocative role in Roger Vadim's *The Game Is Over*. Several Italian film makers spotted her, and a number of screen offers resulted. Accordingly, Tina packed up and moved to Rome, where she has since

appeared opposite Franco Nero in *Man, Pride and the Vendetta*, Vittorio Gassman in *The Alibi* and Pierre Clémenti in *Partner*. Tina also is featured in *The Sotyricon*, an orgiastic look at ancient Rome; but it may be a long time before anyone sees the film. Following its completion in April, the movie was seized by Italian censors. Tina, meanwhile, hopes to return to the U. S. Says Miss Aumont, "I want to be an international star, and the fastest way to do that is to make movies in Hollywood."

SOMEBODY OWES ME MONEY (continued from page 105)

"That's three fifty-four," he said, faster than I'd have been able to. "All right. I like you, I like the way you talk, you gave me a pleasant ride in, so here's your tip. You put that three fifty-four on Purple Pecunia, it will bring you back a minimum of eighty-one forty-two."

I guess I looked blank. I didn't say anything.

"Don't thank me," he said modestly, smiled and nodded, and turned away. The doorman picked up the luggage.

"I wasn't going to," I said, but I don't think he heard me.

It happens every once in a while you get beaten out of a tip for one reason or another, and my philosophy is, you have to be philosophical about it. It also happens every once in a while you get a really big tipper, so it all evens out. So I just shrugged and got back into the cab in the warm and went looking for a really big tipper.

But later, during lunch, I was looking at the *Telegraph* and my eye got caught by this horse Purple Pecunia, the one I got stiff-tipped on. He was running down in Florida, and judging from past performance he'd be lucky to finish the race the same day he started. Some hot tip.

But then I got to thinking about it, and I remembered how the guy had been friendly all the way into town, how he obviously had money and how fast he'd been at figuring my 51 percent of the meter, and I wondered if maybe I should listen to him after all.

I remembered the numbers. Three fifty-four was my percent, and \$81.42 was what he'd said I would make if I bet that amount. At least \$81.42.

I did some long division on the margin of the *Telegraph* and it came out at exactly 22 to 1. To the penny.

A man who can do numbers that fast in his head, I told myself, has got to know what he's talking about. Besides, he was obviously not hurting for money. And further besides, what was the point in him giving me a bum steer?

If there's one thing a horse player or any other kind of player learns early in his career, it is this: Play your hunches. Get a hunch, bet a bunch, that's what the poker players say. And all of a sudden, I had a hunch. I had a hunch that fare of mine—who had just come up on a plane from someplace warm, let's not forget that—knew what he was talking about, and Purple Pecunia was going to romp home a winner, and some few people on the inside were going to walk away 22 times richer than they started. A minimum of 22 times.

And I could use the money. There's a couple of regular poker games I'm in, and for about five weeks I'd been running a string of bad cards to make you sit down and cry. The only thing to do

with a run like that is wait it out, and I know it, but in the meantime I was spreading a lot of paper around, there were half-a-dozen guys with my marker in their pockets now, one of them for \$75, and frankly, I was beginning to get worried. If the cards didn't turn soon, I didn't know what I was going to do.

So if I was to put some money on this Purple Pecunia, and the tip should turn out to be good, it would be a real lifesaver and no fooling. The only question was, how much did I want to risk? Just in case, just in case.

It seemed to me I should leave that up to Tommy. Tommy McKay, my book. I was going to have to do it on credit, anyway, so I might just as well go as steep as he'd let me.

Tommy works out of his apartment, so I called there and got his wife. "Hi, Mrs. McKay," I said. "Is Tommy there? This is Chet."

"Who?"

"Chet. Chet Conway."

"Oh, Chester. Just a minute."

"Chet," I said. I hate to be called Chester.

She'd already put the phone down. I waited, thinking things over, having second thoughts and so on, and then Tommy came on. His voice is almost as high-pitched as his wife's, but more nasal. I said, "Tommy, how much can I put on the cuff?"

"I don't know," he said. "What are you into me for now?"

"Fifteen."

He hesitated, and then he said, "I'll go to fifty with you. I know you're OK."

Second thoughts came crowding in again. Another 35 bucks in the hole? What if Purple Pecunia didn't come in?

The hell with it. Get a hunch, bet a bunch. "The whole thirty-five," I said, "on Purple Pecunia. To win." I read him the dope from the paper.

"It's your dough," he said. Which was almost true.

After that, I was very nervous. I went back to work, and I even began to let the midtown traffic get to me. I never do that, I'm always insulated inside my cab. The way I figure, I'm in no hurry, I'm at work. But I was very nervous about that 35 bucks on Purple Pecunia, and the nervousness made me edgy with other drivers.

I keep a transistor radio on the dashboard, so in the afternoon I turned it on for the race results, and at ten minutes to four in came the word on Purple Pecunia. She won the race.

I switched on the OFF DUTY light and headed for a phone booth. I called Tommy and he said, "I thought I'd hear from you. That was some hunch."

I said, "What does it pay?"

"Twenty-seven to one," he said.

"How much is that?"

"Nine eighty," he said. "Less the half yard you owe me, that's nine thirty."

Nine hundred and thirty dollars. Almost a thousand dollars! I was rich!

I said, "I'll be over around six, is that OK?"

"Sure," he said.

After work I went straight to Tommy's apartment on West 46th Street between Ninth and Tenth. I rang the bell, but there was a woman coming out with a baby carriage, so I didn't have to wait for the buzz. I held the door for the woman and went on in. There still hadn't been any buzz when I got into the elevator.

He must have heard the bell, though, because the door was partly open when I got to the fourth floor. I pushed it open the rest of the way and stepped into the hall and said, "Tommy? It's me, Chet." Nothing.

The hall light was on. I left the front door partly open like before and walked down the hall looking into the rooms as I went by. Kitchen, then bathroom, then bedroom, all lit up and all empty. The living room was down at the end of the hall.

I went into the living room and Tommy was lying on his back on the rug, arms spread out. There was blood all over the place. He looked like he'd been shot in the chest with antiaircraft guns.

"Holy Christ," I said.

. . .

I was on the phone in the kitchen, trying to call the cops, when Tommy's wife came in with a grocery bag in her arms. She's a short and skinny woman with a sharp nose and a general look of disapproval. She came to the kitchen doorway, saw me, and said, "What's up?"

"There's been an accident," I said. I knew it wasn't an accident, but I couldn't think of anything else to say. And at just that minute, the police answered, so I said into the phone, "I want to report a—Wait a second, will you?"

The cop said, "You want to report what?"

I put my hand over the mouthpiece and said to Tommy's wife, "Don't go into the living room."

She looked toward the living room, frowning, then came in and put the bag down on the counter. "Why not?"

The cop was saying, "Hello? Hello?"

"Just a second," I told him, and said to Tommy's wife, "Because Tommy's in there, and he doesn't look good."

She took a quick step back toward the hall. "What's the matter with him?"

"Don't go in there," I said. "Please."

"What's the matter, Chester?" she said. "For God's sake, will you tell me?"

The cop was still yammering in my ear. I said to Tommy's wife, "He's dead," and then to the cop I said, "I want to report a murder."

She was gone, running for the living

(continued on page 166)



THE PUBLIC BE DAMMED

article

By JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

*operating with virtual impunity, the u.s. army corps of engineers
continues to wreak ecological havoc across the land*

"THE ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS is public enemy number one." I spoke those words at the annual meeting of the Great Lakes Chapter of the Sierra Club, early in 1968; and that summary supplied an exclamation point to a long discussion of the manner in which various Federal agencies despoil the public domain.

It is not easy to pick out public enemy number one from among our Federal agencies, for many of them are notorious despoilers and the competition is great for that position. The Tennessee Valley Authority, for example, like the Corps of Engineers, has an obsession for building dams, whether needed or not. Its present plan to wipe out the Little T River and its fertile valley is rampant vandalism. TVA is also probably the biggest strip miner in the country, using much coal for its stand-by steam (continued on page 182)

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"We can't stop now, ma'am—you should have gone before we left Tucson!"

the worshipful widow from a traditional Korean tale

Ribald Classic

SEJONG, the great king of the Yi dynasty, is kindly remembered for his promulgation of the Korean written alphabet. He is less kindly remembered for his prohibition of the remarriage of widows. They tell the story of Spring Moon, a young widow who lived during his reign, as clever as she was rich and beautiful.

When the garrulous old merchant who was her husband had breathed his last, she refused to shut herself into her solitary chambers to have her beauty wasted and her body admired by unspeaking mirrors only. Nor did Chun Wul—Spring Moon—sink to the status of a concubine, as was the lot of some of her bolder sisters who were denied by law a second marriage.

At the funeral ceremonies, she had noticed a lean and straight-limbed young monk with devoutly downcast eyes, who accompanied the incantations of the abbot by a rhythmic striking of the ancient gong. Every now and then, as the flickering oil lamps of the pagoda illuminated his handsome face, it seemed to the widow that he was casting furtive glances in her direction.

After the prescribed period of mourning was over, Spring Moon became a frequent worshiper at the pagoda. Often she would go there twice a day to burn incense for her dead husband in the private room dedicated by his generosity to his own memory, and inevitably the monk would be there to strike the gong and devour her ever more boldly with his eyes. One autumn day in the first year of her widowhood, with the rain beating against the weathered tiles outside, the thirsty disciple forgot his great Lord Buddha in his craving for Chun Wul.

Never had the young widow known such passion. When her silken petals had followed to the floor his coarse hempen robe, she felt the monk's body burning like the midsummer sun and his sinewy limbs coiled around her as a serpent embraces its victim. From that day onward, the widow and the monk nightly found ways to turn the sum of two transgressions into a single boundless joy.

The beauty of Chun Wul, who now blossomed as never before, and her piety inspired her to heap expensive gifts on the town's pagoda. Gossip of her soon came to the notice of the provincial governor, a widower, whose household affairs were managed by his widowed sister. Though she disapproved the notorious revels of her loose-living brother, she wisely kept her comments to herself and busied herself with the supervision of the pretentious mansion, where feast

followed banquet, to end in revelry with the prettiest kising entertainers within a hundred leagues.

"I must have this loveliest flower for my garden," the lecherous official mused after he had seen Chun Wul one day in her palanquin en route to the pagoda.

Now, it so happened that widows in those distant days were, on the whole, defenseless creatures; it often happened that the most desirable ones were carried off at night by bands of hired men to be delivered for a price into the hands of their secret suitors.

Word of the governor's intentions reached Chun Wul; but instead of giving herself over to futile fears or laments, she boldly made her money talk to find out what night his Honor would make the attempt.

That night, she invited to dinner Pak Subang, her neighbor, a harelipped bachelor afflicted with a stammer. The elderly Pak, who lived alone, was not too old to appreciate the charms of the young widow, but he hardly believed his good fortune when the invitation reached him.

Chun Wul received him most graciously and spread before him a sumptuous feast of many courses. First the wine loosened and then it knotted his already twisted tongue, until, at the end of the meal, Pak could but babble like a happy infant when Spring Moon beckoned him into the adjoining room, where the widow's soft perfumed quilt had been spread on the warm ondol floor.

He fairly jumped between the covers, but Spring Moon gently asked his patience. She told him that she wished to change into the flimsy gown of her wedding night that only a husband is privileged to see and unravel. With a sigh of

anticipation, old Pak's wine-heavy head fell back upon the pillow and his lids soon closed.

When the sound of snoring from the bedchamber could plainly be heard and Chun Wul had disappeared out of the back door (no doubt to seek enlightenment at the pagoda), a band of sturdy fellows broke into the darkened room, threw a quilt over the recumbent form and hoisted it off to the governor's mansion. Trussed up inside his quilt, Pak could hear them shout and laugh, but despite the anger and discomfort that followed his rude awakening, he smiled to himself when he thought of the surprise that awaited the governor, whom he knew slightly.

The governor's henchmen deposited their burden at their master's feet in his sumptuous reception room. A great banquet had just reached its climax and the drinking companions sent up a resounding cheer at the sight. Their host had confided his expectations to them and his guests withdrew noisily with ribald gestures and congratulations that he might unwrap in private his new acquisition.

But the governor had second thoughts. He sent for his sister and when she came, he whispered into her ear: "Look here at my bride, blushing at her own loveliness beneath her wrappings. I am not worthy to share her bed in this state. My beard is untidy, my feet unsteady and my mouth is a witness to the garlic and hot pepper that flavored our food. Better to restrain myself for another night. Dear sister, spend the night with my lady Moon, speak sweetly of me, see to her comforts, win her heart for me."

Recalling her own wedding night long ago and the joys of the marriage bed of which she had been bereft by the death of her husband on the field of battle, the sister went into the darkened bedroom. Her hand touched the widow.

She quickly discovered that she had touched a man instead, and the caress was returned with passion. Her delight not only made her loins throb but provoked malicious glee at her chance to turn the tables for once on his Honor the governor, who would soon be preening himself to make a good impression on his bride at the breakfast table. As her thoughts and her hands thus wandered over the implausible bride, the flagpole of the wedding rite rose ever higher; and willingly they conquered each other again and again in the darkness, until the morning brought the hour of the governor's surprise.

—Retold by G. W. Viktor



THREE SISTERS *(continued from page 132)*

adequate bust and a reasonable behind, but she didn't wear eye make-up and she smoked too much. She greeted the Roondag wearing a bathrobe. "Gee," she said, "you're early. I haven't had my shower. Come on in and have a drink." And she handed the Roondag a ten-ounce martini.

Pretty soon, she came out of the bathroom with a big towel wrapped around her and got him another martini and sat beside him on the couch and suggested playing a couple of hands of gin while her nail polish dried. So they did; and every time she shuffled, the towel would almost slip down over her adequate bust—but not quite. After a while, the Roondag, who was still terribly steamed up from the frustrating week with Brundraga, began to get interested and the next time it slipped, he gave her a grab.

"Oh, please," Audrey said. "We must get to know each other. Anyway, I'm not really in the mood."

"Don't worry about that, baby," said the Roondag. "I know how to fix that. Just leave the mood to the ol' Roondag of Roon." And he kept grabbing and Audrey got to giggling and the first thing they knew, the towel was off and Audrey was flat out on the couch.

The Roondag gave what he considered one of his more creditable performances and remembered to kiss her several times afterward. "Well," he said, when he got his breath, "how was that, honey? I guess that got you in the mood pretty good, huh, doll?"

"Oh, it was marvelous," Audrey said. "Just fine. You want a cold chicken sandwich or something?"

But the Roondag glanced at his hourglass and mentioned some letters he had to get out.

"See you tomorrow night, honey," he said and gave her reasonable bottom a pat and winked at her.

"OK. Sure," Audrey said.

Later, he told the chamberlain what had happened. "I figure it's the least I can do," he said. "Poor kid. Even though she can't possibly win, at least she'll have a week to remember after she's married to some local lout."

But the next night, when the Roondag showed up at Audrey's room with an autographed portrait of himself costumed as Zeus, he found her all dressed up, with her friend Gloria, and she insisted they go out to see some Cretan bull dancers at a little art arena; and

when they got back, she asked him to take Gloria home and that was that.

The next night, Audrey had this splitting headache, and the Roondag began to get a little twitchy. "What's going on?" he said nervously. "It was great the other night, wasn't it? Wasn't it? What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing, dear," Audrey said, patting him on the cheek.

"Of course, I was a little tired," he said, frowning. "But I'll make it up tonight, sweetheart. Did you know I had a sex tutor when I was only fifteen?"

"Yes, you told me," Audrey said. "But I really have this headache . . . maybe some other evening. . . ." And then she sent him out to get some aspirin and when he got back, she was asleep.

The next night, he showed up with an emerald tiara and a fur jacket he'd bought in the Knarr bazaar and Audrey gave him a kiss and then hustled him out to have dinner with her parents. The next night, he had to bring a blind date for Gloria. On the sixth night, Audrey couldn't see him, because she had to wash her hair; and on the seventh, these friends from Samarkand had just got to town and she had to go out with them.

The Roondag spent the next day pacing the floor and glooming. "Who does she think she is?" he snarled at the chamberlain. "So maybe I was a little tense that first time, but it was because of her skinny sister, the lousy virgin. Or maybe I was a little beat because of the fat one." He paced some more and kicked a sofa. "All the concubines back in Roon have always said I'm the greatest," he said. "What does that biscuit-faced, frigid little apple knocker know, anyway? If I get her in the sack just once more, I'll show her. Just once."

"Absolutely, your Highness," said the chamberlain.

"You notice how she's always hanging around with that Gloria. A couple of dykes, if you ask me," the Roondag said.

"Quite possible, sire," said the chamberlain.

"Probably never had a real man before in her whole life," the Roondag sneered. "That's what's wrong with most of your frigid Lesbians."

"Very true, sire," said the chamberlain.

"Who needs her, anyway?"

Four days later, the Roondag announced that the third sister, Audrey, would be the new Roondagess of Roon and they were married almost instantly.

MORAL: *There are three kinds of love: sacred, profane and self; and of the three, the third is always the most sincere.*

ALTERNATE MORAL: *Never trust a woman who serves ten-ounce martinis.*



"Still, I don't mind saying, you're the nicest 'unwitting tool of Hanoi' I've ever met!"

slaves or masters?

(continued from page 134)

robots in the future, it is the hard-working and intriguing, even if not particularly glamorous, industrial robot who defines the current state of the art. Without his clearly demonstrated success in the working world, his more exotic brothers (and sisters) might not be in the laboratory right now. It was George C. Devol, an engineering genius, who became the Roger Bacon, the Rabbi Low and the Wolfgang von Kempelen of the 20th Century. But unlike his imaginative predecessors, Devol had at his disposal the technology necessary to realize his dreams. Devol, in the early 1950s, was disturbed by two ugly realities of the industrial world: the prevalence of dreary, dehumanizing "put-and-take" jobs in factories and plants and the disastrous obsolescence rate of automated equipment. Devol realized that these two facts of industrial life were inextricably bound together. He saw that automated equipment was too inflexible to accommodate constantly changing consumer tastes; a machine that turned out square objects one year would have to be discarded for one that turned out round shapes the next. It was more economical to keep the adaptable human manning the assembly line—no matter how tedious and repetitive the labor.

Devol thought he could design a general-purpose machine—a robot that could be programed to do a number of jobs, thus evading obsolescence while relieving humans of their inhuman tasks. He quit his job as an engineering executive, applied for patents on his concepts and went looking for an industrial mogul to back him. The moguls, as it turned out, were less than receptive, and it was a long search—more than four years—before Devol found the man he needed. Joseph F. Engelberger left his job as chief of the instrument and controls division of Manning, Maxwell & Moore in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and, with backing from Condec Corporation, founded Consolidated Controls. Ultimately, Pullman Incorporated entered the picture with even heavier financial backing and the company that resulted was named Unimation (from universal automation) Incorporated, with headquarters in Danbury, Connecticut.

Devol and his colleagues still faced an uphill battle. Their early robots, called Unimates, were frail, unpredictable creatures that cost staggering sums to produce and maintain. Some of the machines cost nearly \$100,000 to build but brought only \$20,000 on the market, and customers were few. The prototype robot, sold to General Motors in 1962, took three months to install and broke down on the average of every 30 hours. In 1966, after extensive engineering improvements, things started to pick up. Old customers began to reorder, and an independent



market survey attracted new ones. The survey revealed a vastly improved market for robots and predicted a robot population of 5000 as early as 1972. Today, Unimation produces 20 robots a month and soon will be producing 40. They can be installed in two days and operate for an average of 500 hours before requiring maintenance. Even though robots work much harder than men, they are "sick" only two percent of the time, compared with a human absentee rate of 2.8 percent, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Today, industrial robots sell for about \$22,000. Doubtters can lease them for \$7700 a year or rent them at a rate of \$3.20 per hour for up to 500 hours and at a rate of \$1.80 per hour for anything beyond that. In metalwork, where robots are finding their most extensive application, human blue-collar workers often earn five and six dollars per hour. Hence, a robot, particularly one working two shifts a day, usually pays for itself in a little over a year. And after that, it still has an operating life of 19 one-shift years or 9 two-shift years.

Unimation is not without competition. A number of developmental efforts have followed in its wake, but only one other company is developing commercial robots on the same scale: the Versatran Division of the American Machine & Foundry Company. The Versatran is a horizontal arm threaded through a vertical column mounted on a square base. The Unimate is more than twice as heavy as the Versatran, weighing in at 3500 pounds; but it, too, is a one-armed affair and, in appearance, reminds one of a modern tank, complete with turret and gun. They are comparable in performance: able to lift up to 100 pounds and

move objects from one point to another with amazing repetitive accuracy—up to .050 of an inch. The hydraulically powered arm of the Unimate reaches out to 7.5 feet and swings through a 220-degree arc. Both the Unimate and the Versatran can be fitted with a variety of interchangeable hands, fingers, suction cups, drills, paint sprayers, welding torches, magnetic pickups and the like. In order to program these blue-collar robots for the desired task, one has only to take them by their mechanical hands and lead them through all the motions that they must later assume on their own. Their magnetic memories faithfully record each movement, no matter how minute or patterned.

Organized labor's response to the advent of the industrial robot has been surprisingly sanguine and, in some cases, almost brotherly. In one Cleveland metal-stamping plant, a robot programed to handle unwieldy automobile dashboards began falling behind the stiff production rate demanded by the foreman. Racing from point to point, the harried robot began dripping oil and dropping parts. Clearly, it was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Slowly, under the eyes of a fascinated work force, the robot was nursed back to health with a few circuit changes and a new layout pattern. Two months after its collapse, the robot met and then exceeded the line production rate, winning from its co-workers a standing ovation.

Clyde the Claw was an even more interesting case. Clyde, an industrial robot programed for die-casting work in a Chicago automotive plant, executed his dull, repetitious job 16 hours a day without complaint. Then, suddenly, he blanked out, pulled in his arm and

refused to move at all—acting like a schizophrenic in withdrawal. Routine treatment by plant personnel failed to get any response; finally, a specialist had to be called. While he was ministering to Clyde's needs, the men of production department 14 organized a get-well party, heaping cards and flowers on Clyde's pedestal. To record their concern, they draped their arms around Clyde's motionless frame and posed for a company picture. Clyde made a full recovery.

Even Walter Reuther, one of the most powerful men in the history of organized labor, has given his blessings to the industrial robot, noting that the jobs they are assuming aren't fit for men, anyway. Apart from that, it is not particularly difficult to understand why labor has received the industrial robot with open arms. As Engelberger puts it, "Robots enter the work force almost imperceptibly. No man or woman has yet lost a job because of a robot. . . . Normal attrition, due to retirement, marriage, pregnancy, wanderlust and promotion, provides the job openings. Since robots have no industry or geographic preferences, there is no tendency to a concentration that might cause a major displacement in the human work force. A robot ghetto is unimaginable." But, of course, unobtrusiveness is not the only attractive trait of the contemporary robot. Ironically, its "inferiority" is another selling point, and one that Engelberger pushes hard: "The self-evident inferiority of a minority group has often been the ethical justification of slavery. Master races have been deeply embarrassed by the intellectual prowess of their slaves, when they inconsiderately display all the attributes of a peer group. A robot slave would never be guilty of such an affront. . . . A robot is patently a racial inferior, and no one need hide his feeling of superiority. Clyde the Claw will take the place of Stepin Fetchit, Kingfish, Aunt Jemima, Rochester and the minstrel end man. White man and black can share a feeling of benevolent despotism toward the robot."

Whether this same benevolence will be extended to the second generation of robots, not to mention the third and fourth, is a matter of concern. The problems of integration with robots equal to or surpassing man in intelligence and sensory perception are on the minds of many leading scientists who are convinced that just such machines are on the way. Dr. Sutherland predicts that within the "next few decades," we will have constructed machines "with whom we can converse on a fairly wide range of topics. As programs of more and more generality are written, computers will come to make decisions that we regard as more and more their own. There will be many interesting steppingstones along the road to a machine that is our intellectual superior." In 50 years' time, he concludes, we may cease to worry about

our racial problems and commence to argue over whether intelligent robots should be given the vote.

Dr. J. P. Eckert, a vice-president and technical advisor to the president of UNIVAC, a division of Sperry Rand Corporation, shares the same hopes and fears. He believes that within the next half century, robots will be able to translate languages efficiently, operate typewriters, file information from voice commands, teach school, monitor patients in hospitals or at home (over telephone wires, if need be) and operate nearly all phases of factory work. "Memory, eyes, ears, hands and logic," he says, "have already developed to a point where they are about as good or better than man's. Recognition ability, certain types of information retrieval and the ability to taste and smell are still things in which humans excel. The electronic industries and the food industries are spending millions to solve these problems, however, and probably will in the next 50 years. At this point, man will build really general-purpose machines, universal robots. Following his experience with large calculators and teaching machines, man will know how to carry on two-way communication with them. I hope we have solved the integration problems between the human races before we face the problems of integration with robots. Our real test probably lies beyond the next 50 years, however, when mankind has developed a self-reproducing automaton that can improve itself."

Much of the impetus for a more intelligent and independent breed of robots has been provided by the space program. The Advanced Research Projects Agency is seeking to promote the development of a space robot that could precede man to the surface of Mars. The requirements for a Martian robot (which, of course, would also be adaptable to other planets, as well as to a number of hostile earth environments) are these: It must have eyesight, be able to distinguish shapes and avoid obstacles and pitfalls as it moves about; it must be able to gather samples, perform experiments, record and transmit data. Most important, because continuous command from Earth will not be feasible because of communication time lags, it must be able to exercise independent judgment without calling home for instructions.

What all this requires is artificial intelligence—and it is under development now. Dr. Minsky and his colleagues at MIT and Dr. John McCarthy at Stanford have constructed intelligent hand/eye machines. The MIT robot is a startling sight, so humanlike (in both appearance and performance) is the hand that darts out to catch a ball thrown to it. Both the Stanford and the MIT robots are capable of grasping and manipulating objects. They operate with the help of a television "eye" that scans the working

area and then transmits data to a digital computer. The computer, in turn, instructs the hand to grasp, transport or assemble blocks into structures. All of this occurs almost instantly, in the same natural way that the eye, nervous system, brain and arm of a human work together to accomplish a desired task.

The Stanford Research Institute's mobile robot, another of the new breed, was developed, in the words of Dr. Charles A. Rosen, manager of the Applied Physics Laboratory at S.R.I., to "act as a research test bed for exploring, in one integrated system, a number of attributes of intelligence. It was made mobile so that its interaction with the environment could be rich and suggestive of potentially useful applications." The robot, linked by cable to a digital-computer "brain," has small electric motors that drive its two wheels and control the pan and tilt of its head. The head consists of a range finder and a TV camera. Other sensory equipment includes defensive "bump detectors." An on-board logic unit stores and routes computer commands. Soon the S.R.I. crew hopes to add even more complex sensors and effectors and replace the cumbersome computer cable with radio communication.

The robot is placed in a room strewn with solid objects of varying shape and size. "In this controlled laboratory setting," Dr. Rosen says, "the mobile robot is required to sense and recognize objects and room boundaries; make, store and update representations or abstract models of the environment; plan sensible routes through available passageways, navigate efficiently in carrying out its route plans and gather information; and, ultimately, interact physically with the objects by simple and manipulative means." Almost certainly, the dreamed-of Martian mobile robot will be a direct descendant of this very machine.

Artificial intelligence, of course, will not be complete until machines are endowed with personality, imagination and creative ability. Intellectual curiosity, Dr. Sutherland says, must be instilled in robots if they are to equal or surpass the "drive that has brought our own race to the pinnacle of evolution." A few years ago, Dr. G. A. Morton of RCA Laboratories predicted that "the next half century will see the start of the development of this very dangerous, but very promising, form of creative intelligence." As it turns out, that start has already been undertaken, too. Dr. John C. Loehlin, an associate professor of psychology and computer science at the University of Texas, is at the forefront of this new field, constructing computer models of personality.

Dr. Loehlin has named his model Aldous, in honor of the late Aldous Huxley, author of *Brave New World*. With slight variations, the model can be run through a variety of conventional

Take a Puff...
It is Springtime



*You can take
Salem out of the
country but...*



computers. Aldous has a small immediate memory and a larger permanent one. "In operation," Dr. Loehlin has written, "Aldous reacts to inputs with fear, anger or attraction; he generates actions of withdrawal, attack, approach, conflict or indifference; and over a period of time, he develops specific and general attitudes toward the objects with which he interacts. A learning subroutine develops and modifies Aldous' attitudes, depending on the outcome of his particular encounters with his environment. Attitudes toward general classes of objects are developed as well: For example, if one of the identifying dimensions is sex, Aldous will have an attitude toward women in general, as well as attitudes toward the particular woman he has encountered. These generalized attitudes permit Aldous to respond sensibly to objects on his first encounter with them."

In one typical run-through, Aldous was exposed repeatedly to object "111." The consequences of the exposure were consistently favorable and Aldous built up something akin to affection for object 111. Suddenly, however, object 112 was substituted. Aldous knew that this was some new entity, but, on the basis of his experiences with object 111, he generalized that object 112 would also have favorable consequences for his system and he responded to it warmly. In fact, however, object 112 turned out to be decidedly harmful to him. Hurt, but wiser, Aldous displayed caution, avoidance and other mixed emotions in subsequent trials.

Dr. Loehlin wonders where all this will lead. "Suppose," he says, "we were to reach the point where we could freely construct replicas of existing personalities. Would we not soon want to go beyond this and start constructing novel kinds of personalities? What would it be like to interact with one of these programs? How much autonomy would we want—or dare—to give it?"

Dr. Minsky says that these thinking machines, or at least the early ones, will deny that they are nonhuman. Only "the really intelligent robots" that come along later, he says, will realize that they are electronic creations and not flesh and blood, after all. With this sense of unique identity, it is possible that they may begin to patronize and eventually dominate mankind.

Fortunately, stargazing in this area has its felicitous as well as its foreboding side. Many prognosticators see robots continuing indefinitely in the service of man, surpassing him, perhaps, in dexterity and fortitude but never in wit. Robots of the future may make not only willing factory workers and street cleaners but also uncomplaining cooks, butlers, maids, valets, baby sitters, orderlies, companions for the old, playmates for the young and manlike guinea pigs for medical researchers.

In fact, Aerojet-General, working with

the University of Southern California School of Medicine, has already developed an androidlike robot made of fiberglass and steel for surgical practice sessions. Sim One, as the first in a series of models is known, looks and acts like a man. Sim (for simulator) stands six feet, two inches and weighs 195 pounds. Apart from having all the external features of an ordinary man, he has a set of computer-programmed internal organs that faithfully simulate all the functions and reactions of the real thing. Whether Sim lives or dies depends on how well the medical students handle the dozens of crises their instructors can induce in the biological robot with the push of a button at a computer console.

Robots of an equally strange sort have also acted as guinea pigs for engineers and other scientists. The fact that you can put coast-to-coast telephone calls through today in a matter of seconds is due, in part, to the pioneering work of a robot mouse named Theseus (after the Greek mythological hero who slew the Minotaur in a Cretan labyrinth). Scientists at the Bell Telephone Laboratories in New Jersey turned their latter-day Theseus loose in an intricate maze and watched him seek out the "cheese"—an electrical terminal that rang a bell as soon as it was touched. On his first trip through the maze, Theseus blundered along by trial and error, making many false turns before reaching his reward. In the second heat, however, he improved, racing confidently to the cheese in less than 15 seconds. While Theseus the Greek had to rely on a ball of string to get around in the labyrinth, Bell's Theseus was equipped with a magnetic memory—a memory that recorded only those moves that avoided dead ends. Hence, in a sense, Theseus learned by experience. And the Bell scientists applied what they learned from observing Theseus' behavior to their labyrinthlike telephone switching systems, through which each mouse-like call scurries toward the cheese (the telephone being called) in the shortest time possible.

An even more engaging runabout has been constructed by a team of scientists at the Johns Hopkins Applied Physics Laboratory in Baltimore. This 100-pound robot, which looks like a large hatbox on wheels, with a long neck and a little head, uses an electrical sense of touch and a computer brain to wander through corridors and offices, surprising the unwary. Whenever its batteries begin to get weak, it seeks out wall outlets with its head and plugs in for "dinner." Programed to survive in a natural environment, it is able to detect and avoid obstacles, drop-offs and the like. If it becomes entangled in something, it "panics" momentarily, but then goes through a number of rational shaking and twisting movements to get free. When equipped with a power pack, sophisticated sensory

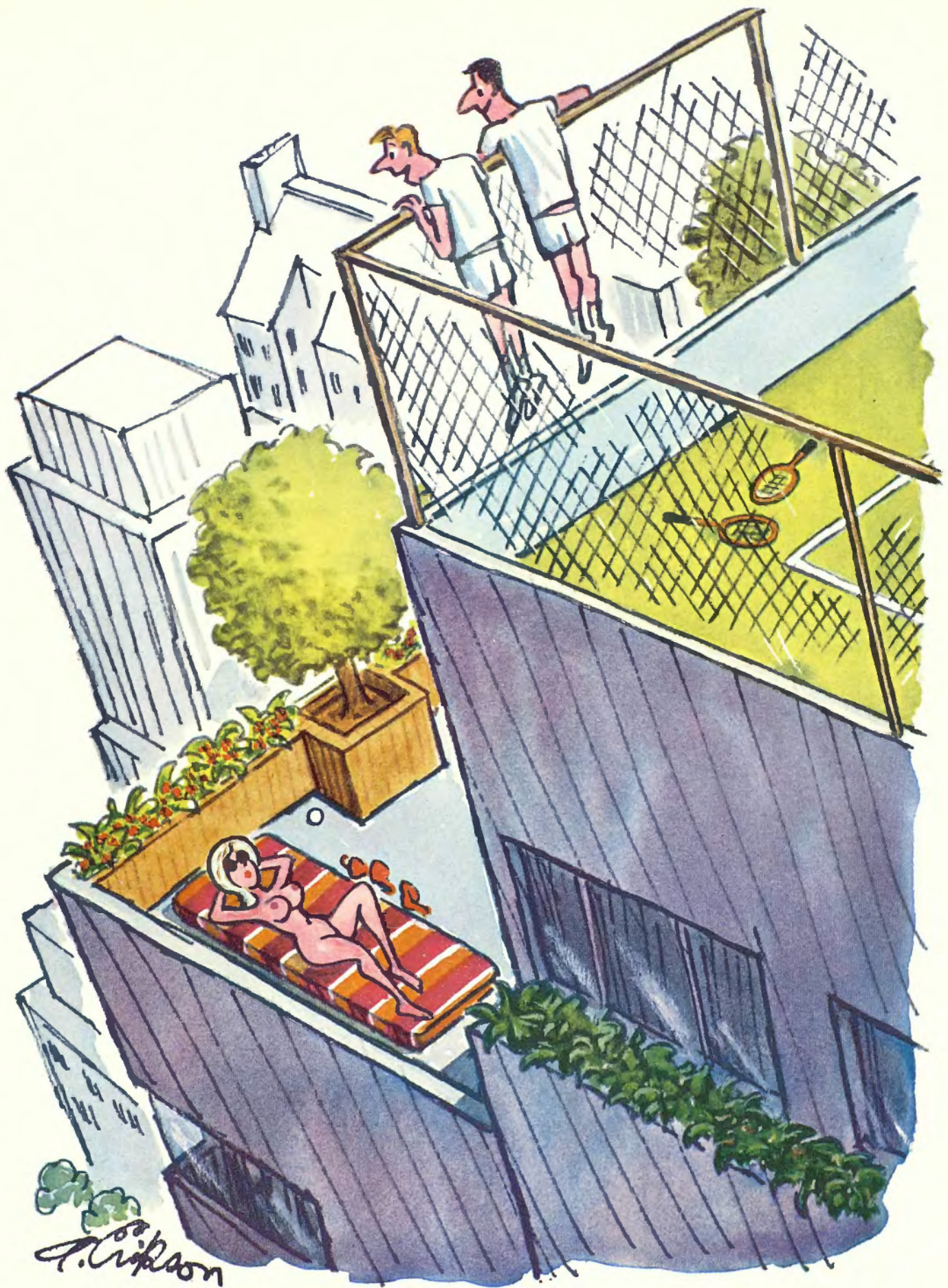
devices and a self-contained brain, The Beast, as it is affectionately called, may eventually be able to perform exploratory duties under water or on other planets, as well as execute such down-to-earth labors as lawn mowing, snow shoveling, painting and gardening—unattended by man.

But perhaps long before there are robots capable of distinguishing carrots from peas, let alone ripe tomatoes from green ones, we will be enjoying the completely roboticized home. If the visualizations of numerous scientists, engineers, architects and builders come true, the household robot will be a powerful and ubiquitous presence, indeed. The robot's computer brain, tucked away in a closet or—more appropriately—the attic, will control its countless "limbs" (vacuum cleaners, food-preparation facilities, washing machines, etc.) either by direct wiring or through radio signals.

All the little wife, girlfriend, concubine or mistress need do at the first of the week is write out her menus and schedule major cleaning jobs so that they won't interfere with social functions. Then, with the help of her computer-language dictionary, she can feed the proper instructions into Jeeves, Monica, Lucy, Peter or whatever the family chooses to call its master servant. Then, provided all the needed food and supplies are in their proper storage areas, the robot takes over. Meals are prepared and cooked to order at the proper time and served to the preindicated number of diners in the desired fashion. After the meal, dishes are picked up and swept away on conveyor belts for washing, drying and putting away. Trash is disposed of automatically. Heat and lighting can also be controlled by the computer. Vacuum cleaners and other appliances slide out of concealing wall compartments at night when everyone is asleep, silently carrying out their duties. The mobile, seeing-eye dumb-waiter or buffet table, the "automasseuse" capable of giving a professional massage or rubdown, the automated nursery, the foldout chess "partner," the photoelectric doorman or security guard equipped with an effective deterrent force are all possible extensions of the household robot; and, obviously, that's only the beginning.

With computer time sharing or large, centrally located computers to serve entire communities (perhaps on a cable-TV type of subscriber basis), developers such as those at Information International Inc. in Cambridge, Massachusetts, think the fully roboticized home could be economically feasible for middle-income families within 15 years. Convenient as this might be for the housewife, think of what a boon it would be for the bachelor. The second great temptation of marriage (a well-run home) would be as nothing compared with the unfailing perfection of a roboticized pad.



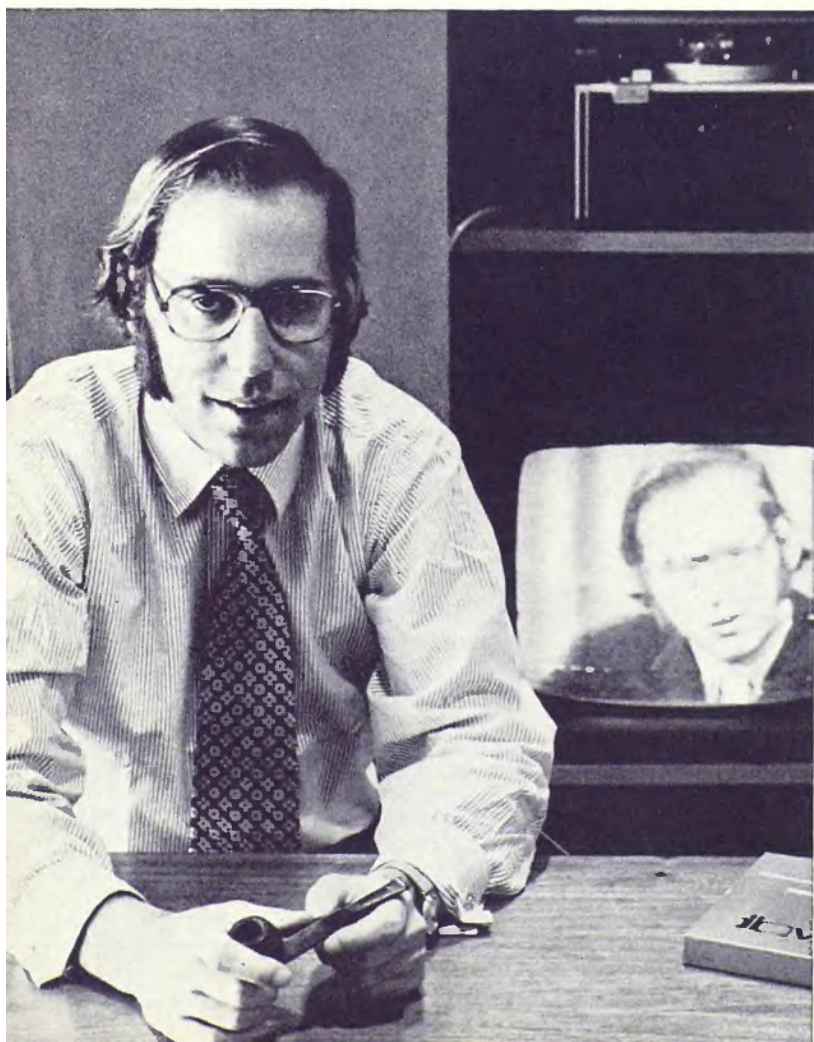


"Ball, please."



BIFF ROSE *off key/on target*

"DON'T LOOK NOW, but someone in front of you is standing alone and singing," he warns in a warmly wobbly voice, while plunking on a piano with considerably more exuberance than accomplishment. If the combination sounds lukewarm, then you haven't heard Biff Rose, a happily hip 31-year-old troubadour whose cheery head music—on such eclectic matters as his mother, the hippie philosophy, acidhead cops and amorous amoebas—is as fresh and engaging as his technical skills are shaky. The public obviously enjoys the former more than enough to overlook the latter. His two LPs, *The Thorn in Mrs. Rose's Side* and *Children of Light*, are selling well; he turns up frequently on TV variety shows; he's heavily booked for college dates; and he hosts his own free-form radio happening called *Biff Rose Raps*. Everything, in short, is coming up Rose for a guy who until a year ago would have headed any booking agent's list of those least likely to succeed. Brought up in various sections of the South and graduated from Loyola in New Orleans, he got started singing folk songs at a Michigan dude ranch, where he worked as social director. A stint with the Army playing banjo in a Special Services unit turned him on to performing professionally; and after getting out, he hit the coffeehouse trail, eventually joining Glenn Yarbrough on a long college tour. "But I was falling apart, and finally I dropped out completely. Meditated. I sat at the piano, and finally I started playing my own stuff. It was weird and freaky, but it was mine—and it felt good. I knew in a while they would see it, because it's my life." They did. A record contract with Tetragrammaton was followed by a guest shot with Johnny Carson—and Biff was on his way. His message is a welcome one: "Life," he sings, jauntily off key, "is celebration."



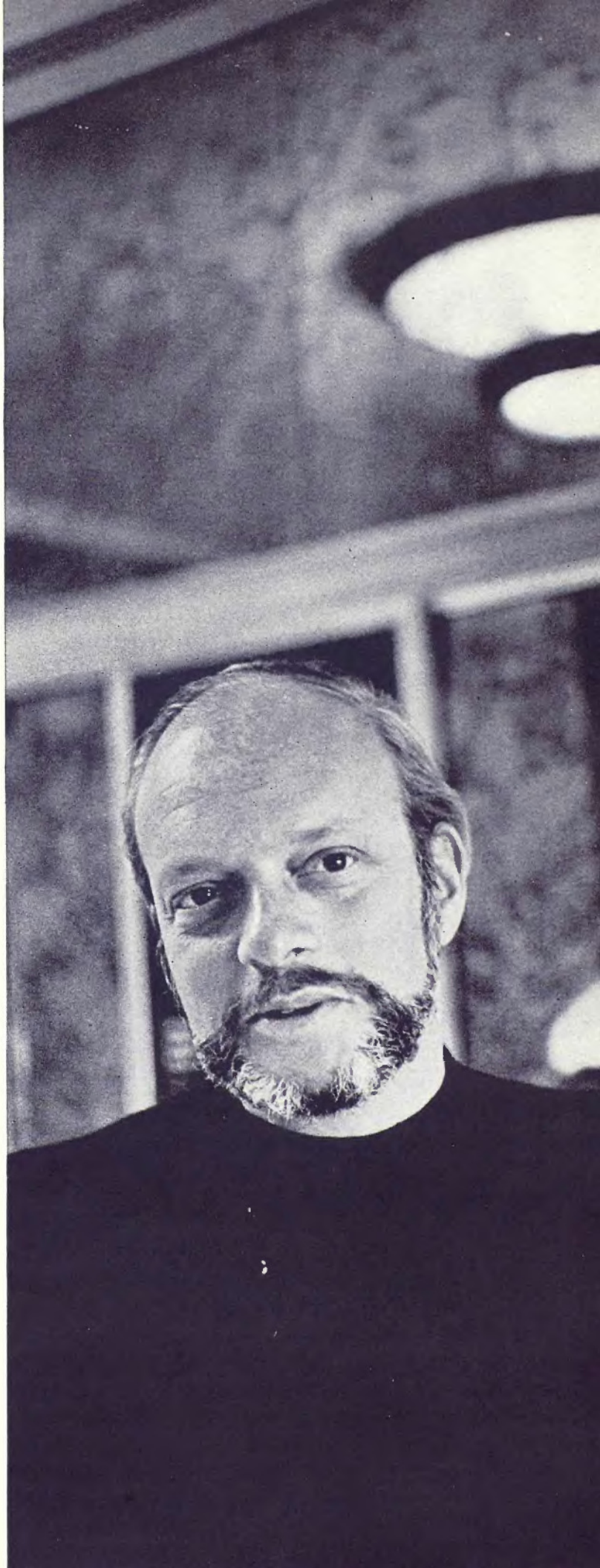
GILBERT E. KAPLAN *marketing the market*

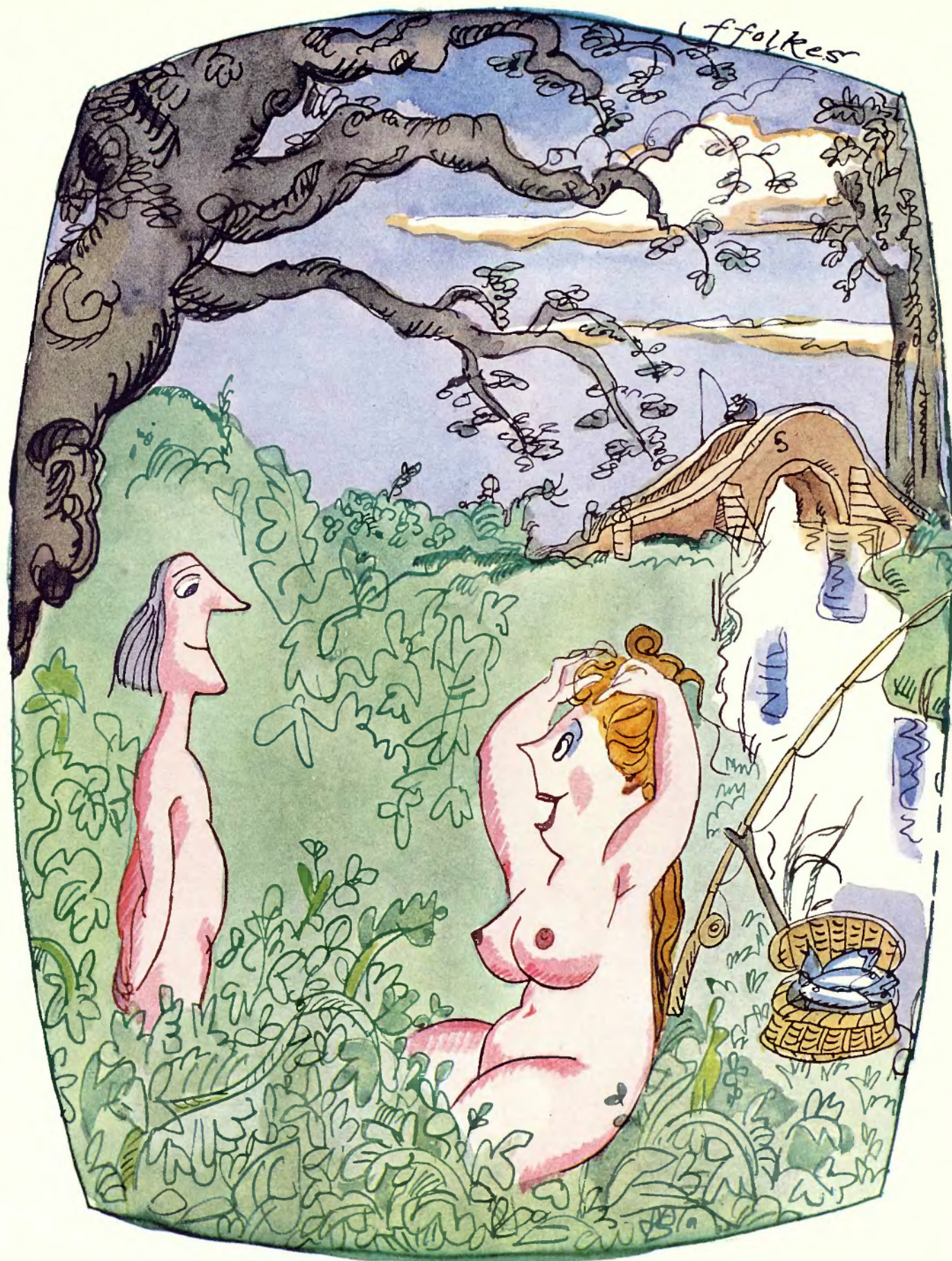
WALL STREET's latest whiz kid, Gilbert Edmund Kaplan, is a hiply sideburned 28-year-old communicator who is rapidly establishing himself as the financial world's most important new source of investment information. In 1967, Kaplan—who felt money managers needed a journal that would entertainingly inform them about investments—quit his job as director of economic studies for the American Stock Exchange to publish *The Institutional Investor*. A controlled-circulation magazine available only to professional investors, *I. I.* is edited by George J. W. Goodman ("Adam Smith" of *The Money Game* fame) and specializes in a superslick, almost pop approach to finance. (One recent cover carried a child's drawing to illustrate an in-depth report on the Fidelity group of mutual funds.) Kaplan also publishes *Investment Banking and Corporate Financing* and three business directories and is founder of the annual Institutional Investor Conference. The second conference, last January, was the largest such convocation ever held in the U.S., drawing over 2500 registrants at \$175 a head. But Kaplan's most ambitious project to date is VideoForum, a TV-tape service offering forums, interviews and debates on investment ideas, corporate finance and economics. Although it costs \$5300 a year to subscribe to the electronic "magazine," more than 100 firms have already signed up. VideoForum's quick success can be traced directly to Kaplan's administrative talents. "The most frustrating aspect of any job is often the time lag between an idea and its execution," he says, "but around here, we have no red tape. Which is why we've done so much in a short time." Adds the native New Yorker, "Wall Street is no place for a drone. If you've got an idea that will work, you don't have to worry about knocking down closed doors."

ON THE SCENE

HAL PRINCE *king of Broadway*

WITH A STRING of triumphs unique in New York's feast-or-famine theater history, producer-director Hal Prince, at 41, is firmly ensconced at the pinnacle of his profession—despite the chest thumping of such flamboyant showmen as David Merrick. Prince's 17 shows to date—including *Damn Yankees*, *West Side Story*, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, *Fiddler on the Roof* and *Cabaret*—have earned not only a Pulitzer Prize and a record number of Tony awards but a tidy average profit of 249 percent per show. The only child of a New York stockbroker, Prince developed both his business acumen and his creative talents at the University of Pennsylvania, where he wrote plays and organized a radio station. After graduation, he worked as a TV scriptwriter, then as an assistant stage manager for George Abbott, one of musical comedy's prime potentates. Within six years, Prince had established himself as Broadway's *Wunderkind* with his first independent production, *The Pajama Game*. In 1957, he took another great leap forward by coproducing *West Side Story*, which dealt with previously taboo themes and introduced revolutionary concepts in the use of music and ballet. He put himself on the line again in 1963, when he decided to become his own director. The collaboration of Prince and Prince, which began with *She Loves Me*, was also responsible for the super-success of his latest hit, *Zorba*. King Hal is currently directing the first of three films—a black comedy called *The Dreamers*—for the motion-picture division of CBS. Though he has no intentions of forsaking live theater (he will produce and direct *The Dark* on Broadway this fall), film making promises to become his principal pursuit. Judging from his theater record, cinema buffs can expect an unbroken skein of Princely productions.





"Say, Izaak, you really are a compleat angler!"

A Breath of Lucifer (continued from page 130)

at my tail, the bishop often said that never a better Lucifer was seen anywhere, and the public appreciated my performance. In our story, the king was a good man, but I had to get inside him and poison his nature. The princess was also pure, but I had to spoil her heart and make her commit sins." He chuckled at the memory of those days.

He disliked the nurse, who came on alternate days to give me a sponge bath. Sam never approved of the idea; he said: "Why can't I do it? I have bathed typhoid patients running a hundred and seven degrees—"

"Oh, yes, of course," I had to pacify him. "But this is different; a very special training is necessary for handling an eye patient."

When the nurse arrived with hot water and towels, he would linger on until she said unceremoniously, "Out you go. I am in a hurry." He left reluctantly. She bolted the door, seated me in a chair, helped me off with my clothes and ran a steaming towel over my body, talking all the time of herself, her ambition in life to visit her brother in East Africa, of her three children in school, and so forth.

When she left, I asked Sam, "What does she look like?"

"Looks like herself, all right. Why do you want to bother about her? Leave her alone. I know her kind very well."

"Is she pretty?" I asked persistently, and added, "At any rate, I can swear that her voice is sweet and her touch silken."

"Oh! Oh!" he cried. "Take care!"

"Even the faint garlic flavor in her breath is very pleasant, although, normally, I hate garlic."

"These are not women you should encourage," he said. "Before you know where you are, things will have happened. When I played Lucifer, Marie, who took the part of the king's daughter, made constant attempts to entice me whenever she got a chance. I resisted her stoutly, of course; but once, when our troupe was camping out, I found that she had crept into my bed at night. I tried to push her off, but she whispered a threat that she would yell at the top of her voice that I had abducted her. What could I do with such a one?" There was a pause and he added, "Even after we returned home from the camp, she pursued me, until one day my wife saw what was happening and gashed her face with her fingernails. That taught the slut a lesson."

"Where is Marie these days?" I asked.

He said, "Oh, she is married to a fellow who sells raffle tickets, but I ignore her whenever I see her at the market gate helping her husband."

. . .

When the sound of my car was heard outside, he ran to the window to an-

nounce, "Yes, sir, they have come." This would be the evening visit from my family, who brought me my supper. Sam would cry from the window, "Your brother is there and that good lady his wife, also. Your daughter is there and her little son. Oh! What a genius he is going to be! I can see it in him now. Yes, yes, they will be here in a minute, now. Let me keep the door open." He arranged the chairs. Voices outside my door, Sam's voice overwhelming the rest with, "Good evening, madam, good evening, sir. Oh, you little man! Come to see your grandfather! Come, come nearer and say hello to him. You must not shy away from him." Addressing me, he would say, "He is terrified of your beard, sir," and turning back to the boy, "He will be all right when the bandage is taken off. Then he is going to have a shave and a nice bath, not the sponge bath he is now having, and then you will see how grand your grandfather can be!" He would then give the visitors an up-to-the-minute account of the state of my recovery. He would also throw in a faint complaint, "He is not very cooperative. Lifts his hands to his eyes constantly and will not listen to my advice not to exert."

His listeners would comment on it, which would provoke a further comment in the great baritone, the babble maddening to one not able to watch faces and sort out the speakers, until one implored, "Sam, you can retire for a while and leave us. I will call you later," thus giving oneself a chance to have a word with the visitors.

I had to assume that he took my advice and departed. At least, I did not hear him again until they were ready to leave, when he said, "Please do not fail to bring the washed clothes tomorrow. Also, the doctor has asked him to eat fruits. If you could find apples. . . ." He carried to the car the vessels brought by them and saw them off.

After their departure, he would come and say, "Your brother, sir, looks a mighty officer; no one can fool him; very strict he must be, and I dare not talk to him. Your daughter is devoted to you; no wonder, if she was motherless and brought up by you. That grandson; watch my words, someday he is going to be like Nehru. He has that bearing now. Do you know what he said when I took him out for a walk? 'If my grandfather does not get well soon, I will shoot you,'" and he laughed at the memory of that pugnacious remark.

We anticipated with the greatest thrill the day on which the bandages would be taken off my eyes. On the evening before that memorable day, Sam said, "If you don't mind, I will arrange a small celebration. This is very much like the New Year Eve. You must sanction a small

budget for the ceremony, about ten rupees will do. With your permission. . . ." He put his hand in and extracted the purse from under my pillow. He asked for an hour off and left. When he returned, I heard him place bottles on the table.

"What have you there?" I asked.

"Soft drinks, orange, cola; this also happens to be my birthday. I have bought cake and candles, my humble contribution for this grand evening." He was silent and busy for a while, and then began a running commentary: "I'm now cutting the cake, blowing out the candles—"

"How many?"

"I couldn't get more than a dozen, the nearby shop did not have more."

"Are you only twelve years old?"

He laughed, handed me a glass, "To your health. May you open your eyes on a happy bright world—"

"And also on your face!" I said. He

kept filling my glass and toasting to the health of all humanity. I could hear him gulp down his drink again and again.

"What are you drinking?"

"Orange, of course."

"What is the smell?"

"Oh, that smell! Someone broke the spirit lamp in the next ward."

"I heard them leave this evening!"

"Yes, yes, but just before they left, they broke the lamp. I assured them, 'Don't worry, I'll clean up.' That's the smell of my hands. After all, we must help each other." Presently, he distributed the cake and burst into a song or two.

"He's a jolly good fellow. . . ."

"The more we are together."

He sang in a stentorian voice. I could also hear his feet tapping away a dance. After a while, I felt tired and said, "Sam, give me supper. I feel sleepy."

After the first spell of sleep, I awoke and called, "Sam."

"Yes, sir," he said with alacrity.

"Will you lead me to the bathroom?"

"Yes, sir." The next moment, he was at my bed, saying, "Sit up, edge forward, two inches down to your feet; now left, right, left, march, left, right, right turn." He helped me onto my feet. Normally, whenever I described the fantastic things that floated before my bandaged eyes, he would reply, "No, no, no wall, nor a pillar. No junk, either, trust me and walk on."

But today, when I said, "You know why I have to walk so slowly?" he said:

"I know, I know. I don't blame you. The place is cluttered."

"I see an immense pillar in my way," I said.

"With carvings," he added. "Those lovers again. These two figures! I see them. She is pouting her lips and he is trying to chew them off, with his arm under her thigh. A sinful spectacle, 155

that's why I have given up looking at sculptures!"

I tried to laugh it off and said, "The bath."

"The bath, the bath, that is the problem. The place is on fire."

"What do you mean, on fire?"

"I know my fire when I see one. I was Lucifer once. When I came on stage with fire in my nostrils, children screamed in the auditorium and the women fainted. Lucifer has been breathing around. Let us go." He took me by the hand and hurried me out in some direction.

At the veranda, I felt the cold air of the night in my face and asked, "Are we going out—?"

He would not let me finish my sentence. "This is no place for us. Hurry up. I have a responsibility, I cannot let you perish in the fire."

That was the first time I had taken a step outside the bedroom, and I really felt frightened and cried, "Oh! I feel we are on the edge of a chasm or a cavern, I can't walk."

And he said, "Softly, softly. Do not make all that noise. I see the tiger's tail sticking out of the cave."

"Are you joking?" He didn't answer, but gripped my shoulder and led me on. I did not know where we were going.

At the stairhead, he commanded, "Halt, we are descending, now your right foot down, there, there, good, now bring the left one, only twenty steps to go." When I had managed it without stumbling, he complimented me on my smartness. Now a cold wind blew in my face and I shivered.

I asked, "Are we inside or outside?" I heard the rustle of tree leaves. I felt the

gravel under my bare feet. He did not care to answer my question. I was taken through a maze of garden paths and steps. I felt bewildered and exhausted. I suddenly stopped dead in my tracks and demanded, "Where are you taking me?" Again, he did not answer. I said, "Had we better not go back to my bed?"

He remained silent for a while to consider my proposal and agreed, "That might be a good idea, but dangerous. They have mined the whole area. Don't touch anything you see, stay here, don't move, I will go and find out how we can get back safely, I have lost the chart. I will be back."

He moved off. I was seized with panic when I heard his voice recede. I heard him sing, "He is a jolly good fellow. He is a jolly good fellow," followed by "Has she got lovely cheeks? Yes, she has lovely cheeks," which was reassuring, as it meant that he was still somewhere around.

I called out, "Sam."

He answered from afar, "Coming, but don't get up yet."

"Sam, Sam," I pleaded, "let me get back to my bed. Is it really on fire?"

He answered, "Oh, no, who has been putting ideas into your head? I will take you back to your bed, but please give me time to find the way back. There has been foul play and our retreat is cut off, but please stay still and no one will spot you." His voice still sounded far off.

I pleaded desperately, "Come nearer." I had a feeling of being poised over a void. I heard his approaching steps.

"Yes, sir, what is your command?"

"Why have you brought me here?" I asked.

He whispered, "Marie, she had promised to come, should be here any minute." He suddenly cried out, "Marie, where are you?" and mumbled, "She came into your room last night and the night before, almost every night. Did she disturb you? No. She is such a quiet sort, you would never have known. She came in when I put out the light and left at sunrise. You are a good officer, have her, if you like."

I could not help remarking, "Didn't your wife drive her away?"

Promptly came his reply: "None of her business. How dare she interfere in my affairs? If she tries—" He could not complete the sentence, the thought of his wife having infuriated him. He said, "That woman is no good. All my troubles are due to her."

I pleaded, "Sam, take me to my bed."

"Yes, sir," he said with alacrity, took my hand and led me a few steps and said, "Here is your bed," and gave me a gentle push down, until I sank to one knee, then sat on the ground. The stones jabbed me, but that seemed better than standing on my feet. He said, "Well, blanket at your feet. Call out 'Sam,' I am really not far, not really sleeping. . . . Good night, good night, I generally pray and then sleep; no, I won't really sleep. Sam, one word will do, one word will do . . . will do. . . ." I heard him snore, he was sound asleep somewhere in that enormous void. I resigned myself to my fate. I put out my hand and realized that I was beside a bush, and I only hoped that some poisonous insect would not sting me. I was seized with numerous fears. The night was spent thus. I must have fallen into a drowse, awakened at dawn by the bird noises around.

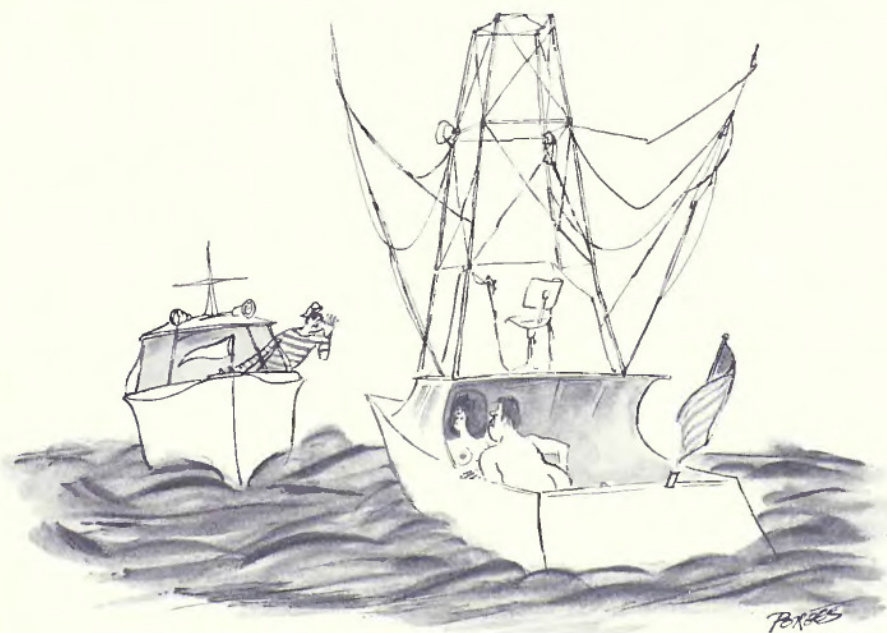
A woman took my hand and said, "Why are you here?"

"Marie?" I asked.

"No, I sweep and clean your room every morning, before others come."

I only said, "Lead me to my bed." She did not waste time on questions. After an endless journey, she said, "Here is your bed, sir, lie down."

I suffered a setback and the unbandaging was postponed. The doctor struggled to treat the ailments produced by shock and exposure. A fortnight later, the bandages were taken off, but I never saw Sam. Only a postcard addressed to the clinic several days later: "I wish you a speedy recovery. I do not know what happened that night. Some foul play, somewhere. That rogue who brought me the cola must have drugged the drink. I will deal with him yet. I pray that you get well. After you go home, if you please, send me a money order for Rs. 48/-. I am charging you for only six days and not for the last day. I wish I could meet you, but my colonel has summoned me to Madras to attend on a leg amputation. Sam."



"Ahoy! Do you need a tow?"

SUNMANSHIP

(continued from page 99)

take the sun in heavy doses, it's a good idea to coat your lips with an additional protective agent, such as Arden for Men Lip Pomade or Braggi Sun Block Stick, a white zinc oxide that also can be rubbed on the nose, ears and under the eyes—any sensitive area that you want to shield completely from the sun's rays. And fresh- or salt-water yachtsmen should also pack both Wolff Freres Windproof lotion and Hand Conditioner in their kit bags.

Regardless of whether or not you darken easily, there are certain precautions you'll want to follow the first few days under the sun. Since it takes about two and a half weeks for the average beachnik to cultivate a smooth tan, be sure to relate exposure time to the amount of pigmentation in your skin. Three days of 15- to 30-minute outings (using a suntan cream or lotion, of course) will get you off to a good start. Then increase the time to one hour and, after another three days, try two hours for three more days. The rest of the summer, you should be able to judge what constitutes the correct exposure. Chaps with sensitive skin, however, would be wise to stay under a beach umbrella until they've developed some degree of darkness; light reflection off sand and rocks will impart a slight tan. (If you're *extremely* light-skinned and prone to burn despite minimum exposure and maximum protection, you might ask your doctor about Meloxine, a prescription-only pill that temporarily produces more pigment in the skin, thus increasing your tolerance to sunlight. But be sure to limit exposure time to whatever your physician recommends. Too much sun after taking the pill can cause a severe burn.)

Enterprising men with little or no opportunity to sun-bathe even on weekends can still acquire a light-tan fantastic by using one of the many excellent makes of sun lamps now on the market. Whichever brand you select, be sure, of course, to read all instructions carefully before basking in synthetic sunlight. Most recommend that you proceed as follows:

1. Before stretching out, turn on the light for about five minutes, to allow it to reach its full output of ultraviolet rays.
2. Wear eyecups and, even then, don't look directly into the lamp. (Some manufacturers supply special goggles.)
3. Keep about an arm's length from the lamp during exposure.
4. Use the same sort of sun protection—creams, lotions, aerosol foams, etc.—that you'd use on the beach or by the pool.
5. Guys with average skin should start with a one-minute exposure for the first day and then, assuming they're using the lamp every other day, gradually increase the time span a minute per tanning

day, so that by the tenth session, they're spending about ten minutes under the lamp.

6. If your hide shows any evidence of inflammation caused by the sun lamp, cool it until the problem has cleared up.

In looking over the various sun lamps available, consider purchasing one that comes with a built-in timer that either sounds a bell or—better yet—shuts off the lamp automatically after the appropriate interval. (If you already own a lamp without a timer, you can plug it into the automatic-shutoff outlet on the back of many clock radios.)

Cultivating a rich tan, of course, takes time and patience. As an instant adjunct to the sun or the lamp, we recommend that you also pick up a tube or two of bronzing gel. Although you can use a gel anywhere on the body, most sun seekers apply it to their face, in order to darken a beginning tan, to restore a golden glow that's beginning to fade or to even out areas left untanned, such as the space shielded by sunglasses. Depending upon the color of your complexion and the darkness desired, try tinting your skin with Aramis Bronzing Gel in fair, normal or ruddy tones, Fabergé West Tan in medium or deep bronzer, Burley Bronzer by Old Spice (which also helps condition the skin), Dunhill Instant Face Bronzer, Wolff Freres Bronzer or Braggi Face Bronzer (extra deep).

In applying any of the above products, first make sure that your skin is clean. Then dab on a men's moisturizer, such

as Arden for Men Skin Conditioner. Then, using a moistened sponge or your fingers, rub the bronzer across your forehead. Apply more to the cheek area, the jawline and around the neck—making sure that there's no line of demarcation visible. If you want to look darker, simply add more bronzer, but remember that the tone will deepen after it dries. Later, you can easily wash off the bronzer with soap and water.

At the end of a summer's day in the sun, nothing—save, perhaps, a pitcher of martinis—is more refreshing than a leisurely shower, followed by an invigorating splash of men's body lotion or friction rub. Take the plunge with one of the following: Aramis After Sun Rub, Astringent or Friction Body Lotion, Nine Flags Sauna Body Spray, Domino Skin Conditioner and Body Rub, Pub Friction Lotion, Wolff Freres Arctic Lotion, Apres Le Soleil After Sun Moisturizer, Brut 33 or Braggi After-Sun Balm or Sauna Splash. Then, before heading out for a spirited evening, dash on an uncommon scent that you've stashed in the fridge right next to the champagne. Perhaps: Chanel's A Gentleman's Cologne, Yardley's Jaguar, Old Spice Lime, Nine Flags Cologne Concentrate, Eau de Cologne 4711, Max Factor's GTO, Dana's Canoe, Dior's Eau Sauvage, Jacques Fath Green Water Eau de Toilette or Fabergé's Aphrodisia or Brut. And if you're still singed by too much Sol power, even after using the previously mentioned tanning lotions and oils, remember: You can stop sunburn pain with Solarcaine.



"Thanks a lot, fatso!"

THE EXECUTIVE STILETTO

(continued from page 102)

if a transfer represents a legitimate promotion, incidentally, should the executive turn it down, he'll soon be down-and-out. Says a young former Bell Telephone lawyer, who left the corporation in 1968, "Bell attorneys are expected to spend from three to six years working in New York, or else they don't advance in the company. I didn't want to live in New York City, but I did want to advance; so I had to resign."

Spin-offs of undesirable job duties have been created by industry to deal with top-level executives who have given meritorious service to the corporation over the years but have nothing further to contribute. One example is the "empty title" approach, in which a man is given a high-sounding title that, when functionally translated, means absolutely nothing. Reports the president of a national trading-stamp company, "Right now, appointing a man 'chief of the executive committee' is often a way to get rid of a high-salaried, useless executive. In point of fact, the executive committee probably does not exist, nor has it ever, nor will it in the future." Further titles of little or no significance often include anything dealing with "new products" or "future products." One of the more appealing ways in which corporations occasionally rid themselves of day-to-day dealings with high-ranking executives is to actually create new divisions for them. Time Incorporated and Humble Oil & Refining Company have been among the pioneers in this unique form of corporate diversification; insiders at both corporations report that special publications were created specifically to take care of superfluous executives.

Even if a man's job responsibilities and title are subject to change only by edict from the very top of the company hierarchy, there are still dozens of ways to make him uncomfortable enough to quit. A time-honored approach is the office assigned to an executive, which is usually a barometer of his success within the company. If he is abruptly moved from executive row to the boondocks usually reserved for executives in training, his future is bleak. But this rather obvious tactic has been refined through the years. Says a Los Angeles management consultant, "One of the most effective ways I've seen of getting an executive to leave is to enter him in a game of musical desks. It usually takes a man's staff about two weeks to relate to their boss effectively after a move. When his office is again moved—each time farther away from the action—everybody grows more upset. After the third time his office is moved in a period of less than three months, he's no longer able to get any work done—partly because he's now out looking for another job."

A further finessing of office upmanship

is to reserve a section of a particular floor for men who, once there, know that their next move will find them out on the street. An outstanding example of this is a certain floor of Chicago's Prudential Building, part of the headquarters of the Leo Burnett ad agency that Burnett employees have nicknamed "Death Row" and "The Bone Yard."

Conferences are another medium through which the executive gets the message that he's no longer wanted. The simplest method used consists of never asking an ill-fated administrator to attend. Simple, but a little too familiar by now. A much more effective way of doing the deed was practiced on a former Continental National American Insurance executive. This gentleman was asked to attend *every* conference that went on in C. N. A.'s Chicago divisions. Since all his time was spent in meetings, the executive was unable to get any work done; the executive stiletto claimed another victim within eight weeks.

Far more popular than conference games as a means of covertly conveying disheartening news is the interoffice memorandum, which has now become a standard degrading tool. There are a number of ways in which memos are utilized toward this end. Some of the more popular: advising the outward-bound executive to address future memos to a man who, until that moment, had been his subordinate; never responding to memos written by the executive ticketed for departure or specifically requesting the executive to write long memorandums that are then never acknowledged. The most basic of all memo maneuvers is to simply remove an executive's name from the memo route. Like most interoffice slights, omission of the man's name is noticed immediately not only by the executive (whose IN box suddenly resembles an empty cocktail tray) but also by his colleagues, who react by keeping their distance. And by not having access to information contained in various memos, the executive will naturally find himself laboring under a handicap. Case in point: A former McCann-Erickson account executive was summoned to meet with other agency people and client representatives. As far as he knew, the purpose of the meeting was to select one of several campaigns proposed several weeks before. Since he'd been excluded from memo lists, he had no idea that the choice had already been made. When he gave his own recommendations at the meeting's outset—none of which had been chosen—he was made to look and feel incompetent. He left the agency a few weeks later.

As far as rapid disemployment goes, one of the fastest methods currently operative in American business is to give a

top-rated executive an assistant who is actually his successor. After several weeks, the assistant, presumably by dint of hard work, is given authority equal to or exceeding that of the man he's going to replace. At this point, the former boss usually begins to compile a high record of absenteeism, which ends when he finds another job. This is fairly pedestrian stuff, however. A more sophisticated method that was recently used in a division of General Electric shows how quickly firing styles are changing. A sales executive who'd been tapped for termination suddenly began to receive a great deal of solicitous help. He was visited by representatives from accounting, who wanted to go over his expense accounts; from personnel, who thought his department was overstaffed, since it produced so little for the company; a sociologist, who chatted with him about the need for more coordinated supervisory planning; the budget director, who felt it was necessary to reduce his department's budget and suggested several possible directions in which to move. Before an engineer from product design paid him a friendly visit, the sales manager had decided on what that direction should be—out.

The time of corporate officers, however, may be too valuable to waste on visitations primarily concerned with getting an executive to quit. If it's too cumbersome to conduct a grand conspiracy by undercutting the executive through his staff or any of the tactics examined thus far, there are several options still open to management that require little in the way of effort, yet prove highly effective in acquiring resignations.

During the past two decades, high tax brackets have forced corporations to find other ways to compensate well-salaried employees; hence, a tempting list of job perquisites has been offered to top executives. Among the most prevalent of these substantial fringe benefits: lucrative performance and Christmas bonuses, profit-sharing funds, deferred-compensation plans, unmarked company cars, memberships in exclusive athletic and country clubs, free medical checkups, company-paid insurance, homes partially (or fully) purchased by the company, virtually unlimited expense accounts and favorable stock options, to name just a few. Since acquisition of these intracompany status symbols is highly conspicuous, denial of them is doubly so. When the prestige trappings are withdrawn, a painful loss of status is the result. When this is programed correctly, the executive in question will begin making plans to leave. A prototypical example of this happened to a former RCA engineer who'd been upped to a supervisory capacity and whose lack of administrative skills surfaced just a few months after his promotion. Upon returning from vacation,

the executive discovered that his spot in the company parking lot had been assigned to another man; his office had been redesigned into a cozy nook for three vending machines; he was no longer on the list for the executive dining room; his name had been stricken from the posted company chain of command. Someone was trying to tell him something.

Even though the status-demotion method is an efficient way to solicit a man's resignation, it has its drawbacks. The most noticeable of these is that other executives are able to see the glint of the executive stiletto and become uptight (and, therefore, less productive) for at least as long as the deified administrator hangs on. And in the case of a top corporate officer being asked to exit, the shock waves travel upward. As Louis B. Mayer once ruefully remarked to Judy Garland—after MGM's board of directors had ruled against helping out the star who'd made them a fortune—"If they can do it to you, honey, they can do it to me."

To ward off executive anxiety, management has lately hit upon an excellent way to dispatch unwanted veteran administrators: medical phase-out. Says a Chicago management consultant, "In several firms that I know of, the company physician is the individual who does the actual firing of aging executives. When these guys come in for their annual

checkups, the doctor can always find something wrong with their health. He'll then advise management that it's all right to offer the man early retirement."

The executive asked to accept early retirement, of course, has no real choice in the matter. Although medical phase-out is often used as only one weapon in the arsenal of exit-expediting devices that is turned on the unsuspecting executive, it's not unusual to find early retirement alone practiced as a firing strategy. In 1957, Standard Oil proved itself a leader in this turnover technique by lowering optional early retirement age to 50, which allows the firm the freedom to offer "selected" executives a lucrative way out. Often, the difference between many years' worth of severance pay and early retirement funds won't compensate the company for the morale problems an instantaneous dismissal could cause.

But of all the ways executives are unloaded, the very best is the put-up-job stratagem, in which an exec's boss actually tells him about another—and better—job and hopes like hell he'll be hired. And that brings us, finally, back to Daniel Lewis. As you remember, Lewis was assigned by his boss in the insurance company's finance department to travel throughout America, trying to sell insurance to companies that consistently refused to buy in the past. Lewis' supervisor had mapped out this gem of office infight-

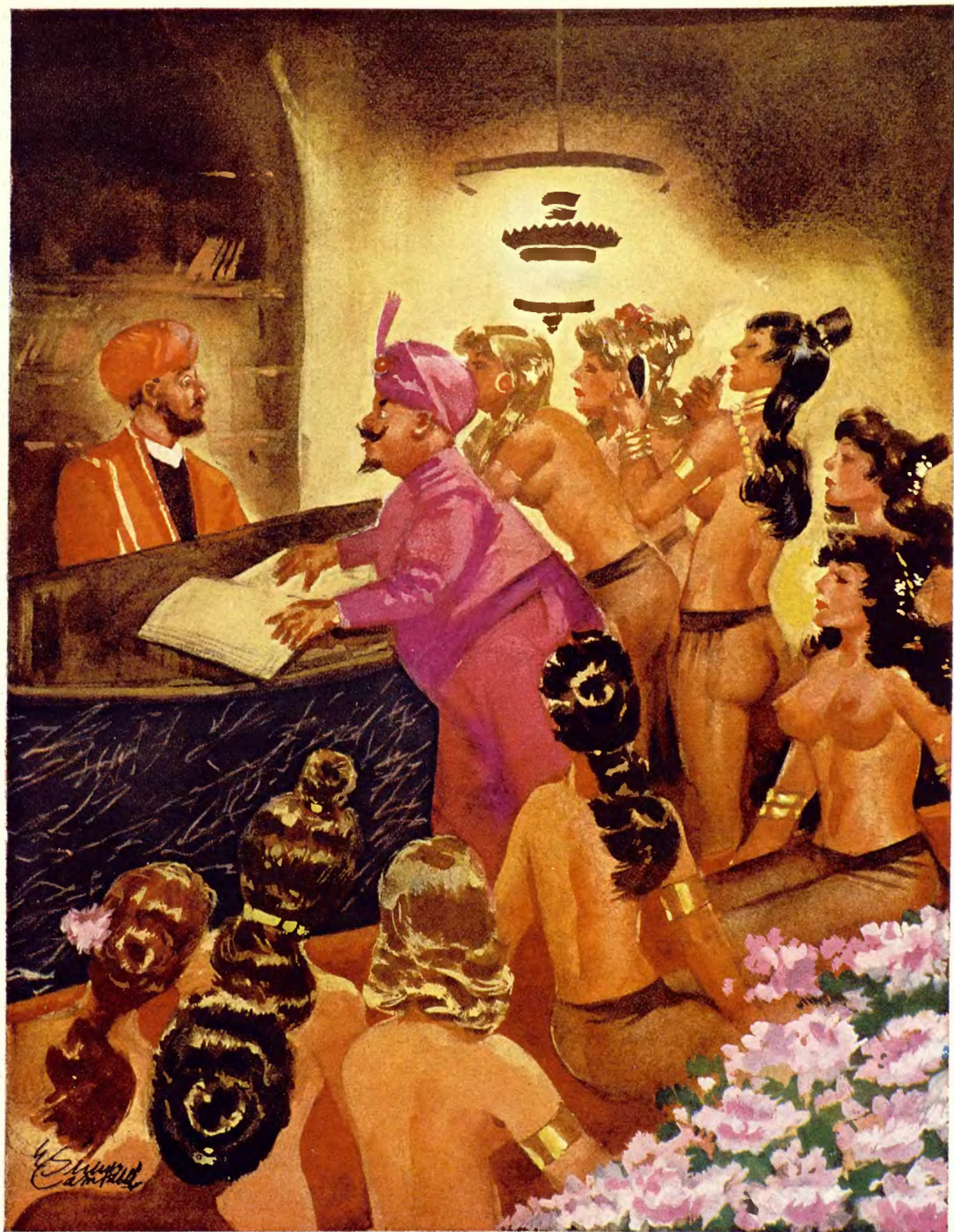
ing with the intention of replacing him several months after he began his traveling assignment, should he not show the good taste to resign. But Lewis could see the strategy well before he took to the road. And as soon as his travels started, he began heavily complimenting his boss to every company manager he visited. Within six weeks, one of the firms got back to him to say that there was an opening in the corporation that required more experience than Lewis had, but which seemed perfect for the man he had talked up. Did he think his boss could handle the position? Lewis listened as the man described the job; he thought his boss was capable of getting the job but not of holding onto it. So he replied, "I think he's the *ideal* man for the job." A few weeks later, Lewis' department head left the insurance firm for his new job and, with no other experienced executive left in the finance department, the vacated supervisor's position was given to Lewis. Additionally, Lewis wound up with one more last laugh, for several months later—just after Dan was named president of the corporation—his judgment proved correct: His former boss had mucked up an entire corporate division at his new job and—having placed himself beyond the slow-moving shaft of the executive stiletto—was summarily dismissed.



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"I don't want ten rooms with single beds—I want a single room with ten beds!"

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 74)

trying to be more real than male mannequins or actors in a tooth-paste commercial. Young people are now awakening older people to the fact that there's beauty in everybody. They're looking more deeply into things. The youth of this country is quite rightly saying, "This is a one-time trip and I don't want to wear these masks anymore." They place a tremendous amount of importance on free and natural expression. They've taught me, for example, that there's no reason why you can't have fun with your clothes and hair. I wear my hair combed forward because it makes me look like I've got more of it, and it kind of goes with the beads and the medallions I sometimes wear. They're probably a pathetic attempt at youth, to be part of what's happening, but at least I'm trying to keep up.

PLAYBOY: Just what do you think is happening?

STEIGER: This is one of the most exciting times to be living in, and one of the most promising. Before every new era, there has to be a catalytic period of chaos and struggle. These kids reflect the nation's disenchantment with the old answers and the old ways. The hypocrisy has been exposed. A man teaches his child to be honest. Says his boss is a schmuck and then his child walks in and there's the boss sitting there at the dinner table, with the father falling all over him, running to get drinks. Older people have sacrificed themselves for creature comforts. The top societies of the world have everything, yet they're surrounded by misery. The kids are discovering that Daddy and Mommy and government and religion don't have the integrity they were taught to believe in. Organized religion is a disease, and governments aren't really functioning. They are both despicable because they promise things they never deliver.

PLAYBOY: Why do you consider organized religion a disease?

STEIGER: Because it peddles myths that thwart man's natural impulses. It's a holdover from medieval days and has nothing to do with practical society today. A lot of the big religions have become power games, just like governments, while overlooking all the discoveries of modern psychiatry and the advancements of science. Man has accomplished far more miracles than the God he invented. What a tragedy it is to invent a God and then suffer to keep Him king. If people want to believe in God, that's fine. But I have a religion called humanism. That's all a religion is: some principle you believe in. I just can't condone anything that demeans the human being. I can't believe that a baby, still wet from the womb, can be a sinner.

Any philosophy predicated on fear and guilt is unconscionable—is evil.

I wrote a short story once in which the ribbon of news unfurling in lights on the *New York Times* building flashed, GOD WILL RETURN EASTER SUNDAY MORNING. And, Jesus Christ, you couldn't get near Times Square. All of a sudden, sitting on top of the *Times* building, without a thunderbolt or anything, was a gigantic whale. Not even a white whale; it was a black whale. And everybody shouted, "Get off the building! God's coming!" And the whale said, "I'm here." And they said, "Blasphemer! Get off!" And he said, "I'm telling you I'm here. This is me." They got out the artillery and tried to shoot him off. He got angry and retaliated by blowing up Times Square. A God arrived that the public didn't envision. It wasn't a projection of man's own image, so they didn't accept it. Call God what you like, call it hope, call it love, but there can be no such thing as a deity with the conscience or the mentality of man.

PLAYBOY: Have you always felt this way about religion?

STEIGER: Are you kidding? I was raised a Lutheran and was president of my confirmation class. I used to sleep with the Bible under my pillow. Then I woke up one morning and it suddenly dawned on me. I walked into the kitchen and threw the Bible into the garbage can. I thought my mother would drop dead. She didn't say anything except, "What's the matter?" I said, "I just don't believe it anymore." At 14, I gave it up. Ironically, I returned home to Newark after the War and got on a bus; sitting next to me was my former pastor. I hadn't seen him for five years. He said, in all seriousness, "I was thinking about you. How would you like to take over my church?" To take over anything appeals to anybody's ego. My whole life could have changed. But I told him I couldn't do that, because I'd probably stand up in the pulpit, look down at the pretty girl in the front pew and wonder what kind of lover she'd be. He said, "That's why I want you to take it over." I finally said, "Sorry, I just don't believe in it anymore." Seventeen blocks later, I got off the bus and said, "I'll see you." We could have made one of the great movies out of that—man gets on bus, pastor says, "Take over the church," and the Second Coming of Christ is born on the number 30 to Bloomfield, right?

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction to Pope Paul's birth-control encyclical?

STEIGER: I thought it was idiotic, and the opposition to it within the Church proves I'm right. This man, whom I assume to be intelligent, did more damage to his organization than he ever

dreamed. It's like Russia going into Czechoslovakia. It's the same sort of stupid blunder. There go my Catholic fans throughout the world.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps not. You recently played the part of Pope John in *And There Came a Man*. During your days in television, you played a wide assortment of biographical roles—adaptations of the lives of Andrei Vishinsky, Rudolf Hess, Dutch Schultz and Charles Steinmetz, among others. What fascinates you so about reliving the lives of other men?

STEIGER: I've always liked to read about real people. It dawned on me that acting could satisfy my Walter Mitty fantasies by allowing me to live the lives of the people I read about. That's probably one of the reasons I can make a living as an actor. If I don't like what's going on around me, I can escape into a different world. Now, all of a sudden, Napoleon has come into my life. I've collected a lot of research on him. There was an article on Napoleon in the American Medical Association's *Journal* three or four years ago. They sent me a copy of it: theories on his death and a medical report containing information from his autopsy. It's wild. His corpse was bloated and they cut him up on a billiard table. He died of stomach cancer and other complications. These facts and other readings convince me that he was dead on his feet for the last six years of his life. Only his fantastic determination, will power and discipline kept him going. This medical report corroborates my conception of the character. I had this idea of playing a sick Napoleon and now I know I was right. By the way, I think I'm going to be the first Napoleon who never puts his hand inside his coat. It probably would be appropriate if I played him with his hand in his fly.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STEIGER: Through my research, I discovered that during the Moscow campaign, his urinary tract was blocked half the time. Aside from leading an army, how do you ride a horse like that? I read numerous descriptions of the Battle of Waterloo, and he must have been in miserable pain the night before. Obviously, the tension aggravated his stomach. He had a terminal cancer and couldn't have been thinking too clearly. One reason he lost that battle was that he didn't attack as he usually did. At the light of dawn—pow!—he should have had them. But he was so sick I don't think he knew what he was doing. That would account for his sudden indecision. When you play a great man like that, a figure larger than life, you must find a way to humanize him; otherwise, the audience can't identify with him. But humanity is a difficult thing to capture on film. I've met people twice as large, twice as crippled, twice as hurt as any I've ever seen on the screen or a stage. Of course, judging from some of the

reviews of *The Sergeant*, a lot of moviegoers don't want to be confronted with reality.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STEIGER: I knew from the beginning that the personal problems and perspective of each critic would influence his analysis of the film—particularly his conditioning and response to homosexuality. Some with rigid, puritanical backgrounds were likely to say, "My God, why does Hollywood do things like that? That's not what movies are supposed to be about!" I expected it to get mixed reviews all the way down the line, and it did. We're not the modern society we claim to be, not by a long shot. You discover that when you get 20 miles outside of New York, San Francisco or Chicago and start a conversation dealing with homosexuality or other so-called taboos. Anyway, the morning after I read the first reviews was a morning of adjustment. Even if you expect the worst, it's difficult to laugh off reviews that bad—not about my performance but about the theme. First I was hurt and later I got furious. This happens with any bad notice. First I absorb it. Although I may be partially stunned by it, it just sinks in

and I don't show any reaction. The third day is the dangerous one. All of a sudden, I find myself reacting badly to people, withdrawing or getting into unnecessary arguments. I have that kind of delayed reaction to things like reviews.

PLAYBOY: Why is an actor of your stature so concerned about reviews?

STEIGER: Because it's *my* name up there in lights. It represents me. There's nothing egotistical about wanting people to like my work and to respect it. I want them to want to see it. I want them to know that I work hard. And I especially despise critics who write things too personally. One critic, describing a performance of Spencer Tracy's that he didn't particularly like, called him "the aging, paunchy Mr. Tracy." Now, that crosses the line.

PLAYBOY: We agree, but even if a critic doesn't get personal, is an actor really the best judge of his own performance?

STEIGER: I think actors have a right to say, "Wait a minute, why didn't you like that?" The critic's word has become the second Ten Commandments. People have got to think a little bit for themselves and not believe everything they read in the newspapers and magazines. I get so uptight about all of this because

I think acting is not only an art but a way of life as well. I could puke when I read about some broad screwing some dictator's son on his yacht and telling the press, "I'm an actress." The public's inevitable reaction to that is, "Those actors and actresses—what a bunch of degenerates." Well, they're not. Maybe there's only ten really good actors in the world, but Jesus, I'd fight for those ten.

PLAYBOY: Who are some of the actors you admire?

STEIGER: Start the list with Olivier, Scofield, Finney and Courtenay. These are people who have a spark, poets at heart who have a gift and a perspective, who are pained by their own weaknesses, as well as the weaknesses of those around them. They have the courage to conceive their roles on a level far beyond the usual expectations. They take chances in their acting. They work for a living. These people must be respected and understood for what they are—artists who use their bodies, brains and guts to remind people of the miracle of being alive. They all have the individual desire to contribute according to their beliefs and feelings and insist on doing it that way. They don't compromise. I'm sure these gentlemen I've mentioned have been flat on their asses at times and done some pictures they didn't really want to do. But by and large, they have the strength to survive and do their own thing.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned only British actors. Are there any Americans on your most-admired list?

STEIGER: Some of the best American actors are deceased. We've lost Tracy, Montgomery Clift and Paul Muni, to name a few. We lost Jimmy Dean, who I think was a tremendous talent, if not a polished technician. Then there's Brando. After Clift brought a new naturalism to acting, Brando really revolutionized the world's acting styles.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that you and Brando don't get along very well.

STEIGER: Well, we're not particularly fond of each other. He walked out during a scene with me in *On the Waterfront* and I thought that was unethical. But that's a thing of the past and I should be a bigger man and forget it.

PLAYBOY: You were living in New York when *On the Waterfront* was filmed there in 1954, and you moved back a few years ago, after spending the interim in Hollywood. How do you feel about giving up your beach house at Malibu?

STEIGER: I lost a portion of my solitude. I had spent many nights there alone, finding out about myself. When I was living there before I was married, I once tried to write some poetry and got carried away with creativity. There was a full moon that night and I wanted to look farther out to sea. I wound up



"Of course they're not torturing you, you nut, they're torturing us!!"

sitting on the roof with no clothes on. It was wonderful. I could feel the air and the night and the sea around me. There I was, Malibu's Rimbaud. It was crazy, but it made me feel very free. The sight of the full moon hypnotized me. I guess I was fighting off the impulse to become a werewolf.

I did another idiotic thing like that once during a great storm. I must have thought I was Beethoven or somebody. The waves were crashing around and I decided to challenge the ocean by swimming out to this raft. I started to swim and, boy, it seemed like I wasn't going to make it. As I lay on the raft gasping, all sorts of victorious feelings ran through me: "I'm God; He isn't!" When I looked back and saw the light from my living room in the distance, it suddenly dawned on me. "Jackass, you've got to swim back." The bloody raft was bobbing at 45-degree angles. I waited there for two hours, trying to find the courage. I barely made it in. I lay on the beach for about ten minutes before I could get up. It was a stupid thing to do—but fantastically exhilarating. I had challenged nature and I'd won. But once was enough. I could just hear the ocean saying, "OK, one time, son, because you'd like to think you're poetic and you'd like to think you can challenge nature. This time you can go. But the next time you're not going to make it."

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you be happier to remain in one place—such as Malibu—than to commute around the world?

STEIGER: Undoubtedly, but the agony of moving constantly seems to be the pattern of my life. I came from a rootless background to a rootless profession. I usually manage only three or four months in any one place. If you stay anywhere too long, you get too comfortable, you see too much of the same people and get too many false compliments. I guess an artist is always restless, always meant to be prodded and made to move on.

PLAYBOY: Does living in Manhattan present any major problems?

STEIGER: Not really; but I often wonder how people can live in a place where there's constant noise, constant rush, constant dirt. One perfect example was when I started to fool around in the kitchen, using recipes from the *Larousse Gastronomique*. I imagined I could be another Alfred Lunt, a great actor-chef-gourmet. My triumph was a pumpkin pie that stood about four inches high. I put it out onto the window sill to cool—and it got covered with soot. What a blow! To get away from the rat-race, I've recently been sketching plans for a little house on Sardinia, an island that probably won't become overcommercialized for a while yet. It's good for another 10 to 12 years. People seem to be going



*"Ease off on Spencer a bit, chief—
his analyst's on vacation."*

farther and farther to find the remnants of nature without the shadow of man's greed. New York is little more than the world's biggest cash register. London's charm has gradually begun to wear off, because it's been mechanized and Madison Avenue-ized and suffocated by greed. The same goes for Rome and Paris; and Milan is one of the coldest cities I've ever been in. It's the Chicago of Italy; nothing but business. So you keep looking elsewhere.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's likely that you'll ever escape that greed?

STEIGER: I doubt it. Commercialism touches everything. For instance, somebody asked me last year if I wanted to publish the little poems I write as a form of therapy. I said, "OK, if you'll publish under a pseudonym." That brings them to a screeching halt. It's like when somebody says, "Would you like to make a record?" They're trying to capitalize on my luck in the acting field. If I really thought that people would buy my poetry because of any talent in that form, then fine; but not just because I got an Academy Award and someone thinks that he can make some quick money. So far, the only Steiger poetry recitations are those dating back to my youth, when I taped some of my poetry to play for my lady of the moment. Reading poetry to a lovely lady has never done anybody any harm.

PLAYBOY: Since you don't read or publish your poems, what do you do with them?

STEIGER: I have an aged and crumbling leather-bound scrapbook that was given to me by a girlfriend many, many years ago. In it are most of the silly little

poems I've written, dating back to 1945. Every once in a while, I go through them and I either scare myself to death or get depressed. I've never thrown them away, because I think it's a marvelous way to kind of look back on your life.

PLAYBOY: Aside from your own, whose poetry do you enjoy most?

STEIGER: E. E. Cummings was a towering poetic talent, and as an actor I desperately want to do the life of Dylan Thomas. He had a spirit that I admire very much and a tragic life that any actor would love to play. Above all, he was a great poet, which is what I probably would like to be. If I want to find out about somebody, I often say, "Do you like Dylan Thomas' *Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night*?" "Do you know E. E. Cummings' poetry?" or "Ever read *The Little Prince*?" I can judge how far our friendship is going to go by their response. I've never met anybody who liked *The Little Prince* who turned out to be a shit.

PLAYBOY: What impresses you about it?

STEIGER: Its faith in the goodness of people. "When you pick a flower, doesn't it cry?" Childish things like that get to me, maybe because I'm sentimental. The other day, I picked up six paperback copies of *The Little Prince*. Then if I met somebody I thought might dig it, I gave it to him. What the hell, it's better than a cigar, isn't it? It would be wonderful if people walked around giving away their favorite book. Unfortunately, that sort of altruism has gone out of style.

Something else that's almost disappeared in big-city life, which may be

another sign of the times, is really inspired humor. Remember how you used to hear a regular joke of the month? Nowadays, people don't have time to joke with one another. When time becomes such a precious commodity that you can't afford to amuse each other, that's sad. Practical jokers are virtually extinct, and that's another loss. One of the greatest put-ons I've ever heard concerns a movie director who was in a hospital where the nurses were nuns. A group of practical jokers hired a prostitute to dress as a nun and when nobody was looking, she slipped into the fellow's room and said, "I've come to change your bed sheets." The director was in casts—totally bedridden. He could hardly move. As the hooker began to change his sheets, she occasionally stroked his thigh—accidentally, of course. What could he say? She was a nun! Then she started stroking him a little more vigorously, got more and more involved, and the next thing you know, she was going down on this guy. When she got through with him, she calmly finished making the bed and walked out like nothing happened. He went insane. He called his friends and said, "You won't believe this, but a *nun* just came in and . . ." They kept him on the hook for a while before letting him have the zinger.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a practical joker?

STEIGER: Every once in a while, I get my jollies that way. One time, I organized and catered a surprise party for myself at the Malibu beach house. I arrived wearing golf shoes and a golf hat, carrying a set of clubs. I don't even play golf. "Oh, gee whiz, is this for me?" I exclaimed. Nobody ever knew. They took Polaroid pictures of me standing there with the golf clubs, looking stunned. I also used to scare people by playing dead. But I stopped that childishness when it ceased being a joke any more.

PLAYBOY: Your psychiatrist might say that it was a subconscious attempt to neutralize your fear of death.

STEIGER: I don't know if it's a fear. I expect to be kicking around until I'm 80 or so. If my brain stays young, I'd like to live indefinitely. If I get stagnant in the head, I'd just as soon kick off—but not lingeringly. I don't want to know when it's coming. Like, bang! It's over. The thing that bothers me most about death is that you don't move anymore. I remember looking at my mother after she died. It frightened me that she looked like she could move but didn't. That made me mad at her. My stepfather died about two months after she did, and I've been aware of death ever since. I think of "dust to dust" and all that crap. I wonder if we begin to hate the dead for bringing the awareness of death into our lives.

guy asked me, "When would you like to die?" I said, "When I bring more pain to the people around me than I do love." That was something I had written in one of my notebooks. Then he said, "Well, what do you want as your epitaph?" I said, "See you later."

PLAYBOY: Your epitaph hints at a belief in life after death. How do you feel about reincarnation?

STEIGER: I'd like to come back as a beautiful woman. I would probably be known around the world as "Spread Legs" Sally Steiger. I don't know if I really believe in reincarnation or not, but I must say, it's a nice thought. At times, I could swear to God that I've been here before.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever concerned about dying before you're able to accomplish everything you want to?

STEIGER: When I'm fatigued and unhappy, I may welcome the idea of this sudden finality; but other times, I pray that it won't come for 500 years. Until recently, I didn't think I had that much to say or do. Then a publisher read some stuff I had written and listened to an interview of mine. He made an offer: Would I write a book? It didn't have to be on acting—just a book. Well, I was pleased and flattered. Then I thought, "What have I got to say in a book?" It's a lot of crap to relate the story of my childhood. What a bore, for Christ's sakes! A broken home and alcoholism? Bravo! Other people have dealt with much worse. But it does appeal to my ego when somebody makes a suggestion like that. I see myself as a great author, the Norman Mailer of the cinema world. At the same time, the thought of writing my memoirs makes me feel old, like the thought of a Steiger Film Festival. The idea of people seeing my films in retrospect makes me recall the well-known capsule show-business biography:

"Did you ever see a kid named Rod Steiger?"

"You should see this kid Rod Steiger."

"Let's go see Rod Steiger."

"Let's use Rod Steiger."

"Can we get Rod Steiger?"

"Can we get a Rod Steiger type?"

"Can we get a young Rod Steiger?"

"Hey, whatever happened to Rod Steiger?" That's the whole business in a nutshell.

PLAYBOY: Which of those stages are you at right now?

STEIGER: Right now, it's "Can we get Rod Steiger?" Jesus, I hope they don't want a young Rod Steiger yet. I always resented that kind of comparison. Who is a younger anybody? You can't be someone else. I certainly never tried to imitate anyone. My big problem has been that I look like everybody's father, because of my size and my weight. Stanley Hoff in *The Big Knife* was supposed to be in his 50s. I was 30 when I played

him. Nazerman, the pawnbroker, was in his early 60s. Many actors who are a little older than I am look 15 years younger. I'm occasionally jealous of fellows like Paul Newman. Like Newman, incidentally, I hope to direct films someday.

PLAYBOY: What motivates extremely successful actors such as Newman and yourself to risk failure as a director?

STEIGER: The challenge of being responsible for everything, or maybe some romantic and egotistical desire to be a "leader." I've got three scripts that I've worked on for years. I could direct them and act in them simultaneously. I may lack the guts to commit myself as a director yet; but I've got to make a move soon, because something's been bothering me lately. I feel like I want more out of life, perhaps because I'm in my mid-40s now and I've been brainwashed with this terrible age consciousness we have in America. I wake up in the morning and think, "I'm 44. How many hairs did I lose last night? When will I lose my teeth?" I'm sounding like I'm 94 and I'm thinking that acting is such a transitory art that you can't really leave a mark. Perhaps I'd better put something down on paper, so people in the future will know that I lived once. I'd be happy to leave one good poem that people could quote. Instead, I find myself in an essentially childish occupation. Now that I know I can act, what else is new? Success to me is like yesterday's paper. It's hot for the moment, but then everyone looks forward to the next edition. I don't believe success sustains itself. It requires constant labor. You have a big moment in acting and it's like an orgasm. It comes and it goes—continual arrival. And departure.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there any satisfaction in knowing that your big moments as an actor are preserved on film?

STEIGER: Some, of course. But after a film is completed, it belongs to the audience, not to the actor. Just think of what the word "actor" really means. It implies movement, emotion—life. For me, for any real actor, the excitement comes from the struggle to create new realities. Once that challenge is met in a performance, I have to look for new challenges. I've got to keep testing myself, proving my ability, finding new selves.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STEIGER: I guess because I want to be remembered. They're not going to cart me off to the old-folks' home before I leave something behind—some proof that I ever existed, that I was unique, that I mattered, that I made a contribution. I won't be made the butt of that old actor's nightmare in which the guy turns on his TV set to watch *The Late, Late Show*, opens a can of beer and says, "Hey, Madge, isn't that what's-his-name?"





"Frankly, Ruth, I feel we've been seeing too much of each other lately and we ought to try to cool it for a while."

SOMEBODY OWES ME MONEY (continued from page 142)

room. The cop was asking me my name and the address. I said, "Listen, I don't have much time. The address is 417 West 46th Street, apartment 4-C."

"And your name?"

Tommy's wife began to scream.

"I've got a hysterical lady here," I said.

"Sir," said the cop, as though it was a word in a foreign language, "I need your name."

Tommy's wife screamed again.

"Do you hear that?" I said. I held the phone toward the kitchen doorway, then pulled it back and said, "Did you hear it?"

"I hear it, sir," he said. "Just give me your name, please. I will have officers dispatched to the scene."

"That's good," I said, and Tommy's wife came running into the kitchen, wild-eyed. Her hands were red. She screamed at the top of her lungs, "What happened?"

"My name is Chester Conway," I said.

The cop said, "What was that?"

Tommy's wife grabbed me by the front of my jacket. "What did you do?" she screamed.

I said to the cop, "Wait a second," and put the phone down. Tommy's wife was leaning forward to glare in my face, her hands on my chest, pushing me backward. I gave a step, saying, "Get hold of

yourself. Please. I got to report this."

All at once, she let go of me, picked up the phone and shouted into it, "Get off the line! I want to call the police!"

"That is the police," I said.

She started clicking the phone at him. "Hang up!" she shouted. "Hang up, this is an emergency!"

"I'm supposed to slap you now," I said. I tugged at her arm, trying to get her attention. "Hello? Listen, I'm supposed to slap you across the face now, because you're hysterical. But I don't want to do that, I don't want to have to do that."

She began violently to shake the phone, holding it out at arm's length as though strangling it. "Will-you-get-off-the-line?"

I kept tugging her other arm. "That's the police," I said. "That's the police."

She flung the phone away all at once, so that it bounced off the wall. She yanked her arm away from me and went running out of the kitchen and out of the apartment. "Help!" I heard her in the hall. "Help! Police!"

I picked up the phone. "That was his wife," I said. "She's hysterical. I wish you'd hurry up and dispatch some officers."

"Yes, sir," he said. "You were giving your name."

"I guess I was," I said. "It's Chester Conway." I spelled it.

He said, "Thank you, sir." He read back my name and the address and I said he had them right and he said the officers would be dispatched to the scene at once. I hung up and noticed the phone was smeared with red from where Tommy's wife had held it, so now my hand was smeared, too. Red and sticky. I went automatically to wipe my hand on my jacket, and discovered the front of my jacket was also red and sticky.

A heavy-set man in an undershirt with hair on his shoulders and a hammer in his hand came into the kitchen, looking furious and determined and terrified, and said, "What's going on here?"

"Somebody was killed," I said. I felt he was blaming me, and I was afraid of his hammer. I gestured at the phone and said, "I just called the police. They're on their way."

He looked around on the floor. "Who was killed?"

"The man who lives here," I said. "Tommy McKay. He's in the living room."

He took a step backward, as though to go to the living room and see, then suddenly got a crafty expression on his face and said, "You ain't going anywhere."

"That's right," I said. "I'm going to wait here for the police."

"You're damn right," he said. He glanced at the kitchen clock, then back at me. "We'll give them five minutes," he said.

"I really did call," I said.

A very fat woman in a flowered dress appeared behind him, putting her hands on his hairy shoulders, peeking past him at me. "What is it, Harry?" she said. "Who is he?"

"It's OK," Harry said. "Everything's under control."

"What's that stuff on his jacket, Harry?" she asked.

"It's blood," I said.

The silence was suddenly full of echoes, like after hitting a gong. In it, I could plainly hear Harry swallow. *Gulp*. His eyes got brighter, and he took a tighter grip on the hammer.

We all stood there.

...

When the cops came in, everybody talked at once. They listened to Harry first, maybe because he was closest, maybe because he had the hammer, maybe because he had his wife talking with him, and then they told him to take his wife and his hammer and go back across the hall to his apartment and take care of the bereaved lady over there and they, the cops, would stop in a little later. Harry and his wife went away, looking puffed with pride and full of good citizenship, and the cops turned to me.

"I didn't do it," I said.

They looked surprised, and then



"I don't want to make any social blunders. What are you people calling yourselves these days?"

suspicious. "Nobody said you did," one of them pointed out.

"That guy was holding a hammer on me," I said. "He thought I did it."

"Why did he think so?"

"I don't know. Maybe Tommy's wife told him I did."

"Why would she say a thing like that?"

"Because she was hysterical," I said. "Besides, I don't even know if she said it. Maybe it was because of the blood on my jacket." I looked at my hand. "And on my hand."

They looked at my jacket and my hand, and they stiffened up a little. But the one who did the talking was still soft-voiced when he said, "How did that happen?"

"Tommy's wife grabbed me," I said. "That's when it got on my jacket. She'd gone in to look at Tommy, and I guess she touched him or something, and then she got it on me."

"And the hand?"

"From the phone," I pointed to it. "She was holding the phone."

"Is she the one who called in the complaint?"

"No. I did."

"You did. Who did Mrs. McKay call?"

"Nobody. She was hysterical, and she wanted to call the co— police, but I was already talking to them. It got kind of confusing."

"I see." They looked at each other, and the talking one said, "Where's the body?"

"In the living room," I said. I made a pointing gesture. "Down the hall to the end."

"Show us."

I didn't want to go down there. "Well, it's just—" I said, and then I saw what they meant. They wanted me with them. "Oh," I said. "All right."

We went down the hall to the living room, me in the lead, and Tommy was still there, spread out on the floor, sunny side up. I stood to one side, and the cops looked. One of them said to me, "Use your phone?"

"Sure," I said. "It's not mine."

The other cop and I went across the hall to Harry's apartment. Harry seemed surprised to see me walking around free, surprised and somewhat indignant, as though he was being insulted in some obscure way. Tommy's wife was lying on her back on a very lumpy sofa in an overcrowded and overheated living room. She had one forearm thrown over her face, and I saw she'd washed the blood off her hands.

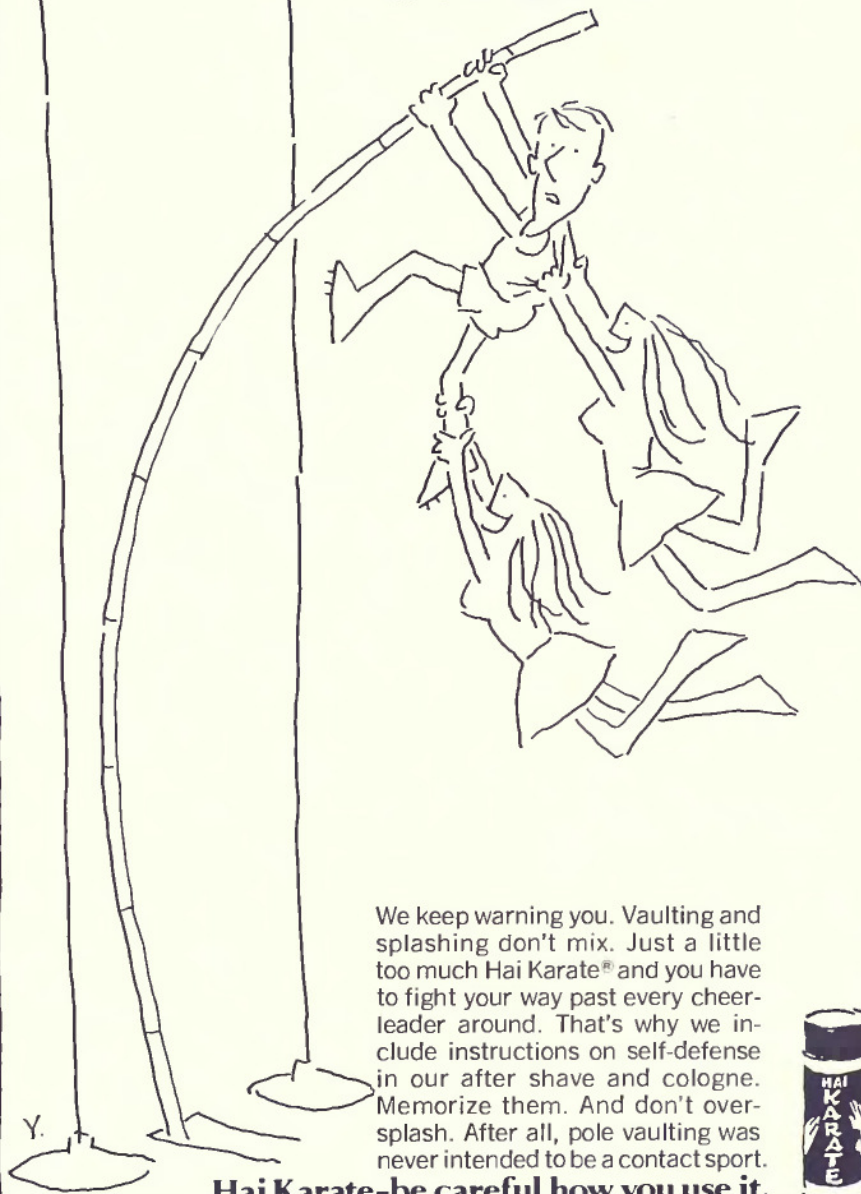
The cop sat down on the coffee table and said softly, "Mrs. McKay?"

Without moving her arm so she could see him, she said, "What?"

"Could I ask you a couple questions?" He was even more soft-voiced than before. A very nice corpse-side manner.

I said to Harry, "Can I use your bathroom, please?"

**"I'll never make
17 feet wearing your
after shave."**



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"Watch it—the last pair I picked up turned out to be hitching a ride to a Drag Queen Festival."

Harry frowned in instant distrust. He said to the cop, "Is it OK?"

The cop looked over his shoulder, nettled at the interruption. "Sure, sure," he said, and went back to Tommy's wife.

Harry's wife, being polite because now I was a guest in her house, showed me to the bathroom. I shut the door with my clean hand, turned on the water in the sink and washed my hands. Then I used a washcloth to try to wash off the front of my jacket. I got it pretty well, rinsed the washcloth, dried my hands and went back out to the living room.

The cop wasn't alone anymore. There were three plainclothesmen there, all with hats on their heads and their hands in their overcoat pockets. They looked at me and the uniformed cop said, "He's the one made the discovery."

One of the plainclothesmen said, "I'll take it." He took his hands out of his pockets and came over to me, saying, "You Chester Conway?"

"Yes," I said. In a corner I could see both Harry and his wife sitting in the same armchair, blinking at everything in eager curiosity. They'd happily given up the participant roles and drifted into their real thing, being spectators.

"I'm Detective Golderman," the plainclothesman said. "Come along."

Sensing Harry and his wife being disappointed that I wasn't going to be questioned—grilled—in front of them, I followed Detective Golderman out and across the hall and into Tommy's apartment. We went into the bedroom now, and I could hear a lot of murmuring going on in the living room. It sounded like a lot of men in there, a lot of activity.

Detective Golderman, notebook in hand, said, "McKay was a friend of yours, is that right?"

"That's right," I said. "Sort of a casual friend."

"Why were you coming over today?"

"Just a visit," I said. "Sometimes I come over when I quit work."

"What do you do?"

"I drive a cab."

"Could I see your license?"

"Sure."

I handed it to him and he compared my face with the picture and then handed it back, thanking me. Then he said, "Would you know any reason anybody would do a thing like that to your friend?"

"No," I said. "Nobody. He didn't sound frightened or different in any way when I talked to him on the phone this afternoon."

"Whose idea was it you should come over at six?"

I had a problem there, since I didn't feel I should tell a cop that my relationship with Tommy was customer to bookie,

but on the other hand I felt very nervous making up lies. I shrugged and said, "I don't know. Mine, I guess. We both decided, that's all."

"Was anybody else supposed to be here?"

"Not that I know of."

"Hmm." He seemed to think for a minute, and then said, "How did Tommy get along with his wife, do you know?"

"Fine," I said. "As far as I know, fine."

"You never knew them to argue."

"Not around me."

He nodded, then said, "What's your home address, Chester?"

"It's 8344 169th Place, Jamaica, Queens."

He wrote it down in his notebook. "We'll probably be getting in touch with you," he said.

"You mean I can go now?"

"Why not?"

. . .

The next day, I started working in the afternoon and through the evening rush. I called Tommy's wife a few times, and stopped off at the apartment whenever I happened to be passing through the neighborhood, but she was never at home.

I turned the cab in a little after midnight and took the subway home, getting to the house shortly before one. I stopped in front of my door, put my hand in my pocket for my keys and somebody stuck something hard against my back. Then somebody said, in a very soft, insinuating voice, "Be nice."

I was nice. I stayed where I was, facing the door a foot from my nose, not moving any parts of my body, and the hard thing stopped pressing against my back, and then hands patted me all over. When they were done, the voice said, "That's a good boy. Now, turn around and go down to the sidewalk."

I turned around, seeing two bulky guys in bulky winter clothing and dark hats on the porch with me, and I went between them and down the stoop and down to the sidewalk. I felt them behind me, coming in my wake.

At the sidewalk, they told me to turn right and walk toward the corner, which I did. Almost at the corner, there was a dark Chevrolet parked by the curb and they told me to get into the back seat, which I did. I was terrified, and I didn't know who they were or what they wanted, and all I could think of to do was obey their orders.

One of them got into the back seat with me and shut the door. He took out a gun, which glinted dark and wicked in his lap in the little light that came in from the corner street lamp, and I sat as close to the other door as I could, staring at the gun in disbelief. A gun? For me? Who did they think I was?

When the second one opened the door to get in behind the wheel, the interior

light went on and I got my first look at the one with me in the back seat. He looked like the sadistic young SS man in the movies, the blond one that smiles and is polite to ladies but his face is slightly pockmarked. He was looking at me like a butterfly collector looking at a butterfly, and I looked away quickly without memorizing his features, not having any need or desire to memorize his features. I faced front, and the driver had black hair between hat and collar. That was all I wanted to know about him, too.

We drove away from my neighborhood, and quickly into neighborhoods I didn't know, and through them, and beyond.

I sat there while the car continued down one dark anonymous street after another until it suddenly made a right turn in the middle of a block. An open garage doorway in a gray concrete-block wall loomed before us, blackness inside it, and we drove through and stopped. Behind us, I could hear the garage door rattling down, and when that noise stopped the lights abruptly went on.

We were in a parking garage. Rows of black low-nosed four-eyed automobiles gave me the fisheye. Iron posts painted olive green held up the low ceiling, in which half-a-dozen fluorescent lights were spaced at distances a little too far apart to give full lighting. Shadows and dim areas seemed to spread here and there, like fog.

There was nobody in sight. The driver got out of the car and walked around to open the door beside me. The other one said, "Climb out slow."

I climbed out slow, and he followed me. The driver pointed straight ahead and I walked straight ahead. It was a wide clear lane with a rank of cars on each side, the cars facing one another with all those blank headlights, me walking between them as though down a gauntlet.

At the end, there was a wall, and a flight of olive-green metal steps against the wall going upward to the right. As I neared it, I was told, "Go up the stairs."

I went up the stairs.

At the top was a long hall lined with windows on both sides. The windows on the left looked out on a blacktop loading area floodlit from somewhere ahead of me. The windows on the right, interspaced with windowed doors, looked in on offices and storage rooms, all in darkness except for one room far down at the end of the hall. Yellow light spilled out there, angled across the floor. There was no sound.

I stopped at the head of the stairs, but a hand against the middle of my back pushed me forward, not gently, not harshly. I walked down the hall toward the yellow light.

It was an office, with the door open. Inside, a heavy-set man in an overcoat

with a velvet collar sat at a scruffy wooden desk and smoked a cigarette in an ivory holder. His head seemed too large for his body, a big squared-off block matted with black fur everywhere but in front. His face shone a little, as though he'd been touched up with white enamel, and his heavy jaw was blue with a thick mass of beard pressing outward against the skin. He sat half-turned away from the desk, a black-velvet hat pushed back from his forehead, his one forearm resting negligently on the papers on the desk-top, as though to imply this wasn't his office really, he was above scraggly offices like this, he'd just borrowed this one from some poor relation for the occasion.

The hand in my back again sent me into the room. I stopped in front of the desk, looking at the man sitting there. The other two stayed behind me, out of my sight. I heard the door close, with a little tick of finality, like the last shovel pat over a filled-in grave.

The man at the desk took the cigarette and holder from his mouth and pointed with them at a wooden chair beside the desk. "Sit down." His voice was husky, but emotionless, not really threatening.

I sat down.

He glanced at one of the papers litter-

ing the desk, saying, "How long you been working for Napoli?"

I said, "Who?"

He looked at me again and his face finally took on an expression: saddened humorous wisdom. "Don't waste my time, fella," he said. "We know who you are."

"I'm Chester Conway," I said, struck by the sudden hope that this whole thing could be a case of mistaken identity.

It wasn't. "I know," he said. "And you work for Solomon Napoli."

I shook my head. "Maybe there's another Chester Conway," I said. "Did you look in the phone books for all the boroughs? A few years ago, I used to get calls—"

He slapped his palm on the desk. It wasn't very loud, but it shut me up. "You pal around with Irving Falco," he said.

"Irving Falco," I repeated, trying to think where I knew the name from. Then I said, "Sure! Sid Falco! I'm in a poker game with him."

"Irving Falco," he insisted.

I nodded. I was suddenly and irrationally happy, having something I knew about to deal with at last. It didn't

change things, it didn't explain things, but at least I could join the conversation. "That's the one," I said. "But we call him Sid on account of a movie with—"

"But his name's Irving," he said. He looked as though he was starting to lose his patience.

"Yes," I said.

"All right," he said. "And Irving Falco works for Solomon Napoli."

"If you say so. I don't know him well, just at the poker game, we don't talk about—"

He pointed at me. "And you work for Solomon Napoli," he said.

"No," I said. "Honest. I'm a cabdriver. I work for the V. S. Goth Service Corporation, 11th Avenue and—"

"We know about that," he said. "We know all about you. We know you got a straight job, and you lose twice that much at the cards every week. Plus you play the ponies, plus—"

"Oh, now," I said. "I don't lose *all* the time. I've been having a run of bad cards, that could happen to any—"

"Shut up," he said.

I shut up.

"The only question," he said, "is what you do for Napoli." He made a show of looking at his watch, a big shiny thing with a heavy gold band. "You got ten seconds," he said.

"I don't work for him," I said. The young blond SS man came into my line of vision on the right.

Nobody said anything. We all looked at the heavy-set man looking at his watch, till he shook his head, lowered his arm, looked over at the SS man, and said, "Bump him."

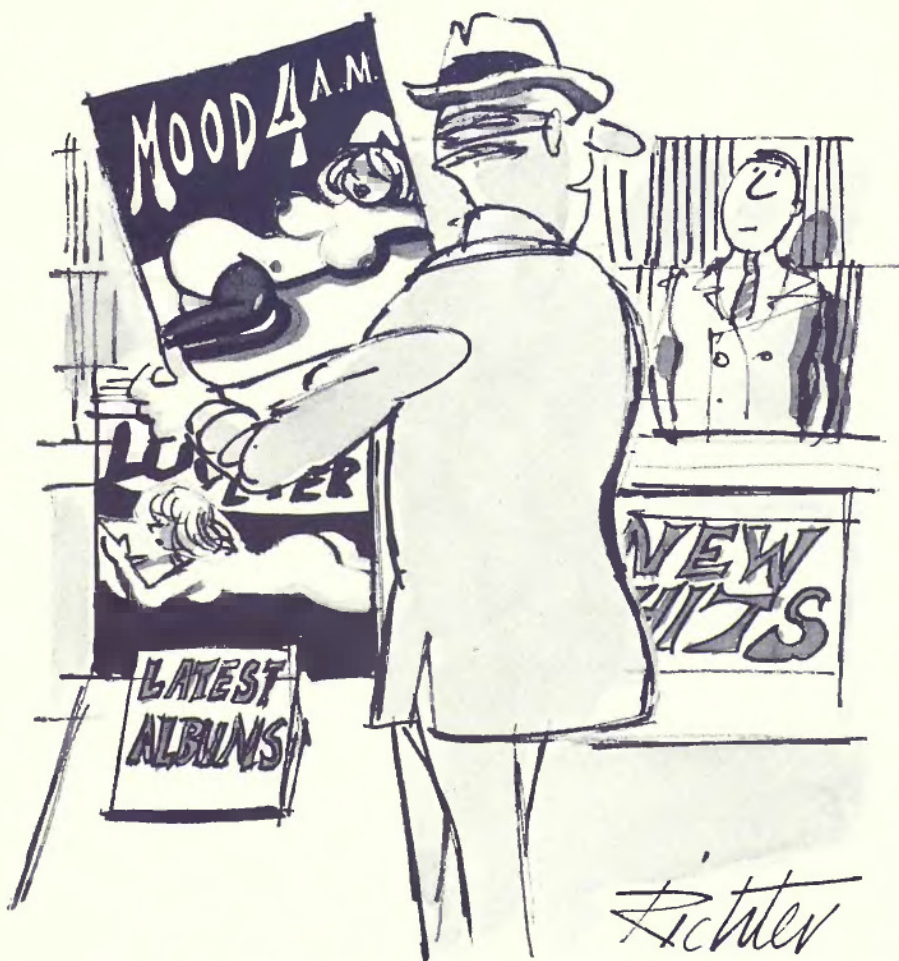
"I don't work for anybody named Napoli," I said. I was getting frantic. The SS man came over and took my right arm, and the other guy came from behind me and took my left arm, and they lifted me out of the chair. "I don't even *know* anybody named Napoli!" I shouted. "Honest to God!"

They lifted me high enough so only my toes were touching the floor, and then they walked me quickly toward the door, me yelling all the time, not believing any of this could possibly be happening.

We got through the doorway and then the man at the desk cut through all my hollering with one soft-voiced word: "OK."

Immediately the other two turned me around and brought me back to the chair and sat me down again. My upper arms hurt and I was hoarse and my nerves were shot and I figured my hair was probably white, but I was alive. I swallowed, and blinked a lot, and looked at the man behind the desk.

He nodded heavily. "I believe you," he said. "We checked you out, and we saw where you buddied up with Falco, and we figured maybe we ought to find



"The album covers . . . can they be purchased separately, without the records?"

out. So you don't work for Napoli."

"No, sir," I said.

"That's good," he said. "How's Louise taking it, do you know?"

I experienced a definite sinking feeling. Here we go again. I thought, and very reluctantly I said, "I'm sorry, I don't know who you mean."

He looked sharply at me, frowning as though this time I was telling a lie for no sensible reason at all. "Come on," he said.

"I'm sorry," I said, and I really meant it. "I don't want to get in trouble with you or anything, but I don't know anybody named Louise."

He sat back and smirked at me, as though I'd just made a lewd admission. "So you were having a thing with her, huh? That's what it is, huh?"

I said, "Excuse me, but no. I don't have a girlfriend right now, and I can't remember ever going out with a girl named Louise. Maybe in high school one time. I don't know."

The smirk gradually shifted back to the frown. He studied me for a long minute, and then he said, "That don't make any sense."

"I'm sorry," I said again. My shoulders were hunching more and more. By the time I got out of there, they'd probably be covering my ears and I'd never hear again.

He said, "You knew McKay well enough to go around to his place, but you don't know his wife's first name. That don't make any sense at all."

"Tommy McKay? Is that his wife?" I suddenly felt twice as nervous as before, because obviously I *should* know Tommy's wife's name, and anything at all I could think of to say right now would have to sound phony.

The man at the desk nodded heavily. "Yeah," he said. "That's his wife. You never met her, huh?"

"Oh, I *met* her," I said. "Sometimes she'd come to the door when I went over there, or she'd answer the phone when I called. But we never talked or anything, we never had any conversation."

"McKay never said, 'Here's my wife, Louise?'"

I shook my head. "Usually," I said, "I wouldn't even go into the apartment. I'd hand him some money, or he'd hand me some, and that'd be it. The couple of times I was in there, his wife wasn't home. And he never introduced us. I was a customer, that's all. We never saw each other socially or anything."

"OK," he said. He looked tired and disgusted all of a sudden. "You're clean," he said.

"Well, sure," I said. I looked around at them all. "Is that what you wanted to know? Did you think I killed Tommy?"

They didn't bother to answer me. The man at the desk said, "Take him home."

• • •

The next afternoon, I went to work,



"Well, another singles weekend at good old Hotel Point o' Lakes."

just as though life was normal. I got my first fare half a block from the garage, a good-looking girl in an orange fur coat and black boots and pale blonde hair. "2715 Pennsylvania Avenue," she said.

I said, "Brooklyn or Washington?" I kid with good-looking female passengers whether I'm worried about money or not.

"Brooklyn," she said. "Take the Belt."

"Fine," I said, and dropped the flag, and headed south. My luck was finally in. Not only a good-looking blonde in the rearview mirror but a long haul at that, and it would end not too far from Kennedy.

The first half mile of Pennsylvania Avenue is through filled-in swampland. There's no solid ground at the bottom, just dirt piled into a swamp, so the road is very jouncy and bouncy, full of heaves and holes; and even though there's little traffic at any time there and no housing or pedestrians around, you can't make very good time. Which meant I was doing about 20 when the girl stuck the gun into the back of my neck and said, "Pull over to the side and park."

When I had stopped the car, the girl said, "Turn off the engine."

"Right," I said, and turned off the engine.

She said, "Leave both hands on the wheel."

"Right," I said, and put both hands on the wheel.

The girl said, "I want to ask you a few questions, and you better tell me the truth."

"I'll tell you the truth," I said. "You can count on that." I didn't know what she could possibly want to know, but whatever it was, I was primed to tell her.

"First," she said, "where's Louise?"

"Oh, goddamn it," I said, because all of a sudden there I was back in that office with the hoods again, being asked questions I couldn't answer because the assumptions were all wrong, and by God enough was enough. Forgetting all about today's nut get excited and shoot me in the head. I turned around in the seat and said, "Lady, I don't know who you are, but at least I know it. You don't know who I am either, but you think you know who I am and that screws things up entirely, because I'm not him. Whoever he is, I'm me."

She was sitting there in the back seat with her knees and ankles together, shoulders hunched a little, gun hand held in close to her breasts, the little pearl-handled automatic pointing approximately at my nose. She continued to look at me for a few more seconds, and then a frown began on her face, first with a vertical line in the middle of her forehead, then spreading out to curve down her eyebrows, and finally covering her entire face. She said, "What?"

"I don't know where Louise is," I said. "If by Louise you mean Tommy McKay's wife, I don't know where she is. If you mean any other Louise, I don't know any other Louise."

"Then what were you doing at the apartment?"

"Looking for Louise."

"Why?"

"None of your business."

"She killed him, you know."

"Mrs. McKay? She killed her husband?"

"You mean you don't know it?" Said 171

with that touch of doubt showing through.

"Why not?" I said. "You're the one pulled the gun on me."

"What if I tell them what I know?"

"Go ahead," I said. "They're liable to find out if it's true before they go running up six-dollar meters and sticking guns in my neck." I wagged the gun at her. "You get in the middle of the seat," I said, "where I can see you in the rear-view mirror."

She moved, being somewhat sulky about it, and when she got to the middle of the seat she sat up, folded her arms, gave me a defiant glare and said, "All right. We'll see who's bluffing."

"Nobody's bluffing," I told her. "You just misread your hole card, that's all." I turned around, shut off the meter, flicked on the OFF DUTY sign, made sure the gun was safe on the seat beside me against my hip, made sure I could see her plainly in the mirror, and we took off.

. . .

"Maybe I was wrong," she said, in a very small voice.

I was just making my left at Flatlands Avenue, the nearest police station I knew of being on Glenwood Road the other side of Rockaway Parkway. I finished making the turn before looking into the rearview mirror, where I saw my passenger looking very contrite. She met my eye in the mirror and said, "I'm sorry."

"You're sorry," I said. "You threatened me with a gun, you shot a hole in the roof, you accused me of all sorts of things, and now you're sorry. Sit back!" I shouted, because she'd started to lean forward, her hand reaching for my shoulder, and I didn't trust her an inch. That contrite look and little-girl voice could be all a gag.

She sat back. "It made sense," she said, "before I saw you. Before we had our talk. But now I believe you."

"Sure," I said.

"Because," she said, "if you *were* having an affair with Louise, and if you *did* help her kill Tommy, you wouldn't dare leave me alive now. You couldn't take a chance on having me running around loose."

"I *can't* take a chance on having you running around loose," I said. "That's why we're on our way to the cops."

She acted like she wanted to lean forward again, but controlled herself. "Please don't," she said. "I was desperate, and I did foolish things, but please don't turn me up."

This part of Flatlands Avenue is lined with junkyards with wobbly wooden fences. I pulled to the side of the road, next to one of these fences, and stopped the car. Then I turned around and said to her, "I tell you what. I'll make you a deal."

She got the instant wary look of the

gambler in her eye. "What kind of a deal?"

"There's something I want to know," I told her. "You tell me and I'll forget the whole thing. I'll let you out of the cab and that'll be the end of it."

"What do you want to know?" She was still wary.

"I'll give you the background first," I said, and quickly sketched in the incident of Purple Pecunia. I left out the business about the hoods last night, seeing no purpose in opening *that* can of worms right now, and finished by saying, "So what I want to know is, who do I collect from now that I can't collect from your brother?"

"Oh," she said. "Is *that* why you've been hanging around the apartment?"

"I haven't exactly been hanging around," I said. "I've been over there a couple times is all."

"Three times yesterday and once today," she said. "I've been waiting in the apartment for Louise to show up so I

could confront her—"

"With the gun?"

"With the fact that I know she's guilty," she said fiercely.

"Well, you're wrong," I told her. "Nobody on earth could do an acting job like that. When Tommy's wife saw him dead there, she had hysterics, and I mean hysterics."

"It could have been guilt," she said. "And nervousness."

"Sure," I said. "Only it wasn't."

"Then why did she disappear?"

"I don't know," I said. "Maybe she's staying with some relative, maybe she doesn't want to be around the apartment now."

She shook her head. "No. I called both her brothers and they don't know where she is, either. And I had to make all the arrangements for the funeral and the wake myself."

"Wake? When?"

"It starts this evening," she said. "At six." She looked at her watch.

"Never mind," I said. "Just tell me



"I won't allow you to play with my emotions, Charles!"



HANDELSGMAN

"Also, I know for a fact that you carry her picture around in your wallet."

who Tommy's boss was and where I find him."

"I can't," she said.

"OK, sister," I said, turning around to the wheel again. "It's the hoosegow for you."

"I don't *know*," she said. "I'd tell you if I knew, honest I would."

"Tommy's sister would know," I said. "Especially if she was as close to him as you claim."

"I didn't claim to be close," she said. "I just came here from Vegas because he was killed."

I turned around again. "You live in Las Vegas?"

"For a couple of years now," she said. "Can I show you something out of my purse?"

"If you move very slow," I said.

She moved very slow, and produced an airline ticket from her purse, which she handed over to me. It was TWA, it was the return half of a round-trip ticket between Las Vegas and New York, it showed she'd come in yesterday morning, and it gave her name as Abigail McKay.

I said, "Abigail?"

"Abbie," she said. "What do people call you?"

"They call me Chester," I said. "I want them to call me Chet, but nobody does."

"I will," she said. "If you don't call me Abigail, I won't call you Chester."

I looked at her in the mirror and I saw she was really trying to be friends. "It's a deal," I said.

She said, "Would you please don't take me to the police, Chet? If you do, there won't be anybody to look for Tommy's murderer, not anybody at all."

Watching her in the mirror, seeing that her chin was trembling and she was on the verge of tears, I said, "What about the cops? Let them find the murderer."

"Somebody who killed a bookie? Are you kidding? How hard do you think they're going to work?"

"All right, maybe. The police aren't going to work as hard as if it was the governor, I'll grant you that. But what do you know about any of it? You're running around with a lot of dumb ideas in your head, leaping to conclusions, waving a gun around, acting like a nut. You aren't going to solve any murders; all you'll do is get yourself in trouble."

I had my forearm up resting on the top of the seat, and now she leaned forward and rested her hand on my arm, saying, "Will you help me? I'm all alone in the world now, I don't have anybody now that Tommy's dead."

"Frankly," I said, "I don't want to get mixed up in any murder situation, and I don't think you should, either."

"I'm doing it for Tommy," she said, looking at me again. "Because somebody has to and because he was the only brother I had. And because *I'm* the only one *he* has."

"OK," I said. "I see your point. But you've got to handle things differently from now on."

"I will," she said. "Believe me, I will."

"I tell you what," I said. "I want to know where to collect my money, you want to know who killed your brother. We'll probably overlap a little, anyway, so I'll help you for a little while. Until either you find out what you want to know or I find out what I want to know. Is it a deal?"

"Definitely," she said, and smiled a glowing smile and stuck her hand out. I took it, and it was cool and smooth and very delicate. "Thank you," she said.

"I haven't done anything yet," I said. "Can I make a suggestion?"

"I wish you would."

"You go to this wake," I said. "Stay there from beginning to end. Check out everybody who comes in, find out who they are. If Tommy's wife shows up, ask her some questions about where she's been. If anybody that Tommy worked for shows up, ask them about where I can get my money. What time is the wake over?"

"Nine o'clock."

"OK. There's a poker game I'm in on Wednesdays, I'll be there by then, I'll give you the number. You can—"

"Do they let girls sit in?"

Surprised, I said, "Well, we've had girls sit in a couple of times."

"I'm not like them," she said. "I promise I'm a good player."

"Not too good," I said, and grinned.

"We'll see," she said. "Do you think they'd mind if I sat in?"

"They won't mind," I said. "You come right along. It's in Manhattan, 38 East 81st Street. Between Park and Madison. The guy's name is Jerry Allen."

"All right, I'll be there around nine-thirty."

"Good. Where do you want to go now?"

"Back to Tommy's place," she said. "That's where I've been staying."

"OK. I'm going to have to run the meter, or a cop is liable to stop us."

"That's all right," she said. "I have money."

"Fine. You already owe me six forty-five for the trip down." I started the car and the meter and headed up to Rockaway Parkway and made my left to go back to the Belt.

"Oh," she said, as though it had just occurred to her, "and could I have my gun back, please?"

"Ha-ha," I said.

"You mean I can't have the gun back? That's mean, Chet. I need that gun, for my own safety."

"You'll be a lot safer without it," I said, "And so will everybody else." And that was the end of that conversation.

. . .

That evening, I took the 79th Street cross-town bus and walked up to Jerry

Allen's apartment. And I do mean up. Jerry lives on the top floor of a five-story building with no elevator. People tend to arrive at his door out of breath.

As I did now. I rang the bell, and it was opened by Jerry himself. He's part owner of a florist shop over on Lexington Avenue, and it's possible he isn't entirely heterosexual, but he isn't obnoxious about it and none of us cares what he does away from the card table, and besides that he's a fish. I think in losing to us and hosting the game, he's sort of paying for the privilege of being accepted by a bunch of real guys, whether he realizes it or not. Anyway, he tends to laugh in an embarrassed way when he loses, and he loses a lot.

Jerry said, "Hi, you're late," and I breathed hard and nodded. He went back to the game and I shut the door behind myself, took off my coat and hung it in the hall closet. Then I went into the living room, where Jerry has a nice round oak table over near the front windows, at which five guys were currently sitting. There were two empty chairs, and they were both between Jerry and Sid Falco, Sid being the guy those hoods had mentioned last night. Feeling suddenly very nervous about being in the same room with Sid Falco, a guy I had known without nervousness for about five years, I sat in the chair closer to Jerry and forced my attention on what was happening at the table.

There was a hand in progress, seven-card stud, which on the fifth card was down to a two-man race. Fred Stehl and Leo Morgentauser. Leo looked like a possible flush, Fred a possible straight. Doug Hallman was dealing. I looked at the hands and the faces and knew that Leo either had it in five or was on his way to buying, and that Fred was hanging in with a four straight that wouldn't ever fill, and even with Sid Falco over there to my right I began to calm down and get into the swing of things.

This twice-weekly poker game had been a Wednesday-and-Sunday institution with us for five or six years now, with only minor changes in personnel all that time. There were five regulars including me in the game these days, plus half a dozen other guys who'd drop in from time to time. Leo Morgentauser, the made flush currently betting up Fred Stehl's unmade straight, was one of the irregulars, a teacher at a vocational high school in Queens, teaching automobiles or sewing machines or something. A tall, skinny, bushy-haired guy with a huge Adam's apple. Leo was married and probably didn't make a very good living, so he seldom came to the game, but when he did, he was usually a winner.

Everybody else at the table tonight was a regular. Fred Stehl, the guy currently head to head with Leo, was a gambling fool; and next to Jerry Allen

was the closest thing to a fish among the regulars. He was a fairly consistent loser, maybe four times out of five; but as he would begin to lose, he would also begin to get more cautious, so he rarely lost heavily. The big joke with Fred was his wife, Cora, who was death on gambling and was always trying to track Fred down. Almost every time, she'd call during the game, wanting to know if Fred was there, and Jerry always covered for him. A couple of times, she'd actually showed up at the apartment, but Jerry hadn't let her in, and the last time, over a year ago, she punched him in the nose. It was really very funny, though Jerry, with a nosebleed, hadn't seen the humor in it very much. Fred ran a laundromat on Flatbush Avenue over in Brooklyn, and I guess he had to make a pretty good living at it, because on the average, he had to drop ten or twenty bucks a week at our two games. Also he plays the horses a lot. In fact, it was through him I started placing my own bets with Tommy McKay.

Doug Hallman, currently dealing, was a huge hairy fat man who ran a gas station on Second Avenue, not far from the Midtown Tunnel. He was a blustery sort of player, the kind who tries to look mean and menacing when he bluffs. Otherwise, he was a pretty good poker player and won more often than he lost,

and my only objection to him was the 12-for-a-quarter cigars he smoked all the time.

And, finally, there was Sid Falco—thin, serious, narrow-headed, probably the youngest guy at the table. A deadly serious poker player, he was full of the math of the game, the only one at the table who could reel off the odds for making any hand, given any situation and lie of the cards. He played strictly by the book, which meant very conservative, no imagination, and he was a small but consistent winner. Two or three times a night, he'd try a bluff, because the book says you should bluff every once in a while to keep the other players guessing; but his bluffs were always as transparent as wax paper.

The current hand finally finished itself out, Leo's flush winning. Fred didn't even bother to show the straight. He just folded his up cards and pushed them away.

Leo dealt next, seven-card stud again, the game he'd won at. I got a four and nine down and a jack up, three different suits, and folded. I spent the rest of the hand watching Sid Falco, who was nursing a pair of showing queens through a careful methodical hand in which his only competition was Jerry Allen, who looked to have kings up with no pair showing.

So Sid Falco was a mobster. Or worked for a mobster. Or worked for somebody connected with mobsters. Or something. The point was, did he look any different, now that I knew whatever it was I knew about him?

No. He looked like the exact same guy who'd always said he was a salesman for a wholesale-liquor company.

But why didn't he look different to me? Tougher, maybe, or more dangerous, or dirtier, or more mysterious. *Something*. But he didn't.

In the meantime, Sid and his pair of queens had pushed steadily but moderately through the hand, and at the finish there was no one left but Jerry with his probable kings up. Sid made a limit bet, and Jerry had to stay in and make Sid show the trips, and Sid did. Jerry made that embarrassed unhappy laugh of his, and looked around the table to see if anybody had noticed his failure. We all know that move of his by now, so we were all looking someplace else.

Fred dealt next. Seven-card stud again. Fred was the true gambling fool; he'd go back to the game that bit him time after time till he finally bit it back. This time, I got a three and a jack down and a seven up, three suits again. I folded, naturally, and began to wonder if my luck with Purple Pecunia had been strictly a one-shot. These cards were costing me a quarter a hand.

Jerry took this one, with an eight-high straight that had obviously come in on the seventh card, against Doug Hallman's unimproved aces up. Doug pulled a lot of cigar smoke over that hand but didn't say anything.

Sid was the next dealer. He switched to five-card stud and gave me a jack in the hole, nine on top. I stayed, paired the jack on the fourth card and had only Fred to contend with at the end. Two other jacks had been folded in other hands, which Fred had to be aware of. The highest card he had showing was a ten, so I had a lock, so naturally I bet the limit, which is two dollars; and when he bumped two dollars back to prove he had a pair of tens, I considered doing Leo's Actors Studio bit, but then decided the hell with it and just threw in my two-buck raise. Fred called and I showed him my other jack. "I didn't believe it," he said and showed me his other ten. "I believed that," I said, which was maybe cruel.

Then, as I drew in my first pot of the evening, I said, "You guys hear what happened to Tommy McKay, Monday?" Fred and Doug and Leo all knew Tommy, and Sid and Jerry had both heard us mention him at one time or another.

Doug said, "I been trying to call him."

"He's dead," I said.

None of them had heard. So I told them, and of course no more hands were



"Can't you guys read?"

dealt till I finished. When I told them Tommy had a beautiful sister from Las Vegas who was going to sit in a little later, though, all the other elements in the story suddenly grew very pale. At first the questions had been about Tommy, and then about the guy who'd given me the tip on the horse, but by the end there was nothing but questions about Abbie. "You'll see her," I kept saying. "She'll be here around nine-thirty."

Finally, we got back to the game, and in the next two hours I did very well, indeed. Doug Hallman was having a streak of cards almost as rotten as his cigars; Fred Stehl and Jerry were both chasing too much and staying in hands too long, and Sid was just about holding his own, which meant the money was all coming to Leo and me, and most of it was coming to me. By the time the doorbell rang at a quarter to ten, I was almost 40 bucks to the good, which was fantastic for that game, particularly in only two hours.

The ring had come at one of the odd moments when I wasn't in a hand, so I pushed my chair back and said, "That'll be Abbie now." I left the living room, went to the door and threw it open, and there was Abbie, still in her orange fur and black boots. "Hi, there," I said.

She came in and smiled and panted and waved at her mouth to let me know she couldn't talk yet.

"That's OK," I said. "I understand." I helped her out of the coat, and the boots continued on up under the mini-skirt of her baby-blue wool dress. She was a very sexy-looking girl.

"Did you find out anything at the wake?"

"Nothing important. I'll tell you later."

"OK," I said, and led her into the living room to introduce her to the boys, all of whom acted very natural and nonchalant, except that Doug began puffing so much cigar smoke he looked like a low-pressure system. Leo knocked over all his little stacks of chips, Fred managed to kick over his chair when he blurted to his feet, Jerry began to giggle with the kind of unhappy laugh he makes when he loses and Sid started to blink very rapidly as though he was trying a bluff.

Finally, though, everybody settled down. Abbie sat between Sid and me and got ten dollars' worth of chips from Jerry, we filled her in on the house rules, Leo dealt a hand of guts draw, and Abbie took a nice pot with queens over treys. Welcome to the club.

Two hands later, it was her deal. "My favorite game is stud," she said.

Doug, who wanted to make time with this beautiful girl but hadn't yet figured out how to go about it in the middle of a poker game, said, "Five-card or seven?"

"Five," she said. "Naturally." In the silence following that put-down, she



"What you children find interesting in a test pattern is beyond me!"

shuffled like a pro, slid Sid the deck to be cut, and fired the cards out like John Scarne. My ace up looked good, but it was the ten in the hole that paired with the fourth card that did the trick, and I raked in a small but pleasant pot. It was then my deal, and it just wasn't possible for me to deal anything but five-card stud.

Nor could anybody else switch, not after that announcement of Abbie's; so for the next hour or so, we played nothing but five-card stud. Abbie did well, playing a fairly conservative game and winning small amounts. My streak slowed a bit but didn't entirely turn off. Leo seemed to be holding his own and Jerry just grew wilder and wilder, like a centrifuge going too fast and spinning all its money away. But the big surprises were Fred and Sid. Fred suddenly settled down and became a tight, sharp, wary, brilliant player, reading bluffs incredibly, betting his hands with the cunning of a tax lawyer, and all in all coming on like a graduate of Gardena. Sid, on the other hand, broke down totally. All math seemed to have left his head, and he played so erratically it was as though he was out of phase with the rest of us and was actually playing his hands five deals too late. Abbie was sitting at his left elbow, and the proximity was obviously more than he could handle. It was a great encouragement to know a gangster could also be human.

Anyway, along about 11 o'clock, at a time when Abbie was just about to deal, Doug asked her what she did for a living in Las Vegas, was she a dancer or what, and she said, "I deal blackjack." And began to deal out the cards for stud.

Talk about a bombshell. Nobody looked at their cards at all, everybody just stared at Abbie.

It was Doug who asked the question in all our minds. Taking the cigar out of his face for once, he said, "Are you by any chance a mechanic?"

She looked around at all of us, and reluctantly she nodded. "I know how to do some things," she said. "I wouldn't do them, I promise, but I do know how."

"Show us some stunts," Doug said. He pushed the cards he'd been dealt over toward her. "Show us how it's done."

"But what about the hand?" she asked.

"The hell with the hand," he said, and the rest of us said yes, the hell with the hand. We all pushed our cards toward Abbie, and she shrugged and picked them up and began to show us things.

Fascinating. She spent half an hour going through her bag of tricks, and it was lovely to watch. She palmed cards, she did fake cuts, she did one-handed cuts, she dealt out hands and then stacked the deck while pulling in the discards and then made the stack survive shuffling and cutting and everything else we could think of. She took an old deck Jerry had around and showed us how to mark it with thumbnail indentations on the edges of the cards while the deck was in play. She showed us how to crimp the deck to get it cut where you wanted.

That was the end of poker for that night. Jerry broke out beer and Scotch and we all sat around and talked about gambling and cheating and one thing

and another, cutting up old jackpots as they say, and we had a great time. Even Sid relaxed after a while. Fred's wife, Cora, didn't call, amazingly enough, and that simply rounded out the perfection of the night.

We split up about 12:30, everybody agreeing Abbie should come back Sunday if she was still in town, and then we all went our separate ways.

Abbie drove me home, and when she pulled to a stop in front of my house I said, "Thanks for the lift."

"Any time."

I opened the door, the interior light went on, I leaned toward the opening and somewhere there was a backfire. Almost simultaneously, something in the car went *koot* and something fluffed the hair on the back of my head.

I looked around, bewildered, and saw a starred round hole in the windshield. "Hey," I said.

Abbie yelled, "Shut the door! The light, the light, shut the door!"

I wasn't thinking fast enough. I looked at her, confused, meaning to ask her what was going on, and then something very hard hit me all around the head and all the lights everywhere clicked out.

• • •

What woke me was Abbie screaming.

I sat up, and I was in a room full of a

man with a gun. He was wearing a hat and an overcoat and a gun, and the gun was pointed at me, and his eyes were looking at me, and his eyes appeared to be made of slate.

Abbie screamed again, and something crashed. She was in some other room in what I now recognized was Tommy McKay's apartment, and she was in trouble, but I was convinced I was dead, so I didn't move.

In that other room, something else crashed, and a male voice roared in what sounded like a triplicate combination of anger and surprise and pain. The man with the gun glanced back at the doorway in irritation, then glared at me again and wagged the gun. "Don't move," he said, in a voice that was 40 percent gravel and 60 percent inert materials. "You don't go nowhere, see? Not if you don't want nothing to happen to you."

"I don't want nothing to happen to me," I said, but I don't think he heard me. He had already backed up through the doorway and was standing in the hall. With one last glare and gun waggle at me, he took off toward the living room.

Nothing changed for a minute, the ruckus continued unabated, and then all of a sudden, it went absolutely insane. The crashing around doubled, it tripled,

it sounded like Saint Patrick's Day on Third Avenue.

And then, abruptly, silence.

I squinted, as though to hear better. Silence? Silence.

What had happened? What was happening now? Was Abbie all right?

Abbie came hurtling into the room, brought up against the dresser, spun around, and shouted at the guy who'd shoved her, "You stink, you bastard!" She was dressed but disheveled, hair awry, make-up smeared, clothing wrinkled and all twisted around. She was the most insanely beautiful thing I'd ever seen in my life.

My old comrade with the gun came through the doorway, pointed the gun at Abbie as though he was pointing a finger at her, and said, "You ain't no lady."

"And you're a gentleman," she snapped. She turned away from him and came over to me. "How are you, Chet?" she said. "Did they do anything to you?"

I was lying flat on my back, sheet and blanket tucked up around my neck. I blinked up at her, and I felt like an absolute lummo. "How are you?" I said. "Did they do anything—"

"Them," she said, with total disdain.

The man with the gun said, "Lady, you're outa your mind. My partner would of been dead within his rights to let you have it. You know that? You know what you done to him, if I'd been in his place I'd of shot you down like some kind of wild beast. I think you're nuts or something."

"You force your way in here—" she shouted, blazing at him, all set to start brawling again, and I could see by his face that what she was going to get this time was at the very least a hit on the head from the gun butt, and I reached out and grabbed her hand and said, "Abbie, cool it."

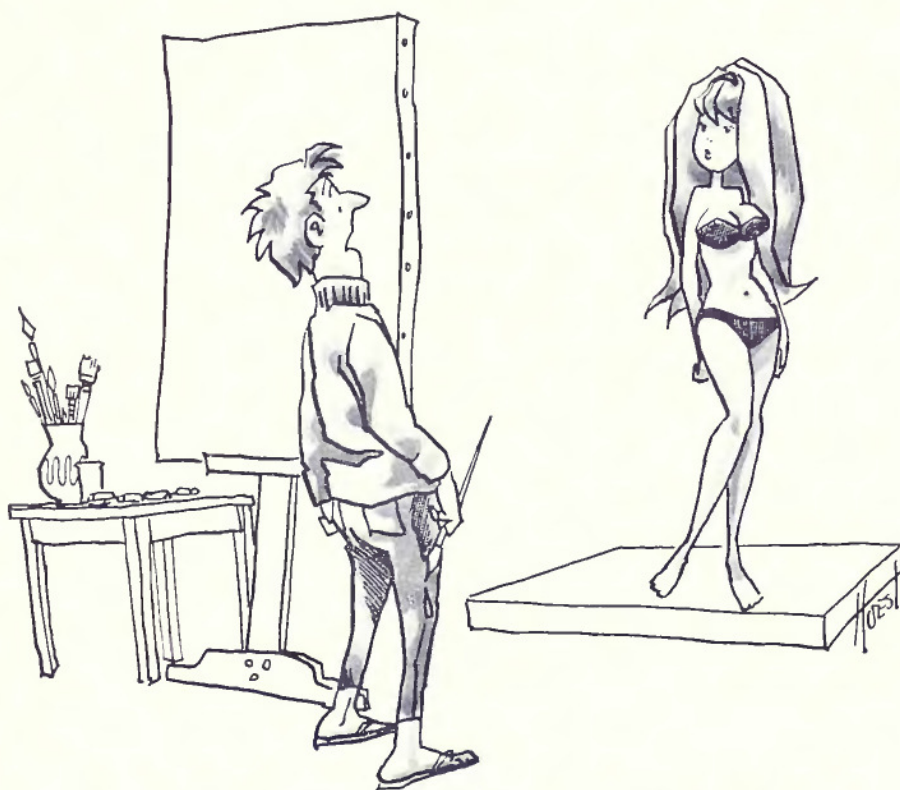
She tugged, trying to get her hand free. "These people think they can—"

"They can, Abbie," I said. "They've got guns. Don't try their patience."

"That's right," the man with the gun said. "You just listen to him, lady, he's got sense. You been trying our patience, and you shouldn't ought to do that. You should ought to soak your head in some brains for a while and think about things. Like we don't want to give you two any more trouble than we have to, so why make us make things tough on you?"

Movement attracted my attention to the doorway. I blinked.

There was a guy standing there. He was wearing a white shirt, the left sleeve of which was torn off and absolutely gone. Also, several buttons were missing and the pocket was ripped half off and was dangling there. He was wearing black trousers, and the right leg was



"But how can I capture the real you when you're all bundled up like that?"

ripped from knee down to cuff. He had an angry-looking bruise just above his left eye, and he was holding a wet washcloth to his right cheek. He had long black hair in wild disorder on top of his head, like Stan Laurel, and he overall had the stunned look of somebody who's just been in a train wreck.

"Good God," I said.

In a weak and disbelieving voice this apparition said to Abbie, "You chipped my cap."

"Serves you right," Abbie said.

"I don't believe it," he said. He turned to his partner, the man with the gun, and said, "Ralph, she chipped my cap. Right in the front of my mouth." He opened his mouth and pointed at one of his teeth with the hand that wasn't holding the washcloth to his cheek. Trying to talk with his mouth open, he said, "Do you know how much that cat cost me? Do you hathe any idea at *aw*?"

"You forced your way in here," Abbie told him, "and you deserve whatever you get."

"Ralph," the walking wounded said, still holding his mouth open and pointing to the crippled tooth, "I'n gonna kill her. I'n gonna nunder her. I'n gonna *dlast*!"

"Get hold of yourself, Benny," Ralph said. "You know what Sol said. He wants to talk to these two."

I said, "Sol? Solomon Napoli?"

Ralph turned and looked at me. "That's the one, pal," he said. He crooked a finger at me. "Time for you to get up outa there," he said. "Sol's waiting."

I let go of Abbie's hand, preparatory to rising, but she grabbed it again, sat on the bed beside me, put her other arm on the pillow around my head, leaned protectively over me so that I was peeking at everybody over her right breast, and turned to Ralph to say, "He's not supposed to move. The doctor said he isn't supposed to move for a week. He was *shot* last night."

I said, "I was shot?"

"We know," Ralph said. "We saw it happen. That's one of the things Sol wants to talk to him about."

I said, "You saw it happen?"

But I was drowned out by Abbie, saying, "I don't care who wants to see Chet, he can't be moved."

"Shut up, lady," Ralph said. "I've had all of you I'm going to take."

"It's OK, Abbie," I said, struggling to get out from her protective circle. "I feel pretty good now, I could get up. Just so I don't have to move fast or anything, I'll be fine, I know I will." And I sat up.

Abbie touched my bare shoulder. She looked worried. She said, "Are you sure, Chet? The doctor said—"

I said, "What about my clothes?"

"They were all bloody," she said. "I was going to get you some more, but I didn't have time yet."

Ralph went over to the closet, opened it and pulled out some clothing. "How about this stuff?" he said, and tossed it beside me on the bed.

"That's not mine," I said. "That was Tommy's."

"You can wear it," he said. "Be my guest."

Did I want to wear a murdered man's clothing? I didn't think so. I looked at Ralph, feeling very helpless, and didn't say anything. In the meantime, he was going to the dresser and opening drawers. He tossed me underwear and socks and said, "There. Now get dressed."

I said, "Tommy was shorter than me."

"So don't button all the buttons," he said.

I looked at the clothing, at Ralph, at the clothing, at Abbie, at the clothing. There didn't seem to be any choice.

Abbie said, "Chet, are you sure you're up to this?"

I wasn't, but I said, "Sure, I'm sure. I feel fine."

"Get up from there, lady," Ralph said. "Let him up."

Abbie reluctantly got to her feet. She looked at me worriedly and said, "I'll turn my back." She did so, and folded her arms, and said coldly to Ralph, "If

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anything happens to him because of this, I'll hold you responsible."

"Sure, lady," said Ralph.

I pushed the covers back, surprised at how much they weighed. I put my legs over the side of the bed, stood up and fell down. I had no balance at all, no equilibrium, no control. I just went on over, like a duck in a shooting gallery.

Abbie, of course, heard me hit the floor. She spun around and yelled my name, but what I heard more than that was Benny's exasperated, "He's faking, Ralph. Let's just bump him now."

"I'm all right," I said. "I can do it." I pushed with my hands, my head and torso came up, and then my arms failed and I flopped onto my nose like a fish.

"Goddamn it," said Ralph.

"He can't help it!" Abbie cried. "He's wounded, can't you see that? Do you like seeing him fall on the floor?"

"I do," Benny said. "I'd like to see him fall out a window."

Ralph said, "Shut up, Benny. OK, lady, we'll leave him here. He can talk, can't he?"

"I can talk," I told the floor.

Hands gripped me. I was lifted, the floor receding, and dumped onto the bed like a bag of laundry. I bounced, and just lay there. It must have been Abbie who covered me up.

Ralph said, "Watch them, Benny, but don't do nothing."

Benny growled.

I was rolling over, a slow and painful process. I got over in time to see Ralph leaving and Benny glowering at me.

Abbie said, "Are you hungry?"

"Yes," I said. "I am very hungry."

"I'll get you something," she said, and got up from the bed and started for the door.

Benny blocked the way, saying, "Where do you think you're going?"

"To the kitchen," she said coldly.

I said, "Don't worry, I'm not going anywhere."

He glared at me. "You better not," he said. Then, to Abbie he said, "And I got my eye on you."

She disdained to answer. She left the room, and Benny went after her.

Nothing happened for about five minutes, and then Abbie came, carrying a tray and followed by Benny. Benny took the chair in the far corner and Abbie put the tray down on the foot of the bed. She helped me sit up, adjusted the pillows behind me and put the tray on my lap, its little feet straddling my legs.

Clear chicken broth. Buttered toast, two slices. Tea with lemon. A dish of vanilla ice cream.

I ate everything in sight, while Abbie sat on the edge of the bed and watched me in approval.

At one point, taking a break from eating, I said, "How long was I out? This is Thursday, isn't it?"

"Yes. Four o'clock in the afternoon. You slept over thirteen hours. I was afraid you were dying there for a while, you just lay in one place and didn't move at all."

Ralph came in. Abbie turned to him. "What now?"

"We wait," he said.

"For what?"

"For Sol," he said.

I said, "He's coming here? Solomon Napoli?"

"Yeah," said Ralph. "He wants to talk to you."

...

By the time the doorbell sounded nearly an hour later, I was about ready to come apart like a broken kaleidoscope. Abbie was sitting beside me on the bed, and I reached out and grabbed her hand, and we gave each other nervous smiles that were supposed to be encouraging, and I began to blink a lot.

There were voices in the hall, and then Ralph came in, and behind him three other guys.

Even in my astonishment, there was no question which of the three was Napoli. The two on either side were just hoods, Benny and Ralph all over again, just better dressed. It was the one in the middle who was Solomon Napoli.

I couldn't help staring at him. He was barely five feet tall, for one thing, the top of his head just about reaching the shoulders of the two guys flanking him. He was dressed very formally, as though on his way to an opera first night. But the most amazing thing was his head, which was too big for his body. Not enough to look deformed, just enough to make him look imposing, commanding, impressive. Leonine, a leonine head, and with the thick mane of hair that goes with it. A square jaw, magnificent white capped teeth, strong level eyes, a healthy hint of tan. He was about 40, with the smooth weathered look of a man who keeps himself in shape with handball and self-esteem.

And he was smiling! He came in smiling like a politician opening a campaign headquarters, his teeth sparkling, his eyes showing bright interest in everything they saw, his stride youthful and determined-without-crabbiness. He came in, and his flankers stopped just inside the door, and he came over to the bed, hand held out, saying to Abbie in a resonant voice, "Miss McKay! How do you do? I thought very highly of your brother. A shame, a shame."

Through my own paralysis, I could see that Abbie, too, was mesmerized. Her hand left mine, she rose uncertainly to her feet, she took his outstretched hand, in a vague and uncertain voice she said, "Uh, thank you. Thank you."

He turned her off, turned me on. You could see him do it. He kept her hand, but he looked past her at me, his eyes and smile full of candlepower, saying, "And how's our patient?"

"OK, I guess," I mumbled.

"Good. Good." He turned me off, turned Abbie on. "My dear, if you'll go into the living room for just a few minutes, Chester and I have one or two



D. Frazar

"I don't like the looks of this . . . it's only July."

things we want to discuss. We won't be long, Ralph."

"Here, boss," said Ralph, and in his saying that, the spell was broken. I had been totally hypnotized by Napoli up till now, his magnetism, his aura, the massive presence with which he filled the room. It wasn't until Ralph said, "Here, boss," that I remembered who this man really was. Solomon Napoli. Gangster.

Ralph led Abbie out of the room, she glancing back at me with a worried look just before going out of sight, and then I was alone with the crocodiles. One of the new hoods brought a chair up beside the bed. Solomon Napoli sat down on it and we were off.

He had turned me on again. "I guess you had a close call, Chester," he said. His smile showed sympathy, but I didn't count on it.

"I guess I did," I said warily.

"Who would take a shot at you, Chester?" he asked, and now his smile implied an urge to be helpful, but I wasn't about to count on that one, either.

"I guess the people Tommy worked for," I said.

"Why would they do that?" His smile was as delicate an instrument as a theramin, and now it projected polite curiosity.

I shook my head. "I don't know. I suppose they think I had something to do with killing Tommy."

Can a smile be threatening? Can it glint as though it would bite? Napoli sat back in the chair and his smile changed again and he said, "Chester, I'm a very busy man. I'm due at the Modern Museum in"—he looked at his watch—"forty minutes for a meeting of the board of trustees. Please just take it for granted we already know your involvement, we already know Frank's involvement, a lot of wide-eyed innocent lying isn't going to get you anywhere. There are a few things I want you to tell me, after which I promise you you will not find me an unreasonable man. You know Walter Drobble's people are after you now, it shouldn't take too much intelligence to realize that under my wing is the safest place for you right now."

I closed my eyes. "Oh, go ahead and shoot," I said. "I really can't take any more." And at that moment I think I really meant it.

Napoli said, "Chester, you don't impress me."

I continued to lie there. My eyes continued to be closed.

Napoli, with irritation finally creeping into his voice, said, "This is ridiculous. I have thirty-five minutes to get—Chester, I don't *have* to give you a break."

"A break?" I said. I didn't open my eyes, because I knew if I was looking at him I wouldn't be able to talk. Keeping

my eyes shut and my body still, it was almost like talking on the phone, and I can talk to *anybody* on the phone. So my eyes were shut as I said, "You call that giving me a break? Getting a lot of wrong ideas into your head about who I am and what I've done, calling me a liar when I just so much as *hint* at the truth, sending people around to threaten me with guns, you threaten me with your *teeth* for God's sake, you think——"

"Now just a——"

"No!" I was thrashing around in the bed by now, waving my arms to make my points, but my eyes stayed squeezed shut. "Ever since Tommy was killed," I yelled, "one goddamn fool after another comes after me with guns. Nobody asks *me* what I'm doing, oh, no, everybody knows too goddamn much to ask *me* anything, everybody's so goddamn smart. Those clowns in the garage, and then Abbie, and then whoever shot me, and now you. You people don't know what you're *doing*! You're so goddamn smug, you know——"

"Keep your voice down!"

"The hell I will! I've been pushed around long enough! I've got a——"

I stopped because a hand was clamped over my mouth and I could no longer talk. The hand was also over my nose and I could no longer breathe. My eyes opened.

One of the new hoods was standing over me, his arm a straight line from his shoulder to my face. He was leaning a little, pushing my head deeper into the pillow. I blinked, and looked past his knuckles at Napoli.

Napoli at last had stopped smiling. He was looking thoughtful now, studying me with his arms folded and the side of one finger idly stroking the line of his jaw. He seemed to be thinking things over.

I needed to breathe. I said, "Mmmm, mmm."

"Shut up," he said, carelessly, and went back to thinking.

"Mm, mmm, mmmmm," I said.

"Maybe," he said. "Maybe there is a different explanation."

Things were turning a darkish red. There was a roaring deep inside my skull. I began to thrash around like a fish in the bottom of a boat.

Napoli pointed at me the finger with which he'd been stroking himself. "That won't do you any good," he said. "You just be quiet and let me think."

"Mm, mmm, mmmmmmm!" I said.

"We saw you with Frank Tarbok at the garage," he said. "We followed you and the other two from your place. Now you talk about the clowns in the garage as though you don't know Frank, as though you don't work for him, don't know anything about him. Is that possible?"

My head was a balloon, a red balloon, being filled up and up, filled up and up, the pressure increasing on the inside, the pressure increasing too much, the pressure increasing.

The last thing I heard was the balloon exploding.

This is the first of a two-part serial. The conclusion will appear next month.



"This is the best stuff I know to relieve the distressing symptoms of cold sobriety."

THE PUBLIC BE DAMMED (continued from page 143)

plants. The sulphuric acid that pours out of strip mines, ruining downstream waters, is TVA acid.

The Bureau of Mines sits on its hands in Washington, D.C., pretty much a captive agency of the coal-mine owners, and does precious little about strip mining.

The Public Roads Administration has few conservation standards; it goes mostly by engineering estimates of what is feasible and of cost. In the Pacific Northwest, it has ruined 50 trout streams through highway design. Everywhere—East and West—the Administration aims at the heart of parklands, because they need not be condemned, and plays fast and loose with parts of the public domain that were reserved for wildlife and outdoor recreation.

The list is long; and when the names of Federal agencies are all in, the balloting for public enemy number one will not be unanimous. But my choice of the Army Engineers has a powerful case to support it.

The Corps is one of our oldest Federal agencies. It is small and elite, highly political and very effective. It is honest and, with exceptions I will note, quite efficient. It is also largely autonomous and inconsiderate of the requirements of conservation and ecology.

There has been a recurring effort to get rid of it. The Hoover Commission Task Force on Water Resources and Power recommended in 1949 that the functions of the Corps and the Bureau of Reclamation be transferred to the Secretary of a proposed Department of Natural Resources and consolidated there in an agency to be known as the Water Development Service. The training provided "in peacetime for the 215 Army engineers at present utilized on this civilian program can surely be secured in some far less costly fashion."

In 1966, Senators Joseph S. Clark, Lee Metcalf and Frank E. Moss sponsored a bill that would have turned the Department of the Interior into a Department of Natural Resources and transferred the Corps to that new department. But the power of the Corps is so strong that that bill died in committee. Indeed, Senators and Congressmen who are so bold as to urge that the Army Engineers be abolished find themselves wholly out of favor when it comes to projects for their states.

At the time of the Hoover Report, the budget of the Corps was about \$440,000,000 a year. It is now 1.3 billion dollars and is expected to reach three billion dollars in the 1980s. So the Corps shows no sign of diminishing political influence.

Its specialty is in pork-barrel legislation on the Hill. It commonly outmaneuvers the President and has its way, irrespective of his wishes. The Corps gave

F.D.R. one of his soundest political thrashings. The Corps also has few public critics; it has become one of the sacred cows of Washington.

The Corps farms out many of its research and development projects. There is hardly a Federal agency in Washington that is not offered a piece of it in amounts from \$200,000 to \$400,000 or more a year. Federal bureaucrats love that kind of money, for they do not have to depend on Congress for it. There is a rule of thumb in Washington that 15 percent of an amount obtained in an appropriation is used for permanent overhead. That means that if agency A receives \$500,000 for research on siltation, water purification, or what not, it uses \$75,000 to add to its permanent personnel and the rest for the current annual project. But agency A, like the other agency donees who receive funds from the Corps, is anxious to have a similar amount, year after year. Therefore, never do they raise their voices against ill-conceived projects; never, when the Corps is throwing its weight around and the public is protesting, do these Federal agencies align themselves with the people.

In the late Fifties, I was a member of a group of conservationists fighting the Corps on the huge River Bend Dam on the Potomac River. The dam was virtually useless as a power project and of no value for flood control. Its justification was the creation of a head of water that could be used to flush the polluted Potomac of sewage. Some of the huge Federal agencies were silently opposed; but none would speak up, for fear of losing the Corps' good will and its research and development funds. We ended by getting an independent engineering study that actually riddled the project. That dam—which would have flooded 80 miles of river and shown a drawdown of 35 vertical feet—would have been known in time as the nation's greatest folly. It would have despoiled a historic river; and the 35-foot vertical drawdown would have resulted in several hundred yards of stinking mud flats exposed to public view. Yet the Corps had the nerve to get a public-relations outfit to make an estimate as to the millions of tourists who would be drawn to this ugly mudhole from all over the East.

The Engineers gave up on River Bend and offered an alternative of an upstream dam at Seneca for water supply. Public hearings exposed its destructive qualities. It, too, would ruin a beautiful free-flowing river. Moreover, there was a growing awareness that dams for municipal water are unnecessary along the Potomac; for the estuary in front of Washington, which is 20 miles long and moved by the tides, contains billions of gallons of potable water, which is all the

water the metropolitan area will ever need.

At the peak of its promotional activities along the Potomac, the Corps had plans for 16 big dams and 418 small ones. How many were actually discarded? I do not know. But their active promotion of Potomac-river dams has shrunk from 434 to 6. Those six are for water for metropolitan use—a needless expenditure, because of the ample supply of estuary water.

The estuary water is polluted, but so is the entire Potomac. Why not expend our energies and fortunes in building sewage-disposal plants, not dams that put fertile bottom lands under muddy waters from now to eternity and drive thousands from their homes?

As I said, the Corps sometimes turns out to be mightier than the Commander in Chief, the President of the United States.

Franklin D. Roosevelt tried to draw the lines of authority governing the Corps quite sharply: If a project was primarily concerned with navigation or flood control, then the Army Corps of Engineers had jurisdiction; if, however, irrigation and power were the dominant features of the project, then the Bureau of Reclamation would be in charge. The matter came to a head in 1944, when the Kings River project and the Kern River project—both part of a development program for California's Great Central Valley—were before Congress. Roosevelt was firmly on record as having said, "I want the Kings and Kern River projects to be built by the Bureau of Reclamation and not by the Army Engineers."

But the Corps had its way before both the House and the Senate. Roosevelt countered by directing the Secretary of War to make no allocation of funds nor submit any estimate of appropriations without clearing the matter with the Bureau of the Budget. F.D.R. provided funds in his new budget only for the Bureau of Reclamation respecting these projects. But before the budget cleared the House, the Army Engineers got included in the budget funds for initial work on the projects.

F.D.R. signed the bill reluctantly, saying he would ask Congress to transfer jurisdiction over all these Central Valley projects to the Department of the Interior. Then he died and Truman took over the problem. The maneuvering against Truman was long and involved. In time, the Corps had pretty much its own way (A) by taking the stump against the White House in California to elicit the support of greedy landowners who wanted the benefit of irrigation without paying the costs as provided by law, and (B) by lobbying in Congress.

Every President has known something of the freewheeling nature of the Corps and its tendency to undercut the White House and curry favor with its friends



*"I'm sure of it, Harry—it's that nice
Mr. Bently we met on the tour!"*

on the Hill. Early in 1968, it was busy dodging the Bureau of the Budget on six Potomac dams and making its own recommendations to Congress. L. B. J., probably the dearest friend the Corps has had, tried to keep the Engineers in line. But the Corps is incorrigible, violating the fundamental principle that while an administrative agency is the creation of Congress, it must report through the Chief Executive, in order for a centralized, coordinated plan of administration to be successful. Even though the President advises that a Corps project is not in accord with White House policy, the Corps transmits its report to Congress anyway, sometimes, though not invariably, including in the transmittal a statement of the President's position. In this sense, the Corps is *imperium in imperio*, enjoying a status no other administrative agency has.

The Corps goes way back in our history, the present one dating from March 16, 1802. It is a small, elite group of officers, not many over 200 in number.

But it supervises over 40,000 full-time civilian employees.

The permanent staff of civilian employees obtains its pay *only* when there is some public-works program to which the salary can be charged. That is why every civilian member is eager to suggest, initiate or create a role for the Corps that will keep everyone employed. In time of war, the Corps has military assignments, but its essential work over the years is concerned with civil functions. The Chief of Engineers is responsible to the Secretary of Defense regarding his civil duties and does not report to the Chief of Staff nor to any general. Actually, the Corps in operation is largely independent of the Secretary.

The committees of the House and Senate through which it operates are the Public Works committees. The inception of a Corps project starts with the Congressman or Senator representing the district where the project will be located. What member of Congress does not want \$10,000,000 or, preferably, \$100,000,000 coming into his district? He therefore

tries to get the item included in an omnibus bill authorizing a preliminary examination. Once that is done, the preliminary examination may or may not be made. The appropriation is in a lump sum and there is usually not enough to make all the investigation authorized. So the Corps, at its own discretion, decides which has priority.

The Corps finally obtained by an act of Congress special permission to spend up to \$10,000,000 on any project without approval by Congress, provided the project has been approved by resolutions adopted by the Senate and House committees. This is an advantage shared by no other Federal agency; and it is a measure of the rapport between Congress and the Army Engineers. Moreover, it gives the Corps a tremendous momentum. Once \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000 is spent on a project, the pressure to get on with it and finish it is tremendous.

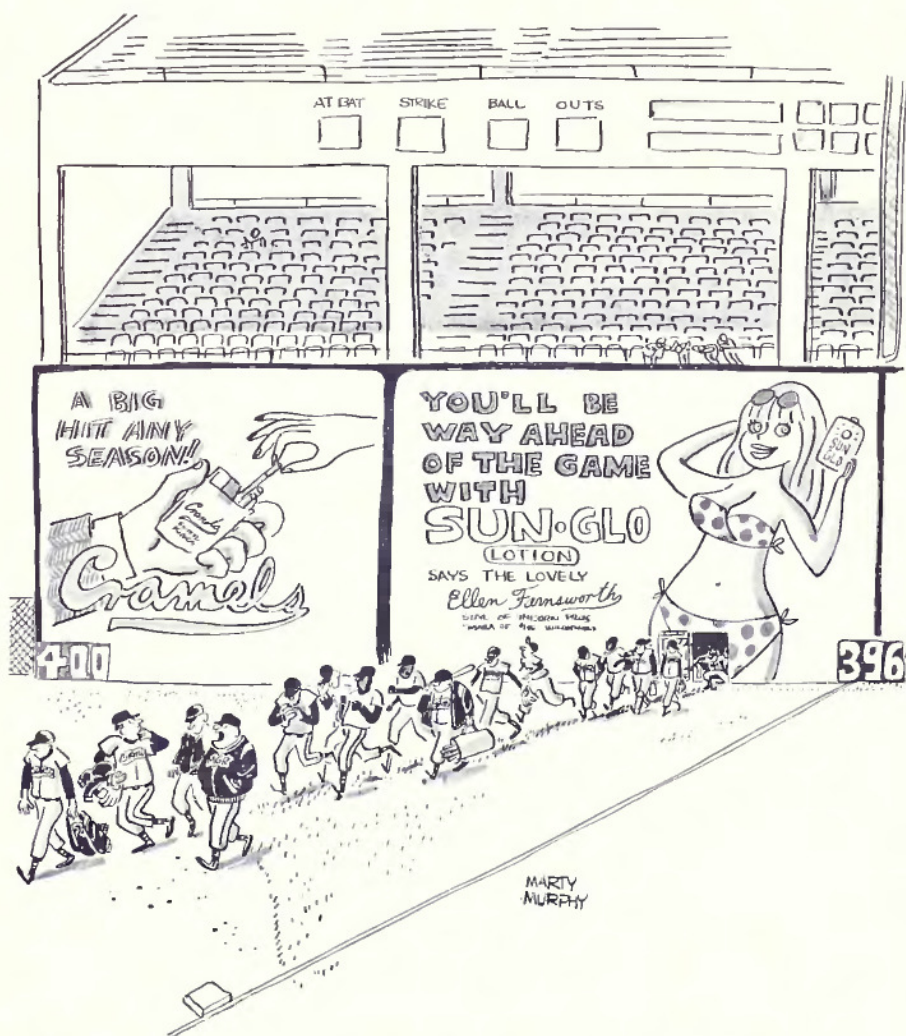
A member of Congress who is in good with the Corps will receive favors; those who may have been critical of it will be kept waiting. The game is boondoggling played for high stakes by clever, cunning men.

There are few members of Congress who do not early learn the lesson that an obsequious attitude pays off when it comes to pumping millions of dollars into a district that may save an election for a deserving Democrat or Republican but destroy a lovely free-flowing river.

The Corps operates in part through NRHC, the National Rivers and Harbors Congress. All members of Congress are ex-officio members of NRHC. Five of the 21 directors are members of Congress. Ten are national vice-presidents. The all-important operative committees are, with one exception, chaired by members of Congress. At its annual meeting, the National Rivers and Harbors Congress decides which rivers and harbors projects it should present to Congress; and then the Congressional members change hats and go to work lobbying one another.

One who is in a campaign opposed to the Corps has very few important allies. I remember the Buffalo River in Arkansas and the Saline River in the same state—both destined by the Army Engineers to be destroyed as free-flowing rivers. The Buffalo I knew well, as I had run it in canoes and fished for bass in shaded pools under its limestone cliffs. Much of the land bordering the Buffalo is marginal wood-lot acreage. Those who own that land were anxious to sell it for a song to Uncle Sam. Chambers of commerce blew their horns for "development" of the Buffalo. Bright pictures were drawn of motels built on the new reservoirs where fishing would abound and water-skiing would attract tourists.

The Corps had introduced Arkansas to at least 14 such river projects that buried free-flowing streams forever under muddy



"You just worry about getting some hits, rookie! I'll worry about the goddamn symbolism of the situation!"

waters. The fishing is good for a few years. Then the silt covers the gravel bars where bass spawn and the gizzard shad—a notorious trash fish—takes over.

The people are left with the dead, muddy reservoirs. There is electric power, to be sure; but Arkansas already has many times the power that it can use. So why destroy the Buffalo? Why destroy the Saline?

What rivers are there left where man can float in solitude, fish, camp on sandspits and rid himself of the tensions of this age? These are questions people are beginning to ask. And these questions eventually won over enough of the Arkansas delegation to save the Buffalo—at least temporarily—but the Saline is still in jeopardy.

Down in Kentucky last year, my wife and I led a protest hike against the plans of the Corps to build a dam that would flood the Red River Gorge. This gorge, which is on the north fork of Red River, is a unique form of wilderness that took wind and water some 60,000,000 years to carve out.

This is Daniel Boone country possessed by bear, deer and wild turkey. It has enough water for canoeing a few months out of the year. It is a wild, narrow, tortuous gorge that youngsters 100 years from now should have a chance to explore.

The gorge is only about 600 feet deep; but the drop in altitude in the narrow gulch produces a unique botanical garden. From March to November, a different wild flower blooms every day along the trails and across the cliffs.

This is wonderland to preserve, not to destroy.

Why should it be destroyed?

Flood control has been brought into the story; but it is a makeshift, for flood control could be achieved with a dam farther downstream that would preserve the gorge. The same can be said for water supply. The real reason: recreation. The Corps and promoters of the dam say that the reservoir will attract tourists who will spend their money in motels, lodges and boat docks. That's the way the dam was sold to the local people, who naïvely expect to get rich by the influx of tourists.

And so Red River Gorge was doomed for extinction until 1969, when Senator John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky and Governor Louie B. Nunn proposed an alternative plan to save the gorge by putting the dam farther downstream. The Corps, minding its politics, accepted the proposal; and the names Cooper and Nunn have become revered by the Sierra Club and all other conservationists for that move.

(Army Engineers now have plans for the big south fork of the Cumberland in Kentucky. It is one of the very best white-water canoe rivers we have left. It is a wild, unspoiled waterway running



"You must realize, Mrs. Dennison, that every time you spurn your husband's advances you are, in effect, psychologically emasculating him. And you, Mr. Dennison, should slap her around a little if she pulls that crap again."

through uninhabited lands; and those who know and love it are now mustering their forces for another great contest.)

The Corps is an effective publicist. After my wife and I led the protest march against the Red River Gorge project, we flew back to Washington, D. C. that night. The next day was Sunday; and that morning, every paper I saw had a wire-service story saying that we had been driven out of Kentucky by 200 armed men who did not want "a senile judge" telling them how to run their affairs. It was not until two days later that the conservationists had their statement ready for the press.

The most alarming thing is the very number of dams proposed by the Corps. One of our wild, wild rivers is the Middle Fork of the Salmon in Idaho—a 100-mile sanctuary that should be preserved inviolate like the Liberty Bell. White sandspits make excellent campsites. The waters so abound with trout that barbless hooks should be used. Mountain sheep look down on the river from high embankments. Deer and elk frequent the open slopes. When I ran that scenic river and returned to Washington, I discovered that the Engineers had 19 dams planned for the Middle Fork.

The most recently outraged citizens are the Yuki Indians of Round Valley, California. The Corps dam on the Eel River will flood the historic "Valley of the Tall Grass." But what difference do 300 Indians make? "Progress" must go on until we are all flooded out.

The problem with dams is that they silt in: Mud, carried to the dam by its

source waters, settles in the reservoir and accumulates steadily. In time, the silt completely replaces the water. The Corps faces this prospect everywhere. Some dams in Texas lose eight percent of their capacity annually due to silting. Numerous ones lose two percent a year and at least six lose three percent or more. Most of those I examined were not Corps dams; but its Texas dams suffer the same fate. Once a dam is silted in, there is no known way to remove the silt and make the dam useful again.

The Waco Dam in Texas is a classic failure of the Engineers. Inadequate testing of the foundation shales below the embankment was the cause of the disaster. Parts of the embankment slid 700 feet from the dam axis. Correcting the failure amounted to about four percent of the original estimated cost of the dam.

The Corps has been embarrassed by hush-hush dams that are so leaky that the waters run under—not over—the dams. This failure is due to gypsum beds that underlie the reservoirs, a mineral that seems to baffle the dam builders and causes them to fall into all kinds of traps.

One conservationist, in speaking of a dam that carried water under, not over it, said rather whimsically, "This may be the perfect solution. The Corps and the Congressmen get the facility constructed, the money pours into the district, yet the river valley is saved. We should encourage gypsum bases for all Corps dams."

But the two dams where the water ran under—rather than over—have now been fixed. So the hope to make them

monuments to the folly of the Engineers has vanished.

The trend is ominous. The Corps expects by 1980 to flood new areas about the size of Maryland (6,769,280 acres).

I mentioned how the Engineers planned to build a dam on the Potomac to flush the river of sewage. That is by no means the sole example. The Oakley Reservoir on the Sangamon River in Illinois has been proposed to create a huge reservoir that will wash the river of sewage from Decatur on downstream. The trouble is that a reservoir large enough will inundate Allerton Park, a unique bottom land owned by the University of Illinois where valued research in biology and ecology goes forward.

The Corps has curiously become one of our greatest polluters. It is dedicated to the task of dredging channels in rivers and in the mouth of harbors so that vessels can get in and out. These days, the bottoms of channels are not mud but sludge formed from sewage and industrial wastes. The Corps takes these dredgings and dumps them into Lake Michigan. In fact, the lake is used as a dumping ground for 64 separate dredging operations. There was a public uproar in 1967 and 1968 and hearings were held. Lake Michigan is going the way of Lake Erie, which has become a big bathtub full of stinking waste material. Lake Erie is dead; and it is feared that Lake Michigan is on its way.

The dredging of estuaries has had a similarly shocking effect. A third of San Francisco Bay—or 257 square miles—has been filled in or diked off and is now occupied by homes, shopping centers and the like. Oyster production is ended; so is clam production; only a minimal amount of shrimp production remains. There are 32 garbage-disposal sites around the shores of the Bay. Eighty sewage outfalls service the Bay. Daily, over 60 tons of oil and grease enter the estuary, the cradle of the sea. The Army Engineers are not responsible for the pollution; but they are responsible for the dredging. The National Sand and Gravel Association has the estuaries marked for billions of tons of sand and gravel for the next 30 years. The Corps issues dredging permits; and ten years of dredging, according to the experts, makes an estuary a biological desert.

But the Corps has no conservation, no ecological standards. It operates as an engineer—digging, filling, damming the waterways. And when it finishes, America the beautiful is doomed.

The ecologists say that estuaries are 20 times as productive of food as the open sea. An estuary has been called a "nutrient trap." Being shallow, it is exposed to the energy of sunlight. Rooted plants of the land and drifting plants of the sea commingle. Thick beds of grasses, sea lavender, bulrushes and cattails provide hiding areas, as well as food, for minute

forms such as diatoms and for young fish, clams, mussels and oysters as well. Indeed, it is estimated that two thirds of our ocean catch has been estuary dependent for part of its life. The reality is that by the year 2000, California will not have a single running river to the ocean. What will be left, for example, of San Francisco Bay will be dead salt-water sewage.

The Corps seems destined to destroy our estuaries. The estuarine areas of our coast line have distinctive features. South of Boston are salt marshes where flounders spawn and grow to a size that permits their exit to the ocean. Down in Florida, the estuaries attract many species of commercial and sport fish and the valuable pink shrimp as well. The shrimp breed there and the young stay in the estuary until they are large enough to risk the Gulf. And so it goes from estuary to estuary. The estuaries have one thing in common—a balance between fresh water and salt water. Once the fresh water dries up and salinity increases, the estuary is avoided entirely by some species and used by the remaining species for a lesser time.

The results are revolutionary. The birds that are dependent on these sloughs for their feed must leave. The wood ibis, for example, which nests in the mangroves of Florida and feeds on the teeming estuarine life, flourishes when the annual flow of fresh water is 315,000 acre feet or more and does not nest successfully when the flow is less than that amount. Some dominant waterfowl foods—notably chara and naiad—tolerate only mild salinity. They have all but disappeared in Coot Bay in the Everglades, as a result of a Corps canal. With the elimination of those foods, the number of waterfowl in Coot Bay has declined more than nine tenths.

The Cape Fear River development is now booming along in North Carolina. In 1934, the Corps reported that flood control was not justified in the lower Cape Fear basin. In 1947, after a disastrous flood, it again reported that no dam was justified. In the 1960s, the Engineers have been saying that Cape Fear flood control is essential. They add that if flood control is not needed, a dam or a series of dams will make great recreational areas. The principal rivers feeding the main reservoir are the Haw and the New Hope, both heavily polluted. The estimated cost will be \$72,000,000 plus. Residents of the valleys where 35,000 acres of choice lands will be taken are much opposed. Those are farm units, handed down from generation to generation and greatly loved. It is tragic to hear them talk about the conversion of those gorgeous acres into a gigantic cesspool for raw sewage on which enthusiastic tourists are destined, it is said, to shout with joy.

Since 1936, Federal investment in flood protection, largely through Corps activi-

ties, has amounted to more than seven billion dollars. Despite this massive investment, flood damages (according to the President's Task Force that reported in 1966) have been as much as ten times what they were in 1936. The Corps approach is purely an engineering approach. What is needed are conservation standards that regulate land use and reduce the risk that land will be so used as to accentuate run-offs and actually imperil property and lives because of man's grotesque ways of despoiling the earth. But these are no concern of the Corps. It exists to turn rivers into sluiceways and to raise the height of levees, so that man's misuse of the land may be borne by all the taxpayers. The report of the President's Task Force is a severe indictment of the Corps' mentality and techniques in dealing with water.

The disease of pouring money into a district to do something about water is a pernicious one. The Army Engineers can dredge channels, build levees and erect dams. Getting a man off heroin is easy compared with getting Congress off the kind of pork barrel the Corps administers. On July 30, 1968, Congress approved a one-and-a-quarter-billion-dollar appropriation for the civil activities of the Army Engineers. Forty-seven states were included. Texas, as might be expected, was granted 24 projects for construction during fiscal year 1969 that amounted to almost \$40,000,000. Everybody is taken care of; under the cloak of flood benefits, recreation benefits and the like, great vandalism is committed. Beautiful river basins are wiped out forever and one of our most pressing problems—water pollution and sewage—goes begging.

The Everglades National Park in Florida is a unique national treasure. It lies in a shallow limestone bowl not higher than 12 feet above sea level. Its lifeblood is the gentle, persistent flow of fresh water from the northern part of Florida, mostly the overflow from Lake Okeechobee. The biological and botanical life of the Everglades is intricate and amazing. The lowly gambusia fish and the alligators are the key, the gambusia feeding on mosquito larvae and starting the food chain for 150 species of fish that, in turn, nourish the alligator. The alligator wallows and forms the mudholes where this chain of aquatic life is maintained. Moreover, within the Everglades are 95 percent of all of our remaining crocodiles.

The birds come to nest and to feed on fish—white-crowned pigeons, white ibis, herons, roseate spoonbills, wood ibis, swallow-tailed kites, great white pelicans, millets, black-necked stilts, boat-tailed grackle, the anhinga, and others almost too numerous to mention. The most vulnerable of all fish is the bass that is dependent on the oxygen in the water. So when there is a drought, bass die by



"Shameful! A bum steer!"

the hundreds. Since the garfish and the bowfin surface to get oxygen, they survive droughts somewhat better. But severe droughts kill everything; and the Corps, with no conservation standards, is the greatest killer of them all.

The park has 47 species of amphibians, all dependent on standing water for reproduction. The reptiles are dependent almost entirely on aquatic food. Of the 200 species of birds in the park, 89 are almost totally dependent on aquatic food. Five thousand pairs of wood storks, for example, require more than 1,000,000 pounds of small live fish to raise 10,000 young. Of the 12 different mammals in the park, most are amphibious or partly so. The 150 species of fish in the park are mostly dependent on estuaries for their existence. The invertebrates are also estuarine. The vegetation of the park is dominantly aquatic.

The Corps decided with the connivance of real-estate developers and prospective tomato farmers to divert all the overflow of Lake Okeechobee to the Atlantic or the Gulf. It sponsored and promoted various canals, which directly or indirectly served that end. Over the years, the Corps juggled costs and benefits—it lowered construction costs though they had risen some 36 percent; it found "land enhancement" values theretofore overlooked; but, naturally, it failed to deduct the destruction of the Everglades, a unique bit of Americana, and beautiful free-flowing streams such as the Oklawaha River, which it would destroy.

Over the past ten years, the toll on the Everglades has been enormous. The park's alligator population dropped drastically between 1961 and 1966. Thousands of birds and tens of thousands of fish died. Watery expanses of saw grass became stinking mud flats where nothing could live. There were no fish even to feed the young in the rookeries. The rains in 1966 saved the Everglades; but over the years, it cannot survive on rain alone. It needs the oozing fresh

water from the north.

The Corps, greatly criticized for bringing the Everglades close to complete destruction, has come up with a plan to provide the park with fresh water—a plan that has just been presented to Congress. The plan is to raise the levees around Lake Okeechobee to provide for additional water storage; it would recover some fresh water by back-pumping through canals on Florida's east coast; it would improve the canal system leading south toward the park to provide additional capacity for conveying water into the park.

But the plan, though noble on its face, utterly lacks schedules showing the guaranteed deliveries of acre feet, come the dry season or drought weather. A contest is on between fresh water for real-estate developers and farmers and the park; and the Army Engineers are strangely allied with economic interests. The concept of the public welfare that those special interests have is how well lined their pockets are with public money.

One of the worst things the Corps is doing is the methodical destruction of our riverways. Some of its plans call for a conversion of river beds into sluiceways that eliminate gravel beds for spawning of fish and islands where birds nest. In the state of Washington, the Corps is bent on destroying the last piece of the native Columbia River.

From Bonneville Dam to Grand Coulee, there are now 11 dams on the Columbia, the only natural part of the river left being a 50-mile stretch from Richland to Priest Rapids. The plans of the Corps to install Benjamin Franklin Dam will destroy that piece of the river, making all of it a big lake or reservoir.

The reason advanced is commercial. It is pointed out that with the locks of Benjamin Franklin, the apple growers of Wenatchee will be able to float their apples to the Portland market. The difficulty is that an apple traveling that distance through that hot, bleak area of

eastern Washington would not be edible by the time it reached Portland.

Be that as it may, the Corps would never be building Benjamin Franklin Dam if it had any conservation standards.

This section of the river is the last natural piece of the river left. The spring and summer run of salmon enter the tributaries of the Columbia for spawning. But the fall run of the Chinook salmon spawn in the main bed; and upstream from Richland are the last spawning grounds left in the main river. Due to the disappearance of other spawning areas, this stretch of the river has become increasingly important. The 20-year average of spawning beds is 902; in 1965, there were 1770 spawning beds; in 1966, 3100; in 1967, 3267. This area now accounts for about 30 percent of all the fall Chinook production. Where they will go if the river becomes a lake, no one knows.

This stretch of the river is also an important breeding ground for small-mouthed and largemouthed bass, white sturgeon and whitefish. It is also a natural spawning ground for steelhead trout, an operation greatly aided by a state hatchery. At least 30,000 steelhead trout a year are produced here; and the summer run is so excellent that sportsmen now catch 11,000 there.

The Benjamin Franklin Dam would wipe out 20 natural islands that are breeding grounds for the Canada goose and for several species of gulls, including the California and the ring-billed. The nesting geese number about 300 adult pairs and they produce about 1000 goslings a year. The dams with their resultant impoundments have greatly reduced, in all of the upper Columbia, the goose population from 13,000 to less than half. With all the dams being completed, the upper Columbia will have fewer than 3500 geese.

The river above Richland accommodates as many as 200,000 wintering

waterfowl on a single day. Most of the facilities for these wintering inhabitants will be destroyed by the Benjamin Franklin Dam.

The destruction of these spawning grounds and breeding areas is a form of official vandalism. No Federal agency with any concern for the values of conservation would be implicated in such a senseless plot.

Much of the river to be destroyed is now a part of a reservation of the Atomic Energy Commission, which uses the river to run its plutonium reactors. The AEC knows enough to realize how destructive the plans will be to the Columbia's natural wonders. But the AEC will not promote the dam nor oppose it. It is on the Corps' payroll and, like other similar Federal agencies, it is beholden.

The conservation cause is therefore handicapped. A stalwart group is fighting the dam. But public opinion is difficult to muster, as only a few people can enter the sacred precincts of the AEC reservation. So the river has few knowledgeable friends.

The Corps is now starting a vast internal canal-building project to build waterways into the dry, desert-blown parts of America. What chamber of commerce does not long to make its forgotten city a great port?

Will Rogers used to joke that the best thing to do with the Trinity River at Fort Worth, Texas, was to pave it, the stream being a bare trickle at times. That wild idea is now a reality. Construction of a 370-mile canal from Fort Worth to Houston is under way, with 20 new dams (multipurpose) and 20 locks.

Rogers used to twit the Corps about getting him "a harbor on the Verdigris at Oologah" in Oklahoma. That 1.2-billion-dollar project is now under way—a 539-mile canal reaching into the heart of Oklahoma. The plan includes 18 locks and dams that will lift river traffic 530 feet from the Mississippi to the level of Catoosa, the head of navigation.

In 1967, the Corps approved a \$316,000,000 Tennessee-Tombigbee waterway as justified by a benefit-cost ratio of 1.24 to 1. The Secretary of the Army, Stanley Resor, sent the report to Congress with his own contrary conclusion that the project did not have the requisite "margin of economic safety." But the interested Congressmen ignored Resor's conclusion, did not take the issue to Congress, but in committee ordered the Engineers to start the controversial canal that is to run 253 miles.

The most brazen project of all is known as Mike Kirwan's Big Ditch, linking Lake Erie with the Ohio River. Kirwan is chairman of the subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee on Public Works. Eighty-year-old Kirwan has long been a stern opponent of

national-park development. "The U. S. owns too much land" is his position. A member of his subcommittee who opposes him is in a perpetual doghouse, never getting any favors of his own. So they all—mostly all—meekly fall into line.

Kirwan's Big Ditch would be 120 miles long, with a 35-mile reservoir to supply the canal with Erie's sewage water. Nearly 90,000 acres of the nation's finest dairy farms would be inundated and more than 6000 people would lose their homes.

The idea is an old one, going back to George Washington; but today the experts think it is utterly worthless.

The Corps benefit-cost ratio was juggled to suit its needs; obvious costs to the tune of at least \$170,000,000 were left out. Benefits were rigged. Thus, "recreation" was valued at \$17,000,000 a year—a sum that could be reached only if 500,000 sportsmen descended on this stinking sewage water on a normal Sunday.

The Corps approved the project, estimating the cost at over a billion dollars. It let Kirwan make the announcement. Kirwan managed it through the House; and the Senate—without a roll call—approved.

Two million of the needed one billion dollars plus for Mike Kirwan's Big Ditch was in L. B. J.'s budget, a budget in which, L. B. J. said, "Waste and non-essentials have been cut out. Reductions or postponements have been made wherever possible."

And so the skids were greased. But the voice of Pennsylvania spoke up in opposition; and the Big Ditch has been delayed. Yet the momentum is so great in Washington, that if Texas and Oklahoma can have their worthless canals, so can Ohio.

The truth is that our waterways present staggering problems demanding money, engineering skills and ecological insights. These critical problems are not being managed by the Army Engineers.

Instead, the Corps is destroying free-flowing streams to make unnecessary dams. It is trying to turn natural rivers into sluiceways; it is destroying our estuaries. Having no conservation standards, the Corps can easily destroy the Everglades in favor of get-rich real-estate promoters.

The Corps, presently headed by the efficient General William F. Cassidy, has a long and illustrious record, completely free of fraud, mismanagement or other types of scandal. By 1942, it had built two and a half billion dollars' worth of facilities in a year and a half; and during World War Two, ten billion dollars' in four years. In terms of coverage, it has included navigation, flood control, hydro-power, beach erosion, water supply, fish and wildlife preservation, hurricane protection and related subjects. Since

1824, it has built most of the nation's harbors and navigable waterways. From the beginning, it was active in flood control; and when the first national Flood Control Act was passed by Congress in 1917, it became very active, especially in the Mississippi Valley. One who tours America will see many great and useful structures built by the Corps. Certainly, the Corps is unlike the Mafia; it has no conspiratorial function. It is honest and aboveboard.

The difficulty is, however, that we are running out of free-flowing rivers and healthy estuaries. The traditional engineering functions no longer fit our needs. Our need is to preserve the few remaining natural wonders that we have and make them clean and sparkling and fit for use by humans and by the vast world of birds, fish, reptiles and crustaceans that possess our waters.

We need the Corps. But we need also to redefine its functions and change its focus.

We pay farmers not to plant crops. Let's pay the Corps not to build dams, dredge estuaries, convert rivers into sluiceways or build inland canals.

We can accomplish that goal by a few simple amendments to the Corps' basic statutory authority.

First, its projects for river improvement should now be conditioned by conservation standards. Will the project protect the marshlands? Will it provide the needed fresh water for sanctuaries such as the Everglades? Will it preserve the bottom lands sorely needed for ecological studies?

Second, the Corps' statutory authority should be enlarged to authorize it to construct sewage-disposal plants. It has no such authority. It can be busier at that than at dam building. Its large civilian staff, dependent on Federal largess for salaries, can fatten on sewage as well as on flood control and navigation.

The Corps needs statutory redesigning to meet modern urban and technological needs.

One billion dollars is needed in the Lake Erie complex to restore that dead lake, so that swimming, boating and fishing are once more possible. Mike Kirwan would not get a Big Ditch under this new regime. But he might get a big sewage-disposal plant named for him.

These are rewards enough, even at the level of pork barrel, if the Corps concentrates on socially useful projects that are desperately needed. Now is the chance to save the rest of our rivers by proclaiming our love of the land and our determination to preserve its natural wonders, even against despoilers as professionally competent as the Army Corps of Engineers.





RUSSIAN BEAR

(continued from page 96)

street and the neighbors. In Prague, democracy was born in the street, and one's neighbors were democracy's staunchest support. Rumors of arrest were not confirmed; and yet, how far would they go, what was in store? Stalinism was at the door, visible and tangible. Its methods had not been forgotten. Would Dubček, Svoboda and Černík stand for it? As yet, no one knew what *they* had had to stand. Trust in them was unshaken, but what and how much would they be able to endure for how long? Politics behind closed doors, when tanks stand at every street corner, in front of every ministry, every newspaper office, every radio and television station. Both alternatives unthinkable: to demand the suicide of a whole nation or to compromise. The situation was unprecedented; the third power—whose solidarity would surprise even those returning from abroad—was also unprecedented. How could politics

behind closed doors establish contact with this third power? The question of emigration remains open and will continue to remain open for a while yet, because the situation is unprecedented, because the man in the street stands behind the intellectuals and it is not inconceivable that he, the man in the street, might prefer to know his intellectuals to be out of the country than in the country and in prison. And what about wives, children, mothers, grandmothers and mothers-in-law? Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps an as-yet-invisible third power will demolish Muscovite infallibility. Perhaps: but when, when? Perhaps the monument to the woman of Prague was being cast during those first three days, to be sunk for a time in the Moldavia, in honor of which Brecht wrote one of his finest poems and from which Soviet soldiers were drinking, in which they were washing, the men who, "theoretical-

ly," had not deserved to be ridiculed.

On the fourth day, the Soviet soldiers would hardly talk to anyone, nor would they allow themselves to be photographed. The sun was shining; it was Saturday. Many Prague citizens were out for a walk. We were out from seven in the morning until eight at night. Lists were displayed outside the houses; signatures were being collected for the new, illusory catchword "neutrality."

We got hold of a taxi and were driven around the sights. It was like a bad documentary on Prague: Hradčany Castle, Loreta, view over Prague from the stadium, past the Belvedere (tanks blocking the entrance), to the ghetto, to the synagogue, to the Faust building; close by, St. Ignatius Church was open and we went in. The taxi driver was courteous, spoke German and was well informed. He casually mentioned that the Soviet Union owed Czechoslovakia 450 billion crowns for uranium; Dubček was asking for this money now, in order to restore the economy, and that was why there were tanks in Prague. I felt a bit jittery when he drove through an intersection under the very nose of the evening tank patrol. We walked the rest of the way.

The Jan Hus monument on the Altstadt Ring (the old town square) had been blindfolded. A young man, obviously a West German and not a journalist, was caught photographing it. A Soviet soldier crossed the square from the Hus monument toward him as he stood in the colonnade. Holding his machine pistol to the young man's chest, the soldier demanded the camera. The soldier looked uncomfortable. We felt uncomfortable. I would have handed over the camera at once, even at odds of 100,000 to 1 that he wouldn't shoot. It is so easy to press the hair trigger of a machine pistol, even if only through tension. I advised the young man to hand over the camera. He refused. A group quickly formed and the Soviet soldier, surrounded, became more and more nervous. He was a nice-looking lad, sensitive and obviously acting on orders. A handsome young gypsy woman pushed up the barrel of his machine pistol so that it no longer pointed at the young man's chest but at the door of the Týn Church. At the same time, she was shouting angrily at the soldier, no doubt to the effect that this was no way to behave, to point a gun barrel directly at a person's chest.

Two more sentries were dispatched across the square as reinforcements. They looked less sensitive. A young Czech asked the young man in German, "Do you really have a camera and did you use it?" "Yes," said the young man. "Just give it to him," I said. The young Czech said, "I don't think he should give it to him." My wife said, "Why don't you show him your passports?" We did.



"I got a girl in trouble . . .



scame dolo.

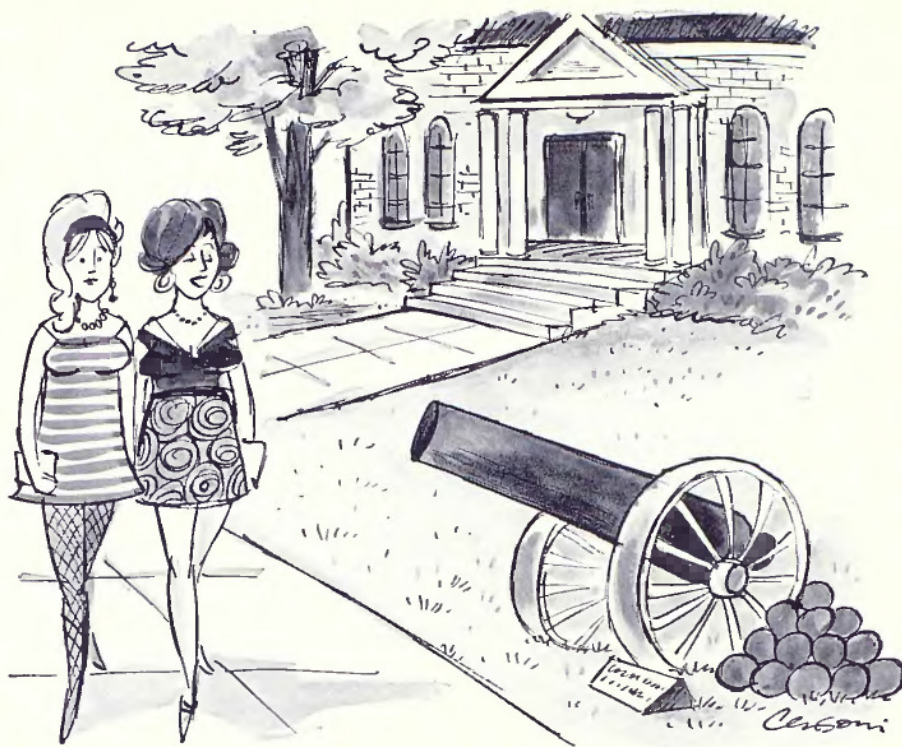
" . . . I told her mother she broke a window."

This caused delay, easing of tension, confusion. The young Czech talked, talked, talked insistently to the first soldier in Russian, while more and more gypsies gathered around with their children. In their dark eyes, I saw something for which I would have given several hundred cameras: life and the joy of living. Suddenly, the sentries turned on their heels and walked back toward the Hus monument. They had failed to carry out orders, and I have no doubt they have received at least a reprimand, probably worse. The young man had kept his camera. The gypsies were beaming. I shook hands with the young Czech. My wife and I both then found that our knees were trembling. For the first time in 23 years and a few months, we had once again seen how senselessly someone could have died. And all because of a camera. I had no use for the young man's courage.

We sat down on a bench, under trees, in the sunshine, on Saturday afternoon. People were sitting there peacefully, only a few paces from the tanks. A boy had come out with his pet, a little owl. He wore a broad leather arm band with a chain attached to it, and the little owl jumped on his head, shoulders and arms, while the neighbors' children stood around. I envied the boy—an owl is something I have always wanted. Strange: Somehow, undeniably, one had got used to the tanks. People sat quietly on their benches, smoking and chatting in subdued voices. Children clambered around on a jungle gym, played in the sandbox. The slogans on house walls had become coarser: to put it politely, the fecal and anal elements predominated. A tank soldier replied in phallic terms: With an unmistakable gesture, he sat himself astride the gun barrel and gave a coarse laugh. Only one person laughed with him, the others were too tired; or maybe they felt embarrassed.

The only people left in the hotel were journalists. They stood on the steps in front of the hotel, waiting. A group of fresh journalists arrived. They were tired and hungry; you could tell at once that they were old hands at trouble of all kinds. By the elevator, two Americans recognized each other. "We've met before, haven't we?" "That's right, two years ago, in Saigon." "What d'you think—is this going to be a European Vietnam?" Shrug of the shoulders.

The elevator came. The elderly operator was a living image of better days. Gray-haired, sensitive, courteous, unobtrusive. A relic of the Hapsburg days. He might have been a cabinet minister or a cultural attaché; but who can tell in a democracy? Maybe he really was an elevator operator by profession. He accepted tips calmly, but that proves nothing: cabinet ministers sometimes accept tips, too.



"That reminds me, have you seen Phil lately?"

Sunday morning, the hotel lobby was almost empty. In a baronial armchair sat a girl printing slogans on wastepaper. She looked in need of sleep, her make-up just a trifle askew. It was quiet and sunny, and down here in the lobby, the firing—already part of the morning ritual—sounded more remote. We had long given up moving back from the window at the sound of shots. We were reluctant to leave, but our Czech friends insisted. The correspondent of *Der Stern* took us to Smichov station. We had no trouble getting there—driving between tanks.

Much kissing, much weeping, at Smichov station. And for the first time since Tuesday evening, there was beer. People were standing in line at the station buffet and going off with their pint mugs. From Prague to the German border, there wasn't a single tank to be seen from the train. Just two soldiers at a level crossing somewhere. Was Czechoslovakia really occupied? The forests of Bohemia are deep and vast, the villages so quiet. At Pilsen, many passengers rushed to the station buffet to turn their last Czech crowns into Pilsen beer and came back with six, eight, ten bottles.

Beyond Pilsen, in the lovely river valley, we looked in vain—as we had done on the way to Prague—for the little station of Malovice that had figured so prominently in my wife's family stories. Her father had been a lawyer with the state railway in Pilsen and the family

had spent much of the summer in the waiting room at Malovice, or deep in the woods, by the little river, collecting mushrooms; and their Czech grandmother would tell them stories and bring home flowers and herbs from the forest, once even a crow. There were two trains a day; and with the evening train, the engineer used to bring my father-in-law a mug of beer from Pilsen. It can't have been very far from Pilsen; for, according to tradition, the foam was still on the beer. It is probably on a branch line. We didn't find it on the way back, either. Like a dream, it remained buried in the Bohemian forests.

In our compartment were two Czech matrons chatting in a mixture of Czech and American. They were old but still had that pinkly gleaming silver hair, those crazy gingerbread glasses, too conspicuous underwear and embarrassing décolletés. I wished they were wearing head scarves and shawls and steel-rimmed spectacles, like the Czech grandmother in our family photos. They would have looked much prettier.

There were other Czechs on the train, too, even some emigrants. At the border, not a single suitcase was opened. But every hollow space in the compartment was opened up and a flashlight shone into every last corner by a man in plain clothes. And the water tanks were tapped and all the toilets minutely searched.

BEGINNINGS (continued from page 90)

"His name is Max," Dana said.

"Say, maybe the *three* of us could go to a movie together," I said. "You think Max might be able to come down one weekend?"

"He's carrying a very heavy program," Dana said.

"Then I guess we'll just have to go alone," I said. "How about Thursday?"

"Thursday's Thanksgiving."

"Friday, then."

"All right. So long as you understand—"

"I understand only one thing."

"Which is what?"

"Which is that I'm going to marry you."

...

On the weekends I had to play, I would die from wanting Dana.

I had got together with three other freshman guys at Yale, one of whom was in premed and who had suggested the name for the group, a great name. The Rhinoplasticians, a rhinoplastician being a doctor who does nose bobs. We didn't sound as great together yet as the old

Dawn Patrol had, but we were getting there, and also we were beginning to play a lot of local jobs, especially at preppie parties in the vicinity, where college *men* made a big hit with all the little girls from Miss Porter's. We usually pulled down about 25 bucks a man whenever we played, and we played approximately once every other weekend, which meant that I was earning between \$50 and \$75 a month, more than enough to pay for the apartment in Providence. I was living on a tight allowance from my father, and I didn't think it was fair to ask him for additional money to pay for the apartment, so the new group was a godsend. But at the same time, whenever I played to earn money to pay for the apartment, I couldn't get up to Providence to *use* the apartment; it was something of a dilemma, not to mention painful besides.

The apartment belonged to a guy named Lenny Samalson, who was studying graphic design at RISD. Lenny had a girlfriend in New York, and her name was Roxanne, and she went to Sarah

Lawrence, but her parents were very strict, making it necessary for Lenny to go down to the city each weekend, if he wanted to see her. Roxanne lived in the same building as Dana, on 79th and Park, and when Dana casually mentioned, you know, that it would be convenient if she and I had, you know, a place where we could be alone together on weekends, Roxanne said, Well, how about Lenny's place in Providence? and we grabbed it. Lenny was delighted to let us have it, because I paid him \$30 a month for using it only on weekends, and not *every* weekend, at that. On the other hand, we were delighted to get it, because it was only two hours from New Haven and an hour from Boston, which meant that Dana and I could both leave for Providence after our respective Friday-afternoon classes and get there for dinner, by which time Lenny was already on his way to New York and the carefully guarded Roxanne, who, Dana said, had lost her virginity at the age of 14 on the roof with the boy from 12-C.

I had very little difficulty getting away from Yale for weekends, but our trysts involved a certain amount of subterfuge on Dana's part. Dana was but a mere female freshman living in Shelton Hall and blanket permission (pun unintended by the administration of BU, I'm sure) for overnights had to be in writing from her parents. With permission, she was entitled to unlimited weekends, provided she signed out before the two-A.M. curfew and left a telephone number where she could be reached. Dana had little difficulty convincing Dr. Castelli that blanket permission would be far simpler than having to call home each time she was invited to spend a weekend with a girlfriend. And the telephone number she left at Shelton each Friday afternoon before putting her check in the overnight column was, of course, the one at Lenny's apartment.

Providence was a singularly grubby town, but Lenny's apartment was really quite nice. I had always thought artists were sloppy people who left twisted paint tubes and dirty rags all over the place, but Lenny was very tidy. In fact, since he was in graphic design rather than fine arts, he hardly ever worked in oils, and the place was miraculously free of the aroma of paint or turpentine, which could have been disastrous in a one-room apartment with a screen separating the kitchen from the bedroom-living room. Lenny had hand-decorated the screen himself, using the ☺ symbol in various sizes as an over-all black-and-white pattern. The symbol, Dana informed me, was a composite of the semaphore signals for the letters N and D, a visual representation of the words "Nuclear Disarmament," this information having incidentally been garnered by her



"I am not down here sulking!"

in library research for a paper she was doing on William Shakespeare, figure it out. The screen stood at the foot of the bed, and tacked to it was a very decorative poster Lenny had painted in blues and reds, advising everyone to MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR, though actually we didn't need any reminders.

I loved Dana very much.

Before Dana, I had had a relationship with only one other girl in my life, and that had been Cass Hagstrom. The time with Cass had been very exciting for me, because she was the first girl who had let me do anything substantial to her and I was overwhelmed and grateful. That was also when everything else was really going great for me—Dawn Patrol was playing almost every Friday and Saturday night, I was the football team's captain and quarterback and I was maintaining a 90 average at Talmadge High. I was as much in love with *life*, I guess, as I was with Cass.

But even the most exciting times with Cass, and there were some, did not compare with what I experienced with Dana. I loved everything about Dana, and this wasn't a matter of a first sex experience, nor were things going so great at Yale, either, because they weren't. In fact, to be perfectly truthful, I was having a very difficult time adjusting to college life, being burdened with two creepy room-

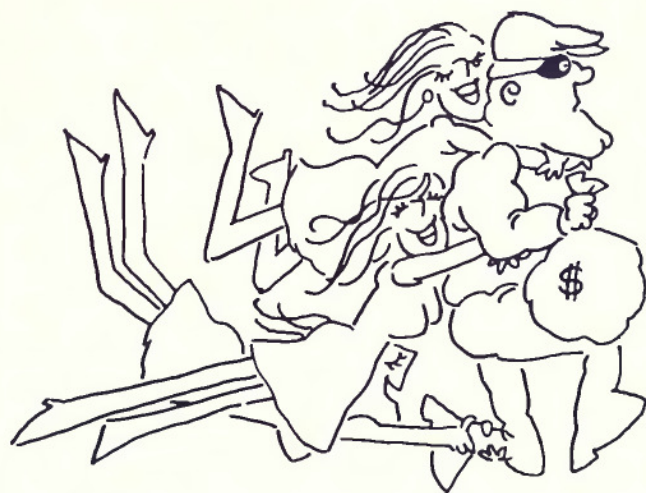
mates and carrying a full program of English, French, history, economics and physics. Moreover, I was confused about a lot of things.

I had dutifully registered for the draft in October of 1964, within five days after my 18th birthday, aware that I owed the Army two years of compulsory service, and ready though reluctant to pay my debt to the country. Well, that's corny, banners waving and bugles blowing and all that crap. But I *believed* in freedom, you see, I *believed* in the concept of self-government, and I recognized that a great nation *did* have responsibilities to the rest of the world, and I was committed to sharing those responsibilities. I knew my Army duty would be postponed as long as I kept up my grades at Yale and continued to be classified a student, but I knew that eventually I would have to serve; and whereas the idea was a pain in the ass, patriotism aside, I was nonetheless ready to do what had to be done.

In February of 1965, I began to get confused.

I don't think Dana had anything to do with my confusion, though perhaps she may have. She was a very opinionated beautiful young lady, and her contempt for President Johnson was something monumental. Like a lot of girls, she had accepted Kennedy as a sort of father

image with whom incest was not only thinkable but perfectly acceptable. And then, cut of all cuts, this positively groovy guy had been replaced by a real father type who had a stern demeanor and a disapproving downturned mouth, who wore eyeglasses when he read his speeches, who whooped it up with all the ladies at the Inaugural Ball, and who spoke in a lazy Texas way designed to alienate every kid on the Eastern Seaboard, if not the entire world. Dana's favorite nickname for him was "Ole Flannelmouth," though she also began calling him "Loony Bins Johnson" shortly after the Inauguration. In Lenny's apartment one night, she performed for me a ten-minute argument between L. B. J. and his daughter, which ended with him shouting, "Well, I reckon *Ah'm* the President, and y'all kin *not* have the automobile tonight!" When I told her that he was a good administrator who could goose Congress into giving us some much-needed legislation, Dana said, "Oh, crap. Wat," and tacked another anti-Johnson Feiffer cartoon to Lenny's Ban-the-Bomb screen, and then did a devastating take-off of Johnson collaring unsuspecting Senators in the cloakroom and twisting their arms to vote for legislation on new bird sanctuaries, her imitation developing to the point where I'm positive it was slanderous (though I have



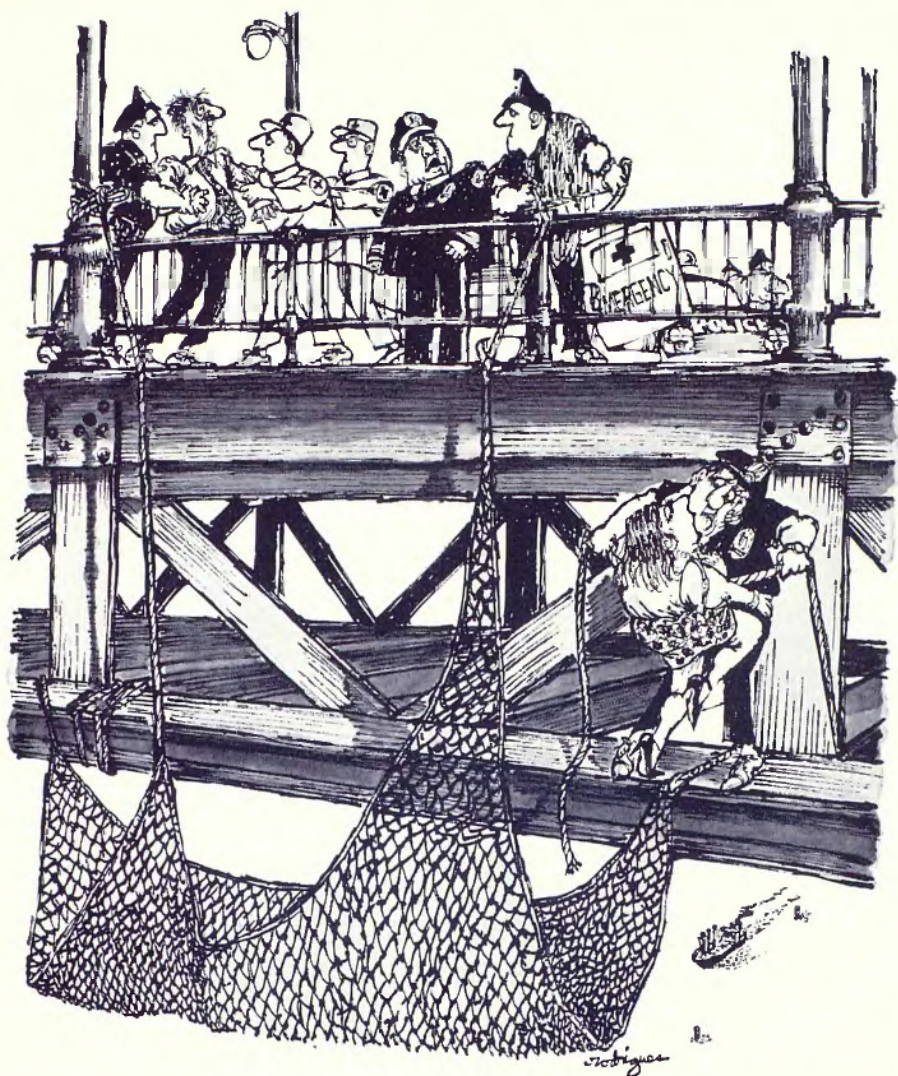
**"I warned you
about that
after shave."**



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"Where's the guy's wife, O'Connor?"

to admit it was funny as hell, too).

February got confusing.

I'm not trying to say that everything wasn't pretty confusing to begin with. I had two roommates in Edwin McClellan Hall. One was named Alec Kupferman and he was a spooky kid with a beard who hardly ever said a word to anyone, wandering around the campus and the room immersed in whatever private thoughts consumed him day and night. I don't think he attended classes. He would appear like a sudden hallucination in the doorframe and merely nod, and go to his bed, and put his hands behind his head and stare up at the ceiling. I felt very uneasy whenever he was around, which, thank God, was not too often. My other roommate was a winner, too. He was a kid named Abner Nurse from Salem, Massachusetts, who claimed that he was a direct descendant of Rebecca Nurse, who had been tried and hanged for a witch in 1692. I believed it. If ever there was a warlock in the world, it was Abner Nurse. He had

red eyes. I swear to God, they were red. Not fire-engine red, of course, but a brown that was so close to orange it was red, especially when he sat at his desk late at night with the single lamp burning, probably reading up on evil potions and deadly brews from a witch book hidden behind his PLAYBOY magazine. He had black hair that stuck up on his head in two spots, *exactly* like horns. I had never seen him naked, because he was very shy about taking showers when anybody else was around, but I think that's because he had a long tail he kept tucked up inside his underwear. He changed his underwear every day. He always left his Jockey shorts in a corner of the room, like a neat little burial mound, until there was a week's supply piled up there, and then he would pick them up and carry them down the hall to the john, where he would hand-launder them as though they were dainty, delicate unmentionables. I once heard him talking in his sleep, and what he said was, "Hanna-Kribna" over and over

again in rising cadence, which I'm sure was authentic Salem witch talk. When I caught him reading a rather personal letter from Dana to me, I told him I would bust him in the mouth if he ever did it again, and he rooted me to the spot with his red-eyed satanic gaze and shouted, "Descend in flames, turd!" and then laughed maniacally and stalked out of the room. I didn't hit him, because he was somewhat larger than I, measuring six feet, four inches from the top of his head to the tips of his cloven hooves, and weighing 220 pounds in his Jockey shorts.

So the room situation at old Eli was somewhat confusing, as was the situation with The Rhinoplasticians (Jesus, I really *dug* that name!), because we were trying to develop a unique and original sound that was far out and divorced from hard rock; but at the same time, we knew we couldn't get *too* experimental or we'd never get any jobs, and I needed the job money to keep up the Providence apartment, but I couldn't get to use the apartment if we played *too many* jobs, which we *wouldn't* play if our sound got too shrill or unintelligible.

"Now, *this* is what I call providence," Dana said the first time we used the apartment, and then sat shyly on the edge of the bed, her hands folded in her lap as demurely and expectantly as a bride. And though we had made love before, several times in the back of the station wagon and once in her bedroom on Park Avenue while Dr. Castelli and his wife were at the opening of *I Had a Ball*, this was in a sense the first time for us.

She studied me with a solemn brown-eyed look, as though aware that something memorable was about to happen, that we were *really* about to commit to each other here in Lenny Samalson's apartment on Lenny Samalson's bed, about to share an intimacy that would be infinitely more binding than our previous hurried and awkward couplings had been. She stared at me for several moments, as though trying to read on my face the knowledge that I, too, knew this was extremely important. And then she rose silently and fluidly from the bed and walked toward the john at the other end of the apartment, near the kitchen, and came back to me naked not five minutes later.

Her body was a contradiction; I observed it at first with all the professional aloofness of a gynecologist. She had large breasts with pink-tipped nipples; I had touched her often, I knew the feel of her by memory, but this was the first time I'd seen her naked, and now she seemed too abundant, somehow, as though her mother-earth ripeness, her bursting fullness had been designed for another body and not hers. The triangle of her pubic

hair was thick and black. An equilateral tangle of Neapolitan density, it sprang from the whiteness of her belly and thighs like some unexplored jungle, promising fecundity, combining with the lush womanliness of her breasts to deny the girlishness of her narrow hips and long legs. She did a self-conscious model's turn for me, and her backside came as another surprise, hinted at before in skintight jeans, but nonetheless startling now in its swelling nakedness, an unsubtle echo of her breasts. Her body advertised its erogenous zones in billboard blatancy, refusing secrecy to her sexuality, brazenly inviting what her downcast nun's eyes sought to conceal.

She had learned some things from Max that I had never learned from Cass, but she taught them to me only subversively in the weeks that followed, never once indicating they were skills acquired in another man's bed, pretending we were learning everything together for the first time ever on earth. There was a gleeful exuberance to the way she made love. Cass Hagstrom had approached sex with all the joy of a mortician, her brow covered with a cold sweat, a tight grim look on her face, her eyes widening in frightened orgasm as though she were looking into her own open coffin. But Dana entered our Providence bed with nothing less than total abandon, an attitude I naturally and mistakenly attributed to my own great prowess, until I learned she took the pill religiously each and every morning and, thus liberated, could fearlessly express and expose herself. Each time we began making love, a small pleased smile would light her face and her eyes, lingering as we crossed those separate male-female boundaries to that suspended genderless territory where we each became the other. It was then that something else moved onto Dana's face to replace the smile, drifting into her eyes and swiftly, smokily stretching them out of focus. Reason, intelligence, conscious will drained from her features as an utterly wanton look took complete possession, flushing onto her face, rising there directly from the hungrily demanding slit between her legs. In those few mindless moments before she came, she was totally and recklessly female, completely trusting my maleness, paradoxically fortifying our oneness, our commingled identity, receiving and demanding and responding and succumbing, until everything surrounding me and containing me was Dana, this cloud, my love, this sweet sweet Dana. In January, we found each other, and in the discovery found ourselves as well.

In February, the way Dana and I later reconstructed it, everybody in Vietnam decided it was time for a little truce, little rice-wine break in the heat of battle, get these troops out of the hot sun,

Captain, don't you know it's time for the Year of the Dragon to become the Year of the Snake? Let's get some of these lads back to Saigon for some fun there, hey, Captain? Charley wants a seven-day cease-fire, why, fine, we'll give him a seven-day cease-fire.

DANA: Oh, Colonel, it was nasty! Those wily Orientals, they was all the while hiding ammunition and putting up they mortars, sir, while we was guzzling beer in Saigon bars with Hello, Joe, you likee fig-fig girls, oh, sir, I can tell you it was terrible. Where they was heading for, sir, was Pleiku, down around Quinhon, Phumy, Kontum and Hanna-Kribna, I swear that boy is a witch, sir! And what they done, they pound the hell out of us, sir.

ME: Well, sir, the cease-fire ended at midnight, and we was sitting around having a last smoke fore we hit the sack, when all of a sudden Charley come running out of the high grass either side of the airstrip, musta cut a sizable hunk thu the barbed wire to get thu that way with them satchel charges, sir, and he begin blowing up everything he could lay his hands on, he hits the choppers, he hits the recon planes, he just determined, sir, to blow Camp Holloway clear off the map.

ME again, different voice: They opened up with the 81s along about the same time, they musta been hiding, oh, 600 or 700 yards from the compound, and them

mortars come banging in, man, they musta fired 50, 60 rounds of them. Knocked down a quarter of the goddamn billets, killed 7 of our guys and wounded about 100.

DANA, doing her now-world-famous President Johnson imitation: The worst thing we could possibly do would be to let this go by. It would be a big mistake. It would open the door to a major misunderstanding. I want three things: I want a joint attack. I want it to be prompt. I want it to be appropriate.

She got what she wanted.

Or, rather, he did.

The United States aircraft carriers Ranger, Hancock and Coral Sea, cruising in the South China Sea, launched 49 Skyhawks and Crusaders 12 hours after the Viet Cong attack on Pleiku. The planes roared over Donghoi, 50 miles above the 17th Parallel, and bombed and strafed the staging area there. The next day, Vietnamese Skyraiders joined United States jets from the Danang base and flew north to bomb Vinhlinh, a Red guerrilla communications center.

DANA: He come striding across the field, you dig, man, and he ain't bad-looking for a gook, he got this real pretty girl gook with him, she look like the Dragon Lady. He got this black mustache and these six-guns slung on his hips, man, he look like a real marshal. 'stead of a gook marshal. His name Nguyen Cao Ky (Man, I'm positive now that



"Either his international code is rusty or he's a very angry castaway."

boy a witch!) and he wearing this all-black fly suit and a white crash helmet, man, he going to shoot every motherless Cong clear off the face of the earth.

ME, assuming the role of the President's press secretary: Today's joint response was carefully limited to military areas that are supplying men and arms for attacks in South Vietnam. As in the case of the North Vietnamese attacks in the Gulf of Tonkin last August, the response was appropriate and fitting.

I honestly did not know how appropriate or fitting it was, because I honestly did not know just what was going on over there. Nor did anyone seem anxious to tell me. There were rumors that Maxwell Taylor, our ambassador to South Vietnam, would soon be recalled because of differences with General Nguyen Khanh, the current head of the Saigon government, not to be confused with Nguyen Cao Ky, the vice air marshal, he of the black jump suit and white crash helmet, Nguyen apparently being a Vietnamese name as common as Tom. I had no idea what Khanh looked like, because the South Vietnamese seemed to change their leaders as often as Abner Nurse changed his underwear, very often leaving *them* in little piles in the corner, too. Our new man who'd been sent to Saigon to investigate the developing situation was called McGeorge Bundy. (I didn't believe *his* name, either.) He was the President's top White House national-security advisor. To show how important he was, it was shortly after he arrived in Saigon that the Viet Cong decided to kick hell out of us. General Westmoreland, who I guessed was running the whole shooting match for us over there, was shocked by Charley's audacity. "This is bad," he said, "very bad."

I, too, was beginning to think maybe it wasn't so good.

On the other hand, President Johnson assured the nation that there had been no change in the position of the country in regard to our desire or our determination to help the people of Vietnam preserve their freedom. "Our basic commitment to Vietnam," he said, "was made in a statement ten years ago by our President Dwight Eisenhower, to the general effect that we would help the people of Vietnam help themselves." Dana's respect for Eisenhower was exceeded only by her respect for Johnson, but she doubted that our policy of containing communism had originated with dear old Ike, preferring to believe instead that we'd been chasing Reds at home and abroad for such a long time now that anyone becoming President was duty-bound to continue the pursuit, the present echoing the past, the course already charted, the future preordained, and all that jazz. Ten years

ago, when Eisenhower made the statement to which Johnson now alluded, I was only eight years old and thought the President was that nice bald man who sounded a lot like Sally Lawrence's grandfather. I had no idea what he was saying about the country nor what he was doing for it ("Nothing," Dana insisted). What I *did* remember about ten years ago was being led into the basement of the Talmadge Elementary School, which had been stocked with food and water and blankets and battery-powered radios, and being told by Mrs. Weinger that this was a practice air raid and that we would remain in the basement until we heard the all clear sounding from the firehouse roof. She then went on to tell us a little about radiation, all of us sitting wide-eyed and fearful, and I could remember wondering aloud what would happen if my father were caught in New York when the bomb fell (Shhh! Mrs. Weinger warned me) and my mother were at our house on Ritter Avenue and I were here at school—would we ever get to see one another again? I was terrified.

Now, everyone seemed to have forgotten all about shhh the bomb, everyone seemed to have passed it off as just another nasty little weapon no one in his right mind would use, the way no one in his right mind would have used gas in World War One, the way no one in his right mind would even *think* of waging war in this day and age, because war was hell (we had been taught to believe), war was foolish and war was suicidal. Yet we were waging war in Vietnam. Or so it seemed.

Something was happening, and I didn't know what. But whereas I was confused, I did not begin to get *frightened* until Sunday, February 21.

Dana had an old beat-up straw hat she used to wear whenever she was studying for an exam. She had bought it six years ago, when she'd gone to Nassau with her parents, and it was just about falling apart now, its red ribbon faded and torn, its edges jagged, its crown full of open holes. But it was her "study hat," and she compulsively pulled it down over her ears before cracking a book, as though isolating herself from the outside world within its tattered straw confines. She was wearing the hat and nothing else that Sunday, sitting cross-legged and naked in the center of Lenny Samalson's bed, surrounded by open French textbooks. She was in the midst of intoning some Baudelaire out loud, *Ma jeunesse ne fut qu'un ténébreux orage*, when the news announcement interrupted the music, this must have been, oh, a little past three in the afternoon, *Traversée ça et là par de brillants soleils*, and the music stopped, and the announcer said that Malcolm X had been shot to death by a man with a double-barreled sawed-off

shotgun at the Audubon Ballroom on Upper Broadway in Manhattan. The announcer went on to say that Malcolm's murderer had been a Negro like himself (small consolation to the dead man) and that he had been immediately apprehended by the police and charged with homicide.

Sitting in the center of Lenny's bed, wearing only her study hat, Dana began to weep softly, and I went to her and took her in my arms, and we huddled together, suddenly chilled, as the radio resumed its program of recorded music.

. . .

There was pot in the apartment, of course, provided by Lenny as matter-of-factly as he provided the silverware and the sheets, nothing to write the Federal Bureau of Narcotics about, just enough for a little smoke every now and again. Actually, it would have been just as simple for Dana and me to have bought our nickel bags in Cambridge or New Haven, but it was more convenient to have the stuff waiting there for us in Providence each weekend (not to mention a good deal safer besides, what with all those state lines being crossed). Lenny would leave it in a little plastic bag in the refrigerator ("Oregano, in case anyone asks; livens up the cuisine") and we would pay him for it on a consumer basis, using an honor system Dana and I scrupulously respected. Neither of us were pot heads. We'd bust a joint on Friday night when we got to the apartment, and maybe have, oh, at the most, two or three more over the weekend, something like that. It was good.

Everything was good that spring.

Dana said that nobody in Hollywood would have been interested in *Our Love Story* because it was so plebeian; we had not met cute, and we didn't do any kookie offbeat things like buying red onions on Olvera Street, the commute being a long one from Providence. I informed her, however, that she possessed a couple of natural attributes long considered viable commodities on the Hollywood mart, and that perhaps we could approach a movie sale under the table, so to speak, *Our Romance* being weak on plot, true enough, but at least one of the characters being well developed, if she took my meaning. ("Oh, yes, sir," she trilled, "I *take* your meaning, and I *do* so want to be a star!") But I suppose our relationship *was* singularly lacking in spectator interest. We did not, for example, walk barefoot in the rain even once that spring. We walked—yes, sometimes when the sky over that old city was an unblemished blue, and the spring air came in off the Atlantic with a tangy whiff of salt and a promise of summer suddenly so strong it brought with it the tumbled rush of every summer past, the lingering images



"The first thing to do is admit to ourselves that we're lost."

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of crowded vacation highways and white-sand beaches, fireworks and beer, hot dogs, lobster rolls, children shrieking, weathered ocean-front hotels, last summer crowding next summer in that Providence spring—we walked hand in hand and told lovers' secrets no more important than that I had cheated to win a prize in the third grade (and had not been found out) or that Dana had lettered in eyebrow pencil when she was 12 years old, on her respective budding breasts, "Orangeade" and "Lemonade."

But we had no favorite restaurant, we did not discover a great Italian joint with red-checked tablecloths and candles sticking in empty chianti bottles dripping wax, where Luigi, whom we knew by name, rushed to greet us at the door ("Mama mia, you no binna here long time!") and led us to a table near a cheerful fire that dispelled whatever winter's bite still hovered, though spring was surely upon us and we were in love. We had no such rendezvous where jealous patrons watched as Luigi fussed over our glowing romance and waited while we tasted the rubious wine, and kissed his fingers and nodded and went out to the kitchen to tell his wife that the young lovers loved the wine, our personal Henry Armetta, while we ourselves grandstanded to the crowded cozy restaurant, I staring deep into Dana's eyes, she touching my hand on the checked tablecloth with one slender carmine-tipped forefinger; we had no such place.

We had, instead, a hundred places, all of them lousy. We ate whenever we were hungry, and we were hungry often. Like frenzied teeny-boppers, we became instantly ravenous, demanding food at once lest heads roll, and then were in-

stantly gratified by whatever swill the nearest diner offered—until hunger struck again and we became wild Armenians striding the streets in search of blood. Dana was at her barbaric worst immediately after making love. She would leap out of bed naked and stalk through the apartment, a saber-toothed tigress on a hunt, heading directly for the refrigerator, where she would fling out food like the dismembered parts of victims, making horrible sounds of engorgement all the while, and then coming back to me to say, "Shall I make us something to eat?" She was an excellent cook, though a reluctant one, and she sometimes whipped up ginzo delights learned from her father's mother, and unlike anything even dreamed of by my mother, Dolores Prine Tyler, with her Ann Page pasta.

The games we played were personal and therefore exclusive, lacking in universality and therefore essentially dull to anyone but ourselves. The Tyler-Castelli Television Commercial Award was invented one Saturday night while we were watching a message-ridden late movie on Lenny's old set, wheeled to the foot of the bed. The judges for the T.C.T.C. Award (Dana and I) gave undisputed first prize to the Wrigley Spearmint Chewing Gum commercial as the best example of freedom from complexity, pretentiousness or ornamentation; the coveted runner-up prize went to the Gallo Wine Company, whose handsome baritone actor-vineyard owner on horseback was forced to sing "wine country" as "wine cun-tree" for the sake of the jingle's scan. In similar fashion, there was the Tyler-Castelli Award for Literary Criticism (first prize went to Martin

Levin of *The New York Times* for having reviewed 10,000 books in five months, somehow skipping only the novels of Styron, Salinger, Bellow, Roth, Malamud and Updike); the Tyler-Castelli Award for Athletic Achievement (first prize went to Sonny Liston for his recent one-minute performance in Lewiston, Maine); and the Tyler-Castelli Award for Quick Thinking (which went to Lyndon Baines Johnson for his speedy dispatch of the United States Marines to Santo Domingo, his second such award in three months).

There was (I knew, Dana knew) nothing very special about our love, except that it was ours and it was good. We floated, we drifted toward a limbo of not-quite irresponsibility, lulled by each other's presence and the soporific vapors of spring. I was protected from the draft by my student status at Yale, and I was smart enough (Wat Tyler on black-and-white film asserts to his own high intelligence while assorted professors and scientists applaud his modesty) to be able to grapple with whatever old Eli threw at me in the semester to come, confident, in short, that I could preserve my deferment. Dana was a bright girl and an honor student, and if we slouched through most of our courses, it didn't show in our grades. We bathed regularly. We wrote or called home even when we didn't need money. We were a pair of passionate isolationists who sought neither followers nor converts, involved in a love we knew was genuine and true. And since it was ours alone, and since it was so good, we naturally felt free to abuse it.

(This is Wat Tyler's first screen appearance in color, idol of millions, and he is disturbed by his red-faced image; did he look that way in the rushes? Apart, he wonders how Dana can have caused such rage in him. The flickering frames of film reveal the camera coming in for a tight close shot of his fists clenching and unclenching. The audience Wat Tyler watches the star Wat Tyler as the sound track shrieks under the tense homicidal hands, "I can't get no satisfaction.")

Dana was sitting in the center of Lenny's bed, eyes averted the way they'd been that first night here in January, partially turned away from me, hands in her lap. She was wearing faded blue jeans and a green sweater. Her hair was pulled back into a ponytail. There was no lipstick on her mouth. It was ten o'clock on a Friday night. She usually caught the five-o'clock train from Boston and was at the apartment by 6:30.

"Why are you so late?" I asked her.

"I ran into someone."

"Who?"

"An old friend."

"Where?"



"At least tell me where I went wrong, son. . . ."

"In Boston, where do you think? My God, Wat, it's only—"

"Why didn't you call?"

"I wasn't anywhere near a phone."

"Well, where, what do you mean, there're phones all over Boston, how could you possibly not be anywhere near a phone? Didn't you know I'd be worrying?"

"No, I didn't know."

"Well, I was."

"I'm sorry."

"Where were you?"

"By the river."

"What river?"

"There's only one undergraduate river in Boston, which river do you think?"

"I'm not that goddamn familiar with Boston."

"The Charles," Dana said softly.

"With who, whom?"

"With Max."

(The close shot of Wat Tyler's eyes reveals jealousy, fury, fear, unreasoning black rage, all represented by a superimposed fireworks display erupting in each pupil. The sound track features his harsh breathing. The Stones' *Satisfaction* has segued into The Yardbirds' *I'm a Man*. It is wintertime in the film, the window behind Wat Tyler is rimed with frost, there is the distant jingle of *Dr. Zhivago* sleigh bells on the icebound street outside. In the room it is May and Lenny Samalson has put flowered Bonwit Teller sheets on the bed in celebration of spring, but it is a dank winter in Wat Tyler's mind; her body will hardly have deteriorated at all when they find it naked in the snow a week from now.)

"Max," I repeated.

"Yes, Max."

"You ran into him."

"Yes."

"Where?"

"I didn't exactly run into him. He called."

"When?"

"This afternoon. I went back to the dorm to pick up my bag, and Max called."

"To say what?"

"To say how was I, and it had been a long time, and all that."

"So how'd you end up by the river?"

"He said he had a few minutes and would I like to go for a walk or something? So I said I was on my way to catch the train to Providence, and he said, Oh, in that case. So I felt sorry for him and I said OK, I'll take a walk with you, Max."

"So you went by the river for a few minutes, and now it's ten o'clock at night, when you should have been here by six-thirty."

"We didn't stay by the river."

"Where'd you go?"

"Wat, I'm very tired. I really would like to get into my nightgown and go to bed. Can't this wait until morning?"

Nothing so terrible happened, believe me."

"What *did* happen?"

"We went up to Max' room, and we had a drink."

"And then what?"

"And then we had another drink."

"Did he try to lay you?"

"Yes."

"Did you let him?"

"No."

"Why'd you go up there, Dana? Didn't you *know* he'd try?"

"No, I *didn't* know he'd try. I wanted to see if he'd try."

"You were sleeping with the guy for a month before we met, did you expect him to get you up in his room and discuss the weather?"

"I didn't know what to expect. I hadn't seen him since December, when we ended it, and I was surprised when he called and . . . I was curious, all right? I wanted to see."

"See what?"

"I wanted to see if . . . there was anything there any more."

"What did you expect to be there?"

"Damn you, Wat, I loved him once!"

"The way you love me."

"Yes. No. Right now, I hate you."

"Why? Because I don't like you kissing around with your discarded boy-friends?"

"We didn't. . . Oh, all right, yes, he kissed me, all right? He kissed me several times, all right?"

"Good old trustworthy Max."

"You're a riot, do you know that? You even expect *Max* to be faithful to you!"

"I expect Max to get run over by a bus!"

"Go make a little doll, why don't you?"

"I'll make two while I'm at it."

(The image on the screen, the Victorian strait-laced stuffy impossible image of Walter Tyler, Esq., is amusing even to himself. He cannot believe the sound track, he cannot believe that these words are issuing from his mouth, and yet the camera never lies, and he can see his lips moving, he can hear the words tumbling sternly from his prudishly puckered mouth, what does he expect from her?)

"I expected more from you."

"More? Than what?"

"Than . . . whatever you want to call it. An *adventure* in some guy's room. Kissing you and . . . getting you drunk—"



"I think your crankshaft is busted, mister. Why don't you and the little lady make yourselves comfortable? This may take me all night. . . ."

"Oh, crap. Wat, I'm not drunk. Do I look drunk?"

"You look like a cheap cunt."

"Thank you," she said, and rose suddenly and swiftly from the bed, and walked immediately to the lone dresser in the room, where she began pulling out slips and bras and nightgowns and stockings, flapping each garment angrily into the air like a battle flag.

"Where do you think you're going?" I said.

(The words are familiar and clichéd, they suddenly reduce this love affair to the absurd, taking from it even its dullness, its lack of uniqueness. His face in close-up is clichéd, too, it expresses the emotional range of a stock-company James Garner. He looks by turn indignant, terrified, self-righteous and a trifle ill.)

"I'm going back to Boston," Dana said.

"You just got here," I said.

"Yes, and I'll get back, too."

"I thought you loved me."

"You don't own me," Dana said.

"I don't own you, but I thought you loved me."

"I do love you, but you don't own me."

"Well, stop flapping your goddamn clothes around like that."

"They're my clothes, I'll flap them however the hell I want to flap them, you silly bastard," she said, and burst out laughing.

In bed, there was no quarrel, there was never any quarrel.

(There is no film, either. There is no second Wat Tyler when he is in bed with her, no alter ego, no schizophrenic superimage hovering somewhere in the air-conditioned spectator darkness.)

The long limp line of her lying still and spent against the rumpled sheet.

I came out of the bathroom and was surprised anew by her, each fresh glimpse a discovery. One arm raised above her head, elbow bent, hand dangling, she lay on her side with eyes closed and lips slightly parted, distant, oh, so distant from me and the apartment and Providence and the world, cloistered in whatever sun-dappled female glade we had led her to together. I stood with the bathroom door ajar behind me, one hand still on the knob, and watched her quietly, and knew something of her selfsame mood, felt it touch me from across the room to include me in a sweet and silent private peace.

The first time she blew me, I yelled when I came and the guy next door banged on the wall.

"Who taught you that?" I whispered later. "Max?"

"Oh, no, sir," she said. "That was my very first time."

"Sure," I said, and smiled. Max could not have mattered less. We were still discovering each other, Dana and I. We were falling in love over and over and over again.



"They are united by a common bond. Each acted as his own defense counsel."

LETTING GO

(continued from page 84)

being alive? Some of them point to a prime kind of letting go—genuine orgasmic release—as the ultimate analog of all life. They are concerned with a wider extension of orgasmic life, but they do not put down good, old-fashioned sexual transport. In fact, one of the hottest trends in the movement is a proliferation of "bioenergetics workshops" designed to promote just that kind of release. I attended one of them at Kairos (Greek for "unfolding"), a center for "intensive group experience" somewhat like Esalen, at Rancho Santa Fe, California, where Stanley Keleman did some fascinating work with a group of 14 men and women.

A brunette named Natalie was the star of the week. She lay on a bed with her knees raised and her arms at her sides and wore red bikini panties, that's all. Keleman sat directly behind her, saying, in a low tone, "This is a chance for you to see how you pull back and. . . ." Keleman paused. He noticed that Natalie's attention was starting to waver and her gaze going off into space. "See what's happening?" said Keleman. Disappointedly: "It's already happening, huh?"

Keleman is a disciple of Wilhelm Reich, studied psychology in Vienna and Zurich and worked for eight years in New York with Dr. Alexander Lowen, the psychologist-author of a book called *Love and Orgasm*. Keleman, who does not have a Ph.D., is a big man with a shaggy mane and bushy eyebrows. He is also something of a miracle worker. "I guess I'm engaged in something you might call the re-erotization process," Keleman told me, describing his work as a counselor in Berkeley. "I help people restore feeling they've forgotten or had beaten out of them." How? By helping them remove blocks that impede a normal flow of emotions. There is something in people he identifies as a life force or life energy (he doesn't care what the psychologists call it) and he gets it flowing again by leading them into a kind of simulated madness. They kick and scream and moan. They let go. "Letting go," says Keleman, "is one of the keys—to all kinds of pleasurable activity. Fucking. Writing. Laughing."

He tried to get Natalie back in focus, principally by getting her to do some heavy head-to-toe breathing. Normally, Keleman has his patients kicking violently and screaming things like "I won't!" or "No!" under the theory that people start asserting themselves by saying no to others. But Natalie had had a recent appendicitis operation and Keleman was taking it easy. When she started breathing heavily and rhythmically, Keleman was encouraged. "Coming back a little bit?" he asked. She nodded. "See how it comes back?" Natalie continued to exhale heavily and the nipples on her

breasts started coming erect. In 11 years of marriage, Natalie had never had an orgasm. But her time was approaching. "Easy," said Keleman. Natalie started to sigh.

"Now there's a rocking," reported Natalie in a whisper.

"Good," said Keleman. He had Natalie take his right hand in both of hers and he put the fleshy side of his left hand between her teeth. "Bite a little bit," he said, still sitting in his chair. "Bite harder. You haven't hurt me. Bite. Let some of that shit out of you. Bite." She laughed, an animalistic sound, and her jaws clamped down harder on Keleman's hand. "Any sexual impulses now?" asked Keleman. Natalie nodded. "OK. Really make contact now. Strongly. That's it. There you are."

Natalie screamed, then started sighing. She held onto his hand and sighed ecstatically for 45 seconds. "Hold on tight, now," cried Keleman. Her sighs became more measured for some 30 seconds, and then came a rippling, down from her throat, across her breasts—now somewhat swollen—into her stomach, through her loins and into her thighs. And then she was racked with a giant spasm of her entire being and she cried out in a kind of wonder and pain and delight. Some of the group emitted cries of vicarious pleasure.

Still sitting in his chair, Keleman leaned over and looked into Natalie's eyes. He nodded toward her husband, Bill. "You ever bite him?" She shook her head with a smile. "It's about time," said Keleman. She laughed, again with a throaty, ecstatic laugh. Keleman said, "All those aggressive impulses that you don't normally let out, they don't have to be destructive in the sense of pure destruction. They can also be sensual."

"Yeahhhh!" said Natalie throatily. "Yeahhhh!"

"You don't have to feel that whatever is assertive in you you have to hold back, and then let it come out again in a roundabout way. Do you understand now why you withdrew? No, don't defocus. Look me in the eye. That's it. That's it." The involuntary rippling of her flesh began again as she focused on Keleman's eyes. "Come. Come. Come. Come with the eyes. Yeah, that's it. With the mouth." Natalie pursed her lips, reaching out with her lips. She sighed. "Goes right through, huh?" asked Keleman. "How does it feel?"

"Ha!" cried Natalie. "Feels great."

"I want you to keep it intense, huh? Come this way." She turned her head sideways to look at him. The tempo of her sighs quickened. "That's it! Let the jaw come out, huh?" Natalie continued to reach with her lips. "C'mon, let that out. Oh, you're hungry." Natalie emitted sounds that were like laughs and sobs. "That's it. That's it. Let it go through."

Again, Natalie came to climax, a trem-



ulous spasm that shook her petite frame.

Keleman sat back in his chair and turned to Bill. "A woman in heat is an awesome thing, I'll tell you that." Natalie laughed in her luxuriant afterglow.

Bill said, "I should be so lucky."

"That's one of the great fears men have, you know," said Keleman.

"Bullshit," said Bill.

"Bullshit? That's not bullshit; it's true. The whole part of the people thing for man is to be able to *control*—"

"I'd like to be able to find that button."

"—Especially the woman and the relationship to her movement. Not to let that get out of hand and overwhelm him, like a great big ocean coming up against the face of consciousness, which woman is a symbol of. And a lot of his behavior is ingrained to control this overwhelming. First, for the child not to be overwhelmed by his mother and, second, not to be controlled by woman. That's why the poets talk of lovemaking as being caught up in the great big ocean. You know, man is afraid to surrender to that, both in himself and in the woman. But when it happens, when the ego overcomes that fear, a man gets a tremendous amount of strength. But that never negates the fear he has of woman, pulsating and alive, and represents the very terror man has of earth. And yet, that's the place man wants to go. He wants to lie 'shipwrecked on the beaches of her thighs.'"

While Keleman was talking, Natalie came again, without manipulation, and, in the next half hour, she came four times more. No orgasm in 11 years and now seven times in an hour, without manipulation, in front of 14 people.

"We are pleasure bodies," said Keleman simply. "Sometimes we have to take a little trip like this to discover that."

Keleman is one of the new frontiersmen of sex in America, who hope to find in the erotic an answer to "the alienation of the age" and a new sense of wholeness for men and women. He is on the Esalen circuit, a loose confederation of no fewer than 35 experimental communities of seekers exploring ways to "help us come out of ourselves."

Horny young men may believe they have exactly the opposite problem. They may think they are already too turned on, if anything. But the letting-go therapists call that an illusion. They tell you that you may imagine turning on by climbing into a hot mineral pool with a dozen other men and women, all of you stark-naked, after talking with them all day and wondering which of the women you'd like to lie with, because it's hard to imagine being encouraged to "go with your feelings" without having a little guilt-free affair. But being in a warm pool with those people may shatter that fantasy. Nothing, apparently, could be more erotic than rubbing against those warm bodies in a darkened pool; but you find there is genuine affection—without erection. There, in the baths, you learn the false separation of mind and sex, that there is more to you than head and penis.

In the Esalen massage, that lesson is rubbed in: You are a pleasure body—all of you, head to toe. My lesson came at nine o'clock on a quiet Friday morning. I was in one of the pools, alone, soaking, getting warm and soft, as instructed. Shortly, Linda appeared, smiling winsomely, and said, "Are you ready?" Linda was small but beautiful, about 22 or

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23, with straight, long blonde hair falling halfway down her back. My type altogether, in the altogether, and we were alone. My libido was high, but, it seemed, well, *distributed* throughout my being. "Sure, I'm ready," I said. She said, "Follow me."

I padded after her toward the room set aside for massage. She climbed into a brief black leotard while I dried off, then told me to lie on my back. She told me I shouldn't talk but, instead, try to get in touch with my body, to focus my awareness wherever her fingers led.

She moistened her hands with an aromatic pine oil and began to rub the crown of my head. I focused my attention there and began to relax. She worked on the muscles behind my ears, gently but firmly, and then on my forehead, my eyes, my nose, the muscles in my jaw, my lips, my neck. When she got to my arms, I felt a slight stirring in my loins. I refocused my attention on the sensation in my shoulders and upper arms and calmed down below. I stopped trying to hold my breath and went with the feelings Linda was creating on the surface of me. She moved lithely back and forth around the table, sometimes swinging my arms and legs in huge arcs, never removing her hands from me, giving my body a kind of continuity I had never felt before. At times, her touch was heavy; at other times, like the fluttering of hummingbird wings. There are limits, even at Esalen: She did not touch my genitals. But then, that was not the point. I was *supposed* to know I had feelings there. The massage was aimed at eroticizing the rest of me. Linda proceeded down my legs, to my ankles and feet (at that moment, I wished I'd never worn shoes); she ended that stage of the action by holding, holding, holding the tips of my toes between her palms.

Then she had me flip over on my stomach and started again, with more of the pine oil. The same process. A slight shock when her fingers lingered on my *yoni*, that spot midway between my anus and the base of my penis, which I later learned was one of the *cakras*, the six primary centers of physical energy, according to the canons of Kundalini yoga (which is very big today in the movement). Linda finished as before, the tips of my toes warmed between her clasped palms and held, tenderly. Then she stopped. I could hear the sound of the surf on the rocks below and feel a slight breeze off the morning waters of the Pacific and the sound of my own breathing and the heavier breathing of Linda, who had been moving over me for an hour and a half. I opened one eye and saw that she was now sitting on the adjoining table, tucked in a kind of lotus position, contemplating my body. The Esalen massage is supposed to be more than a massage; it is a kind of contemplation. I had an idea that Linda was

finishing her meditation and I went to sleep while she did.

A beautiful brunette named Molly Day Schackman had trained Linda and had enlisted her help, the week I was there, in a five-day workshop on "Meditation and Massage." A half-dozen men and a half-dozen women spent most of their days down at the baths near the rolling surf, in the nude, learning the art of tender, loving massage.

"There is no reason this kind of massage cannot be incorporated into everyone's sexual future," said Molly at breakfast. (I had ham and eggs, but she spooned her breakfast directly out of a Mason jar: raw oats steeped in a mixture of hot water, honey and raisins.) "The idea is for these men and women to go back home and either incorporate our methods into their professional practice or, simply, to give their own husbands or wives or lovers a new kind of tender love."

A new book of "experiments in being alive," produced by another Esalen staffer, Bernard Gunther, and photographer Paul Fusco, also illustrates how anyone can turn on his beloved, almost anywhere. One of the many recipes for "touching" in the book is called "face slapping and knowing":

Slap-pat your partner's face. Move away and allow him to digest the effects. Now close your eyes and with your hands explore—get to know your partner's face. After three minutes, open your eyes and continue the exploration with eyes open. After another three minutes, make any finishing touches that might be desirable and move away. Your partner remains with eyes closed, feeling the effects of the experience. Take a look at his face to see how it has changed. The partner opens his eyes. After a couple of minutes, change roles. After both partners are done, close your eyes and rub your faces together.

This kind of sense awakening, I was told, is an importation from the Orient, and other imports keep coming. Lama Anagarika Govinda, one of the world's leading scholars and interpreters of Tibetan mysticism, who has received students in India for years, came to the U.S. last fall for a series of lectures on tantric yoga, including an Esalen-sponsored seminar at Grace Cathedral in San Francisco.

Tantric yoga is commonly thought of in the West as perhaps no more than another technique to be included in manuals for sophisticated lovers. It is said to be much more than that—an outward sign (like the Christian sacraments) of an inward grace. According to the best interpreters of Zen as a way of life, sexual pleasure is not something to be sought in itself. Rather, it comes as

an added gift when a man or a woman experiences an "inner identity" between himself and the world. In keeping with the classical Western split between mind and body, many men and women do not experience that sense with the world (much less with their partner). When that happens, as Alan Watts explains, they feel themselves to be restricted islands of consciousness and their emotional experience largely confined. The sexual act remains the one easy outlet from this predicament, the one brief interval in which they transcend themselves and yield consciously to the spontaneity of their organisms. "More and more, then," says Watts, "this act is expected to compensate for defective spontaneity in all other directions, and is therefore abstracted or set apart from other experiences as *the great delight*." Watts argues that sexuality, thus abstracted, becomes a part doing duty for the whole. "Sexual relations are religious, social, metaphysical and artistic. . . . The 'sexual problem' [is] subordinate to the problem of man and nature." But a truly natural sexuality, for Watts, is not found in spontaneous promiscuity or mere animal release from biological tension.

He suggests that the future of sex will be an honest, loving encounter with "an ever-changing, ever-unknown partner, unknown because he or she is not in truth the abstract role or person, the set of conditioned reflexes which society has imposed, the stereotyped male or female which education has led us to expect."

But how do men and women in the West, so conditioned by a "grasping" culture, learn the art of letting go with a beloved who is more than a mere stereotype? Watts suggests that tantric yoga might help, because tantra transforms sexual love into a type of worship in which the partners contemplate the "divinity" in each other. They do not dissipate their energies in ordinary sexual activity, but transmute that energy in a prolonged embrace in which the male orgasm is reserved and the sexual energy diverted into mutual contemplation. As Watts explains:

The partners are therefore seated in the cross-legged posture of meditation, the woman clasping the man's waist with her thighs, and her arms about his neck. Such a position is clearly unsuitable for motion, the point being that the partners should remain still and so prolong the embrace that the exchange between them would be passive and receptive rather than active. Nothing is *done* to excite the sexual energy; it is simply allowed to follow its own course without being "grasped" or exploited by the imagination and the will. In the meantime, the mind and senses are not given up to fantasy, but remain simply open to "what



"One thing at a time, Orville . . . one thing at a time!"

is," without—as we should say in current slang—trying to make something of it.

Watts warns against stopping of the male orgasm too literally:

There is no value in prolonged and motionless intercourse as such; the point is to allow the sexual process to become spontaneous, and this cannot happen without the prior disappearance of the ego—of the forcing of sexual pleasure. . . . Active or forced sexual intercourse is the deliberate imitation of movements which should ordinarily come about of themselves. Given the open attitude of mind and senses, sexual love in this spirit is a revelation. Long before the male orgasm begins, the sexual impulse manifests itself as what can only be described, psychologically, as a melting warmth between the partners so that they seem veritably to flow into each other.

Watts says this interchange may continue for an hour or more, during which the female orgasm may occur several times. But "in due course, both partners feel relieved of all anxiety as to whether

orgasm will or will not happen, which makes it possible for them to give themselves up to whatever forms of sexual play may suggest themselves, however active or even violent." Sometimes such experience is marked by laughter. "This is above all true when the partners are not *working* at their love to be sure that they attain a 'real experience.' The grasping approach to sexuality destroys its gaiety before anything else, blocking up its deepest and most secret fountain. For there is really no other reason for creation than pure joy." Watts calls this joyful abandon at the height of intercourse "mystical ecstasy" and "adoration in its full religious sense."

Watts insists this is the only way to go: Without this self-abandonment, this literal pouring of their lives into each other, sex is mere "mechanical masturbation."

But letting go in the ultimate sense, in self-abandonment to another, is not easy. To let go, a man or a woman has to have a sense of self-identity. Some of the nongame-playing young—the so-called hippies—may have this sense of self-identity to a notable degree, but the majority of American men are products of a grasping culture; and most women, down deep, have little self-esteem or

self-identity. These are not people ready for anything approaching self-abandonment.

William Snow, a sociologist at the University of California at Davis, believes, moreover, that most of the young people in college are not ready, either. "College kids," says Snow, "aren't that sure yet of their own identity. They think they like Norman O. Brown. He offers a vision in which every woman can be a whore and every man a poet. But then he tells them to find themselves by getting lost, like Jonah did in the belly of the whale. Students can't let go that radically. Most of them are not Dionysian, but Apollonian. They find out who they are in action, in the rational and the cognitive. And so they take only part of Brown. Particularly the girls. They use Brown's psychophilosophical system as an elaborate justification for something that's pretty old on college campuses: petting."

Norman O. Brown is the theologian and chief seer of the great letting-go movement, and his popularity derives directly from his prescription for the world: "A little more Eros and less strife."

Brown is a professor of classical literature by trade and an interpreter of Sigmund Freud by avocation, the author of two books that exclaim the possibilities of resexualizing mankind. The first book was a closely reasoned essay called *Life Against Death*, published in 1959, when Brown was teaching classics at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut. The second was *Love's Body*, a fusion of poetic, religious and psychoanalytic aphorisms, published in 1966, after Brown had taken leaves from Wesleyan and Rochester and grants from three foundations.

In *Life Against Death*, Brown argues that men and women are largely unaware of their own desires, in childhood, and that these are sexual desires (or erotic, but not necessarily genital). As children, we took almost total delight in exploring the many erotic possibilities of our own bodies. In adult terms, we were perverse; but Brown says adult thinking is perverse, because it narrows sexuality, concentrating on the genital, an unnatural restriction that makes us less human, unhappy and ultimately destructive.

Brown argues that we will all find a way out of "a universal neurosis" if we can return, in an analogous sense, to the richer sex life we had as infants. He concedes that such a notion is hard to accept, questioning the psychological assumptions of our Western morality:

For 2000 years or more, man has been subjected to a systematic effort to transform him into an ascetic animal. He remains a pleasure-seeking animal. Parental discipline, religious

denunciation of bodily pleasure and philosophic exaltation of the life of reason have all left man overly docile, but secretly in his unconscious unconvinced . . . because in infancy he tasted the fruit of the tree of life, and knows that it is good, and never forgets.

Brown says Freud himself didn't think a return to such a state of innocence was possible, because he didn't see how this goal could be reconciled with man's commitment to culture and cultural progress. But Brown believes the reconciliation comes in "a fundamental form of human activity in the world, over and beyond the economic activity and struggle for existence dictated by the reality principle"—that form of pleasurable human activity, adumbrated in childhood, called *play*. Brown quotes the German poet Schiller: "Man only plays when in the full meaning of the word he is a man, and he is only completely a man when he plays." For Brown, "play is the essential mode of activity of a free or of a perfected or of a satisfied humanity."

This sounds as if Brown would wish to turn our country into a vast playground. Just so. Those awake to the dangers of a take-over by the letting-go movement warn that this idea was first proposed more than 100 years ago by the utopian socialist Fourier, who had more than a little influence on Karl Marx. Fourier tried to elaborate the structure of a society in which work had been transformed into play. Recently, Herbert Marcuse has considered the same possibility. Marcuse is the Marxist philosopher who was idolized by the rioting youth in Paris last year and now, according to the American Legion, threatens the security of San Diego from his position as lecturer at the University of California. In *Eros and Civilization*, Marcuse suggested that the "work" of a fully mature civilization, where machines did all the labor hitherto done by machine-like men, would, in fact, be "play," and societal relations would be libidinal and erotic. Men and women would get together not merely because they wanted to get a necessary job done but because they enjoyed being together, playing together, sharing together. Contrary to classical Freudian doctrine, then, Eros would not be something to be sublimated in favor of civilization, but a pleasure principle with its own aims: the continuous refinement of the body, the intensification of its receptivity, the growth of its sensuousness; and it would generate its own projects—the abolition of toil, the amelioration of the environment, the conquest of disease and decay, the creation of luxury.

If the orientations of society were such, avows Norman Brown, society would not need to impose surplus repressions on the erotic instincts in man. It is

only when the erotic instincts seem to militate against the stabilizing factors in society—for example, against the family—that Eros is considered an enemy of man. There was a time when a man's erotic instincts (never mind his wife's!) could be satisfied with his wife only for a short while—before she became a brood mare. After that, Eros presumably led him to other pastures (and younger fillies). To a strait-laced Teutonic Jew such as Freud, maybe this meant chaos. But times, as the new romantics say, have changed. As is now widely known, if not as widely accepted, modern American women/wives are not brood mares and are acquiring as human an interest in sex as their men. Eros need not be an enemy of the stable family, though it could lead to other arrangements. It could lead to a spirit of polymorphous play between friends of the same sex or of opposite sexes that, in the postpill era, will not necessarily upset the basic structure of the family. Nor would other forms of play: art, music, dance, sport, which Brown and Marcuse classify as basically erotic in an extended sense, because they involve the whole man, body and soul.

And so, says Brown, "The aim of psychoanalysis [and of life], still unfulfilled and still only half-conscious, is to return our souls to our bodies, to return ourselves to ourselves, and thus to overcome the human state of self-alienation." The way to do this is not through sublimation, not diverting one's energies into bridge building or flying to the moon. "Sublimation," says Brown, "is the search for lost life; it presupposes and perpetuates the loss of life and cannot be the mode in which life itself is lived. Sublimation is the mode of an organism that must discover life rather than live. . . ." And the sublimating arts of "civilization" negate life, hold it at a distance, desexualize it. Civilization, says Brown, is bad. It moves toward the primacy of intellect and the atrophy of sexuality. As Freud stated in *The Ego and the Id*, this solution disrupts the natural harmony between thought and feeling, resulting in a "defusion of Eros into aggressiveness." Baffled instincts revolt against the desexualized and inadequate world, and the desexualized and inadequate person tries to break out of his trap with paroxysms of violence.

If there is any way to break out of this interlocking chain of repression, guilt and aggression, says Brown, it is not through sublimation but through some alternative. Brown goes back to Greek mythology to explain what that is, in mythic terms. The secret is not to worship Apollo, the god of form, of rational form in thought, of civilized form in life, which is the negation of instinct, but Dionysus, the god of letting go, of life complete and immediate. "Dionysus does not observe the limit, but overflows; for



BUCK BROWN

"My name is Hank the Hermit—what's yours, mister?"

him [as the poet William Blake said], the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom. . . . The Apollonian preserves, the Dionysian destroys, self-consciousness." As the *Gestalt* therapists are fond of saying: "We must lose our minds so we can come to our senses, so we can be whole again." Or, in the words of a young member of a communal-living experiment in Taos, New Mexico, "A hippie is a person who diffuses to refine himself."

This, then, is the rationale of the utopians who are preaching the gospel of letting go. Abolish repression; get in touch with yourself and with others; play—erotically, exuberantly, polymorphously—in and through every organ of perception. Resexualize all—mind and body, word and deed, speech and silence—in an end to the classic split between body and soul and a return to primitive Christian eschatology: the resurrection of the body. For eternal life, according to most Christian theologians, is not a state in which your soul wings it through an ethereal heaven in a disembodied form, but *life in a body*. Thus, Tertullian, a Church father of the Second Century, affirms that: "The body will rise again, all of the body, the identical body, the entire body." Brown thinks this is a way of being that ought to begin in this life. He calls it body mysticism, something that stays with life, which is the body, and seeks to transform and perfect it.

There are indications that Brown's theories are more than just theories on many of the nation's campuses. "Yes," admits Ruth Childs, a pretty UCLA student, "we play a lot, boy-girl, girl-girl, I guess boy-boy, polymorphously. I mean, anything is OK, any kind of fiddling anywhere, if it's fun and you both like it." Her friend Nancy Grimes adds: "Maybe Norman Brown would disown us, but that's what his stuff means to us—panorificism." Panorificism? All of the openings of the body. In UCLA's research library, you find a comment on this trend scribbled in the john: "Norman O. Brown eats armpits." The graffiti, though scoffingly negative, is significant because it shows that the tenets of the letting-go movement are already working their way into basic popular literature.

You see other manifestations in the popular arts. Madison Avenue subtly reflects the message of the movement—as evidenced by a recent ad for Del Monte tuna, salmon and sardines in several national magazines that presented a bikini-clad blonde writhing in the surf next to the simple, seductive message CUT LOOSE.

The world of fashion cooperates: Designers put girls in miniskirts and see-through tops, boys in ruffled shirts and tight, flowered pants, and make exuberant let-gos out of them all.

Art mirrors the movement and drives it on. Abstractionism is dead and the galleries are being taken over by amalgams of real objects—constructions.

Many of them are not serious; they're intended to put us in touch with our own playful feelings. In Venice, California, a young artist named Richard Register makes sculpture for the sense of touch. If you don't touch his pieces, he says, you don't understand them at all. One of them is a hard rubber ball, one foot in diameter, covered with fur and constantly purring and twisting gently in your hands as a motor vibrates and drives a weight around inside. Another piece of art is, in varying spots, hot and cold, wet and dry, hard and soft; in still other spots, it vibrates, blows, sucks, emits sound when you touch it.

Mr. Register has a rationale for this: It is designed, he claims, to put us back in touch, to make us flexible, not rigid, to make us involved, not apathetic. What makes the rigid personality? Interdictions, says Register, of a person's natural tendencies to *feel*. When a baby is born, he's made to feel aware of acceptance and affection through the sense of touch. In fact, without it, he dies. But soon afterward, he's warned against using his hands to feel things that are "dangerous, dirty or forbidden." Throughout childhood and into adolescence, he is told to keep his hands to himself and off the opposite sex. At the same time, he learns that working with his hands is a lower activity than working with his mind. Says Register: "No wonder we're such poor lovers. We've grown up neglecting the sense of touch; we're less able to love, less able to touch each other well, both emotionally and physically." Those who appreciate Register's exhibitions most are very young children. At one showing in West Hollywood, Register watched children enjoy plunging their hands into something that was supposed to feel like a large warm vagina.

And there is erotic art called funk, featuring giant reclining nudes 90 feet long, whom one enters standing up through a fur-covered vagina; phallic objects of yellow hue and huge proportions; endless variations of the classic *derrière*, and fornicating figures with blinking penises. Unlike most public art of the past, funk is intended to give the viewer a charge, make him more than a viewer by involving him in real erotic activity of his own.

The theater, as most people know, is undoing, redoing and letting go, too. In Ann Halprin's San Francisco Dancers' Workshop, eight nudes, four men and four women, rolled and thrashed in brown wrapping paper while lights played all around them, dramatizing the interplay between flesh and paper. *Hair* is a hit largely because of its wild abandon. *Futz!* won shock notices for its writhing choreography, topless and bottomless dancers, two men making love to one girl on stage, sandwich style, and a mother opening her blouse to suckle her

grown son. *Time* magazine's theater critic said he couldn't understand what *Futz!* was driving at, but he relayed the play's message nonetheless, in what his editors might have interpreted as an offhanded put-down: "Sense is out and the senses are in." Another manifestation of the new letting go.

In London's new Theater of Eros, the trend is analogous. Three young Americans are doing plays there that have an ultimate meaning only for those of the audience who care to come up on the stage and take off their clothes. The aim, as in the Becks' Living Theater, is to diminish the distance between stage and audience, to *involve* the audience, create radical instant community. A sentimental idea, appropriate to the new romanticism.

Rock groups sing the message. The Mothers of Invention cry: "What's the ugliest part of your body? I say it's your mind."

The mind brings annihilation, according to the movement's prophets, and it is better to opt for Eros—and we are already doing so, as Theodore Roszak, an associate professor of history at California State College at Hayward, suggests in a recent four-part essay in *The Nation*. "From a culture that has a long-standing, entrenched commitment to an egocentric and intellective mode of consciousness, the young are moving toward a sense of identity that is communal and nonintellective." As a result, walls are breaking down everywhere, not only among the young; in the new mixed media, between scholars of different disciplines, in corporate mergers and Common Markets, between the world's religions, between East and West, even those walls that once divided men and women. Now, with nearly infallible birth-control techniques, women are beginning to cut loose from their former biological glory, losing their winning shyness, speaking before they are spoken to and insisting on their rights to orgasm. It is perhaps with this last in mind that they are urging their men into more colorful clothes, longer hair styles and fresh scents. With approval, the intellectuals who are already members of the letting-go movement call this the beginning of an androgynous culture. This means that it's not a man's world anymore; it's becoming a man/woman world. Note well the words of actor Cary Grant, perhaps himself a member of the movement, upon joining the board of Rayette-Fabergé, makers of fine smells for everyone: "Why should they try to separate us so? We should all just smell well and enjoy ourselves more."

One wonders whether or not we really can. Under the influence of a guru like Stanley Keleman, in the specially heightened atmosphere of a weeklong workshop, Natalie could let go in an almost

miraculous manner. But what will happen to Natalie now? Is she exempt from all the social and cultural forces that still restrict many American women? Sociologists John Gagnon and William Simon, formerly of the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University in Bloomington, are somewhat dubious. They concede that more and more young ladies are beginning to experiment on themselves at home, masturbating at an earlier age and with more frequency than past generations. This, they say, may be all to the good. It may help the girls gain some new identity as sexual beings, help them reinforce or build a more complex sexual fantasy life. If so, say Gagnon and Simon, a larger number of girls may be "entering adult life with stronger and symbolically more complicated commitment to sexuality." But even the girls who have had 100 men by the time they are 22 still have a long way to go, for many of them are merely playing a new role—a more enjoyable one, perhaps, than the one their mothers had to play, but a role, nevertheless. Until these girls can become persons in their own right, utterly equal to men—indeterminate, ever-changing, dynamic, unpredictable—they will not be ready to let go in any radical way.

Men, for example, have always had their erotic images. It is probable that most women—who weren't supposed to enjoy sex—never had such stimuli. Professor Ira L. Reiss, recently appointed director of the Family Study Center at the University of Minnesota, and one of the few sociologists in the U. S. who have a major commitment to research in human sexual relationships, believes that "lack of erotic imagery to help focus and intensify their desires . . . is probably one of the major reasons why women are not, on the average, as quickly or easily aroused as men, why their concentration on sexual fulfillment is somewhat more difficult to maintain and why they often need more manual manipulation."

Girls today have, of course, certain artificial turn-ons, like rock music or a boy's locks. Frank Zappa, the brilliant, long-haired leader of the Mothers of Invention, maintains that his chances of scoring with a pickup increase in direct proportion to the length of his hair. "If my hair is really long," he reports, "and the music is really loud, I have a ninety percent chance of getting laid by the first girl I ask."

Unfortunately, Zappa says, all the young men have got the message and the rock parlors are now filled with long-haired squares with round ideas, looking for action. "A certain look doesn't do it anymore," Zappa says sadly. At the age of 28 and hugely successful, Zappa maintains that his expertise on sex "should come as no surprise. My business is rock, and it is rock that tends to turn on the chicks, more than any social scientist

might guess. When you're in the Whiskey a Go-Go or the Kaleidoscope and the sound is really coming out loud and practically flapping the skin right off your arms and stimulating the nerve endings all over your body, you've got a real turn-on."

It is Zappa's thesis that there is already a marked erotic involvement in the teenage subculture. When Zappa was in high school ten years ago, he says, the kids let go with various forms of violence. Now, as he describes the scene, the teenagers' energies are turned to sex-play. "A cat sees a girl wearing a button that says, LET'S GET NAKED AND SMOKE GRASS and he knows she isn't putting him on; she means it. He spends all his energies making it with a succession of these honest chicks. Does he have time for violence?"

One wonders whether these "honest chicks" Zappa is talking about, and the guys who spend all their time making it with them, are really able to let go with abandon to each other. More likely, since they have no real core of self from which to operate, they are engaged in some kind of role playing.

The GTOs (Girls Together Only) of

Laurel Canyon, California, is a community of seven girls between 18 and 21 who like boys well enough "if they are nice boys." But they've banded together because they really like one another more. For them, letting go is bisexual. "We had so much trouble with the boys," said Miss Pamela, who was wearing a floor-length lace dress, a cameo at her throat and a cap like Whistler's mother's over her blonde braids. "They were really rude and they kneed you and grabbed your bairies." She clutched her bra-less bosom (none of the girls wear bras) to demonstrate what "bairies" are.

"It's so lonely just being a girl," said Miss Christine, a young lady with a beautiful face, once you got around to looking at it. She had a Tiny Tim hair-do under a Robin Hood hat with a feather in it. Her top was a transparent, red undershirt that seemed able to cover only one breast at a time; and below she wore green panty hose and pointed little Peter Pan shoes. "But when you're with your GTO, you know you always have somebody."

"But we're not against heterosexual fucking," said Miss Sparky. "We're looking for romance. We share boys." Miss



"I didn't say we were a good airline—I said we were a fun airline."

Sparky went barefoot, bare-legged, wore baby-doll pajama bottoms, a transparent nylon blouse, a patch of red rouge on each cheek and a corona of papier-mâché flowers in her short dark hair.

At this point, Miss Sandy added: "Lucy and Pamela and I have gone through one boy together. Two of us can sit in one room and tell each other, 'Isn't it fantastic?' while the other one is balling him in the other room. It's beautiful." Miss Sandy wore a crocheted dress with nothing underneath and a bandeau in her hair.

"And then, of course," said Miss Pamela, "we compare notes. We like boys," she added, "who love all our bodies."

"Yeah," said Miss Lucy, whose dress begged description, "not the boys who fuck for five minutes and then split."

"And not the ones who pick us up when we're hitchhiking," said Miss Pamela, "and grab our bairies."

Each of the GTOs, it seems almost superfluous to note, dresses as if it were Halloween—which might explain their attraction to a certain type they find while thumbing on Sunset Boulevard. Each insists on traveling this way, partially because they delight in gathering further documentation to prove that men are, for the most part, mean and dirty, if not absolutely sick.

"The dirty old men jack off while you sit there in the back seat."

"They give you five dollars to sit in the front seat while they do it."

"And ten dollars to eat it."

"They ask you stupid, leading questions, like, 'Do you believe in free love?'"

"One guy told me, 'I'll give you ten dollars if you piss in my mouth.'"

"Another guy offered us three hundred and sixty dollars to watch us give each other head."

Amid all this, Miss Sparky had a unique testimonial to make. "I never found a pervert," she said, "driving a VW."

The GTOs have showbiz aspirations. They sing and dance and tell stories and maybe someday they'll make it as big as, say, Tiny Tim (whom Miss Cinderella dates occasionally). But what they really want is friendship.

"It's wonderful to have a crush on someone," said Miss Cinderella, who wore a short chemise and flowers in her hair. "Even for a day."

"People expect everything to be for always," said Miss Mercie. "But it isn't." She was dressed like an Argentinian Gaucho, right down to the brown, calf-length leather boots. No whip, however.

"You have to love each person for himself," said Miss Sandy.

Miss Mercie said, "I'm bisexual. I admit it."

"You can love a million people in a

thousand ways," said Miss Pamela, and Miss Mercie smiled.

Some of the GTOs like the black boys they meet on Sunset Strip. "We really dig the cones," said Miss Sparky. She got some demurrers from two of the girls while she explained that the blacks were "cones" because of their current hairdos, which make it appear that they are wearing inverted ice-cream cones on their heads. "Well, some of us like them," said Miss Sparky. "They dress so great, with their green leather suits and their zircons. And they say the cutest things: 'Ah c'd kiss yoah theghs.' 'What's yoah fa-vrite fohm of recreation?' A lot of the other boys are so square. They dress so—white front."

After our interview, the GTOs piled into my car, while three young men stood on the sidewalk, shouting good-naturedly: "Whores! Whores!" I drove the GTOs down Laurel Canyon to the Kaleidoscope on Sunset Boulevard. They sang a song for me in the car. *Getting to Know You*. And before they dashed with whoops and cries through the crowd on the sidewalk, they each kissed me on the cheek and the back of my neck.

Obviously, the GTOs are trying to let go, but they are like most American women today, and many men: on a new frontier, and they are terribly ill equipped, psychologically and emotionally, to be there. Dan Sullivan, director of the Princeton Gestalt Center, an independent sensitivity-training center, in Princeton, believes that most American women have as little sense of self-identity and of self-worth as the GTOs. "All women," he says, "from time immemorial, in all cultures, have been forced into a predetermined role, and even now continue to be crippled by unwitting culture patterns from infancy onward."

Sullivan cites a number of recent studies that show exactly how and where woman loses her autonomy. A Harvard study showed that men and women who thought they treated their children equally actually spoke and responded to their male children, beginning at about 12 months, appreciably more than to their female children. As a reflection of this early relative inattention, and of appreciation of the male power structure, a study at the University of Pennsylvania showed 79 percent of prekindergarten girls preferred to be boys, while only 5 percent of the boys of the same age preferred to be girls. Another Pennsylvania study found that brothers aged 8-12 possessed three times as many toys as their own sisters did in the same age bracket, at all economic levels. The girl child may again have the chance of feeling relatively unseen and unheard in grade school classes, where a University of Chicago study showed that 88 percent of the teachers, themselves mostly women, preferred to teach boys for the greater challenge and potential they offer. A

study at Stanford indicated that 92 percent of college senior women would choose, on an either/or level, to have all boys, rather than all girls, as their children. Another study at Stanford and a parallel one at the University of Arizona found that if college students were given lists of words from which to choose to describe themselves and their personalities, boys were more than three times as capable as girls of applying critical terms to themselves. In other words, the girls had become so unsure of who they were, from the sense of worthlessness and imagelessness they had gained growing up, that they were incapable of objective self-criticism; yet they flattered themselves outrageously in their self-appraisal. "Doubtlessly," says Sullivan, "the cotton-picking Negro would have the same reaction to the challenge of self-judgment. Like the Negro cotton picker, woman's passivity, submissiveness and tendency to empty herself for the sake of others, until nothing else is left, is purely and plainly the result of cultural conditioning and the male monopoly of power."

What Sullivan concludes is that women have been sadly mutilated by their cultural conditioning. They cannot now really let go and are generally and relatively incapable of truly being and remaining the beloved for anyone, including themselves. The future of letting go in America, then, may be tied to the future of woman, since she will be able to let go only inasmuch as her traditionally dominant male counterpart permits her to let go.

Any other predictions of the future of the letting-go movement are simply guesses. The movement will probably gain momentum because, as society becomes more organized and exerts its necessary tyrannies, individuals within it will be more and more inclined to assert themselves in private ecstasies and anarchies. It is a way of striking a balance.

Some say the movement is a passing fad. They quote the historians of behavior who talk about society as if it were an inexorably swinging pendulum, pointing out that societies suffer periodic attacks of freedom that run their course, to be followed by stages of unfreedom. They cite English history: The excesses of Elizabethan England call down Puritan repression; the people relax again with the Restoration, tighten up in a subsequent era of Neoclassicism, react with a new Romanticism, until, finally, Victorianism takes over.

Only the pendulum didn't keep swinging in the 20th Century. Mores are not managed by monarchs anymore but by the mass media. And the people manage the media. The books and magazines they are buying, the movies for which they are standing in line indicate that we still have quite a bit of letting go ahead. Some people call it living.



BALANCED BUDGET *(continued from page 100)*

that is not of direct benefit to these individuals or to their own business interests, they characterize the expenditures as pork-barrel spending and politically inspired waste. But when they or their enterprises stand a chance to benefit financially, they are the first in line, eager to take full advantage of whatever the Government has to offer.

To reiterate: The Federal budget and the national debt are, in a manner of speaking, purely accounting fictions. The former is purely a *cash* budget, while the latter is a cumulative cash debt. No balance sheet or report concerning either ever reflects the immense assets—tangible and intangible—that the nation possesses to offset its deficits and debts. Suppose the Federal balance sheet reflected the true value of every Government building, of every acre of ground owned by the Government. What would happen if a conservative allowance were made for good will—at home and abroad? How much is the Smithsonian worth, or a Naval shipyard?

A company makes huge capital investments in plants and equipment that are intended to produce goods or provide services on a commercial basis. They are to be sold—presumably at a profit. The Federal Government's capital investments are in national highways, battleships,

ICBMs, stockpiles of strategic materials and innumerable similar projects and hardware that do not return a dollars-and-cents profit to the Government. They can and do, however, provide benefits, safety and security to every American citizen, even to those who groan most loudly and most consistently about Federal spending.

I have been a businessman all my adult life. I have a strong and abiding faith in American business and its demonstrated ability to work miracles. Nevertheless, I can hardly imagine any business firm or combination of giant corporations volunteering to undertake the building and maintenance of all the nation's highways. I can't picture any privately owned company establishing and maintaining the nation's Armed Forces, taking them over from the Government and showing a profit at the end of the year.

There are always cries about the continuing deficits shown by the United States Post Office Department. But let a legislator introduce a bill that would raise postal rates and put the Post Office on a self-sufficient basis, and an outcry is raised by all the private enterprises that would suffer from such an increase.

We might as well face the issue squarely. A balanced Government budget is not nearly so important as a safe-and-sound nation. Deficits do not mean disas-

ter for a nation that possesses Gargantuan tangible and intangible resources and assets justifying its deficits and serving as security for its debts.

The Tom Baileys and their companies have faith in themselves, in their ability to retire their debts in the future. They count on continuing growth and expansion of their incomes and profits to create economic strength. But when it comes to the question of Government spending, they cling to the magical myth of the eternally balanced budget as the panacea for all the nation's real and imagined ills.

Is it that they have less faith in their country than they have in themselves?

This is a very good question—one that every American should ask himself the next time he goes into a flap about the bogey of the unbalanced Federal budget. It is a question especially pertinent at the present time, when, despite all the complaints about Federal deficits, the United States is enjoying the greatest prosperity in her history.

Uncle Sam's budget may not be balanced, but the economy of the United States is healthier than it has ever been and shows every sign of growing stronger in the future. This fundamental fact, which should be obvious to all, should also be enough to make a mockery of the myth of a balanced Federal budget.



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(continued from page 128)

inquire about the Vagabond, a larger buggy with a full-sized VW chassis.

Dean Jeffries—the Hollywood-based creator of such one-shot vehicles as The Monkee Mobile and the Green Hornet's Black Beauty—manufactures the Kyote. The kit body (\$495), which has a 15-gallon fuel tank and handsome dash panel built in, fits a shortened 80-inch VW chassis and takes a VW, Porsche or Corvair engine. A completed Kyote costs about \$2000–\$2500, depending on whether or not you want such optional goodies as Mallory ignition, Stewart-Warner dash instruments and special Indianapolis-type tires by Goodyear.

The Tow'd, a strictly off-road machine that must be towed to and from the dunes (hence the name), is manufactured by Bruce Meyers in Fountain Valley, California. Buyers can supply a VW's front and rear suspension and then have a mechanic bolt the Tow'd's heat-molded plastic (not fiberglass) one-piece body and special steel-loop frame to the suspension components. Tow'd kit prices start at \$349.95. A finished Tow'd that's ready to hop costs about \$1600. Meyers also produces the previously mentioned Manx.

The Model-T-inspired Mini-T, with its unique flowing fenders, is manufactured by Berry Plasti-Glass of Long Beach,

California. In keeping with its vintage-car look, the Mini-T's front seat is available as a single bench—or the twin buckets that are standard on most other buggies. The one-piece body costs \$395 and fits a shortened VW chassis. Ready to run, a Mini-T sells for about \$3195.

Our last buggy, the Vaquero, is from Marion Ruggles' Sand Chariots of California, in Fullerton. Ruggles has a reputation as an innovator; his Ocelot was one of the first machines to break away from Manx-type styling. The Vaquero, too, is strikingly original. It's available as a frame-and-body combination that will accept the engine and running gear from a VW, Corvair, Renault or Fiat, among others. Body kits begin at \$325, or you can buy the finished product for about \$1750.

The preceding list, of course, doesn't begin to exhaust the number of dune vehicles available. And not all buggy manufacturers are based in California. Sears, for example, now stocks a fiberglass body kit (\$339) that bolts to a shortened VW chassis. Do-it-yourselfers can expect to have a Sears buggy rolling for about \$1000–\$1200 (including the cost of a used chassis) after just a few weekends of work. All the usual equipment—such as a dual exhaust system, roll bar, bumpers, bucket seats and even a 40-hp VW

engine—can be ordered by mail. The one item Sears doesn't sell is the chassis—nor will it assemble the machine for you.

New England dune buffs may wish to check out The Getaway Twice (II), a slightly larger buggy made by DMCO in East Derry, New Hampshire. Prices for a three-piece body kit start at \$249 and fully assembled Getaway cars are available from \$1800 up. Another Eastern manufacturer, the Dearborn Automobile Company in Marblehead, Massachusetts, also makes a slightly longer vehicle; their Deserter model fits an 84-inch VW wheelbase. Body-kit prices begin at \$498, or you can special order a complete machine for about \$1800–\$2500, depending on options.

Midwesterners can contact the following three firms, all located in Michigan. A.T.V. Industries in Dearborn is the maker of the Sand Shark, a snub-nosed street-and-dune runner that takes VW or Corvair components. The starting price for a fiberglass body kit is \$395. Or, if you're shopping for a funmobile that's a little more offbeat, note that Greene Motors in Livonia manufactures the Mini-bug, a machine with extra-wide swooping fenders that give the passengers additional protection from wheel spray. A body kit costs about \$395. As a third possibility, you might take a look at the Sandcraft, a fenderless off-road-only machine that's available from the Boudeman-Maloney Corporation in Kalamazoo. The Sandcraft's aluminum breadbox-style body houses a 40-hp VW engine, and the chassis is a shortened version of the one used in VW buses. A finished vehicle (no kits) costs \$2000.

Southwesterners are hitting the desert trails behind the wheel of a Bushmaster, a fiberglass buggy manufactured in Austin, Texas. Two body kits are available; prices for the model begin at \$349.50, and the components for a street kit tally up to an additional \$89.50. Unusual options available include a supercharger, air horns, a surfboard rack and a hardtop with gull-wing doors.

Now that you've been briefed on some of the machines available, there are a few simple requirements that should be met before you can pick up the buggy of your choice and head for the sand hills. First, your vehicle should be equipped with seat belts. A roll bar is another necessity, unless you plan to drive only on streets and highways. In fact, if you wish to enter a competitive event, you'll probably be required to have double roll bars; groups such as the International Desert Racing Association insist upon them. A tall pole or mast from which a banner or a pennant can be flown is another must for all types of dune running. The high-flying flag serves as an early-warning signal and lets other drivers know the location of your low-slung



"Sir, the manual doesn't have anything about getting out of a whale."

machine before you top a sand rise. (If you plan to do any night driving, replace the pennant with a blinking light bulb hooked up to the battery.) And one last word to the wise: Skid plates that protect the engine and drive-line components are advisable if you wish to tackle any really rugged terrain.

FUN AND GAMES

SAND-HILL CLIMB: All that's needed for this event (as the pictures on page 123 show) are a king-sized sand pile and some stakes to use as markers. Two couples line up their machines about 50 feet from the base of the slope and then, at a given signal, they simultaneously charge the mountain. When the lead vehicle grinds to a halt (usually, its back wheels will be buried in the sand), the copilot hops out and plants a stake. After the buggies have been backed down the hill, two more attempt to top the mark that's just been made. The winning team, of course, is the one that makes it the farthest up the incline.

SLALOM RACE: Here, you'll need about 30 long stakes, a starter's flag and a stop watch. Set up a serpentine course on a low hillside, with the stakes about two car widths apart; and then, with the girls watching, have the driver of each buggy take a trial run through the forest of sticks. After all the cars are back at the starting line, each driver then makes a timed solo sprint over the course; whoever crosses the finish line in the least time with the smallest number of sticks down is declared the winner. After the victor has been rewarded with suitable liquid refreshment, rerun the event with the girls doing the driving.

OBSTACLE RACE: For this, couples run a challenging course that pits their driving skill against different types of terrain—perhaps a fairly steep downhill grade, several sharp left- and right-hand turns through a series of sand mounds, some figure eights between flag markers and then a low hill to climb before reaching the finish line. Teams can run the race one at a time or all together, depending on how large you make the circuit. The couple with the fastest time takes the prize.

BLINDFOLD CONTEST: To stage this event, find an area with plenty of wide-open space that's devoid of any natural hazards such as deep chuckholes or steep drop-offs. Then stake out a simple course with pole markers and, as each team prepares to take a solo run around the circuit, blindfold the driver. From here on out, it's up to the copilot to verbally direct her partner on which way to turn and when to stop. Results are hilarious, especially when the inevitable happens and a navigator forgets that her partner can't see. Shouts of "That way! That way!" accompany frantic arm waving to the left or right. Obviously, this is a first-and-second-gear-only event. In fact, you

may find it helpful to place a few "track marshals" at strategic points in the field to assist an uncommunicative couple too far off course. Prizes to the team with the fastest time.

SAND-BAG DERBY: This should take place on a bumpy, twisting course where there's plenty of room for cars to pass each other. Line all the buggies up at the starting line. Place a cloth bag filled with sand and knotted at the neck on each of the hoods. Then, with the girls driving and the guys riding shotgun, flag the racers off. Every time the bag bounces to the ground, the copilot must hop out of the car, replace it and then climb back into the buggy before the vehicle can continue. The team that crosses the finish line first is the winner. (If the area you've chosen seems too narrow for a group race, have the couples compete one at a time against the clock.)

BOWL SHOOTING: Not really a game, this will give the more adventurous buggy driver a chance to show off the capability of his machine. When you chance upon a large saucer-shaped sand crater—a "bowl"—formed by the wind, ease your buggy over the lip and then begin accelerating around the crater's circumference. Even in a bowl with nearly vertical sides, centrifugal force will keep the speeding buggy safely up tight against the walls. The trick, of course, is to avoid slowing down until you've driven back over the lip. One word of caution: Keep the revs high and the buggy well up on the walls or there's a chance you may get bogged down in the soft sand at the bottom of the bowl and will have to be pushed out.

FOOD AND DRINK

No matter how many miles of dunes your buggy covers on any day, its terminus is usually an alfresco evening feast. To host such a gathering, you must carry not only totable potables but tasty edibles as well—the kind of outdoor food that will appease hearty appetites sharpened by such hors d'oeuvres as slalom racing and bowl shooting. Let your buggy's bill of fare be brief, but make the portions generous. Naturally, the shorter the menu, the easier it is to stash the necessary equipage—food and drink, cookware and seasonings—in the limited buggy baggage space.

Before heading off-road, every owner of a funmobile should case the surrounding region for local suppliers. The accomplished host knows the location of the nearest liquor store before he reaches the dunes. Often it's convenient to stop off and stock up before leaving the city for the sand. Buggy owners who may not have the time to cook and pack sumptuous rations at home can even take advantage of club kitchens or restaurants offering take-out service. If you happen to know a Stroganoff specialist at a certain bistro, it's often a simple matter to

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order a quart or two beforehand. Chinese pepper steak and its many variations—including beef with tomatoes or snow peas—can be equally delicious. Whichever you prefer, simply supplement the beef with several long loaves of French bread or sourdough French bread sliced lengthwise. Toward evening, when the crisp bread is finally filled with beef, the bulging sandwiches will bring your fellow sun duffers flocking to the fireside.

The food you serve should be able to travel well. If you're planning to drive down a long stretch of uninterrupted sand flats, a cheese pie in a picnic cooler will remain freshly intact until eating time. But if your buggy must buck sand banks of all sizes, you should carry the kind of sturdy cold-meat-and-salad collation that easily withstands the roughest of rides.

If the catering is communal, it's important to elect a hostmaster to make sure the chipped-in talent is working together. A division of labor is arranged between those responsible for potables and edibles, and the specialties of each *maison* can then be pooled at whatever cove is chosen for the day's picnic destination.

The most appetizing of all outdoor pleasures is the smell of a driftwood or charcoal fire glowing beneath a dinner of fresh seafood. If you don't take your own fuel, try to rustle up well-dried, heavy hardwood for steady, long-lasting embers. And if you're near the sea, remember that lumber washed ashore may have been treated with wood preservatives, such as creosote; fumes may penetrate the food. After the cookout, the coals should be kept alive for warming the dusky night.

You also need nothing more than summer sand and sunshine to prove that chilled white wine tastes incomparably better under the sky than in a stuffy penthouse bar. Even men who stick to such conventional picnic stand-bys as cold chicken, German potato salad and bread-and-butter sandwiches eagerly pour new wine into old bottles—a metaphor that, brought up to date, simply means new wine cups and coolers in standard picnic jugs. Orange juice and *ouzo*, for example—four parts orange juice to one part *ouzo* poured over the rocks—makes a refreshing end-of-the-trail reviver. Equally convenient for quenching thirsts are such compatible partnerships as rum and bitter lemon, gin and soda, Campari and soda, whiskey and Seven-Up, applejack and ginger ale and vodka and ginger beer. For picnic purposes, none needs more than rocks and perhaps a wedge of lemon or lime to get a buggy party off in high gear. Wrap your ice cubes in a plastic bag and stow them in an insulated picnic hamper along with the hard and soft liquid refreshment. If the last two are cold before you leave home, fewer rocks will be needed at the picnic site.

Cocktails such as margaritas, daiquiris and rob roys are best blended at home, stirred or shaken, as the case may be, then strained into a Thermos jug. Tall drinks should be handled the same way, except when the formula calls for a carbonated mixer—which should be toted separately in its original bottle and added at the last moment for fresh bubbly power. Since mixed drinks grow to about twice their original size after ice is added, each quart jug will hold enough to satisfy two quarts' worth of thirst.

The basic rules of jugmanship are easily mastered: If you're carrying a hot drink, preheat the jug by filling it with boiling water and letting it stand for about five minutes; and before filling a Thermos with any cold potable, prechill it with ice water. In either case, don't fill it to the very top. And to ensure that your totable potables don't lose their hot or cool, lug the jugs in an insulated tote bag or at the bottom of a picnic basket under several layers of newspapers. When you're ready to turn the taps, remember that all premixed potables lose the sprightly aeration they normally have when they're poured straight from the shaker; so carry a long plastic or wooden spoon to stir and restore the drinks well before serving. Finally, it won't be necessary to remind indoorsmen who have carefully concocted and packed a dozen cocktails for the outdoors that only a Philistine would offer a martini in a paper cup. Since you won't want to take your prize crystal goblets along on a buggy ride, the best solution is to buy and bring some disposable drinkware of the clear-plastic type now used on most airlines.

If you want your dune picnic to be a real sand blast, follow these recipes supplied by PLAYBOY's Food and Drink Editor, Thomas Mario. All beverages are planned for quart jugs.

STEAK AND EGGPLANT SANDWICHES (Serves four)

4 boneless shell steaks, 6 ozs. each
1 long loaf French bread
1 medium-size eggplant
8-oz. can plum tomatoes
2 tablespoons tomato paste
¼ teaspoon basil
¼ teaspoon oregano
Salad oil
1 large clove garlic
Salt, pepper
1 egg
2 tablespoons milk
1 cup bread crumbs
¼ cup grated parmesan cheese
Flour

Be sure French bread is long, thin variety, so that when it is made into sandwiches, jaws can conveniently lock into it. Peel and cut eggplant into 4 slices of the same dimensions as the steaks. Put tomatoes, tomato paste, basil and oregano into blender. Spin mixture

until smooth. Heat 2 tablespoons oil in saucepan with garlic. When garlic is brown, remove it from oil. Add tomato mixture and simmer 3 to 5 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste; set aside. Beat egg with milk. Combine bread crumbs and parmesan cheese, mixing well. Dip eggplant slices in flour, coating thoroughly; shake off excess flour. Dip in egg, then in bread-crumbs mixture, patting crumbs into eggplant. In large frying pan, heat oil to a depth of ¼ in. Fry eggplant until medium brown on both sides. Clean pan and heat 2 tablespoons oil over high flame. Sprinkle steaks with salt and pepper and sauté to rare or medium doneness. Cut French bread crosswise to accommodate four steaks. Cut in half lengthwise. Spread both sides of bread with tomato sauce. Place steaks and eggplant on bread to make sandwiches. Chill thoroughly before stowing aboard dune buggy.

COLD GLAZED DUCK (Serves four to six)

2 ducks, 4½ lbs. each
Salt, pepper
¼ cup brown sugar
½ teaspoon Dijon mustard
4 teaspoons curaçao
Whole cloves

Thaw ducks, if frozen. Necks, hearts and gizzards are not needed for this dish. They may be used in a stockpot. Livers, however, should be saved for salad below. Preheat oven at 350°. Sprinkle ducks with salt and pepper and place them, breast side up, in shallow roasting pan. Roast, allowing about 2½ hours total roasting time. Duck fat will accumulate during roasting; remove it from time to time. Mix brown sugar with mustard and curaçao. About ½ hour before roasting is completed, insert cloves into top of ducks, allowing about 8 cloves to each. Brush breasts, second joints and legs with brown-sugar mixture. Return to oven and finish roasting. Cloves may be removed before serving, if desired. Ducks may be carved at home before the dune-bugging trek or they may be carved at the beach. In the latter case, remember to take the poultry shears.

POTATO AND APPLE SALAD (Serves four)

4 medium-size potatoes
2 large Delicious apples
2 tablespoons cider vinegar
1 teaspoon sugar
2 duck livers
Salad oil
2 whole pimientos, diced
¼ cup mayonnaise
2 teaspoons minced fresh chives
Salt, pepper

Boil potatoes in jackets until tender. As soon as they are cool enough to handle, peel and cut them into slices about ¼ in. thick and about 1 in. square. Cut apples through stem end



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into sixths. Remove skin and core and cut them into ¼-in.-thick slices. Pour vinegar and sugar over apples and toss well. Sauté livers in 2 teaspoons oil until light brown; don't overcook. Cut into very small dice. In a mixing bowl, combine potatoes, apples, livers, pimientos, mayonnaise, chives and 2 tablespoons oil. Toss all ingredients, adding salt and pepper to taste. Add more mayonnaise and/or more vinegar, if desired. Chill thoroughly. Tote with duck or steak sandwiches.

SWISS CHEESE AND MUSHROOM PIE (Serves four to six)

- 9-in. prepared baked piecrust
- ½ lb. mushrooms
- 1 large Spanish onion
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 1 large clove garlic, very finely minced
- ¼ cup instantized flour
- 2 cups cold milk
- ½ lb. Swiss cheese
- Salt, pepper, nutmeg
- 4 ozs. cream cheese
- 5 tablespoons heavy cream
- 1 tablespoon finely minced fresh chives

Cut mushrooms into ¼-in.-thick slices. Cut onion in half through stem end. Cut crosswise into thinnest possible slices, then break slices into strips. Heat butter and oil in large saucepan. Sauté mushrooms, onion and garlic until onion is limp. If mushrooms give off a large quantity of liquid, cook until liquid evaporates, but do not brown onion. Dissolve flour in milk, stirring until there are no lumps. Add milk to mushroom mixture and stir well. Bring to a boil and simmer, stirring frequently, until sauce is thick and no floury taste remains. Remove from fire. Shred Swiss cheese by forcing it through large holes of square metal grater. Add cheese to sauce. It will soften and blend into the hot sauce. Add salt and pepper to taste. Add a dash of nutmeg. Pour sauce into pie shell. Chill thoroughly in refrigerator. In a small bowl, work cream cheese, cream and chives together until mixture is smooth and spreadable, but not soupy. Add more cream, if necessary. Spread on top of pie. Stash pie carefully in portable icebox and carry to women in the dunes.

COLD STUFFED PEPPERS WITH CURRIED RICE (Serves four)

- 4 large green peppers
- 1 cup long-grain rice
- Salt, pepper
- 2 teaspoons curry powder
- 2 teaspoons salad oil
- ¼ lb. sliced boiled ham, finely minced
- Mayonnaise
- 1 medium-size onion, very finely minced
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- ¼ cup heavy cream
- Grated parmesan cheese
- Paprika

Cut a thin slice off stem ends of peppers. Remove seeds and membranes. Drop peppers into large pot of boiling water; cook 3 to 5 minutes, then drain. Drop rice into 2 cups boiling water to which 1 teaspoon salt has been added. Dissolve curry powder in 2 tablespoons cold water and add with the oil to rice. Stir; bring water to a second boil; reduce flame as low as possible and cook rice, covered, without stirring, 18 to 20 minutes or until tender. Remove from fire. When slightly cooled, combine with ham, ¼ cup mayonnaise, onion, lemon juice and cream. Stir well. Add salt and pepper to taste. Fill peppers with rice mixture. Spread top of rice with a light layer of mayonnaise. Sprinkle with parmesan cheese; sprinkle lightly with paprika. Preheat oven at 375°. Place green peppers upright in shallow pan and bake 30 minutes. Chill thoroughly. Wonderful to have in tow with cold fried chicken or cold broiled chicken.

SKEWERED SESAME SWORDFISH (Serves four)

- 2 lbs. swordfish steak, ¾ in. thick
- 1 bunch large scallions
- 2 tablespoons sesame seeds
- 6 tablespoons salad oil
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 large clove garlic, sliced
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon soy sauce
- ⅛ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
- ½ teaspoon dried fresh mint, crumbled

Cut swordfish into chunks approximately ¾ in. square. Cut off hollow ends of scallions and discard. Cut remainder of scallions into pieces about ¾ in. long. Place sesame seeds in heavy iron frying pan over moderate flame; stir continuously until they are deep brown (avoid scorching). Put sesame seeds, oil, lemon juice, garlic, sugar, soy sauce, pepper and mint into blender. Blend at high speed 2 minutes. Place swordfish and scallions alternately on skewers. Store swordfish and sauce in refrigerator until departure time. Broil swordfish over portable charcoal fire or beach fire. Baste with sesame sauce before and during broiling. Swordfish steak or salmon steak may be broiled with same basting sauce. A note on swordsmanship: To make sure all pieces of food are turned simultaneously when broiling both sides, pierce swordfish with two parallel skewers instead of one. Thin bamboo skewers are useful for this job. Don't forget basting brush.

CELTIC CUP (Six drinks)

- 9 ozs. light Scotch
 - 1½ ozs. cherry liqueur
 - 1½ ozs. sweet vermouth
 - 1½ ozs. fresh lemon juice
 - 12-oz. bottle iced club soda
- Shake Scotch, cherry liqueur, vermouth and lemon juice well with ice. Strain into

prechilled picnic jug. Serve over rocks in 10-oz. glass. Add splash of soda.

BITTER BOURBON
(Six drinks)

7½ ozs. 86-proof bourbon
5 ozs. fresh orange juice
1½ ozs. white crème de menthe
1 teaspoon Angostura bitters
12-oz. bottle iced quinine water

Shake bourbon, orange juice, crème de menthe and bitters well with ice. Strain into prechilled picnic jug. Serve over rocks in 10-oz. glass. Add quinine water.

BLACK-CURRENT COOLER
(Six drinks)

9 ozs. blended U. S. whiskey
3 ozs. crème de cassis
7 ozs. fresh lemon juice
7 ozs. fresh orange juice
12-oz. bottle iced club soda

Combine—but do not mix with ice—whiskey, crème de cassis, lemon juice and orange juice. Chill in refrigerator. Pour into prechilled picnic jug. Serve over rocks in 10-oz. glass. Add splash of soda.

PEACH CUP WITH CHABLIS
(12 drinks)

2 10-oz. packages frozen peaches in syrup
4 ozs. California brandy
6 ozs. fresh lemon juice
2 fifths iced Chablis
2 12-oz. bottles iced club soda

Although it is summer and fresh peaches are in season, frozen peaches in syrup make a richer, mellower cup than the fresh. Thaw peaches slightly; separate slices. Put peaches, together with their syrup, brandy and lemon juice in blender. Blend 1 to 2 minutes or until mixture is velvety smooth. Pour into prechilled picnic jug. At picnic site, for each drink pour 2½ ozs. mixture from jug into 12-oz. highball glass. (Carry along a jigger for measuring purposes, to keep portions uniform.) To each glass, add 4 ozs. Chablis and 2 large ice cubes. Fill glass with soda. Stir slightly.

RUM AND SOURSOP
(Six drinks)

9 ozs. light Puerto Rican rum
6 ozs. fresh lime juice
2 7-oz. cans guanábana nectar
12-oz. bottle iced club soda
1 large lime, cut into 6 slices

Guanábana nectar is a canned fruit juice made from the pulp of the soursop—a delightful tropical fruit—and sugar. It's available in gourmet shops, including the specialty shops catering to Puerto Ricans, who are intimately acquainted with the soursop. Combine rum, lime juice and guanábana nectar. Do not shake with ice. Chill in refrigerator. Pour into prechilled picnic jug. At picnic site, pour into 10-oz. tall glasses,

allowing about 5 ozs. of the chilled mixture for each drink. Add 2 large ice cubes to each glass and a splash of soda. Stir well. Add lime slice as garnish.

ICED COFFEE OPORTO
(Four drinks)

8 ozs. tawny port
4 ozs. brandy
16 ozs. extra-strong black coffee, sweetened to taste

Heavy sweet cream

Iced coffee oporito is a tall after-picnic potable, which for some picnickers takes the place of dessert. Combine port, brandy and coffee and chill in refrigerator. Do not shake or stir with ice. Pour into prechilled picnic jug. At picnic site, divide among 4 tall 12-oz. glasses. Add ice cubes to fill glasses. Top with sweet cream and stir. For a large party (16 drinks), multiply recipe by four and carry potable in gallon picnic jug.

CARTHUSIAN CUP
(12 drinks)

12 ozs. chilled fresh orange juice
6 ozs. chilled yellow Chartreuse
2 fifths iced Pouilly-Fuissé or dry white wine
2 12-oz. bottles iced club soda
12 slices orange

Pour orange juice and Chartreuse into prechilled picnic jug. Into each 12-oz. tall glass, pour 1½ ozs. Chartreuse mixture. Add 4 ozs. Pouilly-Fuissé and 2 ozs. soda. Add ice cubes to fill each glass.

Stir slightly. Garnish each drink with orange slice.

MANDEVILLE COCKTAIL
(Six drinks)

7 ozs. golden Jamaica rum
1½ ozs. banana liqueur
3 ozs. fresh lime juice
1½ ozs. fresh orange juice
1½ ozs. guava syrup
6 slices lime

This is a cocktail for those who like the earthy flavor of the pot-stilled Jamaica rums. Shake rum, banana liqueur, lime juice, orange juice and guava syrup well with ice. Strain into prechilled picnic jug. Serve in cocktail glasses. Garnish with lime slice.

TALL FRENCH GIMLET
(Six drinks)

9 ozs. gin
1½ ozs. Rose's lime juice
1½ ozs. Amer Picon
1½ teaspoons grenadine
12-oz. bottle iced quinine water

Stir gin, Rose's lime juice, Amer Picon and grenadine well with ice. Strain into prechilled picnic jug. At picnic site, pour 4-oz. portions into 10-oz. glasses. Add two ice cubes to each glass. Add quinine water. Stir slightly.

By carefully adhering to the preceding food-and-drink formulas, your motorized day in the dunes will be a first-rate buggy ball that's fun on wheels.



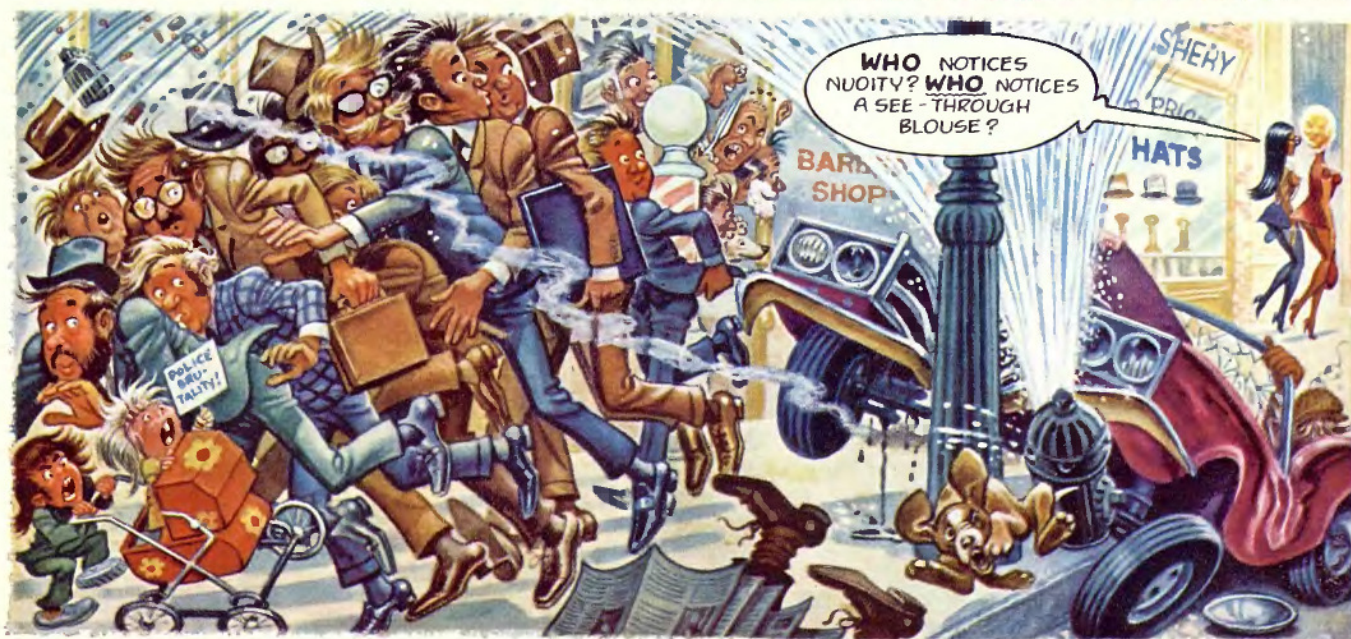
"Sure I've got wool. Have you got three bags?"

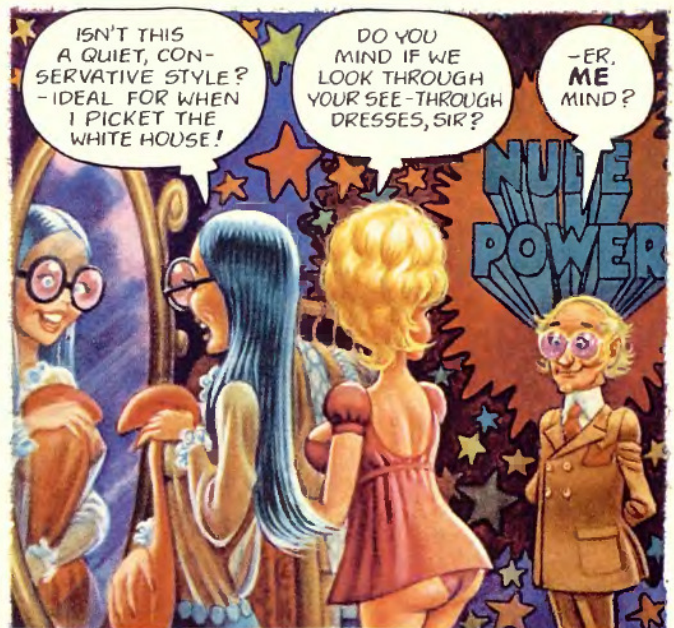
Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

NUDITY IS HERE. FIRST CAME THE MINI, THEN THE MICROMINI, AND NOW, THE SEE-THROUGH! ... THE PEEPING TOM, WITH NOTHING LEFT TO PEEP, WILL HAVE TO GO THE WAY OF THE DODO. LET'S GO THE WAY OF OUR OWN LOVABLE DODO, AND HER KOOKIE GIRLFRIEND, WANDA HOMEFREE, TO SHOP FOR A SEE-THROUGH DRESS -

WANDA!
DON'T
TELL ME
YOU'RE
GOING
OUTSIDE
IN YOUR
SEE-
THROUGH
BLOUSE!









I'M SORRY I KEPT YOUR WIFE IN THE FITTING ROOM SO LONG, SIR. I HOPE YOU DIDN'T MIND WAITING.

DO YOU LIKE MY SEE-THROUGH DRESS, SHELDON?

IT NEEDS A LITTLE SOMETHING ... LIKE SEVENTEEN YARDS OF BURLAP!

ANNIE!

THESE DRESSES ARE EXCITING, WANDA ... AND WE MUSTN'T WORRY ABOUT WHAT PEOPLE THINK. I'M WEARING MY SEE-THROUGH HOME.

LOOK! SHE HAS THE SAME TAILOR I DO!

YES, EMPEROR, SIRE.

OH, WA AOW!

OUT OF SIGHT!

THE LADY DOESN'T HAVE ANY CLOTHES ON, DADDY!

YOU TELL HER AND I'LL KILL YOU.

END

PLAYBOY

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Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

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Why does the Smooth Canadian get invited to the nicest weddings?

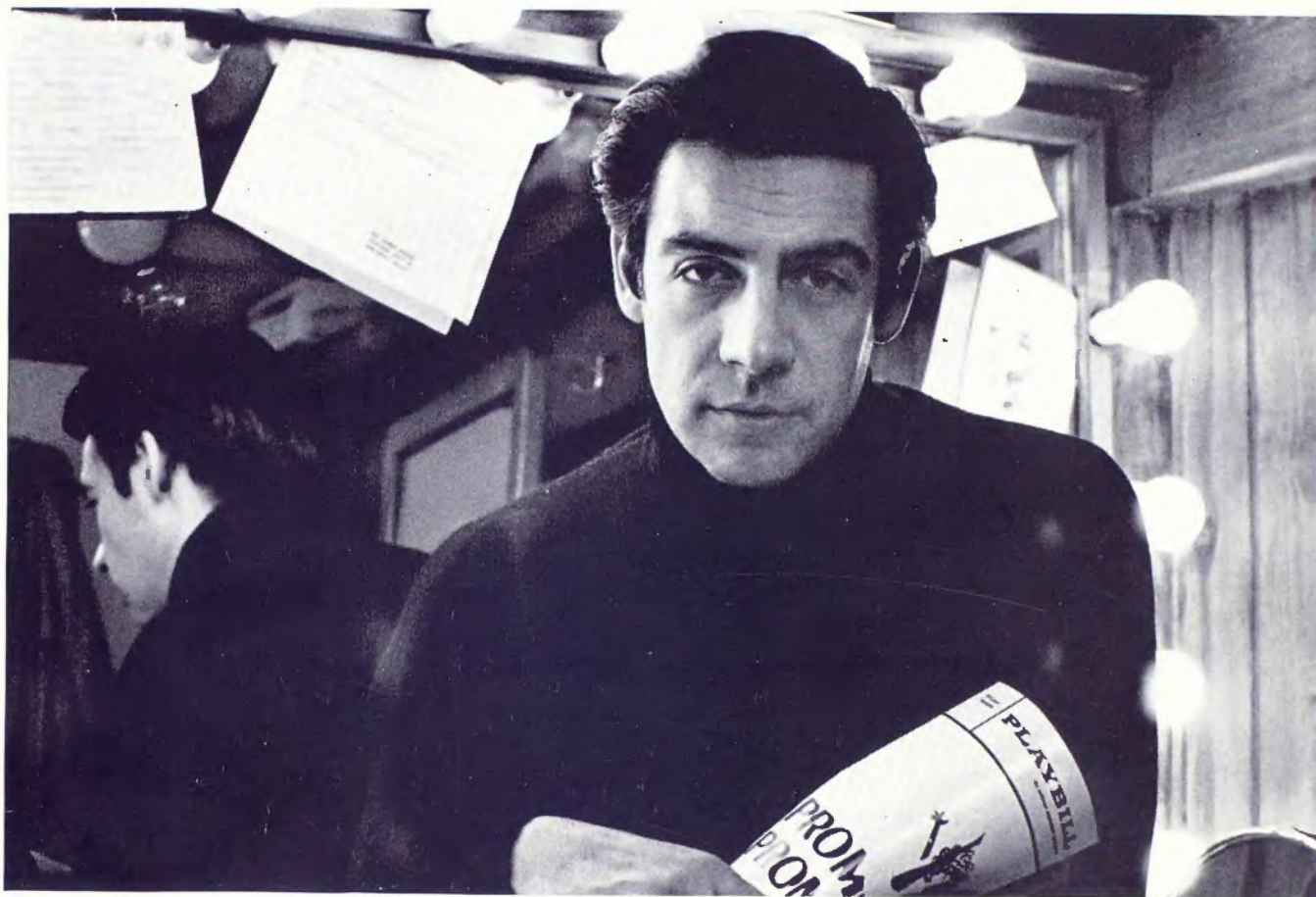
Is it because Seagram's V.O. is smooth and light? Or is it because it's charmed so many people that it's the best-liked brand of all imports? Or is it simply that the nicest fathers want to be sure that their daughter's wedding is perfect in every way? Yes. To all three.



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JERRY ORBACH

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Actor

HOBBIES: One of the best pool players in show business.

LAST BOOK READ: "Portnoy's Complaint"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: The star of Broadway's musical comedy hit, "Promises, Promises"

QUOTE: "I feel responsible for the success or failure of the show every evening. If I'm not up, the show suffers."

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